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The Boys and Girls. God wants the boys, the merry, merry boys, The noisy boys, the funny boys, The thoughtless boys— God wants the boys, with all their joys, That he as gold may make them pure, And teach them trials to endure; His heroes brave He'll have them be Fighting for truth And purity. GOD WANTS THE BOYS.

God wants the happy-hearted girls, The loving girls, the best of girls, The worst of girls— God wants to make the girls his pearls, And so reflect his holy face, And bring to mind his wondrous grace, That beautiful The world may be, And filled with love And purity. GOD WANTS THE GIRLS.

—Sunday-school Times.

HELEN HYDE'S GOOD DEED.

"Yes," said the doctor, solemnly, "she shows every indication of going into a decline. Rest, relaxation, change of air and scene—that's what she ought to have!" Mrs. Dardanel looked perturbed. "Dear, dear," she said, "what a pity. And she's quite a pet of mine, too, dear little thing. She is very quick with her needle, and really ingenious—and the way she puts trimmings on a dress positively reminds one of Madam Antoinette herself." "The Seaside cottage would be the place for her," suggested Dr. Midland. "You are one of the lady patronesses, I believe, and—"

fashion, and sat all the long bright afternoons under the maples, staring at the sea. "Who is that old gentleman?" she at last ventured to ask Mrs. Daggett. That lady frowned, impatiently. "It's old Daddy Mifflin," said she. "And I wish it was anybody else!" "Is he a boarder?" asked Helen. "Well, he is and he isn't!" rather obscurely answered Mrs. Daggett, who was picking over currants for a pudding while Helen sat by and watched her. "But he won't be here long. You see, my dear, he hasn't any friends. When me and Daggett came down from Vermont and bought this place we got it cheap because of old Mr. Mifflin. We was to give him the northeast chamber, and they were to allow us so much a month for his keep. It ain't everybody, you see, as would be willing to have an old man like that around the place. But he's harmless and innocent enough, and I won't deny that the two dollars a week heaped along. But now prices have gone up, and Breezy Point has got to be a fashionable locality in summer time, and things are altered. And what's worse, his folks have left off sending the money."

turning red and white, for Helen Hyde, now spending her second summer at the farmhouse, sat by quietly sewing in the window recess. "I'm free to allow that me and Daggett got out of patience and was goin' to put him on the town, but Miss Hyde here, one of our boarders, she's paid for him ever since." "I beg your pardon if I have interfered," said Helen, blushing scarlet as the large dark eyes fell scrutinizingly on her face, "but he seemed so old and so helpless, that—" "God bless you for your noble deed!" said Ambrose Mifflin, earnestly. "But there was something in Helen's manner which prevented him from offering any pecuniary recompense to her, "My grandfather will need your cares no further," said he. "We have been fortunate in our Australian investments, and I am prepared to buy the old farm back again and settle here permanently." "And when Mrs. Dardanel began to think about getting her winter ball dresses made up, she received a note from Miss Hyde, which ran as follows: "DEAR MRS. DARDANEL: I am sorry to disappoint you, but I cannot undertake any more orders. For I am to be married next month to Mr. Ambrose Mifflin, and we are to live at the Daggett farm. And, oh! how proud I should be if you would come here and visit me next summer, when the roses are in bloom and the strawberries ripen. Ambrose is all that is nice, and I shall have the dearest old grandfather-in-law in the world. Affectionately, "HELEN HYDE." And all this life romance had grown out of Helen's month at the seaside.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The White House cellar has been converted into a curiosity shop, with a miscellaneous collection of traps sent on from all parts of the country for the benefit of President Garfield. There are at least twenty-five beds, including one which is five and one-half feet long, and was sent all the way from Minnesota for the accommodation of a man over six feet high. A Michigan man sent a cage with two white mice to amuse the President's children, and a lady in the remote west contributed a stuffed humming bird "to relieve the monotony of the sick room."

FOR THE LADIES.

Algerine Oddities. In going about Algiers, what strikes one most is the endless variety in the costumes of the inhabitants—Jews, Arabs, Kabyles, Mozabites, Negresses, etc., all dressing differently, and in bright, beautiful colors. The Arab women with the haik and white veil covering all but their dark eyes, look like ghosts gliding in and out of the crowd; but when at home they, too, dress in a gorgeous way. The jewels they wear are quaint and of a very rough beauty; for and the stones are real, they do not mind of their being full of flaws, and irregular in shape and color; their pearls are rough, and the Arab women grease them that their color may be yellow; the diamonds are set in lead, which give them a dull, heavy look. We went once to an Arab wedding, and as both the families were rich, the dresses and jewels worn by the ladies were most splendid. The bride herself—a poor little thing of fourteen—looked anything but happy, seated on a cushion on the floor, while her mother and a professional dresser, painted, powdered, and gilded her face, plaited her hair, and then dressed her up in costly clothes, with all the family jewels heaped upon her. All the time her toilet was going on, three frightful negresses played and sang wild Arab music close to the bride's ear, and others, down stairs, uttered the curious cry of joy which is a sort of trill on one high note. Little garlands of white jessamine blossoms were given to every one, and when all was ready she was led to her husband, who was waiting her in another room. He was a very ugly man, more than twice her age, and when the poor little bride saw him she burst into tears in a most pitiful way. We wished very much that an artist could have been with us, for there were so many beautiful Arab ladies sitting round on divans and cushions; but as no man except a near relation may see a woman unveiled, our wish was a vain one. On our way downstairs after the wedding, we saw the servants of the household seated in a ring on the floor, eating from one large dish of couscous, which is the principal food of the Arabs; it is made of the emoule of Algerian hard wheat, and if only mixed with good butter it is very nice to eat. But what the Arabs generally give us is made with bad butter, and it is almost impossible to swallow it, however much we wish to please the kind giver, who stands close by, urging us to eat more, and almost forcing it into one's mouth in his hospitality. Matters were not mended by a friend of mine, who dexterously conveyed the rancid morsels into a handkerchief on her lap; for as in a hasty search for coppers the contents of the handkerchief were scattered over the upturned faces of an expectant crowd, it must somewhat have diminished the satisfaction which her apparent good appetite had afforded her host.—Leisure Hour.

Compensation.

For every leaf of green, A golden leaf; For every fading flower, A ripened sheaf; For every parching beam, A drop of rain; For every sunny day, The stars again. For every warring wave, A pretty shell; For every sound of woe, A joyous bell. For every passing care, A mother's kiss; And what could better be, Dear child, than this? —George Cooper.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A put up job—preserves. The sorrel nag is a horse reddish. What is that which no man wishes to have, and no man wishes to lose? A bald head. Adam is the patron saint of the West-ern pork raisers, because he had the first spare rib. What word is there of five letters, from which, if you take away two, you leave six? Sixty. "Water-melon-choly scene," said the small boy when the farmer's dog chased him out of the patch.—Modern Argosy. It is a grave offence to rob a soldier when on duty. The other night, however, a sentry was relieved of his watch. Be careful about trusting a secret to old father Time, for there is a proverb, you know, that Time will tell.—Somerville Journal. When a man puts plenty of provisions in his will they should amount to a valuable legal currency at current prices.—Wheeler Journal. "There's always room at the top," said the customer when he saw the way the grocer filled the measure with potatoes.—Stevensville Herald. When the Emperor of Russia yawns, those about him look in awe upon the wonderful czar-chasm which he displays.—Detroit Free Press. An exchange suggests that perhaps the reason why a Moscow paper was recently suspended was that it actually published an item of news. What is that which, if you divide into two parts, you have only one-quarter remaining. Did we hear you murmur fifty cents?—Yonker's Statesman. Some men when they go to church, never think of studying the frescoing on the ceiling until the collection plate is being passed around.—Norristown Herald. Dame Fortune is blind, but her daughter, Miss Fortune, has her eyes wide open and can easily lay hold of the wisest of the sons of men.—Boston Transcript. You can't always judge a man by the coat he has on his back, but a policeman can make a pretty shrewd guess on a man whom he sees getting out of a clothing-house window with a coat on his arm.—Saturday Night.

A Snake as a Teething Ring.

Mr. Robert James, who arrived in this city yesterday from Chicot county, tells of a horrid incident which he stated has just taken place in that county. A farmer returning at noon from the field, while passing through the yard, discovered his little boy, about a year old, sitting near the fence with one end of what seemed to be a leather strap in his mouth, while with both hands he held the strap near the middle. Approaching the father was horrified to find that the child held a snake, and the snake squirmed, but the little fellow pulled and closed his mouth as tightly as though he were trying to bite off the serpent's head. The father seized the child and tore the snake from his hands. The snake was of the black species, and though not poisonous, might have wound its body around the boy and choked him to death. This would seem to settle the old dispute as to whether or not a human being's fear of a snake is innate or the result of education. It may have been that the child was teething and wanted something to bite on, and in the absence of rubber or a painted stick adopted the snake as a substitute. Those who naturally feel an interest as to the fate of the snake, may rest assured that it was killed.—Memphis Times Appeal.

Superstitions of Whale Fishers.

At the present day it is the commonest thing in the world for whale fishers to burn an effigy in order to "bring luck." If the ship has fallen in with few whales the crew attribute their bad fortune to their having some unlucky individual on board, and by burning his effigy they believe that his malign influence is got rid of. The most unpopular man in the ship is generally picked upon as the offending party. Sometimes two or three pictures are burned, one after another, if luck is very bad, and on an average one is burned in each whale ship every season. The practice is a very old one, and is said to have taken rise from a similar custom which prevailed among the herring fishers of Banffshire, by whom it was introduced on board the Peterhead whalers. A century or two ago not merely effigies, but living men and women were burned on suspicion of casting a blight upon the herring fishery.—Land and Water.

Fashion Notes.

The Jersey glove is a late novelty. India cashmeres will be much worn. Campagna red is a new name for brick dust. Floral cake decorations are coming in vogue. The dressiest evening toilets are sleeveless. Fine cut black jet never goes entirely out of fashion. Plain hosiery in dark solid colors are the highest style. Moire antique is the leading silk novelty trimming this fall. Shaded plushes come in a brilliant style; the colors are very effective. One of the novel styles of plush goods has furrows running across the material. The splendors of the loom were never more dazzling than they are for the Autumn season. Pointed girdles of watery silk or velvet are to be worn with woolen gowns next winter. Dotted plush belongs to the delicate style of goods; it is extremely light, and is admirably finished off. Tiger plush comes from the past; it is a lovely texture and combines very handsomely with satin merveilleux. Black gros grain silks begin to appear once again, combined with black watered silk or moire and satin striped fabrics. They have, however, never gone out of style with a certain class of the most fashionable ladies, who prefer quiet colors and plain, elegant toilets. Large Gypsy hats are worn, trimmed with wreaths of scarlet berries and delicate clematis blossoms, and tied down with long scarfs of black Spanish lace, which are wound gracefully about the throat, and then carried down to the belt, where they are fastened by a spray of berries. California, which once so distanced all other States in the production of gold and silver, now stands second in the list. Colorado is the banner State, having produced last year \$23,000,000 worth. Nevada, which led during the decade ending 1880, now stands third, having produced last year \$15,000,000. California being second with \$19,000,000. Following in order are Utah, Dakota, Arizona, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and New Mexico. The young belles of New York are becoming vaccinated, and as there are plenty of young doctors there to do the work they are correspondingly happy.

Population of Africa.

People who have forgotten their school statistics may be surprised to learn that the population of Africa is much greater than that of North and South America. We are apt to think of Africa as mostly desert and wilderness, with here and there a few tribes of Arabs or villages of negroes. Beyond the borderland with which civilization is familiar, it is natural to think of the inhabitants of Africa as few and far between, like our Indians. As a matter of fact, Africa is much more thickly inhabited than America. Authorities which set the population of the latter at 84,542,000, give the former 203,300,000. In the Sudan the population is rated at 80,000,000, one town on the Niger containing 90,000 inhabitants. East Africa is rated at 30,000,000, and equatorial Africa is rated 40,000,000 souls. It is estimated that the members of the negro race number 130,000,000. Many of the tribes, says our authority, are above the condition of savages. They have fixed habitations, though merely mud huts, defended by stockades, and they have some laws or customs favorable to commerce. Among several tribes the native merchant is greatly esteemed, and property is safe even during the war. The land is cultivated; the inhabitants wear dyed cotton clothes; gold and iron are ingeniously manufactured, and a certain kind of intelligence seems to be very slowly spreading.

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