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The Forest Republican.

VOL. XII. NO. 38. TIONESTA, PA., DEC. 10, 1879. \$1.50 Per Annum.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Includes 'Rates of Advertising' and 'Legal notices at established rates'.

Turning Gray. Life's sands are running fast away; The buoyant step of youth is gone; The falling hair is turning gray; And time seems now to hurry on...

RUTH'S FATHER-IN-LAW.

A curious trade to take, but then it has grown profitable. Things were at a low ebb with me when I took it up, while now— There, I won't boast, only say that I'm thankful for it. Poverty comes in at the door, and love flies out of the window...

of them don't do that. Some of them leave their lodgings, and I never see them again; and the most curious part is that the sewing machine disappears with them, and I never see that again. Many a one, too, that has disappeared like that, I do see again—perhaps have it brought here by someone to be repaired or exchanged for a bigger or for one by a different maker; for if you look round here you'll see I've got all kinds—new and old, little domestics and big trades—there, you name any maker, and see if I don't bring out one of his works.

woman herself dying almost with some terrible disease. "They told me," he went on, "how hard he had tried to live by ordinary needle-work, and failed, and that as a last resource they had tried to get the machine." "Poor things!" said the wife; "but are you sure the mother was a lady?" "A clergyman's widow," says Luke, hastily; "there isn't a doubt about it. Poor girl! and they've got to learn to use it before it will be of any use."

know there was something wrong. The wife had gone out directly after dinner, saying she was going to see a sick woman—I knew who it was, bless you!—and Luke was fidgeting about, not himself, and at last he took his hat and went out. "They might have confided in me," I said bitterly, but all the time I knew that I wouldn't let them. "They'll be spending money—throwing it away. I know they've spent pounds on them already."

A Governor's Bride. One of the editors of the Pawtucket Chronicle has been roaming in and around Portsmouth, N. H., and of course visited the old Governor Benning Wentworth mansion, and heard the attendant, among other things, say: "There is the fireplace before which Martha Hilton stood when she was married to Governor Wentworth," which leads him to remark: We stand before the fireplace and see that it is covered by a fire-board and screen, and then are reminded of a story which we will relate: The marriage of the somewhat aged governor recalled among some of the citizens of Portsmouth an incident which had occurred a few years before. There was a boarding-house on the ancient Pitt street, and one day the matron of it saw a careless, laughing, bare-foot girl passing before her door, carrying a pail of water, and wearing a dress that but scantily covered her form. She knew her, and cried out to her, "You Pat! you Pat! Why do you go looking so? You should be ashamed to be seen in the street." "No matter how I look," was the pert reply; "where these rags are I shall wear lace, and ride in my chariot yet." Years had rolled on meanwhile. The governor had lost his first wife and his three sons, and was left widowed and childless. After having vainly striven to deprive another husband of his wife, he turns his glances to a young maiden who is doing work in his kitchen and keeping his house in satisfactory order. On a certain day, therefore, the governor invites a party to dinner at his mansion, and among the rest of his guests comes, wearing his cocked hat, Rev. Arthur Brown, of the Episcopal church. Dinner is served with the profusion and variety that befit a governor's table. The guests having been satisfied with their repast, the governor quietly whispers to a messenger, and soon from the door in which we entered, Martha Hilton, the independent miss whose scanty garb had provoked the criticism above mentioned, comes bustling and takes her stand in front of the fireplace. She seems regardless of the fire; does not appear to have any particular business there; she waits, and no guest has divined for what object she has come. She is twenty years of age, while the governor's hairs begin to be whitened by the snows of sixty winters. He rises from the table and says to the rector: "Mr. Brown, I wish you to marry me." "To whom?" asked the startled pastor. "To this lady," was the answer. The rector stands confounded, but the bridegroom rouses him from his bewilderment by the imperious mandate: "As the governor of New Hampshire I command you to marry me." There is no delay now, and from this hour Martha Hilton becomes Lady Wentworth! Tradition declares that she made an excellent wife, she retained the affection and esteem of her husband. On his decease, in 1770, he left her his entire estate. In her grief, after his departure, friends came to this parlor to proffer sympathy, and special consolation she found in the society of a retired colonel of the British army, who bore the name of Michael Wentworth, and who, ere long, became her husband.

A Shadow. What lack the valleys and the mountains That once were green and gay? What lack the babbling fountains? Their voices are dead to-day. Only the sound of a voice Tender and sweet and low, A year ago!

ITEMS OF INTEREST. France has spent \$300,000,000 since the German war in re-arming. Leadville has thirty smelting furnaces, which are kept running night and days. The Montreal Witness says the Canadian government is steadily advancing toward independence. The American \$20 gold piece is superseding the English sovereign as the current gold coin of the world, says a news dispatch. Master Tom: "Stand in the corner? What for?" His Mamma: "Because you are a bad boy." Master Tom: "Can't I be a bad boy here just as well?" When Artemus Ward was exhibiting his show in Salt Lake City, his complimentary tickets to the city officers, read as follows: "Admit bearer and one wife." In France locomotives are used on canal tow-paths in place of mules. They make much better time than the mules; but, unlike the mule, there is always the danger that the locomotive may explode. The price of leather belting has advanced from fifteen to twenty per cent; but what does the small boy care? He knows very well that though belting does come high, he is bound to have it.—Chicago Times.

ALL THE LETTERS. The following verse contains every letter in the alphabet: Except with zeal we strive to win God's just and holy love, We cannot conquer strife and sin Nor walk with Him above. Wags went to the station of one of our railroads the other evening, and finding the seats all occupied, said, in a loud tone, "Why, this car isn't going!" Of course these words caused a general stampede, and Wags took the best seat. The train soon moved off. In the midst of the indignation the wag was questioned, "You said this car wasn't going?" "Well, it wasn't then," replied Wags, "but it is now."—Louisville Courier-Journal. Ex-Minister Washburne's latest pulchritude appearance was as a defender of mule meat. During the days of the commune, he said, "for months there was no meat in Paris but horse meat and mule meat. I never ate horse, but I confess to have partaken freely of the mule, and I will say to the credit of that much-abused animal, that I found him quite good. My secretary assured me that of the many animals he had assisted to devour during the siege, the elephant was the best of all. The stories of people eating cats, rats and dogs and other animals in Paris are literally true."

Easy Goes What Easy Comes. A New York correspondent writes: Enormous fortunes have been made in New York during the last few months in the stock market. There are reports of one gentleman who has cleared \$700,000 by his speculations, and another who pocketed a cool \$150,000, of a judge who has made \$60,000, and of many others who have been extremely fortunate in their operations. But it is not in stocks alone that money has been rapidly made. Almost every variety of property has gone up in value, so that everybody feels richer than he was before, and consequently his temper. But it is a sad fact that as wealth has been gained, so has extravagance increased, and in a ratio out of all proportion in most cases to the money made. Young New York brokers, who a year ago had hard work to meet the honest demands of landladies, shoemakers, tailors, washerwomen and the like, now indulge in the most profuse expenditures. They live in luxurious apartments, dress in English clothes, dine on the best in the land, drink the most costly wines and smoke the most expensive cigars. Quite a number of new equipages, dog-carts, T-carts and coupes have been started on the strength of successful down-town speculations. Some are based on stocks, some on grain, some on pig tin, some on lead, some on real estate, etc., but they all represent the general advance in values. New houses and apartments are being expensively furnished. Fashionable tailors, dressmakers and milliners never were so busy. One Fifth avenue tailor boasts of having made 119 dress suits for the regular clientele since the opening of the season. It is a notable fact that in all matters pertaining to dress, both men and women, among the well-to-do and moderately well-to-do classes, now choose the most expensive articles. Economy is no longer the order of the day. One of these days the reaction will come, and then the lesson which the people ought to have learned by heart during the panic will have to be taught them again. It is remarkable how little sense the best of us have just as soon as we grow rich.

The Diseases of Wild Animals.

While first surgeon of the Thirty-first regiment of the line, then stationed at Algiers, in Algeria, I dissected the carcasses of about fifty lions. The lungs of twenty of them was affected; one-half of them were almost gone, showing that consumption is prevalent among the lions of the Sahara and the Sahel. At the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, seven lions have died since 1869. All of them were born there. I dissected them, and found that their lungs were entirely healthy. To what was the difference due? They received their food regularly, and were carefully protected from insects, weather, while the lions in Africa had to go without food for days, and to inhale the sandy air of the desert, and were frequently drenched by terrible rains.

A Learned Poodle.

Once an expert in Paris, finding it was impossible to convince people that he was right and the public were wrong, taught a poodle to determine what was a true antique coin, and what was bogus. A dealer would bring coins for sale. Their false character would be stated at once, but when the sellers were disputative the expert would say, "My poodle can tell you without the least trouble which coin or coins are false." The poodle would be introduced. The money would be placed on the table, the good with the bad, and after nosing them for an instant, the dog would knock off the table with his paw all the bad pieces. Of course this trait of canine sagacity was convincing. The man's knowledge was but secondary with that of the dog, and the party with the false coins would go away perfectly satisfied. The fame of the dog extended over many countries. There was even the possibility that the poodle would be elected an honorary member of several learned societies. People would come with coins, asking for the expert, and when he was absent would say: "Well, if the master is out, pray let the dog look at them. We will be quite satisfied with his judgment." The trick was quite simple. The numismatist took care to handle the bad coins and not to touch the authentic pieces. The dog's fine sense of smell at once distinguished the pieces his master's fingers touched, and he unhesitatingly separated the bad coins from the good ones.

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