

The Forest Republican

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Advertisement type (e.g., One Square, one inch, one insertion) and Rate (\$1.00, \$2.00, etc.).

A shoe dealer in Brooklyn has just lost a suit he brought against a former sweetheart, to recover \$14 for shoes furnished her.

The Anarchists who were recently sentenced to various terms of imprisonment by the Austrian Government will each have to fast one day every month, and one of them will have to spend the anniversary of his proposed crime in a dark cell.

One of the most eccentric rich men in New York city is old Ben Richardson. He is said to be worth \$2,000,000 or more.

An electrician, named Thompson, has been endeavoring to stir up Buffalo, N. Y., to the evils of electric light companies.

The fruit jellies of commerce are fittingly called horticultural oleomargarine by Orchard and Garden, because they are such a compound of adulterations.

Over forty persons treated by M. Pasteur for hydrophobia have afterward died of the disease; the last case of the kind being of an eminent Spaniard who was bitten by a rabid wolf.

Arkansas, recently, Mrs. Sarah Dimes was riding along the road with her little boy behind her, and in passing a carriage driver saw that it was going to fall across the road.

A clergyman at Edinburgh has been dismissed by his congregation because he had his baby in a perambulator. He shocked their feelings by carrying the infant abroad in his arms.

Dr. W. K. Newton, the New Jersey Dairy Commissioner, has recently issued a report which throws a good deal of light upon the question of popular demands for imitations of butter when the real thing is not available.

James M. Stevens of East Northport, tells this story of a horse's suicide: A team that had been worked a long time together were sold, and one of them taken to Massachusetts.

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SUCH IS LIFE. I saw a little child at play. His face was very fair; Blue were her eyes as summer skies, And golden was her hair.

TWO PALMS. Mrs. Van der Venter's soirees were famous. They were always small, invariably select, and pervaded with a subtle charm, the result of the experience, the rare good taste, of the hostess.

On one midwinter night the soft lights glowed through the length and breadth of her house. Glad in some stately silk, Mrs. Van der Venter stood at the salon door, while a liveried footman announced the arriving guests.

Music! It had been mentioned on the cards, the guests soon composed themselves in attitudes of attention. Music at Mrs. Van der Venter's was always of a kind to dispel ennui. A noted violinist, a celebrated vocalist, a great pianist, performed in turn.

Lisette, knowing Mr. Burlingame's contempt for what he termed "charlatanism," credited his approach to a desire to see her humbled or confused.

"Thank you," smiled Lisette; "that is more than I deserve." And she moved aside to make room for some one else.

"Dear love," he whispered, tremblingly, "I don't care for this sort of thing, you know. I am sure Mrs. Van der Venter won't insist."

Mr. Burlingame merely smiled, as if of a burst of laughter rose from the crowd. Mr. Sutherland held the red chubby hand of a follower of Oscar Wilde, Mr. Barton, who painted pictures of an unwholesome kind.

either not needed to choose an occupation, or else you have been drawn by a diversity of gifts toward two or three. Half of your life will pass before you enter upon the path in which you will achieve success.

"You have pride and ambition; backed by your mental alertness, they will lead to great successes—I think in the field of literature. What you have once possessed you cling to with tenacious affection—old clothes, old books, a home, or a heart.

"It has interested me greatly to note the peculiarities of your hand and that of the lady preceding you. If I were permitted to go into detail you would be astonished to see how curiously they complement each other.

"You have overlooked one trait in which we differ wholly," she whispered, excitedly; "it is that of inflicting pain upon himself and others, and that I would not share with him for all the world!"

"Sad and angry, Burlingame at length cast himself upon a settee whose rustic knots gratefully tortured his back. Presently he heard a soft rustle, and turning around beheld Miss Dewing in the doorway.

"Dear Lisette," he whispered Mrs. Van der Venter, who, observing her agitation, had quietly joined her, "why did you betry yourself? why did you let him see that your composure could be ruffled?"

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Keeping Salary Accounts for Members—Receiving Deposits—How Congressmen Draw Their Pay.

The office of the Sergeant-at-Arms is to be moved to the opposite corridor of the House chamber, and it will be amusing next winter, says a Washington letter to the New York Sun, to watch absent-minded statesmen going, from force of habit, to the former financial reservoir.

The majority of Congressmen draw their salaries entire during each month, small sums at frequent intervals, with lump amounts when rent and board bills become due.

A few of the members draw their monthly salary in one check, and during the last session the knowledge of this habit aided in preventing two attempts to forge the names of Congressmen Long, of Massachusetts, and Houk, of Tennessee.

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He saw the wheat fields waiting All golden in the sun, And strong and stalwart reapers Went by him one by one.

When came the Lord of harvest, He cried: "Oh, Master kind, One sheaf I have to offer, But that I did not bind; I gave a cup of water To one athirst, and he Left at my door, in going, This sheaf I offer Thee."

Chicago mothers now brighten their naughty children into obedience with the following warning: "If you are not good, the Inter-State Commerce bill will catch you.—Chicago News.

A Burlington reporter asked an actress if she had ever suffered from stage fright. She replied that she never had, except once when crossing the Rocky Mountains.

Now, Johnny," said the patient teacher, "put away that pocket-knife and pay attention to what I am saying. If you had an apple which you wished to divide with your little sister, how much would you give her?"

A miner captures two elk. John Short, a long-legged miner who can leap like a kangaroo, lately ran down a couple of six-pronged bull elk in the deep snow on Big Creek.

The lot of a Russian recruit. A correspondent of the London News writes from Odessa: I had occasion today to pass through a suburban park, where a large number of young conscripts were being put through the goose step.

Hard on the horse. Look at that fellow trying to make that horse pull that heavy load with a dutch collar," said a Market-street grocer, in an angry tone.