

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XVII. NO. 21.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 10, 1884.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Table with columns for ad type and duration, and rates.

REGRET.

I had known oh, loyal heart, I had known when far and wide, I had known when your kind eyes met mine in parting, true and sad—

see my name in print, in a different form from its habitual one influenced me; or, perhaps, the hope that it might help some poor souls mad with jealousy, to conquer that frightful malady, maybe save them from committing a crime, had a little to do with it.

He bent his haggard eyes questioningly upon me, I added: "Wait here a few moments." A little dark-eyed fellow stood shyly eyeing the man I had left but a few moments before, then laying his hand upon the man's arm he asked:

A COMICAL MISCELLANY.

Humorous stories by the news-paper wags. Got a Turn Out—He Took the Hint—Well Qualified for the Business—Still Solid, Etc., Etc.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Black silk stockings remain popular. Red hose are worn with dresses of almost any color. Red sunshades are as rife as ever on fashionable beaches.

THE BLUE BOTTLE FLY.

Buzzing and gay in the early dawn, Fresh from a nap on the parlor wall, Out for a flight over garden and lawn, Fearing no tumble amid dreading no fall;

THE CLOWN'S STORY.

It was at one of New England's pretty towns that Nina Walters first joined our clown, with her fellow performer, Louis Mason, and Joe Fuller, apprenticed like himself to old Pa Dryer, who was wont to boast that the children he took to

shall I ever forget the cry that rang through the building that night, causing women to faint and strong men to turn white like unto death. I can hear it now, and the words: "Nina! for God's sake keep clear of the middle trapeze; the ropes are cut!"

Jay Gould's Country Home. Gould's establishment at Irvington has very peculiar associations. The original building is by no means new, but its grandeur is such that it holds distinction even in these days of progress.

Two Views. Colonel Clempore, editor of the Daily Blue Wing, went fishing one Sunday and broke his leg. The Rev. Mr. Gidfelt heard of the accident, and, in his Sunday sermon, said:

Humor of the Day. Maintains a very high standing—The thermometer. "Time's money," growled the disappointed creditor. "Well," replied the persecuted debtor, "haven't I always said I'd pay you in time?"

Odd Traces of Lost Money. Almost any one could collect and tell a good many incidents about lost money that has been found if he would try, but these cases came under my own observation, and I can vouch for the truth.