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The Forest Republican.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with rates for one square (1 inch), one insertion, one month, three months, one year, two squares, one year, quarter col., half, and one.

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

Perseverance.

One step and then another, And the longest walk is ended; One stitch and then another, And the largest robe is mended;

STACY'S GAL.

The colonel, I think, was the first person to propose to her. He did it in the oratorical style for which he was noted in the camp and was promptly refused.

She had come into camp a week or two previously to the greatest surprise of everybody, including her father. Old Stacy a good many years before, some eight or ten, had lost his wife, and so great was his grief that he could not be induced to remain longer in the place she had made a little heaven for him.

It was some time before the boys could stand their ground and face her, instead of scampering away at her approach, as had hitherto been the case; but the Western miner is not long in getting accustomed to strange things, and it was not over ten days after her arrival that the colonel immolated himself on the altar of his affections.

I don't know when it was that I was unduly attracted toward Nellie. I think it was when she asked me to call her thereafter by that name. She made the request so innocently, so sweetly, and so tenderly, alleging that as I was her father's partner, a gentleman by birth and education, and such a kind friend to her, it would be ever so much nicer for me to say Nellie, instead of Miss Stacy.

home, we stopped to rest on the rock-crested summit of Mineral Point. A few hundred feet below us lay the little mining camp, its log cabins looking doubly picturesque in the gathering gloaming.

Nellie sat on the croppings of a vein of quartz and I lay stretched out at her feet, watching her pretty, tender eyes as they wandered about the horizon, drinking in the beauty and the grandeur of the scene.

"Nellie," I said, after a few moments, "don't you ever long to leave this rough place and go back to the East?"

"No, not until you answer me," and I caught again the little hand. She drew it from my grasp, and, with a saucy "Come," started down the trail and I hastened to follow.

After supper I lit my pipe and sat upon my roughly-hewn door step. The sun had gone down, but yet there was light enough for me to see her cabin and notice her father standing in the doorway chatting with Mineral Bob, the best prospector in camp and the third owner with Stacy and myself in the Ajax.

I sat in my cabin that evening—the last I should ever spend in Mineral City—and somehow I got terribly blue and out of spirits. It felt like parting with old friends. Every tree and every rock seemed to have a hold on my affections, and the rough logs of my little home had a warm place in my heart.

"Hello! Philadelphia," he said, "I kinder thought you wasn't in."

"Oh, I sort of calculated you'd be somewhere around the girl. How's your chances, partner? Good, eh?"

"Well, then, Philadelphia," as he lighted his pipe and gave two or three vigorous puffs, "I want to see what kind of a dicker I can make with you about running the mine. I ain't got the money to get an engine and pump,

though I guess I could borrow it, and besides I've got to go East on business inside of a week, and I don't want to leave the Sunshine idle—I can't afford it."

"Why don't you sell her to old Stacy?" I said. "He's got some ready cash."

"I tell you, Bob, I don't know that I shall stay much longer myself. Perhaps you would like to make me an offer for my interest in the Ajax and let me go back to the East."

"Oh, I guess so," I said; "especially if he is at all anxious to get away. I'll speak to him for the other day."

Half an hour later Bob returned with the necessary papers by which Stacy conveyed his third interest in the Ajax mine to him for eight thousand dollars, payable within thirty days.

I saw Nellie the next day, and though she smiled sweetly and blushed most prettily I wasn't satisfied, as owing to her getting things in readiness for the trip next morning there was no opportunity for a quiet little conversation.

I sat in my cabin that evening—the last I should ever spend in Mineral City—and somehow I got terribly blue and out of spirits. It felt like parting with old friends. Every tree and every rock seemed to have a hold on my affections, and the rough logs of my little home had a warm place in my heart.

"Are you really glad that I am going out with you?" she said, earnestly, her eyes dropping and her soft little fingers involuntarily pressing mine, and somehow before I fully realized what I was doing I had leaned forward and pressed a hot, passionate kiss on her pretty lips, and with a little exclamation expressive of surprise and not of anger she turned and vanished.

Our trip was begun the next morning and in due course of time we all of us came to a halt in New York. What a delicious time I had had of it, and how considerate Stacy and Bob were to me. They never intruded their presence, but let me have Nellie to myself, as though they had no connection whatever with us.

I should not return until she sent for me, etc., etc. She smiled sweetly, and looked tenderly out of her pretty eyes, and I took the train for Philadelphia, in a terrible temper, and yet feeling sure that I would be back again within forty-eight hours, and I was.

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THURSDAY. MY DEAR CHARLEY: You must pardon my terrible flirtation with you of the past few weeks, but it was the last I should ever have and you are the dearest of fellows to finish upon.

The next was: DEAR PHILADELPHIA: You've had a good time with my intended wife and I haven't interfered; you indorsed my note for \$8,000 and I won't cheat you out of it.

I have never seen them since. I don't want to. I went back to the old camp the following year. The boys don't tease me now, but I thrashed two of them and got thrashed by three before this silence on the subject was observed.

Cabinet Recreations.

The members of the cabinet sometimes have very amusing interviews with the public as the following will illustrate:

Young lady—"Mr. Secretary, I have called to see if you can tell me when Captain— is to be ordered away, and where he will go to?"

Secretary—"I really do not know. Do you wish him ordered away?"

Secretary—"Any of his near relatives sick?" scanning her closely.

Secretary—"Oh! I see how it is. If you will say you are his sweetheart, he shall come."

A Man Survives a Braining. John Harris, who had his head split open by a falling axe at the new Yellow Jacket shaft, some two years ago, is again on the Comstock.

Leap-Year Difficulties. He was a nice young man, with cane, high hat and patent leather boots. He strolled leisurely down Fourth avenue, puffing daintily upon a cigarette, and occasionally twirling the waxed ends of his moustache.

What It Costs to Run a Locomotive. The New Jersey Central Railroad Company keeps a record of the cost of running locomotives. It shows that an average day's distance traveled by a locomotive is 100 miles.

Bleak, chilly March and November are the two worst months of the year for those suffering with pulmonary disease. Keep Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup near by, and such sufferers will be able to brave the rough weather without danger.

TIMELY TOPICS.

If longevity, as a national characteristic, be a fair test of the healthiness of a country or the tough vitality of its people, then Greece may claim to be the civilized world on the score of its sanitary perfection.

Emigration at the port of New York for 1879 was larger than for any previous year since 1872. Returns of the commissioners of emigration show that for the year ending December 31, 1879, there were landed, at Castle Garden, a total of 175,589 emigrants, of whom 135,070 were aliens.

A sportsman explains why he receives the many sea-serpent stories with a grain of allowance. He was hunting on the shores of a lake in the wilds of Michigan, when he saw what he believed to be a monster snake, fifty or sixty feet in length, and ten or twelve inches in diameter, with humps on its back two feet in length.

The suit of Budd Doble vs. the Southern Ohio Fair Association, of Dayton, Ohio, has just been tried before the United States district court for that district.

The annual reports of the English and Scotch co-operative stores are now being published. The profits divided among the members of the societies range from one shilling three pence to two shillings eight pence on the pound sterling of purchases made during the year.

The Manchester Co-operative Wholesale Society, from which the co-operative stores buy their goods, is a federative institution composed of 584 societies comprising 305,161 members.

There are 150 varieties of grass in Nebraska, luxuriant in growth, excellent in quality, and they are among the grandest resources of the State.

Wheelbarrows are in very little demand in Brazil, "owing to the almost universal practice of carrying burdens on the head."

A Farmer Poet. A farmer poet has blossomed into song in England and publishes under the title of "Wet Days" a series of poems, which give effective and graphic pictures of nature in language at once simple and eloquent.

There's something better than keep there; for once on that mossy sod You leave the world behind you and are face to face with God.

This is from another poem, called "Birds' Songs": Birds are the only happy things; They sing through rain or sun content.

The London Standard says of these poems: There is in them something more than rhyme and rhythm; they are instinct with humanity.

There's a pool by the cairn on the top, where the wild ducks used to be, And a lark from the Roman camp used to sing and soar over me;