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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes rates for one square, one inch, one month, one year, and various other ad formats.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, cash on delivery.

SUNDAY READING.

Prayer. An article found among the unpublished papers of the late Dr. J. A. Alexander, on "Circumlocution in Prayer," closes with the following "practical suggestions to young men who are forming their habits" in respect to prayer.

- 1. Let your prayer be composed of thanksgiving, praise, confession and petition, without any argument or exhortation addressed to those who are supposed to be praying with you.
2. Adopt no fixed forms of expression, except such as you obtain from Scripture.
3. Express your desires in the briefest, simplest form, without circumlocution.
4. Avoid the use of compound terms in place of the imperfect tense.
5. Hallow God's name by avoiding its unnecessary repetition.
6. Adopt the simple devotional phrase of Scripture; but avoid the free use of its figures, and all quaint and doubtful application of its terms to foreign subjects.
7. Pray to God and not to man.

Religious News and Notes.

Ocean Grove, the famous camping-ground, was unknown thirteen years ago.

The Northern Presbyterian church has 572,123 communicants and the Southern church 124,806.

A writer in the Independent expresses the opinion that the Mahomedan power is sick unto death.

There are five branches of the Methodist church in England, and their aggregate increase in membership last year was 22,713.

The richest colored congregation in the country is said to be that of St. Augustine's Roman Catholic church, Washington. The best church music at the Capital is alleged to be that of its choir.

Professor James D. Dana, of Yale college, who has received higher honors from European scientific societies than any geologist now living in the United States, says of the first chapter of Genesis: "Examining it as a geologist, I find it to be in perfect accord with known science; therefore, as a Christian, I assert that the Bible narrative must be inspired."

It is related of Rev. William Arthur, the President's father, that while presiding over the Baptist church in West Troy his choir drewled out the hymn with variations, which did not please him, so he took his text and preached two hours and forty minutes. His head deacon grew impatient and consulted his watch. "Keep your watch in your pocket, Deacon Jones," said he. "You had a long sing, and now I am going to preach till I get through."

Rev. Vivian Dodgson was lately engaged in preaching to a crowd of idlers upon the beach at Lowestoft, England, when suddenly loud cries for help were heard coming from the sea. Mr. Dodgson leaped from a barrel on which he was standing and ran to the water's edge. There he saw that a boat had upset in the sea and that five persons were struggling for their lives. Without a moment's pause he rushed into the water and swam out to the struggling creatures. One woman he brought safely to land, two were rescued by others, and a child was saved by a man in the overturned boat that could swim. It is presumed that the Royal Humane society will confer a medal upon Mr. Dodgson.

Rev. Frederick D. Power, who enjoys some reputation as being President Garfield's pastor, and chaplain of the House of Representatives, writes the Christian Union concerning the "Christian" or "Disciple" church: The religious people known as "Christians," or "Disciples of Christ" simply, had their origin in the early half of the present century in Kentucky, parts of Ohio and West Virginia. Alexander Campbell, of Bethany, W. Va., was a prominent teacher of the views held by them, and after him they are sometimes called, but without their consent, "Campbellites." Since Mr. Campbell's death, which occurred in 1866, they have made their mightiest strides. Though the youngest of the religious bodies, they have advanced from the foot of the list to the fifth rank, and are increasing at a rate of not less than 50,000 yearly. They now number 678,000 communicants in this country, and have churches in England, Australia, France, Denmark, Turkey and the island of Jamaica. Their strength in the United States is chiefly in the West and Southwest, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri and Ohio having the largest bodies. They support some forty colleges and sixty religious periodicals.

The gum of the palmetto, which is found in abundance in Florida, makes as good if not better medicine than gum arabic. A solid lump of pure silver, weighing nearly a pound, was found near Magnolia, N. C. recently.

Woman's Trust.

"Good wife, what are you singing for? You know we've lost the hay, and what we'll do with horse and kye is more than I can say; While like as not, with storm and rain, we'll lose both corn and wheat." She looked up with a pleasant face, and answered low and sweet: "There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot see; We've always been provided for, and we shall always be!"

Musical Record.

Simeon Pingree's Chance.

A group of men was gathered in Elijah Wiswell's store, which was also the postoffice. A debate was in progress, and, as usual, Simeon Pingree had the floor. He was a long, loose-jointed, shock-headed specimen of humanity, with so large an Adam's apple in his long lean throat as to continually excite surprise that he was not choked by it, and huge feet upon which he had a way of unasily shuffling to and fro. Sim had inherited from his father the trade of a shoemaker, but had long ago decided that it was not sufficiently "intellectual" for him. Occasionally the inhospitable spirit manifested by his neighbors when he was "a-passin' by, and kind o' dropped in" to take his meals with them, drove him to the uncongenial pursuit just long enough to "set the pot a-billin'." To keep it boiling was not in the line of Sim's ambitions; after a day or two of effort he fell back into his old ways with an air of supererogatory merit. His neighbors, who did not appreciate his "intellectual" views, regarded him as lazy and "shiftless," and openly pointed to him the poorhouse as his inevitable destination. "As good-for-nothing as Sim Pingree," was the height of invidious comparison in the village. But though he was of so small practical worth Sim had a "flow of language" which caused his society to be much sought, and won for him a certain kind of respect. It was generally conceded that if he had been possessed of "sprawl" (the common synonym for energy in Greenhollow), and a little more "book-learnin'," Sim might have been a schoolmaster; and there were a few who even went so far as to think he could get the better of the minister in a theological discussion whichever side he might take; but this opinion was generally thought sacrilegious, and those who held it were looked upon with mournful suspicion as being inclined to infidelity. The discussion had begun with theology to-day, and gradually wandered down to luck and chance—subjects upon which Sim was always sure to "run of an idee."

to account that way, but the chance hain't never seemed to come along. And I'm one o' them that believes in a man's bein' sure of his chance. Some time or 'nother it's bound to come. That's the doctrine that this feller preached. Hazlitt—Eph Hazlitt—his name was; and smart? He'd swaller snakes as quick as look at 'em; a boy-constrictor wa'n't no more'n a comfortable mouthful for him! Educated? He wouldn't have thought nothin' of makin' a dictionary or an almanack if he had a felt so inclined. Kind of a slim, pigeon-breasted feller, too, but terrible hearty to his victuals. He was a master-hand for victuals, and such kind of resky business, and it always turned out well; seemed as if he hadn't nothin' to do but to put out his hand and haul in the money. Made me think of a king that I'd read of somewhere in furrin parts, that everything he took hold of turned to gold. I hadn't never took no stock in the story—them stories about furrin parts is mostly deceivin'—and it didn't seem to stand to reason, but when I see Eph Hazlitt I begun to think mebbe 'twan't so big a lie after all. Says I to Eph, says I, 'Cur'us what a run of luck you have, ain't it?' 'No,' says Eph, says he, 'it ain't cur'us at all. It's in the nater of things. I've been failin' for a long time, and it was time that my luck come. It had ought to 'a come last year, accordin' to the law o' probabilities; it was bound to come this year, as sure as two and two make four.' Well, I kind of laughed it off as a joke, or a figger of speech as you might say, but he went on and reasoned it out to me till 'twas jest as clear as daylight. You see there's jest about so much good luck and so much ill luck goin', and one is bound to get through with a man and let 'other have its turn some time or 'nother. Eph he'd reasoned all out about hisn, jest like the multiplication table, but I never had no head fur figgers. But I had wit enough to see that what he said was true on general principles.

"How you goin' to account for the bad luck that follers some folks all their lives?" said, in a querulous voice, a dejected, wizened little man named Zachariah Avery, and called uncle by everybody, although he was nobody's uncle in reality. Uncle Zach had fallen from the proud position of stage-driver, lower and lower by degrees, until he had become a permanent guest in the low, straggling, dingy building which gave shelter to the town poor. "A man has got to have wit enough to see when his chance comes along; that's where the differkilty comes in," said Sim. "There's a good many that ain't got understandin' enough to know that it's sure to come, so they get terrible discouraged with their poor luck and are afraid to take hold of anything even if it does look promisin'."

"Mebbe I'd better 'a went shares raisin' hogs with 'Liphlet' Junkins when he wanted me to," said Uncle Zach, in a plaintive voice; "but folks they told me that 'Liphlet' was a terrible hand to git all the fat and leave the lean for other folks, and I calkerlated that would be dreadful poor business so fur forth as hogs was concerned."

"And then there's other folks that ain't got the sense to wait till their chance comes along," pursued Sim, ignoring this interruption. "And them kind is terrible apt to make slightin' remarks about them that don't care about goin' through with all the failures that belong to 'em in the nater of things, but follers Providential leadin's and keeps a good lookout for their chance."

"A Providential leadin' to set and twiddle your thumbs is dreadful apt to lead to the poorhouse," said Elijah Wiswell, the storekeeper, a brisk little man, who was suspected of great energy in the matter of sanding sugar. "I never see my way clear to haul them logs for Abijah Sprowl for three and nincence a day, though I done it. Mebbe there was where I missed my chance," murmured Uncle Zach, who evidently accepted Sim's theory with profound faith, and was looking back all along the track of his enterprises to discover traces of the chance he had lost. "You must be all beat out waitin' for that chance of yours, Sim," said Jim Durgin, who prided himself on being the wit of the village. "I expect it'll get here long with the millennium, or Cy Underhill's machine that's goin' to pull weeds and never touch the plants. Cy has been to work on that nigh upon to fifty year now, and he ain't a mite discouraged."