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FOREST REPUBLICAN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., One Square, one inch, one insertion) and Rate (\$ 1.00, 30.00, etc.).

An effort will be made to cultivate the orange beet in the South.

Texas is harder on shoes leather "per capita" than any other State in the Union.

Professor Graham Bell's claim that he "can talk a million miles on a sun-beam" sounds to the Chicago Record like a ruse.

The common belief that fine white bread contains less nutriment than coarse brown bread is a mistake. So says M. Girard, the eminent French chemist.

The German law now requires that contracts for futures in agricultural products be made a public record, and subjects all dealers in futures to a substantial tax. The law is intended to entirely suppress speculative dealings in produce.

Says the American Agriculturist: "We believe none of the reports to the savings banks commissioners of our Middle States classify the occupations of their depositors and borrowers. It would be highly interesting to have these facts, as without them it is not possible to tell to what extent agriculturists avail themselves of the savings banks."

At the congress of the deaf mutes lately held in Geneva, the surprising fact was developed that these unfortunate in general disapprove of the comparatively new labial system of instruction which in many schools has been substituted for the old method of digital signs. Many speakers, employing the latter method, argued very lucidly against the innovation. Only one advocated it. The majority said that the reading of the lips never gives to the deaf mute an exact idea of the thought or sentiment which it is desired to express. It is to them very much as the reading of a dead language is to those who can hear, but can only vaguely understand it. The digital language, they declared, was that which was most natural to deaf mutes. These views are a great disappointment to many who have supposed that the teaching of the labial system was one of the greatest booms ever bestowed upon those who can neither hear nor talk.

The distinguished scientist, Lord Kelvin, who has been termed the "prince of living physicists," has placed on record this confession: "One word characterizes the most strenuous of the efforts for the advancement of science that I have made perseveringly for fifty-five years; that word is failure. I know no more of electric and magnetic force, or of the relations between ether, electricity and ponderable matter, or of chemical affinity, than I knew and tried to teach my students fifty years ago, in my first session as professor." Yet Lightning, a London paper, suggests that Kelvin's failures may be more fruitful than some men's successes. It likens the modern physicist's humility to that of the great Newton when he compared himself to a child playing on the beach, and adds: "The riddle of the universe is scarcely nearer being solved now than it was in 1686, and if our mathematical tools are better tempered than those then used, they have tougher metal to cut."

Spain is having her hands full with her colonies, exclaims the New York Independent. In addition to the war in Cuba there is considerable disturbance in Puerto Rico, but more serious still is the revolt in the Philippine Islands. For years these have been a source of much revenue to the home Government and very little expense. The exports of tobacco and hemp, as well as of coffee, cotton, etc., have been very heavy, and the Government has been a curious mixture of Spanish despotism and local self-government. The original inhabitants have almost disappeared; and the Malays, who have to a great degree taken their place, are for the most part quiet, industrious, inoffensive people. Of late years numbers of Chinese have come in from Hongkong, and they and the mestizos (children of Chinese fathers and Malay mothers) form the most aggressive element. A number of these, it is supposed, in connection with filibusters from Hongkong and secret societies in Japan, perhaps brought over from Formosa, have taken advantage of the small number of Spaniards and the weak garrison at Manila, have raised a revolt, and so far as can be learned from the meager dispatches, have seriously endangered the Spanish rule. Troops have been sent from Barcelona, but it will be some time before they can reach their destination. Merchants have been warned against shipping goods to the Philippines, and a British war ship remains at Manila to protect British subjects.

THROUGH FIELDS OF CORN.

In solemn hush of dewy morn, What glory crowns the fields of corn! A joy and gladness in the land The little green ranks of beauty stand; Broad-acre vales from hill to hill The lifted plumes and tassels bill, White birds aloft the cool, sweet morn Through fields of corn.

Like palms that shade a hidden spring The reeds tremble and the water ring; The breathing censers swing away, The leafy symbols clash and play, And when the breezy voices call, The sea-grown billows rise and fall, And mists and suns and joy is born Through fields of corn.

To fields of corn the summer brings The rustling blades, the blackbird's wing, The shadeful locust's strident tune, And idle raven's mocking rune, The bobolink's exulting strain, And cuckoo prophesying rain In low, sweet whistle in the morn Through fields of corn.

In bannered fields of corn unfurled God grows the maize of the world; He waits to bring the yellow gleam, The harvest song, the reaper's dream; And still as through the Syrian gold Of Galilee, in days of old, He leads again this Sabbath morn Through fields of corn.

—Benjamin F. Leggett.

TWO HEARTS' NEGATIONS.

BY FRANCIS M. LIVINGSTON.



SYBYLLA ASHLEY sat at her desk and scanned a letter she had just finished. It was written in a fine, decided hand, on pale gray paper. In a room in which Silylla had read, the composition of such letters was attended with much agony and littering of the floor with torn paper. Silylla had made one draft, which it took her five minutes to write. She read it over once and it seemed to suit her, for she folded and addressed it, and then called, in her low, musical voice, "Letty!"

A young girl appeared at the door almost instantly. She was tall as Silylla, but had not her snub nose figure. One saw at a glance, however, that they were sisters. "I want Joe, Letty," said Silylla as she pressed the envelope on her blotting pad. "Joe drove grandfather into town this morning," replied the younger girl.

"Call Absalom then. I want to send a letter." "Absalom has a boil on his foot and can't walk," Silylla made a gesture of impatience. "There is Christy," said Letty, tentatively. "I won't have her; she bungles everything. It is very provoking that I can find nobody to do so simply an errand."

Silylla rose and walked to the window, where she stood looking moodily out upon a lawn that was better kept than the lawns of most Virginia country houses. Letty stood in moek silence as though she had done her sister a personal injury. "Well, send her here; I suppose she'll have to do," said Silylla, after a moment, in a slightly modified tone. Letty ran down stairs to do her sister's bidding with her usual alacrity. Silylla drew the letter from its envelope and read it a second time. It ran thus:

"Julien: It simply cannot be. I do not love you as I ought. I have known this for a long time, and I have honestly tried to feel differently, but I cannot. You are not a man whom a woman should have to try to love. Think well of me if you can, for I have been honest with you. You would be excusable for despising me, perhaps, but you will do nothing of the kind. You will remain my faithful and respected friend, as I shall yours. SYBYLLA ASHLEY."

The swift, straight dash under the signature was drawn with Silylla's accustomed firmness. She sealed her letters, and, looking up, saw a little colored girl standing bashfully in the doorway. The child was barefooted and her dingy frock was in tatters. She held a disreputable old straw hat by its one string. A frown gathered upon Silylla's brow. "You little beggar, have you no better clothes than those? Mercy, what a messenger!" and Silylla burst out laughing in spite of herself. "Christy was in dire confusion. 'Deed I has, Miss Silylla; shall I put 'em on?'" "Yes, do, for heaven's sake—try to make yourself decent and clean. I want you to carry a letter for me. If you succeed, Miss Letty will give you that little gray garden coat of mine. You must hurry."

can't remember it until you get to town."

"Deed I'll do jus' zackly as you say, Miss Silylla." After the child had gone Silylla sat for a while with her hands clasped above her head. The sleeves falling back showed her two perfectly moulded arms. Then she took a book from the table, and, opening it, stared at it absently for a few minutes. "Come here, Letty," she said, closing the book and holding out a hand toward where her sister sat quietly sewing at the other side of the room. She drew Letty close to her and laid her head against the younger girl's arm. "I want you to kiss me," she murmured.

Letty flushed with pleasure, and taking the beautiful head between her hands kissed Silylla's mouth. "I am not going to marry Julien, Letty. I have just broken the engagement."

Christy trotted along the three-mile stretch of road between the Ashley homestead and the town. Silylla's letter tucked in her bosom. Anon she skipped and laughed at the intoxicating thought of the beautiful gray coat at home. She drew in great breaths of the sweet early summer air, and trumpeted shrilly in imitation of the elephant she had seen at the circus. Her heart was filled with the very joy of living, and she knew nothing of the heavy tidings she bore in the bosom of her pink frock.

She longed to chase butterflies through a wood, like that lovely little girl in the story Miss Letty had read to her. She looked to left and right, but saw no butterflies. A little way ahead were two cows grazing by the roadside. Cows were not butterflies, but Christy must chase something, and the cows were at hand. "Hi, yi!" she cried shrilly, and ran down the dusty road, and every few steps leaping high in the air. "Hoo, hoo!" she roared, like a lion. It was great fun. The placid animals lumbered heavily along before her, but not fast enough for Christy. She had taken Silylla's letter from her bosom for greater security when she began to run, and now held it in her hand. "Woo, woo!" it's wild beasts after you!" she shouted. One big, dun-colored cow rebelled at a further chase, and turning out tried to climb the bank by the road. "Shoo!" cried Christy, in hot pursuit, waving her hand.

The desperate animal turned and made down the bank directly toward the girl. "Go 'way, go 'way!" she howled, and Silylla's letter fell to the roadside on a choice spot of moist earth, just where, a second letter, a heavy bovine hoof pressed it into the mud. Christy instantly forgot her own terror, and the shriek, ending in a sob of rage, which she uttered, was more dreading than any of her previous imitations of wild animals. "Oh, you har'ful beast—yo' great foot on my beautiful letter! Look at it, all covered wi' nasty mud! I can't nevah, nevah take it like that, an' I was so happy jes' now!" She burst into a passion of tears. "What will I do—I might jes' as well run away from home. I nevah can face Miss Silylla."

She trailed slowly homeward, still sobbing miserably and taking a poor consolation in the thought that "p'raps Miss Silylla'd write it over ag'in—she writes so quick she nevah feel!" Scarcely black clouds were gathering in the west and there was a muttering of distant thunder, but Christy feared only Silylla's frown. She heard a sound of a horse's hoofs behind her, and looking around beheld a sight which made her heart leap for joy. Captain Julien Booth was riding slowly up the road toward the Ashley house.

"Now Miss Silylla kin tell him he's self," thought the child, "an' he won't need the letter, 'cause she'll ax me for it," she thought the next instant. "I'd better run home an' 'fess it all; I kin get there b'fore Cap'n Booth if I run fast."

Then the prospect of immediately facing Silylla with her dread confession overpowered her. "Tain't no use," she muttered, as she dropped back into a walk; "I might jes' as well die."

Captain Julien Booth had risen at dawn and had spent the morning riding slowly through country lanes meditating on the step he was about to take. "It may be the act of a brave man or of a coward," he had said to himself a score of times that day. When in the early spring he asked Silylla Ashley to marry him he loved her passionately, or thought he loved her. He loved her so no longer, or believed he did not. The charm of her wonderful beauty was as potent as ever; but the imperiousness of her manner, the directness of her speech which had so fascinated him at first, had ended by making him uneasy. She had been so accustomed to homage and obedience from every one, that he feared she would exact from him more than he could give. He had a growing fear that she was lacking in womanly tenderness. He had ended in believing that they would be miserable together, and had made up his mind to tell her so and to abide by her decision. In the woods that morning he had gone over all that he would say. He had prepared for every consequence of his determination—for her bitter scorn, for her cool contempt, for her superb, disdainful silence and forbearance, but that thought was dismissed at once. The man did not live for whom Silylla Ashley would shed a tear. Then he had laughed at his own rehearsal of a tragedy—the slaying of their mutual love life. Both rehearsing Othello is not absurd, but Othello rehearsing himself—! He would tell her that he was ready to stand by his promise; and then he tried to imagine the look in Silylla's

grandfather's, and he never lent it?

Swiftly she crossed the room and opened the door. "Julien, I cannot let you go in the rain," she said. Captain Booth was at the front door. He did not trust himself to speak, but waved his hand without turning his head. The door closed behind him, a tremendous clap of thunder shook the house. Silylla ran back into the parlor, threw herself upon a sofa and burst into tears.

Julien walked rapidly toward the barn after his horse. He heard a patter of bare feet and became aware that a small colored girl was running beside him trying to hold a big gingham umbrella over his head. "You're nevah goin' to ride out in his rain, Cap'n Booth," cried Absalom from the hayloft as Julien entered the barn door.

The young man stood for a long time staring out at the brilliant green of the dripping shrubbery, underneath which the chickens, ruffled and sullen were huddled. He looked down into Christy's swollen face and brimming eyes, and wondered vaguely if she was crying because she was sorry for him. Then he looked up at the leaden, streaming sky and tried to imagine what his life was going to be like without Silylla Ashley.

Of what noxious bellerose or nightshade had he drunk that he fancied her lacking in tenderness?—this glorious, beautiful woman whom he had just renounced, and whom he knew now, he loved with all his soul. He darted out into the rain again and strode back to the house. Christy still ran at his side. He pushed the front-door open. The sound of his footsteps on the hall floor was drowned by the fury of the storm. He heard Letty's voice, and then Silylla's. She was sobbing.

"I sent him away in the rain, Letty. . . . He behaved so beautifully—so nobly. . . . I did not think it could be harsh, sir." "Don't cry, dear," said Letty. "It is better so, since you do not love him." "But—but—I do love him. I didn't know how much till now that I have lost him forever."

The door opened softly, and Julien stood within the room. Silylla was lying on the sofa, her face buried in the pillows. Letty stood beside her, holding her hand. She dropped it with a start as she saw Julien, who held up a warning finger. "Don't go away, Letty!" sobbed Silylla, and then using almost the words of Egypt's miserable and deserted queen, "Don't talk to me—just pity me!"

She reached out gropingly to take Letty's hand again. Sweet Letty simply faded out of the room, and it was Julien's hand that Silylla clasped. "Letty, I know he will ne—never come back! He said hardly a word, but looked so mi—miserable! How tight you are holding my hand—you hurt me, Letty!"

She suddenly sat upright. Julien was kneeling beside her, his arm was around her waist. A sob was trembling on her lips. There must be an outlet; a fit of hysterical, undignified weeping if she pushed him away, and there was his shoulder waiting for her head, so comfortable, so restful a haven. Before she realized it, and by no volition of hers, yet with no resistance, her face was buried there. Julien's cheek pressed against her own, and his arm held her close.

"I could not give you up, my darling," he whispered. "And I cannot let you go," she said, between her sobs. The storm was passing, and there were already glimpses of the sun behind the low hanging clouds. The lower part of the house was very still. Muffled, fragmentary phrases of the talk of the two lovers penetrated to the hall, where a crimson little figure in a maddy pink frock lingered near the parlor-door. "I guess the trouble's 'bout all over," thought Christy. "It has brought us nearer together, Julien," she heard Silylla say, "and I shall always hold this day blessed; but let us never speak of it again." "Never again, my Silylla," Julien's voice made answer. "This letter's no good now," soliloquized Christy, as she drew the soiled and crumpled envelope from her pocket. "It 'ud jes' make me 'touble if I hand it out. Jes' don't want dat matty talk about no 'no', an' I ain't goin' to bring it up. I'll jes' go on 'n' put ole ole in de kitchen fire,"—Goodey's Magazine.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Craft He Took—A Lucid Explanation—Had Found It Out—No Reason for Change—Blased, Etc., Etc. A maiden stood upon the sands Of Stragament Pier, Her lover held her by the hands; Her papa wasn't near. "And must you go?" she cried. "Alas! I fear I must," quoth he. "A! then he took a little snack And went away to sea."—Washington Times

A LUCID EXPLANATION. "Aunt Lucie, what is eccentricity?" "It's the queer things that other people do."—Chicago Record.

Blased. Wheeler—"My doctor advises me to cycle, but I don't think I will do so." Bell—"You don't?" Wheeler—"No. I think he's blased—he's a surgeon."—Judge.

Blased. Deaf Mute Lover (speaking through finger signs)—"Please sing for me, dearest." Deaf Mute Loved One (ditto, and gratefully)—"I can't sing; I have a sore thumb."—Judge.

HAD FOUND IT OUT. She—"Did you know that Mand has a dark room on purpose for proposals?" He—"Well, rather. I developed a negative there myself last night."—Comic Home Journal.

EXCEPTIONS. "There were only two dry eyes in the house." "How do you know about those two?" "I happened to know that two men in the audience had a glass eyespice."—Judge.

NO REASON FOR CHANGE. Stern Parent—"You must understand, sir, that I want my daughter to have as good a home after marriage as she had before, sir." Jack Bluffington—"Well, you're not going to sell out, are you?"—Baltimore News.

ONE WAY. "They say the minister preaches sensational sermons in order to directly reach the most depraved classes." "How can that do it?" "Why, now the reporters have to 'tinger him.'—Life.

THE BEST THEY COULD DO. "I found a fishworm in my hydrant this morning," said the wrathful citizen. "Yes," said the official of the water company, "that is the best we can do just at present. We can't afford to furnish fish—all we are able to furnish is bait."—Indianapolis Journal.

IF I KNEW.

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept No matter how large the key Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard, "I would open, I know, for me, Then over the land and the sea, broadcast, I'd scatter the smiles to play, That the children's eyes might hold them fast For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough To hold all the frowns of men, I would like to gather them, every one, From nursery, school, and street, Even, folding and holding, I'd pack them in, And, turning the member key, I'd like a grant to drop the box To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. She—"Am I the first woman you ever kissed?" He (surprised)—"Why, no, I have a mother."—Norristown Herald. Artist—"That man Bacon offered me \$12 for that largest painting of mine." Caller—"Oh, then you've had it framed?" "You have nothing to regret, brother?" tentatively asked the minister, "None," said the dying rounder. "I ain't leaving a cent."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. Graymare—"Do you remember the night you asked me to marry you? The moon was full." Mr. Graymare—"So was I."—Cincinnati Enquirer. "Overcoats are to be short and trousers tight this winter." "Well, I'm all right; only my trousers will be short and my overcoat tight."—Buffalo News.

He was reading aloud—"Bears, it is said, have a vicious propensity for hugging." "Oh," she interrupted, "how I wish you were a bear!"—Detroit Free Press. Tired Byard—"De coastin' part of bicyclin' is all rite. Yer don't haf ter work de pedals." Werry Wally—"Yes! but yer haf ter hold on an' steer, don't yer?"—Judge.

"I suppose this campaign requires all the oratory of you politicians?" "It requires very little oratory; what bothers us is the man in the audience who asks questions."—Pack. She sat on the beach and gazed meditatively at the rings which adorned her fingers. "Know all men by these presents," she murmured, "that I am a summer girl."—Pack. Dolly—"I told Mr. Nicseff that I bet Reggie twenty kisses our boat would win a race at the regatta." Daisy—"Well, wass it shocked?" Dolly—"No. I let him hold the stakes."—Boston Globe.

"You don't mean to say that that stinky old maw has given you ten marks for telling her fortune?" "Indeed I do. I told her she would meet with an accident before she was twenty-four years old."—Fleigende Blaetter. "Denise, did you mail that postal card I gave you?" "Yes, sor, an' Oi tuk the liberty, sorr, of puttin' a two-cent stamp on it, sorr. Ye wrote so foine an' got so much on th' overoid Oi thought it might be 'overweight, sorr.'"—Harper's Bazar.

Mr. Nubbins—"My husband is a perfect brute." Friend—"You amaze me, Mr. Nubbins." "Since the lady began teething, nothing would quiet the little angel but pulling his papa's beard, and yesterday he went and had his beard shaved off."—Tit-Bits. Professor—"Do you know, madam, there was a time when men wore corsets; but they found that they were injurious to health and so—" Mr. Wrong-righter—"Yes; and they gave them to their poor, weak, helpless wives and daughters."—New York Weekly.

"I am tired to death," declared Mrs. Matronly as she reached home from down town the other evening. "What's the matter?" asked her husband. "Been having baby's pictures taken. They have a way of taking them instantaneously now, you know." "How long were you at it?" "Three hours and a half."—Detroit Free Press. Cause of Fog and Mist. Owing to the clear sky that prevails within areas of high pressure the radiation of heat from the ground or the ocean surface and from the lowest stratum of air proceeds more rapidly, and, as is well known, during such periods mist and fog are formed in the lower air. Radiation proceeds uninterrupted during the night time from the upper surface of foggy air, and the depth of the layer of fog steadily increases, so that it sometimes the heat of the sun, in the middle of the day, is not sufficient to dissipate the fog formed at night. It has often been remarked that the best time to observe the main top exhalations of the ocean of fog. In general, a dense fog implies clear sky above it, and by attention to the movement of areas of pressure it becomes possible to predict fog on our coast. A Hygienic Writing Paper. Among the latest things in stationery is a writing paper which is specially manufactured for the prevention of the spreading of letters of various forms of infectious diseases. Every one is aware that in receiving letters from disease-stricken places, at home or abroad, they run a certain amount of risk. This stationery is said to be rendered innocuous proof. The paper is impregnated with antiseptics that all infectious organisms adhere to it and are rendered inert, even though a feverish person writes or touches the letter.