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The Watermill.

Listen to the watermill through the livelong day— How the tinkling of its wheel wears the hours away. Languidly the autumn wind stirs the green-wood leaves, From the fields the reapers sing, binding up the sheaves; And a proverb haunts my mind, as a spell is cast, The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

JOE'S WIFE.

I write, my dear old chum, for the purpose of inviting you to visit us. Don't refuse. My wife heartily seconds the invitation. Ah, Tom, she's a jewel—my wife. I know if you could meet such a one you would succumb to bachelorhood. She is the dearest, sweetest, best tempered, loveliest—the English language fails me here, but as you were always better than I at the throat for some endearing adjectives and complete the accent. You, who sing about the felicity of a "Bachelor Hall," when you have seen my happy home, will change your tune. You must come, Tom. I won't take a refusal. Yours, etc.

With her. I demand satisfaction, and it can only be had from your heart's blood. Meet me on the river bank, and by the light of the moon, and in the presence of Long, we will settle our differences. I looked up. Long had disappeared, and in his place stood Nellie. Why, Tom, you're not going to leave me here? she asked indignantly. I thought she addressed me in a tone of regret. I looked in her bright eyes—such beautiful loving eyes! How could I pain her? How could I drive the blood from her cheeks and the light from her eyes by showing her Joe's letter and telling her all? She came very near to me and said coaxingly: "Don't go, Tom; I will be so lonely here now." I cannot stay, Nell. I regret having to leave you. My words came fast and almost inarticulate. My only thought to be on my way now, and can only stay long enough to bid you adieu.

It appears from the official reports, that the experience of what are called model lodging houses, such as the Peabody buildings in London and other large towns, combined with that of barracks, workhouses and schools, furnished abundant evidence that what is termed density of population is not so detrimental physically as has usually been assumed; because in such buildings as are referred to the rate of mortality is much less, with a density of one thousand to five hundred persons to the acre, than it is in ordinary houses, with a density of only two hundred and fifty to the acre. Again, the health of a community is found to be much more dependent upon food, clothing and personal habits, than upon the arrangement and construction of dwellings or workshops.

Persons presenting claims to the United States Treasury on account of bonds which have been destroyed wholly or in part, or on account of registered bonds which have been lost, will be required to present evidence showing— First, the number, denomination, date of authorizing act and series of each bond, whether coupon or registered, and if registered, the name of the payee. In the case of registered bonds, it should also be stated whether they had been assigned or not, and if so, the name of the assignee should be given. Second—The time and place of purchase, of whom purchased, and the consideration paid. Third—The material facts and circumstances connected with the loss. The evidence should be as full and clear as possible. Proofs may be made by affidavit, and by such other competent evidence as may be in the possession of the claimant. Duplicates will not be issued within six months from the loss. The interest on uncalled registered bonds will be paid notwithstanding the loss. These regulations do not apply in any way to coupons lost or destroyed which have been detached from the bonds, as no relief in such cases can be granted.

The Government Library. Readers who are eager for statistics may seek to know something of the pecuniary value of the collection of books which the people own at Washington. The expenditures upon the library of the government, if compared with its extent and value, has not been great. The sum total of the appropriations of Congress for books from 1800 to 1878 has not exceeded \$640,000, and this is inclusive of the cost of two configurations: The British Museum Library, which numbers 1,100,000 volumes, is supposed to have cost about \$3,000,000 (£600,000); but as not only this collection, but all the great government libraries of Europe, are rich in rare and early-printed books, as well as in manuscripts, and many of them in costly engravings, there can be no just basis for a comparison between them and a collection so modern in its origin, as well as its principal contents, our own library of the British Museum, moreover, has enjoyed for more than a century the benefit of the copyright, bringing in free of cost all the publications of the British and colonial press. The library at Washington, though founded in the beginning of the century, really dates from 1852, when only 20,000 volumes were saved from the flames. It would be unreasonable to expect that an American national library should rival those of the old world in those collections of manuscripts and precious manuscripts which centuries of opportunity have enabled them to assemble. There are now twelve libraries in Europe numbering the library of Congress in the books upon their shelves; yet the growth of our national library has been so rapid as to have twice doubled the numerical extent of the collection in fifteen years. In 1863 the library of Washington contained 73,000 volumes; in 1867, 165,000; and in 1878 the collection had risen to 340,000 volumes, besides pamphlets. The Boston public library alone among American collections, approximate in size, and even a little exceeds it if we count the books contained in its seven branches in the suburbs of Boston, which, however, are duplicates of the parent collection. But the numerical standard is far from furnishing an adequate test of the true value of any collection of books, save in the presumptive it furnishes that the largest collections will contain the best works printed in every field. It may be said for the library of Congress that, in the main, its stores have been selected with a view to the highest utility, and with some general plan of unity; it has not, like the British museum library, the Boston public library, and some other large institutions, been the recipient of extensive donations or bequests, which, while greatly enriching the collections, tends also to the multiplication of duplicates. It were to be wished that all authors of books, and especially of pamphlets, should bear in mind that the great collection at Washington is the representative library of the country, and by placing in it copies of their productions, whether protected by copyright or not, secure to their thought a place where it will be sure of transmission to that posterity which may care to examine it. All pamphlets coming to this library are treated with the same honor as books, acknowledged, separately bound (instead of having their identity merged with others in inconspicuous volumes), and classified in their proper relation upon the shelves.

Autumn Leaves. Autumn leaves are falling, falling, falling Slowly to the ground; Angels sad are calling, calling, calling To the weary hearts with mournful sound; Solemn sound. Autumn leaves are sailing, sailing, sailing Sottly through the air; Loving hearts are falling, falling, falling; Azrael hovers, beck'ning everywhere Everywhere. Autumn leaves are dying, dying, dying Sadly, one by one; Broken hearts are lying, lying, lying In their rest where dark despair is done; Grief is done. Autumn leaves are speaking, speaking, speaking To the thoughtless souls Who, but pleasure seeking, seeking, seeking, Heed not as life ever onward rolls; Swiftly rolls. Autumn leaves are pleading, pleading, pleading In prophetic tone, With the thousands speeding, speeding, speeding To appear before their Maker's throne; Awaiting throne! —Emile Pickhardt.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A handsome thing in dress goods: A pretty girl.—Ottawa Republican. Scotland has produced another peasant bard named Anderson, a railroad laborer. When the night is pitch dark, it does by no means follow that it's starry.—Whim Whams. Some one who believes that "brevity is the soul of wit" writes, "Don't eat stale Q-uombers. They'll W up." No matter how a young lady's hat is lost it is almost certain to turn up—either behind or at the side.—Sandy Stone. We presume the axletrees of railroad car wheels are called journals because of their rapid circulation.—Boston Transcript. There are thirty thousand deaf mutes in the United States, and fifty places of worship where services are conducted in the sign language. "It is more disgraceful, my son," said a fond parent, "to wear a black eye than it is to wear shabby clothes." "Ya-as," replied the boy, "but the clothes are hardest to get rid of." And the old man sat silent for a long time, thinking what to say, and by the time he thought of it his boy had been over in the neighbor's yard fifteen minutes, and had "licked" the neighbor's son, and won a white alley, two crystals and a boly.—Hawkeye. A terror remembered is sometimes more dangerous than the same terror actually experienced. One Sunday, not long ago, as a young woman was crossing the Rue St. Honoré, Paris, she was suddenly knocked down by a high-wheeled cart, known as a spider. Her peril was imminent, but she retained her self-possession and relieved the anxiety of the spectators by regaining her feet and reaching the sidewalk very little the worse for her mishap. As soon as she reached home she began to relate the incident to her friends, and while doing so was seized with a violent attack of nervous agitation, and sank fainting on the floor. She never spoke again. —LATA. Oh, these memories all flow inward, On my tired heart 40-day, And I almost smell the clover, While I list, the robins lay. —Lilla N. Cushman. Sweet the summer breezes gently Sweep along the cottage thatch, And I almost smell the clover, While I list, the robins hatch. —Stonewall Herald. And while autumn winds are sighing, Echoing my heart's sad throbbing, Yesterday we shot and made a Bully pot-pie of the robins. —Burlington Hawkeye.

How the Sparrow was Introduced. One of the most interesting papers in Harper's relates to a little bird that has been the subject of praise and of denunciation also. There is much dispute as to the merits or the shortcomings of the sparrow, and we are not certain the American people will gratefully remember the person who first introduced the foreigner to our country. This attempt was made we are told by a gentleman named Desbross, in Portland, Maine, during the autumn of 1858; he brought over a few birds from the continent, and liberated them in a large garden which was situated within the central part of the city. They remained there sheltered and secure under the eaves of a neighboring church throughout the winter, and in the following spring settled down happily enough to the labor of nest-building and rearing their young. Two years later the first pair of these finches were set at liberty near Madison Square, New York city; the importation was steadily repeated, the birds being released in the Central Park and at Jersey City. They were first introduced to Boston in 1868 by the city government, and to Philadelphia by the municipal authorities in 1869, and from small beginnings the house-sparrow has been spread all over this northern country wherever we have a city east of the Rocky mountains, and the fluttering flocks of the robust, noisy little foreigner enliven the streets thereof in every direction. Their numbers are nearly countless.—Buffalo Commercial.