

The Forest Republican

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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ING HOURS. When all we say, or bliss to-day i summer sky slowly die, as to dreary gray. As best I may fades away; moans or cry. utter "nay," things must decay; or question why, I dream, tenderly, my darling pray, sour. —All the Year Round.

ED FRIENDS

CHAPTER I. and Louis Plover were together by the interlisp that they were rarely from each other. They in the same department w State government; they same room, read the same the restaurant, as Archer I, always ate off the same Both Archer and Plover given to study. The war on just in time to spoil the professional course at col- young men after the giant ceased, found themselves financial level with the dem- old Southern governor, who, if he could not aid in the of a railway, replied, "You may not believe it, but I dament." Archer's par- lead; Plover's father, mother lived a short distance from a old red brick house, where friends often spent much leisure time. Young s especially devoted to r, a tall young woman short hair. She possessed a ing voice, but her eyes were she was easy of manner, but s of greeting echoed with the as of insincerity. Vain and en- tleful and jealous, the keen per- of young Archer told him that id not granted, to her that rich gen- dth which her brother had been d.

"Plover one day said to his sis- hat do you think of my friend?" Archer?" "You know I always speak of him friend." "I like him because he is your "And for no other reason, Ella?" "You mustn't ask me that, Lu." "Well, but I want to know, sis." "Are you afraid that I will marry him?" "Afraid! Why, I would give anything if you should. He is a noble fellow, and quite worthy of you. In fact, he is the only man I would like to see you marry. Tell me, now, don't you love him?" "Lu, you must be crazy. Do you suppose that I am going to tell you that I love a man before I find out that the man loves me? Tell me, Lu, did he ever say anything about me?" "Oh, it is hardly time yet, for you have been home but a short time. Do you know that I cannot bear the idea of your being a governess any longer? I couldn't stand it, that's all."

"You are getting off the subject, Bud. Are you sure you never heard him say anything about me?" "Quite sure. I have never asked him, and he is not the man to tell me unless I should."

"I tell you one thing I've noticed. Every time he comes home, with you—no, I won't say it." "Yes, you must. What were you going to say?" "No, it is better to leave it unsaid. It would sound selfish."

were the only being in the world I could not love her." "Tell me, Mr. Archer," she anxiously asked, "are you quite sure that you really love me? If you should ever discover that you had made a mistake, how awful it would be." "Such a time will never come," he replied, arising, leaning over and kissing her. "I could love no one else, for I believe that we were created for each other. I know that such words must have an old sound, but they are true, Eva, and old truths are the truest truths that exist."

"Are you going so soon?" "Yes. The Plovers will keep dinner waiting. Good-bye, sweet girl," putting his arm around her. "I shall see you again soon." She accompanied him to the door and kissed him.

CHAPTER III. "Hello!" cried Plover as Archer was passing through the orchard. "Which way?" "Just going to the house," stopping and joining his friend. "I didn't want them to keep dinner waiting." "Where have you been roaming around?" "I am not much of a roamer, you know. With an easy place to sit and an entertaining book I can content myself without killing time by muscular force."

CHAPTER IV. Mr. and Mrs. Plover were quite old people. They looked as though their spirits, once gay and vigorous had been broken. The empty row of cabins falling into decay; the once rich land now fluted with innumerable gullies; the black stumps where the boughs of the walnut grove once whispered in luxuriant drowse; the falling roof of the gin house—all may have had much to do with throwing the shadow of sadness on the faces of the old man and his wife.

CHAPTER II. Young Archer sat in the Gladrow parlor. Beside him sat a girl with sunny hair, glowing cheeks, and eyes expressive of tenderest love. "So you had no idea that I loved you, little girl!" taking her hand. "I had hoped so, but I thought you must love your friend's sister."

suggested the remark. You have not spoken since we left the house." "I was thinking of sister." "So was I," Archer could not help but rejoin. "She is a dear girl, Arch, but I fear that you do not understand her." "Rather strange, I think."

CHAPTER V. Archer went down into the country the next day, but instead of stopping at Plover's, he went direct to Gladrow's. A negro girl met him at the door. "Can I see Miss Eva?" "But for a moment, sir," replied the young lady, appearing in the hall. Archer advanced, not without perturbation, and extended his hand. The girl drew back.

CHAPTER VI. An hour after arrangements for a duel were completed. The young men were to meet in the country, not far from the Plover residence. Louis had expressed this wish, so that one or both of them, as the case might be, could be conveyed to the old house. The sun had just risen when the parties met in a little field surrounded by woods.

CHAPTER VII. The Empress of Austria. According to a French paper, hardly any one at Vienna knows the empress, and many Viennese have never seen her. Though a grandmother she has still an elegant figure. She owes this to horseback exercise and to early rising. Her disdain for popularity and the people has its source in her attachment to the old prerogative of the crown which the emperor has resigned. She guards the court against the invasion of new ideas, and would consent to mingle with the people at fetes if she thought they still respected their princes.

CHAPTER VIII. The Air Flower. One of the curiosities of the New Orleans exposition is an air flower from the city of Mexico. It is two inches long, and resembles a beetle with wings and horns. The wings are of light sea-green color, dotted with specks. The horns are snow-white, and at the points very short. The body of the flower is pale yellow and deep orange, and gives a slight hyacinth perfume. Including the broad, banana-shaped leaves, the entire plant looks as though molded in wax.

Archer dropped his pistol. "Wouldn't this have been a fine come off!" continued the old man. "I am a great mind to take a stick and beat all of you. Let us go to the house. Breakfast is about ready." Louis and Archer embraced each other.

Native Treatment of Diseases in India. Regarding the native treatment of diseases, one of the most curious things I ever witnessed was a half-clad native shouting through the streets of a country town: "Does any one want back his sight? One rupee only!" as if he were hawking fruits or sweetmeats; and to my astonishment, a patient soon presented himself to be operated on for cataract. There, and then, standing in the bazaar, the itinerant oculist took out his penknife and performed the operation in a few minutes, bound up the man's eyes, and telling him to keep in the dark for a fortnight, received his fee of one rupee, and shouted his warcy for more patients.

Rachel's Tomb. A correspondent of the New Orleans Times-Democrat says in a letter from the Holy Land: Still further on we arrived at Rachel's tomb, a modern square white structure, made out of coarse plaster, roofed over a dilapidated dome. By a singular coincidence of traditions, Jews, Moslems, Armenians, Greeks, Latin and Protestant Christians all unite in pronouncing this the spot where Rachel's life went out and Benjamin's began, when Jacob and his family were journeying Southward from Bethel. The pillar which Jacob sorrowfully set up to mark the site which has now passed away, but the general locality is faithfully cherished in the hearts of the people. The tomb lies at the very junction of the Bethlehem and Hebron roads. We took the latter, of course, pursuing a journey that had been trodden before us by Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, David, Saul, Samuel, Solomon and most of the patriarchs and prophets of the Old Testament.

Tanned Snake and Frog Skins. Even the delicate skin of a frog can be tanned. An opera glass covered with the handsomely marked skin of a garter or a small water snake will soon become fashionable. Card cases, small books and little bed-room clocks are some of the articles in the manufacture of which they are used. The surface of the skin is thickly glazed and in such things it takes a long time before the scales begin to stand up. The upper portion of slippers and shoes and even dressing-cases are made from the larger snakes. Nearly all of them come Africa, but a good many are also obtained from Brazil and other parts of South America. It is a singular fact that the skins have to be taken to France to be tanned.

How to Avoid the Press of Business. "It is a matter of life and death. You are overworked, sir, and must take a rest." "That is impossible, doctor. My best men are all sick, my customers are coming in by the hundreds, and I must be at my post."

KING OF THE SUGAR TRADE.

CLAUS SPRECKELS, AND THE POWER HE WIELDS.

How From Selling Cheese and Crackers in New York Spreckels Became the Master of Millions. A San Francisco letter to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat thus details the career of a great sugar monopolist: Claus Spreckels, commonly known as the "Sugar King of the Sandwich Islands," wields a power more democratic, if not greater, than that of any other monopolist in the world. He is sometimes more than a Warwick, because he has not remained content with making the king, but has guided all his movements like a puppet, so that he is actually the ruler of the pigmy realm and its financial ministry. His dream is to exercise equal sway on the coast. Spreckels is a South German, born in Hanover, a man of small education, who came to this country about 1830, and started in the retail grocery business in Church street, New York. He made the impression on those who knew him there as a man of great shrewdness and of the thrift which is proverbial of his race. He came to California soon after the gold fever broke out, and at once engaged in the grocery business in this city, preferring it to the hazards and hardships of mining. Every thing which he touched seemed to turn to gold. He made large profits in his business. Combining with several of his brothers who had come out to the coast, he bought a quarter interest in the Albany Brewery, in this city, for \$40,000. This was the foundation of his present large fortune and commercial importance. After running the brewery a few years, his keen business instincts saw in sugar-refining a far more profitable field of enterprise. The story of his conquest of the Sandwich Islands in a nutshell, is that he took advantage of the ignorance of a king who wanted money, and that he works his coolies to death.

Of Spreckels' wealth it is impossible to form any accurate estimate, because much of his property is mortgaged, and it is understood the greater part of his fortune is embarked in the sugar business, which is apt to depreciate. He makes daily, the year round, however, 630 barrels of sugar, containing 275 pounds of sugar each, worth an average of \$30 a barrel. This makes a business of \$18,000 a day, or \$6,570,000 a year. He makes a clear profit of \$10 a barrel, or \$6,000 a day, which amounts to \$2,100,000 a year. He controls the entire sugar trade of the coast, which represents \$10,000,000 a year. Down at Honolulu he puts on more the airs of an autocrat, and his course there lately has put him into disfavor with both the native and foreign population. Last January he loaned the king \$1,000,000. Among his employes Spreckels is probably more popular than any other millionaire on the coast, because he has always treated his people well.

He is of medium height, compactly built and dresses neatly. He has the face of a typical German, with the high cheek-bones, fair skin and blue eyes of the Fatherland. His eye is as clear as that of a young man, and his skin though browned by exposure, is also clean and healthy. His round head is covered with a thick growth of hair, rapidly changing from gray to white. This is the only indication of his years. He has the alert look and movement of a man of thirty, and in his steel-blue eyes is a look which goes far to reveal his character. He married years ago, when he was a poor man, a comely German girl, who was then employed as a domestic in the family of a large Eastern sugar refiner, and she has proved a good wife and mother. They have four sons and one daughter. The father and the three elder sons, among whom is Adolph, who shot De Young, are members of the Pacific Club, in this city, where the sons are general favorites. They are all fine-looking men, of polished address, and have traveled much in Europe.

Mr. Spreckels is an easy man to get access to, but it is another matter entirely to draw any information out of him. When told of the object of the visit he said: "You may put it down that I know what is always good for Claus Spreckels, and never fail to turn this knowledge to account."

THE HOUSE OF CLAY.

There was a house—a house of clay, Wherein the inmate sang all day, Merry and poor. For Hope sat likewise heart to heart, Fond and kind—fond and kind, Willing he never would depart— Till all at once he changed his mind—"Sweetheart good-bye!" He slipped away. And shut the door. But Love came past, and looking in, With smiles that pierced like sunshine thin, Through wall, roof, floor, Stood in the midst of that poor room, Grand and fair—grand and fair Making a glory out of gloom, Till at the window mocked old care— Love sighed—"all loss and nothing win!" He shut the door. Then o'er the barred house of clay, Kind jasmine and clematis gay Grew evermore— And bees hummed merrily outside Loud and strong—loud and strong, The inner silence to hide, The steadfast silence all day long— Till evening touched with finger gray The close shut door. Most like the next that passes by, Will be the angel whose calm eye Marks rich, marks poor; Who pausing not at any gate, Stands and calls—stands and calls: At which the inmate opens straight— Whom e'er the crumbling clay house falls He takes in kind arms silently And shuts the door.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The old slipper strikes the hardest in the fall.—*Lowell Courier.* Motto for crazy quilt manufacturers: "Blessed are the piece-makers."—*Chicago Sun.* Although photography is dull, new features are constantly being introduced in it.—*New York News.* Mrs. Partington says that it is not true that her son Ike has waltzers in his throat.—*Somerville Journal.* In newspaper parlance the merchant who gets ahead of his fellows is the one who has the "ad" vantage.—*Philadelphia Call.* There's love on a railroad, Love in a carriage; Lots of it in courtship, Not much in marriage.—*Chicago Ledger.* Boy (with feeling)—"I'm an orphan, and father's broke his legs and is in jail, and mother's in an insane asylum, and if I go home without any money they'll lick me."—*Boston Beacon.* A young man, dressed in elaborate style, Put on the skates with a confident smile; "But in spite of his 'gall,' His pride got a hard fall, And now his head is too big for his life."—*Norristown Herald.* A clothing dealer hung out an overcoat for a sign, and marked thereon "Hands off! Beware!" A thief observed it, and, shouldering the responsibility, remarked, "Hands on! Beware!"—*Pittsburg Chronicle.* When old Jacques broke through the ice: "Your name! Your address!" "Yes, but—" "Not a word! It is forbidden to bathe in this lake, and I am not here to listen to extenuating circumstances."—*La Caricature.* When you hear the old veteran with a head like an oyster bowl, telling the old story of the weather back in the twenties, you perceive that, in spite of the progress of invention, there has been no improvement in lying worth mentioning.—*Lowell Courier.* "I wish I was an owl," said the young lawyer, as he sat by her side late one evening; "Why?" she asked. "Because I could stay up all night, you know, dear," he replied. "What would you want to do such a ridiculous thing as that for?" she tittered. "To wit: to woo."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.* Between infancy and the ballot-box a man tumbles into many pitfalls of terror, but about the biggest mistake he ever makes with his eyes open, is when he goes carefully along, with the lantern of reason in one hand, the staff of prudence in the other, seeking happiness in the pathway of matrimony, and then, like an old fool, tells his wife what a staving good cook his mother is.—*Chicago Ledger.* The Horse-Trader and the Horse. The habitual trader is not always a bad man and neighbor; but he is always supposed to need especial watching. He, certainly, is a double moralist except where he sometimes merges his private code into his official one wholly. For, the horse, which is among the noblest of animals really, is somehow, practically, a corrupting institution. He contains in himself pretty nearly all possibilities of the good and the bad. His scale of developments is of immense reach; and the worst of it all is, that his qualities are only to be known, within any moderate approximation, by an expert. It is hardly credible that under the visage which seems so guileless there can be hidden so much deception. But we know, to our sorrow, that it does hide there. We generally find out the day after an unfortunate purchase that the animal driven up so proudly before us yesterday is not the one that now limps and wheezes. The real entity was marvelously concealed. It is a wonder that the head of the mythical sphinx was not mounted upon a horse. If it had been, Oedipus would have been worse baffled to unravel the mystery. The slipperiness, therefore, of the horse trader, is easily accounted for. He cannot very well help it. It is altogether probable that he is half the time cheated himself. That he has more virtue than he is credited with is evident from the fact that he is rarely, if ever, known to be rich, and is never a millionaire.—*New York Hour.*