

The Forest Republican.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Includes One Square (1 inch), one insertion, one month, three months, one year, Quarter Col., Half, One.

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.

Thanksgiving.

The beaded frost at early morn Gleams white o'er the stubble, And past the eaves at night is borne The north wind's wail of trouble; But shines the earth with ruddy light, The board is gay and cheery, And household mirth is flowing bright Round hearts forlorn and weary.

"LEFTENANT JIM."

A STORY OF THANKSGIVING DAY.

Time—About 11 o'clock, A. M. of a November morning, 1868—a dead sky above and a dead earth beneath, as they are seen in dreams. Place—A little creek wedged in between two high banks, and a low rickety bridge over the creek, whose three-foot depth of water was flimed with ice; water whose sleeping ripples had not been wakened by the sun.

boy. You can always buy silence for grief. Remember that, when you come to make your will. As I've paid you for five cents' worth of misery, show me the candy store! He had said all this in a grave way, just as if he were talking to some one who could understand him; and the boy had looked on just as if he did not (which was the fact) comprehend what was meant. But "candy store" were two words of one meaning for him, and he became a guide where, heretofore, he had not even followed. "It's at Winscom," he said. "And where is that, my cherub?" "Over the hill there. I'm going to it when you cotched me." "Tut! tut! Don't say cotched! Say caught!" "Excellent. Now I'm going to Winscom. Somebody in it owes me a big dinner for not giving me my breakfast. Will your royal littleness—that is to say, Johnny, will you ride?" "Where's your horses?" asks the boy.

country!—what he is. He was a soldier without fear, a hero unhonored, and a sergeant without promotion, save by his comrades—and I was one of them. It was plain private Jim, who got six bullets in his body for picking up his company's flag and holding it until the enemy had to tear it from him in strips and make his body a bullet-pouch. It was Corporal Jim who with four men captured a six-pounder at Chancellorsville and fought it until only Jim was left. It was Sergeant Jim who, in the Wilderness, while waiting under fire for orders to advance, left the ranks, picked up a shell that lay with burning fuse not ten feet from him, carried it to a mud-puddle and threw it in. It was then the boys made him lieutenant. And two hours later it was this same lieutenant who fought like a demon over the body of his wounded colonel, and got two saber cuts as his reward for saving his man. He wanted to die, he said, but couldn't get killed. That's a little of what he was. To-day I've seen him—I thought he was dead—and he is a tramp, gentlemen, a miserable vagabond, with clothes too mean for a scavenger, and without food enough inside of him to keep his skin in place. Give him something to eat if he asks it, and you'll feed a hero. As for me, he is to me as a brother. My home shall be his home, if I can find him." Having delivered this speech, he set out once more in search of his friend.

"Thanksgiving day!" was the sententious reply. "Ah! so it is. I had forgotten it. It is a day not down in my almanac." The girl stopped as if, to say something, but changed her mind and went on with her work. A door opened and a little fairy of a girl perhaps six years old came in to the room. She stood with her hands behind her, and watched the "man" eat. His plate was nearly empty. He felt like one intoxicated. "Were you ever hungry, little one?" he asked of the miss, scraping the last crumbs off his plate. "Lots of times; but never so hungry as you. And I don't eat in the kitchen." "Nor I, either, always; but I like it," said the lieutenant, rubbing his mouth on the back of his hand in lieu of a napkin. "In fact, it's fine." "Don't ye's talk too much now, Miss Laura!" ordered Bridget, kneeling to taste the turkey. The small girl shrugged her shoulders and pouted. "Is you really a tramp?" asks Laura, coming a little nearer. "A first-class one," says the lieutenant. "Look at my boots," and he balanced his feet on his heels. "They're real funny. They're laughing," said the child, stooping over to study the chasms in the toes. "Don't your papa wear such boots?" inquired the man. "I ain't got no papa," the girl replied. "Nor I," laughed the tramp, but the child was very sober. "My name's Laura, what's your name?" she asked a moment later. "My name?" said the lieutenant, his face becoming very grave. "My name? I haven't any. I lost it long ago."

In Distress. A policeman was passing down Richmond street last Wednesday afternoon when he heard a woman's voice lifted in high lamentation; opening the wicket, he strode up to the door, where a woman was lying prone on the steps, bedewing the rubber foot-mat with her briny tears. "What is the matter, mam?" he said, gently. "Ooh, boo, oo—h?" said the stricken female. "Now, don't take on so," said the club carrier, with tremulous gentleness; "tell me what is the matter." "Oh, I, I'm, a—a—oooh, oo—h!" and she wept afresh and copiously. "Why, my dear, dear madam," said the officer, "what great sorrow has blighted your life and drove the sunshine from your happy home? Wherefore are you thus cast down into the depths of anguish? Why are the fountains of your being broken up, and your beautiful eyes become springs from which the aqueous fluid—"

The Old Maid of Athens. Rome where you will and man is false; His Spain will be most dire— When once he has a Belfast, he Will shortly be her Tyre. Pekin this Brest and you will see That Isle of Man most dearly, And yet less this Dublin plan Will Ronen us quite dearly. Heed not, oh, maid, the sighs and Wale Of man, or else forlorn you Will rue the time, when feet erect, He'll puff his Sweden scorn you. Though you be Hungary for love, There's Norway that you can Have any thing that's safe to do —With such a brute as man. —Eugene Field. Items of Interest. Ode to a five-hundred-dollar sealink-cloak: "Thou art so dear and yet so far." The Waco Examiner estimates the wheat crop of Texas this year at 12,000,000 bushels. A hisping young lady said she hoped to get married before she was old as "Mith Thuthelah." Lawyers are never more earnest than when they work with a will—that is, if the estate is valuable. A boy who went after chestnuts on a Sunday, broke the Sabbath, his right leg and his suspenders. Sam—"John, do you think my poetry makes music?" John—"Don't know, Sam, but it makes me sick." To a young man struggling with a still younger mistress, the "darkest hour is just before the dawn." I will listen to any one's convictions, but pray keep your doubts to yourself. I have plenty of my own.—Goethe. In a discussion on cremation at a London club a member is credited with the argument: "We earn our living, why should we not turn our dead?" A sewing machine agent, who was very ill, being told that he must prepare to pay the debt of nature, wanted to know if it couldn't be paid on the monthly installment plan. "Is your master up?" asked an early visitor of a nobleman's valet. "Yes, sir," answered the valet, with great innocence; "the butler and I carried him up about three o'clock." Twelve thousand different works have been published in regard to the American war. A good deal of this war literature first saw the light in Europe, but the bulk appeared in the United States. A chamois, with red eyes, white horns and hoofs, and a snowy-white fleece, among the curiosities of the Zoological museum at Solerne. It is the second specimen found in the Alps in thirty years. Not over one person in three has legs of equal length, and every man should be posted on the relative length of his limbs that he may know which one uses for short and which one for kicking. A young husband who was advised to put on his overcoat to see down town one cold morning, complied with his request by pinning a pocket-knife on the lapel of his undercoat. She could not see through it. "What," asks a correspondent, "causes the hair to fall out?" But we answer we must know whether you are married or single. This is important to a true understanding of the case. Kookak Constitution. French papers state that Gambetta about to marry a widow with a fortune of \$8,000,000. If the right-angled everlasting truth were told it would probably be that he was about to marry a fortune of \$8,000,000 with a widow. "Do you make any reduction on a minister?" said a young lady to a man. "Always. Are you a minister's wife?" "Oh, no, I am not married," said the lady, blushing. "Daughter, then?" "No. The tradesman is puzzled. "I am engaged to a theological student," said she. The reduction was made. Indian Spiritualists. The natives of the Marquette are reported to be spiritualists of the most uncompromising sort. They believe that they are always surrounded by spirits, which, or whom, they fear so long as it is daylight. As it is dark, however, they are in total dread of ghosts, never venturing alone. Then they go in pairs, fours, fives or sixes, imagining that alone, bad spirits may seize upon and carry them off easily and suddenly. It is supposed that such spirits are the search of human sacrifices which they were unable to procure while in the flesh. When a native dies, his spirit turns into a ghost, it is thought, and turns to the place where he has been. If he—or it—can find no human sacrifice, he is obliged to depart to the islands, and from there to the sea. As he can never come back to this is the close of his earthly life. The natives also have mediums who claim to have power to summon and control spirits, and as they are largely superstitious, the mediums themselves here, do a good business. They are usually the mediums, and they interpret all the mysteries of the invisible world to the ignorant laity. They are great professions of sanctity, and the poor savages exactly as they are and are never exposed as arrant imposters.