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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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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.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-BYE.

When the gold and the red of the setting sun Grows pale and fades at the close of day; When the flooding splendor is over and done, And night draws on and covers its way, We do not hope its return in vain, For we know to-morrow will come again. This is good-night.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

"I can never pass that spot without thinking of an event that happened two years ago," said the captain of the Fly-by-Night, a lake passenger-boat trading between Detroit and Port Huron, as he pointed to a small house two miles away on the American shore of Lake Huron. It was a trim white cottage with green lattice-work, a well-kept little lawn, and in front of it a tall flag-pole set into the roof of a pagoda-like summer-house. Below it, at the lake, was a dock, and on a huge sign-post one could read, "Warner's Landing."

How down-hearted he looked, I told him to give the parcel to the clerk and I would see what I would do when we arrived opposite the Landing. We left Port Huron in the middle of the following day. It had been very hot all the morning, but as the afternoon advanced, a stiff west wind, accompanied by a drizzling rain, began to blow. "It was so late when we approached the landing that I had quite determined not to call; in fact, we stood out in the lake a mile further than our usual course. I was taking a dog-snooze in my berth, when the mate awoke me. "There's a woman, sir, on Warner's landing signaling us, and I think something's wrong there."

Holly is becoming popular for bonnet trimming. Wide collars are most fashionable for boys' wear. A new imitation of valenciennes lace has appeared. Fashionable paper fans have not more than five sticks. Some parasols are studded at intervals with artificial daisies. Navy blue satteens with large red polka dots are popular. Gay colored chenille balls are sewed on at intervals on lace vests. Bonnets are even more microscopic than those of last winter. Ladies are wearing more masculine looking cravats than ever. Bonnets are small and hats are large, with high crowns as a rule. Straw hats of the sailor shape are worn by many young ladies. Ladies are having shirred pokes made to match their summer dresses. Every lady who can afford it, has nowadays, at least one lace dress. The rush bonnet has appeared; it is simply trimmed with a rose or two. Among cool dresses are China crapes frocks trimmed with valenciennes lace. Some of the figured lawns sold this season have borders a third of a yard wide. India silk dresses are made with the gathered round waist and the skirt in one piece. A black straw hat looks pretty when trimmed with red crapes, jetted red tips and wings. Hats are seen occasionally that have a brim of fluted lace substituted for the one of straw. An attractive dress is a gray cashmere with draperies of gray silk dotted with cardinal chenille. Puffed vests or wattle fronts, as they are also called, are seen on many of the imported dresses. Seals are more and more generally used on letters, and gray wax is used in preference to other colors. Black pearl ornaments are used instead of jet by ladies in second mourning. They are pretty, but expensive. Pique collars are still worn, and for negligé costumes colored and striped linen is used for collars and cuffs. On some of the new bonnets is revived the prim little bow under the chin and held in place by a fancy little pin of gold. Silver braid is much used on Parisian-made dresses and wraps, and when used judiciously is a very ornamental and effective trimming. Pretty bonnets are made of alternate rows of silver braid and straw of dark shades, such as garnet, myrtle green, smoke color and black. A costume of brown cashmere, with a vest of chamois skin, is perhaps a rather surprising combination, but is nevertheless quite pretty and effective. Spiders and owls have had their day for heads of bonnet pins, and oxidized silver grasshoppers, locusts, dragonflies and little birds are seen in their place. A pretty black tulle bonnet is studded with gold beads and has a high trimming of golden chrysanthemums and a gold aigrette, the strings being of beaded lace. The newest thing in the way of a sofa pillow is a huge egg of pale blue satin cut in five gores, and on one side a hand-painted decoration appears in the form of a scene of "Sindbad the Sailor." The wide neckties of white mull so much worn a few seasons ago are again offered by those who import French lingerie. These are a quarter of a yard in width, and are hemstitched across the ends. The Circassian jacket, quite short at the waist, square cut in front, opening over a Russian waistcoat and belt, and worn with a full trimmed or untrimmed skirt, comes to us among other Parisian novelties. One of the dressiest toilets of surah, trimmed with lace, has a deep lace drape of bordered lace around the bottom of the bodice, lace elbow sleeves, and a full lace yoke, strapped with ribbon matching the surah. Black stockings are still commended with dresses of all colors and for all occasions. Those of silk or of brilliant lisle-thread with a slight clocking at the sides are chosen in preference to those elaborately decorated. Some of the most delicately beautiful of the bonnets of white lace, mull or crape are shirred in clusters on their white frames and made graceful with scarfs of lace and white clover blooms, lilies of the valley or snowball. The latest costume of high ceremony brought out from Paris consists of a pale blue Chantilly lace dress, worn over a pale blue surah slip. The blue net, on which the white (imitation) Chantilly flowers are applique, is fine silk tulle. The Early Bird. Mrs. Symperon is quite a young woman, and is the mother of a precocious little girl. There was company at the house a few evenings ago. When bed time arrived Mrs. Symperon said: "Come now, Mamie, it's time for you to go to bed."

JESTERS OF THE PRESS.

Humorous stories culled from exchanges. A Cheerful Driver—She Expected to Be He Experimented—Heard a Hundred Miles—Woman Who Wept. An invalid from Boston came to Austin for his health. He was confined to his bed at first, but soon recovered sufficiently to take a ride in a hired hack from Monroe to Miller's stable. The hack driver was very polite and attentive, and when he helped the invalid out on their return to the hotel, the latter said: "I am very much obliged. I think I shall require your services again pretty soon." "You bet you will. I drive the hearse."—Texas Siftings. She Expected to Be. At Vassar they do not allow the young ladies to drive out with the male men unless there is a near relationship between them or unless there is an engagement on the boards. A Vassar daisy asked permission to take a drive with a young man. "Is he your father, brother, or cousin?" "No, ma'am." "Are you engaged to him?" "No, ma'am," and here the crimson rushed from her neck and cuddled up among her bangs, "but I expect to be before we get back." She was allowed to go.—Hatchet. He Experimented. He was a bashful wooer, but there was a certain manliness about him which indicated that he needed a little encouragement to let himself out. She saw this and she resolved on a policy of encouragement. "Do you believe these stories in the funny papers," she asked, "about the willingness of young ladies to be kissed?" "I—I really can't say," he replied. "They may be true." Then, gathering courage, he added: "I hope they are true, and he drew closer to her. "It seems to me," she said, "that there is only one way in which a young man can discover whether they are true or not." "And what way is that?" he asked. There was a brief pause. Then with a far away look in her eyes, she answered: "By experimenting when he has the opportunity." He experimented. Several old fellows were exchanging yarns in the postoffice lobby the other day—yarns suited to this season of the year, fish, snake and sea serpent stories—when one who had said little, stepped forward and took a hand in the game. All of the old fellows had vouched for the truth of the stories they had told, but still, there was a kind of feeling that some high-latitude lying was being done in the audience, and when this last gentleman came forward, the crowd yearned to hear him swear the yarn would be strictly true. "Gentlemen," said the new man, "I am going to give you a true story," (groans). "I am willing to swear to it." (Cries of "Swear," "Swear.") "If there is a justice of the peace here, let him swear me." One came forward and administered the oath. This began to inspire confidence. "Gentlemen, I heard two men talk a hundred miles, the other day," (cries of "Oh!" "Telephone!") and it was not by means of any telephone, either. (Surprise and cries of "Liar," "Perjurer," etc.) "Then, how was it?" asked one of the men. "Why, I was riding on the Chicago & Alton Denver express with them." The corner cut him down, and he was buried in the potter's field.—Through Mail. The Woman who Wept. On the wharf side of the Michigan Central freight depot the other day was a box which anybody would instantly suspect to contain a coffin. A woman about fifty years of age sat on this box and wept. She hadn't shed above seven tears when a man who was hunting up some freight passed her and was attracted. "Ah! I see!" he remarked as he scanned the box, "husband dead and wife going to take the body back for burial among friends." She didn't look up or give other evidence that she knew of his presence, and he walked closer and remarked: "So the old gentleman's gone, eh? Too bad, but that is the end of all." She answered by a well constructed sob. "Taking the body back to the old family burying ground, I suppose!" he went on. "Well, it probably doesn't make any difference where a man sleeps his last sleep, but when I die I want to be taken back to old Massachusetts to lie until the summons come." If she cared two cents whether his body went to Massachusetts or Halifax she did not let on. "Probably sick for several weeks and expenses must have been pretty heavy. I'm a stranger to you but if—ahem—that is, if you won't take it amiss, here's a \$5 bill to help along so far." She covered her face with one hand and held out the other. "And, I hope," said the man as he turned away, "that he may rest in peace under the shadow of the village church." She probably hoped so, too, but she didn't say it. The man went his way to the other end of the freight house, and falling in with a freight handler whom he knew he said: "That's an awful sad case down there."

Health hints. To cure weak eyes bathe your eyes daily in salt water; not salt enough to cause a smarting sensation. The worst cold may be promptly cured if, within twenty-four hours after it has been taken, the patient will keep warm in bed and eat nothing for a day or two. It is said that by the following simple method almost instant relief from earache is afforded: Put five drops of chloroform on a little cotton or wool in the bowl of a clay pipe, then blow the vapor through the stem in the aching ear. Prevention of summer complaint in children, according to Dr. Little, can be attained by giving them plenty of water. He had been physician to a children's orphan asylum for twenty-two years, and every summer there had been enteric disease. In the summer of 1882 he ordered that the infants be fed only every three or four hours, and that water be given if the child cried in the interval. There was not a single case of enteric disease in the institution during that season. A Novelist's Methods. In its sketch of Charles Reade the Pall Mall Gazette thus describes his method of work: "At eight o'clock he used to rise. At nine he breakfasted. At ten he began his work, which generally lasted until two or thereabouts. His work was done in the drawing room, from the windows of which he could look on to the smooth lawn, sometimes watching the traffic as it passed the bottom of the garden, or looking on at a game of tennis, or amused by the gambols of his tame hares. When the French windows were closed no noise from the street could reach him, though he was not as some authors, for he even tolerated the presence of a friend when at work. When he had fairly broken the ice of a story he worked with great rapidity, and sometimes for many hours without a rest. He loved great sheets of drab manuscript paper, great pens and the blackest of ink. As each sheet was done it was numbered and thrown on the floor, which, after a few hours, was carpeted with manuscript. The maid servant gathered up the sheets; they were put in order and sent to his favorite copyist, who returned them written out clean in a neat, round hand. Mr. Reade went over them again, slashing here or adding there. The revised sheets were once more copied out, once more revised, and then sent to the printer's. Punch once declared that a compositor threw himself off Waterloo Bridge in a fit of madness induced by Charles Reade's manuscript, a little joke which he took much to heart. It proved effective, however, and was good for both compositor and copyist. At times he dictated a story, but this happened very seldom. He took no lunch, but dined late, often going to the theatre after dinner." Killed by Parsimony. M. de Vandille was the most remarkable man in Paris on account of his extreme wealth and avarice. He had been a magistrate at Boulogne. He literally adopted the old maxim that the "seeds of wealth, the half-pence and pence, may be compared to seconds of time, which generate years, centuries, and even eternity itself." In 1735, M. de Vandille possessed upward of seven hundred thousand pounds, which he had got or multiplied upon the body of a single shilling, from the age of sixteen to the age of seventy-two. Having overheated himself one summer's day in carrying home a load of fuel, a fever ensued, and he, for the first time in his life, sent for a surgeon to bleed him; but thinking his terms exorbitant, he proposed a bargain to a common barber surgeon, who undertook a vein for three pence a time. "But," said Vandille, "how often will it be requisite to bleed?" "Three times," said he. "And what quantity of blood do you propose to take?" "About eight ounces each time," replied the operator. "That will be nippence! Too much! Too much!" exclaimed old Vandille. "I have determined to go a cheaper way to work; take the whole quantity at once that you propose to take at three times, and that will save me six pence." This being insisted upon, he lost twenty-four ounces of blood, and also, by this unprecedented stretch of parsimony, his life. His vast treasures were left to the king, whom he appointed his sole heir. The Mormon Temple. The great building at Salt Lake, which the Mormons have been twenty-eight years in constructing, is approaching completion. The main walls are done. It is built of granite, which is hauled from the mountains, back of Salt Lake, on great wagons or trucks, with wheels twelve feet high. The walls are ten feet in thickness and eighty-five in height. It has cost up to this time \$4,500,000, which has been collected by the tithing tax. It will require six years more to finish the work. Probably no other church building in the United States has been constructed in a way to secure such durability as is possible to this. Some of those who predict the early ruin of the Mormon hierarchy are wondering what use they can make of this temple. A youthful appearing couple have been detected in a strange conspiracy to obtain money. They visited different cities as single persons, obtained positions in society, courted each other and were married. In every case the wedding presents amounted to handsome amounts.

AT THE GARDEN GATE.

"Come and unbar the garden gate, My hands are full of gathered flowers," Sang blithesome Kate, as the painted sky Was fading out 'mid evening hours; A welcome song to my listening ear, From prattling, pretty, winsome Kate; So I hurried o'er the well-worn path That wound along by the garden gate. A cloud of fragrant apple blooms Was hung so closely overhead That even shy, eavesdropping birds Could not make out a word we said, Nor take a note of what was done By bashful swain and blushing Kate, And both have kept the secret well— Those happenings at the garden gate. Bright roses bloomed on Katie's cheeks, While fading sunlight bathed her hair; A merry twinkle filled her eyes; Her lips—well, kisses nestled there. I drew the bar and cleared the way, That she might pass, my bonnie Kate; But toll was claimed; she paid; and I Returned it all at the garden gate. Long years have rolled away since then, And we have lived and loved together, Sometimes in sun, sometimes in shade, Unmindful of the wind or weather. Each year, when comes the apple bloom, At eve I go with my darling Kate, And on each anniversary day Take toll anew at the garden gate. —Clark W. Bryan, in Harper's Weekly. HUMOR OF THE DAY. A nod thing—A boy in chucks. A game name for a petulant wife—The cross. A dissipated man is apt to be dizzy pated, also. The duty of the man is the tariff on watches—Huckeye. Gross earnings—The wages made by a museum fat woman.—Philadelphia Call. What the sewing machine said when it skipped the stitch—Sew long!—The Judge. An enthusiast speaks of the religion of the beautiful flowers. Buddhism, probably.—Boston Courier. Baseball is taking the place of bull-fighting in Cuba. Thus does civilization advance, step by step.—Hartford Post. "Hard lines," muttered the tramp, when he tried to cut a clothes-rop and found it was made of wire.—New York Journal. A Burlington girl has a diary devoted entirely to noting down the visits of her beaux. She calls it her court docket.—Free Press. A hotel in the shape of an elephant has been built at Coney Island. The baggage of the guests will be kept in the trunk.—Burlington Free Press. How doth the frisky little bug Delight to crawl and bite, And make your limbs a picnic ground, Each blessed summer night. —Fall River Advance. An exchange says: "Great excitement prevails in Clackamas county, Ore., over the reported discovery of a veritable wild woman." We suppose the woman across the street has a better looking bonnet.—Boston Post. Miss Rose Eyttinge says: "Journalism and the theatrical profession are united by some very slender ties." One of which, most fragrant Rose, is adverb-tise. There is nothing like it, we assure you.—Louisville Post. There is a young pianist in Boston who shuts his eyes while playing. There are lots of old warblers in every city who would gain many new admirers if they would shut their mouths while singing.—New York Journal. The man who owes a tailor's bill He can't afford to pay Must be possessed of iron will Upon a sultry day; For when his fears, despite of pride, His tailor he might meet, He stulks along the sunny side, Of every crowded street. —New York Journal. A Frenchman in New York makes dimples in the faces of all who can afford that luxury. As he has advertised for a steam drill it is safe to presume that he has a commercial traveler for a customer.—Boston Courier. A current item says that "the plains of Texas cover an area of 132,000 acres, on which feed 3,800,000 head of cattle." The item does not state where the tails of the cattle are, but whoever heard of the tails feeding anywhere.—Texas Siftings. RULES OF COURTSHIP. The manly youth who would a maiden woo Will profit if he keeps these rules in view; Be not precipitate nor yet too slow; Be not assumed at a rebuff or so. If she is unresponsive, distant, cold, The wooer should be delicately bold; If she is timid, diffident and shy, Don't fret, she'll find more courage by-and-by. Let not her first refusal give distress; A woman's no is often meant for yes. —Somerville Journal. A tramp stopped at a house on Main street the other day and asked for something to eat. "Which do you like best," asked the hired girl, "steak or chop?" The tramp meditated a minute, and then replied: "Chop." "Stop right this way," said the hired girl. "Here's the ax and there's the wood-pile."—Burlington Free Press. HE FEELS. The snail boy stands Beside the pool, And with his hands The water cool He feels. HE LINGERS NOT. Nor time does waste, The weather's hot, And with great haste He peels. —Boston Post. The prince of Orange kept sixty parrots in his bedroom.