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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description and Price. Includes One Square, one inch, one insertion; One Square, one inch, one month; One Square, one inch, three months; One Square, one inch, one year; Two Squares, one year; Quarter Column, one year; Half Column, one year; One Column, one year.

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.

NOT TO-DAY.

Not to-day the golden fruition Of the hopes that beckon on, For the joy of attained ambition Flashed not from the eyes of dawn.

Not to-day the vessel riding In the port of Happy Isles, Where rapture is ever abiding And illusion no more beguiles.

Not to-day the bloom of the lotus To gladden seafolk eyes, And a glory like that of Canopus On the evening's tropic skies.

All of these for evasive to-morrow, But to-day desire's unrest, The toil of endeavor and sorrow For the slow, uncertain quest.

—Mary L. Goodrich.

FROM OVER THE SEA.

"Sandwich Islands!" The words, uttered in a chorus of high, childish treble, rang out clearly through the open transept above the stout, oak-grained door.

"Am I to hear nothing but the Sandwich Islands this morning?" she exclaimed half aloud, her impatience breaking through the guarded reserve she usually maintained even with herself.

Whatever fault was to be found with the day must have lain entirely in Miss Martha's own mind, for certainly its outward seeming was as perfect as could well be expected in a world we are accustomed to find so full of imperfection.

For Miss Martha the heartache and the regretful memories were in the ascendant; for it was her thirty-ninth anniversary, and at that thirty-nine hope and anticipation are no longer very vivid.

These regretful memories of course, included, and indeed centered upon, a masculine figure; a lithe, slender figure, a pale student-like face, with earnest, dark eyes that always seem to demand something of her.

As she glanced down the elm-lined street this May morning, the apparition of a slim, dark-coated figure, surmounted by a straw hat, almost brought back the girlish flutter at her heart which something such an apparition had aroused there twenty years ago.

How many years? She could hardly tell; for at that time something in Miss Martha's heart had seemed to run down, as the striking portion of a clock's apparatus sometimes does, while the rest of the machinery ticks uninterruptedly on.

And yet her friends would have thought strange to hear her say she had not thought outwardly few women appeared to live more intensely or more actively.

The little episode between her and the young professor of mathematics who had inducted her into the mysteries of algebra and geometry in the same school, had been so skillfully managed by her parents that few outside of her immediate family had known anything of it.

Whether courage or inclination failed he broke off, leaving the conjunction to hang like a broken link upon the end of his unfinished speech.

"It does, indeed, especially when we think how widely separated we have been for so many years.

"Has the distance seemed great? Have the years seemed long?" "Won't you sit down?" she asked turning with suddenly awakened hospitality toward a group of chairs.

It was perhaps a sudden sense of the narrowness of the bounds that hedged her in, as contrasted with the wide ocean and the long years that intervened between herself and this central figure and event of her life, which had called forth the exclamation recorded above.

main where everything should remind her of him; he, as if equally resolved to forget, had fled away across the ocean, that wide, wide ocean, whose multitudinous waves seemed adequate for the washing out of any resemblance, however deeply stamped.

No matter how carefully or wisely we order our lives, it is probable there will still be moments when the things we might have had will seem of far more value than those we have; but it was something new for the busy principal of the Seminary to sit idly before a window of a morning, indulging in melancholy reverie.

Peeping past the blackboard, she saw the class of little short-skirted geographers file decorously out of their recitation room, each turning at the door to courteously after the old-fashioned manner traditional in the school, and which Miss Martha insisted should be punctiliously observed, then bounding away with many an impromptu twirl and pirouette.

"Dear little hearts," murmured Miss Martha, rising and taking up again the book and pencil she had dropped, "for them the Sandwich Islands do not exist."

Miss Martha stood upon the platform before the assembled school—sweet Miss Martha, adored by every girlish heart in the room. Tall and slender was she, clad in a soft gray gown of some spring-like fabric, the full bandeaus of waving auburn hair parting in an enchanting double curve over her smooth, white forehead.

"You may find it interesting to go," she added, with a nod to her assistant to indicate that she had finished.

The assistant struck the bell, and the room was filled with the rustle of a well-ordered rising. Another stroke, and the girls began to move slowly in single file toward the door, while Miss Martha, seated in her armchair, gravely received their parting salutations.

At the gate a gentleman, who seemed about to enter, stepped aside, and, leaning an arm upon the fence, watched with a benevolent smile the outgoing tide of youthful loveliness.

The gentleman, the girls decide, was of very striking appearance, by reason of the gray hair that framed a face still youthful in contour and coloring, and, from his clerical coat and tie, they at once deduced the Sandwich Island missionary of the evening.

Miss Martha, still seated in her armchair, her face turned toward the door, and the fragments of the note held loosely in her hand, heard the slow step upon the cemented walk, but supposing it to be that of Washington, the colored janitor, she did not stir.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, rising with a startled look, while the bits of paper fluttered unheeded to the door.

But by this time she had recovered herself, and was once more the self-possessed person she usually appeared. Stepping down from her platform she advanced to meet him with outstretched hand, and a manner that struck just the proper balance between pleasure at meeting a long-absent friend and the reserve naturally incident to long separation.

"I am very glad to see you. I didn't know you were in town. When did you arrive?"

"This morning. I only meant to stop over one train, but Rowell caught me and—"

"You are very little changed," he said, abruptly. "I should have known you anywhere. It seems strange that we should stand together again in this room."

"It does, indeed, especially when we think how widely separated we have been for so many years.

Maria Jane." She threw back her head with that bright little laugh that had always been hers.

"It is wonderful how little changed you are," he said again. "I am an old man and you are still a girl."

"To be sure," she answered, merrily, marshaling, with a woman's delight in appearing young to the man she loves, all the resources of gaiety the years had left her.

"I wish I had it," he said, with the old wistful look in his eyes. "But it is hard to keep a lonely heart light."

"But the way is not to have a lonely heart," she replied, rising to draw a flapping shade beyond the reach of the wind.

"And the Sandwich Islands," she said, resuming her seat, and bravely attacking the name that had so haunted her all day.

"So free from conventionalities and stupid formalities. I don't suppose you have church societies and set tea-drinkings out there now, or that you feel it necessary to know the very latest utterances of the great leaders of modern thought?"

"Ah! but you would learn to like it," he exclaimed with anxious warmth. "It is really beautiful; mysterious and awful at times, it is true, but at other times joyous beyond anything you can imagine on land. To see it sparkling under the morning sun, rocking and swaying and clasping its hands as if it had some secret and unfathomable reason for being glad!"

"Only a surface gladness," interrupted Miss Martha. "At heart I am sure it is profoundly sad."

"Ah! don't say you will not like it," he said, leaning forward, and seeming to make a personal matter of it.

"For one, yes; but if there were two?" He leaned nearer; she drew back, half rising; but he caught her hand.

"Well, she said, looking at him with a tantalizing smile, "what do you think about it?"

"And you are right sure you never forgot me for a single instant?" "Quite sure. And you will go with me, dear?"

"To the sociable this evening? Why, certainly."

"Ah! you know I don't mean there. He took her face fondly between his hands, looking down into the starry eyes.

"Well, with a sigh of deep content, 'I suppose—if nothing else will satisfy you—I must even go to the Sandwich Islands.'"

"The Schoolmaster's Promise." "Boys," said an old schoolmaster, smiling, one day. "I am about to bargain with you for good conduct, I desire that you will behave yourselves with decorum for one week, and I will promise to show you a curiosity—what no man ever saw, and having shown it to you, what no man will ever see again."

"What could it be?" Another and another day, until the last Saturday dawned upon our gladdened young hearts. Nine o'clock came; every urchin was at his post; books and slates all in readiness; every task committed to memory.

"When in Doubt." A couple of Hoosier statesmen were traveling from Chicago to Washington with Senator Logan. The latter occupied a seat by himself and was engaged in reading a magazine.

FIVE MINUTES OF FUN.

HUMOROUS STORIES THAT WILL RAISE A SMILE.

Too Thin—How He Wanted to be Shaved—Blacking the Yellow Fever—Tougher Than Pie-Crust.

"It is astonishing," remarked Sam Colly at the breakfast table, "how extremes meet in this world."

"To what extremes do you refer, Mr. Colly?" asked the widow Flapjack, who was pouring out the coffee.

"Well, you, for instance, are very stout, and the coffee is so very thin," and he stirred up the mixture, and smiled in a sickly sort of a way.

"How He Wanted to Be Shaved." The following incident has been related before, but the Boston Globe thinks it will be enjoyed at this time: The late Charles O'Connor, soon after he took up his residence at Nantucket, had occasion to visit one of the barber-shops in the town.

"Good morning, Mr. O'Connor. Fine morning, sir." "No answer." "Think the weather will continue fine, Mr. O'Connor."

"Blacking the Yellow Fever." Mental confusion is a phenomenon to which every one is liable who can be badly scared, and it takes but very little of it to turn a tragedy into a farce.

"The Greeks of Old." The physical superiority of the ante-Alexandrian Greeks to the hardest and most robust nations of modern times, is perhaps best illustrated by the military statistics of Xenophon.

"Diet for Athletes." In Doctor Sargent's recent lecture on "What Shall We Eat to Get Strong?" he said in the course of his remarks: "It has been customary to train athletes on lean beef and mutton, but he thought this a mistake, as tissue-making food should be used in combination with these, and the diet should be so changed as to meet the requirements of the organism of the person using it, for to establish one diet for all persons was ridiculous."

"Tougher Than Pie-Crust." "That horrid Mrs. Sawyer!" said Mrs. Jones, the other day. "I wish she would move out of the neighborhood."

"The rolling-pin hung fire, and the boy escaped, but the barrier between the houses of Jones and Sawyer can never be broken. It is tougher than pie-crust."

"The small boy looks with longing eyes Upon the apples green, He will not touch them if he's wise, For lurking at the core there lies Colics and cramps unseen."

"Are you having much practice now?" asked an old judge of a young lawyer. "Yes, sir, a good deal, thank you."

"Did the lion and the lamb ever lie down together?" asked a young hopeful who had just returned from Sunday-school. "Ye, my son," answered the father; "but the lamb was out of sight."

"What has she said about you now?" inquired Mrs. Jones. "Oh, it's nothing about me," said Mrs. Jones.

"Who is it about?" asked Jones, with evident anxiety. "It's about you," resumed Mrs. J. "She says you're no more fit to run for office than a bridle cat, and that if Sawyer votes for you she'd never speak to him again. She says—"

"Never mind," said Jones loftily. "I'm not the least interested in what a feeble-minded woman says."

"But the fatiron had struck home, and Jones left the table with a look on his face that boded no good. It was baking day at the Sawyers'.

"Please, Mrs. Sawyer," said the innocent child, "pa would like a piece of your pie-crust."

"He doesn't want it baked."

escaped, but the barrier between the houses of Jones and Sawyer can never be broken. It is tougher than pie-crust.—Detroit Free Press.

"Fifty dollars to the man who can prove that any two things put into this ice-chest will taste of the other."

He had a refrigerator run out to the curbstone, hung the above sign over each side, and retired in-doors to await the expected run of customers.

"Do you mean it?" he inquired in an anxious tone, pointing over his shoulder to the sign.

"Of course I will," answered the dealer, wondering what in the name of Christopher Columbus the man had in view.

"The stranger set his boxes down on the sidewalk, and a crowd began to collect. He told the dealer that he was afraid that he (the dealer) would back out of the bargain, but the latter asserted his readiness to put up the stamps if necessary.

"Now, mister," said he, "you just shut that door in a hurry when I flop the rat inside, and I'll go you another fifty that one will taste of the other in less'n five minutes."

"The crowd yelled, and the dealer slammed the refrigerator door and slid into the store, with a remark about fools and swindlers. He still refuses to recognize the stranger's claim to the \$50—but has taken his signs in.—Denver Republican.

"Trust men and they will trust you," said Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Trust men and they will bust you," says an ordinary, every-day business man.—Saturday Night.

An exchange says that the famous monkey of the Jardin des Plantes has "joined the great majority of Monkeys." Become a "dude," we presume.—New York Graphic.

"The female giraffe," says the Bismarck Tribune, "has a tongue seventeen inches long, but she can't talk." Now we know why a giraffe wears such a sad and subdued expression.

"My name is oleomargarine, I'm mighty nice to handle; And when they want to make me They milk a tallow candle."

Queen Victoria is said to have nineteen granddaughters. When the old lady and her granddaughters get on a street car a good many loyal Britons have to hang on to the straps.—Courier-Journal.

A Vermont woman, who was thrown out of a runaway team, was found in an apple tree uninjured. This is the first time a woman was ever known to climb a tree under the influence of fright.—Burlington Free Press.

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"When you are dead, my darling, When over you has grown The grass to hide your face away Beneath a grave's white stone— When, where your dead footstep trod You may not tread again, And you are in the world of God And I the world of men; Oh, then, if by your grave, dear, I speak some loving word, I pray you, give some sign to me To tell me that you heard."

"Dear, if you kneel beside me And whisper, thro' the mold Above me any tender words I loved to hear of old— If in the grasses growing Above my place of rest Some little flower should blossom, Some flower you loved the best, The while you kneel beside me And speak your loving word, Oh, you will see it, darling, And you will know I heard!"

"Put your money up," insinuated the stranger.

"No, sir," replied the dealer in a pompous style; "my word is as good as the cash."

"All right, I'll take you," responded the stranger, as he departed. Some time after he returned with a box under each arm.

"Stick to your agreement?" he queried.

"Of course I will," answered the dealer, wondering what in the name of Christopher Columbus the man had in view.

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