

The Forest Republican.

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TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 8, 1886.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes One Square, one inch, one insertion; One Square, one inch, one month; etc.

Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly.

These are the kind of stories the Illinois newspapers relate when they are hard up: What looked like a ball of fire fell in a street of Pana, Illinois, near a man in a carriage.

A dairy school for girls of fourteen or under is to be established, by direction of the French Ministry of Agriculture at Coetlogon, in connection with the farm school at Trois-Croix.

A Norwich (Conn.) letter to the New York Sun says that "No one recalls the time when wild bees were so numerous in the woods of eastern Connecticut and Rhode Island.

The French census recently taken is proving most unsatisfactory. In Paris, in particular, people strongly objected to filling up the papers, especially in the aristocratic quarters.

A permit was taken out in Washington recently to remodel and enlarge the house recently purchased by the President on the Woody Lane road.

A lady in New York city has spent twenty years in stringing together eight thousand beautiful buttons, and no two alike.

TILL SUNRISE. Sweeter than joy, tho' joy might abide, Dearer than love, tho' love might endure, Is this thing: for a man to have died For the wronged and the poor!

CHERRYCOTE.

"And you expect me to travel over nine miles of muddy roads behind that beast and in that rattle-trap?" a gentleman said, disconcertedly surveying the conveyance provided for him by an obliging countryman.

"Well, 'tain' as ef that was much to choose from, mister," was the answer. "If you've a mind to wait till evenin', the stage mout happen along. But, bless yore soul, sah, ole Buck 'll carry you thar ef you only give him time enough.

"I haven't asked you about your wife," Lancelot said, when it appeared that the question could no longer in common courtesy be deferred.

"I have not forgotten her in the least," his brother answered, in a tone of slight constraint.

"Barren acres," he said, with a sigh, glancing over what were once prosperous fields of grain.

"Hal!" exclaimed the other, simultaneously, in a tone that meant much. Immediately two hands met in fervent friendship.

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Hither Lancelot had come to spend many happy hours of irresponsible holiday in the free and easy life of old-time Virginia.

family "pleasantness." Unwilling to contest the fervid torrent of secession talk, he at first kept silent.

"If you knew how much those words convey to me!" returned Barksdale, with real feeling, taking her thin old hands and kissing them.

"And I am far too old to indulge in rancor," said the old lady, tears coming into her eyes.

"I have not forgotten her in the least," his brother answered, in a tone of slight constraint.

"I wonder, Kitty dear, if you remember my oldest son, Lancelot," said good Mrs. Barksdale, with an accent of pride in her presentation of the stranger.

"You have not done me the honor to name the lady," he said, taking her hand in his.

"Still Kitty Morris, though a greater belle than ever," cried hearty Hal. "It's just occurred to me, Lance, that you and Cousin Kitty used to be famous friends, till you quarreled about the war.

Talking of saving reminds me of a penny I saved in Glasgow, says a correspondent. I was on the top of a tram, and they persist in calling the street cars there, and I wanted to go somewhere, I don't just remember where at this moment.

"Does this car go to such a place?" "Aye," he replied, "it goes by there."

now that he had seen her once again in the splendor of young womanhood. He felt as if he could not bear to see husband and wife together, to hear Hal's girls claim her as their mother.

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WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE TYPICAL SOUTHERN HEALTH RESORT.

Its Characteristics in Former Times - Situation of the Springs-The Hotel and Cottages.

Charles Dudley Warner gives in Harper's Magazine, the following entertaining description of the White Sulphur Springs, the well-known Virginia health resort.

The White Sulphur has been for the better part of a century, as everybody knows, the typical Southern resort, the rendezvous of all that was most characteristic in the society of the whole South.

It is to be believed, here in years gone by were concocted the measures that were subsequently deployed for the Government of the country at Washington, here historic matches were made, here beauty had triumphs that were the talk of a generation.

Time has greatly changed the White Sulphur; doubtless in its physical aspect it never was so beautiful and attractive as it is to-day, but all the modern improvements have not destroyed the character of the resort, which possesses a great many of its primitive and old-time peculiarities.

Briefly, the White is in an elevated and charming mountain region, so cool, in fact, especially at night, that the "season" is practically limited to July and August, although I am not sure but a quiet person, who like invigorating air, and has no daughters to marry off, would find it equally attractive in September and October.

She came in soon to answer for herself, the little girls, as before twining around her waist and clinging to her skirts.

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REQUIESCAT.

All night the land in darkness slept, All night the sleepless sea Along the beaches moaned and wept,

I saw across the glimmering dark The white foam rise and fall; I saw a drifting phantom bark, I heard the sailors call:

What ship was on the midnight deep? What voices on the air? Did wandering spirits call and weep In darkness and despair?

Why is a bald-headed man like a hound? Because he makes a little hare go a great ways.

Queen Elizabeth style is expected to come in again about 1888. This is, indeed, ruff.—Boston Transcript.

"I do my best to bring mankind higher," as the elevator boy said, "but some will keep going down."—National Weekly.

"Where is the best place to get fat?" asked a thin housekeeper of a neighbor. "All over," was the unexpected reply.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"Law Without Lawyers" is the title of a new book. That's nothing strange. Lemonade without lemons has been an old thing ever since picnics were invented.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Do you hire college dudes to wait on the table at this house?" asked an elderly gentleman as he stepped up to the desk of one of our summer hotels.

"Come live with me Down by the sea Where the mermaids are combing their tresses,

"A time will come when lumber will be scarce," said a large dealer the other day to a New York Mail and Express reporter.

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