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Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Includes One Square (1 inch), one insertion - \$1; One Square, one month - \$3 00; One Square, three months - \$6 00; One Square, one year - \$10 00; Two Squares, one year - \$15 00; Quarter Col. - \$3 00; Half - \$5 00; One - \$10 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 Yorktown Centennial Ode.

Hark, hark! down the century's long-reaching glope To those transports of triumph, those raptures of hope, The voices of main and mountain combined In glad resonance borne on the wing of the wind, The bass of the drum and the trumpet that thrills Through the multiplied echoes of jubilant hills, And mark how the years, melting upward like mist Which the breath of some splendid enchantress has kissed, Reveal on the ocean, reveal on the shore The proud pageant of conquest that graced them of yore, When blended forever in love as in fame See, the standard which stole from the star-light its flame, And type of all chivalry, glory, romance, The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France.

"AHEAD OF TIME."

"Now I'm going to show you why I struck out for myself." I had been driving a mile or two with my cheery friend, Dr. Mary Stedman, and until that moment was unaware of any motive for the ride other than the usual one of pleasure to us both.

it, for at that moment my companion reined up suddenly, and with a shriek "Here we are!" jumped from the carriage. "This," pointing to a weather-beaten but still comfortable-looking house, "is the homestead. Since the death of our parents my eldest brother has lived here. You needn't be at all disturbed," as I naturally hesitated about intruding among strangers, "for my sister-in-law expects us." "How cool! how neat! how shady and comfortable!" were my first exclamations as I followed my leader into the old-fashioned parlor.

I haven't any time. To tell the truth, I have such a pain in my side all the time that I'm not fit for anything. I wish you'd give me some of that medicine, Mary, that you gave me last summer. "I suppose you work just as hard, Anna, as though you hadn't a pain in your side," the doctor remarked. "Of course I do," was the somewhat irritable response. "Who else is there to do it if I give up?" "Where is the pain, Anna, and how long have you had it?" The doctor's tones were even, and her manner so calmly professional that I had at the time no suspicion that any of it was assumed.

horrible part of it is that nothing one can say or do will ever have the slightest effect. "Don't you think your very natural anxiety about your sister may have colored your diagnosis a little?" I inquired. "Not in the least," my companion answered. "Anna's pulse was one hundred and twelve. The respiration was labored and ominously frequent. There is no mistaking such signs." "How could she keep at work with such a pulse as that?" I asked. "By the exercise of will power," said the doctor. "In our family will power is a direct inheritance. If it could only have been put to a good use how much might have been accomplished! My dear, this will power eats salt pork when good beef and the most nutritious food are absolute necessities. It makes all its cream into butter that the cash may 'lap over.' It drinks skim milk, and works nineteen hours out of twenty-four."

Successful Skin-Grafting. Some months ago we made reference to a case of skin-grafting in this city, performed by Dr. John Deyo, and we may now state that the operation has proved wholly successful and the highest expectations have been realized. It will be remembered that the person operated on was Mary Foster, a little girl of ten years, who lives in Mill street, who had the misfortune to plunge into and overturn on herself a boiler of very hot water. The upper part of her body was badly scalded, particularly her right arm, which was wholly divested of skin from the shoulder to the tips of the fingers. The other burns got along well, but this arm caused the child untold pain, while the great discharge from it was necessarily very weakening.

Humor of the Day. Hanging a man in effigy is about as much fun as making faces at a blind man. "Excuse the liberty I take," as the convict remarked when he escaped from the State prison. A manufacturing wire worker, in an advertisement, invites the public to come and see his invisible wire fence. A base hit. Perhaps after all, the surest way to wipe out the Apaches would be to invite them to play baseball with a baseball nine. A piece of petrified bread has been found in Ibberville Parish, La. No clue to the mystery, as there is no railroad lunch counter in the county. The bicycle is a great thing to put flesh on a man. The Chicago Tribune knows of a man who had one only a week, and his left ankle is three inches larger around than it was when he first rode it.