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The American bicycler divides the honors abroad with the American trotter.

Colonel John Cokerill thinks that the attitude of Russia in the East must force an alliance between England, Japan and China.

Cornwall, in England, leads all other countries in freedom from crimes against property. Next in comparative honesty come the western counties of Wales.

Elizabeth Cadby Stanton says that if she was Street Cleaning Commissioner of New York City, she would organize a brigade of needy, deserving women to do the work, and it would be done.

The Boston Journal of Commerce announced that an electrical type-setting machine has been invented in Italy by a Dominican friar, which is said to produce words in type faster than the linotype can make them in metal.

The Salvation Army is said to have secured a strong foothold in Buenos Ayres. During the financial troubles it was able, according to Ram's Horn, to help thousands of men out of work to food and shelter. It has a thriving farm colony, and is training Spanish-speaking cadets.

If some archaeologist in the year 5000 A. D., happens to dig up a fashionable woman's costume of the present day, he will draw some very queer conclusions from it concerning the shape of its one-time wearer, predicts the Washington Pathfinder. Women wear big sleeves because they are "pretty." If a thing is pretty, that settles it with the conventional woman. Next thing one shall see society belles hanging themselves about with oil paintings and water colors in gold frames to make themselves "pretty."

The whaleboat Kite is to be sent Arcticward after Peary, and in a little while a new Peary will probably have to be sent after the whaleboat Kite. That adds the New York Tribune, is the general operation of Polar discovery. The magnet of the North draws eternally, operative on ships and men, perhaps finally on balloons and bicycles as it is on the mariner's needle. Whether the fruits of Polar adventure equal their cost and peril is a question on which the economist and the geographical and scientific enthusiast are entitled to hold different opinions; but it is a quest never likely to be intermitted. The line of discoverers will continue, however lean and conjectural their tales of discovery, and such of them as are not lost in Symme's Hole will have to be sent for now and then to organize new expeditions and keep alive a healthy interest in the region.

We look with horror on the pictures left us by Assyrian and Egyptian conquerors of prisoners' hands and feet cut off, their bodies impaled, and their heads nailed up against the city walls, forgetful, suggests the New York Independent, that just such things may happen nowadays within a few hundred miles of the world's great capitals. A telegram from Tangier reported the other day that four loads of human heads were being brought to Fez, to show the Sultan that people were really punished for the last revolt. The telegram in the London Times says that the "heads were in bad condition when they reached Rabat, and were re-salted at that place, the work being done by Hebrews under compulsion of the Government." It was pictured deeds no worse than this which led Gutzmid to declare that the old Assyrians were the schrecklichkeit of all Nations.

Opposition to crime is growing fast in the mountains of Kentucky, notes the Louisville Courier-Journal. The Jackson (Breathitt County) Hustler says: "Word comes to us from every direction of the revolution in the sentiment of the people of this section of the mountains in regard to punishing criminals. A man told us this week that he had been in eight counties since the Fields-Adkins trial at Barboursville, and that the intense feeling against lawlessness was universal. A gentleman who has been in Perry County much of the time in the past six weeks told us that there would be no trouble to get a jury in that country to hang a man if he deserved it. In the counties where lawlessness has been worst this feeling is greatest. The revolt from the state of terror and death will sweep a number of men into the State Prison and some into their graves. Woe to the desperadoes of these counties now. Their race is run. The grand juries are doing their work and the petit juries their duty."

THE MORNING BIRD.

"One of the most treasured relics I have is a poem which my father wrote when I was a little boy. My father was a native of Maine, but he had much literary taste and ability, too. The poem which he gave and which I have always treasured, will (if I am not grievously in error) touch a responsive chord in many a human heart, for all humanity looks back with tenderness to the time of youth."

Eugene Field, in Chicago Review.]

A bird sang in the maple tree

And this was the song he sang to me:

"O little boy, awake, awake, arise!"

The sun is high in the morning skies;

The brook's a-paly in the pasture lot

And wondereth that the little boy

It loveth daily cometh not

To share its turbulence and joy;

The grass hath knees cool and sweet

For triuant little brown bear feet-

So come, O child, awake, arise!

The sun is high in the morning skies!"

From the yonder maple tree

The bird kept singing unto me;

But that was very long ago—

I did not think—I did not know—

Else would I not have longer slept

And dreamt the precious hours away;

Else would I from my bed have leapt

To greet another happy day—

A day, untouched of care and truth,

With sweet companionship of youth—

The dear old friends which you and I

Knew in the happy years gone by!

Still in the maple can be heard

The music of the morning bird,

And still the song is of the day

That runneth o'er with childish play;

Still of each pleasant old-time place

And of the old-time friends I know—

The pool where bid the furtive dace,

The tot the brook went scampering through

The mill, the lane, the bellflower tree

That used to love to shelter me—

But which I cannot know again!

Alas! from yonder maple tree,

The morning bird sings not to me;

Else would his ghostly voice prolong

An evening, not a morning, song;

And he would tell of each dear spot

I know so well and cherished then,

As all forgetting, not forgot

By him who would be young again!

O child, the voice from yonder tree

Calleth to you and not to me;

So wake and know those friendships all

I would to God I could recall!

"THOU ART THE MAN!"

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.



IT'S the last straw
that breaks the camel's back,"
said Lucy, bursting into tears.

The pleasant June sunbeams came peeping into the cool, stone-paved dairy, where pans of milk and cream were ranged in orderly array; great stone pots stood under the shelves, and a blue-painted churn was already placed on the table for service.

Mr. Bellenden was justly proud of his dairy. Not a chance guest came to the house but was invited down to see it; not a housekeeper in the neighborhood but secretly envied its many conveniences and exquisite neatness.

"And it isn't the dairy alone!" triumphantly remarked Seth Bellenden. "And you may go through the house from garret to cellar, and you will never find a speck of dust or a stain of rust. There never was such a housekeeper as my wife."

Mrs. Bellenden was young, too—scarcely three-and-twenty. She had been the daughter of a retired army officer, delicately reared and quite ignorant of all the machinery of domestic life until she married Seth Bellenden.

"It's very strange," Lucy had written to her father. "The farm is beautiful. You never saw such monstrous old buttonball trees, nor such superb roses, and the meadows are full of clover and the strawberries shine like jewels on the sunny hillsides. But nobody sketches or reads. I don't think there is a copy of *Tennyson* in the whole neighborhood, and no one ever heard of *Dore* or *Milais*. All they think of is how many dozens of eggs the hens lay, and how many cheeses they can make in a year. And the woman who has a new recipe for waffles, or a new pattern for a horridie thing that they call crazy quilt, is the leader in society."

But presently young Mrs. Bellenden herself caught the fever and became a model housewife. Example is all-powerful, and Lucy began to believe that the whole end and aim of life was domestic thrift, money-saving and the threshing of work.

"My dear," said Seth, "if you thought you could get along without Hephzibah, the maid, I might be able to afford that now reaper before the oat crop comes in."

"I'll try," said Lucy.

And after that she rose before day-break and worked later into the night than ever.

"What is the matter with your hands, Lucy?" Seth asked one day.

"They're not so white and beautiful as they used to be."

Lucy colored as she glanced down at the members in question.

"I suppose it is making the fire," said she.

And then she took to wearing old kid gloves at her sweeping and dusting and digging out of ashes.

"My coat is getting shabby," Seth once day remarked.

"Why don't you buy another one?" asked his wife.

Seth laughed—a short laugh.

"What do you think Mrs. Higgins has done?" said he. "She ripped up her husband's old suit and cut a pattern by it, and made a new one, and entirely saved him ten dollars!"

"Must have been a regular-going

"I could do that!" said Lucy, with sparkling eyes. "I will try it!"

"You can do anything, my dear!"

said Mr. Bellenden, admiringly.

And Lucy felt that she had her rich reward.

Company began to come as soon as the bright weather set in.

All the affectionate relations of Mr. Bellenden soon discovered that the farmhouse was cool and shady, that Lucy's cooking was excellent, and that the bedrooms were neatness itself.

Some of them were even good enough to invite their relations as well, and so the house was full from April to December.

All the clergymen made it their home at Brother Bellenden's when they came to Silvas Bridge for ecclesiastical conventions; all the agents for unheard-of articles discovered that they knew somebody who was acquainted with the Bellendens, and brought their carpet-bags and valises, with that faith in human hospitality which is one of life's best gifts.

Mrs. Bellenden's fame went abroad among the Darcases of the neighborhood in the matter of butter and cheese.

She took prizes in the domestic department of all the agricultural fairs, and the adjoining housewives took no trouble to make things that they could borrow of Mrs. Bellenden, "just as well as not."

And one day, when poor Lucy, under the blighting influence of a horrible sick headache, was endeavoring to strain three or four gallons of milk into the shining pans, the news arrived that Uncle Paul was coming to the farm.

"Another guest!" said Lucy, desparingly.

And then she uttered the proverb that heads our sketch.

"Oh, it's only Uncle Paul!" said Mr. Bellenden. "Don't fret, Lutie; he's the most peaceable old gentleman in the world. He'll make no more trouble than a cricket. John's wife thought she couldn't have him, because she has no hired girl just now."

"Neither have I!" said Lucy, rebelliously.

"And Sarah Eliza don't like company."

"I am supposed to be fond of it!" observed Lucy, bitterly.

"And Reuben's girls don't want old folks staying there. It's too much trouble, they say," added Seth.

Lucy bit her lip to keep back the words she might have uttered, and said, instead:

"Where is he to sleep? The Bedfords have the front bedroom, and your Cousin Susan occupies the back, and the four Miss Pattersons sleep in the two hall chambers, and the hired men have the garret room."

She might have added that she and her husband and the baby had slept in a hot little den opening from the kitchen for four weeks, vainly expecting Mr. and Mrs. Belford to depart, and that she had never yet had a chance to invite her father to the farm in pleasant weather.

But she was magnanimous and held her peace.

"Ob, you can find some place for me," said her husband, lightly. "There's that little room at the end of the hall where the spinning-wheel is."

"But it isn't furnished?" pleaded Lucy.

"You can easily sew a carpet together out of those old pieces from the Bedfords' room, and it's not trouble to put up a muslin curtain in the window and lift in a cot-bed." There are plenty of good sweet husks in the corn-house, and you can just tack together a mattress and whitewash the ceiling, and—"It is better than any medicine," she said, "to know that Seth is thinking of me and for me."

And Uncle Paul—"the last straw," as he had called him—had proved her salvation.

"I don't want her to go as Eliza's wife did," said Uncle Paul.—Saturday Night.

"I could do that!" said Lucy, with brunté," said Seth, tightening the handle a little.

"All the sewing, too," added Uncle Paul—"the mending and making. Never went anywhere except to church. Eliab didn't believe in women gadding about."

"The old savage!" said Seth.

"She was fond of reading, but she never got any time for it," said Uncle Paul. "She rose before sun-up, and never lay down until eleven o'clock. It was hard work that killed that woman, and Eliab coolly declared that it was sheer laziness when she couldn't drag herself around any longer. And when she died he rolled up his eyes and called it the visitation of Providence."

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