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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is easy enough to make a shot or stall. There are more short young men than tall ones. To make your collar last—Make your shirts first.

A Curiously Told Tiger Story.

A paper published in India says: The following sensational story of an encounter with a tiger is supplied by Babu Mohan Chunder Chowdry, Zemindar of Maldah.

TIMELY TOPICS.

It may be interesting for some people to know that it costs twenty-five dollars to take a dog across the Atlantic, and that the animal is taken at the owner's risk, unless special contract to the contrary is made with the steamship company.

Goldie, the naturalist, has found in New Guinea a tribe who suggested to him the origin of the rumors always current of a race of tailed men in some corner of the globe.

New Orleans is determined that its filth shall not invite yellow fever to its midst this summer. A sanitary association of citizens is backing up the board of health, and by their joint efforts the rags and gutters are being flushed, and the city poor have been crowded out.

A correspondent at Harrodsburg, the oldest town in Kentucky—the first cabin was built there in 1774, by Capt. James Harrod, after whom it was named—has been making a survey of the area.

The name first given the new instrument was the hammer-harpsichord; next, its power of giving both a loud and a soft note procured it the name of forte-piano—i. e., loud-soft; this next changed to piano-forte.

The Powder-Play.

Several times during the year in Morocco, the Arab inhabitants of a town hold certain half-religious festivals called the Feasts of the Aïssouia, which, in many ways, are as revolting as the orgies of the lowest savages.

A much more interesting, though no less noisy, recreation is the powder-play, a game that may take place on foot or on horseback, for these Moors, as every body knows, are nearly as much at home in the saddle as afoot.

Prof. Benjamin Pierce, of Harvard College, says the whole number of comets which are capable of being seen from the earth, and which are contained in our sun's sphere, may be fairly estimated at over 5,000,000,000.

man, whom he had never seen before in his life, a blonde, mousty little woman—"that's Marie," he thought—and a charming girl, in white, with great black eyes, and a mass of soft, black hair rolled upon the small, clean-cut head.

For a moment the situation was embarrassing. Then Mr. Franklyn stepped forward, and Frank said: "There seems to be some mistake; I must have a namesake somewhere."

The letter from "my lawyers" was at the hotel when Frank returned, covered with the postmarks of half the "New Brunswicks" in the country, among which it had traveled while he was waiting for it at the Hotel Brunswick.

The phlegmatic clerk at the pawnbroker's turned over two lockets apparently just alike and examined them curiously, then put them back in their wrappers and was about to put them away when a fellow-clerk approached and also looked at them.

Of this he was perfectly sure; yet, here now, they were plainly reversed, and read: M. E. M. E. V. D. V. He puzzled over it for some time. Then he went down in a cab and demanded of the pawnbroker an explanation.

"Mamma," cried Bessie the next day when, her confession made, she had redeemed her precious locket and was examining it, "Mamma, this is not my locket. This is the other one. This is poor grandma's love token to her faithful lover come back to her grandchildren; see, she's rattled on in wild excitement. Mrs. Frayne looked sharply, saw the reversed initials, and was as excited in a moment as Bessie, Cousin Tom was dispatched to the pawnbroker for information.

Two months later Bessie and Frank met again at the Franklyn's pretty house at Newport. They had both forgotten the lockets, and soon forgot the world in each other. One summer evening Bessie promised to be his wife, and as two little white arms went up around his neck, Frank was guilty of a most unconventional proceeding. He actually was surprised out of taking immediate advantage of his newly-acquired privileges.

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When Neptune is in an affectionate mood he throws an arm of the sea around waist of water and hugs the shore.

"On the back of the quaint old locket were the initials, 'V. D. V.', and below them, 'M. E.' There had been a picture in it, once, but there was left only the marks of the knife with which it had been pried out. It was gumped late, and calling a hack, Frank jumped in and told the driver to take him to the new courthouse. Arrived there, he told the man to wait, passed through the building and out the other door, walked briskly to Simpson's, hesitated a moment, bolted in the door, and in a moment stood in a box at the counter, where a poor woman was pawning some clothing for food. Frank shuddered, drew out the locket and laid it down.

A dark man took it up, looked at it, turned it over, scrutinized the initials, tested the gold on a corner, and said, laconically: "How much?" "Ten dollars."

Two little red lips quivered perceptibly, and two big black eyes filled with tears. To be hungry—absolutely, unpoetically and practically hungry—was a novel experience to Bessie Frayne.

From under a mass of ribbons and laces, artificial flowers and dainty lace handkerchiefs, tumbled into a bureau-drawer, she fished out a small box, and took from it a queer old locket. It was a carved cameo, surrounded by a brilliant emerald snake with ruby eyes, and on the back the initials M. E., and underneath, V. D. V. Poor old grandma, how horrified you would be if you only knew, and hadn't been dead these ten years!" she said to herself softly, as she put the locket back in its case, and ran down stairs in the late summer afternoon.

It was a long walk down Broadway, the pavements were hot and scorched her feet, her face grew flushed with exertion, and her black curls hung damply to her white forehead. Besides, she was weak from long fasting. She thought at last that she did not know where she was going, but she mastered up courage to ask a policeman. He eyed her curiously, but told her civilly enough where to go. Hot waves of crimson dyed her face and neck as she passed in at the doorway under the trio of golden balls, and stood at the counter. She heard a poor woman refused the amount she begged for on an old shawl. It was moth-eaten, and they did not want it any price.

Then a voice said: "Well, miss?" She produced the locket. "How much?" After a hurried examination she was relieved to see that the man took to her novel situation coolly enough, and she spoke for the first time. "Ten dollars, please." The money was counted out, she gave a dollar of it to the poor woman whose shawl had been rejected and who still stood in a dazed way on the sidewalk, escaped from her thanks into a Fourth avenue car, and was soon bathing in her cool room, and forgetful, now that she had money, of her hunger.

The Old, Old Story.

The pastor's little daughter Sits smiling in the sun, Beside her on the old stone bench. The story-book just done, And lurking in her wine-brown eyes, A story just begun. For yonder, pruning the apple trees, Behold the farmer's son.

AT SIMPSON'S. "Any letters for F. F. Van Cleef?" in a nervous, anxious voice, was asked by a well-fed, well-dressed, close-cropped young fellow of the hotel clerk.

Eight years in Europe, home at last, summer well under way, a fair inheritance, principally in Chicago property, and a prospect of being independent of his brush for the rest of his life—such were the time and circumstances under which he found himself. Nothing to sigh at in that. But expensive living in Europe had exhausted the gold remaining in his pocket after he had paid his passage money.