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Summer Reigns.

Summer watched from the distance
The blue-eyed Spring departing,
Softly trailing behind her robes of faintest green;
And, smiling with wondrous brightness,
She turned to her three attendants,
Who were weaving a wreath of sunbeams with which to crown her queen.

My reign," she said, right proudly,
"Will bring the whole earth treasure,
To greet me every song-bird will sing a sweeter tune;
And, waving a joyous welcome,
The grass and the trees grow greener;
So haste and make ready to journey with me,
My bonny June.

"July shall follow after,
And then my fiery August,
And each to do me honor a wealth of flowers must wear.
For June sweet strawberry blossoms,
And clusters of pink wild roses,
And July will be decked with larkspurs and lilies wondrous fair.

"August shall find the asters,
And lovely ox-eyed daisies,
Beautiful, silken corn-plumes, and graceful, feathery grass;
And I shall be gay in poppies,
And tulips of many colors,
And primroses satiny yellow shall follow as I pass."

Upon her red-gold tresses
They placed the crown of sunbeams,
Her train of gold and crimson by rose-wreathed June was borne;
And July and dark-browed August
Throwing farewell kisses after,
Queen Summer came to her kingdom led by the blushing Morn!

—Margaret Eytzinger, in *Ehrlich's Quarterly*.

KITTY'S PREJUDICE.

Kitty Hoyt was standing by the gate, swishing her light, summer hat by one string, and whistling lightly to herself. Yes, the truth must be told—Kitty was just a little heidenish, much to the annoyance of her very dignified altogether proper relatives.

Aunt Prudence was wont to give her half-hour lectures by the dozen, on the sinfulness of girls who whistled, and Kitty's disgusted brother Bob would severely hint that

"Whistling and crowing hen always come to a bad end."

Lectures and hints were all in vain, and independent little Kitty whistled when and where she pleased, for she didn't care a mite for other people's ideas and opinions.

She looked very graceful and pretty, as she stood by the gate in the gathering dusk. A low, white forehead, around which the clinging brown curls clustered lovingly; a piquant, kissable rosebud of a mouth, and a pair of laughing, saucy brown eyes—and that is Kitty Hoyt.

"Hello, Kit!"

Kitty looked up with a little dimpling smile and laugh, as she responded to this salutation.

"Hello, Craig! where are you going this evening?"

Craig Langley, a tall, handsome young fellow of twenty-three, sauntered slowly up, wafting a cloud of smoke before him as a herald of his approach.

Kitty drew back, and elevated her dainty nose in disgust.

"Craig Langley," she cried, sharply, "I do believe you're the horriest creature that ever lived! When will you learn not to smoke in the society of ladies? You know I can't bear the smell of a cigar, and I know you're smoking now just to tease me!"

Craig laughed easily, watched a cloud of smoke as it sailed around his curly head, and then drawled, tantalizingly:

"Don't excite yourself, Kitty, my child; it isn't good for your health, though it makes you look decidedly pretty. I believe you do it for effect."

Kitty stamped her tiny foot passionately.

"Craig Langley, you will drive me crazy! If you don't take that cigar out of your mouth this instant, you must leave the premises; so there?"

With a comical look of mock reverence and terror on his handsome, laughing face, Craig threw the cigar away, saying, gravely:

"They will shall be law, my queen."

"Don't be a goose; you know I'm not your queen, and never shall be. Come now, that's a good boy," coaxingly, "tell me all the news."

"News?" said Craig. "I did not come to tell you any news; I came to see you, Kitty."

"Nonsense!" said Kitty; "of course you didn't come all this way just to see me. You must surely have some news for me. Tell it, please."

She was very fond of handsome, debonaire Craig Langley, in a sisterly sort of a way, but she had no idea of going any further into his affections, and when he became too devoted she always checked him with womanly tact.

"But I did come to see you," Craig protested; "and I haven't any news; indeed, indeed, the fact that the new schoolmaster has come, is news."

"Indeed, it is," said Kitty, looking interested. "When did he come, Craig, and what is his name, and where's he going to stay, and how does he look, and—"

"I know I shall hate him," cried Kitty, scowling, "if he's that pink of perfect on whom you were always praising to the skies in your letters last year. I can't bear goody-goody men."

"He isn't one of your goody-goody men, whatever you mean by that," said Craig testily. Craig always spoke well of absent friends. "He's one of nature's noblemen, though poor, and he's liked by everybody."

"I shan't like him!" said Kitty, perversely.

Craig did not dignify to notice the last outburst, but went on.

"As for his looks, he's tall and very good-looking, with golden hair and golden mustache."

"I just despise blonde men," interrupted Kitty, with curling lip.

"Why, Kit!" cried Craig, in amazement—he was a blonde himself—looking reproachfully at our perverse heroine, "you told me yourself only a few days ago that you admired the blonde set of men very much."

Kitty's saucy brown eyes flashed.

"Well, can't one change her mind if she chooses?" she asked, shortly. "I don't admire that style of beauty, anyway."

There was a glorious silence on both sides for several minutes. At last Craig said, with an effort toward cheerfulness:

"I'm sorry, Kit, that you're so prejudiced against Percy. He certainly doesn't deserve any ill-will from you. I was sure you would be friends; he is to board at your house, you know, and I'm afraid it will be disagreeable for both of you, if you are to be enemies. Can't you be friendly to him for my sake, Kit?" pleadingly.

"No, I can't!" impatiently.

Craig looked hopelessly forlorn and bewildered. He himself was a careless, good-natured fellow, everybody's friend, and couldn't understand natures like Kitty's. Consequently he took a philosophical view of the matter and gave it up.

"Well, Kit," he said, "you seem to be in one of your tantrums this evening, and there's no use in trying to do anything with you. I'll drop in to-morrow, to see if you feel any better. Good-night!"

"Good-night," said Kitty.

On the following day Percy Smith appeared and was duly installed as a member of the Hoyt household. Even Kitty could not help admitting to herself that he was very handsome and noble-looking.

His brow was broad, open and white, and his deep blue eyes were as tender as a woman's. In his sensitive lips, shaded by a drooping golden mustache, there was no lack of firmness.

As Percy had said he was liked by everybody, and he soon came to be regarded as a true friend of every one in the family—except Kitty, of course. She was at all times cold and distant toward him, merely tendering him the barest civilities.

The young man wondered much at her strange conduct; the more so as he became much interested in the piquant, pretty little lady from the very first.

At the table she never looked at him, and when spoken to responded in monosyllables only, and these were uttered very reluctantly.

Percy Smith noticed it all, and a look of wounded dignity and pride would often cross his grave face.

"She evidently does not like me," he thought, with a nameless pain at his heart.

He realized that this girl, who was so cold and distant to him, and so merry and saucy toward others, was very dear to him.

"She can never be anything to me," he said to himself, "and I will not let her see my weakness."

Several monotonous months passed away.

Beautiful August had drifted into September, and September had ripened into October. Autumn was assuming her gay robes of scarlet and crimson and gold.

One lovely evening Percy Smith was pacing the garden walk with thoughtful, abstracted countenance. He was roused from his reverie by the sound of voices. Percy was just turning away when he heard his own name, and involuntarily stopped.

He recognized Craig's voice.

"Well, Kit, haven't you and Percy become friends yet?"

Percy strained his ears to catch the answer.

How mocking and cruel it was, he thought.

"What a question, Craig! You know yourself that I seldom become friends with those for whom I take a dislike. I can't bear Percy Smith, and I don't think I ever shall."

Percy felt faint and dizzy. It was all as he had expected, then! She despised him, while he—he loved her better than all the world beside. He clutched at the railing of the garden wall for support, and reached his room with weak and tottering steps. Oh, what a weary, weary night it was!

Percy's constitution was not naturally a strong one. He had lost father, mother and a fortune the year before. These misfortunes had left him so weak that he was ready to succumb to any additional ones.

He felt ill and faint all the next day, and it was with difficulty that he accomplished his duties. Brain fever set in, and for weeks Percy hovered over the valley of the shadow of death.

Kitty, our willful, thoughtless Kitty, nursed him through it all. Somehow a wonderful change had come over Kitty. She was merry and gay at times, but a womanly seriousness could be

noticed which was as charming as it was new.

She began to feel that she did not hate Percy Smith, after all. Indeed, she rather liked him, she confessed to herself.

The crisis of Percy's illness passed, one day, while lying half asleep, he felt warm tears fall on his face, and a pair of tremulous lips touched the pale forehead.

The white lids flew open and he beheld—Kitty! She cast a frightened, shamed look at him, and flew from the room.

"Oh, what have I done?" she thought. "He'll think me immodest and bold, and I can't stand that from—from him!"

And Percy?

"Then she does think a little of me after all," he thought, while his pulses thrilled with happiness.

From that day he improved rapidly and in the golden Indian summer-time he was able to go out into the fresh invigorating air.

"And you are going away—so soon?" there was a constrained, pained ring in Kitty's voice, which she tried in vain to make steady, and her face turned pale.

They were standing on the veranda—Percy and Kitty.

"Yes," said Percy, slowly; "shall you miss me just a little bit, Kitty?"

Kitty's lips quivered, but she made no reply. The next minute Percy had drawn the blushing face upon his breast.

"Oh, my darling," he breathed, tenderly, "I was afraid you never could learn to love me! You disliked me once, you know. You do love me a little bit now?"

"Not a little bit, but very, very much, Percy," Kitty said, in a low tone.

The next evening, when Craig came around as usual, he said:

"Well, Kit, have you any news for me?"

"None, Craig, unless that about the new schoolmaster is news."

"Well, what is that about him? Have you had a hand-to-hand contest with him, or what?"

"No, indeed; but the horrid creature has asked me to marry him!"

Craig opened wide his blue orbs, pretending to be much surprised.

"And your answer was no, of course?"

"Of course it wasn't," said Kitty, decidedly.

Craig gave a low whistle, and said, compassionately:

"Poor fellow! his life will be a torment to him," and then had to dodge around to escape a box from Kitty's dimpled fingers.

A Quiet Boarding House.

"I have come in answer to your advertisement for board," said a nervous old lady to a pert miss of thirteen, as the latter showed her into a parlor of all the comforts of a home establishment on Henry street. "And I won't come here unless your house is perfectly quiet, now remember that."

"Quiet! well, you may smile," replied Miss. "That noise you hear now is the dentist in the basement, pulling out a tooth, but he'll get it out, if it takes him a month. How much can you afford to pay?"

"I think I hear some one upstairs shouting," said the old lady.

"That's only a young lawyer practicing a case. You'll get used to him. Nobody liked it at first, but we've all got used to it and don't mind it now. Got any children? We don't take children, because our babies fight 'em so."

"No, I haven't. Who's that yelling in the next room?"

"That's the landlord trying to collect the rent. You know pa is very deaf, and you've got to howl at him. You'll have to pay in advance if you come here."

"Good gracious! What's that?" ejaculated the old lady, as a furious din swept through the lower regions.

"I guess the cook is driving grandma out of the kitchen with the clothespole. She often does that. Have you got much baggage?"

"Sakes alive! Somebody is being murdered upstairs! Who is it?"

"Oh! that's a literary fellow on the top floor. Whenever he writes anything he squeals like a pig. But he generally writes at night, and you needn't pay any attention to him."

"What are your terms?—good heaven, the roof has fallen in!"

"No, it hasn't; that's a college professor, and that's the way he goes up and down stairs. If you listen you may hear him break his neck! Can you give any references? Anybody know you?"

"Certainly; if I—was that a gun?"

"I guess so. My cousin has got a prairie down cellar where he hunts Indians and buffaloes and things. Sometimes he's a road agent, and then he robs us on the stairs. We always allow for it in the board, so it evens up. Got any money of your own?"

"Never mind whether I have or not; I don't think I want a room here, anyway. Let me out, please."

"Couldn't let you have one, anyhow," retorted Miss, preparing to slide down the balustrade. "There's only one empty one, and that's too high-priced for you; besides, you don't wear very good clothes, and we prefer not to have you around." And down the slide she went with a whizz, while the old lady pattered off after another home-like house.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

FOR THE LADIES.

Dressing the Hair.

A book that should give the full history of the feminine headdress would be a book full of interest. How many long and patient researches its author would have to make to give even a glimpse of the thousands on thousands of transformations that the natural ornament of the human skull has undergone at the bidding of taste and of caprice!

During the epoch of paganism the priestess of Bacchus appeared in public with flowing tresses, while Diana and her nymphs are represented as knotting their hair on the top of their heads. The coiffure of the ancient Greek ladies, as also of the Roman dames, was of an extreme simplicity; they parted the hair on the top of the head and braided it in long plaits falling down the shoulders. Very often they made with these plaits a twist behind the head, which was kept in place by means of a bandelet. The Roman ladies, whose slaves were counted by thousands, employed many of these solely in dressing their hair. Woe to the slaves if the coiffure became disarranged! Patience was not one of the virtues of the fashionable women of those days. They diverted themselves by thrusting long pinners into the flesh, of their improvised hairdresses.

Even at that time the hairpin was already in use; for we know that Flavia, by way of insulting the corpse of Cicero, drew a hairpin from her locks and thrust it through the tongue of the illustrious orator, as though thus taking vengeance for the sarcasms that tongue had hurled at her. The use of hair powder was also known, since Poppea, the second wife of Nero, never allowed herself to be seen by her lord and master until she had first covered her locks with a powder of gold.

During the middle ages fashion did not get any further than the plaits and bandeaux until the Crusaders left an Oriental imprint on the art of hair-dressing. Toward 1660 a revolution suddenly broke out among the ladies who set the pattern of elegance. Curis became the fashion and graciously shaded the charming features of the Le Vallieres, the Sevignes, the Maintenons, the Ninon de l'Enclos and the other beauties who adorned the reign of Louis XIV. A little later the pyramidal headdresses came into vogue and grew to ridiculous heights. So absurdly high were they that ladies going to the ball were forced to kneel down in their carriages or to thrust their heads out of the windows. In caricature of the period hairdresses on the way to the houses of their patrons are represented as carrying ladders upon their backs.

The revolution of 1789 was a terrible blow to the artists of the profession, and the disuse of powder and of wigs forced them to sensibly modify their art. It was at this time that a hair-dresser named Michalon invented and brought into fashion the practice of exhibiting different styles of headdresses on the heads of the wax figures which still ornament the windows of his successors. The reigns of Louis XVIII., Charles X. and Louis Philippe contributed nothing to the history of hair-dressing, except fashions that nowadays would be considered eccentric.

With the advent of the Second Empire we enter the domain of modern hairdressing. Felix Escolier, hair-dresser to the Empress Eugenie, composed for the wedding of that sovereign a coiffure consisting of two bandeaux in front; the one in the Marie Stuart style, the other rolled, beginning at the top of the head and falling gracefully down the neck in little curls. This dresser of crowned heads was before everything else an innovator. For many years he created the new styles. His professional brethren could not succeed in imitating him, and they employed all sorts of stratagems to discover his secrets. One day as he was dressing the hair of the wife of a great dignitary of the Empire he perceived one of these rivals who, disguised as a valet, had entered the shop to spy out the new style, in order to employ it on the head of one of his own clients. Felix, pretending not to see anything, dressed madam's head in the most laughable and grotesque fashion that he could devise. As soon as his rival had gone away he undid all that he had done and constructed a scientific and novel coiffure. As for the rival, he imitated with implicit confidence what he had seen. Filled with enthusiasm, he dressed the hair of his client, a lady who was to pass the evening at the Tuileries. Her entrance into the imperial ballroom was the signal for laughter and jests on all sides. It was the ruin of the unlucky hairdresser.

Fashion Fancies.

Dotted mull scarfs are much worn. Red parasols are striking novelties. The fashionable parasol is very large. There is a rage for tau-colored gloves.

The obelisk is a novelty in rough straw hats.

All sleeves are half short and all gloves very long.

Red abounds in summer dresses, hats and bonnets.

Box-plaited and shirred corsages grow in popularity.

The obelisk hat has a tall, tapering crown and a wide brim.

Plain black grenadines, trimmed with black laces, will be much worn.

Corsage bouquets of pure white flowers are the fancy of the passing moment.

There is a decided tendency to make

skirts fuller and their draperies more bouffant.

The wearing of a frill of lace around the edge of the brim of hats and bonnets is revived.

Obelisk hats are trimmed profusely around the crown with long, rich, heavy ostrich plumes.

There is a revival of black and white striped silks for parts of costumes and for underskirts.

Fancy bracelets and necklaces and pins, mounted with insects and odd designs, are much worn.

Pale tinted mull muslins are as much worn as white and cream, and make more dressy toilets.

White jonquils and stock gillyflowers are worn for corsage bouquets by ladies in second or half mourning.

New scrap bags are shaped like a great vase, and trimmed with acorns, bows, and balls of many colors.

Pale rose, blue, and cream white sash-side zephyr cloths will be ag-in use for inexpensive and garden-party dresses.

Chair stripes, sofa pillows, mantel lambrequins, and tidies of blue satin, worked in bright colors in silk and wool, suit any kind of furniture.

Decorative needlework designs on table scarfs, piano covers, curtains, valances, tidies and mats; the favorite fancy work of women of leisure for the summer.

Pretty and easy fancy work for summer afternoons is that done on linen, doilies or linen or moccie cloth strips and squares, in outline designs, stitches with bright red or black or varicolor d silks.

An eccentric fashion is to put white and black ostrich plumes on opposite sides of the brim of a black chip hat, separate by a bow of white satin over white Spanish lace, while the brim is lined with white satin and white Spanish lace frilled in and held down with a row of large cut jet beads.

Striped goods are used by the best dressmakers as trimming rather than to form any important part of the dress. They make the flounces, which are half concealed by the Greek fret on the border of the overskirt, they form the plaiting about the neck and sometimes the cuff, but they do not make the dress too gay.

A Lover of the Period.

It was night in a Walnut street parlor. Out of doors the wind moaned and the sleet rattled, but within all was warmth and cozy comfort. The crimson upholstery glowed tranquilly under the soft light of the argand, and the flickering rays from the ruddy grate shaped many an elfin shadow on the carpet and in the corners.

Two parties, male and female, were sitting on one sofa.

The sofa was designed for that number, but to-night there were, accidentally, on one end of it nine volumes of an encyclopedia.

Consequently the volumes were somewhat pressed for sitting room.

The occupants of the other end of the sofa were Paul Flump and Miss More McMinnywink.

Paul was saying: "Miss More, pardon my boldness, but I must speak. Long ago you must have guessed the great feelings which—which I feel for you. Oh! cannot you return them—some of them, at least? I—I love you, I do!"

"Paul," she answered, softly, but firmly; "Paul, you must not talk so! Forget it, I pray you. We are both poor, and should have no fine house, nor pretty furniture, nor sweet carriage, nor lovely dresses, and—and all that. Forgive me, Paul, but I must have all these when I marry, and you cannot furnish them."

"Yes, I forgive you, I do! Fact was, I—I was under a false impression; I—I—thought you could supply us all them ere things! I forgive you!"

Benefit of Quick Work.

The rapid worker has not time to get disgusted with his work—it is out of his hands long before it grows wearisome. Disgust is the product of dawdling effort. If the work is somewhat varied, the pleasure in connection with its completion is varied too. Hence, perhaps, the reason why the total and sudden giving up of work is often attended with evil results. The transition from a life full of activity and rich in the enjoyment of successful labor, to a life of utter idleness, with no such vivid enjoyment, has often proved fatal. There is too little activity in the new life, and too little of the pleasure of activity. Idleness without the excitement and pleasure of work, becomes depressing. The vital forces droop and decay. On the other hand, to the busy worker rest and recreation have a double relish. No holiday is so refreshing as that in which he runs away from his labors, and enjoys himself in quite a different sense. If his life were a succession of holidays, it would soon grow burdensome.

During the last year the Baptists increased 163,524; the Methodists, 52,620; the Lutherans, 10,223; the Episcopalians, 20,846; the Presbyterians, 16,248. The Baptist gain, therefore, was nearly double that of the other four denominations combined. The Methodists, North and South, however, outnumber the Baptists.

Tellers of exaggerated stories are known in business circles as yarn merchants.

Voices of the Night.

"It was late last night when you retired?"

"Yes, papa," I said, with a yawn behind my fan, "for the horrid man. He just talked on and on."

The more he hinted the more he stayed; I knew you were wakeful, too, and I told him so; but he would not go—And what could a poor girl do?"

"It was very late when you retired?"

"Yes, papa!" I frankly said, "For the man, you see, just talked to me. Though I yawned till my eyes were red; and I went so far, when the clock struck twelve, as to count the strokes all through. But—the stupid!—he just wouldn't see—And what could a poor girl do?"

"It was worse than late when you retired?"

"Who? I tell you, pa!" I cried, "If I hinted once to the tiresome duncie, 'Twas a hundred times bawdy!"

Why, I even said you'd been in bed for at least five hours; I knew; But he tipped his chair, and still sat there—So what could a poor girl do?"

"Well, the jemsos-gohl! was you up all night?"

"Why, papa!" I humbly plead, "Don't thunder so! there's a man below; and he's sent you his card, and said that the reason why he stayed all night was, that he wanted to see you, too. That he might ask for the hand I gave—For what could a poor girl do?"

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Out of season—An empty spice-box.—*Fawcett Strauss*.

The retired theater star is always an exacting creature.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Love lightens labor," as the man said when he saw his wife doing his work for him.

When a man applies for a situation as a policeman it is supposed he has a taste for a club life.

Sore financial distress—When you haven't got money enough to buy ointment for a wound.—*New York News*.

A canal differs from most things in one respect—it is always filled before it is opened.—*Syracuse Evening Herald*.

Gate posts should be set out firmly. A great deal may hinge upon them as your girls grow up.—*New Haven Register*.

Some one has said that parks are the breathing-places of a city. No one has said that parks are the sparkling-places of a city.

"When yesterday I asked you, love, one little word to say, your brother interrupted us; so please say yesterday."—*Toronto Grip*.

A woman requested her husband not to associate with a certain man who was a hard drinker. "Why," he exclaimed, "he's my boose'n friend."

An Irishman, who was found guilty of stealing coffee, was asked by the magistrate what he did with it. "Made my wife with it," was the Hibernian's reply.

An exchange says that "the coming girl is to be prettier than the kind we now have." Impossible; there can be no improvement upon the original article.

Wasn't it rough on Ella, just as she was telling Frederick, at lunch, how ethereal her appetite was, to have the cook bawl out: "Say, will ye have yer pork and beans now, or wait till yer feller's gone?"

"Which side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Kipple?" asked a counsel, cross-examining a witness. "Oh, either side, sir. If you go one way, it's on the right side; if you go the other way, it's on the left."

The best runs for poultry are where grass and gravel are plentiful. Grass runs are of great value where they can be had, but they must be large if fowls have constant access to them or the grass will soon cease to grow.

A lawyer's brief is very long