

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion... Two Squares, one inch, one year... Legal advertisements...

The United States produce annually forty-six million tons of hay.

Bicycles used for business purposes are not taxed in France. All others are. Last year 182,276 machines were taxed.

If it is true, as the Census Bureau alleges, asks the Chicago Record, that there are 100,000 more married men in the country than there are married women...

The native Russian peasantry of Estonia and Livonia, now numbering altogether about 1,500,000, have sent thirteen deputations to St. Petersburg to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of their emancipation...

According to the Chicago Herald all the United States Senators from the States south of the Potomac served in the Confederate armies...

At the annual meeting of the Hannemann Hospital Association in Philadelphia the other day an interesting explanation of the crowded condition of the hospital was made.

The death of David Dudley Field, the eminent New York jurist, recalls to the Philadelphia Ledger the most remarkable story of four famous brothers...

Officials of the United States Navy Department have found a curious typographical error in the Bering Sea law recently passed by Congress...

The rapid development of the life insurance business in this country is one of the most remarkable economic facts of the time...

The western part of Kansas, it is said, has been losing its population rapidly within the past few years. Twenty-two counties, which in 1888 contained a population of 102,669 souls, now have but 54,663.

A Missouri nursery farm has offered to give every boy and girl in Pike County enough standard apple trees to plant an acre of ground.

Italy's Foreign Minister cogently reasons that war is improbable because no European sovereign wants it and public opinion is against it.

Holland puts all beggars to work at farming, whether they like it or not, and there is less of that sort of thing in that country than in any other civilized country in the world.

Canon Wilberforce, in a recent interview published in the Westminster Gazette, contends that the lower animals are immortal, and sees his belief as an argument against the establishment of a Pasture Institute in England.

It is an interesting fact that out of the 68,403 postoffices in the United States the ten largest furnished thirty- and two-tenths per cent. or nearly one-third of the entire revenues of the department in the last fiscal year.

The proposal of Kaiser William to make the peanut a liberal portion of the German soldier's rations has an unusual interest for American farmers, maintains the American Farmer.

While there are no night mirages in the far West like the one of an inverted shore, lighthouse, and vessels, recently seen off the North Carolina coast, the twilight or dawn upon plains or mountains sometimes brings a strange magnifying of celestial bodies near the horizon.

The western part of Kansas, it is said, has been losing its population rapidly within the past few years.

Two years before, when the spring came round, Grandpa Pinney had taken a queer freak into his head. An Abner expressed it, "he got cranky on air."

IN THE HEART. If no kindly thought or word We can give, some soul to bless; If our hands, from hour to hour; Do no deeds of gentleness; If to love and weary ones We so comfort will impart— Tho' 'tis summer in the sky, Yet 'tis winter in the heart!

GRANDPA PINNEY'S MOVING

BY BELLE C. GREENE.

"H dear, Abner!" exclaimed Mrs. Rodriguez to her husband one May morning as she bustled about the kitchen, "I don't see how in this world I'm ever going to get through with all my spring work—cleaning and everything! If I didn't have to keep one eye on grandpa I could do more. Seems as if he grew worse and worse."

form around them, just below where the main branches joined the trunk, and made some steps to lead up to it. Then on the last day of May, which was unusually warm for the season, in spite of his daughter's coaxing and scolding, he insisted on dragging his bed and bedding up there.

It seemed a dreadful thing to have her old father sleeping out there alone in the darkness of the night! So she anxiously hoped that he would not think of going this year.

But a few days after the recorded conversation, Belinda came home from an errand to a neighbor's house, to find that the "May-moving" had taken place. Abner, who had been a witness to the proceeding, only said, "Let him be, he's all right; nothing happened to him last year."

What finally reconciled Belinda more than anything else was a remark her father made in his rambling way, which gave her new insight into his feeling.

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What could she say? How was she to comfort a man like him for the loss of his property? She did not think of herself for a moment; she only felt for him.

But all she could do was to pray silently that God would mercifully help him to bear his grief. And as if in answer to her humble prayer, a miracle began then and there to be worked in Abner's sordid soul.

The sun had risen, the birds were twittering in the trees, and by and by the cows came up the lane one by one of their own accord to the milking.

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AMERICAN ORANGE TRADE.

PHENOMENAL GROWTH OF A DOMESTIC INDUSTRY.

Driving the Foreign Fruit From Our Market—Immense Yields of Florida and California Trade.

THE growth of the American orange trade has been phenomenal, and its history is full of interest. Thirty years ago the oranges consumed in this country were obtained mainly from the Mediterranean countries, the last Sicilian orange, however, being supplemented by the "Sweet Havana," which latter has since been so completely surpassed by the even more luscious Florida, the finest oranges in the world, that they now practically exist only in memory.

This method of conducting business existed for many years, but in 1865, the growers of Sicilian oranges, who had previously sold their crops entirely on orders, began to ship them to this country on consignment.

About fifteen years later the American fruit firms were largely superseded by Italians, the fruit growers of Sicily and the native shippers of Palermo and other Mediterranean ports sending their sons and relatives to this country to establish firms, till now only three or four distinctly American firms of prominence remain in the business.

The star of hope may shine overhead, but we feel more security when we can get our anchor planted safely in the mud below.—Puck.

Johnny, said the teacher, "is a jackass a biped or a quadruped?" "Please, sir," said Johnny, "that depends on the jackass."—Life.

When a man begins to remark how different children are now from what they were when he was a boy, he may look for gray hairs in his head.—Puck.

Little drops of water, Little grains of soap, Make the active Anarchist, (If) tight up and stop. —Washington Star.

Hotel Proprietor—"We don't allow any games of chance here." Gambler—"This isn't a game of chance. My friend here has no chance."—Brooklyn Life.

Seals cannot live in fresh water.

TO-MORROW.

Advancing swiftly just a span Before the coming moon, Phantom To-morrow flies away— As each To-day is born; Then halting on the path of life, Teasing and mite she stands, And, as men gaze with hope or fear, She beckons with her hands.

Thus, tempest-like, she leads men on But will not suffer them To touch the veil that masks her face Or e'en her garment's hem, And as they follow wistfully Along the vale of years, Vainly they strive to see if she Is smiling or in tears. —C. H. Williams, in Philadelphia Life.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

What is life but a great cake-walk.—Galveston News.

When a man is the slave of gold, he is serving a pretty hard master. When genius attains to a dress-suit it has become elegant.—Puck.

"Business" covers a multitude of transactions just out of reach of the law.—Puck.

When hearts are broken, as we find They are by woeful rash, To hold them over, neatly bind In positions of cash. —Washington Star.

When the pot calls the kettle black, the kettle fearlessly demands an investigation of the color of the pot.—Puck.

It is better to walk and catch the next ferry-boat than to run for dear life and miss the one that is just starting.—Puck.

Hardup is a pretty decent sort of chap, but he never sticks to anything. "Did you ever lend him any money?" —Philadelphia Record.

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