

The Forest Republican.

Rates of Advertising.

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On the Farm.

Boosters crowing, Cattle lowing, Watch-dogs baying, Horses neighing, Peacocks in plumage of splendor screaming. In the morning, At the dawning, Rising early, Reaping barley, The master regulating teaming. Oxen feeding, Weather heading, Bright or hazy, Milking dairies, Queen of the field, pride of the dairy. Then comes Light-face, Then comes Bright-face, Then Blackberry, And Red Cherry, The milkmaid, meadow fairy. Ripe fruit tumbling, Farmers grumbling, Corn unfolding, Women scolding, And disappointed maidens "poating." When the cream's off Sending teams off To the cheese-press; The milk weighs less, But there may be a brook trout in. Ah! the night time Brings the bright time, When harsh noises And loud voices Are drowned in deep seas of slumber. The whip-poor-will Will not be still; She's appealing, Without feeling, For stripes for poor "Will" without number. In thickets hid, The ladybird Wakes to tell us She is jealous; It may be fiction, of flirtations Of some coquette Who when she met Outset Katy fair Out in the air. Said some soft things with palpitations. -George W. Bungay, in Temperance Banner.

THE MISTAKE GARNET MADE.

A little, low-browed, yellow cottage, sleepily nestling in a canopy of branching hemlocks. Here dwelt Mrs. Darley, or the Widow Darley, as she was commonly called by the inhabitants of Linden. Here, since the departure of her niece, Garnet, her brother Robert's child, for the city to learn the dressmaker's trade, which event occurred a couple of years ago, she had lived alone, subsisting on the produce she raised on the few acres of ground attached to the cottage, which she managed to sell or barter away for groceries at a thriving town three miles distant. Day was fast verging into dusk. Indeed, for some time twilight had lain gray upon the scene, and only a silver line kissed the purple tops of the distant mountain. The Widow Darley sat by the window busily engaged in darning a wretched-looking stocking over a mammoth mock orange, bemoaning with her every stitch her recent attack of rheumatism which confined her to the house, when she was thoroughly conscious of the fact that her services were needed out doors. Now was the time to dig her potatoes, now the time to gather certain apples, and do everything in fact; and here she was, not only unable to get about, but so heavily trammelled by debts that she found it impossible to secure the assistance so much needed. "Well, I declare!" This exclamation was caused by the rumbling old stage coach, that daily passed her house, stopping at the front gate, from which alighted her niece, who ran lightly up the walk and into the house followed by a strongly-built man, bearing on his shoulder a goodsized trunk, which he deposited in the hall ere making his exit. "How d'ye-do, Aunt Susan?" with a hug and a kiss. "Not a slave to rheumatism, I hope?" "Yes," replied Widow Darley, who, by his way, was a tiny woman of fifty, with a face not unlike the wrinkled apples that grew on the tree in the garden, "the monster has me again in his clutch. But, whatever brings you home? You haven't surely been out a-drift?" "Yes, aunt," a tremor of pain threading her voice in spite of her efforts to appear unconcerned, "times are dull, and Madam Brown has so little work that she deemed it expedient to dispense with the services of those girls who proved the most incompetent. I, being the least skillful of all her apprentices, was discharged without regret. Most summarily she dismissed me, withholding the few quaint words of commendation she grudgingly bestowed upon the others. I have no taste for dressmaking, and am termed a regular botch. Not a very good recommendation to help secure another situation, eh? But, never mind, aunt! I see I am needed at home. How are things prospering?" "Not at all," in her most dolorous tone; "the place is fairly weighed down with mortgages, and, for aught I know to the contrary, Mr. Lincoln may foreclose any day. Yes, any day may find us without shelter. Our larder is scanty and there is no money to replenish it; all of the flour has been scraped out of the barrel, and to-day I was obliged to borrow a painful from Jane Gray; but, too, there is not a tea-leaf in the house, and I don't know how to exist without my cup of tea. I had meant to have dug a few bushels of potatoes and got Mr. Denver's horse to go to obtain some of the things I cannot get along without, but I am good for nothing—good for nothing!" with a profound sigh. "Never mind, aunt, don't worry. I'll see what can be done in the morning." And next forenoon, about 10 o'clock, with a hoe swung over her shoulder, and a half-bushel basket in her hand, in which reposed a half-dozen potato bags and a dainty repast done up in a newspaper, she trudged to the potato lot, to see what could be done; for the widow's niece, Garnet Embers, was a girl equal to any emergency. She was a slender, graceful girl, neither blonde nor brunette, but a combination of both, as pretty a creature as one would care to see, with her wonderfully fair complexion, tinged with the merest flush of pink, her dark eyes, almond-shaped, and full of vim, shadowed by black, curling lashes, and a superb abundance of reddish-brown hair, coiled low on her well-shaped head. She had donned a dunned calico dress, which she had fastened up on all sides to keep clear of the dirt, thereby displaying a foot arched and slender as an Arab's and over her head, hiding her wondrous hair, was one of her aunt's sunbonnets, making her look, as she declared, a regular guy. She reached the lot and set to work in earnest, but somehow she made little progress. Oh! if some strong-handed masculine creature were but around! What short work he would make of that job. At this juncture the report of a gun sounded near, and Garnet looked up just in time to see a chipmunk, running along the fence dividing her lot from Mr. Denver's, topple over and an instant after a man in gray, muscularly framed and handsome as Apollo, with wide sombrero shading his face, appeared in sight. How propitious the fates were! What she had devoutly wished for was yonder—a man. Mr. Denver's hired man, without doubt. She suspended operations, and with her hoe raised aloft, cried out: "Here, young man, come here! I want you to help in digging a few bushels of potatoes. I will see that you do not incur Mr. Denver's displeasure by doing as I desire. And, indeed, for that matter, you might as well be working for me as to be idling away your time in killing harmless creatures. Come, what do you say?" "All right, miss; I'll be with you as soon as I can exchange my gun for a hoe, for I suppose you intend to keep on digging?" "Certainly. Now don't be long about it. That's a good man!" She was earnestly digging away when he vaulted over the fence and stood by her side, hoe in hand, his hat lower down on his face than ever. But Widow Darley's niece paid no attention to his personal appearance. He was nothing but a hired man, so whether ugly or comely what mattered it to her? Old Sol, an inflamed ball of heat, glowered upon them savagely, and the perspiration stood in beaded drops upon their faces as they toiled on. Mr. Denver's hired man making no better progress with his row of potatoes than Garnet with hers. The girl glanced at him contemptuously. "You don't succeed any better than I—a girl. You are the greenest hand at digging potatoes I ever saw. Mr. Denver'll not keep you long, I know." "Perhaps not," he said, in a nonchalant way. "I am a green hand at it, I acknowledge, but I guess I can learn after a while. See, miss, if I have done my work well." "Oh, my!" she cried out, vexatiously, "how stupid—how very stupid you are! You have not got the potatoes half out of the hill, and those you have hauled out are well-nigh chopped to pieces by the hoe. You wield that instrument as if it were your intention to mutilate, to destroy. You need dig no more!" "Well," leaning contentedly against the hoe-handle, and wiping the perspiration off his forehead with the daintiest of white handkerchiefs, from which emanated the perfume of violets, "what next shall I do? Issue your commands, Miss—Miss?" "Embers, young man, and an especial friend of your master, Mr. Denver. Well, as you do not manage the hoe adroitly enough to be anything but detrimental to auntie's potatoes, you may as well take the half-bushel basket, gather them up and put them in the bags. They are peach-blows, and are sure to bring an excellent price in the market; Mr.—" She stopped and eyed him narrowly for the first time, styling him a remarkably handsome and distingue-looking person for a hired man. "You may call me Bob," he said, with a comical grimace. "Mr. Denver calls me that." "Well, Bob, to work! Don't lag, and when noon comes you may share my lunch with me under the apple tree." Quite an inducement. A feeling of ludicrousness came over him, and he fairly shook with laughter. Was he laughing at her? Garnet drew herself up proudly, a spark of fire in her big dark eyes. "What makes you laugh so immoderately, Bob? It is not polite of you, and I shall certainly report your ill-behavior to Mr. Denver." "Pray don't, Miss Embers," with an affected humility. "I couldn't help it. I loved I couldn't. If you had seen that ill-favored hop-toad leap over that potato, you'd laugh, too. It was so funny. The toad was so small, whereas the potato has grown to a enormous size—a regular whopper! Luck! Miss Embers,

there goes the fellow now under that straggling vine!" "Humph!" was all the answer she vouchsafed him as she went on with her digging, but she doubted the existence of the toad and believed he was making sport of her. The minutes crept up, 12 o'clock came, and Bob was waxing savagely hungry. As he emptied the fourth basket of potatoes, he said: "It is noon now, Miss Embers, I'm sure. See! Old Sol is directly over us. Come, let's have our lunch under the apple tree. I'm hungry as a cannibal." "I too," acknowledged Garnet. "Get that parcel yonder, Bob, and don't squeeze it, else you'll crush the cranberry tarts in it. Aunt Sarah made them, and she's a famous pastry cook." "Cranberry tarts!" his mouth beginning to water. "You bet I'll hold it lightly. I am especially fond of them. But what delicacies does the luncheon contain, Miss Embers, prepared by your hands?" "Not any, Bob," with something that sounded like a sigh. "I am no better cook than dressmaker. We have both missed our vocation. I worked two years in Madam Brown's establishment endeavoring to learn how to cut and make dresses, but failed ignominiously; was therefore sent home minus a recommendation. So it will be with you, Bob. Although a thoroughly good man, Mr. Denver is a very exacting one, and if your work to-day is a specimen of what you can do he will not keep you in his service any longer than what is absolutely necessary. What up-hill work life is for the poor! Dear me! I wonder what I am good for, anyway?" "Good to look at," he muttered, under his breath, wishing that she would toss off the sunbonnet that almost concealed her face. Then aloud, "Good to dig potatoes, I suppose." At which both laughed heartily, and together they wended their way to the apple tree, weighed down with golden fruit, at whose foot they were to partake of their lunch. A musical streamlet threaded its way over a pebbly bed, washing the roots of the apple tree as it ran merrily on. Here, on the grass, in sound of its babbling voice, they seated themselves and prepared to partake of the repast, which Garnet spread daintily out on a newspaper, first throwing off the offending sunbonnet, which motion caused the red-brown hair to tumble about her face, making a picture at which Titian would have raved. "By Jupiter!" ejaculated Bob, "she is even prettier than I imagined. She is a perfect witch." He had doffed his sombrero, and his picturesque, Moorish face, illumined by darkly splendid eyes, Garnet thought the handsomest in the world. "If he were not a hired man," she mused, "or even had ever so small an income, I believe I could love him. As it is, the idea is simply ridiculous. I will sound him to see if he is as intellectual as he looks." She did so, and they fell into a conversation so agreeable to both that time passed by unheeded. A man's voice aroused them. It was Mr. Denver's. "Hoigho!" he cried, in a hearty tone, "having a picnic on a small scale? Plagiu mean of you, Miss Garnet, not to extend an invitation to your nearest neighbor. When did you arrive?" "Last night, and Mr. Denver," as they shook hands, "I took the liberty of soliciting help from your hired man in digging a few bushels of potatoes to take to market." "Ha, ha, ha!" The good man's laugh rang out loud and clear. "Did you really take Bob for a hired man? Why, this is my guest, Mr. Lincoln—the gentleman who owns the mortgage on your aunt's place. He, to use an expression in vogue, is fairly rolling in riches. Ha! ha! ha! my hired man! Miss Embers, Mr. Lincoln." He strolled away, and the two were left alone. No reply; the fair face was buried low in her hands, and Garnet felt as if she could never meet his gaze again. How came she to make such an egregious blunder. Well, no apology would be admissible now, and she must brave it out as well as possible. "Garnet," and now the hands were removed from the flushed face and held in his warm clasp, "listen to me. You have made a mistake, and the only way you can rectify it is to accept me as your friend. Will you?" And plucky little Garnet, with a coquettish glance from under her jet-black lashes, said: "I will. That is," with a pretty hesitation to her voice, "if you take me and auntie's potatoes to market with Mr. Denver's horse, I wish to purchase some groceries." It is needless to say that he did as she desired, and late in November, when the air was chill and keen, and the flakes of snow eddied to the ground and covered it with a mantle of white, Robert Lincoln presented Mrs. Darley with a deed of the place and took Garnet away with him to his city home, where, as his wife, she reigns quite royally; and he always blesses the day when he dug potatoes with her, and she took him for "Mr. Denver's hired man."

It is well known that certain fowls fill their digestive apparatus with gravel and pebbles, which act as millstones in grinding up their food. Recent investigation showed that other animals are addicted to similar habits on a larger scale. Seals swallow stones weighing from one to two and sometimes even three pounds each, while one investigator found, not long since, ten pounds of these boulders in the stomach of a sealion. Kisses. "Kiss me softly, and speak to me low." There is a story told of an old Scotch deacon who courted a girl for a good many years but never found courage enough to ask her to marry. One day, after they had been "keepin' company" for about ten years, he ventured to solicit a kiss. "Let me first ask a blessing," he said, and falling upon his knees he implored the Divine benediction. He next, with due circumspection and Scotch deliberation, possessed himself of the kiss, when with a sounding smack he exclaimed: "Eh! woman, but it was good! Let us return thanks!" That prince of good fellows, John G. Saxe, has added this to the kissing literature: Give me kisses—all is waste Save the luxury of the taste. And for kissing—kisses live Only when we take and give. Kiss me, then, Every moment, and again. There are poetic kisses and Platonic kisses—such as the beautiful Madam Recamier gave to Chateaubriand; there are historic kisses—such as those recorded in the book of Genesis; spiritual kisses—such as Solomon tells us about, and treacherous kisses, that betray: And the jest seldom slips But it strikes a tender chord; And a kiss was on the lips Of the wretch that sold his Lord. What is the sweetest kiss in the world? Who can tell? Passion puts a sting into its kisses—love is selfish—duty cold. The kisses of friendship are mere compliments. The kiss of reconciliation between those who truly love should be the sweetest of all kisses. There is a kiss that is the embodiment of purity, innocence, and tender, trustful love. It is a fluttering, clinging, rosebud kiss, that leaves a memory as pure and loving as itself; it is THE BABY'S KISS. "Mistress Mary, quite contrary, How does the baby grow? Cuddles, and curls, and shells, And kisses from top to toe." It is upon the baby's kisses that the heart of the mother lives. Oh, the little ones that have been laid away baptized with tears and kisses! The kisses that were given not back again, and yet which were so dear—so dear. "Dear as remembered kisses after death," says Tennyson. There is a pretty legend that Christ had a dimple in his chin, laid there by an angel's kiss, and whoever he kissed would surely receive that dimple, so the Germans say of one who has a dimple chin: "She is Christ-kissed." The kiss of respect is given upon the forehead; that of admiration upon the eyes; that of beauty upon the cheeks. The kiss of love is given upon the lips. It is said men do not waste kisses upon each other when they can do so much better, but in every other chapter of the Bible some old patriarch falls upon the neck of some other old patriarch and kisses him, and the father of the prodigal son ran and kissed him, and however distasteful it may be men do kiss each other at the present time when they meet after long absences and are closely related, or have a David and Jonathan sort of friendship for each other. The late Princess Alice, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria and wife of an Austrian prince, lost her life a year or two ago through a kiss; two of her children died of diphtheria, and she could not resist the pleading of her dying boy to "kiss mamma"; she kissed his pale lips in an agony of mother love and took the dread disease, which resulted fatally. No doubt the kisses of young lovers taste better than any luxury yet discovered—they must be spooney and innocent and unimported—for kisses like other nectar of the gods lose their flavor in time. "They stood above the world In a world apart, And she dropped her happy eyes And still'd the throbbing pulses Of her happy heart; And the moonlight fell above her Her secret to discover As though no human lover Had bid his kisses there." The hero of Lockesly Hall said: "Many an evening by the waters did we watch the steady ships And our spirits rushed together at the meeting of the lips." The dramatic kiss has attracted considerable attention lately. The way in which Emma Abbott kisses that handsome Castle, who plays "Paul" to her "Virginia," is too, too much! It is recorded variously as "emotional," "paroxysmal," "spontaneous," "absorbing," and everybody wondered when little Emma learned to kiss in that way. Sarah Bernhardt makes a little rush at her vis-a-vis, and kisses him behind the ear before he knows what it is all about. Mary Anderson's kisses remind an actor who plays with her of the time he put his tongue to a frozen lamp-post when a boy, and now all the old boys are looking for frozen lamp-posts to kiss. Here is a darling BIT OF SENTIMENT: "Up to her chamber window A slight wreath of roses, And up the Romeo's ladder Climb'd a bold white rose. To her scarlet lips she holds him, And kisses him many a time; Ah, me! it was he that was her, Because he dared to climb." -Detroit Free Press. An old soldier's overcoat was sold at auction in Pennsylvania the other day for \$75.50. It was worn in the war of 1812 and during a part of the first winter of the rebellion, and is still in a good state of preservation considering its long and severe usage.

FOR THE LADIES. The Russian Priest's Wife. There is only one happy woman in Russia; it is the priest's wife; and it is a common mode of expression to say, "as happy as a priest's wife." The reason why she is happy is because her husband's position depends upon her. If she dies he is deposed, and becomes a mere layman; his property is taken away from him, and distributed, half to his children and half to the government. This dreadful contingency makes the Russian priest careful to get a healthy wife, if he can, and makes him take extraordinary good care of her after he has got her. He waits upon her in the most abject way. She must never get her feet wet, and she is petted and put in hot blankets if she has so much as a cold in her head. It is the greatest possible good fortune for a girl to marry a priest, infinitely better than to be the wife of a noble. Women of Many Husbands. It is asserted that a lady in Calhoun county, Ill., although seventy years old, has recently married her sixth husband. Her last deceased husband was named Race, and the man she has just married is named Farris. A romantic feature of her last matrimonial venture is the fact that Mr. Farris was her first love, but cruel fate intervened and prevented their union. All her dead husbands are buried in the family graveyard upon the farm on which she resides, and her present husband, as he counts the green mounds, will have ample opportunity to reflect on the uncertainty of married life. Of another woman, living in Georgia, it is related that she has had five husbands. She married four widowers in succession. The first widower lived one and a half miles from the lady, when she was a widow; the second, third and fourth lived about the same distance from one another, so that she had in turn charge of each of the residences, and she is now living happily with her fifth husband within seven miles of her original home. Fashion Notes. Low-necked linings are used in the lace dresses made for this summer. The lace straw bonnets are open-worked and require a colored lining. Tunic jackets with wide cascades of lace are much worn in the morning. Strong contrasts of color are observable in most of the new satin costumes. Some of the new polonaises are made with full, panier-like draperies over the hips. The favorite designs for steel lace are similar to those for point and Torchon lace. The real novelty in ribbons is the double-woven ribbon without selvage or seam. Steel is used to trim rather simple jackets as well as those of rich material. Steel is much used in decorating laces, passementeries, gauges and trimmings. Normandy bonnets of the most primitive shape are among the summer millinery. Velvet collars, cuffs, bow for the waist and bands for the hair now come in sets. Lace and flounces alternate with muslin plaitings on the summer dresses. Shirred effects in skirt draperies appear on the most fashionable imported dresses. Ombre satins de Lyon grow more and more popular for both dresses and bonnets. Gingham and moccie cloth parasols to match suits, will be much used this summer. The shirring on the front and sides of skirts is to be in horizontal rows half an inch apart. A dash of yellow, blue or red is deemed essential to the finish of all dark toilets. Fine velveteen is combined with the black and white checked silks used for summer costumes. Little soft loose rings of hair falling over the forehead are taking the place of the long-favored bangs. High neck ruffles of black lace and white lace plaited together are very fashionable and exceedingly becoming. A novelty in English straw bonnets is in poke or coal-scuttle shape, with a brim in calèche style, formed by turned up braids of the straw. Some of the black open straws in bonnets are so fine that they look like thread lace. Other designs are in imitation of Torchon lace. Albatross cloth robes in full shades of color, cream and pure white, are tastefully embroidered in Oriental colors and designs with floss silks. A new sort of trimming is made by shirring satin, doubling the material where the thread is run so as to produce the effect of alternate tucks and puffs. The favorite shape for tea, gowns of ceremony is the loose dolman, viselike sack with elbow sleeves, worn over a richly-trimmed demi-trained skirt. The gowns are made of the most costly broads and gauzes enriched with silver, gold and steel threads, and trimmed with laces, fringes and tassels to match. If some enterprising fellow would now come the market on Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup he could make his fortune, for there are thousands who would rather pay double the retail price than be without this valuable remedy. First Time at Church. A grave sweet wonder in thy baby face, And look of mingled dignity and grace, Such as a painter hand might love to trace. A pair of trusting, innocent blue eyes, That higher than the stained-glass window rise Into the fair and cloudless summer skies. The people round her sing, "Above the sky There's a rest for little children when they die." To her—'till that gazing up—that rest seems nigh. The organ peals; who must not look around, Although with wonderment her pulses bound. The place whereon she stands is holy ground. The sermon over, and the blessing said, She bows—as "mother" does—her golden head; And thinks of little sister who is dead. She knows that now she dwells above the sky Where holy children enter when they die, And prays God take her there too, by-and-by. Pet, may He keep you in the faith away, And bring you to that home for which you pray Where all shall have their child-hearts back one day. -Chambers' Journal. HUMORS OF THE DAY. Shocking—A magnetic battery. A boaster's virtues are on the surface. Undressed kids will be quite common at the sea shore this summer. Everything has to pay up sometimes; even the little chickens have to shell out. Say for instance a dog loses his paw and a rooster loses his maw, does it make orphans of them?—Steubenville Herald. When is the most dangerous time to visit the country? Give it up? When the trees are shooting and the blurrushes out. The Philadelphia Chronicle says that married men are like eggs, because by being kept in hot water they become hardened. Man's Lot.—'Twixt women and wine man's lot is to smart; the wine makes his head ache and women his heart.—Old Rhyme. A hungry hen will pick up 113 kernels of corn in a minute by the watch and have a second and a half left to look for more.—Free Press. "Life is a great battlefield," says a renowned philosopher. Perhaps that is the reason there is so much charging done.—McGregor News. Our forefathers could not harbor the idea of paying taxes on their tea, so they compromised the matter by harboring the tea.—Yanook States. The meanest man in the country lives in Missouri. He pleaded in a breach of promise suit that a contract made on Sunday night was not binding. A little girl had been scolded by her grandmother. She picked up her little kitten, and, caressing it, said: "I wish one of us three was dead. And it ain't you, kitty, and it ain't me." Conversation turned on a late marriage between December and May, some of the gentlemen poolpoohing the match. But the lady stoutly championed the frost-bitten Benedict. "Why," said she, "every man ought to keep himself married as long as he lives. Now, here's my husband! What would he be good for without a wife? If I should die to-night he would get another wife to-morrow, I hope. Wouldn't you, Josiah?" Josiah breathed heavily, and seemed to sum up the connubial torments of a lifetime in his calm response: "No, my dear, I think I should take a rest!" "Unwinding." The thieves who infest the lower part of the Bowery at night have a word which, if it is not new to them in the sense in which they are using it, is new in that significance to most readers. It is not uncommon for a stranger who strays into the Bowery late at night considerably intoxicated to find himself in the morning "unwound." He would not be likely to thus describe himself, but to the thieves the word defines the process through which he has passed. While making his uncertain way along that thoroughfare the stranger has been caught by the arms and led into one of the many dens which keep open doors all night. His coat and vest are unbuttoned, grasped by their fronts and wound off from him with a single motion while he stood just inside the threshold. The muscles of his arms, being incapable of that rigidity which a sober man might impart to them, offered no obstacle to the process of unwinding. After the rotation thus imparted to the stranger had ceased he found himself standing on the sidewalk with only a vague idea of the direction whence he came. The thieves were richer by the value of the coat, vest, perhaps the watch, and maybe a quantity of loose change in the vest pockets. Those who profit by unwinding do not scorn such trifles even as pocket handkerchiefs and odd nickels.—Harper's Weekly. In 1877 M. de Lavergne estimated the value of the agricultural produce of France at \$1,500,000,000—including wine, cattle and all other products of the soil. In 1878 Mr. Caird, who is to England what M. de Lavergne is to France, estimated the total value of the agricultural products of the United Kingdom at \$783,000,000. The area of France is double that of the United Kingdom. Celery seed will germinate when twenty years old.