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The Forest Republican.

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COTTON.

'Tis born of the burden of Toil
From the strength and the speed of the plow,
Happings from the heart of the soil,
And the seeds that are glorified now,
In the soft-furrowed fields of the South,
It takes o'er the realms of the grain,
'Tis green through the gloom of the drouth,
'Tis fair through the fall of the rain.

With blossoms of purple and white,
With leaves that are vibrant in hue,
'Tis fed by the air and the light,
'Tis nurtured by rain and dew;
It springs from the breast of the earth,
'Tis rife with rare color and heat—
In marvels of magical birth,
'Tis king o'er the corn and the wheat

The precurrant pulse of May
Beat under its repelling boll;
And later it lives in the ray
Of the light that illuminates its soul.
Twas known in the land of the East,
Through a long silent and dead;
With whiteness increased,
To the warmth of the South it is wed.

'Tis gathered from valleys and hills;
In opulent bales it is bound;
With extent beauty it fills
Vast acres of affluent ground.
Though planted in darkness and gloom,
'Tis safe in the dust of the sod;
It arises in splendors of bloom,
It awakes at the whisper of God.

Oh! lift a large psean of praise,
As strong as the tides of the sea!
Through lengths of laborious days
And conquests of Commerce to be,
This plant from the heart of the soil,
In the pride of its purified fleece,
With triumphs of glory and toil
Shall reign in the rapture of peace
—Wm. H. Hayes, in Home and Farm.

ELIZABETH'S OPINIONS.

"Oh, Will, I am so glad!" and pretty Mrs. Danvers, quite forgetful of the soft balls of many-colored worstends in her lap, rose hurriedly to meet her husband. "I had a very, very, very important letter to-day—from London!"

"From London, Fan? I did not think that you knew any one in London."

"I was three years in a London boarding-school, sir! Do you think it is only men who make bosom friends at school? John Lawrence and you were chums at school, and are ridiculous about each other yet; I suppose I can have a school friend too."

"Nonsense, Fan! David and Jonathan have no sisters. Women get a husband, and then there is an end of 'my darling Angelina,' and 'my darling Fanny.'"

"Her name is not Angelina, sir, and she always calls me Frances. If there is one thing Elizabeth detests, it is nicknames. She used to say, 'If your name is Frances, don't allow any one to call you anything else.' She is quite a remarkable woman, Will, I assure you."

"And her name is Elizabeth?"

"Yes—Elizabeth Atkinson. She is very rich—very rich indeed; and I thought, Will dear, if I could get her to be baby's god-mother—she's an old maid, Will—she might leave baby something, you know."

"You mercenary little mother! who would lay the weight of such dreadful names upon baby for the sake of a possible legacy? Elizabeth—Atkinson Danvers. The little mite could not bear it, Fan."

"We would call her 'Bessie,' Will; her godmother would never know. Bessie is pretty, don't you think so?"

"No, I do not think so. I am for calling her Lily, or Violet, or Grace, or something flowery and pretty."

"I never knew a girl called Lily that did not grow up fat and red, or one called Violet that was not loud and vulgar, or one called Grace that was not ill-tempered and gawky. Now, there is something very stately about Elizabeth."

"And very likely baby will grow up a little pattering, frizzly-haired fairy, all curves, and ringlets, and ribbons."

"I am ashamed of you, Will, talking of your own dear, [illegible] little daughter in that way. And after all the trouble I have taken to select a proper godmother for her! And Elizabeth so delighted, and coming all the way to New York to see her goddaughter, too, and everything else. I must say I expected more appreciation from you, Will. Lilian Morris was here this afternoon, and she of course opposed Elizabeth. I expected that. She is all for those horrid Saxon names, like Maud, and Elfrida, and Bertha. But a man of the world—a sensible man like you, Will! I am astonished."

"Oh, don't scold, Fan. I think Elizabeth lovely; and, as you say, we can call her Lizzy."

"No, Will, I never said Lizzy. Lizzy, indeed! I said Bessie."

"Yes, dear, Bessie. I beg pardon."

"And I shall write to Miss Atkinson to say that we will have the christening in May, if that suits you, Will."

"Yes, yes; that suits me very well. John and I are going to the Adirondacks in June, but it will be over by that time."

"All over, Will! I think that is not flattering to baby."

"I dare say baby will be glad enough to have it all over. But is this lady really coming here—to New York?"

"She is really coming. I was going to ask you about refurnishing the blue suite of rooms for her."

"Why, they were refurnished when we were married, two years ago, and nobody has used them but John Lawrence."

"And he smokes. Elizabeth is very sensitive on that subject."

For a short time Will held his ground about refurnishing; but after Fanny shifted the point of attack from her rocking chair to his knee, the resistance grew fainter and fainter, and finally the weak husband not only agreed to the carved oak furniture upholstered in rich wood colors, but also professed to see the necessity for looking after the carriage.

"That Mrs. Lorimer has had hers lined with deep purple satin, Will, and it is really an effective background for light hair," skilfully suggested Fanny. "And I am so sick of those gray horses! Can't we have bay ones, Will? They are more English and stylish."

So the oak furnishing, the new carriage-lining, and the bay horses were determined on, and, what is more, Will Danvers had no sense of having suffered a defeat.

Will Danvers heard a great deal of Miss Atkinson between March and May, and was allowed to read specially wise and lofty paragraphs in her letters. He affected a great admiration for the lady, but, in reality, he was quite sure she would prove a tremendous bore. "But, John and I can get out of it," he reflected; "that is one comfort.

And if she manages to put Fan under her thumb, she is cleverer than I am; that's all. I don't believe Miss Atkinson will give in—much; I never knew her do it. I'll bet twenty dollars they have a civil fight before a month is over, and that Fan comes out ahead."

In a week after Miss Atkinson's arrival Will had modified this opinion. Her appearance was not formidable—quite the contrary. Indeed, she was so petite, so gentle, so appealing, that Will had not at first thought it necessary to guard one of his prerogatives. But gradually he found himself abandoning his dearest rights. "Miss Atkinson was not well; would Mr. Danvers kindly breakfast alone, and allow darling Frances to have a quiet talk and a cup of tea with her?" Mr. Danvers politely consented, and in a week the favor had become a custom, and Mr. Danvers breakfasted alone as a matter of course.

It was the same in everything. Miss Atkinson took possession of his wife, his child and his house. Her cool, calm, authoritative way was irresistible, and she delivered her opinions with such an air of settled conviction in their infallibility that few cared to dispute them. "She was really sorry to find so much to disapprove of in New York society, and she knew how to pass it over; but it was her nature to speak the truth, though it was often a very disagreeable duty."

And even Will gave her the usual credit for this unpleasant characteristic. "It is just her honest, straightforward nature that makes her say this kind of thing," he said to John Lawrence one night; "but I wish she was not so fond of 'plain truths.' Fan is made to see faults in me she never would find out by herself."

"'Plain truths!'" answered John, spitefully. "I have always noticed that these people who are so fond of 'plain truths' never feel called upon to tell pleasant truths. I have always refused to meet the lady, Will, because I like women who are not above nice little hypocrisies to please us; but I declare a woman who proposes to accompany us into the woods, and turn our private pleasure into a public picnic, must be a character. I'll go home with you tonight and see her."

"Oh, John, thank you. I shan't feel so helpless against Fan and her then. Poor Fan! She hates the woods, and can't endure a dinner without entrees and dessert; yet this English woman has absolutely persuaded her that she is looking dreadfully ill, and that nothing but a pure natural life will save her from consumption."

To say that John Lawrence had no curiosity about Miss Atkinson would be false. He had heard about her continually for a month; she was always doing or saying something which contradicted his ideas of what a woman ought to do or say; so that going home with Will was not committing himself to any great act of self-denial.

It was a lovely June evening, and just dusk, as they entered the parlors. They were empty, and they walked through them on to a balcony latticed with vines that overlooked the little plot of city garden. Miss Atkinson was standing in the very center of a small lawn. She was quite unconscious of any observation, and John stayed by an imperative motion of Will's first movement to announce their approach. "[illegible]," he said, in a vexed whisper.

As she stood there in the June twilight she was worth looking at. A woman about twenty-eight years of age, of the most delicate type of English beauty. Her small, slight figure was exquisitely robed in fawn-colored silk and grenadine. She had a pink rose at her throat, and another in her hand, but, even as they looked at her, she dropped it from her listless grasp. For a moment she regarded it pitifully, and then there passed over her face an expression of such hopeless sorrow or weariness that Will was quite startled, and turned to his friend:

"She does not look very bad-tempered now, does she? Why, John, what is the matter? Do you know her?"

"I cannot tell, Will. Either I know her, or have been dreaming about her for eleven years, that's all."

Half an hour afterward they were sitting side by side in the gas-lit parlor. Every trace of sensibility had left Elizabeth's face. The womanly melancholy that had made her so lovely in the twilight garden had quite vanished. She was now only a keen, clever little woman.

But somehow John felt sure that she had assumed a character, and was playing up to it. "She is a clever actress, and enjoys interpreting her role; but why she chooses to do so is a question." And from this evening forward John Lawrence fell as completely under the spell of Elizabeth Atkinson as Fanny had done—with this difference: Elizabeth soon became aware that in this case her slave was also her conqueror.

Will was disgusted with the whole position. He took a couple of servants and set off to the Adirondacks without John, who did not now want to go fishing. He seemed, indeed, to desire nothing but to idle away the long summer days in Fanny's garden or parlors. Necessarily Elizabeth and he were often left alone, and it was a noticeable thing that after the first two weeks of their acquaintance they found nothing to dispute about in their interviews. Elizabeth sat quietly rocking and pretending to sew, and John watched her and pretended to read.

Sometimes they glanced at each other, sometimes they said a few words, but John was really gaining a silent victory. Then there would be days in which Elizabeth rebelled against this growing power over her, and at such times she resolutely refused to leave her own room; but such struggles only left her more weak and impressionable. John conquered by his absence as surely as by his presence.

The first really hot weather had sent the Danverses out to their country home—an old stone house among great pine woods. John spent most of his time with them. But no word of love did he say during those enchanted weeks of hot summer-tide. They walked by and sailed down the river in the cool mornings and the moonlight nights, and said nothing beyond the pleasant courteous words of an intimate acquaintance. In those days Elizabeth was often very weary. "I must wear my mask," she thought; "he must not know how really weak and tender I am. Once I had once—But what did it bring me? Contempt. If women show they have a heart, they invite a betrayer."

It was the last day of August, and Elizabeth was to return to England early in September. It had been a still, hot, exhaustive day. Fanny had a bad headache, John was in the city, and Elizabeth was slowly walking her little namesake to sleep in the darkening parlor. By-and-by John came home, and sat down. Elizabeth smiled faintly at him, and continued her monotonous walk and lullaby. John followed her every movement. Then the child was asleep, and she was leaving the room.

He stood before her, all his soul in his face. "You will come back, Elizabeth? I want to speak to you."

It was the first time he had ever called her Elizabeth. She knew what he wanted to say, and yet she answered, almost in a whisper, "I will come back."

He was awaiting her return with the greatest impatience. Now that he could no longer withhold speech, he was eager for his opportunity. He met her as she entered and drawing her passionately toward him, said: "Oh, Elizabeth, you must not leave me now. I have loved you, darling, loved you and sought you, for eleven years."

"Oh, John, I love you, too! But you must know the truth: I have loved some one else the greater part of those eleven years—some one who barely won my childish heart, and then left me to such hopeless misery as makes me tremble yet to think of. I was a simple, loving, romantic soul, and he thought it but a holiday to take all the glory out of my life, and all the trust out of my heart."

"Are you sure of that, darling?"

"Quite sure. He left me in Rome one first of November; I never saw him again, and he never wrote me a line."

"He was killed three days afterward, dearest, in a pass of the Apennines. There was a long letter to you in his pocket, but it was unfinished and had no address. I have it here. Will you read it?"

"No, no, John; it is too late now. You knew Stephen?"

"He was my dearest friend. We were traveling together. I knew that he was deeply in love with a young English girl, but he was very secret and jealous about this matter. I did not care to irritate him with questions, for he regarded the subject as too sacred a one for common conversation. Sooner or later I was sure he would give me his confidence. Alas! he had only strength after he was stabbed to whisper some words which were quite inaudible, and explained nothing. The brigands who had attacked us suffered me to redeem my friend's body and my own life, and I kept as a sacred trust and relic the letter he had intended for you, and your picture. The lovely face gradually became a dream and a hope to me; I sought you all over Europe; I have not found you now only to lose you, have I, Elizabeth?"

She was answered first by a passion of tears and sobs. It was a gracious rain, and washed away all the sense of wrong that had imbittered so many years. It was just, also, that she should first give tribute to the memory of a lost and wronged love. John understood the feeling, and shared it. After all, it was a short sorrow, from which was to spring for them long years of confident joy.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Humorist's Patent Screen.

"Last March I invested in a screen that I am going to have patented as soon as I can think of a name for it," said Bob Burdette. "Two women sat down in the seat before me. Remarking as usual upon the closeness of the car, they banged open the window, and I held on to keep from being blown over the back of the seat. I took the newspaper I was reading, folded it in half, and bent it into a semi-funnel shape, held it up at such an angle that the blasts of March, howling in at that window, were not only turned away from myself, but were directed against the back of the neck of the window-opener. When that window slammed down, which was just as soon as the ventilator dared let go of her bonnet with both hands, it woke up the man asleep on the wood-box and I got a glare that made it warm for me for miles. But I didn't open the window and let in the gale. I only exercised the right of a free man and turned it away from myself."

A PALACE FOR HIS HOME

HENRY VILLARD'S MAGNIFICENT RESIDENCE IN NEW YORK.

A Colossal Building Modeled after an Italian Palace—Its Exterior and Interior, and its Cost.

A New York letter gives the following decription of the residence of Henry Villard, president of the Norther Pacific railroad: Henry Villard, the railroad magnate, has nearly completed his new residence, or more properly residences, on Madison avenue. The colossal structure occupies an entire block, having a frontage on Madison avenue of 200 feet. That part which he will occupy is on the corner of Fifty-first street. Its frontage is sixty feet and its depth 100 feet. The other wing will be perfectly similar except that it is divided into three houses, and between the two wings is a court eighty feet in width and seventy-three feet in depth. That portion of the building back of the court extends back forty feet beyond the wings and is a double house of itself.

In the center of the court will be placed a magnificent fountain, around which will be a broad drive, and in each corner a grass plat. Each house will communicate directly with the court. Mr. Villard's house and the two center houses are completed, excepting the interior, while the walls of the remaining wing are to the second story. The exterior of the great building is more grand than the [illegible]. It is the result of a combination of beautiful Roman and Florentine architecture, the Farnez palace being copied at Rome and the [illegible]. The material is Belleville, N. J., sandstone by the architects. The church was built of the light grayish amber stone of which T[illegible] and there is little attempt at ornamentation. Huge blocks of stone are piled upon one another and overtopped by a heavy cornice of the same material. The wings are three stories in height, beside the basement and attic stories. From the sidewalk to the top of the cornice the measurement is sixty-eight feet. The basement and front story are rusticated and the others plain stone ashler, with the angles strengthened by rustication. The front of the two center houses is supported by five arcades, with heavy columns of polished Jonesboro granite. Dutch tiles cover the roof. The whole effect is severe and dignified. Entering the spacious portal of the Villard residence, your correspondent found himself in a magnificent reception room, fourteen feet by twenty-eight in depth. Everything here was in inlaid wood, floor, ceiling, walls and columns. On either side opened the drawing-rooms. They are each 19x28 feet, and are being finished in mahogany, inlaid with light woods, satin wood and maple being noticeable. Between the pilasters will be hung rich embroidered stuffs. The predominating tones are a light, reddish brown, and a light yellow. The drawing-rooms and reception room are so arranged that they can be thrown into one spacious apartment 100 feet in width and twenty-eight in depth.

From the reception room a hall fourteen feet in width and forty-two in length leads to the music room. Aladdin's lamp never revealed a hall more magnificent. It is entirely in mosaic. The material is yellow Italian marble. The floor is in chaillon marble in small pieces woven into beautiful designs. The mantel is a masterpiece of the sculptor from an Italian design, and the whole apartment was executed by Italian artists in the style of modern Pompeian palaces. The hall is spanned by three semi-circular arches in Sienna marble with sculpture by Louis St. Gaudiens. A vestibule of the same design leads out of the hall back of the drawing-rooms. The music room is the chef d'œuvre of the decorator's art. It is a diminutive theater forty-eight by twenty-four feet in dimension and thirty-two feet from the floor to ceiling, extending to the third story. It is in the style of the Francis I. room of Fontainbleau palace. The colors are white and gold. A wainscoting eight feet in height in carved pine surrounds the room. The ceiling is an elliptical vault, and every detail shows the skill of the artist. Between the music room and the vestibule, marble stairs twelve feet broad lead to the upper stories. Again the tone is yellow. An elaborate renaissance ceiling spans the stairs. The elevator way occupies the remaining space. Across the hall are the main breakfast-room and dining-room, which can be thrown into one apartment twenty by sixty feet in size. Carved woods again replace the marble. The room is executed in English oak inlaid with white mahogany. The ceiling is divided with beams cased with English oak, and the carved friezes, three feet in width, are inlaid with floral designs. The two mantles are of red Verona marble, and are copies of those which Mr. Mead was sent to Italy to select, but which arrived in a somewhat damaged condition and were presented by him to the museum of art. Here also St. Gaudiens' skill is seen. The upper stories are in keeping with the splendor below, although, of course, not so elaborate. The general style is Italian renaissance. The furniture will be especially magnificent. That of the drawing-rooms will be upholstered and of colors harmonizing with the decorations, the reddish brown tone predominating. It was designed by the architects who executed the rooms. The other houses will be finished in a style becoming their pretensions, although nothing like this. The cost of the building unfurnished will be an even million dollars. Of this the decorating of the drawing-rooms cost $50,000; the dining-rooms, $20,000; the hall, $30,000; and the music-room, $20,000. As much more will be expended on other work in the latter room a year hence. To at the interior of Mr. Villard's house a total expenditure of $250,000.

[illegible]ors are now about complete [illegible]ulture is arriving.

The structure when completed will be the most magnificent residence building in the country, far surpassing the Vanderbilt houses. It is the first attempt made to reproduce an Italian palace in America. Henry Villard's house is a palace, in fact.

The Capital of the Sandwich Islands.

Hawaii, being wholly volcanic, looks like a fortress ninety miles long, built up by the genii. Yet, dreary as it is, or seems from the sea, it is really full of green pastures, on which feed wild cattle, the descendants of those brought in by Vancouver, and owned by ranchmen, to the tune of ten and fifteen heads apiece, in runs of twenty miles long. It must have been and to stand by and see a forest burned up like so many matches, and another with the trees snapped off at the surface of the fire-flood, the portion imbedded in the lava being turned to dust, and leaving a series of pock-marks on the hardened surface. One night in 1852, it seemed as if a solitary star was shining on the side of Mauna Loa, at a [illegible] afterward found to be 4,000 feet [illegible] the summit. After the second [illegible] it seemed to die away, but soon [illegible] again with amazing splendor [illegible] a star, but a column of fire [illegible] dred feet high by angula[illegible] and from two hundred [illegible] feet broad, which was [illegible] miles off, and the ash[illegible] from which, cove[illegible] proaching ships [illegible] visible thirty [illegible] days there [illegible] a mile rou[illegible] dred feet [illegible] day. [illegible] crater, the lava [illegible] to deep red, [illegible] with shining black [illegible] intermingled in con[illegible] and a very cataract of [illegible] from the fire pillar. [illegible] was a yet greater [illegible] which the town of Hilo [illegible] ped. One strange epeasles, [illegible] a cataract of fire [illegible] pupils and [illegible] progressing satisfactorily under the [illegible] ervision of Miss Lottie Shearing.

[illegible] F. W. Brooks has had his saw mill [illegible] aired, and is about embarking in [illegible] manufacture of lumber.

[illegible] Dec. 29, 1883. TRAMP.

Some Big Loads of Lumber.

[illegible] following is a record of some big [illegible] ds of lumber drawn from Braceville [illegible] Hickory Station last week. They [illegible] certainly hard to beat:

	No. feet
[illegible] 24, by Henry Brace	9,400
[illegible] 24, by Jerry Blouse	9,435
[illegible] 25, by Henry Brace	10,500
[illegible] 25, by Jerry Blouse	11,400
[illegible] 26, by Henry Brace	11,525
Total, five loads	52,260

[illegible]emlock Timber Land for Sale.

[illegible]e undersigned will sell all the [illegible]lock Timber on the Tionesta [illegible]k Oil Co.'s land formerly known [illegible]e John and Luther Johnson and [illegible] Carpenter farm; the same being [illegible]oth sides of the Tionesta creek, [illegible]ediately above Newtown; is con[illegible]ient for manufacturing, running on [illegible]reek or for putting in logs to be [illegible] other convenient place for [illegible]. The timber is mostly second [illegible]n bark hemlock, and good [illegible] quality for sawing. Parties [illegible]g to purchase are requested to [illegible]t the timber and make us an [illegible]. For further particulars inquire [illegible] B. Root, at the mouth of Queen, [illegible]t Hickory, or J. G. Carpenter [illegible] premises.

ROOT, WATSON & CO.

[illegible]mber 25, 1883.

School Reports.

[illegible]rt of Church Hill School for [illegible]ending Dec. 25: Nomber of [illegible]enrolled, males 10, females 5; [illegible] attendance 13; percentage of [illegible]nce 89. Earle Albaugh, [illegible] and Laura Church were pres[illegible]y day during the month. The [illegible] f those who were absent but [illegible] are: Hamilton Foreman, [illegible]nd Orion Shaffer, George [illegible]nd Forrest Albaugh, and [illegible]drews. Visitors, 6.

[illegible]ATE GUENTHER, Teacher.

[illegible] of East Hickory Primary [illegible]nth ending Dec. 18, 1883: [illegible]ber in attendance during [illegible]s 28, females 16; per cent [illegible]e males 96, female 98. [illegible] are those who have not [illegible] during the month: Tom[illegible] Bernie Stonghton, Fred[illegible] Orion Hillard, Bertie [illegible] Witherell, Louis Ar[illegible]s, James and Frank [illegible]on, Orman Whitton, [illegible]lva Kiffer, Minnie [illegible]lton, Lydia and [illegible] Louie Fleming, [illegible]lla Patterson.

ELLA LEECH, Teacher.

THE MILKMAID.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

A cross the grass I see her pass
She comes with tripping pace—
A maid I know—and March winds blow
Her hair across her face;—
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Doll[illegible]
Dolly shall be mine,
Before the spray is wh[illegible]
Or blooms the eglan[illegible]

The March winds blow [illegible]
Her eye is brown a[illegible]
Her cheek is brown [illegible]
(To those who [illegible]

What has [illegible] —ook—
The da[illegible]
If she [illegible]
He [illegible] etc.
[illegible] and chill!
[illegible] to June,
[illegible] sweet as curds—
[illegible] a tune:—
With a hey, etc.
[illegible] to hear, O cuckoo-spear!
[illegible] Lent-lilies, dame!
[illegible] be a bride at Easter-tide,
[illegible] Dolly is her name.
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!
Dolly shall be mine—
Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.

—*Austin Dobson, in Harper's Magazine.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Somebody says lager beer is Teutonic. Bill-collecting is easier said than "dun."

Why is a great nose like a bee? Both appear best when leaving.

It's much easier to lay plans than it is to hatch them.—*Philadelphia News.*

"Truth crushed to earth will rise [illegible]" "Restored" is as [illegible] but is not sour, while it possesses [illegible] necessary to restore life between the [illegible] and color to the hair. [illegible] the differ[illegible] from responsible parties. [illegible] your druggist for it. Each bottle warranted. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia, and HALL & RUCKEL, New York, wholesale agents.

MARRIED.

CHURCH—BREWSTER—At the M. E. Parsonage in Tionesta, Pa., Dec. 27, by Rev. J. P. Hicks, Mr. John C. Church of East Hickory, Forest Co, Pa., and Miss Lizzie M. Brewster of Tylersburg, Clarion Co, Pa.

ELDER—HILLARD—At the M. E. parsonage, Brookville, Pa., Monday, December 24, 1883, by Rev. G. W. Scofield, John A Elder and Elma C. Hillard, both of Clarington, Forest Co., Pa.

CHITESTER—KNIGHT—On December 18, 1883, by Rev. David Steele, Mr. John E. Chitester, of Jefferson county, Pa., and Miss Minnie D. Knight, of Forest county, Pa.

AGNEW—ALLEN—December 18, 1883, by Rev. David Steele, Mr. Bartley Agnew, of Jefferson county, Pa., and Miss Leona M. Allen, of Clarion county, Pa.

TIONESTA MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY TUESDAY, BY RELIABLE DEALERS.

Flour ℔ barrel choice	4.75@7.00
Flour ℔ sack,	1.15@1.70
Corn Meal, 100 lbs	1.50@1.75
Chop feed, pure grain	1.40
Corn, Shelled	85
Beans ℔ bushel	1.50@3.00
Ham, sugar cured	16
Breakfast Bacon, sugar cured	15
Shoulders	11
Whitefish, half-barrels	8.50
Lake herring half-barrels	5.50
Sugar	9@11
Syrup	75
N. O. Molasses new	80
Roast Rio Coffee	16@24
Rio Coffee,	15@20
Java Coffee	28@30
Tea	20@90
Butter	30
Rice	8@10
Eggs, fresh	30
Salt best lake	1.50
Lard	12½
Iron, common bar	3.25
Nails, 10d, ℔ keg	3.75
Potatoes	45@50
Lime ℔ bbl.	1.50
Dried Apples sliced per ℔	11
Dried Beef	18
Dried Peaches per ℔	10
Dried Peaches pared per ℔	25

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that I have this day been appointed Administrator of the Estate of L. W. Hotchkiss, late of Harmony Township, deceased, and all persons owing said Estate or having bills against the same will present same for settlement.

ELIZABETH A. HOTCHKISS.
Dec. 15, 1883. Perry, Forest Co., Pa.

NOTICE,

Is herby given that a meeting of the stockholders of the Hickory Bridge Co. will be held at Hickory Station, Forest county, Pa., on the 8th day of January, 1884, for the purpose of submitting the question of the issuing of bonds, and to giving a mortgage to secure the same to raise money with which to provide for the indebtedness incurred or to be incurred in building said bridge.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
Attest ORION SIGGINS, Secretary.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.