

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

The Forest Republican

VOL. XVI. NO. 46.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1884.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00; One Square, one inch, three months... \$3.00; One Square, one inch, one year... \$10.00; Two Squares, one year... \$20.00; Quarter Column, one year... \$15.00; Half Column, one year... \$30.00; One Column, one year... \$100.00

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly.

OH, FOOLISH HEART!

Oh, foolish heart, why feel In pain a pleasure, And banish smiles to find In tears a treasure!

—Jerome B. Bell.

THE HAUNTED ROOM.

It would be almost impossible to discover any one more entirely devoid of superstition than myself. Nevertheless, when I was seventeen years old an event happened which caused me to believe mine a haunted life.

"Ah, now mademoiselle is beautiful!" exclaimed my maid Justine, in French, as she stepped back to survey her work admiringly.

"I blushed with pleasure. It was the first compliment that had been paid me, and my glass told me it was true."

"I wonder who sent me these flowers?" I said, taking up the bouquet preparatory to leaving the room.

"Mademoiselle will doubtless discover her admirer among her partners to-night," was the girl's reply.

"At this moment there was a knock at the door. A telegram was handed to me."

"Mrs. Northcote is dangerously ill, and wishes to see her stepdaughter before she dies."

Startled, dismayed, but beyond all measure vexed at receiving such an untimely message, I dropped the paper upon the floor.

roads to Crowsnest. A stately house keeper met us in the hall.

"Miss Northcote, you came too late," she said, and there was more austerity than sadness in her tone.

"That no one will ever know in this world," was the answer. And I felt from that moment as though Mrs. Stevens was my enemy.

Sir Charles C—remained at Crowsnest until after the funeral. Then, in vain, he urged me to return to Paris.

"I decided to occupy it myself. No sooner had my kind guardian left Crowsnest than I told Mrs. Stevens of my intention, whereon she looked troubled, urging various reasons why I should not do so."

"As it is, Mrs. Stevens," I answered, seeing that she paused irresolutely, "I am now mistress here, and have set my heart on that particular bedroom."

"As you will," she said, indifferently. But as she turned away I caught a peculiar look on her face, which perplexed as much as it annoyed me.

"I looked up sleepily. The gas beside the window gave out a dim light; beyond it a faint moonbeam slanted across the room in which lay the shadow of a pear-tree that grew outside close to the house."

"The succeeding night, however, I again awoke and on opening my eyes beheld the self-same figure. But this time it was more clearly visible, especially the face, which, turned toward me, I saw to be that of a very beautiful woman."

A strange commingled feeling of awe and incredulity possessed me. Of awe, inspired by the apparent presence of a being from another world; of incredulity, that such a visitation could be possible.

vigils of the night. Twice more the visitation came; after that for two or three weeks the visits ceased; then once more were resumed.

"Perfectly comfortable, delightful! I would not change it for the world," I replied, evasively.

There I renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Weston. It was impossible to be blind to his feelings, his intentions.

Suddenly I became possessed with a strange longing to revisit Crowsnest, to see again the weird apparition that had exercised so subtle an influence on my life.

My mind—warped, weakened, as it had been by giving way to morbid fancies—gained tone and vigor daily by associating with my husband's, which was eminently matter of fact and practical.

A stream of moonlight flooded the chamber. As of old, the shadow of the pear tree lay along the floor, flickering in the night wind.

"What is it, Nina? Have you seen a ghost?" he inquired, lightly.

"I will reproduce it and you shall see." He loosed the curtain and it fell to the ground in the old folds and creases, as it was before.

"Yes, I thought it was the spirit of my stepmother. I imagined the likeness of course." Then between laughter and tears I made full confession of all my superstitious folly.

unique in its way, in which a heavenly body—the moon—aided by such commonplace earthly materials as a modern gas jet and an old, faded silk curtain, produced as perfect a specimen of a beautiful female ghost as ever visited our world.

Sleep. Sleep is to the brain what rest is to the muscles. Sleep is a craving more important than hunger.

There are three kinds of sleep. First, natural; second, pathological; third, artificial.

A child spends more than half its life in sleep. An adult should spend one-third of his. The aged sleep but little, though in extreme old age the habit of infancy often returns.

Girls and women require more, but generally get less than men. An hour's sleep before midnight is worth more than an hour after midnight.

Insomnia, or sleeplessness, is common, especially among mothers with young children, and among the victims of over-work and anxiety.

The New York Tribune's "Broadway Lounger" says: I was at the Astor house having my head shaved, and I saw a curious instrument before the barber, which looked to me like something between a watchman's rattle and a curry-comb.

When oleomargarine was first brought into public notice there was a good deal of opposition to its introduction, as affording the ready means of deceiving buyers, no matter how much better it might be than poor butter, how entirely harmless, and how thoroughly clean were the methods of its manufacture.

The bureau of printing and engraving at Washington has completed its addition to the cabinet album for the present administration.

The farmers and dairymen were most anxious for this legislation. But since these laws were passed there has sprung up a large business in what is called "butterine," which usually consists of a little good creamery butter and an admixture of oleomargarine oil and neutral lard.

Napkins are now being made out of spun glass, at the price of one hundred dollars per dozen.

Artificial oysters are the latest things in deceptions, and numbers of "manufactured bivalves" are said to be passed off on the Paris public.

Cornelius Nolan killed eighteen ducks at one shot near Yazoo City, Miss., recently.

FASHION NOTES.

The Medicis collar is very popular this year. Lace pins come in a variety of beautiful designs.

The newest handkerchiefs have the merest shadow of a hem. Some of the latest bridal dresses have a broad band of white for bordering the train.

Birds and butterflies of the most tropical appearance are placed flat on the corsages and drapery of many gauzy and tinsel-embroidered dresses.

The colors for brunettes are lovely this winter, and some of them are equally appropriate for blondes, says the Philadelphia Times.

Black stockings still prevail for general use, but there is an effort to revive the fashion of having the hosiery match the dress.

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SONGS OF PRAISES.

In a dried old mow, that was once, alas! A living glory of waving grass, A cricket made merry one winter's day, And answered me this, in a wondrous way,

I went away to the silent wood, And down in the deep brown solitude, Where nothing blossomed, and nothing stirred,

I stopped by the brook that, overglazed With icy sheathing, seemed prisoned fast; Yet there whispered up a continual song, From the life underneath that urged along,

Wilkie Collins' new story is called "I Say No." Somebody must have been trying to borrow a five-pound note of Wilkie.

The name of a New York society belle is Winona Wheat, and the Elevated Railway Journal thinks it is "no wonder she became the flower of the family."

"Your father is entirely bald now, isn't he?" said an Austin man to the son of a millionaire. "Yes," replied the youth, sadly, "I'm the only heir he has left."

The power of love can transport a five-pound box of caramels twenty-five blocks before marriage, but after that it breaks down under as little as a gum drop.

Physicians tell us that it is unhealthy to sit with your heels higher than your head. People who have formed the habit of sitting down on the icy pavement in this position should profit by the information.

"Why don't you get up as early as you used to a few days ago?" angrily asked a wife of her lazy husband. "Because, my dear, it's sleep year," he grinned, as he turned over for another snooze.

Mrs. Junebug invited several of her friends to come to her house on a certain day, as she was going to celebrate her twenty-fifth birthday.

"Jump on the scales," the butcher said into a misinformed day, "I'm used to weighing, and," said he, "I'll tell you what you weigh."

The butcher blushed; he hung his head and knew not what to say; He merely wished to weigh the girl—Himself was given away.

Neither Written Nor Printed. Perhaps the most singular curiosity in this book world is a volume that belongs to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is now in France.

Earrings were worn by Jacob's family, 1732, B. C.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

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