

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

The Forest Republican.

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TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1884.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description and Price. Includes rates for one square, one inch, one month, one year, and various column widths.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

PAYING THE CHURCH DEBT.

"Oh! husband, I heard such a sermon to-day, By dear Mr. Stiggins, who said we would pay Next Sabbath the debt on our church, and, said he, 'Whoever subscribes—Oh! how happy he'll be.'"

ONE YEAR AGO.

What stars have faded from our sky, What hopes unfulfilled to die! What dream so fondly pondered o'er Forever lost the hues they wore!

A RAFFLE FOR FREEDOM.

The subjoined account of an incident alleged to have occurred on a Mississippi steamboat a short time before the war is from a German sketch of American travel.

The planter himself now took two chances, and he was followed by his three fellow-players, who each took one chance more. Finally, three more chances were taken by the spectators, when the planter cried out, "Two chances still, gentlemen! Who will have them?"

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER WIT

A BATCH OF HUMOROUS STORIES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

A NEW PAPA.

Little Pet—"Do you know that we are to have a new papa?" Little Jack—"No; I des you is 'stales."

SUFFICIENT CAUSE

One fine morning Adolphus is observed upon the street deporting himself in a manner becoming a gentleman of elegant leisure.

WORSE THAN MORMONISM.

"Talk about Mormonism," said Bulger; "I don't see what right people have to howl about it when such things as this are permitted in Pennsylvania,"

SWELLS BECOME MORE SWOLLEN.

He was a fit subject for guying. His pants were put on in such a way that the hip pocket was most convenient.

POETRY IN ILLINOIS.

"I want to see the poetry editor," said a young lady, who stepped very briskly into the room—"the gentleman that puts all those lovely pieces in the paper every Saturday. Don't you think they're sweet?"

A Lady Made a Citizen.

Mrs. Emily S. Smith, a widow, has been made a citizen of the United States in the municipal court at Milwaukee.

The Value of the Farms.

The farms of the United States are worth \$10,197,000,000, while all other real estate, including the dwellings and warehouses of the city, the capital employed in business and the water power besides, is but \$9,881,000,000.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

A grain of strychnine will embitter 600,000 grains of water. In winding up the clock in the tower of Trinity church, New York city, the crank or handle has to be turned round 850 times.

HOPES SONG.

The golden dreams of youth Assume a guise of truth Which age keeps never, For Hope's voice singeth ever, "Oh, youth and strong endeavor, Can win the highest good forever."

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Women generally are clothes observers. It seems strange that no matter how much gold a man may steal he is only sent to the penitentiary for the guilt—Siftings.

WISE WORDS.

Be deaf to the quarrels and dumb to the inquisitive. Do not be too generous with your temper. Keep it.

The Fremont Family.

A New York letter says of John C. Fremont and his family: The residence of the Fremonts is a modest white house, perched high on the inside of the broad road that winds through trees along the New Brighton beach, and its front windows command a wide reach of the New York bay and the estuary of the Kill von Kull.

Italian Air Made to Order.

A very remarkable discovery is reported on the authority of a fellow of the Royal Meteorological society, to which the attention both of the faculty and of the society cannot be too speedily directed.

Color Blindness.

Little Nell—"Mamma, what is color blind?" Mamma—"Inability to tell one color from another, dear."

Maid of Texas, ere I go.

Tell me if your clock is slow; For I have a train to catch, And must quickly raise the latch. Ere I dart into the night, Tell me is your timepiece right? Hark! I hear the bulldog's bark, And the night is cold and dark. Maid of Texas! I must git, Yet, before I rise and fit, Tell me, maiden, tell me true, What number is your papa's shoe?