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Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description (e.g., One Square 1 inch, one insertion) and Price (e.g., 25 cts).

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.

In the Cornfield.

The south wind stirred the tasseled corn, And brightly glowed the dew of morn. On every waving blade, As through the fields, on pleasure bent, With dainty feet sweet Jessie went— Sweet Jessie, loveliest maid!

MRS. LYTE'S BURGLAR.

Mrs. Lyte was a widow, gentle, timid, sensible, and lovely. She had money enough to be comfortable, and silver enough to be worried; for in her house were only her old mother, her young son, and the late Mr. Lyte's sister; and the house was a pretentious mansion outside, looking as if the owner had lavished on it all the treasures of wealth.

them in Chicago. Why, they go off if you just wink, and scare you to death for nothing. Don't think of it." "Why do you want to know when burglars do get in, Emma?" quietly asks Mrs. Hill. "What could you do about it? For my part, I should let them rummage the house without stirring a finger; it's much the best way."

and she said so very decidedly; but it made no impression on the cool persistence of the agent; he only drew a pamphlet from his pocket and presented it to her, saying, "Read this, madam, if you please. I am sure, when you think of this matter further, you will change your mind. I will call again."

by his wife just in time to see a bona fide burglar disappearing down stairs, and go out the way he came in. Having no weapon at hand, Mr. Smith considered discretion much the better part of valor, and did not follow up the stranger, but the same night the household Mrs. Lyte's were all aroused by a wild clangor of the alarm from a parlor window. Lights flashed into every gas burner at once; nobody waited for wrappers. The whole family assembled in the upper hall; and Miss Lyte went into helpless hysterics on her door-sill, quite unable to get any further, while Pepper barked like a high-pressure engine; and Sam, forgetful of his pistol, brandished an old umbrella with great ferocity.

Real Estate in Leadville. We quote this interesting phrase of mining life from an article on Leadville, Colorado's great mining town, written for Scribner's Monthly by Ernest Ingersoll: All this excitement and influx of masses of men and the constant irregular squating anywhere upon unoccupied ground, began at once to produce discord and a fever of speculation in real estate. A certain corporation claimed to own the whole town-site under a patent from the government, and tried to exact payment from every tenant; but the illegality of this was asserted, and pending decision, everybody not only laughed at the company but proceeded to buy and sell original squatter-claims as though no better title was ever in existence—a supposition probably true at that time.

Sleep of Years. No green that greets the early spring When first her presence quickens there, Glows as the crown her maidens bring! Whigs autumn birds her yellow hair. No bird may build its sheltered nest In bough with gladdening verdure grown; But silence dwells, a sweeter guest, When leaves are gone and broods have flown. No light e'er lay in loved one's eye, Or passion on the lover's tongue, As tenderly as thoughts will lie The dimmest memories among.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Even the bootblack says his business is brightening up. Jessamine, Ky., has produced a ninety pound watermelon. Sailors who work on schooners can't said to serve two masters. "The early bird gets the worm," but a gaurly apple gets it also.—American Blotch.