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Over a Million of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads. Have already been sold in this country and in France; every one of which has given perfect satisfaction and has performed cures every time when used according to directions.

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When the Pad falls on. This Great Remedy will positively and permanently cure Lameness, Sciatica, Gravel, Dropsy, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Incontinence and Retention of the Urine, Inflammation of the Bladder, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Side or Loins, Nervous Weakness, and all disorders of the Bladder and Urinary Organs, whether contracted by primary cause or otherwise.

YOU CAN BE CURED! Without swallowing nauseous medicines, by simply wearing Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad, which cures by absorption.

THE NEW CINDERELLA.

When the widow of General Spicer married his father she swore that I, his only child, should be her first care. Unfortunately, promises before marriage are proverbially unsound, perishable as pie crust.

My father was an embarrassed man. Mrs. Spicer brought him nothing but a ready-made family—one son, Jack Spicer, already in the army, and two daughters.

Just about this time young Lord Lavender came home to the hall. Report said he meant to give a series of festivities—balls, lawn-tennis parties and what not. The whole neighborhood was in a flutter.

The Spicer girls were no beauties. They took after their mother; they were large-nosed, shrill-tongued women like her; they spent their lives dressing and dreaming of a possible marriage, but each year seemed to make the struggle more hopeless.

5 CENTS, POSTPAID TREATISE ON THE HORSE



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Containing an Index of Diseases, which gives the Symptoms, Cause, and the Best Treatment of each. A Table giving all the principal drugs used for the Horse, with the ordinary dose, effects, and antidote when a poison. A Table with an Engraving of the Horse's Teeth at different ages with Rules for telling the age. A valuable collection of Receipts and much other valuable information.

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CLUB RATES: Five Copies \$1.00; Ten Copies \$1.75; Twenty Copies \$3.00; One Hundred Copies \$10.00.

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If you want to talk heavy science, say, 'Oxide of hydrogen' instead of 'hydrogen peroxide', and one man thousand words will perhaps know what you mean.

Not Yet.

Five days glide by on winged feet, A river flows, broad and fleet; Thy face from mine is turned away. It will not be so, dear, always. Thy heart would fain its love forget. It cannot yet, dear love, not yet.

Not Yet.

One step—and I by thee could stand, And touch thy dear familiar hand; One look—and I upon thy breast Would lean, and weary, find my rest.

Not Yet.

I hear thy voice, so soft and low, And silent tears unbidden flow; While yet its music fills the air, I pass and breathe a silent prayer.

Not Yet.

Dear heart, wouldst thou thy love forget? Thy heart not yet, dear love, not yet.

Not Yet.

He'er thy soul hath need of mine, For'er the truth thou canst devise, Seem shall not part, nor bolt, nor bar, We shall be near, who now are far.

Not Yet.

True hearts that fain would love forget, And cannot yet, dear love, not yet.

marriage with her almost a necessity; it was miraculous how he held out. "My eldest girl is such a help in the parish," my stepmother would say, her wide nostrils sniffing the air; "she leads the choir, and teaches the infant school, and is president of the mothers' meeting, the coal bag, and the Christmas dinner; you'd find it hard to get on without her, Mr. Pringle."

"It's wonderful how the children obey Miss Cindy," the Reverend Alfred says, shyly. "Do you mean Sir William's unfortunate daughter, Mr. Pringle? That girl's a heartbreaker," answers my amiable second mother. "All the pains my girls take seem to do her no good."

"She's perfectly incorrigible," says Cornelia with the air of a martyr. "A perfect tomboy," chimes in Adelaide. "A horrid little bear," continues Cornelia with more acrimony than before. She has an intuitive feeling that the rector does not agree in these strictures.

"They do no such thing, and you know that very well. What's the use of making a fool of me that way?" "Cindy is as forward as she can be," remarks Adelaide, viciously; "and she's not such a child either. I noticed old Pringle watching her at the school feast."

Cornelia and Adelaide, their faces flushed, their nostrils sniffing, spoke together. "Jack is always rude to us—he likes Cindy because she flatters him." "I like her because she's young and pretty, and I take it that's the reason you hate her. But you women are all alike, jealous as the dence!" "Jealous! jealous of poor little Cindy! Well, you really might find us something better!"

"Cindy is as pretty as any of the fashionable beauties," returns my champion, stoutly, "and if you only gave her fair play would beat them all. I bet you five to one Lavender would be spoons upon her, if he saw her. She's just his style!"

This injudicious speech sealed my fate as regarded the Lavender gaities—that is, if ever I had a chance. From thenceforth I was kept more closely to my needle than ever. Indeed, it was in constant requisition for the demands of my amiable sisters were increasing. Never had I known them to be so exacting. Everything seemed to be going wrong with them. From all their gaities they returned out of sorts, and their ill-humor and disappointments were vented upon me—it was all the fault of my bad dressing, my bad taste, my ill-natured advice.

Meanwhile Lord Lavender convulsed the whole county by issuing invitations for a series of festivities. Morning parties, a ball, tableaux were to succeed one another. A covey of relations descended in a flight to assist the young lord in astonishing the provincials, and astonish them they did.

A dream of fair women in impossible toilets, accompanied by handsome guardsmen, drove and rode about the quiet country roads and startled the simple village folk. The arrival of these great people put the finishing touch to the ill-humor of the Spicers. Both my stepmother and her daughters were in a fever of anxiety, hoping for some notice. They were forever throwing themselves in the way, longing for admittance to the inner circle at the hall of which such delightful stories were told by Jack, who was hand-and-glove with the whole set. Long and loud were the disputes between him and his sisters, and bitter their indignation at his refusal to get them into the tableaux, of which he was the stage-manager.

"Just like his ill-nature. Never were two poor girls so little helped. They would have got good husbands long ago if they had had a kind brother," and so on.

On the day of the ball they were furious. Their dresses had come down from London; they were very handsome, and, although more suited for sixteen than six-and-thirty, had cost a little fortune. The afternoon was spent in trying them on. It was weary work on this fine summer day, pinning this, lengthening here, tightening there, hustled by one sister, scolded by the other. My head was weary, my legs were aching; I felt utterly depressed and humiliated. I had for the first time asked a favor, and been not only refused, but refused with scoffs and jeers. Jack had proposed taking me to see the rehearsal of the wonderful tableaux, arranged after Mrs. Frea's style. I had prayed to be let go; Cornelia had drawn me in front of the long glass, and she and Adelaide had laughed over the notion of my presenting myself in such a garb before the people up at the castle.

"They would take you for a kitchen-maid," Adelaide had said, still giggling. "I can fancy Colonel de Molyns putting his eyeglass into his eye and wondering where she came from!" "Cindy thinks herself so lovely that every one would bow down before her. Look at her face! Oh, child! what a temper you have!" "Don't attempt to show me any of your airs, miss," says my stepmother, turning on me suddenly. "We know why you want to go to the rehearsal; don't we, girls. It's a shame of you to turn a son against his own mother and sisters. You are a designing, ungrateful creature, and outside these doors you shan't stir."

"I wouldn't give them the satisfaction of seeing me cry; but, later on, when I got away from them, I wept bitterly. I was so disappointed; I did wish to see the tableaux—those beautiful women as 'Effie Deans' and 'Rebecca' and my own dear favorite 'Mary Stuart.' I knew them all so well. I sat down in the deep window seat of the hall and cried and cried again. Suddenly the door opened and Jack came in quickly. 'Cindy! but I didn't stir till he came and stood beside me.' 'It was no use, Jack,' I said; 'they wouldn't let me go to the rehearsal. I don't think I can bear it much longer, Jack; they are so very, very unkind to me!'

"Don't cry, Cindy; you'll have the whip-hand of them yet, never fear. I say, what do you think? I've settled it all; you are coming with me to-night!" "Oh, Jack!" I cried, "nonsense! How could I? They'd never let me!" "They'll know nothing about it; you just do as I tell you. And then he sat down and told me all about it. One of the beautiful women had got a bad toothache; her face was all swollen and disfigured, and the tableau in which she was to appear was spoilt. 'It was impossible to fill her place, so I promised that you should do it,' Jack went on. 'It's nothing; only just to stand for a minute. She has her dress ready for you to put on, and you'll see all the fun you can see, and you'll know you,' afterward, and no one will know you. It was really very tempting, and I

couldn't resist this glimpse of the great world, but I deserved all the scoldings I got during the toilet of the sisters. My head was running on what was to come and I could not remember where a single thing was. "I do believe the girl is feverish; look at the color of her cheeks," I heard Cornelia whisper to Adelaide. But this idea did not make them a bit more considerate in their demands.

At last they finished, and the sound of the retreating wheels of their carriage was like music to my ears. I flew to my own room and made myself ready. I don't in the least remember how we got to the hall. It all seemed like a dream. But presently I found myself in a large bedroom, getting on somebody's dress, with a tall, quiet woman helping me. She took in here and let down a little there, and the gossamer fabric fitted as if it had been made for me. Then she asked me to look at myself, and when I stood before the large mirror I started. Could this be the same girl who a few hours ago had been mocked at by Cornelia and Adelaide Spicer? This lovely apparition of the shabby, tearful child, the Cinderella of the house?

Presently Jack came for me, and his delight showed that my vanity had not deceived me. "Bravo, little Cindy," he said; "I knew you only wanted fair play. All the women will be madly jealous of you."

I don't think this prospect gave me as much pleasure as he expected, but it was certainly a delightful experience to find myself such an object of general attention. My part in the tableaux was not much. Once I stood for a few minutes behind a gauze with two other ladies, while Lord Lavender, as Paris, offered the apple to the center figure, a very lovely girl. She was Lady Sybil Lennard, "a duke's daughter and a great beauty," Jack whispered to me.

"We must have another set of tableaux next week," said Lord Lavender, coming up to us. "If your sister will help us, Spicer, we could have 'Faust and Marguerite' and 'The Sleeping Beauty' and 'Pygmalion and Galatea.'"

His bright young face was a little flushed with excitement and his dark eyes sought mine with an expression that, novice as I was, I could not misunderstand. "I'm afraid there'll be two words to that," said Jack, laughing. "Cindy is kept in a glass case; I slipped her out by mere chance. But, listen! they're calling for 'The Judgment' again!"

As soon as the tableaux were over I had to doff my borrowed garments and make the best of my way home. I had had my glimpse of fairyland and must return to slavery again—a slavery more unendurable now than ever. I could hardly believe it was real when I found myself at home, waiting for the return of my stepmother and her daughters; still more unreal did it seem when the morning light stole through my windows and I had to take up my weary work again.

"It was all a dream," I thought; "impossible that all those compliments were paid to me, all those tender speeches and loving looks. Ridiculous! But there, opposite, on my table, stood the bunch of lovely roses given to me by Lord Lavender himself. It was all true, then! I got up; I sang to myself as I dressed. It was one of Adelaide's songs, and the words were all of love. They had always seemed rubbish, but now they struck me as pretty.

That morning all the talk was of the tableaux. The Spicers found great fault with everything except "The Judgment of Paris." They held forth at great length on the beauty of Lady Eva Beauchamp and declared that she was far handsomer than Lady Sybil Lennard. "That's ridiculous!" said Jack. "She is quite a young thing, and Lady Sybil is a very girl—such a figure!"

"Lady Eva's a beautiful creature, and every one in the room said Lord Lavender was quite epris. I am so glad Lady Sybil and the duchess will be disappointed—nasty, stuck-up creatures!" "Lady Eva is as like Cindy as two peas," said Jack, mischievously; "so I am glad you admire her so much!" "Cindy! how absurd! Lady Eva is the most elegant figure. Every one said she will be the Beauty next season."

"She is like Cynthia," said my father, suddenly; "and that reminds me that Lord Lavender talked about coming here this afternoon. I think he said he wanted to see Cynthia."

"Cynthia! what nonsense! How can you be so ridiculous, Sir William? It is Adelaide; he admires her singing. Go to the music-room, Adelaide."

"Not at all, Cornelia, you had better go down to the rectory; and, Cindy, there's poor Mrs. Brown wants some soup."

My heart sank. It was evident I should have no chance of seeing Lord Lavender. I was to be sent to the other end of the park! But just as we were speaking a carriage drove up with Lord Lavender's aunt and Lady Sybil Lennard. You may imagine my stepmother's excitement. Cornelia got her innings, and made her way into the music-room.

"I'm sure I'm much pleased," answered my stepmother. "Their dresses were very pretty; but, indeed, your grace, your daughter was splendid, and Lady Eva, too—most lovely!" The duchess opened her eyes. "Lady Eva is no beauty," she said, coldly, "and, as you know, didn't appear. But when can your daughter come to us? Lavender is most anxious."

"I'm sure he's too good—my girls will be delighted, either of them. There is no such thing as jealousy between these two. Adelaide, my love—I think we can make a guess that it is Adelaide you want."

"Pardon me," said the duchess, "Adelaide is not the name." "Then it must be Cornelia! Really Cornelia, dear?" The duchess shook her head. "Excuse me, the name is still wrong. The young lady I want to carry off is Cynthia."

I draw a veil over what followed—the scene with my stepmother and sisters when the whole truth was revealed. But Jack roused my father, and, the two combining, I went to Lavender hall. I returned the affianced wife of its owner, and in that exalted position I trust that, like my prototype, I have returned good for evil and not revenged the slights and insults showered upon Cinderella.—Whitehall Review.

The Voice.

Dr. Ward, of New York, says on this subject, of the many agents which have more or less influence on the voice the four principal are climate, dress, diet and exercise. Change of climate may cause some slight deleterious effect on the larynx, but this influence is greatly overestimated. The present fashionable style of dress is decidedly unhealthy. The chest and abdomen are unnaturally confined, the lungs and other organs acting abnormally. All clothing should be loosely attached to the body, and the dress worn high. Avoid as much as possible appearing in full dress. The throat should not be wrapped in comforters, boas, etc. Chest protectors should not be worn, and the feet should be guarded against wet. The diet of the singer should be bland as well as nutritious. Of the different kinds of meat, venison, poultry, roast beef and lamb are the easiest to digest, and due proportion of fat should be taken as a heat-supplying principle to the body. Cooked vegetables, unless too highly seasoned, are easily digested. Salads, cut cabbage, etc., should be avoided. Pastry should be invariably discarded. Dinner at noon, followed by a light tea at nightfall, is a rule which, if rigidly adhered to, will be a safeguard against all ordinary attacks of indigestion. In order that the act of singing be properly performed, it is absolutely necessary that the stomach be nearly empty. Alcoholic beverages should not on any consideration be indulged in by vocal artists.

For the full development and preservation of the vocal cords several rules must be observed. The exercises must be regularly and systematically practiced; they must always be within the register; they should never be pushed to the point of fatigue; they should never be made use of when the vocal organs are attacked with cold, no matter how slight. Always practice standing upright, so as to allow of full play of the lungs and accessory vocal organs. Bodily exercise is especially beneficial to the singer. In short, learning to sing is learning to be healthy.

The Daring Skobelev.

Skobelev's personal bravery was not only of the most reckless character, but at times it seemed to partake of the merest bravado, in which only extraordinary luck prevented him from reaping in death the well-earned reward of his foolishness. He always wore a white coat, a white hat, and rode a white horse in battle, simply because other generals avoided these target marks. He was perpetually riding at breakneck speed over some fence or ditch. He never lost an opportunity of displaying courage. He went into battle in his cleanest uniform and fresh underclothing, covered with perfume, and wearing a diamond-hilted sword, as he said, that he might die with his clean clothes on. For a long time he wore, with evident affectation, a coat in which he had been wounded, and which had a conspicuous patch on the shoulder.

Yet all this was not mere bravado and nonsense, but the result of thought, and almost cold-blooded calculation. It was intended to impress his men, and it did so. They firmly believed he could not be hit, and whenever they saw a white horse, coat and cap among them, they knew that it was Skobelev, and so long as he was there they felt sure that everything was going well. At the beginning of the war he made up his mind firmly that he would never come out of it alive. (After reading me the telegram announcing the armistice, one of the first things he said was: "Well, perhaps I won't get killed after all.") With this idea firmly fixed in his mind, that his death was only a question of a few weeks or months, his one thought was how to best use his life so as to make an impression on his men, and gain such a control over them that they would follow him anywhere.

In everything that he did he tried to eliminate the idea of danger from their minds, and to make the most dangerous exploit appear as an ordinary every-day affair.—Russian Army Life.

The man who went West for his horse said he Nevada better time.—K. Tribune.