

The Forest Republican.

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A Thanksgiving.

I bring my hymn of thankfulness To Thee, dear Lord, to-day; Though not for joys Thy name I bless And not for gifts I pray. The griefs that know not man's redress; Before Thy feet I lay. Master! I thank Thee for the sin That taught mine eyes to see What depths of loving lie within The heart that broke for me; What patience human want can win From God's divinity. I thank Thee for the blank despair, When friend and love forsake, That taught me how Thy cross to bear, Who bore it for my sake, And showed my lonely soul a prayer That from Thy lips I take. I thank Thee for the life of grief I share with all below, Wherein I learn the sure relief My brother's heart to know, And in the wisdom taught of pain To soothe and share his woe. I thank Thee for the languid years Of loneliness and pain, When flesh and spirit sowed in tears, And scattered not in vain; For trust in God and faith in man Sprang up beneath the rain. I thank Thee for my vain desires, That no fulfillment knew; For life's consuming, cleansing fires, That searched me through and through, Till I could say to Him: "Forgive! They know not what they do." What fullness of my earthly store, What shine of harvest sun, What ointment on Thy feet to pour, What honored race to run, What joyful song of thankfulness, Here ended or begun, Shall mate with mine, who learn so late To know Thy will is done? -Rose Terry Cooke.

THE MISSES TEMPLETON'S TEAPOTS.

"Well, if it don't beat all! I'm struck all of a heap!" "An' what's more," pursued the striker, leaning a little further from his wagon, and speaking through tightly shut teeth, as if thereby the sound would be prevented from passing beyond the listener, "there ain't no backin' down, as you might think. If over you seen a face set, you'd 'a seen it this mornin'; an' she lookin' back all the time, too, as if I was carryin' her to the vault in the lower graveyard. I declare I'd just about as soon. I hain't got over it yet." "But, for the land's sake, why didn't Dianthy stop her?" "Past stoppin'." These still folks, when they do take the bit between their teeth, don't stop for 'whoa.' Dianthy wasn't up, nuther. You'd ought to hev seen her when I druv up with Lucindy. She came nigher speakin' out when I handed in that hair trunk than she's done for ten year. But I guess the tone 'll be in an uproar when it knows. It ain't agoin' to allow it." "How 'll it hender it, Lamson, I'd like to know?" "Don't know," said the first speaker, "but there's got to be a way found. Why, this mornin' Hiram come out, an' his wife, too. They're good sort o' folks of they do run the town farm, an' Hiram sez: 'Now, Miss Templeton, I told you before, an' I tell you now agin, 'tain't no use. You ain't a pauper, and you jist can't an' shan't change off.' 'I've settled it,' sez she, hard an' stiff as Dianthy herself. 'You're bound to keep Lucindy, an' ef I choose to change places with Lucindy, it's nobody's business but my own. Ef you won't let her go, I'll stay here whether or no. T'worn meetin' mind till spring, an' I've made up my mind. There ain't nothin' but death can change it.' Lucindy climb up to the seat before Hiram could interfere, an' I druv off, an' how they'll settle it I can't say, but there she is. The last words I heard her say was: 'Hiram, there's no peace for me anywhere but here, an' here I mean to stay.'" "She's out o' her mind," said old Hubbard, picking up the rake dropped in his first surprise. "There'll have to be a special meetin' called, an' I'll see about it this very day." "Better let folks manage their own affairs," returned Lamson, gathering up the reins. "I don't know as I'd druv her over if I'd understood exactly what she wanted; an' then agin I don't know. But I will say I thought I'd like to see how Dianthy would take it. It beats me. Chloe Templeton in the poorhouse, an' them Templetons 'ith money enough to buy you 'n' me out this minute." "T'wouldn't take no great to do that," said old Hubbard, returning to his work, astonishment still predominating in his leathery face; and Lamson drove on, the tall figure of a woman appearing in the open doorway of a house above, as if she had been watching the interview, and were half disposed to speak. Hubbard made a step forward as if uncertain whether to speak or not, but retreated suddenly as the door shut with a bang. "Templeton temper," he said, shaking his grizzled head; "but who'd 'a thought Chloe had any of it? I callate she got desprit, an' struck out for any kind o' a change, an' I don't wonder nuther;" and with another shake he settled to work, pausing at intervals to ejaculate, "Well, it beats me!"

Half way up Breakneck, so towering and assertive a hill that anywhere but in New Hampshire it must have been a mountain. Even now its claims to that title were not to be disregarded. Year after year the selectmen threatened to labor no longer on a road more and more given over to gullies and sudden small landslides and big stones, which, appearing mysteriously in the way, could never be accounted for save by diabolic agency. Year after year the two or three farmers who tempted Providence by a permanent wrestle with the thin layer of soil barely hiding the granite below, gathered to work out the road tax, the patient oxen painfully marking out the deep furrow on either side, and pondering why human beings should make so much evidently useless work both for men and oxen. Why Isaiah Templeton had chosen Breakneck pastures, when river meadows fat with corn and wheat lay below, he never told, but the choice had been made. Half way up the hill. A turn in the road, and between two rocky pastures, where sweet-fern and brake disputed place with every root of grass, a strip of land, every stone long ago laboriously removed, and entering into the well-built wall on either hand. On the pasture side raspberry bushes and wild grapes and rambling vines in general had it all their own way, but Isaiah Templeton's life-long fight with weeds had not been unavailing, and Diantha, his eldest born, pursued them with an even greater vigor and determination, affirming that had every farmer done his duty half as well Canada thistles would have become an extinct species. Diantha, Althea and Chloe—strange names for the three middle-aged women in the weather-stained house with sloping roof, where mosses grew in spite of Miss Diantha, and on whose sides a faint red still lingered, though sixty years had passed since it first showed bright against the dark wood behind and above it. Whatever latent poetry in the rusty little farmer had prompted the names had died with him, Watts' hymns being the nearest approach to such frivolity tolerated by either Diantha or Althea, two grim and determined females, with faces as hard as the stones that made up most of their patrimony, and who, through Miss Chloe's girlhood, had carefully repressed the tendency to sentiment less sedulously hidden than than now. Years had thinned Miss Chloe's hair, sharpened still more the nose sharp in the beginning, tipped it with a frosty red, and printed crow's-feet about the faded blue eyes, always a little perplexed and troubled—always gentle and apologetic, and filling with tears as quickly as in her silent and sensitive girlhood. Life held small leisure. Books were a waste of precious time, and more and more butter and cheese the chief end of woman; and thus Miss Chloe's sentiment found no outlet save in the flower bed, which, in spite of Miss Diantha's arguments, held its place under the south window, and in summer filled the little sitting-room with a perfume altogether out of place in those upright quarters. In the old hair trunk, well hidden between towels and pillowcases, lay Miss Chloe's chief treasure—a time-worn copy of Mrs. Hemans, bearing on the fly-leaf in cramped letters the inscription: "To Miss Chloe Templeton, from her well-wisher, Josiah Green."

Something more than a well-wisher Josiah would willingly have been, but Miss Diantha had set her face against it, and Josiah, after a short period of dejection, married pretty Sophy Downer, and slept now with his fathers in the old graveyard. For years Miss Chloe kept the little book folded in tissue paper and laid away, but with the funeral took it out as if death gave a right, unclaimable before, and read and wept over it at night, the only time when sharp ears and eyes and tongues gave her respite from continuous observation and direction. For both Diantha and Althea quarreling was as their daily food. What one wanted the other did not, and all day long the hard voices sounded from kitchen or pantry, Chloe cringing as they rose and fell, but silent as years had taught her to be. Miss Althea preferred "salt risin's;" Miss Diantha, "hop 'east, strong'o' the hops." Miss Althea demanded pumpkin pie without eggs; Miss Diantha pronounced them, in that condition, "not fit for pigs." Miss Althea demanded Orange Pekoe, steeped; Miss Diantha, Oolong, boiled. Miss Chloe in her private mind clung to Young Hyson, but would have drunk gall and wormwood rather than make any difficulty—in fact, may be said to have done so in any case. Miss Diantha, as eldest, threw out the Orange Pekoe, rinsed the teapot viciously, with expressions of deep disgust at the fatal blindness of any creature who would drink such stuff; and stood guard over the stove until the tin teapot gave out the rank steam she loved to sniff. With many desires for revolt, none had yet come; but one morning Miss Althea, having watched the operation up to boiling-point, both for herself and teapot, determined upon active measures, and suddenly seizing it ran across the road and threw it with all her force over the fence bordering the "gully wood road," where, bounding from stone to stone in the almost sheer descent, it lay at last in the brook below. Miss Diantha, for the moment speechless, poured out, as breath returned, a torrent of rage on the triumphant Miss Althea, who took down an earthen tea

pot from the shelf, and proceeded to scald it. "As sure as I'm a living sinner, I'll break it if you put it on the fire," said Miss Diantha, a new grimness in voice and eye. "Try it," said Miss Althea, defiantly. "I calculate you'll find more'n one kind o' tea kin be drunk in this house. I've stood you some years too much, an' as fast's you break, I'll buy. You hain't forgot the will, an' that all expenses has got to be equally shared by the three, or as many as lives. It'll be a leetle hard on Chloe, but than she's used to your imposin' on her, an' a grain more won't make much difference." "Sisters," Miss Chloe began, in an agony of tremulousness and apprehension, "for mercy's sake! Oh, dear! how can you? Why don't we each have a teapot, an' why didn't I think of it before? There's one for each, and a caddy apiece too—the little ones grandfather brought home. Oh, don't look that way, Dianthy, an' Althy too! To think that we're all sisters, an' alone in the world! For pity's sake!" "Be still!" said Miss Diantha, imperatively. "An' now, Althy Templeton, you hear my last word to you. When you say you're sorry for this morning's work I'll say back, an' not before. The will's fixed so we can't split nor divide, an' long as we live there's got to be three in the house. Well, I wouldn't split if I could. Folks 'll ask, an' you kin tell. I'm done." Done, truly. Eight years had passed, and not one word had Miss Diantha been heard to speak. If direction was needed she wrote on a slate and handed it to Miss Chloe, who acted as mediator and interpreter. Confident that a day would end it Miss Althea had gone her way, missing more than she would have told the war of words which, after all, had been only words—a family privilege never destroying a certain family feeling holding its place under all assaults. But as day after day went by without a sign she, too, grew more and more determined, and if an occasional spasm of desire for the old state—or perhaps a better state—of things visited her, she put it sternly away. Daily the two faces settled into harder and harder lines; daily Miss Chloe's eyes grew more apprehensive. The three caddies she had filled at once, the time for some decisive action on her part seeming to have come at last beyond any question, and daily she took down the three teapots, hidden for years in the recesses of the upper shelf of the china closet—one old blue, the last piece of a set long ago scattered or destroyed; one a tiny Wedgwood, a great-ant's property, and last, the bronze-colored earthen their mother had sometimes used. The three had each its own place on the stove, and curious neighbors, who had heard there was "something beyond the common goin' on at the Templetons" looked at them with suspicion as in some way accountable for the difficulty and at last with a shake of the head as the silence refused to yield. The minister argued and pleaded, the deacons came singly and in a body, exhorting and threatening suspension of church privileges, and the parish was in a ferment, till a new cause for discussion arose in another quarter, reverting to this, however, with surprising constancy. By degrees Miss Althea had grown almost as silent as the elder sister, whose life seemed a black shadow, darkening even the sunshine of summer or the golden light of autumn on the hills. Miss Chloe grew more haggard every day, and her forlorn blue eyes, reddened with much crying, brimmed over for months, as she looked appealingly from one to another. Anything was better than this hard, grim silence, and the two faces always with averted eyes.

"Oh, why 'didn't I think of these three teapots before?" Chloe moaned to the old minister. "Such an easy way out of all the trouble; an' there I let it go on, an' now I shall always be responsible." No argument availed against this conclusion, and no length of time proved sufficient to overthrow it. Months ran into years at last, but time seemed never to deaden the continuous self-reproach of this Templeton, who had absorbed the conscience of the whole generation, and who sought vainly to reconcile irreconcilable forces. "When an irresistible wave encounters an immovable rock, what is the result?" had questioned Leader Lamson, home from Dartmouth, and overflowing with Sophomoric logic; and old Lamson, after a pause for reflection, answered: "Tarnal smash for whatever comes between." Miss Chloe had come between, and her looks indicated something equivalent to "tarnal smash." Lucinda Wetherbee, once the owner of a small but profitable farm, had "signed" for her brother, a luckless scamp, who fled to the West when the final crash came, leaving Lucinda at sixty to face it as she might. The end was the town farm, where the poor creature went for life, too crushed by the sudden cessation of all the small activities that had made her world to think of other methods. Her mind failed partially, and she appeared periodically at houses she had been accustomed to visit, complaining that the society at the town farm was not what she had been accustomed to or expected, and that "she'd come to stay a spell an' git the taste out of her mouth." When Miss Chloe had made the arrangement and agreement to exchange, she refused to tell, answering every in-

The Frog and the Lily. I. In arching woods of pine and oak, Through which the cheerful sunlight broke, A pond long lay, by soft winds swept, And on its bosom lilies slept. A story of this pond I'll tell, Of homely frog and lily-bell. II. 'Twas in the summer month of June, When robin chirped his merry tune, That lily spoke to frog so free: "Oh, could I only still and lone? But here I am so still and lone, And dull as any old white stone." III. The frog then said to lily fair: "Just see me jump so high in air! But down to come into the mud, And stopped not till he reached the mud." IV. The day was fine, the sky serene; A boat upon the lake was seen. A man caught froggy by the throat, And threw him in the fatal boat. The lily plucked by maiden fair, Was placed upon her golden hair. MONKY. The richest man may lose his gain, The poorest one may rise to fame; Be not puffed up with self-deceit, The boaster always courts defeat; Nor proudly say what you can do, But be modest, gentle, pure and true. E. H. P.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. The saddle horse knows enough of arithmetic to carry one. A man, being tormented with corns, kicked his foot through a window, and the pane was gone instantly. A little heat that can't be beat, the window open wide; a little breeze, a little sneeze, and you're the doctor's pride. The Commercial Bulletin says the man who does not advertise has it done for him finally, under the head of "failures in business." Vassar college has one small girl who will in the hereafter be heard of in the woman's rights societies. She described "straw" as being a hollow thing with a ten-cent man on one end of it and a twenty-cent drink on the other end. "You can't add different things together," said a school-teacher. "If you add a sheep and a cow together, it does not make two sheep or two cows." A little boy, the son of a milkman, held up his hand and said: "That may do with sheep and cows, but if you add a quart of water it makes two quarts of milk. I've seen it tried." A young gentleman who is very particular about the getting up of his linen wrote a note to his laundress, and at the same time sent one to the object of his affections. Unfortunately, he put the wrong address on the envelopes and posted them. The woman was puzzled, but not in the least offended; but when the young lady read, "If you rumple up my shirt-bosoms and drag the buttons off the collar any more, as you did last time, I shall have to go somewhere else," she cried all the evening and declared she would never speak to him again. Origin of "Ta-ta." For several years American paragraphs have been using the old Southern expression, "ta-ta," as a term of humorous farewell, thus giving it a meaning entirely different from that it started out in life with; and how it ever came to be applied in that way is a little surprising to any one to the Southern "manner born," and especially to any one familiar with the idioms of the South of ante-bellum days. No one who was ever petted, loved and spoiled by a kind old black "mammy" can ever forget that "ta-ta," in baby dialect, is "thank you," or, to give an exact definition from our unwritten vocabulary, "thanky." They can never forget mammy's coaxingly reproving tones, nor her "churchy," when, in correcting some childish forgetfulness, the omission of thanks for some slight favor, the gift of an apple, or perhaps a stalk of sugar cane, she would say, "Honey, where's yo' manners? Why'n't yo' say 'ta-ta'?" For a more valuable present her words would have been: "Tell the lady you're much obliged," or "obliged," if she happened to be a little careful in her pronunciation, as many house servants were; but for all trifling gifts "ta-ta" was the popular term for the little folks. Of course as the children grew larger this pet way of expressing thanks was laid aside with their baby clothes; and the "churchy" that mammy had taught them—a funny substitute for a bow, consisting only in a sudden bending of the knees, which caused a comical dip down and up—was put away with the jingling rhymes of early childhood. "Ta-ta" belongs exclusively to the little ones; it is as peculiarly their own as are "catty cats" and "this little pig went to market" and all those other wonderful things belonging to child life. To the great world "ta-ta" is nothing but a ludicrous expression; but to many of us there is something half touching, half comical, in the quaint old words that bring back so vividly the days when we planted raisin seeds, rode stick horses, believed in giants, knew that the fairies were hiding in the ferns and that pots of gold were awaiting us at the end of the rainbow.—Pleasant Riderhood.

Courtship at a Long Range. A comical matter has been made public in Montreal by some legal proceedings. A retired major of the British army had four daughters who moved in good society in that city. They all entered into correspondence with a retired clergyman of London, whose mind was somewhat enfeebled, but who enjoyed an income of \$15,000. The letters became sentimental all round, and at length the man proposed marriage. But which of the four should he take? He had never seen any of them, and it was arranged that each of them should send a photograph to guide him in his choice. Now, the oldest was a widow of forty-five, and therefore the younger and prettier ones were astounded when the decision was promptly announced that their sister was to be the bride. The truth was that she had employed an artist to remove the hard lines and otherwise beautify the picture. But this trick did not help her. When she went to London and presented herself to the clergyman he could see no likeness between her and the fraudulent portrait, and refused to marry her. He gave her \$5,000, however, and she went home. But she does not consider that sum a sufficient compensation, and has sued for damages. How Much a Cow Eats. A cow is not inclined to gluttony. Usually when the appetite is satisfied a cow will stop eating. Any cow's appetite may be gauged in this way: Give her all the feed she will eat and have left. Weigh what is given to her and notice what is consumed. Then make the ration three-fourths of the quantity eaten. No animal, not even a man, should have all it can eat, and the surplus above what is necessary is injurious and produces disease. Generally more harm is done by over-eating than by starving. The staple ration for a cow is fifteen pounds of hay and five pounds of meal, or the equivalent in other food. As grass or green fodder contains seventy-five per cent. more water than hay, four times as much grass or green fodder should be given in place of hay; that is, sixty pounds with the meal. Some cows will probably require more and very few less than this quantity. Poll's Policy. The mystery of the skill of some animals seem to resist all solution. The word "instinct," Lord Brougham declared, was a mere term for our ignorance. The parrot at time astounds the mind with its mischievous cunning. A lady friend of Cambridge, Mass., had a parrot that, on a mouse climbing up and entering his cage, made for the little intruder. He hastened down his chain, and searching all around, eyed the stranger under the bookcase. But the parrot could not get at him there, but cried in its gentle voice, "Come take a walk with pretty Poll! Come take a walk with pretty Poll!" The coming holidays will be more generally observed than any for many years, and we would remind our readers that a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will prove a most acceptable holiday present.