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Measuring the Twilight.

BY MRS. L. P. SELOVER. I am sitting in the twilight, with my face against the pane, And measuring the shadows with an aching heart and brain; They are deepening slowly, surely, and the night is coming on. Will some bright star light earth's pathway when the gleam of day is gone? How memory bears me backward to a brighter, fairer day, When I bounded through a mossy wood to join some child at play; Our hearts were free and merry then, with not a shade of care, Till the waning of the daylight brought its shadows on the air. I remember then how fleetly through the leafy grove I sped, That my eye might catch the home-light ere day's glimmering light had fled; And I minded not the shadows as, in all its splendor bright, Through the darkness on my pathway shone a mother's beacon light. I've been measuring the shadows all along life's many years, Till my eyes are dim with weeping and my heart is drowned in tears; My feet are pierced and bleeding by the thorns in life's dark way, And I've found my sweetest treasures in my clasping turned to clay. For the light of home is sadly quenched in deep funeral gloom, The hand that led my youthful feet lies homeless in the tomb— The kindred one where soul meets soul my worship may not own, And amid a world of busy feet I walk the earth alone. Life's skies are deepening and the clouds are gathering thick and fast, Will the star of hope shine once for me when the rage is overpast? The burden of my soul is borne upon the windless air, And the twitter of the night bird seems but mocking my despair. So I'm sitting in the twilight, with my face against the pane, And measuring the shadows with my aching heart and brain; Oh, spirit of my mother, gleam upon my soul to-night, Till I have proved the promise mine, "At eye it shall be light."

—Bristol County Journal.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

I don't suppose Emily and I would have dreamed of marrying last May if it had not been for old Miss Vantely's legacy. The old lady left all her household furniture, including her china, silver and table-linen, to Emily, who was her favorite niece as well as namesake; and, of course, that made us think at once of setting up a home of our own. We had been engaged two years already, there was no likelihood that my salary would be raised, and altogether we decided that we might as well make a beginning. Emily's papa and mamma—in fact, the whole family—objected at first to what they called our want of common sense; but finding us quite unmoved by their forebodings, they yielded, and began to make preparations for the wedding. "But now, Charles," said Emily to me, as soon as everything was amicably settled—"now, Charles, we have a great deal to learn. Suppose we begin by studying domestic economy?" "How?" I asked, somewhat bewildered by this proposition. "In this way," was the prompt answer. She drew from her pocket a small note-book, and placed it in my hand. "See here," she added, proudly, "that is my beginning, and I intend to follow it up. You must have a book too, Charles."

most abstruse and perplexing calculations, in which my slender salary was divided and subdivided to suit our plans. I should have enjoyed these evenings much more if I could have persuaded Emily to add up a column of figures without counting on her fingers, but I could not. "Seventeen-and-six—let me see—eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three," she would say, demurring each finger on the table until she reached the sum total, which she gave with triumphant emphasis always. However, finding that my remonstrances seemed to hurt the dear girl's feelings, I said no more. About this time our correspondence lost much of its distinctly lover-like character, and for the same reasons. I used to send Emily so many scraps of useful information for her note-book, and get so many directions in return, that the rest was rather peculiar. For instance, I would write to her: "My O. D. P. D. L. P.—Lamb is always dearer than mutton, and does not go so far. I find that cream of tartar is certainly cheaper by the barrel, but Jones' wife says she never buys but half a pound at a time. "Ever yours, CHARLIE." But perhaps you may not understand the meaning of those six initial letters at the beginning of my note. Why, that was a very simple and convenient arrangement to save time and space in writing. Instead of having to write over and over again, "My own dear precious darling little pet," I just used those initial letters, and Emily knew exactly what I meant every time. It was really a capital idea, and we were the originators; and the truth is, if it had not been for the publicity involved, I would have taken out a patent for the invention. In the same way she would write to me: "D. O. D. D." (and I understood "Dearest old darling duck," at once)—"Please send out if corned beef is more economical when hashed. Ask your friend Smith, there's a D. S. P." Could any one with ordinary intelligence fail to read "dear sweet precious" in those last three letters? Then, again, what could be more touching and tender than this closing sentence: "Come up to dinner to-night, for I am going to make the apple dumplings, P. O. P." Of course that means "precious old pet."

the bell for Ottilia without leaving your seat at the breakfast table, if you lived in large rooms," she added; and certainly that was very true. And, by-the-way, I haven't told you about Ottilia yet. Most people would have called her our servant, but Emily said she was our "assistant in house-keeping." She spoke of herself in her note answering our advertisement as "a young person of culture and refinement who had met with reverses and had had a 'blight.'"

As I was saying, the soup was on the table, but with my first view of it I began to have fearful misgivings. It was an almost colorless fluid, with a slice of lemon, a sprig of parsley, and several cloves floating in each plate, and it tasted like hot water well salted. My resolution was taken in an instant. I made a dash for the door, and I did not attempt a second spoonful. "What is this, my dear?" I asked with great cheerfulness, pretending to be entirely at my ease, as the next course appeared. Emily smiled sweetly as she answered, "That is Russian fish-pie, prepared after the same recipe used in the emperor's kitchen."

It is a sign of the growing interest among women in regard to the ways and means of industrial education that a petition is being circulated and numerous signed by women in all the States of the Union, which will be presented to the next Congress, asking its favorable consideration of a plan for the establishment of national schools of design. A Washington paper thinks that thorough training in schools of art and design will make the women and men who receive it self-sustaining. Skilled labor always commands its price, and technical education underlies the success of many branches of industry, and will help to solve the labor question. It is in this belief that the petition has been circulated and signed by professors in schools throughout the country, and by a list of women's names from all the States, including several hundred in this district, and also in the hope that Congress will take such action in the matter as the importance of the subject demands.

What does Vicksburg, Miss.? The scavenger is an offal fellow. Lost at sea—The contents of the stomach. How to get rid of your fat—Sell it to the soap-grease man. Pack your furs in camfur, fur there'll be no fur-ther use fur them fur some time. You wouldn't think it, but a bed-corer is like a blister. It's a counter-pain. The careful husbandman is having a little trimming put on his trees, and his economical spouse is having her bonnet put through a similar process. The man who has a sulking wife. Can't please her with a sonnet; There's just one way to end the strife—Buy her a summer bonnet. —Waterloo Observer.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

J. P. Sanderson, chief elephant catcher in India, has caught ninety-four elephants since his arrival at Mysore in December. Four men of the elephant-catching force have been killed. "I have read the papers!" was the reply of a simple appearing old gentleman from the country, who was asked to take a hand in a game of cards on an Erie train. P. S.—Now is the time to subscribe. To be TRUSTED.—One grocer asks another: "Is Mr. — a man to be trusted?" "I think you'd find him so," was the reply. "If you trust him once you'll trust him forever. He never pays." An old bachelor, who particularly hated literary women, asked an authoress if she could throw any light on kissing. "I could," said she, looking archly at him, but I think it's better in the dark. The New York Commercial Advertiser has heard from the war in South America. It says: "A terrific engagement took place on the 5th ult. between the Chilian and Bolivians. One brigadier-general lost his hat." A most interesting sight to see is that of a young lady with "lips like rubies," with "teeth of pearly whiteness," and with cheeks that have stolen the "dear carnation of the deathless rose," with her mouth full of gingerbread! An Illinois man sleeps every night on a spot of ground left bare for the purpose in his house, and has an attendant shovel clean earth over him to take the place of bedclothes. He believes that in this way he guards against disease. I got our good nature and not our fine furniture that makes home attractive.—New York News. But when all the bed slats fall out of place, and waken you up with a crash about midnight, what becomes of your good nature?—New Haven Register. Every young man in the Sioux nation carries a pocket-mirror, either of glass, backed with quicksilver, or of some shining metal; but an Indian maid is not permitted to look at a reflection of her face, even in a brook, for this is the masculine privilege. A boy ten years old, son of W. A. Albert, while playing in a corn field in the elevator at Penfield, Ill., was drawn down a spout which was discharging into a car, and was drowned in the corn. No efforts could rescue him, although for some time his gasping could be heard. It is entertaining to note the variety of opinion that prevails regarding perfect happiness. The printer, for instance, imagines that the millennium means a time when he will get fifty cents per thousand ems, and bedstead slats will be used instead of leads.—St. Louis Times. A six-year-old boy, who had been imprisoned up stairs for some mischief, "raised" a fine brood of chickens by fishing with a hook and line from his prison window. SHOULDN'T BE MISSED. The antiquarian's bride.—Miss-Terry the tailor's.—Miss-Fitts the billiardist's.—Miss-Cue the cynic's.—Miss-Ann-Throe the atheist's.—Miss-Bell-Lief the editor's.—Miss-L. Laneous the boy's.—Miss-Chief the politician's.—Miss-Count the monk's.—Miss-Sal the soldier's.—Miss-Ille the Father Time's.—Miss-Spent Everybody's.—Miss-Fortune Santa-Claus.—Miss-L-Toe. Perhaps this is all a Miss-Take.—Boston Commercial Bulletin. Words of Wisdom. Fear naturally quickens the flight of guilt. Knowledge is more than equivalent to force. Tears are the gift which love bestows upon the memory of the absent and they will avail to keep the heart from suffocation. How many useful hints are obtained by chance, and how often the mind, hurried by her own ardor to distant views, neglects the truths that lie open before her. Don't you wish sometimes that the world would stop talking and let you think? And have you never been exasperated to hear some one utter the very thought which you had cherished as your own, and which you were just going to utter? Beware of him who is slow to anger. Anger, when it is long in coming, is the stronger when it comes and the longer kept. Abused patience turns to fury. When fancy is the ground of passion, that understanding which composes the fancy qualifies the passion; but when judgment is the ground, the memory is the recorder and this passion is long retained. Quit brooding over your troubles, misfortunes and losses. A brave man, with a soul in him worth anything, gets out of such pitiful rants and laughs at discouragements—rolls up his sleeves, whistles and sings, and makes the best of life. The earth is not Paradise—you are only on the road there, if you take the right direction.