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WHAT SEEDS SHALL WE SOW?
A wonderful thing is a seed,
The one thing deathless forever!
The one thing changeless—eternally true,
Forever old and forever new,
And fields and faithless never.

PENRYN'S WARD.

"I don't want to seem impertinent, old fellow, but I should really like to know how you happened to do it? I should be Jove!"
"Got married, you mean?"
"Why, yes; you were old enough—"
"Te know better, eh?" interrupted Larry Penryn, knocking the ashes off his cigar.
"Precisely," answered his friend, "and you see, nobody expected it of you, because you were always so certain of remaining a bachelor, and gave everybody your word for it."

my ward at my earliest convenience, and this letter was signed—Patience Wyndham.
"Fortunately for my curiosity and the exigencies of the case, I could get away from town just at that particular time, and as there really seemed no way of decently abandoning the trust without betraying the dead man's confidence, I started off at once.
"it was a romantic little country place at which I found them, with mountains all around the half-hundred of houses; the church, the store, the tavern that formed the village, and near a little waterfall, that was a waterfall, not because some fellow with an eye for picturesque effect had built a dam across its course, but because there was an abrupt descent in the rock at that point, I found Miss Patience Wyndham's house.

where even her saintly eyes had seen much neither good nor true.
"I promised all that I could, and while the dying woman seemed to trust me, she understood better than I how little equal to the protection of a young girl's life an unmarried man can be, and was but half-satisfied when the final moment came.
"Poore Gabrielle was distracted; she clung to me as to a brother. I pitied her, but I pitied myself more, because she took no thought, and I did, of the future which now loomed up before me like a terrible problem, to which the thirty thousand dollars offered not the slightest clew of solution.

THE BAD BOY ALL BROKE UP.

BADLY WRECKED BY FOOLING WITH AN OLD PACER.
He Drives a Minister to a Funeral—The Result of Having "Ye-up" to a Former "Boss of the Road."
"Well, what's the matter with you, now?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in to the grocery on crutches, with one arm in a sling, one eye blackened, and a strip of court plaster across one side of his face.
"Where was the explosion, or have you been in a fight?"
"Oh, there's not much the matter with me," said the boy, in a voice that sounded all broke up, as he took a big apple off a basket, and began peeling it with his upper front teeth.

"Well, I swan," said the grocery man as he put some eggs in a funnel-shaped brown paper for a servant girl. "What did the minister say when he come to?"
"Say! What could he say? He just yelled 'whoa,' and kept sawing with his hands, as though he was driving. I heard that the policeman was going to pull him for fast driving till he found it was an accident. They told me, when they carried me home in a hack, that it was a wonder everybody was not killed, and when I got home pa was going to sass me, until the horse driver told him it was the minister that was to blame. I want to find out if they got the minister's umbrella back. The last I see of it the umbrella was running up his trousers leg, and the point come out by the small of his back. But I am all right, and shall go to work to-morrow, 'cause the livery man says I was the only one in the crowd that had any sense. I understand the minister is going to take a vacation on account of his liver and nervous prostration. I would if I was him. I never saw a man that had nervous prostration any more than he did when we fished him out of the barbed wire fence, after we struck the street car. But that settles the minister business with me. I don't drive with no more preachers. What I want is a quiet party that wants to go on a walk," and the boy got up and hopped on one foot toward his crutches, filling his pistol pocket with figs as he hobbled along.

LOVE, DRINK AND DEBT.

Son of mine! the world before you
Spreads a thousand secret snares
Round the feet of every mortal
Who through life's long highway fares.
Three special, let me warn you,
Are the every traveler met:
Three to try your heart of virtue—
They are love, and drink and debt.
Love, my boy, there's no escaping—
'Tis the common fate of man;
Father had it; I have had it;
But for love you had not been.
Take your chances, but be cautious;
Know a squib is not a dove;
Be the upright man of honor;
All deceit doth murder love.
As for drink, avoid it wholly;
Like an adder it will sting;
Crush the earliest temptation;
Handle not the dangerous thing.
See the wrecks of men around us—
Once as fair and pure as you—
Mark the warning! Show the pathway
And the hell they're tottering through.
Yet though love be pure and gentle
And from drink you may be free,
With a yearning heart I warn you
'Gainst the worst of all the three.
Many a demon in his journey
Bunyan's Christian pilgrim met;
They were lams, o' den old Apollyon,
To the awful demon debt.
With quaking heart and face abashed
The wretched debtor goes;
He starts at shadows lest they be
The shades of men he owes.
Down silent streets he slyly steals,
The face of man to shun,
He shivers at the postman's ring,
And fears the awful dun.
Beware of debt! Once in you'll be
A slave forevermore;
If credit tempt you, thunder "No!"
And show it to the door.
Cold water and a crust of bread
May be the best you'll get;
Accept them like a man, and swear—
"Th'Il never run in debt!"
HUMOR OF THE DAY.
The appropriate color for infants
this season will be yellow.—Springfield
(O.) News.
When the man in the dock fumbles
In his pocket for the "one dollar and
cents," is it a case of fine feeling?—
Boston Bulletin.
Hens may be a little backward on
eggs, but they never fail to come to
the scratch when flower beds are con-
cerned.—Piscataway.
"Was your observation, Mr.
Brown?" "Oh, nothing, madame. I
simply said the butter raveled well."
—Boston Transcript.
The American hog is forbidden to
enter Germany. That shuts out the
man who tries to occupy four seats in
a railway car.—Hawkeye.
"Say, Mrs. Bunson," said a little girl
to a lady visitor, "do you belong to a
brass band?" "No, my dear." "I
thought you did." "Why did you, my
child?" "Because, mamma said you
was a ways blowing your own horn,
and I thought you must belong to the
band."—Drummer.
Some manufacturer of fishing tackle
has invented a bait with a luminous
arrangement of phosphorus, or some-
thing of that kind, to light the fish
toward the hook. When it gets so a
fellow has to hold a lantern so a fish
can see to bite, half the fun of fishing
will be gone.—Peck.
A "fashion" item says: "The lozenge
shape is the most fashionable for pins,
which should be coated with silver, and
look very inviting." This appears to
be a new departure in fashion intelli-
gence, and next it will be in order to
describe whether the new shape in
porous plaster is oblong or oval,
and if they are trimmed with gimp
laid or guipure lace, and we may be
told that the most fashionable tints for
castor oil are terra-cotta and fawn
color, and that liver-pads are cut in
the form of a heart, with scalloped edges
and lined with ciel-blue satin.—Norriton
Herald.
To a Late.
The law of heredity, by which living
beings tend to repeat themselves in
their descendants, is generally accepted
by scientists and physicians. Some
assert that not only the physical but
the spiritual traits of parents are re-
produced in their children. In the
matter of health and disease there is
no doubt that parents transmit their
physical qualities, strength and weak-
nesses.
One of the best-known physicians
in Boston was called, not long since,
to attend the bedside of a rich man
who had been suddenly taken ill. The
doctor felt the patient's pulse and saw
that the case was hopeless. Turning
to one of the family, who stood anx-
iously waiting to hear his opinion, he
said:
"You should have sent for a physician
long ago."
"But we sent at once; as soon as he
was taken ill."
"Ah! yes," replied the physician,
"but you should have sent 100
years ago."
The physician recognized the fact
that his patient, who died that day,
was in reality the victim of his an-
cestors' carelessness or criminal violation
of the laws of health, years before he
himself was born.