

The Forest Republican.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Includes One Square (1 inch) one insertion - \$1, One Square one month - \$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 Water Mill.

Listen to the water mill, All the livelong day— How the clicking of the wheel Wears the hours away.

The Guard Above the Heart.

"I believe I have given all the orders, Alma, just as you wished. The little library is already arranged with the last little bracket and statue in place; the lining-room and kitchen with china, silver, linen and superb old-fashioned sideboard, just as you directed, have everything in place. And your room—how I wish you could go and see it—is beautiful. There can be no greater harmony than the blending blue-and-gold furnishings of that room."

group which his own eyes were scrutinizing. Arthur was pursuing his artistic studies at Rome, and was searching for a model. The woman beside him was upon a similar mission. She, however, seemed to find none among the group to suit her, and she started to go. As she turned, their glances met. Arthur and Alma were face to face. Her eyes were sadder than ever, and her garb was weeds of mourning.

A Time for Harry.

Only a day or two ago, a pair of nervous young people stepped hurriedly into the office of Justice Trulock. The young man was faultlessly dressed in a pair of brown overalls, a "boiled shirt," an old straw hat and broadcloth coat and huge boots that hadn't seen blacking since three days before the Christian era, and he carried a wagon whip in his hand.

A Few Odes to Autumn.

The man who can look at all the wondrous, vast machinery of a universe and see the seasons come and go in regular succession and not have the poetry of his nature stirred up to its most depths would be a phenomenon. The truth is that we have more poets than the world is aware of, and were it not for that great impassable barrier, the waste basket, some new poet would burst upon an astonished and defenseless world at almost every tick of grandfather's clock.

A BOTTOMLESS BOG.

Thrilling Adventure of a Horseman in an Illinois Swamp—The Dearest Quagmire in the World. Some few evenings ago a St. Louis Post reporter made the acquaintance, at the Lindell hotel, of James Laffon, who related to him a curious incident. He says that a few days since, having occasion to make a visit to Cairo upon business, he mounted a good, strong horse, and started upon a journey through the bottom lands of Illinois. Nothing of consequence happened until within about forty-two miles of Cairo; there, in a swamp overgrown with jungles of blackberries and shrubbery common to such spots, he espied a flock of birds, a few of which he determined to carry into Cairo as specimens of his skill in shooting.

In Harvest Time.

I met my love when 'neath the evening breeze The corn waved to and fro, when 'mid the trees The wind moaned softly, when the reaper's song, The echoes of the deep glen would prolong— In harvest time.

Items of Interest.

Springs of fresh water rise in most seas. Oysters have a language of their own, and clams stow. Cork trees bear an edible acorn resembling our chestnut. The man who is going down in the world is the coal miner. Dr. Carver's rifle brought him in an income of \$60,000 last year. Bad-fitting shoes make corns on horse's feet, the same as on people. If anything will reduce a full-grown fat man it is a well-directed bank failure. We have seen many a poor horse out in a driving rein and not a wet hair on his back. Milk is nutritious, but the chap who drinks a half gallon of it must feel completely cowed down. "I declare, it beats awl," as the shoemaker said the first time he used a sewing machine. —Rome Sentinel.