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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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IN STUBBLE FIELDS.

I have seen growing far reaching grain fields,
Emerald and shining;
Gray were the beards that seemed as mist,
floating
When day is declining.

I have seen grain fields golden for harvest,
While as a glory
Each spike was bearing its gleaming arist,
Like saints of old story.

I see those grain fields covered with stubble,
Empty and lonely;
Gone are their beauties and all I find there
Are memories only.

—Overland Monthly.

THE OLE MAN'S GREDGE.

BY JENNIE E. JUDSON.

"But, pappy," remonstrated the young girl, gently, "he never tuck the gol."
"Never tuck the gol!" cried the old man, a fierce fire blazing in his sunken eyes. "Mightn't he be as well a tuck hit! Didn't he up an' die 'bout givin no sign?"
"It mought a ben that he'd forgot."
"No, chile, 'twan't that. He knowed, he shorly knowed. 'Twere jes the ole gredge a-workin on him tell the las'!"
"An what were the gredge?"
"Hit were fur bekase thru a-bein shif'less an ornery he miss a-gittin the oman he wanted fur a wife, while I was mo pyearter and come in ahead."
The girl sat silent a moment, then asked: "How kim he ever to know what the gol an silver ware put?"
"He help me bury 'em, Telury. Mus I allus keep a-tellin you"—fretfully—"as how when we heard the Northun troops were a-comin I axed him to help me tote hit to a safet place an bury hit."
"I was cen a mos down with a fever, yo maw were bedfast, an yo wan't nothin but a little goslin of a chil. Carruthers had kim over to borry sumthin, an peared like hit were my onliest chance."
"I ef the horse a-reelin like a drunk man. Lightnin were dancin befo my eyes an thundar a-roarin in my yers; but I ke on 'n on, an 't las I heard Carruthers say, dim like, as in a dream: 'They aint no safeter place than what this is.' Then his pick struck into the yeath, an 't that I tumbled right in my tracks with the feelin that Jake Carruthers were a-diggin my grave."
"An hit were the grave to all my hopes, Telury," he added, pathetically, "fur I had tuckered mysel' clean out a-many 'n a-many a day a makin that money, fur yo yo yo maw, kase I had my heart plumb set on a sendin yo to Meeridgyun to skule, and a-hirin a fine phizziken to cyore yo maw o' that spine in her back."
"An hwer," he continued, with a tremulous break in his voice, "yo maw's done gone, tuck off by the very mizry I mistrusted would cause her end, an yo 't'rou no eddication but what yo've got from these piney-woods skules, which the good Lord knows aint much."
"Haint I a good reason to hate him?" with panting breath, "an to cuss his bull hateful brood? Haint I a right to wish em every evil under the sun?"
"Not them, ppp," cried the young girl, excitedly; "don't cuss the innocent. 'Tware the ol man as done wrong. Wouldn't he never tell you," she asked, as if in haste to turn the current of his words, "whar the box were buried?"
"Tell me! I reckon he told me a thousing times as how tare put at the foot of the quinch tree in the summer yarding. I've dug the tree down by piecemeal in the yers I've kep a-lookin'. But when I'd tell him 'twan't that, an never had been thar, he'd vow the Yankees mus' a tuck hit away."
"An' moughtn't that a ben?"
"No, chil." The troops wasn't skasey gone tell I began to pyeartin up, an' when I went to dig whar Jake had tol me, I plain seed't groun' had never ben broke."
"But he air a restin oneasy in his grave, Telury," he continued, in a gruesome whisper. "Two scritch ow-els scotch 'n scotch under my winder las night, which air a shore sign of the dyin ur the dead, an when I went to sleep I dremp't Jake stood out thar in the south field a-piintin twodes the ol oak, an a-sayin: 'Go thar, an dig in the dead of night.' We'll go to-night, an see what we kin fin."
Telura made no sign of dissent. Long experience had taught her that a ready interest in the old-told tale, and a ready acquiescence in her father's plans for the recovery of the treasure were by far the best. Opposition only roused within him a spirit of excitement which wore cruelly on his weakened frame.
She rose, and went slowly away to her work, but as the clock struck four she left the back entrance and disappeared quietly in the woods. The sun had set when she returned. As she passed her father on the front porch he clutched at her gown with trembling fingers.
"Who were yo a-walkin with in the pine-grove, Telury?" he asked, huskily.
"Tware Tom Carruthers," she answered, lifting a white face and frightened eyes.
The blow had fallen and the old man quailed beneath it.
"I've los my property," he muttered, miserably. "I've los my wife, an now I'm a-goin to lose my chil. My God!" he panted, as if from overpowering pain, "hit 'pears too hard to bar."
"Oh, pap!" cried the young girl, wildly, as she threw her arms about him, "yo aint a-goin to lose me. I'll stan by you till the end. I ware a-partin with him forever, bekase I knowed hit were yo wish. I had growed to keer fur him 'thout a-knowin of it. He ware allus so kind when we ware a-goin to skule, and sence then 'peared like I could n' go nowher, nor do nothin but Tom's allus on hands. I wain't never perlit to him, pap, but looked like as if the mo hatefuler I actid twodes him the mo kinder I was a-getting to feel. Hit spited me turrible, an I wrestled hard to hate him, but hit didn't 'pear to do no good. He's a goin away to-morrer, though, an I'll furgit him, I shorly will." But a fresh burst of tears and sobs gave scant promise of a fulfillment of her words.
"He air a bad stock, Telury, an we has reason to thank the Lord that yo has got shet of him."
"Folks do say, pappy, as how he air the pine rozzum image of his mam, an that she air a pow'ful good ooman."
"Folks don't know what they is a-sayin one-half the time," he answered, angrily. "How could he be anythin but ornery with a feyther like that? Think no mo about him, chil, 'n nex time I go to Meeridgyun (Meridian) I'll buy yo a pink caliker frock."
The young girl opened her lips as if to speak, but closed them with a sigh, and moved away, wearily, to prepare the evening meal.
All through the weary vigil which preceded their departure to the old oak she sat, heavy and silent, "a-grievin," as the old man thought, with a touch of anger and sympathy combined.
A little breeze sprang up before they started. It swayed the flame of the pine knot which Telura bore to light her father at his work, and plainly defined her finely-molded figure beneath its cotton gown.
The flickering light of the torch brought out the golden gleams of her curling hair, and, as she stood, pale and silent, holding the light aloft, she looked like a beautiful priestess aiding at a mystic rite.
The old man dug on excitedly, and his pick struck at last an unyielding substance. His breath came hard. Were the hopes of years to meet their long-delayed fruition? But a wild cry rang out suddenly on the night, and drew his startled attention.
What terrible sight was this that burned itself into his senses!
The torch lay fitfully gasping upon the earth, while speeding away as on the wings of the winds fled Telura, pursued by a circling flame of fire. Some unnoticed spark had fallen upon her gown from the back, and quickly ignited its cotton folds.
He started in agonized pursuit; but long ere he could have reached her a man sprang quickly from a thicket near, caught her in his arms, wrapped her about with his discarded coat, and smothered the cruel flames. She sank back fainting as her father reached the spot.
The two men lifted and bore her tenderly home. No word was spoken between them; but when the light was lit in the cabin it fell full on the face of Tom Carruthers.
"I'll fetch my mother and the doctor," he said.
"Fetch Mrs. Tompkins and the doctor," was the angry reply. "Twas hard, thought the old man, that in dire extremity he should again have to depend for aid on a member of this hated family."
Would this one, too, betray him?
"What ware he a-sneakin aroun in the woods fur, but to spy on me?" he muttered.
No feeling of gratitude toward the young man asserted itself in his breast during the long night spent by himself and the kind Mrs. Tompkins in attendance on the suffering girl. And early in the morning, when Telura, with wounds carefully dressed, lay quiet under the influence of a narcotic, he crept out to renew his interrupted work.
He gazed with bated breath into the cavity made the night before. It was empty, and his pick was sticking into a root of the tree. This, then, was the hard substance, the striking of which had so raised his hopes. He sank back with a groan.
The hand of Fate was against him.
An hour later he went back dazedly to the house. Telura still slept, and, throwing himself on a lounge near the bed, he, too, fell into a deep slumber.
When he awoke, toward evening, and looked at the young girl, lying pale and statue like, a great fear smote him. Might he not lose her after all! Had he never prized her enough? She, who had spent her whole young life in his service. Had he not accepted that service as too much his due? He saw revealed as in a lightning flash how all-absorbing had been his passion for the recovery of the money, and how little he had thought or done for this unselfish child. How willingly for his sake she had given up the man she loved. Then he recalled his own wild regret when he had feared to lose his sweetheart—her mother. Had Telura suffered like that? Perhaps he had been too harsh. Tom Carruthers was spoken of as a steady, industrious young man; and he had noticed last night that while his hands were badly burned he had seemed to have no thought but for Telura. But there came back the old, bitter question: "With a feyther like that, how could he be anything but ornery?"
"Pappy," broke in a feeble voice upon his thoughts, "would you han me a drink of wabter?"
The cooling draught was administered.
Ten days later, utterly prostrated from a fierce conflict with fever and pain, Telura made her next rational request.
"Pappy," she said, meekly, "ef I don't ever get well an,—feebly smoothing his hardened hand—"hit do 'pear now as though I never can. I want you to try an get shet of that gredge yo is a-holdin agin Tom Carruthers. He air good, pappy, I know he air. I feel it in my hyer," laying her hand upon her heart. "He have dug ar up for that gol cen a mos as much as yo, a-hopin to ondo his pappy's wrong, an he 'lowed to me as he ware a-goin to try to pay yo back. Try to be forgivin to him, pappy, for my sake, an tell him good-bye 'th my ondyin love."
"I don't want you to tell no one good-bye, Telury," answered the old man, "no

kindler I was a-getting to feel. Hit spited me turrible, an I wrestled hard to hate him, but hit didn't 'pear to do no good. He's a goin away to-morrer, though, an I'll furgit him, I shorly will." But a fresh burst of tears and sobs gave scant promise of a fulfillment of her words.

one," blowing his nose furiously. "I aint a-holdin no grades agin Tom Carruthers no mo, an as he's a-bangin roun the front porch now, whar he's ben a-bangin mos of the time endurin yo seekness, I'll fetch him in, an yo kin tell him 'howdy' instead of good-bye, an how yo is a-goin to pyearter right up 'n git well fur him an me."

What the Feminine Employee Earns—The Hurlful Bronze—A Talk With a Bindery Girl.

"Our girls earn on an average \$5 a week," said the proprietor of a large bookbindery. "Some of them earn \$12; the beginners earn \$3; all of them work 'by the piece.' They can do any sort of work, and the finest books we have are sewed by them. They cover the pamphlets, but the bound books are done entirely by men. The stamping and such work is done by machinery. Our girls work ten hours a day, and sit down during the whole of that time, or at least the greater part of it. The girls who work on the 'dry press' are obliged to stand. The dry press is a machine for pressing the matter over night after it has been folded."
"What sort of girls are they?"
"Good, quiet-going girls for the most part. The majority of them live at home. They are as neatly-dressed as any girls yo see on the street."
"Do yo employ them steadily?"
"Well, some of them we do. Of course, when it is dull we let our girls go, but when we have a big job we advertise and get a lot for the time being, or if we know of some good hands we send for them."
Several other publishers said substantially the same thing.
The girls themselves were not reluctant to talk upon the subject. One of them, when asked how she liked the work, ran her hands through her shock of curly red hair and protested that it was "awful!"
"What is awful about it?"
"Well, for one thing, the bronzing."
"Is that a necessary and useful part of the work?"
"Any of us are likely to be given a job of bronzing at any time. We're here to be generally useful, and if the boss says bronze 50,000 covers for advertising pamphlets, why of course we bronze 'em."
"But it is said yo can most of yo do only one thing well?"
"What nonsense! Besides, any one could bronze. All it needs is a little care."
"What hurt does it do?"
"Hurt enough! If yo don't wear a sponge over yo mouth and nose the bronze will get in the throat and make terrible sores. A girl who worked here once got ulcers in her throat from working in bronze, and was laid up four months."
"Does it make much difference to yo what kind of work yo are engaged upon?"
"O, my, yes! We make a great deal more at some kinds than we do at others. The finer the class of work the less we make at it. Heavy, expensive paper is a great deal harder to fold than light paper such as is used for railroad guides. I guess railroad guides are about the best paying work we have. We fold them, yo know. Some of them have sixteen or twenty folds, and a girl has to be real smart to remember all the twists and turns so as to make no mistake."
"So that is the best paying work?"
"Yes."
"How much can yo make a week at it?"
"There's a girl over thar that has worked six yers in a bindery, and now and then she makes \$9 a week. But then she works through the greater part of the noon hour."
"Not many of the girls make that much, then?"
"Well, I should say not. There's one poor little girl here that never makes a cent over \$2. She's such a slow little thing and she can't remember from one time to another how to turn a fold or make a knot. Yo know we have an odd way of making a knot with our needle in the thread as we sew the sections. There's a good thing about the bindery business. Yo see most of us can sit down all day long. They have long benches in almost every factory where we work."
"Is there a uniform price among publishers? Do all houses pay the same for the same work?"
"No, indeed, they don't. Some of the bosses are as mean as dirt. But after we find it out they don't get any but green-horns to work for them. There is quite a difference in the prices the different houses pay."
"Do yo get steady work?"
"No; and that's the very, very worst thing about bindery work. One week a man will have 125 girls, and the next he won't have more than ten. I suppose it's all right. I don't see any way to fix it. But it seems wrong to me, some way. The man's work is done, but what becomes of the girls? If they aint livin with their folks they just have to run in debt for their board 'til they get more work. It's pretty hard, sometimes, I can tell yo."
"What should yo say was the average wages made by the girls?"
"Four dollars and fifty cents and \$5 a week by the ordinary workers."
"How much do the forewomen get?"
"We have no forelady, but where I worked last the forelady got \$10 a week and nothing to do but just look after us."
"Do yo ever get cheated out of yo pay?"
"Not in the large establishments. Now and then some little concern will fail."
"Do yo get docked much in yo wages?"
"Not much. Some of those mean bosses I told yo of make yo pay if yo sew a section wrong, or fold badly enough to spoil anything of value, or paste a cover on upside down. But, after all, that's fair enough. There isn't much complaint to be made on the whole." —Chicago Tribune.

IMMORTALITY.

I live. Thus much I know. And I defy
The world to prove that I shall ever die.
But all men perish! Aye, and even so
Beneath the grasses lay this body low,
Forever close these eyes and still this breath,
All this. Yet I shall not have tasted death.

Where are the lips that prattled infant lays?
The eyes that shone with light of childhood's
days?
The heart that bubbled o'er with boyhood's
glee?
The limbs that bounded as the chamois free?
The ears that heard life's music everywhere.
These, all; where are they now? Declare.
Forever gone! Forever dead! Yet still
I live! My love, my hate, my fear, my will,
My all that makes life living, firm abides
As towers the rock above the fickle tides.
Dead is my youth, and so my age must die.
But I remain, imperishable I!

Speed day and year! Fleat by the stream of
time!
Wing, birds of passage, to a summer clime!
Come change, come dissolution and decay,
To kill the very semblance of this clay!
Yet know the conscious, the unchanging I
Through all eternity shall never die!
—Willis Fletcher Johnson, in Current.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A fitting tribute—A present of a suit of clothes.
Crossed in love—the suspenders your girl makes yo.—Puck.
Scarlet fever—a desire to paint the town.—New Haven News.
A tip top story—The hotel clerk's reasons for lodging yo in the attic.
Why is a fat man like water? Because neither can run up hill.—Burlington Free Press.
Some Americans are too proud to beg and too honest to steal, so they get trusted.—Boston Post.
Sailors haven't much liking for wrecks, but divers are down on them more than any one else.—St. Paul Herald.
On the rolling deep: First passenger—"Well, old boy, what's up this afternoon?" Second passenger—"All but the soup."—Life.
A fashion journal says there is a knack in putting on gloves. Come to think of it, that's so. Yo have to get yo hands in, as it were.—Washington Post.
A fashion item says shoes are the same as in the spring. Ours are not. We've had two pairs since then. But perhaps we are ultra fashionable.—Life.
Felt slippers are to be worn considerably this winter. Bjornson's boy hopes his mother's will not be felt any more than formerly.—St. Paul Herald.
Oscar Wilde says: "I can't write poetry when I have eaten anything." Some benefactor of his race should invite Oscar to dinner every day.—Pittsburg Chronicle.
It is whispered about the suburbs of Buffalo that a young girl of that city screamed so when the dentist was pulling her tooth that she turned yellow.—Lochester Post-Express.
A sealskin sacque for the Bartholdi statue would cost \$275,483, a decent bonnet \$11,483 and a pair of shoes \$1,847. The above statements are made in order to "scoop" and silence the statistical fiend.—Minneapolis Tribune.
An Arkansas man made a bullet out of a piece of plug tobacco and shot it through the body of a wildcat. The animal died. Here we have another forcible illustration of the fatal effects of tobacco on the system.—Norristown Herald.

Saved by a Dog.

The four-year-old child of John B. Bacigalupo was trying to cross the street railroad track on the south side of the market-house, when, frightened by the near approach of a car, the little fellow in turning fell directly across the track. The horses passed over the boy without injuring him, and before any injury could be done, a dog, sitting with his master at the corner of the market-house, rushed to the child and pulled it from the track by its clothes just as the wheels were about to crush it.
Everyone was astonished at the act of the dog, which was remarkably wise and intelligent. The rescue of the child was observed by a large number of people. The brave dog is four years old. He has become quite a hero.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Drinking His Health.

Every time Louis XV. went hunting forty bottles of wine formed an indispensable part of the impedimenta. It is true the King never drank himself on such occasions; while his courtiers invariably tested their loyalty by toasting of royal masters. One day, however, Louis, feeling thirsty, quite unexpectedly called for a glass of wine. A footman stilled, in great alarm, that there was none left. "Were not forty bottles brought with us to-day, as usual?" "Oh, yes, your Majesty; but they are all drank." "There in future," quietly replied the King, "take forty-one bottles, so that there may be at least one left for me!" —St. Simon (Memoirs).

Honey Dew.

Honey dew, a saccharine liquid that falls on leaves of trees and plants, is said to be caused in two ways: by the action of a kind of insect, the aphid, and also by an exudation of the sap of themselves. The cause of this is still an unsolved botanical question. It is especially frequent on trees. It seems to be caused by a thing peculiar in the climate, to be most often seen on islands of temperate latitudes. Warm climates seem to stimulate its production.—Inva-Cocan.

Fashions in Maladies.

Most physicians are likely to have theories about diseases rather than actual knowledge thereof, because, being ignorant of what is going on inside the human body, they are forced to surmise and infer from certain data, often insufficient. Their theories seem to enjoy a kind of periodicity. Physicians look to this or that organ, and usually find, or think they find, that its derangement lies at the basis of the trouble. In the same way specialists always discover in patients what is their specialty, whether it be nerves, brain, heart, liver, lungs or kidneys, as most of us are prone to find what we seek. Until Richard Bright had published his treatises, forty-six and forty-seven years ago, no one had supposed the kidneys affected, and he might not have turned his attention to this disorder but for his own nephritic sufferings, which finally caused his death. Bright's disease gets its name from him, and ever since he described its symptoms physicians have regarded the kidneys as the source of numberless ailments. Every one must have noticed how constantly nowadays the cause of mortality is called Bright's disease; often, indeed, when it is something else. Many of the ablest and most experienced practitioners regard Bright's disease, or albumuria, as a combination of diseases rather than a separate and distinct disease. This would account for the number of old persons who are thought to die of Albumuria. A man who has long been ill must be affected in different organs, the derangement of one causing the derangement of another. Thus a general breaking down is called albumuria. The kidneys have in the way of diagnoses, nearly had their run, which has lasted almost half a century. The liver is now having its turn, and ere long no doubt most disorders will be attributed thereto. This is moderately safe, because its condition is hard to determine, and theory will answer in the absence of facts. There are eras and fashions in maladies, as in other things, and at present the liver may be said to be coming in.—New York Commercial.

Defending Her Pastor.

Rev. R. W. Todd, in his recent work, "Methodism of the Peninsula," tells this story: In the last years before the war feeling on the slavery question ran dangerously high, and those Methodist preachers in Virginia who were even suspected of a leaning toward abolitionism were threatened with tar and feathers and other forms of injury. The Rev. James A. Massey was particularly obnoxious to the mob element, and was repeatedly warned not to preach. He never paid any attention to threats, but his meetings were sometimes forcibly broken up. Once while he was holding service a "committee," headed by one Dick Ayres, a stalwart fellow of 250 pounds, entered the church, and Ayres, mounting to the side of the preacher, began to harangue the mob. At this juncture a devout sister, aged seventy years, climbed over the altar-rail, ascended the pulpit stairs, collared Ayres, and with a dexterous jerk laid him upon his back on the floor. Then she grabbed him by his long hair and pounded his head against the planks until he begged for mercy. The men sat still in amazement; the women prepared to defend their pastor, and would probably have driven out the mob by force if Mr. Massey had not suspended the services and dispersed the congregation.

Anomalies of Smell.

Peculiarities of the sense of smell form a subject of investigation by Mr. Arthur Mitchell, of Edinburgh. Among those observed thus far is that of a person who smells nothing from a bed of mignonette, and of another who perceives no odor from the bean field, the sense being otherwise acute and discriminating in both cases. Another person can discover no difference between certain odors which are very different to others; while there are persons who are sickened by certain odors which usually give pleasure. A considerable number of persons seem to be altogether destitute of the sense of smell; and on the other hand there are a few who have the sense very strongly developed.

been for the ship, on an expedition to the building in and 1,000 on several an art gallery will cover a thousand of this kind is used the apparatus. It enables take down a very short have solved the motion on the of the pressure of been known to petual motion to usefulness of more than ques- Spaniard has real- chanical process of is a benefactor to em of perpetual mo- (the most fatal sci- he ages have pro- ple of the need for ac- in making estimates ele in a recent Indepen- news on the supply and within the earth. The statement that enough taken out of the earth to large as Ontario. This been denied by a profes- leading Western colleges, columns of the same paper, that this cannot be possi- present enormous rate of and take at the lowest esti- vates to fill the lake!

Republican Centennial Paris Ex- 1889 is now being steadily The foundations are already pared in the Champ de Mars, fence is being run up round ed ground, and the works will y carried on through the win- side employment for the hun- who would otherwise be g the cold weather. The ce- lerie tower will probably stand at ace of the Pont de Jena, on the t of the Seine, and after the ex- will remain the inventor's pri- te property for twenty years, then assing to the government. The gardens re to be especially extensive and beau- ful, and will be illuminated by the lectric light.

The Zanzibar Arabs, in their long white garments, who, Dr. Lenz, the Austrian traveler, says, make Stanley Falls Station, in Central Africa, look like a village of the Zanzibar coast, have thrown off their mask of friendship and compelled King Leopold's white agents to abandon the station and retreat down the river. Dr. Lenz wrote early this year that these slave dealers had far more influence at Stanley Falls than the Congo white men wielded. Here, in the heart of King Leopold's territories, they have at last openly manifested their hostility to the advancing white influences that are threatening their supremacy in Central Africa. It was those gentry whom General Gordon was employed to deal with just before his fate changed his plans and sent him to Khartoum instead of the Congo. How to manage these powerful Arabs will henceforth be a puzzling question.

In the last six months there has hardly been a day when New York city employ- ment bureaus have not had twice as many applications on hand for servants as for places. Comparatively few girls will take places where heavy work is re- quired. A great many ladies go down to Castle Garden and get their servants. Occasionally they get prizes, but they run a great risk. Nearly every boarding house in town has at least three or four employment agencies constantly on the watch for them for help. The wages paid now are higher than at any time in many years. From \$18 to \$20 a month with board and lodging are the regular rates. The chief complaint received at the employment bureaus is that after the housekeepers in private families have been to a good deal of trouble and spent considerable time in training them into good servants from an ignorant and un- couth condition, the girls leave to be- come chambermaids in big boarding houses or hotels, where there is more excitement, but not near as good a home.