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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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The Silver Lining. There's never a day so sunny But a little cloud appears; There's never a life so happy But has its time of tears; Yet the sun shines out the brighter Whenever the tempest clears.

THAT GREEN SILK.

Mrs. Deacon Lewis and Mrs. Davis, the postmistress, were conferring together in mysterious whispers as they leaned over their mutual back-yard fence. Said Mrs. Deacon Lewis: "Seein' is believin' or else I should say just as you do, that it couldn't be true; but I just stepped into Miss Badger's to see what she'd charge to fix over my black alpaca—I wa'n't in any hurry for the alpaca, but I kind of got an idea that there was somethin' in the wind and I thought meb be found find out what it was there—and there I saw it with my own eyes, all over plaitin' and rufflin' that it seemed a burnin' shame to eat up good thick silk into, and fixed up in the back so I couldn't have the heart to set down on it. And Miss Badger, for all she's so close-mouthed, she up and told me who it belonged to, and says I, 'You don't say so?' and says she, 'Yes, I do,' and then she pursed her lips up kind of pro'okin', as if she could tell a great deal more if she was a mind to. But I've got wit enough to put two and two together, if folks is close-mouthed, and says I, right out—for there ain't nothin' sly about me—says I, 'Then Cordilly Brewer is a-goin' to get married.' And Miss Badger she never denied it. 'Well, it does beat all,' said Mrs. Davis. 'This has been a sing'lar year, with what the comet and the terrible happenin's all round; and now Cordilly Brewer settin' up to have a green silk dress, when she hasn't worn anything but bombazine and alpaca and her one old black silk for nigh upon twenty years. It's enough to upset anybody's ideas altogether, and make 'em think the world's comin' to an end. Though I can't say that such extravagance looks much like the millennium.' Mrs. Deacon Lewis shook her head in solemn censure. 'A good black silk would have been much more suitable and becomin' to a woman most forty years old, to say nothin' of the wear and the makin' over, and for a minister's wife—'

"Know how good enough now, and I'd wring her old parrot's neck! I don't believe it, anyhow, but I'm goin' to find out." 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?" demanded Sammy. The minister turned from his sermon writing and regarded Sam. In amazement. Gradually his expression changed to one of perplexity. He removed his spectacles from his eyes to the top of his head and then he tapped his forehead with the tips of his fingers, as if to summon forth some straying recollection. "That must be the very thing I was trying to remember! Wait a moment. I must have set it down somewhere." And Parson Greeley drew from one of the pigeon holes of his desk some loose sheets of foolscap paper which had evidently been used as a diary. Several pages were devoted to memoranda; these the minister read aloud: "Mem.—To confute the infidel pedler's argument by St. Paul, and—"

with a melancholy expression of countenance. "Green means forsaken; there ain't no denyin' it. And Seliny Wilson, that was married in green, was laid out in a coffin in it before the end of the year; and Mertilly Lyman, that was married in a white muslin sprigged with green, and green bunnit strings, she had a drunken husband that fell off the hay-mow and dislocated his spinal column, and everybody knew her twins wa'n't bright; and—"

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. And he was in such haste that he forgot to conceal them from the public gaze by a bit of paper, as—feeling that it was somewhat ridiculous for a stout old bachelor of forty-five to be carrying about little bouquets—he had done on other occasions. The doctor was driving away from Miss Cordelia's door as John approached it, the horse going at his old-fashioned jog, as if there were nothing in the world that was worth hurrying for. "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? Miss Cordelia's cheeks were much flushed, and they grew redder still at sight of John's nosegay. John, strange to say, did not blush or stammer as he presented it. Rivals seemed to be a wonderful stimulus to his courage. "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? "No, it isn't true," said Cordelia, and cast down her eyes. "Nor—nor anybody else?" John was stammering now. Was his courage going to fail? "No, nor anybody else," said Miss Cordelia. "That is—"

SUNDAY READING. Parson Deacon. 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. There is a sin in this neglect as clear and as deserving church discipline as is stealing or false swearing. He who violates his promise to pay, or withholds the payment of a debt when it is in his power to meet the obligation, ought to feel that in the sight of all honest men he is a swindler. Religion may be a very comfortable cloak under which to hide, but if religion does not make a man deal justly, it is not worth having."

Trains. Is it rainy, little flower? Be glad of rain. Too much sun would wither thee; 'Twill shine again. The clouds are very black, 'tis true; But just behind them shines the blue. Art thou weary, tender heart? Be glad of pain. In sorrow sweetest things will grow, As flowers in rain. God watches, and thou wilt have sun When clouds their perfect work have done. —M. F. Dubs. 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 boy. Persons desirous of learning insect life should interview the bee. He can always give you a point.—Salem Spectator. Some epicures object to drink 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 whittling up shingles.—Free Press. Our exchanges contain frequent mention of "pound societies." 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 dislike to a man and went and induced the man to kick him so I would kick 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 cross the length of the summer and the heat of the weather, varying from 5-12 to 113-4, 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. None but the wise man can employ leisure well. People seldom improve when they have no other model than themselves to copy after. Fortune does not change men; it only unmasks them and shows their true character. When you have occasion to utter a rebuke, let your words be soft and your arguments hard. We cannot too soon convince ourselves how easily we may be dispensed with in this world of ours. Give me the money that has been spent in war and I will purchase every foot of land upon this globe. Instead of complaining of the thorns among the roses, we should be thankful there are roses among the thorns. Men who have the strongest intellects have the weakest memories; they trust more to invention than to memory. A brain is a very hungry thing indeed, and he who possesses it must constantly feed it by reading or thinking, or it will shrivel up or fall asleep. That which is good enough to be done cannot be done too soon; and if it is neglected to be done early, it will frequently happen that it will not be done at all. It is the habitual thought that frames itself into our life. It affects us even more than our intimate social relations do. Our confidential friends have not as much to do with us as our lives as the thoughts that we harbor.