

No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

The Forest Republican.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with rates for One Square (1 inch), one insertion, one month, three months, one year, and Quarter Col.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly.

Two Fishers.

One morning, when spring was in her teens— A morn to a poet's wishing, All tinted in delicate pinks and greens— Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

—Harper's Weekly.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"I declare," said Lydia Collins, who had taken up the morning paper, "Sidney West has come home."

"I think," spoke Mrs. Collins, at this point, "that Sidney West offers a very desirable match. I think he loves Lydia, and would make her a very good husband."

"But, my daughter," resumed the mother, with some show of concern, "you should reflect upon this. I had hoped that you would give your hand to Edwin Lofton."

"Egad, Frank, I come on gloriously with my charmer!" cried Sidney West, as the two sat in their room at the hotel.

Collins left over ten thousand dollars to each of his daughters. Why didn't you tell me of this before?"

"Then you have really consented to become his wife?" said Lydia, after Nellie had told her the result of the interview of the preceding evening.

"But, Lydia, why should you have kept such an important matter from me?" "Because," answered the elder sister, "we feared you would be too honest to keep it to yourself."

When Nellie found herself within a comfortable, well-furnished house, and knew that it was her own, and that her husband was wealthy, she sank upon his bosom and wept in her joyful gratitude.

"Oh! how I have been deceived!" cried the disappointed wife.

"Grossly deceived," added the mother. Sidney started from his seat, and having walked up and down the floor a few times, he stopped and faced the two women.

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The following figures are given by a San Francisco correspondent of a Philadelphia paper, as evidence that farming on a gigantic scale is profitable neither to the country nor the farmer.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A merchant, sitting in his office in South street, New York, recently received an answer to his dispatch sent to Shanghai, China, six hours previously.

Flour obtained by drying and pulverizing bananas before maturity was among the articles of last year's Paris exhibition.

In an editorial comment on advertising schemes, the Reading (Penn.) Times says: "There are men who would rather spend \$10 or \$20 in the rail-card and board notices, which may be seen by a few hundred people, than to expend the same sum in their home papers, where tens of thousands would see their cards every day."

The song of the nightingale has always been associated with some sort of unearthly, beautiful music; with long, languid nights in Eastern lands; with dreaming grove, and cool shadows, and still waters, and full moons, and musk-laden air, and crooning insects, and leonine, dark-eyed honrirs, and love.

A Subscriber's Soliloquy.

To pay, or not to pay, that is the question— Whether 'tis better for me to refuse To take a local paper, and deprive My family from reading all the news,

The pointed squibs and pungent paragraphs Which far too oft reflect upon the man Who fails to settle his subscription bill? I'll haste me now unto the editor,

—Hackensack Republican.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Fashion notes—Large bills. The modern waterword of life—Tick. An elephant is always a big attraction.

According to the Yonkers Statesman the mule's ears are immense side-whiskers. "Erratique Enrique" says the opening story in a volume of sketches always comes late first.

The United States Consul at Tangiers reports that the deaths from typhus fever in Morocco number 300 a day. You may talk about Communists, but the person who chiefly desires that the ruler be done away with is the school-boy.

The Yale College boat crew is claimed to be the tallest that has ever rowed in this country, the men averaging six feet one inch in height. A Vienna statistician has published a pamphlet, in which he states that there are 102,831 persons in Europe ninety years old and upward.

The man who "launched on the sea of matrimony" took passage on a courtship. We hope he won't have a hardship before the voyage is over. One person in 450 in Prussia is affected with insanity. A Berlin professor attributes the result largely to intemperance among the lower class, and too much forcing of early education among others.

The old Marquis of G., while looking out over Paris the other day from the spire of Notre Dame, said, sadly and reflectively: "How many people and how few men! How many houses and how few homes!" At the dedication of the cathedral in New York five dollars was charged for front seats, back seats were sold for three dollars, and admission to standing-room cost one dollar.

A shopkeeper in a small place not far from Berlin bought a doll dressed in a green muslin frock from a peddler for his child, aged one year and a half. The latter repeatedly put the doll into his mouth, as babies often do, and a few days later showed very grave symptoms of some illness, which the doctor could not define till he happened to cast his eye on the doll. The frock was immediately sent to a chemical laboratory, where it was found to contain a quantity of arsenic sufficient to injure even an adult.

Dwarfs.

Old writers were fond of relating instances of court dwarfs, when taken into the king's council, cutting out all the king's advisers by their shrewd observations and ingenious suggestions. As an example of their combative genius, we recollect hearing how some dwarfs in a showman's caravan asserted their mental superiority over the good-natured simple giants in such a manner that the poor bullied monsters actually stood in awe of their fiery little traveling companions.

A Good Lawn.

No greater fallacy exists than the idea that spading is better than plowing of unequal depth. No tillth can be better than that given by the plow, followed by frequent and continual applications of the harrow. Leveling with the spade can then be executed in the most perfect manner, and the finishing touch can be given by a light cross-plowing and harrowing. Seed should be always liberally applied; and, instead of the various lawn grass mixtures, we believe in the use of simple red-top seed, together with a very little white clover; and when it is thus applied (during the quiet hours of the day that it may fall evenly), two or three years should suffice to grow a thick, velvety turf. Weeds are the great enemies of good turf, and every lawn should be kept as free from these pests as a flower-garden. The employment of good artificial fertilizers greatly helps to secure permanent freedom from weeds, since food seeds cannot lurk in them.—Scribner's Monthly.

Large Farming a Precarious Business.

The following figures are given by a San Francisco correspondent of a Philadelphia paper, as evidence that farming on a gigantic scale is profitable neither to the country nor the farmer. He says: The largest wheat producer in California, or in the world, is Dr. H. J. Glenn. He is formerly from Monroe county, Missouri. He is a man of great enterprise and energy. His ranch lies in Colusa county, and comprises 60,000 acres, nearly all arable land. He has this year 45,000 acres in wheat, which, at a low calculation, will produce 900,000 bushels. His wheat will sell for eighty-five cents per bushel, or \$765,000. Dr. Glenn has been farming ten years, and one would suppose he ought to have a handsome sum to his credit in bank; but what with a failure of crops—which occurs two years in every five—and the enormous interest he pays on his loans, he is said to owe a round million of dollars. Last year his credit was bad, as he had no crop. Now, with his splendid crop in prospect, he will probably get out. The Dalrimples, of St. Paul, who, ten years ago, were the largest farmers of wheat in Minnesota, raising as much as 40,000 bushels in a single year, went to the wall. Another large wheat raiser is D. M. Beavis, whose land lies on the borders of Colusa and Butte counties. He is also from Monroe county, Missouri, and has an unpretending little estate of 15,000 acres, 13,000 of which are in wheat, which he thinks will average this year thirty bushels, or 390,000 bushels. He also is hard pressed, and I am told is paying nine per cent. on a couple of hundred thousand dollars of borrowed money. If farmers, raising half a million to a million bushels of wheat, cannot get out of debt, it might be well to inquire what is the use of having so much land? The truth is that from the frequent failure of crops in California and the waste that attends on large operations of that kind, farming on a gigantic scale in this portion of the Pacific coast must be considered a failure. North of this, in Oregon and Washington Territory, there is no failure of the harvest; farming operations are carried on on a smaller scale, and consequently the farmers, while not rolling in wealth, are all well-to-do. All men might be better reconciled to their fate if they would recollect that there are two kinds of misfortune at which we ought never to repine—that which we can, and that which we cannot remedy—regret being in the former case unnecessary, in the latter unavoidable.