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The Forest Republican

VOL. XVI. NO. 43.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1884.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with rates for One Square, one inch, one insertion, etc.

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

WINTER ON EARTH, BUT JUNE IN THE SKY.

Slow through the light and silent air, Up climb the smoke on its spiral stair.

JUNE IN THE SKY! Ah, now I can see The souls of roses about to be,

MEADOW FARM.

Mary Miller came home from the factory, upon that April evening, with a light, quick step.

The sky was all a jonquil glow; the frogs were croaking in the swamp; the maples were crimsoned with their earliest banners of blossom.

"Good news, mother!" the girl cried, lightly. "The Meadow farm is to let!

"It is a month now since old Mrs. Dabney died," said Mrs. Miller. "And they say that her daughter in the city and her son out in California despise the old farm.

"It was their first night there. Overhead the young May moon shone through a veil of purple mist." A solitary owl hooted in the chestnut-wood back of the house.

"The Plymouth Rock chickens were safely shut up where foxes could not reach them nor minks steal in to bleed their young lives away; the cows—two fine young Alderneys—were chewing their cud back of the old red barn.

"Because it's just possible that the house may be damp," she said, "after being uninhabited so long." There, mother, isn't that cheerful? And isn't it nice that our old rag-carpet should chance to fit this floor so exactly!

ment. Mary stopped short, with an ashy pallor overspreading her cheek. For as she spoke, the door opposite had opened, and a very little old woman, silver-haired and shriveled like a mummy, came in, and, walking across the floor, seated herself in Mrs. Dabney's very corner.

"You don't mean—" began the mild widow. "That Mrs. Daniel Dabney and Mrs. Everard Elberson let their old aunt go to the poor-house!" said Mrs. Miller.

"I'll take her back, after she has rested a little, and had a cup of tea," said Mrs. Miller, cheerily. "Oh, yes, she will," said Mrs. Miller. "Poor Miss Abby! She is as gentle as a child."

"I hope I don't inconvenience anybody," she said, meekly. "But that woman at Tewks town has cut off my allowance of snuff, and after all, there's no place like home."

"It ain't in human nature to stand this," she declared. "I'll put her in the jug." "The jug?" repeated Mrs. Miller, in surprise. "It's a room, down cellar, where we shut up the troublesome cases," said the matron.

"It is so good to be at home again," said she, rubbing her wrinkled hands. "I somehow seem to get lost of late. Elanah is gone, and Betsey is gone, and I'm left here all alone. Yes, a cup of tea, please—sugar and no milk. They never remember how I like my tea at Tewks town. This is good; and butter on my bread, too! We don't get butter at Tewks town."

"Mother," said she, "Miss Abby shall not go back to Tewks town—she shall stay here! Mother, how should I feel if you were wandering friendless and alone through the world?" "But, my dear—"

The Tewks town authorities were but too glad to be rid of the poor old incubus; and Miss Abby Dabney settled down into her old home, as contentedly and unquestioningly as if she had never left it. She ate and drank but little; she talked still less, and seemed to regard Mrs. Miller and Mary as guests, who had come to visit the old farm.

"There'll be the biggest kind of a smash-up presently," observed number four. "And an auction sale of everything; and I'll be on hand—for I don't deny that them little Alderney cows is the cunningest creatures I ever set eyes on, and good milkers into the bargain."

Until one gray, autumnal evening, Mary and her mother came back from a

brisk walk to the village, and found a stalwart, sunbrowned man sitting opposite to Miss Abby, by the red glow of the fire. The old woman rose up, in an odd, uncertain way. "Ladies," she said, fumbling in her old snuff-box, "this is my nephew, Cyrus Dabney—he as ran away from home twenty-nine years ago come Michaelmas Day, and we all supposed was dead. Cyrus, these are the ladies who are so good as to visit me here. I don't quite recollect their names; but then, my memory ain't as good as it used to be; and, after all, it don't matter much. Nothing matters much nowadays!"

"I have heard of Cyrus Dabney," said Mrs. Miller, gently. "And I'll venture, ma'am, you heard no good of me," said the young giant, with a short laugh. "I'll not deny that I was a wild boy enough, but there wasn't any actual evil in me, let folks say what they would. And now I've come back a rich man, and there's no body to bid me welcome home, except old Aunt Abby, out of the poor-house."

All the town was up to bid the rich government contractor welcome to Tewks town within twenty-four hours. Human nature is human nature everywhere. But Cyrus Dabney cared little for the friendly overtures of the old neighbors.

"The dearest of hearts," said the young giant, with a short laugh. "I'll not deny that I was a wild boy enough, but there wasn't any actual evil in me, let folks say what they would. And now I've come back a rich man, and there's no body to bid me welcome home, except old Aunt Abby, out of the poor-house."

"I shall be so. For I love you! And you were good to old Aunt Abby when all the world turned against her. I sometimes think, Mary, that you must be like one of heaven's angels!" And this was how they became engaged!

They still live in the old farm-house, the happiest of married lovers, and Aunt Abby firmly believes that they are all her guests; for to her the world stands eternally still—the world that is so full of bloom and beauty to Cyrus and Mary!— Helen Forrest Graves.

The last contribution of modern chemistry to science is the production of quinine from gas tar. Professor Fisher, of Munich, has succeeded in obtaining from distilled coal a white crystalline powder, which, as far as regards its action on the human system, cannot be distinguished from quinine except that it assimilates even more readily with the stomach. Its efficacy in reducing fever heat is said to be remarkable, even rendering the use of ice unnecessary.

To a barrister's clerk in Birmingham, England, belongs the credit of showing how fraudulent ingenuity adapts itself to new conditions, and the robbery of his master through the telephone, for which he is now "wanted." It was a very clever piece of criminal work. He connected the telephone with a friend of his employer, successfully imitating the voice of his master, and asked for the loan of some money, adding that the clerk would be sent to fetch it. Then, by forging a telegram to call the barrister into the country, he gained plenty of time to put long distances between the three parties concerned, and insured a postponement of the discovery of the fraud.

You can rent a sealskin saque in Chicago for fifty dollars a season. This is cheaper than house rent, for a woman can live in a sealskin saque on the street all winter.

HOW APACHES HUNT DEER.

Circle cloaks of every description remain in high favor. Buttoned and Mousquetaire Suede gloves are equally fashionable.

The evening cloak par excellence is of cashmere lined with plush, and having a crape hood trimmed with lace.

The small muff of velvet, lace, plush, fur, and even cloth matching the capote in shade and material, is the latest fancy.

One of the new brocades has ground of pale buff satin, covered with an irregular lace-like pattern of lavender pink, with bouquets of flowers in petunia and light blue tints and foliage of faded green.

Plastrons of beaded lace, especially of what is called white jet, with sleeves of the same, are worn with white dresses of satin or brocade velvet.

The smallest screw earrings are now almost the only kind admissible with street dresses. These may be made of rubies, pearls, turquoises, cat's-eyes, or flint diamonds set in natural gold of the brightest yellow, or held by claws of platinum that are strong though too small to be conspicuous.

Of the scenery of the Borromean Islands, or the blended softness and grandeur of the charming banks, the intense blue of the lake waters, and distant engulfing of snowy peaks, one can hardly say too much.

The German calls a thimble a "finger-hat," which it certainly is, and a grass-hopper a "hay-horse." A glove with them is a "hand-shoe," showing evidently that they wore shoes before gloves.

The use of alligator leather has become so general that it causes the slaughter, every year, of 6,000,000 mice.—Puck's Sun.

FASHION NOTES.

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A LEAP-YEAR EPISODE.

Can I forget that winter night In eighteen eighty-four, When Nellie, charming little sprite, Came tapping at the door!

She clasped my big, red hand, and fell Adown upon her knees, And cried: "You know I love you well, So be my husband, please!"

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