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Table with 2 columns: Advertisement type and Rate. Includes 'Rates of Advertisements', 'Legal notices at established rates', and 'Marriage and death notices, gratis'.

A Year Ago.

We trod the clover-blossoms under foot Beneath the hawthorn's scented summer snow We breathed the spicy air of balmy June A year ago. We stood, hand-clasped, beneath the orchid-boughs, While twilight silvered the soft, whispering wave; We watched the falling stars of summer nights A year ago.

MY MISS LAURA.

When twelve years old my mother's death made me an orphan, poor and friendless. Miss Laura De Neale found me one day, crying bitterly, took compassion on me and brought me to her home. Miss Laura's mother was an invalid and the care of the house devolved upon Miss Knox, the housekeeper. I had been a year when the Rev. Mr. Waldron, the rector of St. Paul's, became a frequent visitor, and at last Miss Laura's accepted lover. He was not handsome, but yet a man of splendid presence; and, because of his love for my mistress, and for his commanding figure and noble bearing, I came to look up to him with reverence, almost with worship.

episode, he learning the fact that the woman he loved had been wooed, almost won, and thrown aside, and that still her heart throbbled at sight of her old lover. On awaking the following morning, I found the sun shining broadly in my room. Miss Laura was an early riser, and must have rung for me. Hastily dressing, I hurried to her room. She was up, sitting in the great arm-chair listlessly, like one dreaming with open eyes. "Did you ring for me?" I asked. "I? Yes, I believe I did," she replied, with a start. "Dress me as quickly as you can," she added, with forced quiet; "I will have my breakfast brought up stairs. You can make some excuse to Miss Knox—say I am not well, and I really am not. I don't care at all about breakfast, but, as I am going out, I suppose I had better eat something."

ready for Miss Laura on the table in her room. "Bonnie," Miss Laura said, "you will oblige me if you will eat my luncheon for me. My head aches, and I am going to lie down." I drank the milk, but was not hungry, and took the tray back to the kitchen. I fancied that even the under-servants looked at me suspiciously, and hurried back to my room. It was quite late when Miss Laura rose—almost dinner-time, in fact. I dressed her hair, and was just putting on the finishing touches when she spoke abruptly: "Don't you think my cousin fine-looking?" "He is handsome, Miss Laura," I said. "The handsomest man I ever saw."

"I must see her often," said Laura. "I will go as often as I can." "Thank you; you are so kind and thoughtful. I knew you would like the poor little wife. Sometimes I reproach myself sadly for bringing her here, but what could I do—starve? And we came pretty near it." "O Philip!" said Miss Laura, with a shuddering voice, "so poor as that?" I held my breath. Philip was married, then. It was his wife Miss Laura had been to see that morning. No need to fear for the rector's happiness now—my suspense and suspicion had been both foolish and groundless. "Poor, indeed!" he repeated, most savagely. "Do you know if it had not been for that fifty dollars you lent me, she would have suffered for the necessities of life? And when I went to my uncle, and told him I had lost my money coming over, and almost my life, he made me an allowance of ten dollars a week. What would he say if he knew I had married a woman not worth one penny? It would be total ruin to me if he knew of it; but I am sure, dear cousin, that you will never, by look or word, to your dearest friend whisper the intelligence. I would have kept it a secret, even from you—indeed I would—but that I feared the poor little creature would die if she did not see some friend. Above all, don't whisper it to the priest," he whispered; "I'm afraid of him," and I fancied he drew nearer her.

"I have just come from the sick-bed of Miss Laura De Neale," said I. He stared, made a gesture with his hand across his brow, as if to shade his eyes, and his lips worked. "I heard—that she was ill," he said, slowly; "I am just recovering from sickness myself." "I think, sir, from what I heard, you are laboring under a mistaken idea," I began, rapidly, for fear of my resolution giving way. "You have been wrongly informed with regard to Miss Laura, and in her delirium she revealed her secret. Her cousin Philip Lansing married a poor West India girl in Barbadoes. He is his uncle's heir, but, if the latter hears of this union, he will disinherit Mr. Philip, who is entirely dependent. So her cousin made Miss Laura promise to keep it a secret, and it was her, the poor homesick stranger, Miss Laura has visited by stealth—it was her she sent your lilies to. O sir! you are a minister, and I am a poor girl, but you never should have doubted my Miss Laura, I do dare say that." He stopped me with a quick uplifting of the hand. He did not say one word, but I never shall forget the face he turned toward me. I never saw a countenance change so often in a few seconds as his did. "My good girl, my good friend!" he said, at last, seizing my hand, and his voice was music itself. "I knew then all was right. Joy had restored him to his old self; there was no need of that voyage to Europe." After a full minute of silence he asked: "How is she now? how did you leave her?" "They thought she was better." "Thank God for that! When may I see her?" He was very humble now. "I will let you know," I said, and hurried home to her with a heart as light as a feather. And so it came to pass that one day, as she sat supported by pillows, white and shadowy, and more beautiful than she had ever been before in her brightest bloom, I told her that the rector of St. Paul's was below stairs, waiting to see her. A faint flush tinged her cheeks—a tender smile curved her lips. "I left the room by one door as he entered by the other. I could not keep from crying, and yet I was very happy. When Miss Laura rang for me two angels could not have looked more blissfully content. And I knew what the pressure of his hand meant as he bade me good by. He will go abroad, after all, but not without Miss Laura. As for her cousin Philip, I trust years may make him wiser, but I pity the poor little stranger who married him for his handsome face."—Appleton's Journal.

Items of Interest. Barbers always predict short crops. The gardener's ditty—Beet root to me. A first-rate article for the teeth—Food. "This must be looked into," as the young lady said to the mirror. "Will you love me when I mould?" as the loaf of bread said to the house-keeper. In winter, rugs; In summer, bugs; In sickness, drugs; In adversity, drugs. Somebody prints a book to show how to get "twenty-five cent dinners for families." Now let somebody print a book showing how to get the twenty-five cents. The old story about the little boy who wished that he was built like a hen-coop, so that the breeze could blow right through him, is again traveling the rounds of the press. Angle-worms do not suffer, a naturalist thinks, when put on a fish-hook. The twists and squirming and contortions are made by the hook. Queer case of optical illusion, you see. The man who takes the bitter pill, A wry face clearly shows; But he who lingers at the still, Will soon show a rueful nose. And if he reads while he imbibes, And knowledge fills his head, Himself and nose, like learned scribes, Will both soon be well read. —N. J. Republican. At Stekesley, Yorkshire, England, lives a man who once assisted in singing the whole of the 119th Psalm, and this is how it is said to have happened. The parson of a church had an invitation to attend a marriage breakfast, and so made his sermon very short in order that he might be punctual. The clerk, however, objected to this way of passing the Sunday, and when the time for singing came gave out the 119th Psalm. The clergyman did not at first notice what was going on, and when he did the musicians were fairly at work and could not be stopped. The air was never lost. The fiddlers wore out their bows and strings, the flute player blew out his front teeth, the clarinet never recovered its tone, and the singers all suffered more or less, but they kept it up to the bitter end and finished at three o'clock in the afternoon, after four hours' hard work. Many of the congregation went home to dinner, and returned in the afternoon to the finish, but the parson won much respect by sticking to his pulpit to the last, and at the conclusion of the dismal performance he dismissed the congregation without a word. Treatment of Sleeplessness. So many persons suffer nowadays from sleeplessness that every contribution to the literature of the subject is of interest. Dr. Ainslie Hollis, in the London Practitioner, maintains that, although the quantity of blood in the brain is diminished during sleep, this diminution is not the sole cause of slumber, for we may have the former without the latter. One of the most efficient means of inducing natural sleep is the application of mustard plasters to the abdomen. Proyer, of Jena, advocates the administration of a freshly made solution of lactate of ardois, or of some milk or whey, on the hypothesis that sleep may be induced by the introduction of the fatigue products of the body. The alkalies and alkaline earths are useful when acid dyspepsia is associated with the insomnia. Electricity has been used in the paresis of the vaso-motor nerves due to an overworked brain. In hot weather, sprinkling the floor of the sleeping apartment with water lessens irritant properties of the air, adding much to the comfort of the sleepers; possibly the quantity of ozone is at the same time increased. When sleep is broken by severe pain, opium or morphia is of value, not only by relieving the pain but by its action in producing anaemia of the cerebral vessels. In the wakefulness due to neuralgia, it is often better to inject a small dose of morphia hypodermically near the branch of the affected nerve, than to administer it by the mouth. It is doubtful whether the bromides possess hypnotic properties, although they undoubtedly act as sedatives on the nervous system, and as such may occasionally induce sleep. Fashion Notes. The new hunting for summer dresses has lace stripes. Yellow, in all its many ugly shades, continues in favor. Alsatian bows are worn in dresses, hats and slippers. Beige-colored net, worked with rosebuds, make pretty summer bonnets. A skilful imitation of a bee is used to decorate costumes intended for garden parties. Organdie muslin plaitings are used on shade hats to give them a dressy appearance. Seaside hats are trimmed with broad galloon, with a gay wing on the left side of the hat. Blouses are much worn, and one of the newest makes is called the "Carmen" blouse. The rough straw braids are very much worn for demi-toilet, and are extremely stylish. Extreme simplicity is affected this season for out-door toilets. Long trains and gay colors are reserved for house wear. Swinging side pockets of velvet, with silver clasps, are suspended by chains to the waistcoat of a suit. Jacket costumes.