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'HERFAGE IS LIKE THE SUNRISE.' Her face is like the sunrise, Her eyes are like the sea, And morning comes into my heart If she but look on me. Her lips are like wild roses; And when she uttereth Her tender words of love, they bring To me the wild flower's breath. And so a holy daybreak Is mine with every hour; Each moment feels the blue sea's night, And those's magic power. —George P. Lathrop, in Harper's Weekly.

THE DENHAM FEUD.

BY ELEANOR C. LEWIS.

How long ago, or just why, Francis John and John Francis Denham, half-brothers, began to quarrel with each other, would be hard to say. There was only two years' difference in their ages, and, when they were children, they were fond of being together. As boys, at school, they remained good friends, though not so intimate as before; but when they entered college a coolness rose between them. Frank, as Francis John was called, was open-hearted, impulsive, quick to speak, and quick to repent; generous and kind. Francis, as the other was called, was equally honorable and upright, but not at all impulsive. He made up his mind before speaking it, and consequently did not nearly so much to repent of as his brother. Yet, for all his goodness, he was not so lovable a boy, at first sight, as Frank—poor, needless Frank, who went stumbling through life, stepping on other people's feet in pure carelessness, but apologizing so instantly, and with such charm of repentance, that he was always forgiven. When Francis blundered—to speak more accurately, made a mistake—it was a serious matter with him. First of all, he had to decide that he was wrong. This being settled, he at once, and conscientiously, made what reparation he could; but his very effort to be just had in it something so rigid and uncompromising, that people felt none the more kindly for it. "He would not explain at all," said they, "only that he was obliged to." Francis realized this feeling on the part of others, without understanding it. "Why is it," he sometimes mused, "that I do my duty, and am disliked for it, while Frank, who never thinks of his duty, is loved?" But it took him a lifetime to find the answer to his question. Meanwhile, the "little rift in the lute" grew larger. Frank got into debt; Francis, with strict justice but little mercy, said he could not spare the money to help his brother out. Then, both boys contended for a prize. Francis toiled hard, but Frank, by a lucky stroke, won. Next, they fell in love with the same girl; and though the attachment was not deep, and the young lady married a third lover, yet, for the time, it was Frank who was favored. So gradually their enmity grew, until when commencement day came, they had nothing in common but a speaking acquaintance. Two years later, even this ceased, for the boys' grandfathers died (their parents were already dead) and left a will that was the cause of complete estrangement between them. His property was shared equally by them, but certain heirlooms—especially a valuable ring which had been in the family for several generations, was left—in the words of the will—"to my dearest Francis." It was known that he had intended to make another will—the same in principle, but reducing the property by one or two public bequests; but, if made, it was not to be found, and every one thought that death had surprised him before he could carry out his intentions. Had such a document seen the light, the ambiguity of "my dearest Francis" might have been cleared up. As matters stood, each claimed the heirloom. Frank had been the old man's favorite—all knew that. Still, he had tried his grandfather sorely of late, by his heedless ways and extravagance; and besides, no one ever called him Francis. As for the other, he was always called Francis, and had been more of a favorite lately than at first; then, too, he was the older. So each young man urged his claim, and defended it, although, in his secret heart, Francis did admit that he was not "the dearest," just as Frank felt assured he was. And Frank, with his usual impulsiveness, spoke out, and strongly, and after this, it was hard for either of the two to give up the case. Still, it might have been settled, if the matter had not been discussed one day in public. In the excitement of the talk, Frank at length called Francis a designing scoundrel. To be sure, he retracted this harsh speech, but the apology was not accepted, when an officious friend reported the matter to Francis. "Designing, am I?" said he, grimly. "Very well. You may say to Frank Denham when you meet him again, that I am designing enough to get and hold my own. The ring is mine, is in my possession, and no court of law in the land will adjudge it away from me to him." No court did take it away, though Frank went to law to establish his claim. Francis said the ring had always gone to the eldest son; in fine, it was in his possession, and no one could prove that it ought not to be there. This settled the matter, though not the feelings that had been roused. The brothers had now nothing whatever to do with each other. They lived in the same town, belonged to the same church, and married neighbors' daughters eventually; yet they met as strangers. After

a while, each went into business in Boston and moved there. They still attended the same church, but met less frequently than before. In business, the difference of character showed itself at once, in their methods, and consequently in their success. Francis became quite wealthy; Frank, though not poor, was never prosperous. His children became something of a trial to him as years went on. The hereditary impulsiveness led them into all manner of difficulties, some of them expensive; and in marked contrast were the sensible, sedate boys of Francis. The latter had two sons and one daughter, named Alda; while Frank had seven boisterous boys. In little Alda Denham, lay all the hidden grace and unexpressed tenderness of her father's nature. She was the poem of his life,—the fair-haired Alda he called her, dimly remembering some old Saxon heroine. She was, indeed a wonderfully lovely child, rather silent, passionately fond of her father, devoted to mother and brothers; yet with room in her gentle heart for a nameless host of pets. She knew about the family trouble—had heard it talked of—all the more since her brothers met their cousins at the public school. The latter, to do them justice, would have fraternized in rough-and-ready school-boy fashion, but Francis Denham's two sons drew back. They had their father's disposition in some degree, and reserve was more natural to them than hasty friendship. Beside, they knew about the trouble, and thought their Uncle Frank had behaved in a very unjust fashion. So when Frank's children reported at home how "stuck-up" and insolent Herbert and Morris Denham were, their heedless father burst out before them with violent expressions of hatred. "Don't, father," said his wife; "don't talk so before the boys. It does them harm, and does you no good." "Botlier the boys!" said Frank; "they are always around when I'm at my worst." Then, relenting, "See here, lads, your mother is right; I ought not to speak against your uncle to you in this way—but—then—he would make a saint of me!" Naturally enough, an amend of this mixed nature did not change the boys' feelings. They did not actually hate their prim, scholarly cousins, but did enjoy irritating them. Space is lacking to tell their ingenious proficiency in this art. They soaped the floor, to see Herbert measure his length on it. They tripped up Morris, and chalked big letters on his back. Finally, Willy Denham put chalk into Herbert's inkstand. Of course the ink effervesced, and ran all over the desk, spilling among things of less value the Greek themes which Herbert had just with some pains, completed. This piece of mischief was traced home to its perpetrator, and he was soundly whipped. Small good came from the punishment, however, for the offender was over-petted at home to make up the indignity; and Herbert's father was not satisfied, and thought Willy should have been expelled. If anything could have widened the breach, it would have been this; for paternal feelings as well as brotherly were in conflict. But after a while, things settled down into the old groove. There was less active annoyance in school, though a strong undercurrent of dislike was always present. Thus matters were, when the little fair-haired Alda was eight years old. Two things happened this year. Frank Denham's two youngest sons were drowned when out skating, and Francis Denham had a dangerous illness. He was terribly grieved by his brother's misfortune and would have made up the quarrel if he could; but by this time it was beyond his power. He did try to say a few words of sympathy when they first met, after the accident, but the mourning father repulsed him. "No, sir," said he, sternly, and not without dignity; "when things went well with me, you passed me by; now that my boys have left me, and my heart is broken, you need not intrude. The grief is mine, not yours, and God will give me all the comfort I deserve." "The grief is mine, too," began Francis, and this was much for him to say; but his brother had passed out of hearing, and he made no further attempt. Still, in secret, his thoughts were upon him, and when he had a fever, they were the burden of his delirium, and retarded his recovery. Alda was with him a great deal during his convalescence. Her quietness and gentleness made her peculiarly in place in the sick room, and half-unconsciously to himself, she became her father's confidante. They had always been intimate from the time she could talk, and very naturally, in his weakness, he talked to her of the past. There was a magnetic something in the child that inspired trust in all. It was not that she was older than her years, for she delighted in dolls and childish sports. It was more as though she were a child of some higher order, free from the usual pettiness and narrowness of youth. She was full of life, while at the same time sensitive and thoughtful—sympathetic, as the Italians say. Now in the sick room her father found strange comfort in the unburdening to her his thoughts and feelings that hitherto he had kept locked in his own heart. He felt that she understood him, yet did not sit in judgment. He was her father—her dear father; mother did not think of it, or the boys; but she knew well that he was not happy. It did not enter into the case that he had been to blame; the question, how to make him happy again. These thoughts, however, she kept to herself—the family had no idea of them. "And so you see, Alda," he said one day, "you must be careful how you begin anything, for the ending is often out of your power."

"It might be in somebody else's power, perhaps," said Alda, half to herself. "Ah, yes," sighed her father, "just there is where the trouble lies. You can argue with and persuade yourself, but it is so hard to influence another. Frank—your uncle, dear—was a good boy, but I suppose I was too stiff; and so we drifted apart. I could never laugh, unless I saw something to laugh at, but Frank would laugh just for the pleasure of it." "Perhaps," said Alda, cheerfully, "you'll be laughing that way yourself some time." "If I only could!" he moaned. "But it is no use, dear, while I have that ring," turning it restlessly on his finger. "I don't see how I can." "But the ring is your own, papa." "Do you know, dear, he began, then checked himself. "I must be out of my mind," thought he, "to talk like this to the child." But Alda, in her own sweet way, understood and went on. "I know the ring is yours, papa, but perhaps you think, after all, Uncle Frank ought to have it." "Exactly," said he, with eagerness, led on by this sweet sympathy. "I do think so, but Frank wouldn't take it now. If he only would!" Here Mrs. Denham came in, and the conversation was broken off for the time. Alda had heard enough, however, to make up her mind. If Uncle Frank had the ring, her papa would be glad, and Uncle Frank would like it. Still, her papa could not give it himself, so some one else must give it for him, and that some one should be herself, just as soon as she could bring it about. She would not ask for the ring yet; she felt that for one reason or another, she might be refused. And besides, she had a feeling that if she watched for it, a chance might appear, and all would be well. Some time slipped by, however, and the coveted opportunity did not present itself. Her father grew better, and resumed business once more, but he was less absorbed in it than formerly. He found a good deal of time for Alda, and took her to ride, and especially to concerts, the little lady being fond of music. They were a noticeable pair—the tall, bearded, stately father, and the delicate child, with her transparent, vivid beauty. Many a person would turn to look at them as they passed, and in Mr. Denham's place of business a visit from the child was the event of the day. She took all this attention with a kind of serene unconsciousness; it neither excited nor troubled her. One still, cold afternoon in January Francis Denham made haste home. "Why, papa?" cried Alda, running to meet him. "What brings you home so early?" "You, my pet," he answered, gaily. "Be quick, there's a good girl, and have Janie wrap up your warm. Mamma lying down, is she? Well, you tell her that I am going to take you to hear Wilhelmj, and will bring you back safe and sound." No second bidding was needed. Alda flew like a fairy, and in a few minutes the carriage had left them at the Music Hall. Their seats were on the front row of the first gallery, about midway. They were hardly in their places and Alda's wraps unloosed, when Wilhelmj entered, and all her attention was centered on him. It was wonderful playing; clear, firm, masterly, yet with an undercurrent of passionate life. The spirit of music was there, as well as its body. Her father felt the beauty of the performance, but his strongest emotion, after all, was pleasure in Alda's pleasure. Now and then she looked up, long enough to appropriate his sympathetic smile, but was silent until the intermission. Then she chattered joyously, for the music had set free her happy little tongue, and he answered, more gravely; still, it satisfied her. Now and then she made an absurd pretence of looking through his opera-glass, and bowing to some imaginary acquaintance thus recognized. Next, she leaned her fairy arm on the balustrade, to peep down at the people below. Her glance roamed idly at first, then all at once grew earnest, for directly beneath sat her Uncle Frank. The thought rushed over her: My chance at last! and at this moment her uncle looked up. His worn, tired, haggard face met full the young and lovely one of his little niece. Something in her gaze arrested him: an indescribable expression of love and joy and longing. He felt no anger toward her—who could—and he smiled faintly in response to the pleading of her eyes. Alda drew back. The orchestral accompaniment of the next concerto began with a crash, as she pulled her father's head nearer to listen, and whispered, breathlessly, "Now, papa, now is the time, and Uncle Frank will take it!" No explanation was necessary. Her father understood, for he too has seen his brother's upturned face. He held out his hand, and with eager fingers she pulled off the ring. Once more she bent over the railing, and once more, drawn by some secret impulse toward good, her uncle looked up. He saw two faces above him—the man's grave, yet entreating, the child's radiant with beautiful intention. And she held out the ring! The next moment it was at his feet. No one heard her say it, yet he felt sure that her lips formed these words: "It is your own, dear uncle. I give it to you from my dear papa." The old, hard anger melted from his heart like ice in the sun; he felt no impulse to refuse; on the contrary, he gently lifted the ring and put it on, then looked up at Francis and his daughter. No mean triumph touched his smile; the brotherly kindness of old days lighted up his face.

Then Alda, her work accomplished, leaned back and said: "It is all done, papa. Now we'll listen to Wilhelmj." Very few persons noticed this little episode, and those who did see, thought nothing of it; a child's freak, that was all. But when the concert was over, and Alda, muffled to the chin in white fur, like a snow-sprite, came down the stair with her father, there was Uncle Frank waiting for them. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, but though the brother exchanged a hand-clasp that spoke volumes, no words were possible till they were out of the crowd. At the carriage-door Frank said, rather huskily, "Did you mean it, Francis?" "Frank," replied his brother, "I do mean it with my whole heart, and may God forgive me for not having done it before!" So the great Denham feud came to an end. The boys found each other delightful comrades, and wondered that they had never fraternized before. The wives exchanged receipts and confidences; the brothers renewed the amity of early days. As for Alda, if she was not completely spoiled, it was due to the inherent sweetness of her nature, and not to her relatives, who thought nothing that could be done was enough for her. "She hasn't a fault!" said her Uncle Frank.—Youth's Companion.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. From nearly 400 singers, including no Germans or Italians, Dr. Lennox Browne has secured testimony that the use of alcohol and tobacco injures the singing voice. Two microscopists, Dr. Nussbaum and Dr. Gruber, have artificially multiplied infusoria, by cutting them in halves, each half becoming a perfectly developed animal. If a four-inch and a two-inch shaft are both solid, and each makes 100 or any other given number of turns in one minute or other specified time, six times as much power will be consumed in turning the larger as in the smaller shaft. A new alloy called platinum, expected to prove very useful in the arts, is said to be practically unattainable and hardly distinguishable from silver. Its composition is essentially that of German silver—which is an alloy of 100 parts of copper, six of tin and forty of nickel—with the addition of one or two per cent. of tungsten. Cast iron, if heated for several days to a temperature of from 900 degrees to 1,000 degrees Centigrade neither melts nor softens, but is converted into malleable iron, and its surface is covered with a grayish efflorescence. Its fracture sometimes presents a uniform black, like that of a lead pencil, and is sometimes riddled with large black points which are regularly distributed in the metallic paste. At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, Colladon corrected a popular belief by remarking that the presence of masses of metal in a building does not add to the risk of being struck by lightning, provided the metal is not connected with the ground by a good electric conductor. In case the building is struck, however, combustibles near the metal are liable to be set on fire. The signal service officers at Washington conclude from careful observation: 1. That hail falls ordinarily with a pressure much below the normal, and in a position 200 or 300 miles southeast of the centre of barometric depression (cyclone centre). 2. That thunder storms advance from west to east and southeast, generally accompanying a cyclone depression in its southeast quadrant, 400 or 500 miles from the centre. 3. That their action seems to die down at night and begin again in the morning, and often spreads in a fan shape to southeast and east. 4. That the velocity of the thunder storm's advance is greater than that of the accompanying cyclone depression. THE BIG FLOWERS OF CALIFORNIA. One of the most surprising things that one sees in California, writes a correspondent of the Detroit Free Press, is the extraordinary height to which many of the roses grow, climbing into the highest trees, covering the whole side of a house, and exposing to view one vast mass of rose buds and roses in full bloom. The Marshall Niel rose is one of the most beautiful flowers to be seen in California, surpassing other kinds in the luxuriance of its growth. It is claimed that the California roses do not possess so fine a perfume as those in the East. This may be so, but for size and beauty of color, and luxuriance of growth, they probably compensate for any lack of fragrance. Heliotropes and geraniums can be found in bushes almost as large as lilac trees, and calla lilies can in some dooryards be counted by the hundreds; but from their very numbers they seem to give us an impression of coarseness. The various cactus plants of California are worthy of closest attention and examination. In many localities hundreds of acres are covered with them. Their peculiar shapes and sizes, some tall and slender, others short and thick, with bright flowers nestled among the jagged spines, give a striking appearance to the landscape. In some places in Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico the cacti form an almost impassable barrier. THE OLDEST KNOWN WORK OF MAN. The tenth king of the line of Menes, first king of Egypt, is supposed to have left what is considered the oldest known work of man—the great pyramid with steps, at Sakkarah. A group of statues of a few reigns afterward are among the best specimens of Egyptian art, and represent a race of men of the highest type—higher than those who succeeded them. And it was the kings of the fourth dynasty—relatively very early, and still of the first of the three great periods of national prosperity—that left the most stupendous and enduring monuments, the crowning wonder of the ages, the great pyramids. The oldest character known to profane history was Menes, the Egyptian king referred to. His antiquity passes all our standards of chronology, and can hardly be comprehended by those whose studies have been bounded by what passes for ancient history. Some calculations of his epoch place it at several hundred years before what is assumed in "Ussher's Chronology," as the date of the creation of man; and relatively modest estimates fix it before the time assumed in the same chronology as that of the flood. His name, which means "the stable"—occurs in all the sources of history, Greek and Egyptian, on the monuments and in the papyrus, as that of the founder of the empire.—Treasure Trove. THE LATEST ARGUMENT FOR THE MILITARY DRILLS IN SCHOOLS is that it teaches the boys to tread evenly instead of on the sides of their feet soles, and so saves the wear and tear of shoe leather to the extent, on an average, of one pair of boots a year. A philanthropic Pittsburger has opened a type-setting school for newboys.

LITTLE THINGS. A simple rhyme, a childish grief, A blossom on a lover's tomb, A bud expanding into leaf, A dewdrop in a clover bloom; How sweet, how sad, how wondrous fair, How soon forgotten, how quick to fade! The song, the bloom, the infant care, Pass like the play of sun and shade. But in their passage quicken thought— As sunbeams melt on field and plain And leave their slightest impress wrought— In blooming grass and ripening grain— And though each individual form Grows indistinct, its glow remains, A halo round us in the storm, A genial warmth that fills our veins. The critic comes with awful frown To crush the poet, like a gnat; Frost nips the tender blossoms down, And childish griefs, for this and that, Are merged in Sorrow's large estate, That widens round our frost-bitten heads; And yet the varied web of fate Is woven of such slender threads. The little things of time are most Secure of influence, promise, power; The flying seed, the insect host, Dissolving dew and transient shower; They multiply, build up, tear down, And write their excellence and grace On arid waste and mountain brown, Till nought is bare nor common-place. So little murmurs, joined in song, Light bubbles that in music break— When youth is glad and days are long— In low, soft ecstasies, may wake The living chords of that sweet lyre Which trembles in the human heart And prompts the genius to aspire, The man to act a noble part. Then, Scorn, spare the little things! From atoms all the worlds are wrought, Passants may dwindle into kings, Or wits give birth to humorous thought; The great be small, the small be great; And yet through all life's varied throng This truth holds fast as death or fate, The humble ever are the strong. —Benj. S. Parker, in the Current. HUMOR OF THE DAY. High-toned—a sleaz. Jokes on the sealskin sacque are said to be fur-fetched. Love's warning cry: "Don't, Jack; you hurt my vaccination." "Camels sometimes live to the age of 100 years." It makes 'em hump to do it, though. —Newman Independent. THE UNSUCCESSFUL MERCHANT. He failed, and no one was surprised, Because he never advertised. —Boston Courier. A minister, having some of his old sermons, was asked what he had in his package. "Dried tongue," was the reply. A magazine writer affirms that there is no such thing as absolute silence. If the man is married he is right about it. —Chicago Ledger. A celebrated manufacturer of mustard said that he made his money, not out of the mustard eaten, but out of the mustard left on the plate. No robins in the cedar pipe. But every turkey's getting ripe, And while the leaden dance a jig, We dream about the crackling pig. The opinions now held by physicians that "raw cow's milk is better for children than boiled" is very gratifying, as a raw cow gives much more milk than a boiled one. It is said that if insanity is latent in a person, it will almost always develop itself at sea. Nearly everything in a person usually develops itself at sea. —Norristown Herald. "You must take this vessel for a love affair," said the captain to a spoony couple who were monopolizing the only chair on the quarter-deck. "This is no coast-ship." —Carl Prezel. A queen bee lays from 2,000 to 3,000 eggs in ninety-four hours. It is not necessary to ask "How doth the little busy bee?" She doeth well, and should be a shining example to the lazy hen that can only be induced to lay one egg in twenty-four hours, and then only when eggs are cheap. —Piquette. A Dakota farmer says that he has raised seventeen bushels of wheat in three years from one grain of seed. This information will be very valuable to those anticipating moving into Dakota. Instead of investing \$300 or \$500 in seed wheat, all a man needs is to buy, a dozen grains and then wait three or four years for them to multiply. This makes farming comparatively easy work. —New York Graphic. They stood amid the falling leaves In silence, hand in hand; The setting sun its golden beams Shed over the sea and land. Upon his brow had sorrow set His peace-corroding stain; His heart was with an anguish filled His lips would not reveal. Reluctant a kiss he gave, And then he yearned for death; For oh! there was a cruel taint Of onions on her breath. —Boston Gazette. One of us know the power of temptation which may assail us or the degree of strength we shall have to resist them; we can neither fathom the influences of inherited tendencies nor foresee how future events are to shape our course. But we can all form a fair general idea of what is right to be done; we can all cherish the conception of a pure, virtuous and beautiful character, of just, generous and noble conduct, and strive to conform our daily life to our highest ideal. California is bragging of raising Bartlett pears which weigh one and one-half pounds each, at an altitude of 4,500 feet above the sea level, but these monstrous pears have no more flavor than a turnip.