

The Forest Republican

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., One Square, one inch, one insert), and Rate (\$1.00, \$3.00, etc.).

Legal notices at established rates. Marriages and death notices gratis.

The Silver Lining. There's never a day so sunny But a little cloud appears;

There's never a garden growing With roses in every plot;

There's never a sun that rises But we know 'twill set at night;

There's never a dream so happy But the waking makes us sad;

THAT GREEN SILK.

Mrs. Deacon Lewis and Mrs. Davis, the postmistress, were conferring together in mysterious whispers...

"Know how good enough now, and I'll bring her old parrot's neck!

And off went Sammy, regardless of his kite, and burst, breathless, into his father's study.

"You ain't goin' to marry Miss Brewster and her old green parrot that swears, and have her always clearin' up and dustin' and losin' your papers, are yer?"

"That must be the very thing I was trying to remember! Wait a moment. I must have set it down somewhere."

"Mem.—To admonish Brother Bates (gently) that he is becoming unsound in doctrine."

"Mem.—To consider prayerfully whether the use of hair-dye is incompatible with the principles of the Christian religion or the duties of the Christian ministry."

"That's it! I knew I was not mistaken; and I felt that I had leadings from the Lord in that direction; and yet, in the midst of manifold cares and distractions, it wholly slipped my mind."

All unconscious of what was in store for her Miss Cordelia Brewster was engaged in inspecting and admiring her green silk dress, which had just been sent home from the dressmaker's.

Many other admirers had Miss Cordelia, but she had turned a cold shoulder upon all, and seemed perfectly contented to live on in her comfortable old house, with trim box-bordered flower beds in the front yard, and lilac bushes crowding in at the windows, with her handmaiden Tryphosa, who was not, as her name suggested, a blooming and romantic young maiden, but an ancient and angular spinster, who believed in signs and omens, and always "felt" coming events "in her bones."

with a melancholy expression of countenance. "Green means forsaken; there ain't no denyin' it."

"But I am not going to be married in it, you know, Tryphosa," said Miss Cordelia, turning a merry face up to Miss Tryphosa's doleful one.

"There ain't no luck about green nohow," said Tryphosa. "If 'twas laylock, now, or a handsome brown—"

"I suppose I really ought to have had black," said Miss Cordelia, meditatively; "but some way the spring coming on, with everything so fresh and bright, made me feel as I used to long ago, and I've made believe to myself—I wouldn't own it to anybody but you, Tryphosa—but I've made believe I was a girl again. And that's why I had this green silk."

"And that's why you've been putting posies in your hair. Well, it beats all what a difference there is in folks. Now spring puts me in mind of house-cleantin' and soap-billin' and bitters—Land sakes! if there ain't Parson Greeley a-comin' up the walk, and nothin' but the old cropper crown for dinner, and all skin and bones at that, and he a-comin' in the yard this blessed minute!"

Miss Cordelia whisked the green silk out of sight, and smoothed her crimps demurely down, as she hastened to greet her visitor.

It happened that Miss Polly Watkins, who went about the village peddling a concoction known as Watkins' Unapproachable Liniment, was so fortunate as to be passing just as the minister opened Miss Cordelia's front yard gate.

"There! I knew well that there wa'n't never so much smoke without some fire. Miss Badger needn't think she could make me believe that green silk gown with a train didn't mean something. So it's the minister. Well, men-folks is terrible short-sighted creturs. There is them in Westfield that would make him a good sensible wife."

Miss Polly was so unhappy as to go on for nearly a quarter of a mile before she met anybody to whom she could tell her news, and then it was only Dr. Ramey, jogging along behind his old white horse, and between him and Miss Polly "there wa'n't," as she expressed it, "no great likin'," no more'n there was apt to be between two of a trade."

village, and she's very apt to be mistaken. So John set out to call on Miss Cordelia. As he passed the bed of cinnamon pinks he found that, although it was early in the season, three had blossomed that very morning, and he made them into a little nosegay with some sprays of fragrant southernwood.

"I hope she isn't ill!" thought John, and then a sudden suspicion seized him. Here might be another rival, and a more formidable one than Parson Greeley. Were rivals springing up around him like mushrooms, when he had never thought of the possibility of the existence of one?

"Cordelia, I heard that you were going to marry Parson Greeley. It isn't true, is it?"

There was something in the tone of his voice that made Miss Cordelia start. Was John going to speak, after being dumb so long?

Character of the Chinese Newspaper. To begin with the ordinary and numerous decrees acknowledging the good services of deities: "The governor general of the Yellow river," says the Gazette of November, 1878, "requests that a tablet may be put up in honor of the river god."

There are in the United States 3,239 Lutheran ministers. Of these, the largest number in any one State is in Pennsylvania, which has 550; Illinois has 365; Ohio, 340; Wisconsin, 265; Minnesota, 228; New York, 180; Iowa, 168; Indiana, 135; Michigan, 118. No other State has a hundred.

There are at the present day established in the Fiji islands about 900 Wesleyan churches and 1,400 schools. The communicants are numbered by thousands. The schools are attended by nearly 50,000 children, and out of a population of about 120,000, over 100,000 are reckoned as regular attendants at the churches.

Anecdote of Judge Story. The following anecdote about the famous jurist Story is in private circulation, but is good enough for the public eye. It was prepared for Story's biography by his son, but Charles Sumner, who edited the work, struck it out. The narrative runs like this:

Coming Canals. The New York Witness thinks that while railroads have put end to the digging of short canals the great canals of the world that remain to be made are: 1. Through the Isthmus of Panama; 2. Through the neck of the Malay peninsula; 3. From the Upper Nile to the Red Sea; 4. Through the peninsula Schleswig-Holstein; 5. From the head of the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of St. Lawrence; 6. From Lake Winnipeg to Hudson Bay.

SUNDAY READING.

Paying Debts. One of our religious exchanges has the following strong remarks on this subject. They drive the nail to the head and clinch it: "Men may sophisticate how they please. They can never make it right, and all the iniquitous laws in the universe cannot make it right for them not to pay their debts."

Religious News and Notes. The Presbyterians in Minnesota number 7,419. The bishop-elect of Cuernavaca, the Rev. Prudenzo G. Hernandez, of the Reformed Mexican church, is a pure-blooded Indian.

The Rev. G. Habert, a Baptist minister in Norway, has been sentenced to pay a heavy fine for having baptized a young person, both of whose parents were already members of the Baptist church.

According to the Irish church directory for the current year there are now 1,708 clergy in the Protestant Episcopal church of Ireland. In the census of 1861 there was 2,265, and the decrease, therefore, in the twenty years has been 550.

The will of the late Leonard Church, of Hartford, is not to be contested, Mrs. Church agreeing to pay the contestants \$25,000. The estate is valued at \$400,000. Two Congregational societies and the American Tract society will receive \$4,000 each.

The annual statistics of the Moravian church in the United States show that there are now 9,697 communicants, a gain of 136; non-communicants over thirteen years of age number 1,530, and there are 5,307 children. During the year twenty-five were excluded and 943 "dropped."

Bishop Peterkin says that, contrary to the assertions of some, it is a very common thing for ministers to decline churches that are offered to them, with much larger salaries than they are receiving, because they are unwilling to give up a work in which they have become interested.

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The difference between a person in his first childhood and his second childhood is this: In his first childhood he cuts his teeth; in his second childhood the teeth cut him.—Lowell Courier.

Tears. Is it rainy, little flower? Be glad of rain. Too much sun would wither thee; 'Twill shine again.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. There is one thing to be said in favor of knee breeches—they don't bag at the knees.

The nine that none of the league ball clubs care to tackle—strychnine.—Rome Sentinel. A man who was formerly a night watchman refers to it as his late occupation.—Lowell Citizen.

Philadelphia has an artist named Sword. When eight years of age he was only a little bowie. Persons desirous of learning insect life should interview the bee. He can always give you a point.—Salem Sunbeam.

Some epicures object to duck as a refreshment, because if the bird isn't well picked the consumer is very apt to feel down in the mouth. Why, of course a dress coat is the proper garment to wear at a swell dinner. It doesn't button in front, and gives you a chance to swell.

"Ask no woman her age," says a recent writer on social ethics. Of course not. Ask her next best lady friend. She will never fail to give the information. You are right in objecting to the principle that the bulldog is entitled to the whole of the sidewalk, but if he wants it you'd better let him have it.—Boston Post.

"I am beside myself," said Lorenzo, as he stood by a portrait of himself in the artist's studio. "It isn't the first time though, Lorenzo," sighed his wife in martyr tones. An Italian lady knows forty languages and talks thirty-two, yet when she gets right mad this knowledge is of no use, for her husband can only understand one of them.

The 222d asteroid has been discovered, and the world moves right along as if man had no further mission here than making soft soap or whitening up shingles.—Free Press. Our exchanges contain frequent mention of "pound sociables." We have no idea what they are, unless they are the kind of entertainment Sullivan and Ryan indulged in lately.—Sittings.

A statistician computes that one hundred and fifty tons of human hair annually change owners in France. We are unable to give the figures for this country, as the Indians keep no records. "Intelligent!" said the man of his setter dog. "He knows a heap, sir. Why, once he took a fishke to a man and went and induced the man to kick him so I would lick the man! Fact, sir!"—Boston Transcript.

At a high school examination the teacher asked the son of an old ice dealer how many ounces there was in a pound. And the boy said it depended on the extent of the crowd, the length of the summer and the heat of the weather, varying from 5-12 to 13-4, but never reaching as high as sixteen.—Hawkeye.

WISE WORDS. That which is well done is twice done. A blithe heart makes a blooming visage. Better one word in time than two afterward.