

The Forest Republican.

Rates of Advertising.

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I Would Not, if I Could!

I would not dig my past Up from its grave of weakness and regret; Up from its hopes - which glimmered but to set, It dreams that could not last. Yet I can look before, And profit by the lesson sadly learned; As children, playing with the fire, are burned, And tempt its glow no more. I would not, if I could, Live o'er again this dark, uncertain life - This slipping backward in this daily strife Of reaching after good. And yet I can know a low weak Are all below, and so sweet charity Will cling and glow about each form I see, And thus to me will speak: I would not open out The half healed wounds of other years, long fed; 'Twere better they were numbed with the dead; Better than fear or doubt. Yet I can truly say, Let the dead past bury its dead. We go So swiftly onward to life's sunset glow - And then, there is no day! Life is too short to waste In vain repetitions or in weak regrets; The strongest heart endures and never frets O'er joys it may not taste. And he who can go on Bravely and firmly in the allotted way, Gaining new strength with every darkened ray, Shall surely reach the dawn. And so I would not lift Up from the grave the shadows of my past; The clouds that all my sky once overcast Into the night may drift. For there's enough to fill Each hour and moment of the days to come; Then wherefore woo the shadows to our home The valleys to our hill?

SOBER SECOND THOUGHT.

"I must have it, Charles," said the handsome little wife of Mr. Whitman. "So don't put on that sober face." "Did I put on a sober face?" asked the husband, with an attempt to smile that was anything but a success. "Yes, sober as a man on trial for his life. Why, it's as long as the moral law. There, dear, clear it up, and look as if you had at least one friend in the world. What money lovers you men are!" "How much will it cost?" inquired Mr. Whitman. There was another effort to look cheerful and acquiescent. "About forty dollars," was answered, with just a little faltering in the lady's voice, for she knew the sum would sound extravagant. "Forty dollars! Why, Ada, do you think I am made of money?" Mr. Whitman's countenance underwent a remarkable change of expression. "I declare, Charles," said his wife, a little impatiently, "you look at me as if I were an object of fear instead of affection. I don't think this is kind of you. I've only had three silk dresses since we were married, while Amy Blight has had six or seven during the same period, and every one of hers cost more than mine. I know you think me extravagant, but I wish you had a wife like some women I could name. I rather think you'd find out the difference before long." "There, there, pet, don't talk to me after this fashion! I'll bring you the money at dinner time; that is, if -" "No 'ifs' nor 'buts,' if you please. The sentence is complete without them. Thank you, dear! I'll go this afternoon and buy the silk. So don't fail to bring the money. I was in at Silkskins yesterday, and saw one of the sweetest patterns I ever laid my eyes on. Just suits my style and complexion. I shall be inconsolable if it's gone. You won't disappoint me?" And Mrs. Whitman laid her soft, white hand on the arm of her husband, and smiled with sweet persuasion in his face. "Oh, no, you shall have the money," said Mr. Whitman, turning from his wife, as she thought, a little abruptly, and hurrying from her presence. In his precipitation, he had forgotten the usual parting kiss. "That's the way it is always!" said Mrs. Whitman, her whole manner changing, as the sound of the closing street doors came jarring upon her ears. "Just say money to Charles, and at once there is a cloud in the sky." She sat down pouting and half angry. "Forty dollars for a new dress!" mentally ejaculated the husband of vain, pretty, thoughtless Mrs. Whitman, as he shut the door after him. "I promised to settle Thompson's coal bill to-day - thirty-three dollars - but don't know where the money is to come from. The coal is burnt up, and more must be ordered. Oh, dear! I'm discouraged. Every year I fall behindhand. This winter I did hope to get a little in advance, but if forty-dollar silk dresses are in order, there's an end to that devotedly to be wished-for circumstance. Debt, debt! How I have always shrunk from it; but steadily, now, it is closing its Briarion arms around me, and my restricted chest labors in respiration. Oh, if I could but disentangle myself now, while I have the strength of early manhood, and the bonds that hold me are weak. If Ada could see as I see - if I could only make her understand my position rightly. Alas! that is hopeless, I fear."

And Mr. Whitman hurried his steps, because his heart beat quicker and his thought was unduly excited. Not a long time after Mr. Whitman left his house, the postman delivered a letter to his address. His wife examined the writing on the envelope, which was in a bold, masculine hand, and said to herself, as she did so: "I wonder who this can be from?" Something more than a curiosity moved her. There intruded on her mind a vague feeling of disquiet, as if the missive bore unpleasant news for her husband. The stamp showed it to be a city letter. A few times, of late, such letters had come to his address, and she had noticed that he had read them hurriedly, thrust them without remark into his pocket, and become silent and sober-faced. Mrs. Whitman turned the letter over and over again in her hand, in a thoughtful way, and as she did so, the image of her husband, sober-faced and silent as he had become for the most of the time, of late, presented himself with unusual vividness. Sympathy stole into her heart. "Poor Charles!" she said, as the feeling increased; "I'm afraid something is going wrong with him." Placing the letter on the mantel-piece, where he could see it when he came in, Mrs. Whitman entered upon some household duties; but a strange impression, as of a weight, lay upon her heart - a sense of impending evil - a vague, troubled disturbance of her usual inward self-satisfaction. If the thought of Mrs. Whitman occurred, as was natural, to the elegant silk dress of which she was to become the owner on that day, she did not feel the proud satisfaction her vain heart experienced a little while before. Something of its beauty had faded. "If I only knew what that letter contained," she said, half an hour after it had come in, her mind still feeling the pressure which had come down upon it so strangely, as it seemed to her. She went to the mantel-piece, took up the letter, and examined the superscription. It gave her no light. Steadily it kept growing upon her that its contents were of a nature to trouble her husband. "He's been a little mysterious of late," she said to herself. This idea affected her very unpleasantly. "He grows more silent and reserved," she added, as thought, under a kind of feverish excitement, became active in a new direction. "More withdrawn, as it were, and less interested in what goes on around him. His coldness chills me at times, and his irritation hurts me." She drew a long, deep sigh. Then, with an almost startling vividness, came before her mind, in contrast, her tender, loving, cheerful husband of three years before, and her quiet, sober-faced husband of to-day. "Something has gone wrong with him," she said aloud, as feeling grew stronger. "What can it be?" The letter was in her hand. "This may give me light." And with careful fingers she opened the envelope, not breaking the paper, so that she could seal it again if she desired so to do. There was a bill for sixty dollars, and a communication from the person sending the bill. He was a jeweler. "If this is not settled at once," he wrote, "I shall put the account in suit. It has been standing for over a year, and I am tired of getting excuses instead of my money." The bill was for a lady's watch, which Mrs. Whitman had almost compelled her husband to purchase. "Not paid for! Is it possible?" exclaimed the little woman, in blank astonishment, while the blood mounted to her forehead. Then she sat down to think. Light began to come into her mind. As she sat thus thinking, a second letter came in for her husband from the postman. She opened it without hesitation. Another bill and another damning letter! "Not paid! Is it possible?" she repeated the ejaculation. It was a bill of twenty-five dollars for gaiters and slippers, which had been standing for three or four months. "This will never do!" said the awakening wife - "never - no, never!" And she thrust the two letters into her pocket in a resolute way. From that hour until the return of her husband at dinner time, Mrs. Whitman did an unusual amount of thinking, for her little brain. She saw the moment he entered, that the morning cloud had not passed from his brow. "Here is the money for that new dress," he said, taking a small roll of bills from his vest pocket, and handing them to Ada, as he came in. He did not kiss her, nor smile in the old bright way. But his voice was calm, if not cheerful. A kiss and a smile would have been more precious to the young wife than a hundred silk dresses. She took the money, saying: "Thank you, dear! It is kind of you to regard my wishes." Something in Ada's voice and manner caused Mr. Whitman to lift his eyes, with a look of inquiry, to her face. But she turned aside, so that he could not read its expression. "Come home early, dear," said Mrs. Whitman, as she walked to the door with her husband, after dinner. "Are you impatient to have me admire your new silk dress?" he replied, with a faint effort to smile. "Yes, it will be something splendid," she answered. He turned off from her quickly, and left the house. A few moments she stood, with a thoughtful face, her mind

indrawn, and her whole manner completely changed. Then she went to her room, and commenced dressing to go out. Two hours later, and we find her in a jewelry store. "Can I say a word to you?" She addressed herself to the owner of the store, who knew her very well. "Certainly," he replied, and they moved to the lower end of the long show-cases. Mrs. Whitman drew from her pocket a lady's watch and chain, and laying them on the show-case, said, at the same time holding out the bill she had taken from the envelope addressed to her husband: "I cannot afford to wear this watch; my husband's circumstances are too limited. I tell you so frankly. It should never have been purchased; but a too indulgent husband yielded to the importunities of a foolish young wife. I say this to take blame from him. Now, sir, meet the case, if you can do so in fairness to yourself. Take back the watch, and say how much I shall pay you besides." The jeweler dropped his eyes to think. The case took him a little by surprise. He stood for nearly a minute; and then taking the bill and watch, he said: "Wait a moment," and went to a desk near by. "Will that do?" He had come forward again, and now presented her with the receipted bill. His face wore a pleased expression. "How much shall I pay you?" asked Mrs. Whitman, drawing out her pocket-book. "Nothing. The watch is not de-faced." "You have done a kind act, sir," said Mrs. Whitman, with feeling trembling along her voice. "I hope you will not think unfavorably of my husband. It's no fault of his that the bill has not been paid. Good-morning, sir." Mrs. Whitman drew her veil over her face, and went, with light steps and a light heart, from the store. The pleasure she had experienced on receiving her watch was not to be compared with that now felt in parting with it. From the jeweler's she went to the boot-maker's and paid the bill of twenty-five dollars; from thence to the milliner's, and settled for her last bonnet. "I know you're dying to see my new dress," said Mrs. Whitman, gaily, as she drew her arm within that of her husband, on his appearance that evening. "Come over to our bedroom, and let me show it. Come along! Don't hang back, Charles, as if you were afraid." Charles Whitman went with his wife passively, looking more like a man on his way to receive sentence, than in expectation of a pleasant sight. His thoughts were bitter. "Should my Ada become lost to me?" he said in his heart - "lost to me in a world of folly, fashion and extravagance?" "Sit down, Charles." She led him to a large, cushioned chair. Her manner had undergone a change. The brightness of her countenance had departed. She took something in a hurried way, from a drawer, and catching up a footstool, placed it on the floor near him, and sitting down, leaned upon him, and looked tenderly and lovingly into his face. Then she handed him the jeweler's bill. "It is receipted, you see." Her voice fluttered a little. "Ada! how is this? What does it mean?" He flushed and grew eager. "I returned the watch, and Mr. R. - receipted the bill. I would have paid for damage, but he said it was uninjured, and asked nothing." "Oh, Ada!" "And this is receipted also; and this," handing him the other bills which she had paid. "And now, dear," she added quickly, "how do you like my dress? Isn't it beautiful?" We leave the explanations and scene that followed to the reader's imagination. If any fair lady, however, who, like Ada, has been drawing too heavily upon her husband's slender income, for silks and jewels, is at a loss to realize the scene, let her try Ada's experiment.

False hair, for ladies' wear, being recognized as a necessity of modern social existence, the want must be somehow supplied. But live hair, hair bought, to use the technical phrase, "on foot" - the hair of girls and women bribed to submit their locks to the shears - grows annually scarcer and dearer. When the modest demand for tresses was influenced by a few elderly dames in need of wigs, the supply was easily secured by agents who bargained with the peasant maids of Brittany and Auvergne. Paris alone would now consume all, and more than all, of the available capillary crop in France, and especially the two Sicilies, for the forty tons of dark hair which she annually makes up into 65,000 chignons. "Dead hair" has something of a sinister, sepulchral sound; but as without it the cheap curls, fronts, and chignons could not be made at the price, it may be comfortable to know that the original owners of the raw material are, as likely as not, alive and well. Rag-pickers value no unconsidered waif and stray of the street, short of gold ring or silver spoon, so high as the clotted combings of female hair, soon to be washed with bran and potash, carded, sifted, classed, and sorted. There are, commercially, seven colors of hair and three degrees of length. Much dead hair enters into the cheaper of the 350,000 "pieces" annually made in France. The dearest chignon costs about \$1.25 in England, the cheapest a fiftieth part of that amount. England is the best customer, and close upon her heels comes America.

One Bride's Outfit. Speaking of the marriage of a daughter of William H. Vanderbilt to Mr. Twombly, of Boston, a New York paper says that the bride's outfit is undoubtedly the most elaborate and costly one ever given to an American bride. The wedding dress is of white satin brocade, trimmed with three kinds of lace - round point, point Venice, and applique - with pearl trimmings and orange blossoms. It is in the Princess style, with the neck cut low a la Pompadour, and the bosom filled with lace fichu and pearl trimmings. The corsage is short, and finished with a belt at the waist. The front of the dress is trimmed with festoons of lace, supported by three folds of satin drapery, coming to the front and caught up with bouquets of orange blossoms. The pattern of the lace is exquisite. Each festoon is a quarter of a yard deep, and bears a beautifully interwoven design in flowers representing roses, lilies and baskets overflowing with floral treasures of all sorts. Each alternate festoon is of point Venice and point applique, and the intermediate ones are of round point and point Venice. The lace is the finest that the ateliers of the Paris modistes could furnish, and eclipses anything heretofore seen in this country. The bottom of the skirt in front is trimmed with sectional shirrings of white satin, filled in between with bouquets of orange blossoms. At the sides the trimming is deep, and grows gradually narrower toward the front. An elegant court train of white satin brocade extends three and a half yards back from the body of the dress. The brocade runs into points at the bottom, with several rows of white satin pelisses laid under the points, making a very stylish effect. A choice trimming of round point, point applique, and point Venice embellishes the train, which is also adorned with pearl trimmings of great beauty. The sleeves are entirely of lace, set off with orange blossoms. The cost of the whole dress is known to be greater than that of Nellie Grant's, or of the one worn by Miss Lizzie Tweed at her wedding, and which represented over \$5,000, exclusive of diamonds. Among the other elegant costumes of the trousseau are the following: A sulphur-colored silk, composed of culpur and white brocade. The waist is a la Pompadour in points, with Valenciennes and pearl trimmings laid under. Other portions of the trimming are of Valenciennes lace, with chenille. There are two pairs of sleeves, one of Valenciennes and the other of white chenille net, in meshes one-quarter of an inch square, each corner being caught up with a pearl bead. This is a costume of rare beauty. A magnificent black silk, trimmed with chenille lace and amber beads, very rich. A maroon velvet shirred on a silk foundation, trimmed with coke feathers of the same color as the velvet. There is an almost endless variety of summer, reception, evening, traveling and morning dresses, all of the costliest and most elaborate description, and cut and trimmed in the highest style of the dress-makers' art.

Concerning Longevity. The chances a Child Ten Years Old Has of Attaining Old Age - An Interesting Table. Our modern life insurance tables contain very accurate approximations to the average age attained by civilized mankind, and being founded upon the best attainable statistical information, can be relied upon. It would appear that the chances of the child who reaches the age of ten years in fair health for arriving at the "three-score-and-ten," designated by the palmist as the reasonable limit of life, are four out of ten; that is to say, there are 40,000 men and women alive at seventy years of age out of every 100,000 who reach the age of ten years. Only one in that 100,000 may expect, however, to round out a full century, although ten may live to see ninety-five and 100 up to about ninety-three. One man in every 100 reaches the age of ninety. No less than 50,000 attain sixty-five, while more than 25,000 will pass their seventy-fifth year. At eighty-three there are but 10,000 left, nine out of every ten having dropped out of the ranks. Fully 75,000 souls alive at ten years of age will see forty-four. The fewest deaths occur between the ages of twenty-five and twenty-eight inclusive, at which period men and women should be in the very prime of their lives. Of the hundred thousand, 750 will die the first year; then the annual number of deaths gradually declines to 718 between the ages of twenty-five and twenty-eight, after which they again increase until at fifty-one they reach 1,000 per annum; at sixty they number over 1,500, at sixty-six more than 2,000, and between the ages of seventy-three and seventy-four they reach their maximum at 2,500 each year. At seventy-five, there being but 20,000 of the original hundred thousand remaining altogether, they commence to decline again. At eighty the number of deaths annually is about 2,000; at eighty-seven it is less than a thousand. For the benefit of those curious in such matters, the following table may be of interest, the estimates being based upon 100,000 children, of either sex, who have reached the age of ten years: 60,000 will live to attain the age of..... 23 80,000 will live to attain the age of..... 37 70,000 will live to attain the age of..... 50 60,000 will live to attain the age of..... 65 50,000 will live to attain the age of..... 70 40,000 will live to attain the age of..... 75 30,000 will live to attain the age of..... 77 20,000 will live to attain the age of..... 80 10,000 will live to attain the age of..... 82 5,000 will live to attain the age of..... 85 2,000 will live to attain the age of..... 88 1,500 will live to attain the age of..... 90 500 will live to attain the age of..... 91 350 will live to attain the age of..... 92 100 will live to attain the age of..... 93 25 will live to attain the age of..... 94 10 will live to attain the age of..... 95 1 will live to attain the age of..... 100 The deaths average less than one per cent. per annum of the whole number up to the age of fifty-one, although amounting to upwards of ten per cent. of the number surviving after the age of forty-one. Of course, therefore, the annual percentage of deaths increases very rapidly until at ninety-three it amounts to nearly the entire number of survivors. To sum up, modern statistics would divide the average human life into three portions of twenty-five years each, which may be entitled youth, maturity and old age. - New Haven Register.

Items of Interest.

There are now 2,265 letter carriers employed in the free delivery service of the United States. The only surviving male relative of Washington, bearing his name, is a Washington correspondent. "A fellow of infinite chest," is the drummer. - Turners Falls Reporter. He is also an example of infinite cheek. An Ohio Granger, on being asked by the court if he had an incumbrance on his farm, replied: "Yes, your Honor, my wife." When the industrious farmer makes some out of a pig's ears and ham out of his hind legs, he is literally making both ends meet. The first printer ever confined in the Jeffersonville, Ind., penitentiary, has just been committed for life. His name is George Woods. In a wedding in Athol, Mass., the groom was seventy-six years old, and had been previously married four times. The bride was seventeen. Rancid butter is liked in Iceland, and a commission of Icelanders are in this country to establish an agency for forwarding the article in large quantities. Nevada has a new law authorizing the public whipping of wife beaters. A whipping post has been ceremoniously placed in front of the Court House in Austin. Dick Bemis, long a drunkard, signed the total abstinence pledge in Frankfort, Ky. "My red nose has been snatched like a brand from the burning," he said in a recent speech. "In the sentence 'John strikes William,'" remarked a school teacher, "what is the object of 'strikes'?" "Higher wages and less work," promptly replied the intelligent youth. "Did you steal the complainant's coat?" asked the magistrate of a seedy individual who was arraigned before him. "I decline to gratify the morbid curiosity of the public by answering that question," responded the seedy individual with a scornful glance at the reporter. A farmer lost a portion of his crop of potatoes, a thief having dug them and taken them away in the night. He put up a tent in the field, and remarked that the thief would think he was watching the crop. But the tent did not prove a good guard, for the next time the thief came he stole the tent. Boston has spent within the year \$120,000 in sweeping and cleaning the streets, a work that employs eighty-six men, fifty horses, twenty-six wagons, six water carts and ten sweeping machines. During the warm weather the principal thoroughfares are swept regularly every morning, and the other streets twice a week. A Tattooed Ambassador. M. Mames, secretary of state of the island of Samoa, recently arrived in San Francisco on his way to Washington as ambassador for his country. His appearance is described by a reporter, who says, Mr. Mames is a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, straight as an arrow, and about six feet six inches in height. A massive head, surrounded by a shock of woolly hair, sits gracefully upon a pair of broad shoulders. He has a pleasant and smiling face, beaming with intelligence and adorned with a small coarse moustache of the darkest hue. He converses fluently in English in soft dulcet tones, and has a thorough knowledge of the events of the day. On the vessel, up to the time of his landing on our shores, he clung to the native and primitive garb of his island home. A colorless shirt descending to the waist, with a primitive cloth attachment, were the only articles of dress save an extra breast-pin or two, with which he clothed his colossal form while journeying across the ocean. This garb, however, has been discarded for a black broad-cloth suit that sets off his stalwart frame and is in fine contrast with his bronzed countenance. His body, from the waist to the knees, is a gem of the tattooing art. It is completely covered with the distinctive signs and figures common to the chiefs and members of the royal family in the Navigator islands. He is a devout Christian, being a convert, and a Bible is his constant companion. It is, he says, the unanimous wish of the natives that this country will guarantee some protection to them, so that the increasing and profitable trade between Samoa and Europe may be turned this way. Short Shrift in France. In France the unfortunate criminals under sentence of death never know the time fixed for their execution until the moment arrives; indeed, as a prisoner capitally condemned usually appeals as a matter of course to the Cour de Cassation against his sentence, they must often be uncertain to the last whether the sentence will be carried out. The order for the execution is only sent to the prison the evening before it is to take place, and the criminal is not informed of it till the fatal morning arrives. At the time of our visit to this prison, a correspondent writes, there happened to be two unfortunate inmates of the condemned cells. The next evening but one an order came down from the ministry of the interior respiting the one and directing the execution of the other. At daybreak on the following morning the wretched man was roused from sleep and informed that his appeal had been rejected, and he must prepare for death, and in eighteen minutes, as we were informed, from the moment he was informed, his head had fallen beneath the guillotine.