# Forest Republican. 

VOL. XXVI. NO. 2. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 3,1893
\$1.50 PER ANNUM

## The Amorican Farmer wtated that American wool grower ot for every poued of wool he produces. In eome parts of the West Demoerats

| our anolis. <br> We love to think they Itrger with un still, <br> That when our souls are full of longings deep. <br> Thay come about un at thetr own oweot will <br> And nteal finto oar being, soft ne deops. <br> Blall thay not come whono nympathlees, wero ours <br> The triende wo loved most tenderly and trie- <br> Whome graven arn fresto with aprlag's firat oftend flowers <br> And beosediotions of the summer dewt <br> Wo long have kept the ohambere ot our hearts <br> Garuibled and swept witt searsed care for thew, <br> And mesory hoarls, ns year by year departs, <br> Thoir love and friendalip as a precious gom, <br> We may not mon them with our mortal vision, <br> Nor benr the muslo thoy bive jaut begun; still they may come to spoak of helds Elyafian, <br> Or guide us to them witan our work is done. <br> Splirits intungible-wo know they conel <br> When our lifo tumults for a moment cram: <br> They sperk to us, although thoir lipa aro dumbs, <br> And the groat allones has a cry of perice, <br> O tender are the words of Clarint, that fizat Fall argotios ot tove on thay'a wide maMoro mustal than Ieralilis note, <br> More loving than a mother's lallinby- <br> Mors bmatiful than any fnce or form, Dearer than fame or lovjs divine thhentSwetter than manahine after days of atorm Are their still voionan from a land of rost. These aro our augele-dech and blood no mory, <br> As ero wo laid them in our kindrod earth; And yet our mule may ronch them gose And bathe <br> birth. <br> Those aro our angele, for love cannot die, <br> Nor yet in heaven itsa tender lips bs dumb- <br> Our hernids; who will wateh, and fondly ery In the great prevence, "La, our friends, thay comel' |
| :---: |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |


| splurge that would astronieh nome of 'ee. for the Bompany nigh wuto ten yeark, an they ain't lost a cent by me. It nifa't s lonin' bargain for 'em. They've made me. But then thlok of the stamet No, gir. git up there, boys, we must hurry. Ho snapped his long whif in the air and urged the hories on into break-neok paoe. The runbling of the heavg | take me to tue towe an' have my body grace a tree. Mandy Duyval will be there, ma' nho'll rejoice with you at the night." <br> At the mention of his aweethearts name Ben sterted. The man's harsh laugh vrated horribly on his nerve. Would Mandy think more of him it he brought bis rival to funtioel Justicol Had he not just attelapted the same |
| :---: | :---: |

