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Germany charges Great Britain with trying to disturb the peace of Europe.

Australia had last year 9760 miles of railway open. The capital expended on them has been \$537,000,000; the net revenue over working expenses is \$2 per cent.

Belgium, like Italy, has adopted the twenty-four-day method of marking time for railway, post and telegraph; and the old distinction of a.m. and p.m. is to be abolished.

Japan has a practically inexhaustible supply of coal, but it is not liked, because its combustion produces dense volumes of smoke and makes it disagreeable in factories and on steamers.

Of the criminal population of the New York State prisons 2001 are now serving their first term, 618 are serving their second term, 325 have served more than one previous term, while 147 are of confirmed and deodored criminal tendencies.

A scholarship of American history has been founded by the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The sum of \$250 per annum is to be devoted to the purpose, and the student passing highest in a competitive examination will be entitled to pursue, for two years, the highest course in American history taught by Barnard or Columbia College.

Since 1820, when immigration statistics first began to be kept, there have come into the United States to live 17,544,692 foreigners, or almost exactly the present entire population of Spain and half a million more than the entire population of England in 1851, and over four times the present population of Scotland. It might also be remarked that this in 1,000,000 more people than there are in all Asiatic Turkey, and about eight and one-half times the present population of Greece.

A new idea in finishing railroad cars has just been introduced by the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, notes the Pathfinder. It consists in covering the outside of the car with a thin sheeting of copper, instead of paint and varnish. The new finish is put on more quickly and is more durable than paint and varnish. The copper may be oxidized before it is put on, or left to the natural oxidizing influence of the air, which soon develops a handsome color. About 1000 pounds of the sheet copper are required to finish one car.

It is strange, marvels the New York Tribune, that American business men persist in packing goods carelessly and unintelligently for export to Mexico and South American countries, inasmuch as they are constantly told that they are thereby hurting their market. The United States Consulate in Mexico have again called attention to this matter, but their warnings will probably be unheeded. If the American merchants don't want the market of the Western Hemisphere, very well. But if they do, then it is surely worth their while to pay attention to the idiosyncrasies of the people whose trade they seek.

The last thing out is the music cure, which is being exploited in Munich. A harp is attached to a rocking chair in such a way that when the patient rocks the harp twangs, and there you are. This may be all very well in its way; but what is really wanted is a cure for the misguided people who think they can play on pianos, harps, flutes and things, though they really can't. The New York Tribune maintains that if the Munich music cure, by the way, should be attached to the rockers of the American summer resort hotel, the summer beggar to Europe would be greater than ever, though we don't believe that Munich would reap much advantage from it.

A correspondent of a London paper laments the "swaggering nomenclature of the British Navy." Another correspondent suggests that such names as Bouvier and Insolent, which have erewhile adorned the list, should be replaced by something in a different tone—the Rivalist, for instance, or the Thoughtful Radical. Some years ago a classical poet in England likened the Ironclad to a rhinoceros, and it is rather a wonder that the Admiralty have not before this adopted the name of that powerful and self-assenting animal. These are his lines:

"Concentration of brute force,
 Rhinoceros of the deep!
 Ugly Dolos, whose shores
 So soft Letitia born,
 Scutum room in thee for birth or love
 'Mid Monitor's furnace born,
 The iron-throated gun above,
 Below the rippling horn."

A SONG OF RIGHT.

Faint fatalists will shiver
 Behind their coward creeds,
 When like a mighty river
 The now-born phalanx spreads,
 All hearts on fire with one desire—
 To win by noble deeds.

For where the earth was sodden
 With many bitter tears,
 From those whom Might had trodden
 With iron heels for years,
 A spirit bright, the prince of flight,
 A temple fair upranks.

And in its precincts holy
 None shall have hardihood
 To claim above the lowly
 A place for birth and blos,

For none shall rise at any price,
 Except by doing good.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

BY ANNA SHELDON.

 Every a spoiled baby grew to a spoiled child, and so to a spoiled man, that baby, boy and man, arrived at the last mentioned stage about the time Clarence Parker reached his twenty-fifth year. His father left this scene of earthly change when Clarence was a crowning youngster of two years, and his mother, the sweetest tempered little woman to be found, immediately commenced a system of indulgence admirably calculated to make a milk-sop of her only son and the heir to his father's large estate.

That he did not grow up vicious was probably due to the fact that he fairly idolized his mother, and would not have grieved her for any amount of self gratification. Also, it must be confessed, because he was too indulgent to care to seek pleasure that did fall directly across his path.

He had been educated by a private tutor, till he entered college, had tutored there and traveled through Europe with his mother.

Mrs. Parker was a little woman, a mere mite beside her tall, stalwart son, who called her by a thousand pot diminutive names, in half a dozen languages. She was blue eyed, fair haired and daintily pretty, neat to the extreme of nicely, gentle, low voiced and exquisitely feminine, yet with a well stored mind and an intellect that made her a charming companion, even for her college-fledged son. Many a suitor had tried to win her from her one devotion, but in vain. All her love that was not her son's was buried in his father's grave, and she never put off the soft grays, purple and tinctures of second mourning.

"When you are married, Claire, I will buy one pink rose in honor of the occasion," she would say. But at twenty-five, Clarence had never given her occasion to think of the pink rose.

I have said he was spoiled, and in a certain sense he was. Without any vicious tendencies, he lacked the ambition and energy that are the attributes of a true, manly nature. Tall, strong, in perfect health, handsome as a young Apollo, he was content to dawdle through life, spending his ample income upon dress, jewelry, opera tickets, a well-appointed equipage, and the means of a lazy, useless existence. And his mother, proud of his beauty, his polished courtesy of manner, his devotion to herself, asked no more.

But she was truly loving woman, and when Clarence was twenty-five was willing to concede her throne in his affections to a younger, stronger love, the love that would brighten her son's life with home happiness when her scepter was in the coffin.

And half proudly, half regretfully, she recognized the fact that the ideal of womanhood he had founded upon her example made him far too fastidious in his intercourse with the girls of modern society. A loud voice annoyed him. A brusque manner disgrusted him.

"When I find a young lady as gentle, refined and lovely as yourself," he would say, "I will move heaven and earth to win her. Until then, let me enjoy my liberty."

It was in the late spring and Mrs. Parker was preparing for her annual removal to her country seat at Chestnut Hill, when a letter reached her from her cousin and life-long friend in Ohio, begging her to take charge of his only daughter for a few months, while he was absent upon a trip to the far West. He wrote:

"You have so often urged me to allow Myra to pay you a visit that I do not hesitate now to ask your hospitality for her. I cannot well leave her with me, as we are a poor family upon a pinching pittance. Will you add to your kindness by using the enclosed check for her dress. We have lived in this lonely seclusion so long that I do not doubt her whole attire will be startlingly primitive, and she has no friends here to help her select fancies."

There was much more, read aloud to Clarence, with this explanation:

"My cousin John became a hermit when his wife died, ten years ago. He is wealthy, and a man of bearing, but he has buried himself for years upon a lonely farm. I have urged him often to send Myra to a good school, and let her make her home with me, but he said the child was his only comfort, and I believe they have been inseparable from her babyhood. She is—let me see—she must be nineteen."

Clarence made a grimace.

"When does she come?" he asked.

"Thursday. We shall be at Chestnut Hill, but you can come into the city to meet her."

"Certainly."

And at the appointed time, in a faultless suit of summer gray, Mr. Clarence Parker drove his carriage and coal-black horses to the depot. The train was just in, and he watched the passengers stream by till one answered his ideas of his expected cousin.

A girl, very tall, very straight and

very handsome, in a dark, Southern style, dressed in ill-fitting gray linen, with a plaid shawl on her arm, walked past him to the dressing-room, with a free, graceful step and poise of her glorious head eminently suggestive of country life in the West.

"She is a perfect squaw," Clarence thought, slowly following her to the ladies' room. The next moment, gracefully bowing, he asked:

"Have I the pleasure of greeting Miss Myra Delano, my cousin?"

"Ah, you are Clarence!" she said, showing two dazzling rows of teeth in a smile of frank pleasure. "Is Cousin Clara here?"

"My mother is at Chestnut Hill, but I have my carriage here to drive you out of town. Shall I take the checks for your luggage?"

"I am desperately hungry," she answered, "could we get something to eat while the trunks are being carried out?"

"Here? I could drive you to a quiet restaurant."

"No; here! I could eat fried whale, I am so starved. I have had nothing but gingerbread and apples since yesterday noon."

There was no resisting such an appeal, and Clarence led the way to the depot restaurant and offered his cousin the bill of fare. It being one of his great points in feminine perfection that the appetite should be delicate and needing coaxing, he was absolutely shocked to see Myra Delano eat. Such an indiscriminate jumble of provisions would have made his mother ill for a month; but Myra heartily enjoyed steak, eggs, coffee, pie, rolls, cakes, oysters, anything and everything, as the waiter put it before her.

She was not rude, did not eat with her knife or her fingers; but she did not one of the little dainty tricks of manner that made Mrs. Parker's table etiquette so charming; and Clarence, trifling with his own luncheon, wondered if in six meals he could eat as much as this "squaw" eat in one. In his own mind he christened her "squaw," though he was far too courteous ever to speak so of her to his mother.

All through the long drive home, she chattered, frankly as a child, of her journey, her home, her anticipations of pleasure in her visit, and, while her voice was clear, ringing and musical, her language was well chosen, giving no jar to Clarence's fastidious taste, though he wished her tone more subdued. But her dowdy hat, her cotton gloves, her stout leather boots, her untidy hair were all an offense.

In his first hour alone with his mother, he implored her to buy some dresses for their guest that were not two sizes to big and seven sizes too short.

And Mrs. Parker, utterly overwhelmed by the tall, handsome girl thrown upon her care, found her life suddenly burdened with unwanted responsibility. First, there was a daily fight to settle between Lucille, her own French maid, and Myra.

"But, madame, the dresses never wear well, nevar, nor will n'melle will not wear ze corset, or let me make zo fit," the maid would protest.

"I cannot breathe, all pressed up so," Cousin Clara, Myra would remonstrate.

"I should sitle in an hour."

It was difficult to compromise, but Mrs. Parker, by exercising the patience and gentleness natural to her, finally presented Myra in a well-chosen wardrobe that gave her the freedom of lungs and movement she craved, and yet set off the magnificent figure.

The girl's own utter ignorance of dress amazed the little lady of fashion. She found that a half-yearly visit to the nearest town, in order to the dressmaker to make warm dresses for winter and cool ones for summer, comprised Myra's idea of dress. Scrupulously clean, she was absolutely without vanity, and as pleased as a child to note the improvement in her looks produced by a becoming arrangement of her abundant raven hair, and the tasteful broad of bright color in her carefully apprised dress.

Autumn winds were scattering the crimson leaves when John Delano came to New York for the first time in ten years, and was the guest of Mrs. Parker in her city home, to which the family had just returned. He came for Myra, thinking of her happiness to come back to her free life, and she was soon at his loving caress.

"What aile the child?" he asked, turning to his cousin as Myra left the room. "She was never so quiet as that in her life before."

"You will know soon, John. No, you may know now!" said Mrs. Parker, pointing, as she spoke, across the hall to the library, where Clarence had risen as Myra entered. Just one long look into the two faces satisfied the father.

"It will be well with her when I am gone," he said, half sadly; and when Clarence came to him to win his consent to wed Myra he received him cordially and gladly.

"It will be lonely in the old home," he said, and Myra, clinging to him, besought him to go back no more to the solitary life of the past.

"We need you here," she pleaded; and Mrs. Parker endorsed the petition.

After the wedding of the young folks and their home-coming to the new house Mrs. Parker insisted upon their occupying, Cousin John fell into the habit of spending his evenings with Clara. They were so lonely, these middle-aged people, each deprived of a companion of the past.

They missed the "child" who had been the center of all love for each, and, talking often of their mutual loss and gain, drew their sore, lonely hearts into close communion, until Myra, walking in upon her husband one morning, announced:

"Claire, I have been to see your mother, and father was there, and—guess?"

"Well, I guess that after this who ever goes to see your mother will be very likely to find your father there."

"You know?"

"Not a word! Is it settled?"

"Yes. They insist upon a quiet wedding in church, and we can cease to fret any longer about either one or the other missing you or me."

It was quite true. The power of love that had so softened and improved Myra, so ennobled Clarence, had drawn the bitterness of their early widowhood from the hearts of John Delano and Clara Parker, and shed benign light over two happy homes.—New York Ledger.

or the numberless accomplishments that made Mrs. Parker so fascinating. And yet she had an instinctive avoidance of any uncouth or rude speech or act. As Clarence once told his mother, she was thoroughly gentlemanly. She told Mrs. Parker once, in a sudden fit of shamefacedness for her ignorance of womanly duties, that she never knew a lady. Her father was not willing to have her associate with the neighbors' wives or their daughters, and their only servant was an old sailor, who cooked for them. All sewing was done in town, and sent out to them, and when the garments needed mending, they were sent to the orphan asylum.

"Am I very dreadfully" she asked, in perfect sincerity.

"You are not at all dreadful! But I think it would please your father if you learned some womanly accomplishments."

"I could make him more comfortable! I never knew what a dreadfully rude home we have till I came here. Our piano is in the kitchen, and papa's books are everywhere. I don't suppose young ladies here have a rifle, revolver, riding-habit and hat, whip and fishing-rod in their own rooms, but I have all of these. As for work-boxes and crochet-needles, I never owned either one or the other. But if you will teach me, Cousin Clara, I will learn to sew and cook, and make home pleasant."

And Cousin Clara, won from the first by the bright, beautiful girl, willingly taught her all she wished to learn. It was only in brief snatches she could learn. Sewing bothered her; housekeeping accounts bothered her. Yet gradually she was toning down.

Only the spirit of mischief possessed her when Clarence was near. Knowing all his fastidious tastes, all his indolent, dilettante ways, she delighted to jar upon the one, and shake him out of the other. She roused a new ambition in his mind by keenly pointed sarcasms at his effeminate pursuas.

She challenged him to races, shooting matches, pedestrian trips, and fairly drove him about by the laughing lash of her witty tongue.

It was curious to note how they came by degrees to a level, the one shaking off unmanly indecision, the other softening masculine traits, while the little winged god of love hid, laughing, unsuspected by either.

Mrs. Parker found him out first. Loving Clarence above all else on earth, her mother instinct taught her quickly the reason of the change in him, the influence that was giving him an erect carriage, a new light of energy in his great dark eyes, an added interest in the affairs of his own fortune, seeking for channels where it might flow to benefit others as well as himself. And reading the secret Clarence as yet did not himself suspect, Mrs. Parker exulted in her heart to see how Myra was just as surely bowing her free, frank nature to the yoke of love, softening her manner, toning down her joyous ringing voice, training her hands to womanly work.

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