The Forest Republican.

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The Forest Republican.

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Endurance.

ISI ow much the heart may bear and yet no

How much the flesh may suffer and not died I question much if any pain or ache Ot soul or body brings our end more nigh. Death choses his own time, till that has come All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel Whose edge seems searching for the quivering

Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal That still, although the trembling flesh be

torn. his, also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way, And try to fice from the approaching ill; We seek some small escape, we weep and

But when the blow talls, then our hearts are still-Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,

But yet it can be borne. We wind our life about another life; We hold it closer, dearer than our own-Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife, Leaving us stunned, and stricken and alone; But, oh, we do not die with those we mourn;

This, also can be borne. Behold, we live through all things, Jamiuo,

Bereavement, pain, all grief and misery, All wee and sorrow; life inflicts its worst On sould and body, but we cannot die, Though we be sick and tired and faint and

> Lo, all things can be borne. -Elizabeth Akers Allen.

THE SECRET.

I wish I could tell you-I do wish could! I have to have a secret; burns, like money in my pocket. It's an unnatural thing, anyway. One wants sympathy; if it 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 any thing all by one's seif! If I'm eating a peach, I want somebody to have part of it, to know how luscious it is; and I wouldn't give a sixpence for a coach and wouldn't give a sixpence for a coach and seventeen that even seventeen more it, to know how luscious it is; and I wouldn't give a sixpence for a coach and four unless there were somebody by to see me riding. So I say to myself, what's the use of knowing it if you're not to the use of knowing it if you're not to the use of knowing it if you're not to the poetical temperament.

Chatterbox too, Paul says; but I know should rest on in the local test on in the should rest on in the same of the matter with you?

So I say to myself, what's the use of knowing it if you're not to the poetical temperament. speak or look, or wink, if you're to be no wises the er people, and let no-body see that you are? And as for me, I am always blushing, and my tongue is tripping, and I'm sure to be on the point of betraying the whole thing by something I say, and clapping my hand on my mouth like a silly child. Still, although it's nervous and anx-

ious work, I can keep a secret if I try, or else when he—I mean she—at least I mean I shouldn't have been trusted with it if I couldn't. Some people are so important with a secret, and go about as if they knew er ough to hang the rest of the world. But I never am; I only long to tell it; and I do so want to tell you this one. But there—I promised I wouldn't breathe it, and a promise is a

promise, you know. suppose I wouldn't care half so much to tell if it were only a commonplace affair, if there were no romance about it all. But there is. Some people are so fond of romance—our Romaine is; and I don't believe that anything could have pleased her half so much that happened in the regular, expected way. Our Romaine always was so full of fancies and idea's, and when there's anything romantic going, it always falls to her lot. Don't you think she's a beauty? I do; so tall, so beautifully made, so gracious, such hair-such soft fragrant hair—such eyes like jewels, and ther skin so like a tea-rose! I don't believe any of those famous beauties that you read about can hold a candle to her-that I don't! I always wondered why she didn't take some one of her lovers, although I knew, too, or thought I did; for she was just as lovely ten years ago, when she came home from school at seventeen-the very day those dreadful soliders came, you recollect— as she is to-day. She had been gone so long-four years-that everything about the place was just as sweet and strange to her as if it were a kingdom she had just come into; and she was going round, looking at this and exclaiming at that, caressing the creatures which knew her, every one of them, even to the parrots-just rejoicing in everything; and I, a little six-year-old worshiper, was following her in adora-tion, with the peacock following me; when all at once the lawn was crowded with soldiers, and the yard was full of foragers, and the horses, Romaine's Guinare, and mamma's, were being led away, and all the cows were lowing, and the pigs were squealing, and the fowl were eackling, as those wretches took possession; and some were building fires in the yard, and the rest were swarming into the house. And they were in the china closet, ravaging the store-room, were in the bedrooms, in the wardrobes, and a parcel of them had poor mamma in a corner, and had torn away her shawl and one was flourishing her cap on the point of his bayonet, and Romaine had sprung into the midst of them, threatening them with a wild tury, when suddenly a voice rang over the uproar, a terrible commanding voice, somebody strode through the throng, and seizing by the shoulder first one and then anthis side and on that, and in one mo-

meat silence fell, and man by man they

ing down the stairs, and march-

ing out of the hall by files; and the officer who had wrought the change—a tall, said mamma to her one day, as the windslender young fellow of whom one could see little but the eyes blazing like wildfire, for the torn and dropping 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 Ro-maine rand ward and caught his hand. and began to pour out a torrent of thanks. He turned and smiled. "I de-serve no thanks," he said. And then, half hesitating a single in-stant, 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 tiry crest, took my baby eye, so that I always membered it. But as I turned to Romaine—oh, how she loosed 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 presland ently we heard the last of them trooping over the hill. They took Gulnare and All with them, though, for all of the

Well, now, do you know, I believe that from that very moment Romaine made that young officer her hero and her ideal. She didn't know his name, she didn't know his regiment, she didn't know his rank, she had hardly seen his face; but, for all that, she just resolvedvery likely without putting it in so many words to herself-that if she couldn't marry him, she would never marry anybody, and she would keep herself and all her thoughts sacred to this hero. And she did. And that is what has given her this air of remoteness, almost as it she belonged to a superior race, you know. She didn't know whether her hero was alive or dead; there were skirmishes in the neighborhood, and before long a great battle farther off; but there were no means of learning anything, of course, and he never came back. Somehow I think she felt that if he were alive he would, and I think she began to look upon him as dead, and herself as—well, don't you laugh—as something like a widow; at any rate, as vowed to him. She was only seventeen then, you know. Oh. yes, I know I'm only sixteen myself, and a terrible

young officer; but the very next day Gulnare came into the yard by herself.

and neighed for her oats.

Well, in a year or two Uncle Paul died, and left mamma a comfortable fortune. As the farm really belonged to Paul, when he reached home mamma decided to come to the city for our winters, and to build this little villa for the summers, and sometimes Paul comes to us, and sometimes we go to him. year ago nearly I came back from Mamma said I was very senool, pretty, but very unformed, and she wondered what my teachers had been about to leave all this trouble for her, and she doubted what sort of a match I would make. I said how could I make any with Romaine still hanging on her hands? Whereupon mamma said Romaine was the most preposterous girl alive; she had let millions slip through her fin-gers, and she didn't believe the Archangle Michael would make any impression on her. So I began to watch Romaine, and I found an old brass button was one of her treasures, and I learned what sort of people it was in in whom she felt an interest; I observed the care she took of Gulnare, although Gulnare was twenty years old; and I discovered, by accident again, put away with a lock of Mrs. Browning's bair and a leaf from Shelley's tomb, that brass button and an old torn visor of a soldier's cap. Again, once when we were all recounting old times, and mamma was telling of the fright she had when the soldier was flourishing her cap on a bayonet, and the gratitude she felt to her deliverer, who, she always did feel, came straight from heaven to help her, and, for all she knew, went straight back again, I happened to be looking at Romaine in the glass, whereupon she turned as red as a red rose, then all at once grew white as a white rose, was faint, and had to get out of the room. I made up my mind about

I was sorry, too; for some of Paul's people who used to come mooning round her were mighty nice. There was Colonel Rice -I don't know what he was colonel of, some fancy-fair or sidewalk regiment-I'm sure he'd never smelled powder except when shooting pigeons; but he had the littlest foot and hand, and oceans of money, and a drag. And he did send Romaine such flowers! and if she had but thrown her handkerchief, there was nothing he wouldn't have given her-cashmere shawls to walk on. and diamonds bright enough to read by. And there was an English earl's sonjust back from buffalo hunting, who would have made a countess of her, only give him time enough; and goodness knows how many more of Paul's chums, and Senator Catchpenny, and the regulation swells, and Cousin Nicholas.

And Romaine disdained them allevery one of Paul's chums of course, and Cousin Nicholas on account of the old family leud that had always kept us apart; he was a hundred-thousandth ousin or so. And when the English-man was round she just out-Americaned the Americans; and nothing but the dread of a scene with mamma could get her behind Colonel Rice's horses, other of the men who had cornered though I should have been glad of the mamma and Romaine, flung them on chance; and that is the way it had been with one or another for nine or ten years, mamma said; and Romaine was

slank away, and presently they were ado F btedly a fixture. "I don't know about your having the

Romaine was dancing that night with Cousin Nicholes at Mrs. Glance's ball. The delicious waltz music made my feet just tingle. Manima 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 lovely, so indifferent, and Nicholas looking 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. 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

"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-shoul d ered than ever. He was a handome fel-low, with his fresh color, his white orehead, his grizzled 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—being in love with him, you know. "How many sears must be 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 four months of unconsciousness in 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 hand."
"No. she wouldn't," I said. "She

wouldn't have you unless you were a tall siender fellow whose eyelashes were burned off, whose face was covered to the eyes by a torn visor above and by a brown beard below, who kissed her hand, and wore an odd silver-set dia-mond crest on his—I saw it—and whom uproarious laugh. 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 hem, you blessed little chatterbox, and kill you! If she won't care for me without scars, she sha'n't care for me

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 hapholding it. pier tc-night than you ever can again. "I think everybody has gone crazy!" I cried. And then, instead of his tak ing me to mamma, Cousin Nicholas' 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 have thought it of you," she said. "I should never

"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?"

"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 housethe first man that ever kissed your hand, Miss Romaine, with an old silver-set dia-mond 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 that are cruel, and silly too Cousin Nicholas is worth a dozen of that fellow that you set up for yourse.f to bow down to. Don't you suppose Consin Nicholas would have driven the soldiers out, and have kissed your hand too?" Nicholas, where builets were fly-

"Yes, where bullets were flying, and clare, Romaine, when you are 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. "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? Fiddlesticks'

most an old maid, and as silly as that! FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD Now I'll tell you what, if you don't turn ing up of a ta'king-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?"

Romains was dancing that night with and I'm going out to see him and be-gin;" 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

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 cotor 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, wild horses 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.

How to be Independent of Dry Weather.

We have lived in the Arkansas valley for nearly nine years. From the first we have been of the opinion that this country will, eventually, support in abundant prosperity a dense population, who will produce from the soil crops not excelled for yield or certainty in any part of the world. The soil is of surprising fertility, the lay of the land is admirable and the temperature is of the mean between the cold of the North and the heat of the South; most favorable for grains and fruits. The only thing wanting is regularity in

Some expect that this will correct itself, and when a good rain comes assert that the seasons are changing, growing more rainy. The experience of last year and this have almost dissipated this

What then is the remedy for drouth? There is abundance of water at a short listance below the surface. The wind is willing to work for nothing and to raise to the surface an unlimited amount It remains for the ingenuity and skill of man to harness the wind to the work, and to apply the water judiciously to the soil. Some say this will be impracticable and expensive. Expensive it may be, but it is not impracticable.

In Holland they have emptied lakes and even a sea in order to cultivate the soil at their bottom. Constant vigilance is necessary to keep the water out. Yet all is done at profit.

Less expensive will it be to irrigate the plains of Kansas, than to dry the akes and seas of Holland. The lakes of Holland were not dried in a day, neither will the Arkansas valley be irrigated in a day, but by preparation beforehand and the accumulation of a supply o water on the surface to be in constant readiness when needed, the long dry spells will be deprived of their power to ruin the prosperity of the country.

How is this to be done? We should say, select the highest pen. No wonder where this is the case point on the land sought to be watered; so much butter and cheese are sent to with plow and scraper make a heavy dirt wall around a large basin; keep it wet with a windmill and water elevator; feed your hogs in this pen for a few weeks and let them wallow the entire surface so as to make it hold water; plant cotton-wood cuttings all over the dirt wall, then let you windmills devote the winter and spring to filling up this bas n. By the time the water is needed for the crops in the spring, the water will be warm and fit to apply. these supplies of surface water are increased a greater amount of moisture will be found to exist at all times in the air. - Sterling (Kan.) Gazette.

How Drinking Causes Apoplexy.

It is the essential nature of all wines nd spirits to send an increased amount of blood to the brain. The first effect of taking a glass of wine or stronger form of alcohol is to send the blood there faster than common, hence the circulation that gives the red face. It increases the activity of the brain, and works faster, and so does the tongue. riddled with them, besides. And you don't, if than common, it returns faster, and no you are beautiful. But, oh! I do de-immediate harm may result. But suppose a man keeps on drinking-the blood is sent to the brain so fast in large quantities, that in order to make room for it the arteries have to charge themselves; they increase in size, and in doing so they press against the more yielding flaceid veins which carry the slood out of the brain and thus diminish the size of their pores, the result being that the blood is not only carried to the arteries of the brain faster than is natural or healthful, but it is prevented from leaving it as fast as usual; hence a double set of causes of death are in operation. Hence a man may drink enough of brandy or other spirits in a few hours, or even minutes, to bring on a fatal attack of apoplexy. ends! You, twenty-seven years old, al- This is literally being dead drunk.

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 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, s 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 pre-served. I knew a pine tree to live and grow for eight years after being girdled; but the growth was only above the gir-

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 he 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 pro-duction of fruit. That this is a fact has been sufficiently proven by numerous experiments. Girdle the canes of a grapevine and it ripens i's 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 treat-ment, too short. The reason that girdling has not been generally practised 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 quently 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 wil 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 cours). The branches of all fruit-bearing trees may 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. Cleanliness in Milking.

To keep milk clean while in the act of drawing it, the cow must be clean, her bag and teats washed and wiped before commencing to milk her, and the milkman's hands be then washed. After straining and setting, see that no foul air can come from any quarter to taint the milk; and for this we must be careful, for such is often borne on a strong breeze fully a mile off or more from the place where it originated. It is, of course, presupposed that all vessels used for holding the milk are kept clean and entirely clear of every sort of odors. We have often seen the dairy house placed close to the cattle yard, poultry house, and, what is foulest of all, a dirty pigmarket not fit to be eaten.

Becipes.

TO BAKE POTATOES QUICKLY .- TO bake potatoes quickly, pour water on and let them stand a minute or two before putting them into the oven.

To COOK VEAL .- Roll the slices in beaten eggs and then in rolled crackers. Melt a little butter in the frying pan, and place the veal in it; cover tightly and let it stew for an hour.

FRIED POTATOES. - Fotatoes sliced ery thin should be cooked in a deep skillet; the lard or butter must be boi ing hot. If placed in a wire sieve much time is saved and trouble spared.

CELERY SALT .- Save the root of the in a bottle well corked, and it is delicious for oysters, soups, gravies or hashes.

PIE CRUST.—Take boiled potatoes cold or hot, and knead into them a small piece of dripping, sait, and sufficient flour to make a paste. No water or milk should be used. Good for a meat pie,

ARTIFICIAL CREAM FOR COFFEE, Beat one egg to a foam, add a tablespoon of white sugar, and pour a pint of boiling milk into it, stirring briskly as it is poured on the egg. Prepare at night for the morning.

A man was struck down by paralysis in a Michigan sawmill. He fell across a log which was being sawed, and was carried with it slowly but surely to the saw. He was conscious, but utterlyhelpless. The saw had cut half way through his arm when his awful predicament was discovered.

The hoy who was kept after school bound .- Lowell Bun.

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (linch,) one insertion One Square "one month One Square "one year Two Squares, one year Quarter Col. "Half" " 10 00

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.

Listen.

We borrow-In our sorrow-From the sun of some to-morrow Half the light that gilds to-day-And the splendor Flashes tender,

O'er hope' footsteps, to defend her,

From the tears that haunt the way. Here can sever Any now from the forever, Interclasping 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

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 sell-

ing 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 tar-tar. The boy who climbs to the top shelf in the pantry does so with the ex-

pectation 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 1; but the best authors double the final consonant.—

A PRUDENT LOVER.

The thrush in the thicket is singing, The lark is abroad on the lea, 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; the 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-tempered old churl, And I am not the sort of canary

To be kicked for the love of a girl.

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 "if I were to bore a hole teacher, 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 reflowers were not natural. marks of the owner on making the discovery are not printable. - Sunnyside

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 those were all he caught, irankly 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 lanter, 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

Twenty years convert infants into lovers, fathers and mothers, decide men's fortunes and distinctions, convert active men and women into crawling drivelers, and bury all preceding gen-Thirty years raise an active genera-tion from nonentity, change fascinating

beauties into unbearable old women convert lovers into grandfathers, and bury the active generation, or reduce hem to decrepitude and impecility.

Forty years, alast change the face of all society. Infants are growing old, celery plant, dry and grate it, mixing it the bloom o' youth and beauty has with one-third as much salt. Keep it passed away, two active generations have been swept from the stage of lite; 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 ner sublime wrinkles everywhere, in rock, river, forest, cities, villages, hamlets, in the nature of man and the destinies and aspects of all civilized so-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 all parts of the world to fight the grim and des-perate 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 lover, for parents, for children, for iriends 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 for bad orthography said he was spell-bound.—Lowell Sun. of life, and are quite ready to lay down the poor burden and be gone.