FOREST ROSE.

A TALE OF THE FRONT-EAR.—BY CARP.

[Copied from the Lancaster Democrat by permission of the Author, F. S. Pursell.]

THE LOVER'S TETE-A-TETE.

CHAPTER IX.

SOON after Rose had settled herself comfortably, and Albert had recovered from his first paroxysm of bliss, during which he had raised nine different brands of blisters on her lips, Rose finally gained sufficient breath to tell him the story of the massacre of the balance of the Maywood family.

The story she told filled Albert with horror, and inspired him with a more intense hatred of the fiends who had robbed him of all his family connections in one brief hour. The story Rose so graphically told was about as follows: A few hours after Albert had left on that eventful morning to trail the renegade who had visited the home of the Maywoods the day before the massacre, Beech White at the head of the Jimtoben free silver club, had suddenly swept out of the forest and surrounded the Maywood residence. They were all disguised in full Indian dress, and presented a most warlike appearance. After executing the scalp dance and interspersing the performance with blood curdling shouts for Bryan and Sewall, Beech approached the front of the house and demanded a parley. They all recognized Beech by his resemblance to the pictures of him on his celebrated neuralgia cure, a bottle of which they always kept in the house. Captain Maywood consented to parley with Beech and in so doing signed his own death warrant. Beech plunged at once into the question of the free coinage of silver and in a half hour had so undermined the health of the Captain that he was unable to escape into the house. As Beech continued to talk, the Captain gradually grew weaker and weaker until he sank down and died before the family could rescue him. The band then retired to the forest and robed themselves in their campaign night dresses and then filed out again before the terrified gaze of their hapless victims. Mrs. Maywood, Hanner and Bill alt succumbed at the sight and died almost without a struggle. Bill, however, struggled some and in doing so overturned the cook stove, which was full of live coals, and soon the house was in flames. Rose, who was near sighted and color blind did not get the full force of the awful sight and was only shocked moderately. She fainted however, and might have been consumed in the flames if Ed Wetzler had not rushed in and at the risk of scorching his mustache, dragged her from the house. Rose was now in a great quandary. Her home was destroyed, her friends were defunct, with the exception of Albert, who was far away. She had no rich relations to sponge off of and no near neighbors to visit for the time being. She could not stay there with no one to keep her company except ghosts and spirits, and as she was not a medium and Charley Carter was not available, she consented to accompany the Jimtoben braves back to Tarhetown and await her rescue or ransom by Albert.

The journey to Tarhetown was attended with some hardships, but Rose stood up under them with the fortitude of the typical frontier woman.

The members of the club were reasonably gallant and did not compel her to carry their baggage all the time, but frequently came to her relief and took turns with her when she showed signs of fatigue. The trip would have been really quite a pleasant one if Col. Hite and Mike Daugherty had not insisted on continually practicing their campaign speeches, which was very trying upon the poor girl, who had lived in a quiet neighborhood and had been unaccustomed to wind storms.

In due time the club, with their fair prisoder, reached their destination and Rose was placed under the guardianship of Gus Hamberger and other squaws, who gave her such attention as their limited facilities would allow. She was permitted to go wherever she wished inside the corporation limits, though a squaw always attended her at all times. After she had been in the village for a few days and had shown no disposition to escape, the vigilance somewhat relaxed and she often found herself wholly unwatched. Her beauty and gentlemen soon won the friendship of the savages and they became uniformly kind and affectionate toward her. Nearly every Indian in the village had proposed to her before she had been with them a week and offers of matrimony came from all the surrounding tribes in every mail. If she had been so inclined, she could have had husbands to burn and would have been a veritfemale Solomon, if she had so desired. But her heart clung to Albert through all these temptations and hundreds of sad eyed braves sighed and sobbed as they wandered, broken hearted, from her shrine.

When Rose related this part of her story to Albert, he was so overcome that it was fully ten minutes before he allowed her to recover her breath and he nearly drew her shoe soles through her alimentary canal, so strong was the suction of his osculatory demonstrations.

"So 'ou 'ove 'ou hubby dubby whole heap big lots, do 'ou?" asked the happy lover as he unglued his lips from her's for a moment.

"Es I 'ove 'ou like everysing, an' no ugly old Ingin tan take me away from my owney own 'ovey dovey," and Rose held up her red ripe lips to be glued some more.

Lewis Wetzel was a light sleeper and the slightest noise awakened him. He had heard the murmur of voices and sounds which resembled the drawing of corks from beer bottles, and for some time he was at a loss to account for it. He rolled over on his side and felt for his comrade and finding him gone, he concluded that the sounds came from him or that he was in some way connected with them. He softly arose and quietly made his way to a rock immediately in the rear of the lovers, and peering over he was amazed to see Albert sitting with his arms around what looked like a very corpulent sack of bran with a head on it and cooing to it like a turtle dove to its mate. It was the most remarkable spectacle the old hunter had ever witnessed, and he held his breath while he listened to the billing and cooing and the smacking of lips as the lovers loosened up for a fresh hold occasionally. Finally when they took a breathing spell and the old hunter was forced to listen to "ovey dovey," and "hubby dubby," and that sort of stuff, he could not contain himself any longer and he startled the lovers from their dream of bliss with an emphatic "Rats!"

Rose gave a little scream and Albert bounded to his feet in such a hurry that he everturned Rose, and the rock that he had placed in her lap for ballast, slid off and to the amazement of Wetzel, the supposed bag of bran shot up in the air to the end of the line that held it to the rock and bobbed and tugged, while screams came from it that nearly froze the blood in his veins.

"Fur the love of goodness, what sort of a circus hev ye got there?" almost shouted Wetzel to his companion, as he stepped around the rock and eagerly grasped Albert by the arm.

"Why its Rose!" rather indignantly responded the young lover, for he did not like to hear his darling referred to as a "circus."

"Rose!" ejaculated the astonished hunter. "What in the land o' Goshen is she doin' up thar, and what swelled her up so?"

"Well just wait until I pull her down and then I will explain." And Albert seized the rope and brought Rose down hand over hand, to the rock. Having ballasted her again, he turned to the dumbfounded Wetzel and said:

"Now come and see for yourself."

Wetzel approached nearer and as he did so Rose lifted up her sweet smiling face and said:

"How do you do Mr. Wetzel?"

"Well chaw me up into bologna sissage if it aint ther gal, then Ill be dumsizzled."

Albert was now amused at the puzzled look on the face of his friend and after a moment he explained the matter to him. The old hunter could hardly grasp the problem however, and for once he was unequal to the occasion, and could only exclaim:

"Well I'll be dadgasted."

In a course of time, however, the old hunter regained his equilibrium, and the trio settled nown to a discussion of ways and means. They had no further business here, now that they had Rose, but before them were hundreds of Indians on the plain, and doubtless a number on the other side of the rock in the defile.

The question before the house was, how were they to get away under existing circumstances. The old hunter's genius was always equal to any emergency, and it did not fail him in this dilemma.

"If natural gas can bring ther gal up here, why can't it take us down from here?" at length asked Wetzel.

"True enough" said Albert, "but how are we to get it up here?"

"Why didn't ther gal bring her's up and if she could bring her's up why can't she bring up some for us?" inquired the old hunter, with some emphasis.

"But how is she to convey it? We have no retort, no bucket, no basket and it wouldn't be nice to ask her to take our clothes down and fill them.

"That is sort o' serious," slowly answered the old hunter, "if we only had a rubber hose, we would be fixed."

"But we have no rubber hose or any other kind. Mine are so badly worn that they will scarcely hold my feet and you don't wear any, so that is out of the question. You will have to think of some other plan my friend."

"Yes I 'low as we will hev to drop ther gas question and find some other plan. Lemme think awhile," and the old hunter buried hinself in thought.

This gave the lovers another chance to swap spit and while the old hunter thought, the young hunter and Rose got in their work as though they would never have another chance during the period of their natural existance. They were careful, however, to not indulge in any more vocal demonstrations and confined themselves strictly to trying to loosen each other's back teeth and raiseing gum boils on each other's thoracic duct.

At length the old hunter roused from his reverie and announced that he had evolved a plan of escape. He expressed regret that he was compelled to resort to such extreme measures, but as there was now no other way save to annihilate the whole army of aborigines and that too under circumstances attended with the most heartless cruelty, he shuddered at the thought of it and would be glad if any other mode of escape had presented itself. While the old hunter had always hated the red man, he had always met him upon either equal ground or when the Indians outnumbered him. He had never expected to be so situated that he would be compelled to take an unfair advantage or resort to measures that were not in strict conformity to civilized warfare. But here was a condition that would justify a departure from his high minded principles, if any condition would. Here he was surrounded by an army of blood thirsty savages, led by such men as Henry-got-the-rooster-over-the-wrong-ticket-Everkoop, John C -likes-to-hear-his-own-voice -Hite George-knock-Charley-Wyley -out-of-the-box-Heed, Clay-won't-go-to-Bradford - or - anywhere - else-Drinkle. Reese-proud-of-his-picture -paper- and- aint- going-to- get- the office-Wynsole, and other brave and unscrupulous savage chiefs, and with an inexperienced young man and a defenceless orphan girl under his protection and he felt that he was justified in the resolution he had formed.

Hastily writing a note to Mayor Willock, he gave it, sealed, and with the most solemn injunction to allow no one to see it under any circumstances, to Rose, and then giving her the necessary ballast to take her to the bottom of the hill, he lifted the larger rock from her lap and bade her to go while it was yet dark and return ere the break of day, bringing to him the thing he must have to save them from the stake.

The two hunters watched Rose as she floated down the side of the hill and as she walked away toward the city They could see her at intervals even after she nad disappeared in the darkness, as she passed under the electric arc light at the corners of the streets. She was gone for a long, long time and it was almost daylight before they could discern her form as she cautiously came stealing back to the rendezvous. She reached the bottom of the hill just as the first grey streaks of dawn came smiling from the east, and she lost no time in dropping her rocks and ascending to where the hunters stood, eagerly awaiting her. Albert grasped her as she floated up to him, and lovingly embraced the faithful girl once for himself, once for Wetzel and then once more just for luck.

"Did ye git it?" the old hunter asked eagerly.

"I did!" answered Rose as soon as Albert allowed her to catch enough breath to answer.

"Then we are safe!" feelingly responded the hunter, as he held out his hand for what she had brought.

Rose handed him a paper that had the appearance of a legal document and the hunter opened it and hastily ran his eye over its contents.

"It is all right and now let the red niggers approach this 'ere locality and they 'll git a dose that will end their career forever.' As the old man said these words he heaved a deep, yard wide and all wool sigh, as if he would have been glad to escape the necessity of the act he was about to commit. Then bidding Albert and Rose, who had not slept a moment during the night, to take what rest they could in the little time left to them ere the battle commenced, he took his place on the bold rock that fronted the plain and watched for the coming of the foe.

As the sun arose and tinged the hilltops with gold, the savages began to stir about and prepare for the assault upon the stronghold of the hunters. The squaws prepared the morning meal and the warriors ate greedily, in their anxiety to begin the battle. About an hour after sun up the enemy began to form in columns and move out toward Mount Pleasant. The plumes upon Col. Wynkoop's staff hat danced in the sunshine, as he dashed along the lines on one of Quin Gaffney's express horses, that Quin had loaned him for the occasion on account of the excessive affection he bears him since the campaign the Col. made, last Spring for Mayor. Sandy Rainey sat his powerful charger and looked like a proud and haughty Italian Councilman, as he marshalled the right wing of the army, and Col. Hite resembled a sixteen to one free silver god, as he marched in front of the glee club and kept time with his lead pencil, and led in that ever popular campaign song:

"There's something wrong tra le la la."

Soon the whole army was in motion and in a very brief time was standing in solid phalanxt the foot o' Mount Pleasant. The columns now became motionless, and Col. Everkoop rode to the front and demanded, in a loud and arrogant voice for the hunters to surrender.

As the words of the bold and intrepid leader of the savages reached him, the old hunter stepped nearer to the edge of the precipice and clearing his throat he replied in a clear ringing voice:

"Friends, Romans and countrymen lend me Doc Palmeter's ears. I am not an orator as Brutus Wynkoop is. I never spoke at Canton and electrified the assembled hosts as Henry did, nor have I ever run an excursion to McKinleyville and made minnies of the whole train load of people who expected me to introduce them to the president elect, who didn't know me and did not want to. Neither have I ever had an acrostic inflicted upon me to make me the laughing stock of the whole community: I am no friend of Stella Smith, of Baltimore, nor will you sing any acrostic poetry at my funeral. But I am here to warn you of a great calamity that is about to befall you if you do not heed me and emigrate hence, forthwith and instanter. If you knew the power that had been intrusted to my hands, a power that will annihilate you and wipe you from the face of this mundane habitation and precipitate you into the northwest corner of the southwest quarter of section one million, township six billion and range 'steen trillion, you would stop and pause and hesitate and wait a few years, if not more. I know that what I am about to do is savage and heartless and contrary to civilized warfare, but you out number me, as you are perhaps aware, and there are but two things for me to do. I must either surrender myself and my companions to your cruel torture, or I must wield this awful power I have and put a period to your joint and several existances."

By way of explanation, the author feels that he should explain that this address was spoken in Chocktaw, which will account for the improvement in the grammar of the old hunter.

The speech of Wetzel had no more effect upon the Indian hosts, than George Mess' celebrated tariff speech at Amanda had on the populists of Kansas. Instead of being inspired with fear, they laughed the old hunter to scorn and derided him with suggestions about his toilet, and invitations to "cheese it," and to "come off" and "rats," and such like revilement, and instead of heeding him, they threw onions and carrots and over-ripe hen food at him. And then they again prepared to assault the citidal.

The old hunter took their insults in silence and held his temper when an onion knocked his coonskin cap off. But when an overdue egglet exploded on his upper lip he began to lose his patience.

Realizing that he had nothing to hope for now, Wetzel drew up his proud form to its utmost height, and looking down in scorn upon his enemies he drew from his breast pocket the fatal document, and clearing his throat he shouted at the top of his voice:

"You have defied me and now you shall go to your awful reward."

(Continued next week.

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SCIENTISTS SAVED.

President Barnaby and Prof. Bowman, of Hartsville College, Survive a Serious Illness Through the Aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

From the Republican, Columbus, Ind.

The Hartsville College, situated at Hartsville, Indiana, was founded years ago in the interest of the United Brethren Church, when the state was mostly a wilderness, and colleges were scarce. The college being an old institution, is well known throughout the country, former students having gone into all parts of the world.

PROF. ALVIN P. BARNABY.

A reporter recently called at this famous seat of learning and was shown into the room of the President, Prof. Alvin P. Barnaby. When last seen by the reporter Prof. Barnaby was in delicate health, and much indisposed. To-day he was looking well and hearty, and apparently in the best of health. In response to an inquiry the professor said:

"Oh, yes, I am much better, I assure you, than for some time. You see I had a hard time of it for several years. I am now in perfect health, and very much encouraged, and then my recovery was brought about in rather a peculiar way, after all."

"Tell me about it," said the reporter.

"Well, to begin at the beginning," said the professor, "I was about as stout a lad for my age as any of the boys. I put in my time studiously at school, endeavoring to educate myself for the professions. After completing the common course I came here, and graduated from the theological course. I then entered the ministry, and accepted the charge of a United Brethren Church at a small place in Kent County, Mich. Being of an ambitious nature, I was a constant student, and applied myself very diligently to my work and studies. In time I began to notice that my health was failing, and after awhile it began to interfere with my duties. My first trouble was indigestion of the stomach, and this with other troubles also brought on nervousness.

"My physician prescribed for me for some time, and advised me to take a change of climate, as it was my only remedy. I finally did as he requested and was some improved. Soon after this I came here. I was professor in physics and chemistry and later on was financial agent of this college. The change seemed to agree with me, and for awhile my health was better, but my duties were heavy, and again I found that my trouble was recurring. This time it was more severe and in the winter I became completely prostrated. I began treatment from the first, trying various medicines and different physicians. Finally, after some considerable time, I was able to return to my duties. Last spring I was elected president of the college. Again, of course, I had considerable work, and the trouble, which at no time had been entirely cured, began to affect me, and last fall I collapsed. I had different doctors, but none did me any good. Professor Bowman, who is professor of natural science, told me of his experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and urged me to give them a trial, because they had benefited him in a similar case, and I finally concluded to try them.

"The first box of pills helped me, and the second gave great relief, such as I had never experienced from the treatment of any physician. After using six boxes of the medicine I was entirely cured. To-day I am perfectly well. I feel better and stronger than for the last eight years, and weigh more than I ever did in my life and am steadily gaining.

"I am doing much work in the college, besides considerable studying and reading without the least difficulty. My nervous system is perfectly strong, and I have no signs of indigestion.

"I certainly recommend this medicine."

To allay all doubt, Prof. Barnaby cheerfully made an affidavit before

LYMAN J. SCUDDER, *Notary Public.*

Prof. Bowman on being asked regarding his illness and cure said it was so, and was just as President Barnaby had said.

Prof. Bowman is also a minister of the gospel, and for a number of years was pastor of the United Brethren Church at Charlotte, Michigan.

"A year ago last fall," said Prof. Bowman, "I suffered with nervous exhaustion, and was unable to properly attend to my duties. I tried different physicians but with no relief, and also used different proprietary medicines. I succumbed to a siege of the grip in the middle of winter, and was left in a much worse condition. My kidneys were fearfully disordered, and my digestion became very poor. A minister in conference learning of my condition advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had heard about the wonderful curative powers of this medicine, but it was with reluctance that I was persuaded to try it, as it seemed that nothing could benefit me. However, I used three boxes of pills, taking them strictly according to directions, and by the time the last dose was used, I was almost completely cured, and in better health than for years before. I kept on taking them awhile longer, and now I am entirely cured, with no signs whatever of any returning trouble. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Such was Professor Bowman's wonderful story which was further endorsed by an affidavit before

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GOING SOUTH.		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
	p m				
lv Logan ....†	5 10	*9 37	‡9 35	‡5 00	10 25
ar Athens.	40	10 30		6 00	11 15
" Hamden....	....	....	10 50	6 20	
" Wellston....	....	....	11 00	6 27	....
" Jackson....	....	....	11 50	7 05	....
" Middleport.	....	....	12 35	7 55	
" Pomeroy....	....	....	12 40	8 00	....
" Washington	....				12 20
" Baltimore	....				1 35
" Phila.	....				4 05
" New York	....				6 50
		A. M	P. M	P. M.	
Lv Logan for Strait'f		*7 00	‡1 50	‡6 15	....
					....
GOING NORTH		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	....
lv Logan.....		*6 58	‡1 20	*6 15	....
ar Columbus....		8 40	2 55	7 55	
		P. M.			....
" Toledo.....		12 15	6 35	11 55	
" Detroit.....		4 55	8 40	6 15	....
" Chicago.....		5 00	....	7 35	
		P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	....

C. W. SCHWENKE. Ticket Agent, Logan

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Sunday only

B. & O. S-W. RY.

OHIO DIVISION.

ATHENS TIME TABLE.

TRAINS EAST.

*No 6, Eastern Express Parkersburg and way stations ..... 3:36 a. m.
*No 14, Mail, Parkersburg, Baltimore and New York ..... 8:56 a. m.
†No, 10, Accomodation ..... 3:14 p. m.
*No, 4, Royal Blue Limited, Washington, Baltimore and New York. 4:40 p. m.
*No, 2, Night Express Washington, Baltimore and New York..... 11:21 p. m.

TRAINS WEST.

*No. 1, Night Express, Cincinnati St. Louis and West ..... 3:29 a. m.
†No. 9, Day Express, Chillicothe and Cincinnati ..... 8:18 a. m.
*No. 3, Royal Blue Limited, Cincinnati and St. Louis ..... 12:15 p. m
*No. 13, accomodation, Chillicothe Blanchester Hillsboro and Way Stations. ... 4:55 p. m.

*Daily †Except Sunday.

For information regarding rates, connections, sleeping and Parlor cars call on or address

FRED B. JOHNSTON, Ticket Agent. Athens, Ohio.

Or J. H. LARRABEE, General Passenger Agt. Chillicothe Ohio.

Cincinnati & Muskingum Valley Railway Company.

Passenger Train Schedule.

Going East.

	No 10	No 6	No. 8
Lv Lancaster	a m	10 50	4 pm
Ar Zanesville	8 25	11 50	5 50
Coshocton		1 37	7 10
Steubenville		4 05	8 20
Pittsburg		7 40	12 00a
Altoona		10 35	6 15
Harrisburg		2 10a	1 0
Philadelphia		5 15	12 57p
Baltimore		6 20	12 0
Washington D. C.		7 40	1 25
New York		7 43	2 45

Going West.

	No 45	No 7
Lv Lancaster	8 45 a m	3 50 p m
Ar Circleville	9 30	4 32
Williamsport	9 45	4 50
New Holland	9 50	5 05
Washington C. H	10 17	5 25
Sabina	10 35	5 40
Wilmington	10 55	6 08
Cincinnati	1 05 p m	8 10

All trains run daily except Sunday.

Train No. 3 from the east arrives at 7:35 p. m.

For rates, time of trains and other information call on J. C. Hart, Agent.

C. E. Bennet, Supt.

F. M. Wilkinson, G.T.A.

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