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TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1882.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates for various ad sizes and durations.

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

Autumn. Summer is dead; and the autumn winds weeping. Wall amid the leaves that lately were green.

A BOY'S STORY.

It all came of my having a railway key and being made to take music lessons. Thompson gave me the key when he was leaving last term.

Ugh! such a bad old face! A tight, cruel mouth, with all sorts of cool-lines about it, and wicked, sharp gray eyes that screwed into one like gimlets.

I didn't stir for a minute, for I saw that "Sammy" was up to something. He leant forward and peered at her: as if to make sure she was quite asleep.

What with the feeling of my own cleverness, hatred of that nasty old woman and delight in spitting her, and pity for the poor girl, I felt as brave as any fellow, however big, could be, and full of ideas as well.

"You idiot," she screamed. "When you want all the brains you've got and more too! To play me this trick? Serve you right if I get out and leave you at the next station—ugh!"

ting, winning ways. Don't be hard on me, old woman, I'm sure I've given in handsome to all your plans.

"This was awful! What shall I do? Were we ever going to stop? Was there another station before London? Should I be drugged, dragged off and made away with?"

Skin Grafting. The patient, a pretty little girl of eight, was admitted into the Wellington ward of St. George's hospital with the history that, two years previously, her dress had caught fire, burning both legs from the hips to the knees severely.

Skin grafting is now performed daily in surgical practice, and a special instrument—a combination of knife and scissors—has been invented for the purpose. It is impossible to estimate the immense benefit of this discovery.

Life in a Montana Frontier Town. The following amusing description of the mixed life of a frontier town is from E. V. Smalley's paper on "The New Northwest," in the Century.

Toward nightfall the whole male population seems to be in the street, save the busy Chinamen in the laundries, who keep on sprinkling clothes by blowing water out of their mouths.