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Job work. Cash on Delivery.

On, the swift y Pleasure, discoved, beholds there hurry on; And love, strong love, losts back through passionate fears;

Like the bright meteor that source appears, Boon are they gone.

Oh, the fleet hours ! Why, what is man?-their puppet and their At first his tetters wreathing with fair flowers

Then galled and worn and robbed of all his powers, Gaining a grave

Valu! we cry, Watching in youth the sweet June roses fall; They bloom squin-small matter if they die. Ah! yes, they bloom; but canker-worms will

Doubt not, in all.

Vale! The word Later has smitten us with mortal pain; Rung out the death-knell of dear hope, or stirred

The lips whose earthly voices may be heard Never again.

mro Dia-Sid-the urb

Then does it wake Sad recollections, haunting thoughts that

We know the cruel wound some farewells make.

We learn to dread the nothingness, the break Parting may leave,

So the years run! Vale! we soon must bid this brief estate; But for that heritage which shall be won When the treed soul with time itself has done Trusting, we wait. - The Argory.

HIS REWARD.

"You are most unjust, Charles, and I know the Lord will one day sting your conscience for your cruelty, and your heartlessness toward that dear child."

The speaker was a comely lady of about fifty, tall, slim, and upright, and neatly clad in widow's weeds. Charles Pemberton, her eldest son, a handsome, stalwart young man of eight-and-twenty, whom she addressed, answered impatiently:
"Confound the boy, I wish he was dead."

He did not mean that; for he loved his little brother, and delighted to make him happy. But his mother had a fatal maility of tongue, and for the last three hours she had been attacking him on subject with aggressive meekness. ad now, out of his grief and his impaence, he flung forth those bitter words, gry with bimself as he did so, and se to leave the room, lest his over-lought temper should betray him His mother flung a parting

on may have your wish sooner on expect, Charles, and more than

than you expect, Charles, and more than that. He will probably not trouble you many years, for he is very delicate; and I shall not outlive him very long. Then I suppose you will be happy."

Charles Pemberton saw the cambric prepared for the shower, and shuddering fled; whereupon Mrs. Pemberton terired to her bedroom to pray that her bush hard heart might be softened.

And then from a curtained recess at he and of the room, there came a little

d of the room, there came a little of teelve, with blanched, serious, half-parted lips, and wide dark. Toward the close of Mrs. Pemton'alecture he had entered the room an open window, unperceived, and, ling that he was the subject of the course, he had concealed himself. and they chilled his very life-He stood now with one hand

clutching the cortain. So Churles wishes I was dead, does he F And mosh at I am going to ut I won't. I her think I am die to sylens wonder what ne only said it by should be

brother, who had forgotten the inciof the previous day, taking a ball, dout: "Get your bat Teddy, and have half an hour's practice."
they were walking down to the Haward suddenly startled his

Vould it be any soud to you if I tend, Charles ?!"

od to me! Why, Teddy, what i thinking of!" , yesterday you said you wished ad; and you wouldn't wish that

uld be no good to you, would s stopped abruptly, and said, nness: "Who told you that pointly. I just came into the room

ld it, and you didn't see me. since I have been wondering

aberton flung away the bat was carrying, and clasped his arms, kissing him, and u, like a girl with a new

iy, Teddy, Teddy," he said: tongue had been torn out before I had said such a I didn't mean it, Tedd You aght I meant it, did you? I wouldn't lose you for all listle playfellow, my for me to com nd when I have her that I distinction.

that I didn't care for you, and lectured and scolded me all the afternoon, and then I forgot myseif—which I ought not to have done, for I know it is only her love that makes her over-anxious—and I said those hateful words, that Ignever, never, never meant, Teddy."

"I thought you never could mean it, Charles," said the little fellow. He had borne up with wonderful stoicism till now, but the overwhelming sense of relief was too much for him, and he began to weep and sob convulsively. Shortly,

to weep and sob convulsively. Shortly, be sprang up and clasped his brother's

neck, saying: "Pil go to school, Charlie, and Pil do just as you like, and you'll see if I won't be a man, and I'll win the Greek and Latin prizes, too, if I can; but you know I'm not clever, Charlie, so you mustn't be disappointed if I don't do that all at once, will you?"

"I'll trust you, Teddy, my boy, to do the best you can, and none of us can do

the best you can, and none of us can do more than that. I shall miss you sore y. Teddy, but there'll be jolly long holidays, you know, and we shall have pleasant times together then. And now

come on and let's see how you'll guard your wicket. If you don't do me credit as a cricketer, I'll sit on you."

The poor lady's heart was very sore when her boy had gone, and she felt herself alone, and many and dread were the misgivings that darkened her mind. And Charles, too, felt himself alone.

Mrs. Pemberton's married life had been outwardly calm and uneventiul; but she was out of sympathy with her husband, a man of easy, jovial tempera-ment, who scarcely noticed her cold-ness, and never troubled himself about it; and she had sought consolation in religion. She had fallen under the in-fluence of certain meek persons, who held that "the world," and things of the world, were forbidden to them. When her husband died, leaving her only a life-interest in a moderate property, and making his eldest son sole guardian of the boy, she had made some efforts to win over Charles to her views; but his honest, healthy nature, was absolutely impervious to these narrow notions; he was, according to the jargon of her sect, "given up to a reprobate mind," and day by day the icy crust of reserve in which she lived became thicker and denser; and it was rendered more hard by the feeling of bitterness inspired by the provisions of her husband's will. Charles felt all this scutely. He tried to be and he was a acutely. He tried to be, and he was, a good son, but all attempts at filial confidence were repulsed. The kind of fatalism which she had accepted made her bow with resignation to the will which had decreed the eternal perdition of her elder son, in common with that of the overwhelming majority of the human race; but with something of inconsistency she prayed with passionate earnestness that her younger son might be given to her, and night be gathered into the fold of the elect.

The boy throve at school. His health, now that he was freed from maternal coddling, improved rapidly. As was to be expected he did full justice to his brother's diligent coaching in athletics. and what no one had expected, he developed a wonderful faculty for mathematics. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the reports of his conduct and progress; and nothing brighter and more beautiful than the lad's healthy confidences with his brother in his happy holidays, when he described his school life and the young hopes and ambitions kindling within him.

When the term of Teddy's school life was drawing to a close the head master of the school strongly urged that he should go to Cambridge; and the lad himself, pleased with the idea, was encouraged in his desire by the fact that the dearest of his school friends had just

entered there. But this was an extension of the educational course which had not been contemplated. By the will of his father, only a very moderate sum had been assigned for the boy's education, and this had already been doubled by Charles out of his own limited means in order that he might have the advan-tages of a superior school. If he went to the university, the funds must come entirely from his elder brother, who would have to deny himself in many thought he was mearly especially hard to do at this time, for the opportunity had just occurred of purchasing on advantageous terms some needs on which he had long looked with

an eye of rational desire.

Mrs. Pemberton had been tooking forward with hungry beire to the closing of the chapter of Teddy's school experience. He was still young and impressible, and she would have opportugities daily and hourly of guiding bis thoughts in the only direction in which, according to her views, they could be profitably employed. Her nature, which hardened more as I more to all the rest of the world, concentrated all its tenderness and affective and the second fection on this boy; and her dearest hope on this side of the grave was that it might be through her instrumental-ity that he should separate himself from the world, even as she had done. When, therefore, Charles announced to her his intention of sending the boy to Cambridge, it was to her a cruel and a

bitter blox For a few moments she sat in silence, the gloom deepening on her face, and her heart growing icier than ever within

"It will not be with my will or with my consent," she said at length, "that he goes. But, I know my will and my wish have no weight with you, and that

you delight to thwart them."
"Nay, mother," said he, mildly, "I sm thinking only of Teddy's good. It would be far pleasant r for me to have him at home, but both Dr. Vardy and sively. when I have that I didn't but has remarkable abilities, and that he ought t go. The boy himself is eager to go; and I know he will distinguish must forget himself, if honest work can bring him there that

and that "And what good," she flashed out, accordand "will his distinction do him? Knowleft; and edge puffeth up, and it shall vanish

"Reason is the will-o'-the-wisp that leads you astray, not only to your own undoing, but that of others. You think yourself wise; and you may be wise in the ways of this world, but God has said, "I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, I will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent."

She was ready with quotations at every turn to justify herself, and to condemn her son. He would gladly have avoided giving her pain, had he known how to do so, but having made up his mind as to what was best for the lad, he did not shrink from carrying it out; and

did not shrink from carrying it out; and as he walked the fields alone, month after month, he was oppressed by a dull sorrow, which he was compelled to bear in utter solitude, for to no living soul could he complain of his mother. His only consolation was, that in his college career Teddy fully justified every expectation that had been formed of him.

His last long vacation had come, and he was to spend it with his old school chum, who had been his dearest friend also at college, but had left the university in the previous year. Turenne Jermyn was a young man whose friendship was worth having, clear-headed, sound-hearted, of exuberant vitality. He had often heard from Teddy of "dear old Charlie," and in arranging for this long vacation an earnest invitation had been given that he should join them. It offered a tempting break in a dull, monotonous life, and was accepted.

Sir Frederick Jermyn's seat lay on the slope of a lovely Berkshire hill, shut round by woods, but overlooking a wide and charming landscape. As Charles Pemberton passed the lodge gates, and saw on either side the evidences of wealth and social station, he began to regret his acceptance, feeling that he would scarcely be at his ease amid surroundings so much above his own homelier state. The cordiality of his welcome, however, soon chased away these misgivings, and he had not been many hours at Wilmore Court before a new set of feelings took possession of

He had exchanged greetings with Sir Frederick, Turenne, and his brother, was reading, with their assistance, the noble view from the window, when he was suddenly conscious of another presence in the room, and turning beheld Miss Jermyn, concerning whom, curiously, Teddy in his letters had said nothing, but whose presence, as he thought, made of the hall a temple. Not that she was a beauty. A fair-haired girl, with large gray eyes and rather blunt features. here was nothing of classic grace about her; but in every line of her fair face there shone the light of a beautiful soul. There was a faint flush on her face, and two good little dimples marked her asant smile, as, looking straight into his f with frank, clear eyes, she held out her band to greet him, and made a captive of him forever.
"Your brother," she said, "is already

one of the family, and he has made you so well known to us that I teel as though I were welcoming an old friend. "Thank you very much," said he. "I

nope I may yet be privileged to give you better reason for regarding me as such." That night, as he sat in his room, long after the household was asleep, he could but ask himself, with a beating heart, whether it were possible that there was in store for him a compensation for much weariness in his life hitherto, so immeasureably rich as the love of this Was he too old to hope for such bliss? He was barely thirty-seven in years, and he was younger in that he had never been hackneyed in the ways of love, and his heart had never bowed to a meaner passion. When he descended next morning, there was the light of

hope and love in his face.
"Why, Charlie," exclaimed Teddy,
"how young you look! if you grow
backward at this rate while you are at Wilmore Court, mother will hardly know which is which."

He watched Teddy and Lilian in frank and happy intercourse, and thought with delight that they were already as brother and sister. Her manner to him was confidential, almost affectionate He was sure of his ground; more and more sure each day until the very last, on the eve of which he sat in his bedroom, musing much, for he had deter-mined that he would know his fate on the morrow.

There was a tap at the doov.
"Come in." he cried, and, turning, saw his brother, with a brilliant flush on his face and a strange fire in his

"Charlie," said he, in a voice that quivered with some deep feeling.

"Yes," said he, kindiy, and scarcely noticing these signs of unusual emotion. "And I have, I think, something to tell you. What is your news?"

Toddy walked to the window and Teddy walked to the window, and stood there, looking out for a few sec-

and without turning: "Charlie, what do you think of Lilian Jermyn?"

onds before he asked, speaking abruptly,

Had the boy then discovered his scret, and was he coming to urge him to the step on which he had already de-termined? His agitation was so great that he could scarcely find words to speak, but he began to answer slowly, in low tones:

"I should, perhaps, have spoken to you earlier, Teddy-" The young man turned to him impul-

"Ah!" he exclaimed, " you have seen it all. I might have known that, dear old brother. Charlie, bless me, congratulate me. make much of me; she has promised to be my wife."

He had thrown his arms round his elder brother's neck in the old childish way, and was for a mament or so incoerent in his joy; he did not observe, if he did o' to attribute

wrong cause his brother's emotion, though he felt in every fiber of his frame a thrill of grateful recognition as his brother kissed his forehead and said: "God bless you, Teddy, and make you worthy of such a treasure." An hour later, as Teddy was leaving him, he said: "Oh, Charlie, there was something you were going to tell me. What was it!"

"On, that was a small matter, we will not mix it with your joy to-night."

A Broker's Romance.

It is a very touching incident. We heard a Southern editor telling it on an elevated train yesterday and he was in a great hurry to get home and put it in his paper and make an affidavit that it was true. The scene of the romance opens in a palatial mansion in New York. A lady sits in a parlor filled with the most costly luxuries. Diamonds as big as filberts glitter in her ears. Lace costing \$36 per yard almost hides the color of her dress from sight. A clock costing \$18,000 strikes the hour-4 P. M. At this moment her husband rushes into the house, pale, haggard, suspenders broken, hat bunged up, and his boots

all mud.
"Have you—have you caught the epizootic?" she gasps. as she starts

"Oh, wife! we are busted—ruined—gone up—smashed flat as a shingle!" he moaned in reply.

"How."

"I invested \$75,000, in the Crooked River railroad at 98, and it has declined to 4! Jay Gould has bought and consolidated it! We must leave this palace and all these inveries and works of art and all these luxuries and works of art and take two fourth-story rooms over in Brooklyn.

She laughed merrily and long. Had the sudden news crazed her? He thought it had; but he was green. She left the room for a moment and then returned with a pillowcase containg \$200,000 in

with a pillowcase containg \$200,000 in greenbacks.

"Let the Crooked River railroad crook away!" she laughed, as she emptied the money at his feet. "You have given me this money during the past five years, a few thousand dollars at a time, to buy little articles for toilet. I had saved it up to get me a pair of stockings for Sunday, but I cheerfully hand it over to my good husband to set hand it over to my good husband to set him on his pins again. Take it, my dar-ling, and if you can get a whack at Jay Gould bite him hard, and I'll back you with the \$50,000 I had laid away to send to the heathen."

They embraced. All was joy and peace, - Wall Street News.

The Banana.

The Cuba correspondent of the Boston Commercial Bulletin writes: The manner in which the fruit is developed the leaves and at the top appears a large, smooth, purple cone hanging down gracefully at the end of a stalk. The flowers are all wrapped up in this cone, which consists of a large number of closely packed spathes. By-and-bye the uppermost of these spathes disengages itself from the rest, curls up and dis closes a row of three or four long blossems, with the young fruit of each beginning to form.

While this row of fruit is tender the spathe remains hanging over it like a roof, but when the fruit has acquired some size and strength the protecting shield drops off and the next in order rises up with a similar row of young fruit over which it stands in the same watchful attitude till it also drops off,

to be succeeded by another.

When one circle of fruit is completed another is commenced below, and in due time another, while the common stem around which the fruit is disposed grows constantly longer, and the cone of spathes diminishes in size, till it is all unfolded, and a monstrous bunch of bananas is finished, which seldom weighs less than twenty or thirty and sometimes as much as seventy or eighty pounds. Of all kinds of vegetable nutriment the banana is perhaps the most productive, and most easily raised.

After a plant has produced its bunch of fruit the stem is either cut or is suf-fered to wither and fall on the spot. In In the former case it is good fodder for cattle; in the latter it forms good manure for the young shoots which have been springing from the root, and which are soon ready to bear fruit in their turn. From these shoots or sprouts the plant is propagated.

Importance of a Clean Skin.

Most of our invalids are such, and millions of more healthy people will become invalids, for the want of paying the mo.t ordinary attention to the requirements of the skin. The membrane s too often regarded as a covering only, instead of a complicated piece of machinery, scarcely second in its texture and sensitiveness to the car and eye. Many treat it with as little reference to its proper functions as if it were nothing better than a bag for their bones. this inconsideration for the skin that is the cause of a very large porportion of the diseases of the world. If, as claimed by some scientists, four-fifths, in the bulk, of all we eat and drink must either pass off through the skin or be turned back upon the system as a poison, and that life depends as much upon those exhalations through the skin as upon inhaling pure air through the lungs, it must be of the most vital importance to keep the channelfree.

Just in from the Flats.

disgusted-looking man with a double-barreled shotgun came wearily up the avenue. "Well, Jones," said a friend, "just in from the Flats?" "Yes," said Jones, drooping the butt of his gun heavily on the pavement. "I'm in from the flats. Six of us have been sittin in the rain in a wet boat for two days, looking for ducks. Not seeing any sport in this, I left. The other five are there yet, and I am of your opinion that they're flats. Y air." shouldering the in inst in from in-

True to One's Self.

Speak thou the truth, let others fence And trim their words for pay; in pleasant sunshine of preteuse, Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact, the clouds of night Down on thy watch-tower stoop, Borne from thee by their swoop, Though thou shouldst see thy heart's delight.

Face thou the wind." Though safer seem In shelter to abide

We were not made to sit and dream, The sate must first be tried.

Show thou the light. If conscience gleam Set not the bushel down, The smallest spark may send a beam

O'er hamlet, tower, and town. Woe unto him, on safety bent, Who creeps from age to youth, Failing to grasp his life's intent

Because he fears the truth. Be true to every immost thought, And as thy thoughts, thy speech,

What thou hast not by striving bought, Presume not thou to teach.

Then each wild gust the mist shall clear We now see darkly through, And justified at last appear The true in Him that's true.

HUMOROUS.

On the spot-A detective. The way for a bad boy to go on a bender, is over his mother's knee.

Like a ferryboat, 1881 runs equally well cituer end shead -New York Graphic A pretty girl may talk slang, but she never says, to her beau, "None of your slip!"

A burglar sometimes breaks into a man's chest with false keys, but s woman attempts to break into his heart by means of false locks.

Russell Sage has \$1,000,000 per annum income, Jay Gould \$5,000,000 and Vanderbilt \$210,000,000. These figures are all the more disheartening when it is remembered that scores of us have to some through a year on only \$1,000. squeeze through a year on only \$1,000,-

If there is anything that will make a man rip stavin, roarin, bilin mad, it is to have the cook appear before him at breakfast with the announcement that the two pounds of lamb chops purchased by him the evening previous, during the wee small hours disappeared down the capacious maw of the family Thomas cat.

"Do you love me for myself?" she asked, as she gazed dreamily through the isingless windows of the "Morning Glory" into the glowing coals, which threw back a rich tint upon her fair face. "I do," he answered, pressing her hand; "I do but I am not selfish. I am willing to kiss you for your mother. "Ah! I always knew you had a good heart," she murmured. Curtain.

Twas Sunday eve and the small boy stood With his eye to the keyhole pressed, And he saw his sister Bessy's head On Absalom Thompson's vest.

Then he ran to his parent stern and told, And the parent stern replied: There ain't no barm in a vest; slide out," But the! 'refused to slide.

There am t no harm in the vest, I know,' And his eyes flashed bright that minute, But isn't it dangerous, dad," he saked, "When Absalom Thompson's in it?" -Lost Poet.

How Our Cities are Growing.

We have now the returns of the population of all our cities which contain ten thousand inhabitants and over. There are 245 such cities, and their total population in 1880 was 11 109 201. In 1870 we had 184 cities with a popu-

lation of ten thousand and over, and their aggregate population was 7,672,933. These cities have therefore increased in number sixty-one within the ten years, and they contain 3,427,968 more inhabit-

Our total gain in population since 1870 has been 11,594,188, and nearly a third of this increase has been in the cities. If we included all the municipalities, those of between eight and ten thousand inhabitants as well as those of greater size, we should probably find that our total urban population in 1890 was over eleven and a half millions, and toward three and three-quarter millions more than in 1870. This would make the increase in the cities fully one-third of the whole increase of population in the Union.

The cities contained about 8,000,0 in 1870, to 11,500,000 in 1880. They the fore have been increasing in inhabit far more rapidly than the rest o country. While the general gair been only about twenty-five per that in the cities has been forty-S

And this growth of the cities expense of the country genera been becoming more marked dur whole of the last fifty years. In 1830 our total urban population was only about one-sixteenth of the whole. In 1850 it had grown to be one eighth. 1870 it was one-fifth; and in 1880, of about 50,000,000 of inhabitants, r than 11,500,000 lived in the cities.

If the cities go on increasing du the next ten years at the same ; which the last ten years have sho and the country, as a whole, advances in population at the same rate, we shall find more than sixteen millions in the cities, to about forty-eight or forty-nin millions in the rest of the country.

A like tendency to build up the tow at the expense of the country appear the figures we are obtaining of the man census taken late hat year, modern tendency, and shall we modern tendency, an it a modern evil like tous consequenc