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The Forest Republican.

VOL. XIII. NO. 12.

TIONESTA, PA., JUNE 9, 1880.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Advertisement type and Rate. Includes One Square (1 inch), One Square (3 inch), Two Squares, Quarter Col., Half, One.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

Endurance. How much the heart may bear and yet no break. How much the flesh may suffer and not die. I question much if any pain or ache of soul or body brings our end more nigh.

THE SECRET.

I wish I could tell you—I do wish I could! I hate to have a secret; it burns, like money in my pocket. It's an unnatural thing, anyway. One wants sympathy; if it's a gloomy secret, somebody to be gloomy with; and if it's a glad one, somebody to be glad with; somebody to talk it over with, to make much or little of it with, to conjecture concerning it, its beginning and its end, to dwell upon it and gloat over it; how in the world is one going to enjoy anything all by one's self!

ing out of the hall by files; and the officer who had wrought the change—a tall, slender young fellow of whom one could see little but the eyes blazing like wildfire, for the torn and drooping visor of his cap, and for the brown beard covering his brown face, and the smears of smoke and powder—put mamma's shawl about her shoulders, bowed low to Romaine, and took me in his arms a moment and looked at me, and set me down again, and was passing out, when Romaine ran forward and caught his hand, and began to pour out a torrent of thanks. He turned and smiled. "I deserve no thanks," he said. And then, half hesitating a single instant, he raised Romaine's hand, that still forgetfully held his, and pressed it to his lips, and was gone. And a curious old silver-set diamond on his hand, whose stones made a dry crest, took my baby eye, so that I always remembered it. But as I turned to Romaine—oh, how she looked then! I've never seen anything so beautiful since, she blushed such a rosy red, and her eyes lighted, and her smile grew dazzling, and I've thought, as I remembered it, that just so Eve might have looked when she woke and looked upon the world before her. And he turned in the door and saw her, and then he ran down the stairs, and mounted his horse; and presently we heard the last of them trooping over the hill. They took Guinere and Ali with them, though, for all of the young officer; but the very next day Guinere came into the yard by herself, and neighed for her oats.

right to hold yourself so inaccessible." said mamma to her one day, as the winding up of a talking to that sent Romaine out of the room crying. "What is there about you that no man in America, or Europe either, that I can see, is fit to marry you, I should like to know?" Romaine was dancing that night with Cousin Nicholas, at Mrs. Glance's ball. The delicious waltz music made my feet just tingle. Mamma let me go to a ball now and then, to show people what she had in reserve, Romaine said. But there was Romaine, so listless, so loving, so indifferent, and Nicholas, looking down after her so eager, so intent, and then leading her out into the moonlight, as if he would take her away from all these people, and into another world. "It's no use, Cousin Nicholas," I said, when he happened to think of me, half an hour afterward, and brought me an ice; "she wouldn't marry you if you were made of gold. She wouldn't marry anybody but a soldier anyway" (all at once Nicholas' face lighted up), "and him only if he had been nearly shot to pieces; and only one soldier out of all of them, I do believe." I made haste to add, for I didn't want to encourage him. "How much must a man do to earn his case?" said Nicholas, in his slow, languid way, which always did seem to make him taller and more broad-shouldered than ever. He was a handsome fellow, with his fresh color, his white forehead, his bright curling hair in tight rings like that of an old Greek head, his teeth gleaming from under the dark mustache when he smiled. I didn't see how she could help being attracted to him, being in love with him, you know. "How many scars must he show?" he drawled. "Does she want you to wear your uniform and your bandages all the time?" And then his eyes flashed, he thrust his fingers through the gray rings, and I saw where a bullet had plowed its way among them. "That was my ticket to a hospital," he cried. And then he pulled up the cuff from his right wrist, and drew his fingers across an indentation there. "That lost me my sword-arm," he said. "What more does she want? Shall I tell her a ball made this dimple in my chin? that I carry the five wounds about me? I suppose if I took off both arms and both legs every night, she would have me out of her hands." "No, she wouldn't," I said. "She wouldn't have you unless you were a tall slender fellow whose eyelashes were burned off, whose face was covered by the eyes by a torn visor above and by a brown beard below, who kissed her hand, and wore an old silver-set diamond crest on his—I saw it—and whom she has set up in her shrine for ever and ever. Why, Cousin Nicholas, what is the matter with you?" For he had suddenly burst into the gayest and most uproarious laugh. "You had better tell me, so that I can laugh too," I said, feeling as though I ought to be angry, but deciding that I could not be vexed with Cousin Nicholas. "I've no doubt she'll think better of you when I tell her about your scars," I said. "When you tell her about my scars!" he exclaimed, so that I started and trembled. "Open your lips to her about them, you blessed little chatterbox, and I'll kill you! If she won't care for me without scars, she shan't care for me at all!" "Well, I declare, I never—" I began. "Just take me to mamma, if you please. If Paul heard you speaking so to his—" "Hang Paul! Hush! hush!" he said, drawing my hand through his arm and holding it. "You have made me happier to-night than you ever can again!" I cried. And then, instead of his talking to me to mamma, Cousin Nicholas' arm slid round my waist, and he was whirling me round the room to the maddening waltz music in a way that mamma asserted afterward was utterly inexcusable, and that Romaine declared took her breath away. "I should never have thought of you," she said. "Dear me," I answered; "you don't suppose he's going to go sighing like a furnace for you forever, when you—" "When I what?" "I have refused him twenty times." "I've never had the chance to refuse him once. I don't want to have it—" "You're afraid you'd accept him, miss," I exclaimed. "I don't want to accept him." "You'd accept him quickly enough if he was a slender young officer with a face hidden by a bright brown beard and smooches and smirches of powder, driving his soldiers out of the house—the first man that ever kissed your hand, Miss Romaine, with an old silver-set diamond ring on his. You needn't think I hadn't any eyes, if I wasn't but six years old, or any memory, or any faculty of putting two and two together." "Oh, how can you be so cruel!" she cried, hiding her face in her hands. "I'm not cruel," I said. "It's you that are cruel, and silly too. Cousin Nicholas is worth a dozen of that fellow that you set up for yourself to bow down to. Don't you suppose Cousin Nicholas would have driven the soldiers out, and have kissed your hand too?" "Nicholas, where bullets were flying!" "Yes, where bullets were flying, and riddled with them, besides. And you don't deserve him, that you don't, if you are beautiful. But, oh! I do declare, Romaine, when you go so perfectly lovely, and he does love you so, for you to—" "How do you know he loves me so?" He never said it. "As if there were no other speech than just so many words! I can't see how you can be so unfeeling!" "I never said I was unfeeling." "What? Really, Romaine? Are you in earnest? Do you really care for him, just a little?" "I—I—I mean I could—maybe. But—but then, you know, dear, I—I can't talk about it. I feel as if I were pledged—as if I were breaking a bond—" "To that other fellow? Fiddlistick's ends! You, twenty-seven years old, al-

most an old maid, and as silly as that! Now I'll tell you what, if you don't turn a short corner, I'll see what I can do myself; and when it's too late for you, you'll be eating your heart out with envy and rage. There he comes now, and I'm going out to see him and begin," and so I ran down the lawn to meet him as he gave his horse to the groom—it was only the next day after Mrs. Glance's ball. "I've something to tell you," I said, taking his arm and holding it in a way to drive vexation to Romaine's heart. For I knew she was looking at us behind a curtain somewhere. "And I've something to show you, my dear child," he answered, and he fumbled in a pocket a moment, and then, opening his hand just a little way, let me see a gleam of something sparkling—diamonds—silver-set. "Nicholas!" I cried. And I stood open-mouthed, looking him over from head to foot. "Ten years make great alterations," he hummed. "But, Nicholas—" "Hush! hush!" he said. "Do you believe she has suspected?" "Oh, never! Oh, make haste! Oh, do go in! She's in the music-room, looking out behind the curtain." And I never was so impatient with anybody in my life as with the slow, careless gait at which he went up the lawn and into the house. I ran in, half an hour afterward, to get my Japanese work. They had gone out on the balcony, and were leaning over the rail together, looking at the sea; and as I just glanced at them there was a color in Romaine's cheek and a glory in her eye that almost made my heart stop beating. And suddenly I made a dart at her, and caught her hand and held it up. And they both seized me with one accord that moment, and swore me to secrecy. And I promised; and a promise is a promise, you know, and although I'm dying to tell you, will I never won't get it away from me, and I never never shall tell you what it was I saw on Romaine's finger.—Harper's Bazar.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. Girdling Trees and Vines. There are many things about plant growth that we cannot know; yet, by careful study and experiments, we may learn much that is both interesting and useful. Many of the popular notions in regard to plants have been proved to be incorrect. It is commonly supposed, for example, that the growth of a tree is upward from the ground; but it has been demonstrated that the growth is really from the top downward. The sap passes up through the wood of the tree to the leaves, where it meets with the material gathered from the air. In this laboratory of the leaves, vegetables matter is formed, which is then conveyed downward—not between the bark and the wood, as has been claimed—but in the inside layer of the bark, from which it is thrown off to become a new layer of wood. A girdled tree may continue to grow above the girdle, but never below. A girdled tree, in one sense, does not die because of the girdle, but because the denuded wood dries up so as to prevent the sap from passing up to the leaves. If the denuded part can be so protected from the sun and air as to keep it from drying, the life of the tree may be preserved. I know a pine tree to live and grow for eight years after being girdled; but the growth was only above the girdle. Farmers are always anxious to know a thing if they can make a dollar out of it. Now, if the growth of the tree is from the top downward, a knowledge of this fact may be of great value to fruit-growers. If we can keep the vegetable matter formed in the leaf in the top of the tree, it will tend to increase the production of fruit. That this is a fact has been sufficiently proven by numerous experiments. Girdle the canes of a grapevine and it ripens its fruit two or three weeks earlier than a vine not girdled. The same is true of the apple and all fruit-bearing trees. This fact is of especial importance in the culture of grapes, as in this way we can ripen varieties of this fruit for which our seasons are ordinarily, with the usual treatment, too short. The reason that girdling has not been generally practiced by fruit-growers, is because it has been commonly supposed that a vine or tree cannot be girdled without killing it. It is my purpose to tell you now how you can girdle your vines and trees without injuring them. I have girdled the same grapevine five years in succession, and without injuring it in the least. The proper time to girdle a vine is when the grapes are about the size of a pea. The operation may be performed with a sharp penknife, cutting a clean chasm around the bearing canes, about one-sixteenth of an inch in width. This chasm, while of too small extent to injure the vine, will yet be sufficient to check for a few weeks the descent of the sap, and consequently the growth of the vine below, throwing the whole of the nutriment absorbed by the vine into the tops of the canes and the fruit. The effect will be to greatly advance and improve the fruit. The girdle will, in a little while, readily heal over, and the circulation of the vine resume its normal course. The branches of all fruit-bearing trees will be treated in the same way, and with like results. Any one can successfully perform the operation if they are only sufficiently careful not to make the cut in the bark too wide.—Professor Stockbridge.

Listen. We borrow— In our sorrow— From the sun of some to-morrow Half the light that glids to-day— And the splendor Flashes tender, O'er hope's footsteps, to defend her. From the tears that haunt the way. We never Here can sever Any now from the forever, Interleaving near and far! For each minute Holds within it All the hours of the Infinite, As one sky holds every star. ITEMS OF INTEREST. The quantity of cotton consumed in 1878 was fifty-four times greater than 1778. It is estimated the St. Gothard tunnel will augment trade between Germany and Italy tenfold. Our market reporter informs us that "there is a remarkable downward tendency in lamp-wicks on Sunday night."—Marathon Independent. It is illegal in England to sell crabs measuring less than four and one-half inches across the back, and persons selling them have lately been punished. A commission appointed by the French government to decide as to the disposition to be made of the Tuileries has agreed to restore the palace and convert it into a museum. A man who undertakes anything and gets left at his own game catches a tartar. The boy who climbs to the top shelf in the pantry does so with the expectation of catching a tart or two. "Anxious Engineer" asks us how he may "learn to write well." Write it w-e-l-l, my son. There may be those who write it with one l; but the best authors double the final consonant.—Grip. A PRUDENT LOVER. The thrush in the thicket is singing. The lark is abroad on the lawn. And over the garden gate swinging A maiden is waiting for me. She will wait till she's weary, I'm thinking, Though eager I am for the tryst; She will wait till the bright stars are blinking, And sigh for the kisses she miss'd. But her father is watchful and wary, A very ill-temper'd old chury, And I am not the sort of a girl To be kicked for the love of a girl. —Harper's Bazar. A teacher asked a bright little girl: "What country is opposite us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir," was the answer. "Well, now," pursued the teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir," replied the pupil, with an air of triumph. A party that moved last Saturday hung a Brussels carpet on the clothes line for an airing, and a goat came along and ate a couple of yards of it before he made the discovery that its flowers were not natural. The remarks of the owner on making the discovery are not printable.—Sunny-side Press. A down-town man went fishing the other day, and returned with three small trout. He carried them through the street boldly, and when asked if those were all he caught, frankly admitted that they were. The neighbors gave him a pleasant surprise last night, and presented him with the beautifully carved motto, "An honest fisherman is the noblest work of God."—New Haven Register. Changes of Life. Change is the common feature of society—of all life. The world is like a magic lantern, or the shifting scenes of a panorama. Ten years convert the population of schools into men and women, the young into fathers and matrons, make and mar fortunes, and bury the last generation but one. Twenty years convert infants into lovers, fathers and mothers, decide men's fortunes and distinctions, convert active men and women into crawling drivellers, and bury all preceding generations. Thirty years raise an active generation from poverty, change fascinating beauties into unbearable old women, convert lovers into grandfathers, and bury the active generation, or reduce them to decrepitude and imbecility. Forty years, alas! change the face of all society. Infants are growing old, the bloom of youth and beauty has passed away, two active generations have been swept from the stage of life; names once cherished are forgotten, unsuspected candidates for fame have started from the exhaustless womb of nature. And in fifty years—mature, ripe fifty years—a half century—what tremendous changes occur. How time writes her sublime wrinkles everywhere, in rock, river, forest, cities, villages, hamlets, in the nature of man and the destinies and aspects of all civilized society. Let us pass on to eighty years—and what do we see in the world to comfort us? Our parents are gone; our children have passed away from us into that desperate battle of life. Our old friends—where are they? We behold a world of which we know nothing and to which we are unknown. We weep for the generations long gone by—for lovers, for parents, for children, for friends in the grave. We see everything turned upside down by the fickle hand of fortune and the absolute despotism of time. In a word we behold the vanity of life, and are quite ready to lay down the poor burden and go home.