

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XVI. NO. 34.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1883.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00; One Square, one inch, one month... \$3.00; One Square, one inch, three months... \$6.00; One Square, one inch, one year... \$15.00; Two Squares, one year... \$20.00; Quarter Column, one year... \$10.00; Half Column, one year... \$15.00; One Column, one year... \$100.00

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly.

LEAVING THE FARM.

So, William, we must go to town, and leave the dear old place. Your hair is gray, your form is bent, and wrinkled is your face; And when I stand before the glass to put my collar on, I scarce can see to pin it straight, my sight is so near gone. The children say we're growing old, too old for such hard work; And when he will take the place—you know he's not a shirk— And that young wife of his, I think, is smart as a queen bee; She's light of foot, and light of heart, and good to you and me. They're sure to keep the farm in shape, and not let things run down; But I'm afraid we'll never be content to live in town. You know since Mary married we've been there on and off. And once I stayed a month or more, the spring I had that cough. Mary was good and loving, and her husband he was kind; But I got so tired and homesick I feared I'd lose my mind. It was no lack of company—some one was always there— You know that folks who live in town have lots of time to spare. The church was very handy, and I liked the preacher, too; And I attended all the meetings; what else had I to do? But, oh! I long to hear the cows come lowing down the lane, And to hear the horses champing as they ate the golden grain; And to hear the proud hens clucking, and the meadow turkeys call— The pleasant music of the farm, I did so miss I longed. And I longed to see my garden, and the apple trees in bloom, And to feel the clover blossoms and breathe their sweet perfume, And, William, you'll be like me; you need not laugh or frown, For you'll never be contented to settle down in town. Just think about it, William; it's forty years and more Since you and I together left old Ohio's shore. I mind as if 'twere yesterday, my mother's tear-wet face, The firm clasp of my father's hand, my sister's warm embrace; And oh! I never shall forget how the prairie, wide and vast, Stretched out before me, when you said, "Well, dear, here's home at last." The words seemed such a mockery, where nothing looked like home, The very clouds seemed farther off, and higher heaven's dome. Now as I look around me on the fields of waving corn, The orchard and the meadow, the farmhouse and the barn, All the past comes up before me, I can see the cabin small, The little low-roofed cabin, that I rarely held us all, And the lonely, lonely prairie, with not a house in sight; Ah! the tears that wet my pillow when you thought I slept at night. Yes, it's true we soon had neighbors; and how homelike it did seem, When of evenings from our doorway we could see their candles gleam; Looking 'round upon the prairie, where we watched that lonely light, Now from many a friendly window shine the earth stars clear and bright, But no beacon to the sailor, homeward bound upon the sea. Ever shone with brighter luster than that twinkling light to me. Then the children kept on coming, 'till the small house overflowed, And their childish love and laughter helped us all along our road; How we talked both late and early, and how, through all our days, The dear God blessed and prospered us; to Him be all the praise— Then when we built the new house, what happy times we had, Peace and plenty dwelt among us, and the days were short and glad— I know we had our trials, crops would fail and sickness come, And before death's awful presence we have bowed in anguish dumb; But we comforted each other, for we said: "His word is sure," "Why, William, I thought it was the very thing to make you happy." "Yes, Uncle Adam," I said, having recourse to my handkerchief, "but then I don't want to live single." "Oh!" said he, "You've changed your mind. You don't want the money?" "Yes, I do," I exclaimed, with a hysterical little sob. "I love him; but I won't marry him without anything of my own. I'm ashamed." "Ada," he said, severely, "tell me straight up and down—whom do you love?" "Mr. Rounsaville," said I, solemnly. "You are a foolish child," said Uncle Adam, gently patting my head. "I knew Rounsaville was coming to-day. If you marry Rounsaville I'll give you \$10,000." "Will you, uncle?" I cried in ecstasy. "Don't cry any more, then," he said, almost tenderly. "Kiss me, my dear, and go tell your mother." And Uncle Adam gave me, on my wedding day, the ten-thousand-dollar check which with originally he had bribed me to be an old maid. Baltimore is to have a permanent exhibition building of brick, marble and iron, to cost about \$500,000.

PAID TO BE AN OLD MAID.

I sat down on the velvet cushion at mamma's feet, rumpling her snowy white wrapper in the attempt to put my head in her lap. Mamma passed her soft, small hand over my disordered hair. "What is the matter, my child?" she asked. "I think it is this picture. I can't look at it without envying Laura Desmond." "But why? You surely do not envy Laura her appearance?" "But I do, mother. I don't like to be called dark and piquant. I want to be fair, and calm, and quiet." "Why, Ada, I am amazed. Don't you know that a certain gentleman admires brunettes?" "Don't quote Theo. Rounsaville to me," I said, shortly. "Who cares for his opinion?" "Now, the truth was I did care for his opinion, and cared for it a great deal too much. At one time he had been very attentive to me, and he was not only the handsomest and wealthiest, but also the most accomplished bachelor in the neighborhood. But I had affected to be indifferent to him until he had transferred his attentions elsewhere. "But we were talking of Laura," I said. "She has every luxury and I am so dependent." "You know, my dear," said her mother, in a grave voice, "that Uncle Adam's house is yours as long as you choose to remain here. I do not wish to have you marry, my daughter, except for love." "Fiddlesticks," said I, inelegantly. "I tell you, nine women out of ten marry for homes, or for fear of being old maids. I believe Uncle Adam is miserly. If he would die and leave me a legacy, or leave me a few thousands, I would live single all the days of my life." A door opened and Uncle Adam walked into the room. Uncle Adam was a rather old gentleman, but always good-natured. I jumped up thoroughly ashamed of myself. But he only said: "Come, come, my little girl; this is pretty hard on your old uncle. I'm sorry you think me such a miser." "Oh, uncle," I pleaded, "please forgive me. I don't mean that at all. I'm out of spirits, and that makes me unjust." "Well, never mind," said Uncle Adam, bustling across the room and taking a seat. "Come here, Miss Ada. Suppose I bribe you to be an old maid, eh? I will settle \$10,000 on you now, on condition you live and die Ada Lyon, spinster. There!" "If you will forgive and forget all my ugly speeches, uncle," said I, "I'll agree to the condition with pleasure." "Ada!" said mother, faintly. "Let her alone, Agnes; let her alone," said Uncle Adam. "She shall take the matter into due consideration. See here, Ada, I'll give you till to-night to think about it. Don't be rash. In order to escape being a miser I'll bribe heavily," and Uncle Adam marched out of the room. "Ada, come here," mother said almost in a whisper. "Look out; isn't that Theo. Rounsaville?" An open landau, drawn by two superb horses in gold-mounted harness, had just been driven up the avenue. "He has come to ask you to drive with him," said my mother; "at least it looks so." What a delightful day that was! We drove down to the beach. Then we went round through the pine woods. Then we came home with the sunset. My accepted lover bade me good-bye at the door and went down the avenue. "Well, Ada!" was mamma's inquiry. "All's well, mamma," I answered, laughing and blushing. "You will be a portionless bride, remember, my darling." "Do you think Uncle Adam meant all that?" "I jumped up. "I am going now," I said. I laughed all the way down to the study. Uncle Adam was busily writing. "Take a seat, take a seat," he said, without looking up. "I'll have everything ready in a few minutes. What is your conclusion?" "I'll sign it, uncle, but I'm afraid it will make me very unhappy." "Why, Ada, I thought it was the very thing to make you happy." "Yes, Uncle Adam," I said, having recourse to my handkerchief, "but then I don't want to live single." "Oh!" said he, "You've changed your mind. You don't want the money?" "Yes, I do," I exclaimed, with a hysterical little sob. "I love him; but I won't marry him without anything of my own. I'm ashamed." "Ada," he said, severely, "tell me straight up and down—whom do you love?" "Mr. Rounsaville," said I, solemnly. "You are a foolish child," said Uncle Adam, gently patting my head. "I knew Rounsaville was coming to-day. If you marry Rounsaville I'll give you \$10,000." "Will you, uncle?" I cried in ecstasy. "Don't cry any more, then," he said, almost tenderly. "Kiss me, my dear, and go tell your mother." And Uncle Adam gave me, on my wedding day, the ten-thousand-dollar check which with originally he had bribed me to be an old maid.

PUNISHMENTS OF THE PAST.

TERRIBLE TORTURES INFLICTED IN FORMER TIMES. How Criminals Were Burned, Quartered, Gibbeted, Spiked, Disemboweled, Flogged and Filleted. Talk about the severity of the punishments nowadays! They are nothing to what they were in the middle ages when there were, according to the learned writer on criminal cases, Josee Dambondere, thirteen different ways in which the executioner could inflict punishment. They were fire, the sword, mechanical force, quartering, the wheel, the fork, the gibbet, drawing, spiking, cutting off the ears, disemboweled, flogging, or beating and the pillory. Torture by fire was horrible, and was managed by the executioners with a malignity that was as comprehensive as it was pointed. The victim to be burned was dressed in a shirt smeared with sulphur, having been stripped of all his other clothes. A stake was driven into the spot where the burning was to take place, and alternate layers of straw piled up to about the height of a man. There was a narrow opening leading to the stake, to which the victim was led, and this passageway was filled up with straw, so that the victim, securely bound to the stake by chains, was completely surrounded by the combustibles. The living were not always burned to death, but frequently the party was first strangled, and at other times a large iron pike or bar was so arranged as to fall upon and kill him before the burning began. The bodies of those who died a natural death were burned, and if, after a person's burial, his guilt was proved, his bones were disinterred and carried to the stake for burning. Fire was the punishment in cases of heresy or blasphemy. Death by decapitation used to be performed by either a two-handed sword or an ax. The victim was allowed to choose whether he would have his eyes blindfolded or not, and the skill of the executioner was usually so great that the head came off at a single blow. Not always, however, for there are instances where the bungling body-chopper whacked away eleven times at the head of the unfortunate victim. The party sometimes knelt, placing his head on the block, and at other times knelt in an upright position. The executioner was not always held in the odium that attaches to the Marwoods, Jack Ketches and Calcrafts of modern times. In France, Italy and Spain a certain amount of odium attached to them, but in Germany successfully carrying out a number of sentences was rewarded by titles and the privileges of nobility. In Franconia the last councillor to get married was executioner. In France he possessed certain privileges, such as right to have all the grain he could take hold of and hold in his hand, beside the right to collect toll on foreign traders and boats arriving with fish. Quartering was probably the most horrible death penalty ever concocted by the fiendish ingenuity of the judges. It is of very ancient origin, though in modern times has been only inflicted on regicides, who are looked upon as committing the worst of crimes. As a sort of salad for this punishment the victim underwent preliminary tortures, such as having his right hand cut off and the mutilated stump burnt in a pot of sulphur. Then again his arms, thighs or breast were lacerated with red-hot pincers and hot oil, pitch or molten lead poured into the wounds. After these preliminaries a rope was attached to each limb of the criminal, one being bound around each leg from the foot to the knee, and around each arm from the wrist to the elbow. These ropes were then attached to four bars, to each of which a stout horse was harnessed. The horses first gave short jerks, and when the unfortunate man shouted in agony, feeling his limbs dislocated without being broken, the four horses were all of a sudden whipped up and urged in different directions. If the tendons, muscles and ligaments still resisted the power of the horses, the executioner cut the joints with a hatchet. This performance sometimes lasted several hours, and when the limbs were all pulled apart they were collected and placed near the trunk and burned. Sometimes the sentence read that the limbs should be sent to the four quarters of the kingdom, in which case each was separately labeled and dispatched. The torture of the wheel, which does not date back further in modern times than the days of Francis I., is thus described: The victim was first tied on his back to two joists, forming a St. Andrew's cross, each of his limbs being stretched out. Two places were hollowed out under each limb about a foot apart in order that the joints alone might touch the wood. The executioner then dealt a heavy blow over each hollow with a square iron bar about two inches broad and rounded at the handle, thus breaking each limb in two places. To the eight blows required for this the executioner generally added two or three on the chest, which were called coups de grace, and which ended this horrible torture. After death the broken body was placed on a wheel which revolved on a pivot. Sometimes the victim was strangled first, in which case it was called garroting. The nobility of Spain are thus executed. The criminal sits on a chair, his neck in an iron collar and his head against a beam. The executioner turns a screw, and the spinal column is dislocated, and death is speedy. The modern gallows is by no manner of means the ancient gibbet. Down to the French revolution gibbets used to stand in every French town and village. They were generally composed of pillars of stone, joined at the summit by wooden traverses, to which the bodies of malefactors hung until they had crumbled to dust. That of Montfaucon, which is so famous in history, stood on an eminence by the high road leading to Germany. It consisted of a mass of masonry composed of ten or twelve layers of rough stones, and formed an inclosure of forty by twenty-five or thirty feet. At the upper part was a platform, reached by a stone staircase. In the center of the inclosure was a deep pit, where, pell-mell, the skeletons were thrown. Crows, carrion and buzzards flew about and fed upon the corpses, and the stench was horrible. As many as fifty-two were sometimes hanging at once. Sometimes the remains hung in wicker baskets or iron caskets. The victim rode in a cart to the gibbet, and when the cart arrived at the foot the executioner ascended the ladder backward, drawing the culprit after him by means of ropes, and on arriving at the top he quickly fastened two ropes the size of the little finger, each having a slip knot, around his neck, to the arm of the gibbet, and by a jerk of the knee he turned the culprit off the ladder. He still held in his hand a small rope called a get, used to pull the victim off the ladder. He then placed his feet on the hands of the condemned, and, suspending himself by his hands to the gibbet, he finished his victim by repeated jerks, which completed strangulation. Flogging was administered in two ways—first in prison, by the hands of the jailer, and second in public. In the latter case the criminal was stripped to the waist, and at each cross-rod he received a certain number of blows over his shoulders and back with a cane or knotted rope. The latter was composed of several ropes attached to a handle, and at intervals of six inches on the ropes were knots which were armed with iron prongs. The pillory was the punishment adopted to make criminals infamous. It consisted of a scaffold or covered shed, and was provided with chains and iron collars. In Paris the pillory used to consist of a round stone tower sixty feet high, which stood in the market place. The tower had large openings in its thick walls, and a horizontal wheel was provided which could be turned on a pivot. The wheel was filled with holes large enough to admit of the head of the prisoner, who on passing and re-passing before the crowd could be seen by all, and was subject to their hoootings, howls and backguardisms. Beside these punishments some criminals were flayed alive, and some put into a sack and drowned by immersion. Counterfeiters were sometimes hurled into kettles of boiling oil or water, and others were branded by passing a red-hot brazier before the eyes of the criminal until the scorching heat blinded them. Thus it will be seen that the punishments of the nineteenth century compared with those of our ancestors endured are mere child's play. Torture which figured so prominently as a means of punishment in the middle ages is now virtually done away with. Death by the gallows is rarely prolonged over three-quarters of a minute. In fact, in punishment, as in everything else, civilization and a refined sentiment have combined to make death for the malefactor as painless as possible.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FASHION NOTES.

Leather bonnets are among millinery novelties. Epaulet trimmings are much worn by young girls. The Shaker poke is the latest fancy in big bonnets. Hats have high crowns and small brims, or else moderate crowns and broad brims. Moss green, reseda, sage green and all shades of dark green are very fashionable. Many new felt hats are high crowned with narrow brims and the trimmings all on one side. Egyptian red is the most lasting of all the aesthetic colors; it will be as popular as ever this winter. Velvet epaulets mounted on stiff muslin and wire appear on many handsome imported dinner costumes. There is a tendency toward the revival of colored wraps for occasions of high ceremony and for carriage wear. The most exclusive and fashionable dressmakers of Paris announce the revival of the short waists of the first empire. Wide-worsted braids are much used in trimming fall suits. Sometimes a line of fine gold soutache edges the wide braid, but this is only for house wear. Among the new winter materials are woolsens, with patterns in chenille; these patterns are flowers or leaves in cameo shades on plain grounds; some are outlined in fine cords around the chenille figure. Among the fall novelties in neckwear are ottoman silk scarfs, woven in odd antique patterns showing an artistic intermingling of scarlet, green, bronze and bright gold. These scarfs are to be fastened up close in the throat outside the street jacket, and are tied in the same manner as the steenkirk of white lace worn two years ago—a style of neck-dressing closely imitating that worn by noblemen and gentlemen in the reign of Charles II. Many of the newest peleries are opened on the shoulders and strapped across with tiny bands and buckles, or buttons with cords laced in and out. Others are draped on one shoulder, then carried over and fastened on the other with a bow, and floating ends of satin ribbon run through a gold or silver slide. There are also graduated capes, the edge of each finished with a delicate vine pattern in embroidery or braiding in fine arabesque designs. Traveling in Spain. Charles Dudley Warner says in the Atlantic Monthly: The real Spain is the least attractive country in Europe to the tourist. The traveler goes there to see certain unique objects. He sees them, enjoys them, is entranced by them, leaves them with regret and a tender memory, and is glad to get out of Spain. There are six things to see: the Alhambra, the Seville cathedral and Alcazar, the Mosque of Cordova, Toledo and its cathedral, the Gallery at Madrid, and Monserrat. The rest is mainly monotony and weariness. With the exception of the Alhambra, which has a spell that an idle man finds hard to break, and where perhaps he could be content indefinitely, there is no place in Spain that one can imagine he would like to live in, for the pleasure of living. Taking out certain historical features and monuments, the towns repeat each other in their attractions and their disagreeables. Every town and city in Italy has its individual character and special charm. To go from one to another is always to change the scene and the delight. This is true of the old German towns also. Each has a character. The traveler sees many a place in each country where he thinks he could stay on from month to month, with a growing home-like feeling. I think there is nothing of this attraction in Spain. The want of it may be due to the country itself, or to the people. I fancy that with its vast arid plains, treeless and tiresome, its gullied hills and its bare escarped mountains, Spain resembles New Mexico. It is an unsoftened, unrelieved landscape for the most part, sometimes grand in its vastness and sweep, but rugged and unadorned. The want of grass and gentle verdure is a serious drawback to the pleasure of the eye, not compensated by the magic tricks of the sunlight, and the variegated reds, browns and yellows of the exposed soil and rocks, and the spring-time green of the nascent crops. I speak, of course, of the general aspect, for the mountain regions are rich in wild flowers, and the cultivation in the towns is everywhere a redeeming feature. Dog-Stealing in New York. "It is the people that have access to the swell houses, such as men that carry in coal and wood, and the butchers' and grocers' boys, who are willing to pick up a dollar in any way, who spot the pets and tell the thieves. The thieves then pipe the servant girl off, and know just when she will be coming out to sweep the steps. The 'pick-ups' always have a dog along with them hanging around the railings. Out comes the pet and the next day there is an advertisement for a 'lost dog.' "The ones as owns the dogs take on awful. They go crazy. They can't eat, and make it red-hot for every one. The servant girl gets discharged, and there is more 'boohooing' going on than at a first-class funeral. All the gents in the house gets no rest. They are sent to the police stations and instructed to go whistling all over the city and never come back without Fido. The gents are fly and go—but they always lays up at Delmonico's or some such place until after bedtime, and some of them wish Fido was lost once a fortnight. Why, I know one chap that took a week's holiday off a black and tan puppy not worth a store-room."—New York Herald.

THE IVY.

Pushing the clouds of earth aside, Leaving the dark where foul things hide, Spreading its leaves to the summer sun, Bon jags ended, freedom won; So, my soul, like the ivy be, Rise, for the sunshine calls for thee. Climbing up as the seasons go, Looming down upon the things below, Twining itself in the branches high, As if the frail thing owned the sky; So, my soul, like the ivy be, Heaven, not earth, is the place for thee. Wrapping itself around a giant oak, Hiding itself from the tempest's stroke; Strong and brave is the fragile thing, For it knows one secret—how to cling; So, my soul, there's strength for thee, Hear the Mighty One, "Lean on me." Green are its leaves when the world is white, For the ivy sings through the frosty night; Keeping the hearts of oak awake, Till the flowers shall bloom and the spring shall break; So my soul, through the winter's rain Sing the sunshine back again. Opening its green and fluttering breast, Giving the timid birds a nest; Coming out from the winter wild To make a wreath for the holy child; So let my life, like the ivy be, A help to man and a wreath for thee. —Henry Benton, in Good Words.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Very soon the piano cover will be taken off at night and used for a quilt.—Puck. Autumn seems to have a sky As ruddy as the pumpkin-pie. —Puck. No matter how long the Mississippi river may be when confined to its bed it never gets down in the mouth.—Pica-yune. The boy who bit into a green apple remarked with a wry face: "Twas ever thus in childhood—sour."—Somerville Journal. Why isn't the force of argument tried with burglars, seeing that, as a rule, they are all more or less open to conviction?—Funny Folks. "Inquirer," Yes, it is unlucky to have thirteen at table when you have only made preparations for twelve.—Rochester Post-Express. It is said that there are nearly four hundred millionaires in New York. We didn't suppose there were so many editors in that city.—Morristown Herald. A man, lately married, was asked at the club about his bride, "Is she pretty?" "No," replied he; "she is not; but she will be when her father dies!" "Isn't it singular," said a visitor gazing at Niagara Falls, "that the little moisture that arises from that vast cataract should be mist?"—Saturday Night. It is said that "out of every 100 female school-teachers in Lawrence county seven marry every year." How awful it must be for those seven women to marry every year!—Lowell Courier. This is the time of the year at which a man goes wandering through the clothes-chest to see if his old overcoat is all right, and finds that it has been cut into strips and is being worked up into a rag-carpet. "Humph! a self-made man, is he?" rejoined Mrs. Yeast, who had evidently had some experience with the gentleman in question; "well, all I've got to say is that he's a mighty poor workman!"—Statesman. "No, indeed; there's no place like home," sighed the married man who tripped over the coalscuttle and fell into a wash tub while fumbling around for a match to light the kitchen fire.—New York Journal. This is just about the date at which the female school-teacher has succeeded in corraling all the penknives that the boys in her class secured during their vacation. Thus it is that the small brother of the school-teacher never has to purchase a pen-knife, a top, or a marble.—Puck. A health journal says "too thick underclothing causes unnatural redness in the face and nose." If a person buys his underclothing by the gallon, and puts a tumblerful into his vital parts too thick, it probably does have that effect. Beware of underclothing that comes in jugs.—Peek's Sun. A Milwaukee belle attending a theatre in New York city recently complained in one of the scenes that the light was too dim to see the acting properly. "Won't you try this glass?" asked her escort, handing her his lognet. Hastily covering the suspicious-looking object with her handkerchief, she placed it to her lips, took a long pull, and then handed it back in great disgust, saying, "Why, there ain't a drop in it."—Chicago Herald. THE PARIS GREEN APPLE. I see all full of glee because he's in an apple tree. His eye so keen has quickly seen the fruit which is a trifle green. In great delight he takes a bite and then eats with all his might until the tree is stripped and he is just as full as he can be. His fun is crowned when all around his spread about upon the ground. They had to press you may well guess his coffin like the letter S. —Rochester Chronicle. A young woman at Grinnell, Iowa, was followed home by a youth she disliked. She warned him to leave her, but, as he persisted in his attentions, she hit him on the head with a quart bottle of patent medicine which she carried. It was the quickest patent medicine cure ever advertised.