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THE WISDOM OF AGE.

"Wouldst thou have back thy life again? I asked an aged man; "Couldst thou not grander ends attain, And better life's whole plan?" "No, son," he said; "I rest content, And calmly wait the end. One life alone to man is lent, To waste or wisely spend. "If with the knowledge years bestow We started in the race, All plans might meet with overthrow And shame us with disgrace. "No combination man can make Inures complete success; The lucky winner takes the prize He won by random guess. "I would not say chance rules below— And nature shows design; Life is not like the die's throw, Luck follows laws divine. "Some men are born to grace a throne, Some to a leper's doom; Yet equal light for both hath shone Their spirits to illum. "My life has run through light and shade— The end is drawing near; I long for rest all undisputed, And ask not back one year." —Chicago Tribune.

AN OCEAN CHASE.

BY A DETECTIVE.

"Aha! Burligh, here's a job for you—one that's got game in it, and a long chase, perhaps. It was the chief of the Scotland Yard detective force who spoke, as he stepped into the private office. A knot of 'hale fellows well met,' and I, an American, among the number, were engaged in a game of whist. I threw down my cards. The chief handed me a telegram, which read as follows: READING.—Charles Burton, the infant heir of Beenhaim lodge, was stolen from the lodge last night; it is suspected, by the nurse, in whose charge it was placed. She has disappeared. She is tall; blonde hair, blue eyes; graceful and easy in her manners, and wears a plain, dark costume. Large reward for her capture, and the recovery of the child. EDWARD PORTAGE. "Where is Beenhaim lodge?" I inquired, as soon as I had glanced at the dispatch. "Near Reading." "The nurse will come to London with the child." "That is not so certain. This is doubtless a scheme to remove the heir to the Beenhaim estate by some person or persons who are itching to obtain possession after Sir Edward Portage's death." "Then you think they will not run the hazard of bringing the child here?" "Certainly not." "With a flash my mind was made up. I started out of the office, and in a few minutes was in a train that was bearing me at a rapid rate toward Reading. Upon my arrival I secured a private conveyance, and, after a drive of a few miles, was landed at the entrance to the lodge. I was met by a gentleman, who received me with much warmth and withal agitation when I informed him that I had been placed on the case. "The object of my hasty visit is to glean some of the facts in the case, and to follow up any intelligent clue, if there be any. Was this your child that was stolen, Sir Edward?" "Bless you, no! I am a bachelor—never was married. Charles Burton was the child of my sister. I am his uncle, and by will have made him the lineal male heir to the Beenhaim estates." "Have you any other relatives, Sir Edward?" "Yes; another sister, a spinster, Miss Applebee Lowage, lives with me, and has been my housekeeper for many years. She has also managed much of my business affairs of late, as I feel the weight of years increasing upon me." "Who was the nurse, and what was her name?" "My spinster sister's waiting maid. Her name is Percy—Miss Jane Percy. A more docile, winning, and obedient servant we have never had in our employ. Charles Burton's mother died soon after Charles was born, and we took the helpless little infant to our home and nursed it with the tenderest care. Miss Percy took such an interest in the child that she was given the sole charge, and seemed to love it with a mother's love. Oh, I trust no harm has befallen it, wherever it has been taken!" "What is its age?" "About a year." "What motive, think you, was there for the abduction of the child?" "None that I can see, unless the expectation of securing a large reward for its return." "Then you do not suspect that a plot has been formed among some branch of your relatives for the removal of the child?" Sir Edward stopped for a moment, as if a flash of new light had entered his mind; but he stamped his ponderous cane on the floor and indignantly replied: "My relatives steal that poor, helpless babe! No, perish the very thought of it. Not one could so dishonor the name of Applebee or Portage." As I arose to depart, an elderly lady of the genuine spinster type walked gravely into the room and glanced furtively at me as she advanced. "This is Mr.—Mr.—" "Burligh," I interjected, to help the old man's memory. "He's a detective sent down from London to discover our poor lost child, and he wants to get all the information he can. Sister, give him all you can. You know what Miss Percy wore and what clothing the child had on." "I presume, Sir Edward, you can do that," she replied, rather tartly, and

seeming to shrink from having anything to communicate. Without wishing to force the matter, and making an apology for haste, I took my departure, and I was soon back in London. I went at once to my room, and picking up a good-sized grip sack, threw in some of my clothing, with the expectation that I might be required to make a long journey. Going out into the street, I ordered a cab and was driven to the Inman line of steamers, where I ascertained the City of Richmond was expected to leave Liverpool early the next morning. "You have your passenger list, I presume?" I inquired of the clerk. "Certainly." "Will you please allow me to look at it?" "With pleasure." I glanced along the list of names, but could not see the one for which I was searching. I handed the paper back and was about turning away, when the thought occurred to me that it would do no harm to question the official a little further. "Do you sell the London passage tickets?" "Yes, sir"—somewhat sharply. "Do you recollect selling a ticket to a tall lady with blue eyes, blonde hair, and attired in a dark costume?" "Very distinctly. I was attracted by her beauty. She's a lovely woman." "And she purchased a ticket?" "Two tickets." "I ejaculated with some surprise, which drew the attention of the clerk. For once I had been thrown off my guard. "And she had a child with her—in her arms?" "I saw no child. I took her to be a young lady who might not object to a good husband." "Strange!" "No, I don't think so. She never was a mother." "Perhaps not; but then—" "Then what?" "She might have some one else's child, you know," and I hastened out of the office and went to the railroad station, where I had the good fortune to catch the night express for Liverpool. So sure was I that I had got upon the trail of the child abductor, that I felt annoyed at every little delay along the route. My mind was in a glow of excitement. The game was big, but shy and cunning. Nothing less than the bird in the hand would make me feel any certainty of success. I must reach Liverpool before the City of Richmond took her departure. If not, the pursuit would be longer, and might end in failure even then. When half the journey had been made, and the train was whirling through the darkness at a tremendous speed, there was a sudden stoppage that foreboded no good. We came to a dead stop. One of the drivers of the engine had broken down. The situation was interesting and rather exasperating to me. Some of the passengers slept on, oblivious to their surroundings. Not so with me. I fretted and chafed with disappointment. Two hours wore on. When at length the injury had been repaired, and the train started on its course, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I could not reach Liverpool before the steamer sailed. I resolved to take the chances, and so I curled myself up within my own thoughts. Just as I had feared, the steamer had sailed upon my arrival in Liverpool. My next thought was to cable to New York, giving a description of the woman and child, and have the former arrested. This would bring others into the case. I wanted the honor and reward myself. Beside, after careful reflection, I thought I might be on the wrong scent. The personal description seemed to tally. The two tickets, no babe in the woman's charge, and other circumstances led me to think that, after all, I might be mistaken. The thought of defeat drove me to devising every scheme for pursuit. A new idea popped into my head. I rushed to the office of the Guion line. "When does your first steamer sail?" I inquired of the clerk. "To-morrow afternoon." "What's her name?" "The 'Alaska.'" "The 'Alaska,' eh?" "Yes." "She's a quick one?" "Fastest vessel afloat." "Do you think she can reach New York before the Inman's 'City of Richmond,' which sailed this morning?" "I should think so—will probably distance her by a day." "That would make a difference of over two days." "What of that, barring accidents?" Thrusting my hand into my pocket, I said: "I want a cabin passage to New York." "Your name, sir?" "James Burligh, an American detective, anxious to cross the ditch and get back home." With a somewhat contented spirit I went to a hotel and waited for the hour of the "Alaska's" departure. I felt that I was still in the race, but my competitor having such a start, while I was left practically at the post, I was not so confident of winning, after all. Anyway, I was glad to sail for the land of my birth. The novelty of having been sent to England and the Continent in quest of some noted criminals who were wanted in the States had worn away, and I longed to see my friends once more. Nothing of special note occurred during the passage across. The noble vessel seemed as fleet as the wind. Day by day I studied with eagerness the log of the vessel to learn our rate of speed. Good fortune favored us with fair weather and sea. Upon our arrival at quarantine we learned that the "City of Richmond"

had not yet reached port—in fact, was not expected till the next day. I came up to the city, engaged my rooms at the hotel, and made what preparations were needed for the execution of my plans. Lest the steamer might arrive at night, I stayed that night at Staten Island, to be near at hand. The precaution was unnecessary, as she did not arrive till the next day. Accompanied by the health officers and others, I was soon on board, and walked through the saloon cabin with the nonchalant air of a person who had no other business than to hum a tune or twirl a cane. There was the usual bustle for disembarking. My eye could not catch the object of my search. Perhaps she was in her stateroom. I would wait and see. The vessel was rounding into her pier, but still no person who could by any stretch of the imagination be said to resemble the one I wanted. I rambled backward and forward, and then ascended to the aft of the steamer. There stood a tall, shapely woman, with her back turned toward me. She was twirling her sunshade and seemed absorbed in gazing at the many sights that commanded her view. I ventured to approach the rail. My presence attracted her attention; she turned her face toward me, there were momentary mutual glances. What a handsome face! What a charming figure! Stepping nearer, I ventured, in the most polite manner, to speak: "Glad to get back from your foreign tour, I presume, Miss—" "Benson is my name." "Miss Benson, I took you to be an American lady. I am an American, returning after a long absence, to my native land." "I am so tired of this ship. How glad I will be when I step on shore again! It won't be long now—will it, sir?" "But a few minutes." "Pshaw! I've made a mistake," thought I. "This lady hasn't blonde hair. Her eyes are more a steel gray than blue. Her costume is a steel-gray traveling suit. Then she is alone." But I thought I detected a decidedly English accent in her conversation. If she were Miss Jane Percy, where could the child be? If she had a companion, male or female, where was that mysterious personage? I must not be fooled at this stage of the game. Once on land and swallowed up in the maze of streets, the child-stealer and the child might soon lose their identity, I must act quickly. Confronting the fair woman, I said, in a stern voice: "Your name is not Benson. You are Miss Jane Percy, the abductor of the nephew of Sir Edward Portage, of Beenhaim, England. I am a detective. You are my prisoner." The woman stood transfixed. Her form trembled—her cheeks blanched at this sudden encounter. Although capable of calm self-possession, she was thrown off her guard. Woman-like, her emotions overcome her, and she fell at my feet. "Where is the child?" She hesitated, and falteringly moaned: "In the steerage." She conducted me there, when my eyes fell upon the heir of Beenhaim Lodge, cowering in the arms of a fat Irish nurse. I saw that my beautiful prisoner was comfortably provided for till the sailing of the next steamer, and had the pleasure of placing the young heir in the arms of old Sir Edward. The spinster sister, stung at the action of her brother in making the fine of the Burtons, instead of the Applebees, the successors of his large estates, had concocted this plot to abduct the child. True to his promise, Sir Edward bestowed upon me such a handsome reward that, with ordinary caution, the wolf need never howl at my door.

FASHION NOTES.

English girls are wearing patent leather shoes, with uppers made of pale yellow kid. Twenty buttons is the correct length in New York for gloves for full evening dress. Nearly all of the wraps for children are modifications of the pelisse and pelterine combined. The bead embroidery on the colored kid evening shoe is generally of the same shade as the kid. Borders of fur are used to excess on dresses of all kinds, whether for the street or house wear. Bead necklaces are again fashionable—provided the beads are handsome and odd-looking or quaint. Taffetae glaze, plaid and brocade, is the silk for early spring and next summer's full dress wear. For little boys there are soft berets trimmed with ribbons, or large fur hats of the mountaineer shape. Ash, gray, ruby, and olive are the favorite colors for dressy velvet reception and opera cloaks and mantles. Neck chains are altogether out of fashion, and women who have handsome ones are converting them into bracelets. Plush is coming steadily back into favor. Worth has just made a dress for the Princess of Wales and another for the Queen of Portugal, both trimmed with plush. Fur trimmings are fashionable this season, not only for street garments, but for house dresses, for matinees, for tea-gowns, for robes de chambre, and for evening toilets of satin or velvet. Pressed leather with colored fruits and flowers and applied silver ornaments is used for letter-cases, portfolios, memorandum books and card-cases. Soft buckskin is preferred for purses in which to carry coins. Persian shawls with an elaborate silk design on a novel ground are cut up into vestiges, and their fine coloring produce an effective wrap for the carriage and for evening wear. Chenille of all the colors in the pattern makes an appropriate trimming of fringe. An unusually large amount of yellow is worn for evenings. Deep yellow and canary color are not fashionable, but pale primrose and delicate lemon are used. The material, tulle over satin, is generally looped with bunches of roses, feathers, or bows of satin ribbon. A Swiss girle of velvet pointed above and below, behind and in front, is worn with a pointed yoke, and pointed cuffs to match, on light cashmere and Surah dresses. Young girls wear a full gathered skirt with such a dress and put bands of the velvet straight around the skirt. Pale pink is a favorite color for bonnets for evening wear. The prettiest of these are made of the most delicate shade of pale pink velvet, have a ruffling or plaiting of real lace bordering the front, and a cluster of dainty pink ostrich tips on one side. Strings of pale pink ribbon velvet tie beneath the chin. Ottoman silks of changeable hue and brocade like embroidery with threads of silver are gold, are fashionable for the bodice and train of evening dresses. The front of the waist and skirt is covered with Bretonne lace laid on satin of a deeper color than the Ottoman silk, which the wearer finds becoming. Monsters of the Deep. A thrasher shark caught off the New England coast recently measured over fifteen feet in length. It stove in a plank of the dory, nearly upsetting the boat, and destroyed a net valued at \$500. A costly catch. The shell of a fossil turtle of a tertiary time unearthed in India and placed in the British museum, was nearly nine feet in length and twenty-seven in width. Its feet were as large as those of a rhinoceros, and when alive the animal must have weighed several tons. The largest living animal is the orqual whale, one hundred and two feet in length; the smallest, the ameebold forms. Whales and elephants live to the greatest age, 180; may flies the shortest, only a few hours. The most intelligent of the lower animals, ahead even of the Australian bushmen and others, are the ants. The contents of a shark caught at Virginia, Fla., show that these animals are valuable scavengers. The items were as follows: one complete horn of an ox, with part of skull attached, three hoofs, two tomato cans, a quantity of old rope, twenty-seven crawfish, and the remains of a part of a horse. A slaughter house in the vicinity was the explanation. Among the deep sea fishes one has been found, the Bathypophis ferox, living off the Australian coast, at a depth of three and a half miles. It was totally blind, but provided with oval luminous spots along its lower surface, and on the head. These are supposed by some naturalists to have as much the functions of eyes as those of the mollusks. Large fishes are nearly always accompanied by the remora, a fish that has a sucking disk upon its head. When tired they turn over on their backs and attach themselves, and are thus carried along by the fish. The remora of the sword-fish is remoropsis brachypterus, that of the spear-fish is rhombocirus osteochirus; other kinds are found upon sharks, turtles, and even on the sheephead. There was a young man out in Arizona who once declined a pressing invitation to favor a select company with a song. "Oh, really, you must excuse me," he said. "I tell you I can't sing. I don't come of a singing family. Why, there was my old father; he used to try 'Old Hundred,' but he had so little ear for music that he never got any more than thirty out of the tune."—Buffalo Commercial.

THE NATIVES OF ALASKA.

MODES OF LIFE OF THE AMERICAN ALUTAS. Description of Our Subjects in the Alaskan Fur Islands—A Race that is Dying Out. Hon. Louis H. Kimmell, of Lafayette, Ind., government agent at St. George's Island, Alaska, says in the Indianapolis Journal: "The natives of Alaska subsist on seal meat, the meat of the sea lion and on gulls' eggs. In June and July the island is literally covered with gulls. They lay great quantities of eggs, which are gathered by thousands. The eggs are palatable when fresh, but the natives are not particular in that sense. If they are over-ripe or have chicks in them they are preferred, being then used in a sort of omelet, which they consider their choicest dish. So with the meat of the seal and the sea lion—the stronger it smells the better they like it. Gathering gulls' eggs looks hazardous, but the natives say there has never but one accident producing death occurred to any one engaged in it. Two men, or as often a man and woman, go together, taking with them a long rope. One, lying down with his feet braced against the solid earth or a stone, holds one end of the rope, while the other descends sometimes near 1,000 feet over the sheer face of a cliff, and then, swinging from side to side, gathers the eggs. The accident occurred through a native going out alone and fastening the rope to a stake or stone. He was found dead at the foot of a cliff, the rope broken. The breaking of the rope was credited to the blue foxes, who were charged with having gnawed it in two. Each winter the Alutats trap from 1,500 to 3,000 of these foxes, for which the company pays fifty cents each. The skins, cured, readily bring \$8 and \$9 apiece. "The Alutats have no great variety of amusements. They pitch half-dollars, and are expert at it. They also play ball. There are no rules in the game, which appears to be nothing more than knock-about. As there is no timber on the island—not a tree—there is no uniformity in their clubs, anything goes, any kind of a stick or a seal rib. They are intensely fond of cards, and are always playing a Russian card game, which I do not pretend to understand, never having tried to learn it. A while ago they were about at their wits' end to continue their card playing. Their packs were about played out, the spots worn off. They had seen me drawing and coloring, and came with their well-worn cards to put new spots on them. "It wouldn't do for the ladies here to see the waste of sealskins that I have seen—to see the Alutats women in their fur clothes made of pup seals, which are finer, but, because of their size, not so valuable as the sealskins of commerce. "They do not estimate things as we do, those misguided Alutats, and they actually prefer bright calicoes and brass jewelry to sealskin and pure gold. Men and women are fond of dancing, the women especially. Their dances are un-outh and barbarous, but their waltzing is really exceedingly graceful, and they like to dance every Sunday afternoon after coming from their Greek chapel. They are indebted to the Russian sailors and soldiers for their waltz, as they are for their religion. Civilization has almost done for them as it has done for the Sandwich Islanders. There is no leprosy among them, but they have scurvy, and they have loathsome skin diseases. They have a glandular swelling in the neck, which seldom leaves them without a scar. Speaking of dancing, Christmas, in the Greek church, according to the Russian calendar, which is old style, comes twelve days later than with us. Last year they had permission to use the government house, and beginning with their Christmas, they danced every night for two weeks. They are inordinate tea drinkers; that, too, they learned of the Russians, and they keep the tea kettle on day and night. That is the strongest beverage they have, as not a drop of spirits is allowed by the government on the island. Under the Russians they had plenty of whisky, 'vodka,' as the Russians and Alutats call it, and they have no good will toward this paternal government for depriving them of it. The men, generally, are about five feet two inches in height; the women shorter. It is a mistake to suppose them similar to our Indians. They are not copper-colored. Their features are Mongolian; they have high cheek bones, broad noses, and slant eyes. Some of them are dark, while others have skins much like the Chinese. The effort of the company to educate their children is not likely to come to much. The education is compulsory and in English, but even after the children have learned to read and have left school they have refused to read or speak a word of English. In consequence of their dirty way of living and their generally diseased condition, they die young. The men seldom live to be fifty years old; the women live somewhat longer. They are married in the Greek church, but the marriage tie is hardly observed at all. We keep them all together upon the island and in frame huts, their underground houses having been destroyed on account of their filthiness and to get rid of the domestic animals, with which they fairly swarmed. All the guns on the island are in charge of the government agent, and never more than three natives at a time are allowed to have guns. "When in society never talk of yourself," is the injunction of an authority on etiquette. That is, of course, you should talk about other people."—Lowell Citizen. Miss Alcott says "she has fallen in love with a great many pretty girls in her life, but never once the least bit with a man." Just so with us.—Boston Post.

LOVE'S REQUEST.

Dear heart, when I am dead, And o'er my grave the lowly grasses creep; When birds unheeded sing above my head, And fail to wake me from my dreamless sleep; I would not have you sorrow o'er my rest, And mourn with hopeless passion in your breast. When joyful Spring returns With myriad buds and blossoms in her train; When o'er the fields the lilies watchfire burns, And violets blossom, wet with April rain; I would not from your eyes have tears to fall, Because, dear one, I cannot see it all. And when the birds again With music gladden all the summer day, As if their little hearts ne'er felt a pain; When all the earth with life and song is gay; I would not have your young heart sorrowing Because I cannot hear the glad birds sing. I would not have the earth— This beautiful, bright earth, where for us two So many joys have had their happy birth, So much of beauty drifted to our view— Lost for thy heart one charm it held of old, Because my heart is passionless and cold. Dear friend, I would not ask That thoughts of me forever fill your mind, I would not on your life impose the task, 'Mid all earth's brightness and its joy, to find Only dark shadows, sorrowing and woe— Ah! no, dear one, I would not have so. But when the day is done, And all its heart-aches and its cares laid by; When from the west low sinks the setting sun, And evening's early stars are in the sky; Should you look upward to the world of air, And breathe my name in some half-whisper, ed prayer— Or, when your feet were free To wander to the low mound where I sleep, If you should come and calmly think of me, It seems that in my slumbers cold and deep, I'd know that you were standing by my side, And in my inmost soul be satisfied. —J. S. Cutler, in Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A young lady of this city, who has a girl in Warren, and one in Corry, and another in Meadville, may be said to be already conducting a circuit court.—Derrick. "Dig graves for old follies and errors," says Ella Wheeler. That's the way to do, says Ella; but where can you get enough cemetery room for all the corpses? Courier-Journal. An exchange gravely propounds the following conundrum: "Why are mules said to be stubborn?" The only reason we can think of is because they are.—Burlington Free Press. Mrs. Alexander Hamilton is credited with being the first to introduce ice-cream into American history. We rather surmised there was a woman at the bottom of it.—Statesman. Zadkiel's almanac for 1884 contains no ominous events for the United States. Zadkiel evidently thinks that American leap-year privileges will bring trouble enough for one country.—Philadelphia Press. "Freddie, did you want to school today?" "Yes'm." "Did you learn anything new?" "Yes'm." "What was it, my boy?" "I got on to a sure way of gettin' out for an hour by sufflin' red ink up my nose."—Hartford Journal. The pen may be mightier than the sword, but the limberger cheese is stronger than both of them put together. We have been told of a piece of limberger which was thrown in the river, and which calmly turned around and began to swim up stream.—Blissard. A leap-year society, for the protection of young men, is about to be organized. Many a young man whose mother would not board herself and a wife will this year be lassoed by some ardent young woman and dragged down to matrimony. The society cannot get to work a moment too soon.—Courier-Journal. We sat beside the glowing fire, The hour was growing late, I turned and to my heart's desire Said: "How you fascinate!" And then she said, with smile benign: "With flattery have done; I cannot fascinate—or—sing— But I can fascinate one."—Evansville Argus. Abe, aged four, wanted his mother to let him make a lunch-bag for himself. She gave him the necessary material, and when it was finished found he had left several small holes in the bottom of the bag. When asked the reason of this Abe replied: "It's to let the crumbs fall. It's such a bover to turn the bag inside out every time, and now they will tumble out themselves."—Harper's Bazar. Why He Had Never Seen the King. In Bavaria, says the Philadelphia Press, it is illegal to criticize, even in a friendly spirit, the actions of the king. Soon after the termination of the Franco-German war, a story was told of a meeting in the streets of Munich between the king of Bavaria and a wounded soldier, during which the king, finding that he was not recognized, expressed his surprise. "How could I know your majesty?" said the soldier, in explanation. "You never go to the army, and I never go to the play." To the publication of this anecdote may probably be attributed the determination taken by the king not to tolerate remarks of any kind on his private movements. There are 60,000 insane people in France according to a recent census.