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Friends of Long Ago.

When I sit in the twilight gloaming, And the busy streets grow still, I dream of the wide, green meadows, And the old house on the hill. I can see the roses blooming About the doorway low, Again my heart gives greeting To the friends of long ago— Dear long ago!

UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

It was about sunset of a changeable, April day, when a young girl, lightly descending the steps of a handsome residence, walked briskly down the street, which presented with modest villas and neat cottages. She was enveloped in a waterproof cloak, which she held over her head, and in a moment she was under the shelter of a large umbrella. Her little feet tripped daintily along the rough road, and she was suddenly pausing she lifted a fresh, sweet face, with laughing brown eyes and a dimpled mouth. "Re-ading again!" she said, aloud, and stepping under the shelter of a linen den, she pulled the hood of her cloak forward over her little hat. And then, as the light April rain was driving directly in her face, she turned over it a thick, brown veil. "A machine and shower all day," she murmured. "The uncertain glory of an April day. Very pre-oging weather, when one is compelled to go out; but then everything looks so fresh and beautiful that it would be really a sin to complain."

"Nellie, will you take off that veil? I want to see your face, and to understand what you mean by talking in this strange way?" "Oh, you will understand it presently, when we come to that green gate yonder; then I will remove my veil. But how came you to recognize me?" she asked curiously. "How could I have failed to recognize you, rather. You have grown slightly taller, perhaps, but I knew your step and your beautiful hair, more beautiful than ever, Nellie. I was on my way to your house, when at a distance I saw you come down the steps, and I could not resist trying to overtake you, for just one word and look."

"Oh!" said Nellie, as a light dawned upon her; and then to put a check upon her companion's sentimentality, she added: "How it rains!" and quickened her pace. "Let it rain!" he answered, impatiently—"cannon balls, if it will, I want to talk to you, Nellie." "Cannon-balls may suit your taste, perhaps, but would scarcely be agreeable to me; and as to talking out here in the rain and darkness, I am not romantic enough for that." "He was forced to keep by her side as she walked briskly on. "Where are you going?" he inquired, presently. "Home." "Home? Why you are taking a contrary direction from home." "I think not; I believe I know where I live."

him, treated him very sweetly in the intervals of her flirting with other admirers. Some weeks guided by, in which the acquaintance between Miss Nellie Caldwell and Mr. Gray imperceptibly assumed a more agreeable character. His cool politeness, and her equally cool indifference gradually thawed, and each vaguely felt that, despite their mutual efforts to keep apart, there was something which mysteriously drew them together. Nellie attributed this to her sympathy with his disappointment in regard to the latter would love him, as she was sure he deserved, and make him happy by marrying him. It was inexplicable to her that any girl could prefer Captain Lloyd to Mr. Charlie Gray. Neither had ever but once alluded to their first meeting. Coming out of church one evening Miss Archer said: "Nellie, what have you been doing with yourself this last terribly rainy week? Isn't such weather enough to give one the blues?" "Oh, no," she answered, cheerfully. "I like rainy days at home, and can always find something to amuse me."

"I am not sure that I could keep such a promise—at least the first part." "That means that you haven't forgiven me." "I really do not feel as though I had anything to forgive, or you to ask pardon for," he said, pleasantly. "I was very silly and wrong, but you see I have grown older and wiser since," said Nellie, demurely. "If the increase of wisdom is in proportion to that of age—" he commenced, but was interrupted by Miss Archer. "Nellie, are you and Charlie flirting? or what is that mysterious whispering about?" "We are not flirting," returned Mr. Gray, coolly. "Miss Caldwell does not flirt, I have observed; and for myself, you know I detest it."

ented itself to me on my first meeting with you." She colored and bit her lip but made no answer. "Nellie," he said, bending forward a little, and looking in her face, "doesn't this remind you of that evening?" "I thought," she answered, sharply, "that you were never again to allude to that subject." "I can't help it; it is too often in my thoughts. In fact, I like to think of it." Her heart beat a little at his tone, but she looked straight before her, without reply. "Nellie, do you remember the request I made of you that evening?" "That request was not for me." "It is now."

They were howling along the woodland track, where the trees made a verdant arch overhead, through which the rain-drops slowly dripped, like a shower of diamonds. Nellie had never before felt how beautiful the world was. They arrived at home in a drizzly shower, through which, in the misty east, a glorious rainbow shone. At the door he detained her for an instant under the umbrella, as three months before he had done at the gate. "Nellie, darling, you have not said those words—" I love you, Charlie." "No," said Nellie, blushing. "No, I won't say them now; but," and she glanced up, requisitely, "I do love that dear umbrella!" And she rushed upstairs as her mother came into the hall, inquiring if they had gotten wet.

Mrs. Partington at the Sociable. There was no mistaking the costume, and the fact that the venerable dame led a small boy by the hand confirmed the impression that Mrs. Partington was in the assemblage. There was a momentary lull in the buzz of conversation, and the party gathered around the new-comer, eager to shake her by the hand. "Bless me!" said she, with a beaming smile, which played over her face like sunshine over a lake; "Bless me! how salutary you all are!—just as you ought to be at a time like this, when nothing harmonious should be allowed to disturb your hostilities. You are very kind, I'm sure, and I am glad to see you trying to enjoy yourselves. We had no church societies in my young days, but we had huskin' bees, and quilting bees, and apple bees, and—'Bumblebees,' said like, breaking in like a boy on this occasion—and though we had good times, and sociable enough, goodness knows, when the red cars were found, they were nothing to the superfluity of this." There was a slight disturbance in the circle, as like in his restlessness placed his heel on a circumjacent toe, but it was stilled as the master of ceremonies came up to introduce the minister. "Glad to see you, madam," said the minister. "I hope you may find the hour spent with us a happy one." "I know I shall, sir," replied she. "For happiness depends very much on how we enjoy ourselves, and enough of anything always satisfies me. How could I help enjoying myself in a scene of such life and animosity as this?" "Very true, madam."

Then and Now. Owing partly to the improvement in tools and shop appliances, and partly to the system of subdivision of labor, there is no parallel by which the workman of to-day can be gauged or compared with the workman of thirty or forty years ago. Then the apprentice was taught—rudely, perhaps, but still taught—all the mysteries of his calling, from the preparation of the crude material to the finish of the completed result. The carpenter hewed his timber from the tree trunk or limb by means of chark line and broadaxe. He bored, and mortised, and cut tenons, erected the frame of the building, boarded and shingled, and clapboarded and lathed. The blacksmith shod horses and oxen, tipped wheels, made bolts and nuts, chipped and filed and drilled, forged and tempered axes and chisels, and performed numberless jobs of a variety of forms and for a variety of purposes. The machinist sometimes made his own patterns and often his own tools, worked at the vise and the planer, the lathe and the forge, and was ready to undertake any job, from repairing a broken stove to building an engine. Our venerable contemporary, the Boston Journal of Commerce, remembers when the above practice was universal. We congratulate it on surviving to see all this changed. Now timber is sawed and not hewed; mortises and tenons are machine cut; houses are built by the slingers, the lathers and the joiners, as well as by the carpenters; and the doors, windows, window and door frames and sashes are factory built. The horse-shoer does nothing else. The forger of steel seldom works iron. The tool maker is nothing but a tool maker. The machinist is a bench man, a lathe man, a planer, a fitter, or he has a specialty in cotton machinery or woolen, or never works but on steam machinery.—Scientific American.

Onward. Like a bell of blossom ringing, Clear and childlike, short and sweet, Flouting to the porch's shadow, With the faintest fall of feet, Comes the answer softly backward, Bidding tender, waterlog wait, While the baby queen outruns her, "Only going to the gate." Through the moonlight, warm and scented Love to beauty breathes a sigh, Always to depart reluctant, Loth to speak the word "good-by;" Then the same low echo answers, Waiting love of older date, And the maiden whispers softly, "Only going to the gate." The gates we pass them upward On our journey, one by one, To the distant, shining wicket, Where each traveler goes alone— Where the friends who journey with us Strangely later, stop and wait, Father, mother, child or lover; "Only going to the gate."

ITEMS OF INTEREST. Pastebord shutters, in imitation of wood, are the latest. The Governor of Kentucky, under the constitution of the State, is ineligible for re-election. Seven Bibles or Testaments are now turned out every minute by the American Bible society. A pretty girl's house is a legal institution for the simple reason that parties go there to plead. A wooden shoe factory has been started in Illinois. It will use a great many feet of lumber. Nashville got its name from Gen. Francis Nash, a brave soldier of the Continental army who fell mortally wounded at the battle of Germantown. The manufacture of clothing in Chicago has doubled in four years, and gives employment to 30,000 people. The value of the goods made is \$15,000,000. There are in the United States 380 theaters and 120 concert halls, 140 regular traveling companies, 50 variety companies, 68 companies formed to support stars, and seven resident stock companies. The Boston assessors' tabulation shows that there are 49,229 buildings in the city, of which 1,439 dwellings, valued at \$5,873,300, are vacant. The hotel of the highest valuation is the Parker house, at \$500,000. An observer in England has found that the depth of the dew-fall in that country seldom exceeds the hundredth part of an inch during any night of the year, while the average annual depth of the deposit is not more than an inch and a half. Of the 2,126 commissioned officers in the United States regular army, only 829 are graduates of West Point. Of the remainder 174 rose from the ranks, 984 were appointed from civil life, chiefly from officers of the volunteer force during the late war. A drunkard fled into the woods, near Nashville, Tenn., while wild with delirium tremens, dug a grave, and was found lying in it dead. His wife was made frantic by the sight, and she loudly called upon heaven to let her die too. It happened that, on her way home, lightning struck and killed her. According to an official statement, the effective strength of the Swiss Federal army on the first of January, 1880, amounted to 119,947 men, as against 119,748 in the previous year. The numbers required by the existing law are 105,388 men in the regular army and 97,012 in the Landwehr, or altogether 212,400. The actual total at present is 215,063. Words of Wisdom. Youth looks at the possible, agent the probable. Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul. No man ever looked on the dark side of life without finding it. One should seek for others the happiness one desires for one's self. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies. They that laugh at everything, are alike fools. No manner of soaking is so offensive as giving praise and closing it with an exception. As the firefly only shines when on the wing, so it is with the human mind—when at rest it darkens. How many are there like Atalanta in the fable, who lost the race by stopping to pick up the golden apple. Pleasant occupation tends to prolong life, for longevity is much dependent upon the feelings of the mind. It is not merely the individual but society that suffers by every idle, every selfish, every mean, every unjust man. As the sun appears largest when he is about to set, so does the proud man swell most magnificently just before his fall. Real merit of any kind cannot long be concealed; it will be discovered, and nothing can depreciate it but a man's exhibiting it himself. Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, Poor Richard says: "A life of laziness and leisure are two things." He is most secure of life who lives for his fellows. One lives through all periods who has in all periods lived for his race. We must see humanity through our ambition always, if we would make and perpetuate that life which consists in an undying reputation.