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The Forest Republican.

VOL. XVII. NO. 16.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1884.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Advertisement type and rate. 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 Square, 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.

SUMMER CHANGES.

Song the lily, and sang the rose, Out of the heart of my garden close, "Oh, joy! Oh, joy of the summer tide!" Sang the wind, as it moved above them, "Roses were sent for the sun to love them, Dear little buds in the leaves that hide!" Sang the trees, as they rustled together, "Oh, the joy of the summer weather! Roses and lilies, how do you fare? Sang the red rose, and sang the white: "Glad we are of the sun's large light, And the songs of birds that dart through the air."

THE STOLEN RING.

"I've brought home the young lady's bonnet, miss, please," said little Rachel. "Oh, it's the milliner's apprentice, is it?" said Green, the parlor-girl. "Just step into the hall, and wait a minute. Miss Madison's own maid will be down directly. We're having quite a state of things up stairs." Green added, bustling around to fasten up a woolly white poodle which had contrived to snap the links of his golden chain. "Miss Madison has had a diamond ring stole. And they've sent for a detective gentleman, and Miss Madison's uncle from Wall street, and missus has had hysterics, and the doctor is there giving her drops; and the cook says, up and down, she won't stay in no family where the help is suspected!"

"drops? Well," with a shrill laugh, "if you don't choose to dry yourself, the fault is your own." "I was to return as soon as possible, ma'am," said little Rachel, rather embarrassed by all this extra attention. "If Miss Madison was suited—" Adrienne caught up the bandbox, which Rachel had held all the time, and whirling around on her heel, ran up stairs into the reception-apartment, where Miss Madison herself stood, surrounded by a group of people. Miss Madison was a tall, blonde-complexioned young lady, with clear, hazel eyes, a well-rounded chin, and the air of one who definitely comprehended her rights and meant to assert them. Her mother, an irresolute, elderly lady, looked feebly from her daughter to the policeman in plain clothes, who stood deferentially before them, and then back again. "Well, if the house is to be searched, it had best be done promptly, I suppose," said Miss Madison. Tell your man to proceed at once, Mr. Jones. "But, my dear Corisande, do consider!" twittered Mrs. Madison. "Some of our maids are so very superior! The idea of ransacking their trunks, as if they were common burglars!" "If they are innocent of stealing my diamond ring they won't care," said Corisande, indifferently. "If they are guilty, they deserve all the obloquy which can descend upon them."

"We try to be kind to every one who needs kindness," said Rachel, gently. "I can't pay you even the rent of this wretched hole!" groaned Adrienne. "We didn't suppose, me and mother, that you could," said Rachel, simply. "But that don't signify." "See!" cried Adrienne, with feverish eagerness, "I heard you down stairs yesterday. Since you cut the stove-pipe hole to let the heat come up to warm my poor bones, the sound comes up also. The ship-carpenter on the second floor asked you to marry him. You confessed that you loved him, but you said no!" Rachel crimsoned. "Because I did not wish to link his fortunes with those of one who has been called a thief," said she, in a low voice. "You have saved my life!" said the Frenchwoman, excitedly. "Do you think I will let you break your heart? No! I will let all that right. It was I that stole Miss Madison's diamond ring. I had the ring in my possession, and when I saw you standing there so innocent, the Evil One entered into me. I slipped the ring into your pocket; I allowed you to be arrested as a thief. I have never had a lucky moment since."

WIT FOR WARM WEATHER.

Why He Rebelled—Patience—Something Wrong Somewhere—Caring It of Smoking—The Bad Boy. Some years ago a detachment of United States artillery was stationed at Hot Springs, Ark., to protect the public property, the supreme court having decided that the springs belonged to the United States. One day one of the detachment fell ill and was ordered by the surgeon to "take a hot bath and drink the water," meaning the sulphur spring water. He went to one of the bath houses, where a bath was prepared for him, and he was left to enjoy the luxury. After the usual time had elapsed the attendant went in to see how he was getting along. He found the soldier sitting on the edge of the tub much swollen about the waist and the water reduced about one-half. The attendant asked him how he was getting along. The soldier replied: "Pretty well. I enjoyed the bath. But," he added, and a look of despondent determination settled upon his countenance, "I'll be dogged if I drink all that water, not even if they put me in the guard-house for it."

sors believe that each other was deaf and how they talked loud to each other, and I thought if such a joke was all right in a college where they turned out young preachers, it would do at our house, so I told ma she better tell pa to talk loud enough, or the preacher couldn't hear him. You see I didn't lie, but ma went and told pa the minister was deaf as a post and he would have to yell bloody murder to make him hear. I don't think it was right for ma to say that, 'cause I didn't tell her the minister was deaf, but pa said he hadn't spoken at ward caucuses for nothing, and he would make the preacher hear or talk the top of his head off. I brought the minister's satchel over from the house where he had been stopping, and he came along with me, and I asked him how his voice was, and he said it was all right, and I told him he would have use for it if he talked with pa much. He asked me if pa was deaf, but I wouldn't lie, and all I said was if the minister would yell as loud as he did when he got excited in preaching, pa would hear the most of what he said. Oh, he said he guessed he wouldn't have any trouble making pa hear. Well, I ushered him in the parlor, and they shook hands and I skipped up stairs, just as pa swallowed out his chest, and took a long breath and shouted 'Glad to see you!' Well, you'd a dide. It seemed as though his voice would knock the new minister's ear off, but the minister braced himself, inflated his lungs, and shouted, 'The happiness is mutual, I assure you,' and then they both coughed, 'cause I guess it strained their lungs some. Ma was leaning over the banisters, and when pa would roar at the minister, ma would laugh, and when the minister would roar back at pa, I would laugh. Pa seemed to think the minister talked loud, and the minister thought the same, and they was having it pretty loud, you bet. They talked about religion, and politics, and everything, and pa mopped his bald head with his handkerchief, and the minister got red in the face; and finally pa told the minister he need not yell loud enough to loosen the shingles, as he wasn't deaf, and the minister said he wasn't deaf, and pa needn't yell like a maniac, and then pa, said he was another, and the minister said pa was a worldly minded son of Belial, and then ma she see it was time to stop it, and she went down stairs on a hop, skip and jump, and told them both that there was a mistake, and that nobody was deaf, and then the minister said he understood from pa's little boy that his pa was hard of hearing, and pa sent for me, but I was scarce. Don't you think a boy shows good sense, sometimes, in not being very plenty around when they yearn for him? Sometimes I am numerous, and then again I am about as few as any of the boys. Well, there was no harm done, but pa and the minister have their opinion of each other."—Peach's Sun.

ILLUSIONS.

When youth's illusions vanish with the past, We miss our infant measure of the vast. A single footstep fords the shallow tide, Of you small brook we thought so deep and wide. The endless meadow endless rolls no more, Its sheeted daisies have their bound and shore. We seek the hilltop once our highest goal, And sigh to find it but a common knoll. How large the berries when ourselves were small, How tall the clover when we were not tall. The very shadows by the roadside flung, Were broader, cooler than—for we were young. 'Tis thus that from the daybreak of his youth Inensibly he finds the paths of truth. —G. H. Coomer, in Youth's Companion.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Kiss Me as I Fall Asleep" is the title of a new song. It might work all right with some men, but it would wake us right up.—Hawkeys. "Mary, be careful, my child, when going out. Have a will of your own." "Oh, I've got a Will of my own, mother; but he can't be with me all the time." "I wish," he said, "I knew a maid, Whose ma had really taught her To hate ice-cream, and always deem As a poison, soda-water." —Philadelphia Call. According to a physician, sudden fright is a cure for sickness. The difficulty is to procure that medicine; for a person who is right down seasick doesn't care a continental whether the old ship sinks or not. There is a new book, "Whirlwinds, Cyclones and Tornadoes," just issued, which we have not read, but judging from its title, it must be the reminiscence of a man who found his wife awake when he came home along in the afternoon of the night.—Merchant-Traveler. Diphtheria is a terrible thing to have in the family, but since it has been discovered that it is fatal to cats it is expected that there will be quite a demand for it. A chunk of diphtheria laid out in the back yard at night will kill off more cats and make less noise than forty boot-jacks.—Peck's Sun.

Rhymes in the Mails.

Some very curious and funny letters are received at the dead letter office. The outside of some is more unique than the inside. The following are the addresses on the envelopes of several which have found their way to the dead-letter office. They show the poetical bent of the writers: "Fly little messenger, quick and straight, To Humboldt county of Iowa State! Fly, little messenger, and seek with care For Miss Annie Fahay, you'll find her there." Unfortunately there was no stamp on it, and the matter-of-fact P. M. hustled it off to the dead-letter office. "Please send this letter to my son, who drives a team of red oxen, and the railroad runs through his place." Another envelope has: "Bummer's letter, send it ahead, Dead broke and nary a red; Postmaster, put this letter through, And when I get paid I'll pay you."

Treatment of Dog-Bites.

Mr. T. M. Dolan, the author of a standard work on hydrophobia, has drawn up the following simple remedies for the immediate treatment of dog-bites: "The bite of a healthy dog cannot cause hydrophobia. This is a well-established fact. As it is difficult to determine the state of health of a dog at the time he bites, the wound should be treated as if the dog were rabid. Dog-bites should be treated at once by the person bitten or by a bystander, by sucking the wound if possible; enlarging the wound with a penknife to encourage bleeding; by hot water fomentation; by free washing with cold water; by ligature, a piece of string tied between wound and heart. After bleeding has been encouraged and the wound has been well washed apply hot iron—as a heated penknife, small key, etc.—caustics, pure nitric, sulphuric or hydrochloric acid, nitrate of silver, acetic acid, carbolic acid, ammonia, salt, or piece of hot cinder. If near a chemist's the person bitten should run there, keeping his mouth applied to the wound, if possible, and spitting out the blood extracted. If near a medical man's house, run there at once. If in a part where the person bitten cannot apply his mouth, some bystander should suck the wound—no harm can follow from thus lending assistance. The dog inflicting the bite should be kept under observation for at least fourteen days. It will soon be seen whether it is healthy or not. If healthy, there is no fear of future development of hydrophobia. If the person bitten experiences shooting pain up the arms or other parts of the body, three or four Turkish baths should be taken. If the person bitten is nervous, he should place himself under the care of his medical attendant. I have treated some hundreds of cases of dog bites from all parts of the country, and I am glad to say that those bitten have not experienced any after symptoms."—London Era. It is not much of a compliment, after all, to say that a man is sound. Some men are nothing but sound.