

The Forest Republican

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1 00; One Square, one inch, one month... 8 00; One Square, one inch, three months... 6 00; One Square, one inch, one year... 10 00; Two Squares, one year... 15 00; Quarter Column, one year... 25 00; Half Column, one year... 35 00; One Column, one year... 100 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.

Drifting Down. Drifting down in the gray-green twilight, Oh, the scent of the new-mown hay! Sol, drip the oars in the mystic sky-light, Oh, the charm of the dying day!

Gray Hairs and Golden Head.

Gray Hairs and Golden Head walked up the village street together under the lilac blossoms in the bright spring weather. There were lilacs here, lilacs there, lilacs everywhere. They nodded over the low garden walls; by many a cottage window their purple clusters tossed so thickly a young girl's eyes could scarce be seen beyond, smiling across them at her passing lover.

"I was going over on the other side, of an errand, but I can give you a little time. It's early yet." They strolled along together for a moment in silence. Rick noticed that Stephen Norcroft's face had grown pale—he seemed tired—yet strangely excited. Perhaps it would be better if he himself were to speak first.

to say something of good-will; he strove to speak some word of friendly parting—good luck or Godspeed him in his wooing—but he found it impossible. He could not lie. There was no good-will in his heart toward this man of the silver hair, who was talking of love for "sweet Anne Percival" to him.

read; you can take it, and I want you to tell me some time, by-and-bye, what you think of it." He handed her the poem—Ah! poor Stephen. "I hope it is something interesting," and Miss Percival slipped the folded paper into the book she was carrying.

he was tired, he laid himself down below the birches and the fragrant pine boughs, by the brookside, among the tangled vines. He was tired, Oh, he was tired; he put his face in the cooling grasses; the light ebb of the moon and stars shining afar off up there gave him a sense of intolerable pain. Would they shine on forever, when he was so tired, so worn and weary.

Invocation to Summer Rain. Oh gentle, gentle summer rain, Let not the silver lily pine, The drooping lily pine in vain To feel that dewy touch of thine— To drink thy freshness once again, Oh gentle, gentle summer rain!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

It is estimated by the census of 1880 that there is an average of five and a quarter persons to each family. An exchange unfeelingly adds: "In many of them the husband is the quarter."

The Cup that Cheers.

There is, perhaps, no beverage the world over so popular as the cup of tea, so potent to brace the nerves, so conducive to domestic comfort and cheerful, innocent gossip. If one has a headache, is chilled or weary, the cup of tea revitalizes and kindles the exhausted flame of energy and spirits; it is the small currency of hospitality.