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Of all proofs of death to the Quarter Col. Examiner, and... Legal advertisements... Marriage and death notices gratis.

Consul-General Jussen reports to the State Department at Washington: "I can state with absolute certainty that Vienna is the most expensive city as regards the cost of living upon the continent of Europe."

An accident which has often been predicted and which funny artists have illustrated with much corroborative detail, recently happened to a vessel on the banks of Newfoundland.

A device for feeding lambs has been extensively introduced in France. A reservoir containing milk, which is kept at proper temperature, has a number of flexible nipples, from which the milk is extracted by suction.

The National Department of Agriculture, in its forestry division, has prepared a schedule for observations of tree life, and accompanying it, of weather conditions, for the purpose of aiding an interest in forestry work.

Nearly all the canoes used in this country come from Italy, though some very fine ones come from Paris. The quartz blocks from which the canoes are cut are imported in shapes ready for cutting.

One of the results of the new system of celestial photography will undoubtedly be the discovery of hitherto unknown planets in our own solar system.

"Circumstances point in that direction, Uncle Kress," said Tibbie, with a gleeful sparkle to her eyes.

"What will Isabel say?" shrewdly questioned Mr. Kress, as he began to cut a new quill-pen, with a keen-bladed pen-knife.

"Tut, tut, tut!" said Mr. Kress, slicing diligently away at the quill.

"Well, Uncle, I only say what I think. But where are you going to put the lilies? On the reading-desk, or at the foot of the font?"

"Haven't made up my mind yet," said Uncle Kress. "Take them around to the church Saturday afternoon, and I'll decide at the eleventh hour where they shall stand."

"So Tibbie Kress (her 'given name,' as the old ladies phrase it, was Elizabeth) went merrily home, thinking what she should do with the precious gold-eagle, which was to be the prize for the pot of calla-lilies; and in the midst of her exultation there came a pang of pity for Isabel, whose lilies had all gone to leaf, and produced never a bud at all."

"A new bonnet is what I need most," said Tibbie, as she surveyed her limited wardrobe—"a bonnet of split straw, with Nile-green ribbons, and a cluster of daisies and mignonette—a real springy bonnet."

"Which was an entirely feminine decision, especially when it was taken into account that Tibbie had not had a new bonnet in a year, and that Harold Vanneker always came down to the little Westburgh church for Easter Sunday."

CHANGES.

Like one who hears with sudden throb of sadness The lingering cadence of an old refrain Which wakes the echoes of some vanished gladness With tender pain.

So stand I now with mingled pain and pleasure, After long absence, at a well-known door Which guarded once my darling, my heart's treasure In days of yore.

Still bloom the roses with their old-time sweetness Round this dear cottage in my native land; Trimmed is the hedge with all its wonted neatness; The old elms stand.

Still slopes the lawn in beautiful gradation, Like a soft carpet of the richest green; Still leaps the fountain with its light pulsation, Brightening the scene.

Years have not changed it; now, as then, the river Winds in the distance like a silver stream; Through the old orchard still the sunbeams quiver And brightly gleam.

Ah! but no voice of sweetest modulation Nor rippling laughter greets my listening ear: All the bright scene but breathes in desolation, "She is not here!"

"Not here! not here!" the murmuring elm-trees sigh it, The rustling grass repeats it 'neath my feet, Her cherished roses mournfully reply it In odors sweet.

O'er the soft lawn the shadows westward creep, Darkly enfold me at the rose-girt door. In deeper shadows lies my dear love sleeping, To wake no more!

PRIZE LILIES.

"Five of them, Uncle Kress," said Tibbie, triumphantly. "Great, rich scrolls, as white as cream, each with a golden spear rising out of its heart, and surrounded by rank, green leaves, crouching over the edge of Grandma Dallas' old majolica pot."

"Heyday, heyday!" said Uncle Kress, who sat among his manuscripts in the latticed library, with one quill-pen back of his ear and one in his hand.

"Poor Isabel, she is so vexed about it," said Tibbie. "I really think, Uncle Kress, that if she could have done it with her glances, she would have blighted every one of those calla-lily buds of mine."

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"Isabel and Tibbie were sisters in blood. Mentally and morally they were as unlike as if they had been born on different continents."

"No, not regular open," he answered; "but there's a young lady a-puttin' flowers in."

for Easter," said she. "It's all nonsense!" Tibbie did not answer. Had Isabel's lilies bloomed and hers failed, she told herself, she should not have withheld sympathy and congratulation from her more fortunate rival!

That new bonnet—the first new bonnet which Tibbie had ever bought out and out from a milliner in New York—what a marvel of richness and freshness and beauty it was!

How had she ever been satisfied with the commonplace creations of her own fingers, made out of sponged silk, dyed ribbons, and flowers which were so utterly unflower-like? These were the merest apologies; this was a bonnet!

Tibbie could not help feeling pleasantly conscious of it as she passed up the church aisle that morning, wondering if it became her—secretly glad to think that Harold Vanneker would be there to see her wear it.

But as she settled herself into her own cosy little corner of the church-pew, she chanced to glance up, and to her surprise there was the painted majolica pot and the rich, arrow-shaped leaves seeming to overflow its brim with greenery on either side; but not a solitary lily was to be seen.

Was she dreaming? Where were the five royal scrolls of whiteness which had lifted up their imperial heads when she carried in the pot last night?

Roses blossomed on the altar; bouquets of white carnations flung spicy sweetness on the air; slender ropes of smilax were festooned along the rails, with here and there a knot of violets fastened in; a vase of cut callas stood on the reading-desk. Out of all the Easter lilies that Tibbie had watched grow and expand to their pearly perfection, not one remained.

She thought the time never would come when she could see her uncle come down the steps, with his sermon-case under his arm, and his old-fashioned soft hat pulled over his brow.

In the breezy church-yard the willow boughs swayed to and fro, the short grass was starred with dandelions, and the bland spring sunshine folded everything in a veil of gold; but a cloud seemed to descend over all these things when Tibbie caught the grave, reproachful look on her uncle's face.

Harold Vanneker stood beside Mr. Kress; he lifted his hat to Tibbie; but the girl scarcely noticed his presence.

"Uncle, you are vexed with me!" she cried. "What is it? Is it the bonnet? Did you think it was too gay? And oh, uncle, what became of the lilies?"

Uncle Kress looked gravely at her. "I scarcely expected such a tricky thing of you, Elizabeth," said he. "If you had wanted the ten dollars so badly, why didn't you tell me, and I would have given it to you, out and out? But deceit—even practical joking—God's altar is not the place for that!"

Tibbie had grown very pale. "Uncle," she gasped, "I don't understand you!"

"We will not discuss it further," said Mr. Kress, waving his hand. "You will find your lilies lying out there under the southern eaves. Take them and go!"

Tibbie was turning vaguely in the direction to which her uncle pointed, but Mr. Vanneker was before her. Stooping down, he gathered up a handful of coarse paper scrolls with gaudily-painted yellow patterns in their centers.

"Paper lilies!" gasped Tibbie—"artificial ones! But I don't understand this! What does it all mean? Where are my lilies?"

ter some grudge, and sought to be revenged." "Yes," said a quick, excited voice close by, as Isabel emerged from the sheltering shade of a group of laurels, "it is all true, every word of it! I meant to take down Tibbie's pride, and I've done it—for a moment at least. There's my confession—make what you will of it!"

And with a short, shrill laugh, she swept away, her lip curved contemptuously.

"My dear," said Mr. Kress, drawing Tibbie close to him, "forgive me. I judged too suddenly; but I didn't think it was in Bell's nature to be so vindictive."

"Let me walk home with Tibbie, sir," said Mr. Vanneker. "You are in a hurry, and she does not seem able to walk fast."

They did not make great haste back to Mrs. Duckworth's cottage—not by any means. They walked around by the river, where the leaf buds were swelling out and there was a faint, sweet smell of growing grass; they lingered under the alders, and stopped to rest by the moss-grown churchyard wall; and when at last they reached the cottage, and Vanneker parted from her at the door, old Mrs. Duckworth nodded her head and looked wondrously wise.

"I don't a bit mind my pudding being over-baked now," said she. "Bless me! don't I know what it all means? There's a ring on her finger that wasn't there this time yesterday; there's a look in her eyes that warms my heart. Well, well, Easter is a lucky day to get engaged upon!"

And Mrs. Duckworth was not far wrong in her conjectures.—Helen Forrest Graves.

Baldness. The cause of the falling out of the hair is not fully understood. In most cases it is doubtless due to some failure in the nutrition of the hair follicles.

In the aged it connects with the feebleness that characterizes the functions of the skin generally. Heredity has much to do with it, as it has with all the bodily functions and organs.

In some families become bald early in life from generation to generation. Coarse hair seems to have more vigor than fine.

It is well known that violent emotions sometimes suddenly blanch the hair, the cerebral nerve (the tropic centre, so called), which controls the nourishment of the hair, being affected by the shock.

Fright has caused a rapid and almost immediate falling out of the hair.

Cases are on record of persons apparently in vigorous health whose heads, faces and bodies have become absolutely bare. There was no appreciable cause. The fault was doubtless at the nutritive centre in the brain, but what it was, no one can certainly say.

When the head is scurfy, there is often a connection between this condition and baldness. It is found that the scurf mixed with vaseline and applied to the hair of an animal causes a baldness of the part. In such cases the cause is probably a microscopic vegetable parasite.

Two persons should never use the same hair-brush. There is little doubt that barbers have thus communicated baldness from one patron to another.

There is a form of baldness in which the hair suddenly begins to fall out in a small round spot, which gradually increases in area, the hair near the edge of the circle being brittle, and more or less broken. This has been proved to be due to vegetable organisms, which the microscope has detected within the hair-tubes.

It is probable that coverings which heat the head may result in loss of hair. But the effect is doubtless due to subsequent chilling of the surface, just as a severe cold or inflammatory rheumatism may result from sudden cooling of the heated body. The main remedy against premature baldness is the application of mild stimulating washes and tonics.—Yonah's Companion.

QUEER HABITS OF FISH.

FACTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN ABOUT THE FINNY TRIBE.

California Salmon—Skip-Jack and Flying Fish Pursued by Porpoises—Sunfish and their Nests.

Many new and curious facts about fishes have been brought to light in a scientific work just published under the auspices of the Government, on the fisheries and fishing industries of the United States. Through permission of the publishers of the book a reporter for the New York Mail and Express was permitted to examine a copy.

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Of the skip-jack, a member of the flying-fish family, it is stated that it "does not swim deep in the water, and in its harmless manners resembles the flying-fish, as well as in the persecutions it suffers from the ravenous inhabitants of the ocean."

The common sunfish is found to be very intelligent. It prefers still and clear waters. "In the spring the female prepares herself a circular nest by removing all weeds or other dead aquatic plants from a chosen spot of a foot or more in diameter, so as to leave bare the clean gravel or sand. This she excavates to the depth of three or four inches, and then deposits her spawn, which she watches with the greatest vigilance, and it is curious to see how carefully she guards this nest against all intruders."

Having used the knife, Mr. Young would return it without a word. He did this so frequently that the employe became tired of his brief but imperious demand. The other day Mr. Young again approached him and said: "Give me your knife."

Mr. Young walked away without a word, but after an interval of three days he again approached the employe, and handing him a \$5 gold piece said: "Buy one."

Children often give to figurative expressions an entirely new meaning. Thus, I was speaking to my little girl the other day about the approaching visit of her cousin, whom she professed in advance to love more than all her other little cousins.

UNDER THE CHESTNUTS.

We stood beneath the chestnuts beside the river bank, So still the swallows swooped and poised, and from the streamlet drank; The sun beyond the purple moors was setting in the west,

I stood beneath the chestnuts, beside the river bank, And from the robin's vesper song, as if it hurt me, shrank;

Ah, still beneath the chestnuts, beside the river bank, Will other glad young lovers the golden evening thank?

And hear the pleading promise made, the trusting love confessed! And other maidens meet the fate that wrecked my life and me, While all the while Ure shines and gleams, and rushes to the sea!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A bad habit—An ill-fitting riding dress.—Graphic. Down in front—A new dude's mustache. Up behind—A mule's heels.—Merchant Traveler.

"Just bought this donkey, Jones. What do you think of my purchase?" "Most remarkable case of self-possession I ever knew."—Rambler.

"Gladstone's bill," remarked old Mrs. Badger petulantly. "I've heard of that for the last ten months. It seems to me it was time for Mr. Gladstone to pay his bills."—Graphic.

Ambitious Amateur—"What part are you going to let me play in 'Hamlet'?" Manager—"The skull, of course; you haven't got brains enough for anything else."—Boston Budget.

For the information of those girls whose faces freckle in the spring we announce that freckles can be dug out with a meat axe or filed off with a rasp.—Philadelphia Chronicle.

What is the sense of the pagan Chinese claiming to be an industrious people, when all the world knows they are an idol class of mortals.—Arkansas Traveler.

Husband (impatiently to wife)—"I told you I only wanted half a cup of tea, and, as usual, you've filled it to the top. Don't you know what half full is?" Mother-in-law (grimly)—"She ought to be by this time."—New York Sun.

The most useful as well as the most intelligent and sagacious dog of the many breeds of dogs in the British Islands is the Scotch collie, or shepherd's dog, of which there are two well marked varieties, the rough-coated and the smooth-skinned, equally intelligent. Both are very hardy dogs, capable of any amount of work.

Though the collie is a very valuable dog for many purposes, yet as a sheep and cattle dog he is the best known. His marvelous sagacity and readiness to act or refrain from acting at his master's slightest nod makes him the fittest dog in the world for the farmer.

While the tomato is a native of South America it takes its name from a Portuguese word.