

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XVII. NO. 25.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCT. 8, 1884.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00
One Square, one inch, one month... \$3.00
One Square, one inch, three months... \$7.00
One Square, one inch, one year... \$25.00

NEVER GROW OLD. The tall-tale mirror, the marks of care, the wrinkles, the gray in the dark-brown hair.

SILENT PARTNERS. "I never speak to me again," said John Benton, "and I never will speak to you this hour."

John Benton and his wife Mary had married a quarter of a century ago, and in that time had been through all the vicissitudes of life.

John Benton accepted the situation about replying for what was there to be said. Had he not been commanded to strain forever from speaking to his wife?

The first night of the self-enforced silence in the Benton cottage was awkward. The usual curtain lecture was omitted, and such a death-like, deadly stillness prevailed that sleep was out of the question.

Many ludicrous blunders were the inevitable consequence of this abandonment of the customary mode of conveying thoughts, the double orders given to the groceryman and the butcher, the duplicate purchases of all sorts of odds and ends, led to much confusion and vexation in the Benton household.

One morning John Benton thought he detected unusual preparations going on in the culinary department, a grand overhauling and dusting of the best china set, and sundry other indications of some unusual event.

John Benton had promised his wife, in his anxiousness to the unhappy occurrence that he would place this gulf of silence between them, money to purchase a new dress for herself.

satisfied that her memory was good for anything that related to her personal adornment. But what was his surprise and disgust when she returned from town and gave him the grocer's receipted bill!

John Benton, in the utter loneliness of his heart, and fearing lest his unused tongue should become paralyzed by this prolonged inactivity, or that he should lose his voice for want of practice, had, like Robinson Crusoe, brought home a little man Friday to talk to, and also to use as a mouthpiece for himself and wife.

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which the legend ran thus, "No beggars, peddlers or book agents allowed to pursue their vocations here." It was some time before John or his wife could comprehend the connecting link between themselves and that card; but when, with the mild assistance of the official dignitary, it dawned upon them that John was taken for a book agent, Mrs. Benton turned purple with rage, and in explaining their business there did not spare the feelings of the wretch who had given another sting to her wounded pride.

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tears and pain, made her laugh outright. He had whispered, "No beggars, peddlers or book agents allowed in the Benton Cottage hereafter."—E. A. Boyden, in the Bazar.

Tea Drinking in Holland. Bernard H. Becker, in his book "Holiday Haunts by Cliffside and Riverside," says, in describing a tea garden at Scheveningen, a Dutch pleasure resort:

Here we refreshed ourselves with mighty glasses of Bairisch and speculated on the intense love of tea with which Dutch women are possessed. Tea in Holland is, like almost everything but water, of excellent quality, and is not converted into a beverage by the proprietors of tea-gardens. Everybody makes her own tea at the Hague and Amsterdam, and even at Scheveningen.

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NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

The big bonnet dies hard. There is a tendency toward smaller bustles.

Ribbons, belts and sashes are immensely popular.

Of the 471 laundries doing business in Chicago, 180 are owned by Chinese.

White serge waistcoats are worn with dark woolen dresses, pique with sateen.

A grandmother at the age of thirty is a more familiar sight in China than an old maid.

A twelve-year-old girl has opened a shooting gallery in Nevada. She is an expert shot.

Six hundred and ninety women voted at a recent election in Seattle, Washington Territory.

A becoming finish is imparted to a shirred, white mull bonnet by facing with black velvet.

Fashionable materials for mourning are Henrietta cloth, camel's hair and albatross cloth.

The fashion of wearing real fruit instead of artificial, or of natural flowers has increased.

A peculiar costume seen recently was of white flannel, with small owl wings stuck all over it.

Handkerchiefs with bright colored border or embroidery are tucked in the belt or button-hole.

The woman market is down now in Tunis, Africa. Wives only bring from \$20 to \$120 a head.

Twelve cups of coffee every day is the elixir which keeps a Virginia lady ninety-nine years old happy and healthy.

The Wesleyan Female college, of Georgia, created in 1838, was the first college for women in this country.

A large blue rough-and-ready straw hat has poppy red crepe bunched around the crown, with a number of wings in front, of the same color.

Hungarian women seem to have seized upon their "rights" without disturbance or controversy. They go to all public meetings where men go.

Copper red is a favorite color for the crepe de chine and silk Jersey waists that are worn with skirts of white wool or of black lace over satin.

A favorite way of sewing on lace this year is gathering the lace, then sewing it on the wrong side, turning and catching it down at intervals, making a puff.

The empress of Austria, while at Heidelberg recently, lived at the most expensive hotel with a suite of seventy persons, including four fencing masters.

A morning dress of biscuit-colored twill is covered all over with square cubes of cut and uncut velvet, the color enhanced by looped bows in a peculiar tone.

Upon a small "capote" bonnet is a large tuft of full-blown poppies made of velvet and intermingled with ears of barley and ferns, tied together with grass.

Poplin is again in favor. Worth having brought out many handsome costumes of this fabric, which is now seen in a lighter and more drapable form than formerly.

Embroidered bretelles, or prettier still, those made of lace and net, wide on the shoulders and tapering to a point at the belt, front and back over the bodice, are again in vogue.

The future queen of the Netherlands will be the richest woman in Europe, being heiress to the \$4,000,000 of her late brother and the vast private possessions of her father, the present king.

Addison, who wrote a good deal about female fashions in the Spectator, very much ridiculed the hoop-petticoat, which was so large, about the year 1774, that a woman wearing one occupied the space of six men.

On the subject of winning a husband, a woman writes: "Men love to be big and great to their wives. That's the reason why a helpless little woman can marry three times to a sensible, self-reliant woman's none."

The bitterest words that were ever written about women were by a woman—Lady Jane Montague. She wrote: "I have one consolation in being a woman—that is, I can never be unfortunate enough to have to marry one."

Anne Boleyn was remarkably dainty about her gloves. She had a nail which turned up at the sides, and it was the delight of Queen Catharine to make her play at cards without her gloves, in order that the deformity might disgust King Henry VIII.

A lovely lace and surah costume is of pale blue surah, with a plaiting at the foot, above this two Breton lace flounces and a pretty Breton net drape, edged with the lace, basque pointed back and front, covered with the net, the drapery fastened with loops and ends of pale blue satin ribbon.

It is said to be satisfactorily demonstrated that every time a wife scolds her husband she adds a wrinkle to her face. It is thought the announcement of this fact will have the most salutary effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband it will remove one of the old wrinkles.

There are a number of women painters in Madison Parish, Louisiana. Mrs. M. A. Gibbs lives on the Hecla plantation, which she manages with great success. Miss Lu Lucas manages a large estate, and personally superintends a large force. She spends most of her time in the saddle, and looks after her hoes, plows, hoes, drains, levees, stock and mill. Madame Ames owns a tract of 1,000 acres, and has 800 acres under cultivation this year.

It is better not to know so much than to know so many things that ain't so.—Josh Billings.

A STOLEN KISS.

HIS EXCUSE. As I bade her good night, Could I help just one stealing! The moon's mellow light, As I bade her good-night, On her face shone so bright, Those red lips revealing— As I bade her good-night! Could I help just one stealing!

HER IDEA. To take only one And then say "Good-night!" (How quickly 'twas done!) To take only one! Next time he'll get none, For I don't like it quite. To take—only one— And then say "Good-night!"

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says the reason the man in the moon is economical is because "everything up there is so high."

"Blowing a bass horn," says a physician, "will cure consumption." Another case in which the remedy is worse than the disease.—Philadelphia Call.

An exchange wants to know what the paragraphists will do when ice cream is gone. They will probably do the same as other people—do without.—Norristown Herald.

Generally the party who sings "I would not live always" the loudest is the one who gets between the feather beds during the thunderstorm.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Lord Houghton wonders why the moon looks pale and sad. If his lordship were full once a month and reduced to his last quarter regularly he would soon cease to wonder.—Graphic.

A little Austin boy saw his mother take off her switch one day, and called out: "Oh, mamma! Let us take your scalp out in the yard, so that we can play Indians."—Sittings.

"Siam is the place where there are neither Jews nor swine," said a person to a Rothschild once. "Indeed," was the reply. "Let us go and exhibit ourselves there."—Jewish Messenger.

Life is like a harness. There are traces of care, lines of trouble, bits of good fortune, breeches of good manners, bridled tongues, and everybody has a tug to pull through.—Worcester Gazette.

"So you call that well water?" remarked the stranger, spouting the offending liquid from his mouth. "Great Scott! how must it have tasted when it was ill!"—Boston Transcript.

DON'T KNOW BEANS. "Oh, maiden sweet, with delicate feet, Tripping the fair fields over, What do you seek by gurgling creek And amid the dewy clover?" "Why, Mister, she said, "you don't know beans!"

"My gathering yaller dock for greens." "Her hands are a poem," sings a young man who is in love all but his ears. Wait till he gets married, and if he doesn't long for a pair of prose fists to beat up the beds, wash dishes and sew on buttons, write us down as a false prophet and base deceiver.—Burlington Free Press.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS. My courage strengthened as I gazed; The words came rushing to my lips, The old tale of love was told, She glanced down at her finger tips.

And then she spoke in accents low, "While blushing red suffused her cheek, "It may be wrong for me to ask, "But how much do you get a week?"—Boston Star.

"Is this seat engaged?" asked a small, thin woman of a fat man in the New Haven train the other day. No reply. "Will you please take your feet down and let me sit on this seat?" she repeated in a louder tone of voice. Again no reply. "I read to-day," she continued still louder, "that a Chicago man has cornered all the pork in the world. How did you manage to escape?" At the next station she had the whole seat to herself.—New York Graphic.

The Seats Prepared Above.

At one time in the history of the Confederacy, the refugees became so numerous in the towns and villages remote from the path of armies, that the good citizens of the safe and pleasant places, were seriously annoyed. The invaders were in their most sacred places, like the plague in Egypt, entered into their houses, and even their churches were infected.

A worthy congregation of a Virginia town had complained that their pews were occupied by refugees, often to the exclusion of their own families, and their pastor was requested to give notice from the pulpit that all refugees could be accommodated in the gallery.

Accordingly, on one bright Sunday morning the church as usual had its full complement of obnoxious visitors, when at the proper time the reverend gentleman arose and gave the notice as requested.

The refugees, though already seated and disposed to mind their prayers, arose at once, some with heightened color and tossing heads, and went into the gallery. After the disturbance caused by the move was over, the pastor gave out the hymn, which he had unreflectingly selected. It was

"Haste, my soul, Oh, haste away, To seats prepared above."

A titter went around the gallery, and the congregation seemed much annoyed; even the minister, before he finished his verse, saw how unfortunate his selection was, and all seemed to feel how ridiculous it made them appear.—Southern Bi-week.