

Not a description received for a shorter period than the month.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00

Legal notices at established rates.

Marriage and death notices gratis.

A WELCOME.

Eye in the sunny South she lingers,

She brings us gifts, the royal maiden,

AFTER MANY YEARS.

"Thus, you see, my own Hortense,

The weeping wife could not be comforted.

Misfortunes came on swift wings to the happy pair.

There was but a single bright spot before M. Valentin.

She put on the deepest mourning, kept her room for months,

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He overruled them all, besought her to waive all ceremony with him,

Once having renewed the delicious consciousness of a protecting presence,

Still she hesitated. She truly believed in her husband's death;

In an hour of more than usual loneliness and trouble she whispered to

herself that should Eugene press his suit anew she would consent to marry him.

He took her to a pleasant home, as comfortable if not quite as luxurious as the one she had shared with M. Valentin;

Two years of almost unmingled bliss went by, but the third year commenced with some alarm for the health of Eugene.

It was hard to see him parting with the mute evidences of his brief happiness.

"How can I part with you, dearest?" he asked, after his painful journey round the rooms and the garden.

"Eugene! do not name it," she said; "you will break my heart."

It is time to go back to the days of M. Valentin, and see what became of the fond husband, the courageous adventurer.

Full of hope he went to the mines of Australia. Day by day he wrought there, enduring hardships unheard of before,

He overruled them all, besought her to waive all ceremony with him, to consider him as a deeply-attached friend,

Once having renewed the delicious consciousness of a protecting presence,

Still she hesitated. She truly believed in her husband's death;

warded for his enterprise. Gold had showered in upon him in almost fabulous profusion,

He had taken passage in an American vessel bound for New York.

"They will remember me when they find I am rich again," said Valentin to himself, bitterly.

He turned into a by-street and saw a beggar sitting in the sunshine.

As he dropped money into the ragged hat that lay on the ground beside the beggar, he said, carelessly:

"Do you know where she lives now?"

That night he visited the neighborhood of Hortense, read "Stanbury" on the door,

The first time that he saw her was in the garden. She looked still handsome, but very sad and pensive.

Hortense was charmed with her new neighbor whom she had not seen.

The flowers had been sent several times when he called to them a request that he might call on the lady.

was scarcely surprised, and certainly not offended, at receiving an offer of his hand.

M. Valentin exulted greatly in this answer, and came near discovering himself; but he had desired to delay it to a certain date,

But Hortense awoke to life, awoke to the new joy of his presence, to ask his forgiveness for the past,

As M. Valentin predicted, the inhabitants of Montreal, as soon as they found out his wealth, were happy to make his acquaintance,

Thumb Portraits.

If the "ball," or cushion-like surface of the top joint of the thumb, be examined, it can be seen that in the center—as, indeed, in the fingers also—is a kind of spiral formed of fine grooves in the skin.

The Chinese take advantage of all this to identify their important criminals, at least in some parts of the empire.

Edwin Booth's Success in Germany.

A London paper thus describes the phenomenal success met with by Edwin Booth, the American actor, in Berlin.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

On August 1 an international electric exhibition will be opened at Vienna, and a fine display is anticipated.

The coal deposits of Colorado are practically inexhaustible, and they are to be found in almost every portion of the State.

In Great Britain the large sum of \$40,000,000 is invested in railways.

English silk merchants are thinking about acclimatizing a species of spider which has been discovered on the African coast.

It has been proved by numerous experiments that flour cannot bear the action of the sun, even when not exposed directly to its rays.

The apocryphal story that the ancients knew a great deal for which they get very little credit.

The increasing cost of wood in America has led to a great number of experiments in preserving from decay all kinds of wooden structures exposed to the weather.

WISE WORDS.

Study to be what you wish to seem.

Woman is most perfect when most womanly.

The man has not lived in vain who plants a good tree in the right place.

Hard workers are usually honest; industry lifts them above temptation.

Men usually follow their wishes till suffering compels them to follow their judgment.

The sleep of memory is not death; forgotten studies are certain aptitudes gone to sleep.

We never know the true value of friends. While they live we are too sensitive to their faults; when we have lost them we only see their virtues.

The best rules to form a man's character are to talk little and hear much, to reflect alone on what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinion, and value others that deserve it.

It is easy to live in this world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

If there is anything which even a very clever young man ought to congratulate himself on, it is the knowledge, early acquired, that he is not a genius. For if he thinks otherwise, the chances are that the mistake may spoil him; while if he proves to be a genius, the world will find it out before he does.

It has never been ascertained precisely what the scorpion lives on.

THE HAPPY ISLANDS.

He roams about the town from dawn 'til dark,

An old man with bent form and whitened hair,

Who dreams the earth he treads on is a bark That sails to find a shore forever fair.

And caught the scent of flowers, and one bright bird

Flow homeward, over us, to roam no more

Pray God they turn the vessel ere too late!

Must we sail by, as many times before?

They make mistakes and lay it all to Fate

And as he talks the old man's eager eyes

Are looking southward, where he hopes to see

The purple peaks, crowned with strange glory, rise

'Neath fairer skies than those of Italy.

No sight of land breaks on his hopeful eyes.

"Ah, we have missed them, as so oft before!

And we were near, so near to them," he cries.

"Must we sail on and on forevermore?"

Where are our Happy Islands? Must we sail

Forever past them when so near they seem?

Blow from the shores we left, O! favoring gale,

And waft us to the shores that haunt each dream!

Oh, fellow voyagers, pray God we find

The land we seek and do not pass it by!

Oh, blow us to the south, inconstant wind!

For there, we think, the Happy Islands lie

—Eben E. Rexford, in The Continent.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A fat office.—The soap-boiler's.

Headquarters.—The hatter's store.

Carvers of their own fortunes.—Butchers.

The early angler catches the worm and a cold.

Every carpenter has a plane duty before him.

To the average Athenian the dearest spot on earth is the Greece spot.

A sermon always seems short to the woman who wears her new bonnet to church for the first time.—New York Commercial.

"There is a coolness between us; good-bye," said the fish under the ice to the fisherman on top, who was trying to break through and catch him.—The Drummer.

If the report that General Sherman kisses every girl to whom he is introduced has any truth in it, we don't wonder that so many of our young men have military ambition.—Oil City Blizzard.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says that our air, bad whisky and irregular habits keep the doctors alive. He must be mistaken. Those very things have killed several doctors in this city.—Piquette.

A man at a New York hotel table the other day, had some Lunburger cheese sent to him. A little boy who sat beside him turned to his mother and exclaimed: "Mamma, how I wish I was deaf and dumb in my nose."

Mme. Scatchell, of the Patti troupe, sings three times a week and gets \$2,500 per month. She began life as a scrubber in the Covent Garden theatre. Her voice, therefore, should be soprano, but it isn't.—Hillbury Telegraph.

This is the way that a Galveston (Texas) paper "drops into poetry": "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise; but still it won't work, however hard he tries, in bringing him wealth unless he advertises."

What can a man say to this exclamation from the Woman Suffragist: "Women are called the 'weaker sex' and yet, up to the hour of going to press, not one of her sex in this country has shown enough intellectual weakness to embark in the weather prophet business, or attempt to eat sixty quail in thirty days."

THE KLOPFER.—A TALE. Their psalm-books said From win They must Dew open Not wed. There hung A rope, By which To slope. Quoth he, "Let's try To part." Quoth she, "Son nigh." Quoth she, "Ay! Ay!" Without A sound She reached The ground, Her lov- Er found. One night She rose, Took her Best cloth, While Pop. Did doze. They fled, Were wed, Enough said. —Arthur Let, in Puck.