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### A CHILD'S FANCIES.

**THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE.**  
When I was sick and lay abed,  
I had two pillows at my head,  
And all my toys beside me lay  
To keep me happy all the day.  
And sometimes for an hour or so  
I watched my leader soldiers go,  
With different uniforms and drills,  
Among the bed clothes, through the hills.  
And sometimes sent my ships in fleets  
All up and down among the sheets;  
Or brought my trees and houses out,  
And planted cities all about.  
I was the great great and still  
That sits upon the pillow hill,  
And sees before him field and plain,  
The pleasant land of counterpane.

**THE WIND.**  
I saw you toss the kites on high  
And blow the birds about the sky;  
I saw you all around I heard you pass  
The ladies' skirts across the grass—  
The wind, a-blowing all day long!  
Oh, wind, that sings so loud a song!  
I saw the different things you did,  
But always felt yourself you hid;  
I felt you push, I heard you call,  
I could not see yourself at all—  
Oh, wind, a-blowing all day long!  
Oh, wind, that sings so loud a song!  
Oh, you that are so strong and cold,  
Oh, blower, are you young or old?  
Are you a beast of field and tree,  
Or just a stronger child than me?  
Oh, wind, a-blowing all day long!  
Oh, wind, that sings so loud a song!

**THE COW.**  
The friendly cow, all red and white,  
I love with all my heart;  
She gives me cream with all her might,  
To eat my apple tart.  
She wanders lowing here and there,  
And yet she cannot stray,  
All in the pleasant open air,  
The pleasant light of day.  
And blown by all the winds that pass,  
And wet with all the showers,  
She walks among the meadow grass  
And eats the meadow flowers.

*Robert L. Stevenson, in Art Journal.*

### JACK.

"I don't know about sending such a hardened little chap as he is."  
"That is the kind that is to go."  
"But what if nobody'll take him?"  
"Then I'll bring him back."  
So said the superintendent of one of the earliest companies of children sent out by the fresh-air fund, and so it came that Jack joined the eager little crowd drawn from alley and slum of the great city.  
"He is a tough one," said the superintendent to himself, watching Jack as he half carelessly, half willfully tripped up one or two smaller boys in the rush which came when they were leaving the steamboat in order to take the cars.  
"He don't look like the right sort," said one or two farmers.  
"If they were the right sort they wouldn't need our help," said a pleasant-faced woman who sat in a spring wagon, "Put him in here, please. Come, my boy, will you go home with me?"  
Jack climbed into the wagon, but made little answer to the kindly attempts to draw him into conversation. His eyes were never raised toward her as he rode along in dogged silence, and Mrs. Lynn began to conclude that she had taken hold of a very hard case indeed.  
But it was quickly seen that there were some things which Jack loved. Before night he had made friends with horses, cows, chickens, ducks, geese and cats, and lying under a tree in rapt admiration of a peep jay which chattered above him, and almost succeeded in coaxing it to light on his finger.  
"Come with me, and I'll show you something more," said Mrs. Lynn, the next morning after breakfast. She put a pail of salt into his hand, and they walked up a little glen, then up a steep hill, when she called:  
"Nan, nan, nan, nan, nan—come nan, come nan, come, my pretties; come, my pretties."  
A quiet little patter was heard, and down along the path which led higher up Jack saw coming a line of soft-looking white things.  
"What's their names?" he cried, in great interest.  
"Sheep. There are a great many more up over the top of the hill, but they don't know me very well, so they don't come. We must go further."  
Higher up they went to where a sunny pasture sloped more gently down the other side, and there were hundreds of the pretty creatures nipping the short grass or lying under the trees. They looked at the strangers with shy, gentle eyes, but gathered near as Mrs. Lynn repeated her call.  
Jack laughed and whooped and rolled on the ground in the excess of his delight at first frightening them away. But he was soon in among them, winning them by his coaxing tones, to taste the salt he held out to them. The boy's face seemed transformed as Mrs. Lynn got her first full glance at his eyes, and wondered at them. They were large and clear and soft as he laid his hands lovingly on the heads of some half-grown lambs, and presently tenderly lifted one which seemed a little lame.  
"You may take that one to the house, if you like," said Mrs. Lynn, "and I will bind up its poor foot."  
He did so, and when he carried it back to the flock he remained all day, only going to the house when called to dinner by the sound of the conch-shell. And every day afterward the most of his time was spent on the breezy hill-side, per-

haps taking in the beauties of valley and stream and woodland which lay below, but finding his fill of enjoyment in the sheep. He was little seen at the house, seeming not to care for any human society, but he took long walks at his will, from which he once brought home a bird with a broken wing, and again a stray starved kitten, both of which he carefully tended.  
"Hear him!" said Mrs. Lynn, one day, when she had gone out into the meadow where her husband was at work. "I believe he knows every sheep there."  
Jack's voice came ringing down the hill.  
"Hiho! hiho! hiho! hiho-o-o-o-o-o! my beauties! Come, Daisy-face, come, Cloud-white, come, my Trigsy-toes, and Hobbledohey; come, Jack and Jill, and Clover and Buttercup. Hilla, hilla, hilla, ho-o-o-o-o-o, my Hop, Skip and Jump, come with yer patterin' and yer wiggly-waggly tail, my woolly backs! Where be you, my jolly boys, kickin' up yer heels in the wind? Come, Snip and Snap and Snorum and Flax and Flinders and Foam."  
At the sound of his voice a few white heads were raised among the grazing flock in Mr. Lynn's field; then more, and then a commotion stirred the quiet creatures. Bleating, they ran to the fence where Jack stood, and crowded about him, almost clambering over each other in their efforts to reach him. But little heed was paid to them, for all were watching Mr. Green's sheep. There was a stir among them, too, for nine-tenths of the flock, alarmed by the unknown voice cutting so sharply through the still air, had turned and fled, and were huddling in a white mass in a distant corner, while about twenty had bleated their recognition of a friend, and hurrying up with a run and a jump, were also gathering close about him. And Jack sprang down among them, and with arms around the neck, and face buried in the fleecy back of one of his special favorites, was sobbing as if his heart were breaking.  
Mr. Bright danced about like a school-boy, swung his hat, and pitched it high in the air.  
"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for boys and sheep! They are the best witnesses I ever want. Mr. Lynn's case is the soundest one I ever carried before a court."  
"Witnesses!" growled Green. "Are you such idiots as to think this will amount to anything in law?"  
It did amount to something in law, however, as Mr. Green found out when the judge's decision was given.  
As soon as the men were gone, Mrs. Lynn bent over Jack, whose head was still bowed.  
"Jack, my boy, don't cry so. Don't you know you have friends all around you?"  
"Yes. Look at 'em." He looked about with a smile.  
"Yes, the sheep, and plenty more if you'll have them. Oh, Jack, we're all your friends. The loving Shepherd I told you of has sent us to try to do you good. He wants you to follow him just as the sheep come at the sound of your voice, because they love you and you love them. Do you want to stay here and take care of them?"  
"Stay here, with you and the sheep?" Jack's eyes, beaming with joy and gratitude, frankly met hers.  
"I think we've found the soft place at last," said Mrs. Lynn to herself, as she went home, leaving him on the sunny hill-side.  
*—Young People.*

### The Story of a Love Song.

Upon one of the many hills surrounding this old Ohio city, says a letter from Zanesville to the New York Sun, is a beautiful homestead which overlooks the smoky expanse of the town and the shining course of the Muskingum river. Thirty years ago a young preacher walked down the hill from this home heavy at heart and weary of the world. Two years before he had come to Zanesville fresh from the old college in Columbus as the Rev. H. D. L. Webster. He soon fell in love with Ella Bloxom, the daughter of Judge Bloxom, who sang in the choir of his church. He was privileged as a pastor to call upon his fair chorister at the home of her married sister, Mrs. Henry Biandy. The young, penitent preacher proposed marriage to her, and was rejected. The refusal was given in a kind though firm manner, and the young man persuaded himself that his suit was denied because of his poverty and the pride of the girl's family. He left Zanesville, for he could not be at peace where the woman he loved was shining in society.  
In 1856 he moved to Racine, and soon afterward wrote a song and gave it to J. P. Webster, the composer. This song was the once popular "Lorena." In it Webster wrote the sentiments of his heart to the memory of the woman he had loved. People who remember the songs of twenty years ago will readily recall the opening lines:  
The years creep slowly by, Lorena,  
The snow is on the grass again,  
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,  
The first gleams where the flowers have been;  
But the heart throbs on as warmly now  
As when the summer days were night,  
Oh, the sun can never dip so low  
Adown affection's cloudless sky.  
In the days of the war the song took a firm hold on the popular fancy. Soldiers in the camps of both armies sang the plaintive verses. It was the "Annie Laurie" of America. The name "Lorena" was given to all sorts of things, and the young ladies of to-day respond to the same musical name which sentimental mothers of that time bestowed upon them.  
When it became known that Webster wrote the song many of his acquaintances in Zanesville remembered his love affair there, and concluded at once that Ella Bloxom was the original of Lorena. Miss Bloxom was married to William W. Johnston, a young lawyer of Ironton, who had been educated in Zanesville, and who is now the chief justice of Ohio and the Republican candidate for selectman. Mr. Webster, who has drifted about from pastorate to pastorate, was recently stationed in Oak Grove. He also is married, having now a wife and several children.  
It is stated that Mr. John Roberts, a British member of parliament, owns about 200 acres of the land on which Liverpool is built, containing at present 7,500 houses with a population of about 40,000.

### HUMORISTS OF THE PRESS.

#### FUNNY STORIES BY NEWSPAPER WAGS.

**Not a Musical Ear—A Narrow Escape—A Masher Hounded—The Railroad Hog—Dog and Crab.**  
"My dear, I wish you would tell the servant to stop moving that furniture around in the parlor. I'm sure she has broken some of the vases and Sevres ware."  
"I hear no noise, Christopher."  
"There! She has dropped the clock! I heard the shade smash!"  
"Why, Christopher, how silly you are! That's not the servant moving the furniture; that's Birdie practicing a Wagnerian sonata."  
*—Chicago News.*

**A Narrow Escape.**  
"Sister!" cried a little boy, running into the room, "your little pug dog has bit me on the leg."  
"What?" exclaimed the frightened young lady. "Beauty has bitten you on the leg? I'll see."  
She hastily pulled down his stocking, and sure enough there was the impression of his teeth.  
"You naughty boy," said his sister, shaking him violently, "don't you know better than to tease Beauty? Some day he will bite a big lump out of your leg, and it might make him deathly sick."  
*—Philadelphia Call.*

**A Masher Hounded.**  
A lady, young and handsomely dressed, entered a Woodward avenue car and sat down opposite a passenger who had the appearance of a gentleman, but soon showed himself to be that contemptible creature, a masher. He took no notes on time, but at once proceeded to mash; he stared, ogled, smiled insinuatingly and made a second-class fool of himself at sight. The lady was discomfited. She seized her parasol and every one present hoped she was about to mash the masher.  
But she simply raised the parasol and spread it in his face. Under its protecting screen she calmly continued on her way, but the chagrined masher got out at the next crossing and made himself scarce.  
When he was gone the lady closed her parasol and said: "I have heard of frightening wild beasts by such a weapon opening suddenly in their faces, and I find it serves as good a purpose with tame ones."  
The passengers all applauded.  
*—Detroit Free Press.*

#### The Railroad Hog.

"Is this seat unoccupied?" a lady timidly inquired.  
Her voice was not very loud. It did not recall the fat man from his reverie nor his gaze from something interesting in the brick wall of the depot. The lady passed on as though embarrassed at the sound of her request.  
"Is one of these seats disengaged?"  
The question was asked in a firm, clear voice by a young woman, who looked steadily into the monopolist's eyes as though she understood him. His head turned slowly, and he coldly replied: "All engaged."  
Then he resumed his study of the wall, and the train moved slowly out of the depot.  
"Oof!"  
The exclamation resembled exactly the grunt of a pig. It was made by a young man with a dimple in his cheek and a twinkle in his eye, on a seat diagonally across the aisle and behind the bald-headed man. He was absorbed in an interesting article in a newspaper. The exclamation was not noticed.  
"Oof! Oof! Oof!"  
A young lady in the seat behind the person intended to be described by the young man with the dimple, tittered aloud. The fat man with four sittings stole a wicked glance at the young man with the newspaper, and then settled back with a determined gesture of his head and neck as if he wasn't going to mind it.  
"Oo-oo-oo! kweek! kwee-eeek! oof! oof!"  
The passengers turned their attention to the passenger with the four seats. The bald spot on his head began to get red.  
"Kwee-eeek, kwee-eeek, kwee-eeek! Oof, oof, oof!"  
A tittering and giggling broke out spontaneously up and down the car. The bald spot on the fat man's head blazed. Then one foot was dragged slowly off from the front seat, then the other. A hand reached out carefully and set one valise on the floor. Then the other valise followed.  
"Seat here, I guess, ladies," he growled.  
Three women threw grateful glances at the grunter and took their seats. The grunter, who had not lifted his eyes from his newspaper, turned it over to continue reading, but just at that instant the train glided into the tunnel.  
*—New York Sun.*

#### Dog and Crab.

Some years ago my neighbor had a dog of an inquiring turn of mind, which he called Philosopher when he was not in a hurry. Philosopher was in the habit of coming over upon my premises, and trying in various ways to win my respect and esteem; but he never succeeded to any great extent. Perhaps he did not go about it in the right way. He came off in the still night, and sat under my window and poured out his sorrow to the moon. The moon seemed to stand still, but I couldn't. I went to my neighbor with a protest, but he said he could do nothing; that he didn't like to hear a dog howl any better than I did; but, according to divine law, that was the only way in which a dog could give expression to his deeper emotions, and he thought man ought to try and put up with it. Beside, he said, he believed that the howling of a dog was an omen of death.  
I told him I thought so, too, especially when the dog howled under my window, and then I went and bought a shot-gun.  
But after that Philosopher seemed to reform and lead a more joyous life. He stayed home of nights, and if he was ever sad, he brooded mostly in silence.  
One day I came home with a basket full of crabs, and found Philosopher sitting in my yard with a look of mingled curiosity and pleasure on his open and expressive countenance. He seemed to be glad to see me, and when I set the basket upon the ground and turned aside, he went up to it in an inquiring sort of way. As I have said, he was of a very investigating turn of mind. He would sit by a hen's nest half an hour, waiting for the hen to get through laying and adjourn, so that he could form himself into a committee of one and investigate the proceedings. And his investigation of a hen's nest was always systematic and thorough.  
When he saw something move in my basket, he appeared to grow more than usually curious. He seemed to be both surprised and delighted that I had carried home something that was alive. He smelled cautiously around the basket, wagged his tail with a graceful easy motion, and then, growing more curious and bold, he stuck his nose down among the crabs and picked a large one up. He did not intend to pick it up so suddenly; it was all the crab's doing. It got one of its claws tangled somehow with Philosopher's nose, and then there was a sound of revelry by day. I never before saw a dog get so excited. He lost all control over himself. His one prominent thought seemed to be a desire to go away somewhere and he went. He went with exceeding impetuosity. He went as nothing had gone before, except chain-lightning, perhaps, and he took my crab with him.  
If any traveler in Europe, Asia or Africa has seen a yellow dog with a part of one ear bit off, and an expression denoting humble birth, with a healthy looking crab hanging to his nose, the traveler will receive a large assortment of thanks by communicating with my neighbor. But I am rather indifferent. I lost a good crab, I know; but there is no loss without some slight compensation.  
*—Scott Wau, in Puck.*

**STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.**  
Strength for to-day is all that we need,  
As there never will be a to-morrow  
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,  
With its measure of joy and sorrow.  
Then why forecast the trials of life  
With such grave and sad persistence,  
And watch and wait for a crowd of ills  
That as yet has no existence.  
Strength for to-day—what a precious boon  
For the earnest souls who labor,  
For the willing hands that minister  
To the needy friend or neighbor.  
Strength for to-day—that the weary hearts  
In the battle for right may quell not;  
And the eyes bedimmed with bitter tears,  
In their search for light, may fall not.  
Strength for to-day, on the down-hill track  
For the travelers near the valley  
That up, far up on the other side,  
Ere long they may safely rally.  
Strength for to-day—that our precious youth  
May happily shun temptation,  
And build upon the rise to the set of sun  
On a sure and strong foundation.  
Strength for to-day—in house and home  
To practice forbearance sweetly—  
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,  
Still trusting in God completely.  
Strength for to-day is all that we need,  
As there never will be a to-morrow,  
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,  
With its measure of joy and sorrow.  
*—Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Drawing materials—mustard and water.—*Life.*  
Never dispute with a woman about her weight. She's always bound to have her own weight.  
A wall in the southern part of China is said to be entirely made of fish. It ought to be an easy one to scale.—*Statesman.*  
A Philadelphia father makes his baby sleep with the nurse three-quarters of a mile off. It must be the second one.—*Courier-Journal.*  
"Do cats reason?" asks a correspondent. Certainly. There are two in our neighborhood that are reasoning with each other all through the stilly night.—*Baltimore Day.*  
"Why am I like a Wall street financier?" asked a young farmer as he returned from the barn. "I give it up," replied his father. "Because I have been watering the stock."—*Brooklyn Times.*  
The old saw, "Never kick a man when he is down" is a good one, because to kick a man when he is down is cowardly. Now we give another, "Never kick a man when he is up," because it is reckless.—*Evansville Argus.*  
The young man who wrote to his offended girl asking her to send him "a line" informing him what she would like him to do, was surprised to receive by return mail a clothes-line with a noose at one end of it.—*Statesman.*  
The boy who seeks the river's brim,  
Where he intends to take a swim,  
But runs away,  
Possesses wisdom, strength and vim;  
For he will surely live to swim  
Another day.  
*—New York Journal.*  
The wise men tell us that the whale lives about 400 years. Since the days of the patriarchs, however, no man has ever taken a whale from the breast and raised it to old age. A whale would be a good thing for a man to buy who hated to part with a pet after he became attached to it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*  
"It seems to me," said a judge to his daughter, "that your young man calls a good many times a week. My court doesn't sit anywhere near as often as yours does." "Oh, well, papa," was the blushing reply, "I am engaged to him, you know, and that entitles us to a court of special sessions."  
The seats in a Western church are set on pivots, like those in a dry goods store. This enables the fair worshiper, who sits pretty well up in front, to turn around and count the number of new bonnets in the house without screwing her head off almost, and going home with a stiff neck.—*Norristown Herald.*  
A paragraph in a number of our exchanges says: "Napoleon was bow-legged, Alexander Pope was humpbacked, Hannibal had notoriously big heels and was knock-kneed, Cicero was spindle-shanked and Alexander's left leg was badly out of plumb." One might suppose that these old worthies were alive and running for a political office.—*Norristown Herald.*  
**A-DOWN THE BAY.**  
She was a vision of delight,  
When first she beamed upon my sight;  
I met her in a casual way  
A-down the bay.  
What steamer, I refuse to tell,  
Enough to say, she pleased me well;  
You bet it was a beautiful day  
A-down the bay.  
She seemed so modest and discreet,  
I thought I'd asked her in to meet;  
It only cost me two weeks' pay  
A-down the bay.  
*—Boston Star.*

#### Deaths from Cholera.

In 1871 there were 300,000 deaths from cholera in Russia; in 1873 there were 16,000 deaths in Poland; in 1873-74 there were 140,000 deaths in Hungary; 1873-74 there were nearly 27,000 deaths in Prussia; in 1865-67 there were 143,000 deaths in Italy. In Paris the mortality from cholera has been as follows: In 1832, 18,354 deaths; in 1849, 19,184; in 1853-54, 8,990; in 1865-66, 12,082; in 1873, 885. In England in 1849 the deaths from cholera were 70,000. In 1917 the army of the Marquis of Hastings lost in India 9,000 men in twelve days from Asiatic cholera.