

The Forest Republican.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with advertising rates: One Square (1 inch) one insertion - \$1, One Square one month - 3 00, One Square three months - 8 00, One Square one year - 30 00, Two Squares one year - 50 00, Quarter Col. - 30 00, Half - 50 00, One - 100 00.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work. Cash on Delivery.

The Highway Cow.

The hue of her hide was dusky brown, Her body was lean and her neck was thin, One horn turned up and the other, turned down, She was keen of vision and long of limb; With a Roman nose and a short stump tail, And ribs like the hoops of a home-made pair.

Old Deacon Gray was a pious man, Though sometimes tempted to be profane, When many a weary mile he ran To drive her out of his growing grain. Sharp were the pranks she used to play To get her fill and to get away.

Over the garden, round and round, Breaking his pear and apple trees, Tramping his melons into the ground, Overturning his hives of bees; Leaving the angry and badly stung, Wishing the old cow's neck was wrung.

SO VERY PLAIN.

"If only she were not so very plain," sighed Mrs. Morton, as she discussed her daughter's future with her friend. "A plain girl nowadays has no chance at all."

And poor Lizzie Morton had learned to consider her want of beauty almost in the light of a misdeemeanor.

"A woman has no right to be ugly," her father would say; and her mother would glance at her own reflection in the glass and murmur:

"Very odd that Lizzie takes after neither her father nor me."

So it is easy to imagine that Lizzie had looked forward to her first ball with mingled feelings.

"It is very little matter, after all, what you wear, my dear," her mother had said. "With your complexion anything will suit equally well."

And yet, when Lizzie was dressed and came down the broad staircase in her white dress, with its trimmings of carnations, and her crimson cape over her shoulders, she was by no means altogether unlovely.

Her eyes had a soft, mild expression, and the little hesitancy and shyness made her lower the heavily-fringed lids which many a beauty might have envied.

These heavy eyelids had been a trouble to her all her life. Her brothers had ridiculed her for her sleepy look, and she had been accustomed to hear sharp contrasts drawn between her mother's wide open, large gray eyes and her own heavy look.

So she followed her father in much trepidation to the carriage, and her heart beat high as, after their short drive, they reached Brandon Hall, with its blaze of light and waiting servants and general appearance of festivity.

Mr. and Mrs. Brandon were cordially greeted by their friend, Sir Harry Wells; and, being among the earliest arrivals, and upon a footing of the closest intimacy, Lizzie was chaimed by the younger members of the family and carried off to see the decorations in the supper room.

She had time to recover some self-possession before the guests filled the ballroom and dancing began.

Sir Harry's second son came up and claimed her for the first waltz—he could scarcely do less—but, that ordeal over, she was left to sit quietly by her mother's side.

She had been sitting still for a long time, when suddenly her ear caught a few words—something about "taking compassion"—and she was startled a moment after at hearing a few rapid words of introduction and finding a gentleman standing beside her, soliciting the pleasure of a dance.

gave a faint response and rose from her seat. "Well, one must do a good-natured thing once in a while."

The good-natured thing did not prove very unpleasant.

Lord Pelham's well-bred courtesy placed Lizzie at her ease, and, much to her own surprise, she found herself chatting to him all about her home, her scarcely discarded school-days and this very ball.

"I suppose," said Lord Pelham, "you were very much excited about your first ball? I remember when my sisters came out what a fuss there was! It is a good, many years ago (by Jove, they wouldn't thank me for saying that though), and every one thought they'd take the town by storm. You can't guess, Miss Morton," he said, warming to his subject, "you can't guess how pretty they looked. I can see them now, dear girls! How proud I was of them both! I really don't know which was the prettier," he headed, reflectively.

Lizzie sighed.

"Why!" continued Lord Pelham, as if once started in his recollections he found it difficult to stop, "I remember almost quarreling with my cousin because Lily would dance the first waltz with him! How absurd it seems!"

"Are they married?" asked Lizzie, timidly.

"Married! Well—no," said Lord Pelham, reflectively, "and, come to think of it, it's odd too, that they haven't married, such pretty girls as they were."

"I thought," said Lizzie, impulsively, "that pretty girls always married—at least—I—"

"You—what?" asked Lord Pelham, rather amused at her aroused tone; then as she shrank back into her shyness he continued, laughing:

"Well! I thought too, once, that pretty girls always married—but they don't, you see! Why, half the old maids were pretty girls once!"

"I wish I was a pretty girl!" said Lizzie, in a sudden burst of confidence, but so naively that no one could have suspected any desire for unmeaning compliment.

Her simplicity amused Lord Pelham vastly. He glanced at her little unconscious face and after a second's hesitation asked, in a manner that put her quite at ease:

"Would you mind telling me why? Are pretty girls such enviable things?"

"I think they are," said Lizzie, "I'm so tired of being told how plain I am, every one seems to think I can help it, and I can't, you know."

"No!" said Lord Pelham. "I suppose not, you weren't consulted about it, were you? Well, never mind, Miss Morton, I'll tell you something to comfort you. I've got a plain sister, and I love her better than both the others put together," and he looked so kindly at her, even with a little amused smile on his lips, that Lizzie's reserve melted quite away.

"Is she married?" she asked, in a hopeful tone.

"Married! Yes, indeed, married the very first season she came out, and such a plain little body you did never see?"

"How did she manage it?" asked Lizzie in a tone of amazement.

Lord Pelham fairly laughed—he couldn't help it. This girl, this plain little girl, amused him vastly.

"Oh," he said, at last, "I suppose somebody was wise enough to know that beauty is only skin-deep, and my sister Janie had an angel's soul."

Lizzie sighed again; then, with a renewed outburst of confidence, she said:

"I don't think beauty is only skin-deep. I think it's heart-deep. I would give all I have to be pretty."

And as she spoke, such a wistful, child-like look grew in her face that her companion was touched.

"I wouldn't think about it if I were you," he said, after a pause. "Try and put it out of your head. There are plenty of things beside beauty you can have. Don't you sing, or play?"

"I sing a little," said Lizzie. "But please don't tell any one. I am so afraid Lady Wells will ask me."

"I won't betray you," said Lord Pelham, more and more amused.

This naive little girl was something new in his world. There was something about her, too, which reminded him of his favorite sister. He felt that Janie would have liked her.

He took her back to her mother, feeling very much as if she were a little child confided to his care.

out, and who was such a regular beauty. "So fair, you know," said Lizzie, with a touching reflection upon her own dull and freckled skin, "and with such lovely large blue open eyes."

"By Jove!" thought Lord Pelham, "I wish she'd look at me. I'd like to see what her own eyes are like."

But this wish at least was vain. Not even her gratitude—and shy Lizzie was overpowered with gratitude for all his attention—could give her courage to look up at him.

He remained near her, chatting, till the carriages were announced, and even lingered to place her cape round her shoulders, and bid quite a cordial Good-night to her parents; but, after all, his curiosity was not satisfied.

"And so Lizzie did dance!" said her elder brother next day, as the ball was eagerly discussed.

"Dance!" said her father, in high good humor—"I should think so! Danced with Lor Pelham, above all!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Morton, reflectively, "it was very good-natured of him. I heard him say something about compassion; he was sorry to see her so lonely."

Lizzie herself was so convinced that this was the case that she was not the least annoyed, only when she went upstairs she staid a moment longer than usual before her glass, and, raising her heavy lids, looked herself straight in the face.

"He's very good natured," she thought "I wish I were not so very plain."

Lord Pelham's curiosity about those eyes was singular. He found himself speculating more unreasonably on the subject, and wondering what color would suit her face.

Almost any color, he was forced to admit, would do. The dull, sallow skin, the ill-formed nose and wide mouth, no eyes could wholly redeem them, and probably the fringed eyelids were a compensation.

Well, well, what did it matter? He supposed they should not meet again. Why should they? He did not intend remaining in the neighborhood, and, had he intended it, he had no excuse for calling.

But they did meet. Somehow, on Sunday morning, a sudden and most unlooked-for impulse seized Lord Pelham to attend service in the village church. He went in late, a little embarrassed, if the truth must be told, at his own action.

He sat very quietly in the corner of the pew to which the old verger conducted him, and only felt at home when the droning choir began the Psalms. Then he looked about, and soon caught sight of Mrs. Morton's handsome face.

"By Jove! what a pretty girl!" he thought, as his eye wandered past to a roselod of a girl—"the beauty," evidently, of poor Lizzie's tale—and next to her sat his shy friend herself, the downcast lids more drooping than ever, the dull complexion more leaden beside the bright blue eyes and pink and white of the pretty sister.

Still, Lord Pelham's glance rested on the plain face of his earlier acquaintance. The service seemed wonderfully short, and when the congregation left the chance he found himself side by side with Mrs. Morton.

"Going our way?" she asked, in the porch; and so, naturally enough, he accompanied them homeward, even walking through their park up to the very door.

"Mr. Morton's in the conservatory, if you care to join him," Mrs. Morton ventured to say, her motherly heart all in a flutter; for here, she decided, was a chance for pretty Rose.

And Lord Pelham did care, it appeared, and had a chat with the master of the house, found sundry points of interest in common, and even stayed for the family dinner.

"Horribly unaristocratic he must think us!" feared Mrs. Morton, as she explained that the early dinner enabled the servants to go to church.

Little Lord Pelham cared for her chatter; he was wholly occupied with the plain face opposite to him.

In vain pretty Rose bridled and blushed; in vain she peeped up at him with her most bewitching air. He was only conscious of one fact about her, which was, that she snubbed her elder sister.

So did every one else, it appeared to him; for when Lizzie ventured the remark—which she rarely did—it was generally met with: "Oh, I dare say you think so!"

The neighborhood began to talk very soon after this eventful Sunday in the Mortons' life. Lord Pelham remained at his friend's—Sir Harry Wells's—and came so often to the Lodge, evinced such an interest in all Mr. Morton's improvements—actually invited the boys to his manor for the September shooting—that he seemed almost like one of the family.

One day in the early winter, when the hedges were sparkling with hoarfrost, and the roads were beginning to harden, Lord Pelham took his familiar way to the Lodge.

He was thinking, as he walked along, of many things about his intimacy there, and his thoughts involuntarily turned to Lizzie. He went back in his mind to their first meeting.

"I declare," he said to himself, "she never gives me a chance to see what those eyes are like. And how they do snub her at home; to be sure! Well, poor little thing! she's worth a hundred times more than that pretty doll Rose will ever be!"

He was walking briskly along, when his attention was arrested by a little figure which, turning a corner some

distance before him, was hurrying, almost running, toward him.

"Why, by Jove!" exclaimed he, quickening his steps, "it's Lizzie. What can be the matter?"

And as they met, Lizzie, with pale, frightened face, clung to his arm.

"Oh, Lord Pelham!" she cried, breathlessly, "I'm so frightened! Those horrid men! I ran as hard as I could. They actually spoke to me. There they come!"

As she spoke a band of tramps turned the same corner, evidently in high enjoyment of her terror.

"They begged," explained Lizzie, "and I was so frightened. I never was spoken to in the street before. I never go alone—only Dame Brown is sick in the village, and wanted to see me."

Lord Pelham was very indignant. He at first thought he would expostulate with the coming tramps; but feeling how undesirable it would be on her account, he contented himself with placing her little trembling hand on his arm, and casting fierce looks at them as he passed.

"Never mind, Lizzie!" he said, when, having turned the corner, they were out of sight. "You don't feel frightened now—do you?"

And he stood still and took both the little shaking hands in his.

"Oh, no!" said Lizzie, looking straight up into his face, and then at last he saw the eyes, the deep violet eyes, swimming in tears, with their child-like look of trust and dependence. "I know you will take care of me."

"Lizzie!" said his lordship, impulsively—"Lizzie, I want you to let me always take care of you. Be my wife, Lizzie—my dear little wife."

"Oh!" said Lizzie, drawing her hands away suddenly. "You can't mean it, I am so very plain!"

However, he convinced her that he did mean it, and the world has long forgotten that Lady Pelham was ever considered "so plain."

"She has such lovely eyes, you know," Mrs. Grundy says. The rest of her face is of no importance whatever!

Fortunes Picked Up.

Up on the ledge, last week, three men in one day pounced out twenty-nine pounds of gold. For many days the yield has been about the same, and there seems to be no sign of their giving out.—Downville (Cal.) Messenger.

At 1 o'clock this afternoon John Robar and Eli Worthington uncovered a three and one-half foot vein of rich mineral, six feet from the surface, in the northern outskirts of the city. An assay shows the ore to contain sixty per cent. of lead and forty-five ounces in silver. From 1 o'clock until 4 o'clock, the hour of writing, between six and eight tons of this rich mineral was put on the dump. The lead is solid and in place. The city is wild with excitement, and hundreds of people have visited the wonderful discovery.—Bonanza (Col.) Enterprise.

Sr. H. Diaz Pena, who arrived in Tucson, Arizona, from Mexico, recently, brought with him probably the most splendid specimen of silver ore that has ever been seen in that section. In weight there are about twenty-eight ounces of pure silver and a half ounce of quartz. The mine from which this is taken is located in the State of Sonora, about one hundred miles southeast from Alamos, in Sonora. It was recently discovered by a mere accident.

A vaquero was riding over the mountains in search of stray cattle, when his attention was attracted by a large boulder, which appeared unusually rich in metal. Upon examination it proved to contain several thousand dollars in silver. It was taken to the mint at Hermosillo and sold for upward of \$3,000. Three brothers named Berreyessa purchased the mine, and in one week they extracted more than \$28,000 worth of the same kind of quartz.

Suicides from High Places.

The first attempt to commit suicide on the New York elevated railroad was made a few days ago by a young woman who threw herself from a station platform in front of an approaching train. In the large cities of the world the high places accessible to the public have come to be utilized for the purpose of suicide. Many persons bent on self-destruction have leaped from the parapet of the High Bridge aqueduct across the Harlem river, and have been killed by the fall of over a hundred feet. Superstitious laborers engaged about the pumping-house have told stories of phantom shapes flitting along the capstones of the masonry on moonlight nights, or ascending the flights of stairs without stepping; and it is told of one of the men that though his working hours ceased at 2 o'clock in the morning, he would never cross the bridge to his home till after daylight. Since a drunken man leaped from above the keystone of the central arch, and lived to resume his occupation of fishing from the neighboring wharf, which exploit has been followed by descents in safety by two or three venturesome persons, the place has been abandoned for purposes of suicide, as offering, perhaps too many chances of failure. After the Brooklyn bridges shall have been completed, it will, unless closely watched by guards, offer facilities for suicide which cannot fail to attract those who may be tired of life.

A half dollar for 1807 is worth seventy-five cents. A five-cent piece of 1795, in good condition, is worth one dollar. Fifty-cent pieces for 1813, 1819 and 1824 are worth sixty cents each. A half cent for 1851 is worth eight cents.

FOR THE LADIES.

Mexican Society.

There exists no other society on the planet, not even India, where there is more distinction of caste and class than is found in Mexico. On the Gulf coast, by consequence of unfortunate amalgamation of the white and the Indian and Chinese and the black races, there are said to exist at least a dozen separate classes of humanity, of different color, or, at least, of different characteristics. In the capital such is not the case. There are Castilians and creoles, or children of Indian mothers and Spanish fathers and full-blooded Indians. The creoles are noted for their intelligence, their symmetry of form and feature and their personal courage. Their complexion may be said to resemble that of the far-famed caballeros of Andalusia. The males are tall and shapely, while the ladies are generally very beautiful, are well formed, possess delicately moulded hands and feet, and the most beautiful eyes of any of the human family. The belles of the south of France, of the mountains and plains of Spain, of the Sierras and coasts of Portugal, and the famous cities of Italy, must yield to their charming sisters of the Latin republics in the beauty, shape, size and expression of the eyes. They are so exceedingly expressive, a glance from between their low fringes seems to melt into the very soul.

The Mexican ladies are exemplary wives and fond and loving mothers. Their home to them is their entire world; their husbands the idols of their hearts, while their children are the angels which make their home their heaven. Yet, strange to say, there is no word in the Spanish language that can express the idea conveyed in our dear old hearty Anglo-Saxon word "home."

The nearest approach to it is found in *hogar*, which may be translated "hearthstone" or simply "hearth." Yet, notwithstanding this, the ties of family are more binding in Mexican society than among any other race under heaven. The repentant outcast knows that he or she can always return to the friendly shelter of the family roof. While the prodigal son invariably finds the arms of the indulgent and forgiving parents open to receive him, for among the Spanish creoles "blood is thicker than water," and tears which stream from a mother's eyes have often wiped away the stains of erring daughters' sin, in Latin countries one false step is not so often followed by a parent's curse, nor the door shut to the return of one who has in the senseless parlance of society irretrievably fallen.—New Orleans Democrat.

Fashion Notes.

Brown lace is used on light colored silks.

Dragon green is a new shade of that color.

Ombre and Roman short sashes are worn.

"Teel" or apricot is the favorite shade of pink.

China crape is imported for overdresses.

Open work and fancy braid hats are the rage.

Black chenille forms part of the handsome mantles.

On wedding slippers ivory heels are the latest thing.

Dotted and flowered Swiss muslins are again very fashionable.

Colored lace mitts in every style are worn to match the costume.

The new almond color is only a revival of the old cuir or leather color.

Buttons with *Æsop's* fables are fit to amuse the children only—not for dresses.

Black and white checked silk neck handkerchiefs are worn with traveling suits.

The nearer the bangs and curls cover up the forehead the more fashionable is the wearer.

Skirts of sea-grass cloth embroidered in crewels are to be worn at the seaside this summer.

A befitting toilet constructed simply and of plain goods is far more pleasing than an elegant dress badly made.

Lawn tennis costumes are made of cream or cream-colored batiste, brightened by wide bayadere stripes in rich Oriental colors.

Chantilly lace is worn over platings of delicately tinted satin, intermixed with poppies or fine soft flowers, for dress hats.

Roses of pink or crimson, dark red roses and dark red poppies are worn with black, or cream colored satin or Surah dresses.

Suits of checked linen in black and white are almost as pretty as the checked silks, and infinitely cooler for evening dresses.

Black silk grenadines, in Mexican grounds, have broadened hovers in black plush, the leaves being outlined with threads of gold or silver.

Among the stuffs which have recently come into fashion is linen luster, an old-fashioned silky material worn in the time of our grandmothers.

Olivette is the name of a new hat which turns up all around, except just over the right shoulder, where it bends down very sharply. The trimming is feathers.

New designs in jewelry are suggestive of the land of the Nile. Egyptian and Cosenola designs prevail. The asp, the lotus leaf, and the Nile key are patterns much worn.

fine sprays of rose leaves and moss buds, are worn under the oddly curved brims of the stylish and picturesque Spanish round hats.

Mother Hubbard cloaks for little girls are gathered in such a way that a ruffle stands out above the yoke. The effect is quaint and odd but not by any means pretty.

Gingham frocks for little girls are plaited from the neck to about half the distance between the belt and then allowed to fall loose. The trimming is Hamburg edging.

Thin silk scarfs bordered with deep chenille fringe and woven in embossed figures are to be worn for wraps with muslin gowns. They are to be found in all the pale tints.

The graceful little bags of tinted silk to be suspended from the belt or girle are called "gipcieras."

The Greek polonaise is worn by half-grown girls. Some dressmakers give it the Marguerite sleeve, and the result is a garment that looks as if it had dropped together by accident.

One of Worth's new polonaises has the front cut away like a waistcoat, and the sides faced and folded back, with cascades of lace down each one and about the lower edge of the waistcoat.

A new hat made in Italy and on exhibition at Milan is all in one piece, retains its shape perfectly on the head, and can be sat on without sustaining a wrinkle. It would be a good theater hat on a "crush" night.

Very pretty is the mode of adorning flat bonnets with a bunchy torcade of the bright striped silk, and overlaying the crown by a square of crocheted gimp pinned down cornerwise to form a Marie Stuart peak in front.

An English bride went to the altar the other day attended by five bridesmaids dressed in primrose satin looped up with bouquets and trails of scarlet camellias and primroses, and yet the English are "quiet" in their tastes.

The latest novelty in fans was brought from the Orient, and is called the Amphora. They are very unique in shape, without handles, and are made up in silk and satin, with feather trimmings and artistic designs painted in colors.

The Mother Hubbard gowns for little girls are economical, for no sash is worn with them and they are easily made. All materials are used for these little costumes, even muslins and gingham being fashioned in the quaint old style.

A style of hair-dressing, is the fashion of cutting the hair short from temple to temple and curling it in short heavy rings all over the crown of the head. The remainder of the hair is twisted in a Grecian coil low in the nape of the neck.

Hoop earrings are very popular. One variety shows a roll of Etruscan gold forming a plain, medium-sized hoop, but ending at the ear in the head of a savage little tiger with ruby eyes and open jaws. The new jewelry seems to be dimmed with the mold of a thousand years.

Fancy jewels play an important part in modern toilets. No scarf, tie or bow of any kind is now worn without being fastened with some sort of brooch. Most of these brooches are in the form of insects, butterflies, lady birds, snails, and even spiders, although the latter have not obtained the vogue that was predicted them.

Arab Oddities.

An Arab entourage a horse removes his shoes, but not his hat. He mounts his horse upon the right side, while his wife milks the cow upon the left side. Writing a letter, he puts nearly all the compliments on the outside. With him the point of a pin is its head, while its head is made its heel. His head must be wrapped up warm, even in the summer, while his feet may well enough go naked in winter. Every article of merchandise which is liquid, he weighs, but measures wheat, barley and a few other articles. He reads and writes from right to left. He eats scarcely anything for breakfast, about as much for dinner, but after the work of the day is done, sits down to a hot meal swimming in oil, or better yet, boiled butter. His sons eat with him, but the females of his house wait till his lordship is done. He rides a donkey when traveling, his wife walking behind. He laughs at the idea of walking in the street with his wife, or of ever vacating his seat for a woman. He knows no use for chairs, tables, knives, forks, nor even spoons, unless they are wooden ones. Bedsteads, bureaus and fireplaces may be placed in the same category. If he be an artisan he does work sitting, perhaps using his feet to hold "at his hands are engaged upon. Drink a cold water with a sponge, but never bathes in it unless his home be on the sea-shore. Is rarely seen drunk—too seldom speaks the truth—is deficient in affection for his kindred—has little curiosity and no imitation—no wish to improve his mind—no desire to surround himself with the comforts of life.

Telegraph Lines.

At the close of the year 1880 there were in the United States 170,103 miles of telegraph lines, and during that year 35,155,991 messages were sent. The miles of wire were about 300,000. This does not include the lines used exclusively for railroad business. The other countries having the greatest length of lines are as follows: Russia, 56,170 miles; Germany, 41,431; France, 36,970; Austria-Hungary, 30,403; Australia, 26,842; Great Britain, 23,156; British India, 18,209; Turkey, 17,085; and Italy, 15,864.