

The Forest Republican.

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Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description (e.g., One Square 1 inch, one insertion) and Price (\$1, \$3.00, etc.).

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

The Light of Autumn Days.

What summer songs are sweet and fair, And who shall sing them blithe and gay... Deep, deep within his quiet heart, He holds the sunshine of the year...

But my mother had told me to be sure to visit Niagara before my return; so one afternoon I went down by a late train to the Falls, which I saw by moonlight for the first time. I was of course too poor to go to a first-class hotel, but put up at one both small and obscure.

had, and seemed to receive intelligence to my disadvantage. I turned quickly. I don't think Eastmore had made a signal, but he had not concealed his incredulity. I found then that I might better have gone alone to the landlord.

clerk for letters. There were none for me; but there was something else—a card. "H. F. Marston" was the name I read on it; and I was informed that Mr. Marston had inquired for me.

I have visited Niagara Falls more than once since. But I never again felt any desire to drink out of the cataract. J. F. Trowbridge, in Youth's Companion.

Items of Interest. Language—The dress of thought. The feathered tribes—the Indians. A fast walking-stick—A hurri-cane.

MY LOST POCKET-BOOK.

My name is Edney—Philip Clement Edney. That was my father's name before me. Twenty odd years ago he had a small but comfortable dry goods business in Utica.

He had been a favorite of both my father and mother, and they could not bear to have him sent to prison. So, on his promising to reform, lead an honest life in future, and repay my father when he was able the sums he had stolen—I mean misappropriated—he was let off.

I had already resolved what to do. I walked boldly into a first-class hotel, entered my name on the register, and then asked the clerk to be good enough to put my watch in the hotel safe.

"You were a little shaver when I knew you," he went on, with another flashing smile. "I should not have recognized you; but you have your father's name, and your mother's eyes. I don't know why I have neglected to communicate with them.

It is estimated that the amounts of wheat for export from the countries named during the current crop year will be approximately as follows in bushels: North America, 85,000,000; Russia, 40,000,000; Austro-Hungary, 20,000,000; Australasia, 15,000,000; India, 5,000,000; Chili, 4,000,000.

People have different notions of time. A landlord, who is his own rent collector, recently called on an old tenant, who, with pale, trembling lips, faltered: "I am very sorry, but times are so bad, and—and—I am not quite ready. If you could only give me a little time."