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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One square, one inch, one month... \$1.00; One square, one inch, three months... \$3.00; One square, one inch, one year... \$10.00.

The convict lease system prevails in the Southern States. Forests are springing up on the abandoned mines and mining towns in California.

The Mexican Government is preparing to introduce the postal money order system into the country.

It has been shown that the ratio of prisoners in cities is two and one-fourth times as great as in the country at large.

The first petroleum spring in England has just been discovered near Northwick. A brewer's well has ceased giving water, and yields a copious supply of oil.

The Italian brigands prefer to capture an Englishman if possible, and their second choice is an American. They are about the only ones any considerable sum of money can be squeezed out of.

The Chinese Government has refused an English firm permission to set up cotton cleaning machinery in that country. The decision is made that foreigners have no right to start manufacturing on Chinese soil.

The czar, as a memorial to his late parents, has devoted \$750,000 and an estate worth \$200,000 a year to the foundation and maintenance of an institution for the blind at St. Petersburg, to be called the Alexander-Maria Institute.

A few years ago the Argentine Republic did not raise wheat enough for home consumption. Last year it imported 7,000,000 bushels. Immense tracts of pasture are being converted into farm land, and the country is becoming a great grain-growing region.

They have just taken a census in the Russian Capital of St. Petersburg. There are nearly a million of people there; but above the age of sixteen years there are four males to every three females. The Cincinnati Enquirer says it ought to be a good place to marry good girls.

The congress of the advocates of the abolition, recently held in Vienna, the subject was brought out that there was present throughout the world 1,000 crematories, most of which are in the United States, twenty in Italy, and one each in Germany, (Gotha), England, France and Switzerland.

It has been asserted that the human voice has been heard across the Strait of Gibraltar, a distance of ten miles. At a political meeting held near Portland, Me., recently, sentences of the speech made by one of the gentlemen speaking in the open air are said to have been plainly heard a mile away.

The news that the Mikado of Japan has become addicted to alcohol, while the Emperor of China is devoting most of his time to opium smoking, is not satisfactory. Kalakaua is still playing poker with disastrous results to his National Treasury. Really, observes the Graphic, these remote potatoes seem to need the services of an all-round reformer.

The recent decree in France requiring all resident foreigners to give an account of themselves to the Prefect of Police, is aimed at the vast influx of the lowest strata of society from all nations, who are gradually making France an asylum for the thieves, vagabonds and outcasts of other countries. Moreover, most of these foreign tramps come from two nations which France most hates—Germany and Italy.

The famous toad which was dug out alive in England from a stratum of clay belonging to the glacial period died at the end of three days. A local surgeon cut a slit across the membrane which closed the toad's mouth in order to feed it, and the poor batrachian had not enough vitality to bear the operation. Much interest is manifested in the toad, which has been preserved in alcohol in the Greenock Museum.

An article in the North China Herald upon Chinese benevolence shows that it is very generally practiced. Whenever great floods or famines occur great soup kitchens are established. There are societies to provide coffins for those who cannot buy them, for gathering human bones which have become exposed and giving them suitable burial, for distributing plaster and drugs, and for presenting "virtue books."

Mrs. Sorrenson, of Michigan, declares the New York World, is a woman of resources. She refused to allow the laying of a railroad track past her house at Manistee and sought to drive the workmen off at the muzzle of a revolver. As the men proved to be proof against fear of a bullet, Mrs. Sorrenson brought out a rocking chair, placed it across the ties, took her knitting and held the fort for a whole night and day. Of course, there was no chance of driving out a Michigan woman supplied with a rocking chair and knitting needles. So, after forty-eight hours' delay, the fair obstructionist was carried to prison, and the rails were laid.

REUBEN JAMES. Three ships of war had Peble when he left the Naples shore, and the mighty king of Naples lent him seven galleys more; And never since the Argo floated in the middle sea Such noble men and valiant have sailed in company.

As the men who went with Peble to the siege of Tripoli, Stewart, Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur, how their names ring out like gold—Lawrence, Porter, Trippe, Macdonough, and a score as true and bold; Every star that lights their banner tells the glory that they won; But one common sailor's glory is the splendor of the sun.

Reuben James was first to follow when Decatur laid aboard; Of the lofty Turkish galleys and in battle broke his sword. Then the pirate Captain smote him, till his blood was running fast. And they grappled, and they struggled, and they fell beside the mast. Close behind them Reuben battled, with a dozen, undisarmed, Till a bullet broke his sword arm, and he dropped the useless blade.

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THE FRENCH EXECUTIONER

AN INTERESTING CHAT WITH THE HEADSMAN OF FRANCE. Living in Strict Retirement—The Ghastly Implements of His Profession—How He Does His Work. Few people have ever seen the public executioner of France, says a Paris letter to the New York World, and it is no easy matter to find him, for the police refuse to give his address, and his name is carefully omitted from the directory.

The executioner of France, says a Paris letter to the New York World, and it is no easy matter to find him, for the police refuse to give his address, and his name is carefully omitted from the directory. He is called by the lower classes, it is however, M. Diebler, and he rents a flat at No. 3 Rue Vie d'Azou, a squallid little street half an hour's walk away from Bouquet Prison. This man, who conducts the ceremonies in which the guillotine plays the most prominent part, is a very quiet person of a retiring disposition, who dreads notoriety and avoids contact with his neighbors as much as possible.

"While I am fixing the machine," continued the headsmen, "the Abbe Faure arrives. The Abbe Faure enters the room, and gives the signal for the execution to begin. After being left alone with the chaplain for a short time, the culprit is handed over to my assistant, who brings him from his cell down the stone staircase which leads to the Depot—the prisoner's last station on earth before reaching the machine—where he is seated on a wooden stool, and his toilet begins. This doesn't take much time, for his hair and beard are clipped on entering the prison. The man is pinioned, his shirt stripped of its collar, and he then goes forth to his death by the central door, when he is strapped to the fatal plank which, tipping over, brings his neck into the half circular portion of a ring that I secure before springing the guillotine. As the guillotine is too young to walk, the knife falls and the head is received in a tin vessel containing sawdust. The body is unstrapped, put into a coffin, with the culprit's head between his legs, and the remains are then driven off to the cemetery, where they are buried."

"Does life endure any time after the head is severed?" "No," he said, "the executioner replies, "The great loss of blood produces syncope. Besides—"

Here M. Diebler went out of the room and brought in a large black leather box, which he placed on the table. On raising the lid there appeared the bright steel knife of oblique shape which is fixed to the cross beam of the guillotine. He took it up and examined it carefully, watching over and cleans at home. He took it out of its soft red lining the other afternoon, stroked it with his hand as if to brush the dust off its highly-polished surface, and, turning it over said:

"There: look at the back of this knife. It is heavily weighted, you see, to make it fall with a certain weight and force when I touch the spring. Now, this is the reason why I think that all consciousness departs from the brain of a man after the fall of the head. At the same instant that the neck is severed by the blade, the weighty portion strikes so fearful a blow on the occiput that the cerebellum is often crushed from the fall of the head into the vessel containing the sawdust. Yet the head is only raised a few inches above the tin vessel which receives it. Such a blow is, in my opinion, sufficient to drive out any ray of memory, reflection or real sensibility that may linger, after the decapitation, in the brain of the most obdurate, bull-headed criminal."

The main Gulf Stream is said to end on the south side of the Banks of Newfoundland; at all events, the stream divides there, the larger branch crossing the Atlantic northward to the coast of Northern Europe, passing the North Cape and becoming undistinguishable near Nova Zembla. The smaller branch crosses eastward, curves southward between the Azores and Portugal, sending out smaller branches into the Irish and Mediterranean seas, with which it returns to the Gulf of Mexico, and so completes the circuit. Thus the most northern point reached near Nova Zembla, the most southern near the equator. It touches the United States, Newfoundland, the British Isles, Norway, Portugal and Morocco. The equatorial currents touch the eastern coast of South America and the western coast of Africa. The Japan stream touches Japan and Korea, Kamtschatka and Alaska, and the western coast of North America and the Mexican coast, flowing almost as far south as the equator.—Philadelphia Call.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Good Way to Cook Tomatoes. A good and unusual way to cook tomatoes is the following: Peel and slice eight tomatoes. Put them in a coarse cloth and press most of the juice into a bowl. Save the juice. Chop the tomatoes and mix in two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Stir up well, put in a buttered mold, fit on the top, set in a pot of boiling water, and keep at a fast boil for one hour. When done turn out on a flat dish and pour over it the following sauce: Heat the tomato juice, stir in a tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour, season with pepper, sugar and salt, and boil one minute.

Sanitary Bedrooms. "Woolen carpets are filthy," says Dr. John Crowell in Popular Science News, "and if the good housewife does not believe it, let her look across the room when the sun is shining through it, and see the dust constantly rising. This process goes on night and day, and is unavoidable when the floor is encumbered with the woolen covering." Hard floors, without cracks or seams for dust and vermin, painted walls, simple furnishings, because of dust and "germs," an open fireplace, sunshine for disinfecting and drying, no draperies to catch and hold dust, the iron or brass bedstead and hair mattress—these constitute the essentials of a sanitary sleeping-room. The old-fashioned wash-stand is recommended as far more desirable than set bowls with hot and cold water, as these are rarely trapped properly, and so become sources of pollution to the bedroom.—Lives of Love.

A Suggestion for Old Boxes. Do mothers and nurses know how much enjoyment and fun can be had out of different styles of boxes that we so ruthlessly destroy? If all the members of the family will save the boxes they will find, some stormy day when children are forced to remain indoors, that a trip to the attic (where the boxes can be kept) will afford a great deal of amusement. The little girls of the family will select a good-sized box for a new kind of doll's house, and mamma or nurse can easily teach them how to cut cardboard furniture to furnish this little house. If it is summer time, make a tiny house out of an old cardboard box, and paste on it to dried moss, then set it on a shingle and have a little gravel path leading up to the door. On one side have a bit of looking-glass for a pond, and some branches of evergreen boughs for trees. You can add whatever else you like to make it look like an old-fashioned farmhouse. This simple toy has kept little girls happy for whole summers.

When you go away from home for the summer put some boxes and bright colors in the trunk of your trunk; you will find them useful and very acceptable when the children cannot have their own nursery or the toys it contains. —New York Graphic.

Things Worth Knowing. 1. That fish may be sealed much easier by dipping into boiling water about a minute. 2. That fish may as well be sealed if desired before packing down in salt, though in that case do not seal them. 3. Salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk. 4. That milk when frozen or changed may be sweetened or rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda. 5. That salt will curdle raw milk, hence in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared. 6. That fresh meat, after beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool of night. 7. That the clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain and thus prevent it spreading over the fabric. 8. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands. 9. That a tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with your own clothes will add to the whitening process. 10. That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm or a little salt, or a little gum arabic dissolved. 11. That beeswax and salt will make your rusty fat irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a bag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt. 12. That blue ointment and kerosene mixed in equal proportions and applied to the bedsteads is an unfailing boiling remedy, and that a coat of whitewash is better for the walls of a log house. 13. That kerosene will soften boots or shoes that have been hardened by water and render them as pliable as new. 14. That kerosene will make tin tea kettles as bright as new. Saturate a wooden rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from the clean varnished furniture. 15. That cold rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

Lucky Andy, Bob, Billy and Harry. Among the messenger boys in the service of the first telegraph office opened in Pittsburgh, Penn., years ago were four known respectively as Andy, Bob, Billy and Harry. This quartet has been both fame and fortune. "Andy" Carnegie is one of the richest men in the United States. "Bob" Carnegie is General Agent and Superintendent of the Western Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. "Billy" Moreland is City Attorney of Pittsburgh, and "Harry" Oliver has made a fortune in steel, and narrowly missed a seat in the United States Senate.—Pittsburgh.

IN AN OLD RUSSIAN FORT.

HOW THE MUSCOVITE FORTIFIED IN ALASKA. At Present a Military Post in Name Only—Mode of Defense—Curious For Sale by Natives. Names of places in this Territory which have military designations, says a letter from Sitka, Alaska, to the New York Times, may inspire a sense of security to outsiders unacquainted with the country. For instance, upon hearing of Fort Wrangell one would naturally conclude that such a post would furnish ample security for a reasonable sense of country. Yet the nearest troops are at Fort Townsend, nearly one thousand miles distant by water, if we except a small company of marines at Sitka. Fort Wrangell is a military post only in name. It is about 150 miles southeast of Sitka by the waters of the inlet, but by the bi-monthly steamers in a north coast course its distance is more than five hundred miles.

It is one of the old Russian settlements, and was one of their most prosperous trading posts. The main part of the village is on a moderate slope, with a lofty chain of mountains close behind. There are not more than five hundred inhabitants here, and upon them was crowded all there ever was of Wrangell in its most prosperous days. On the north side of the village is a higher knoll, and on this stand the old defenses of Fort Wrangell. A high wooden palisade or stockade surrounded the area set apart for military purposes; the blockade is gone, but the buildings all remain in a fair state of preservation. The fort proper, where the senior officers' quarters and the barracks for the men stand on the north side of the quadrangle, and is a solid log building boarded over and made impenetrable to bullets. The government house stands on the west side of the square, is built of the same material, and is now occupied by United States Commissioner Sheakley, who was a member of Congress several years ago from Pennsylvania, and by the Deputy Collector of the Port, a Mr. Flemming from Wisconsin. This building on the east side is adapted for defensive purposes. On the east side of the quadrangle is a large log and boarded building which was used in the old Russian days as a storehouse, and its roof was adapted to protective and defensive purposes. At the southeast corner of this square stands the most peculiar structure of all, and one more suggestive of the necessities of defense than all the rest. It is the blockhouse or bastion, and upon its safety and security depended the safety and security of the entire post. It is solidly built of logs, and is about twelve feet square at the ground. It rises in these dimensions to about twelve feet, the height of the palisades, where is a second story of wider dimensions, extending entirely over the margin of the first. Its walls are not parallel with those of the first, but it is placed diagonally across the first, so that its corners do not conform to the corners of the first. In this being over it on all sides, ridemen could defend it, not only by aiming outward, but downward on the outside of the palisades. Such defenses were common in Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio 100 years ago, but they are now only historic memories, while the Russian blockhouse at Fort Wrangell still exists as a memento of their occupation, and is rapidly going to ruin.

There are only a few Russians left at Wrangell, not more than a dozen of pure blood. There are quite a number of the mixed race, Indian and Russian, still there, but the bulk of the denizens of the place are natives. These relics of the Russian peasantry and the other races were the last of their kind to remain in the territory. The homes of the old Russian settlement are rapidly disappearing from lack of care and through the wet climate, which is destructive of timber. About 500 Indians have their winter homes there. During the canoeing season they go out a long distance on the inlet and take the mail and other mail work to the canneries. When that season is over they return to Wrangell, spending the winter months in hunting the mule deer, sometimes attacking the great brown bear of the adjoining mountains, but giving over most of their leisure time to gambling. There are twelve or fifteen Americans in the village, some in public employments, some in salmon keeping, and the rest in traders' stores. This is the second point touched by the Pacific steamers on the way up after leaving Valdez, the last calling station far down on Vancouver's Island. Only a few supplies are taken out, and some cases of canned salmon and pelias taken on.

A remnant of the old Russian town stands below the fort along what was once perhaps a street. A relic of a rough wooden sidewalk and some boarded up old-fashioned narrow windows suggest traffic. On this broken and dilapidated wall a score or two of old saws and the carpenter's square and square for sale in the corner with which they hope to tempt the tourist. These natives are adepts at construction, and offer for sale nicely formed bracelets and rings manufactured from coin silver obtained at the canneries for fish. They also have wooden spoons and bowls for sale made from the beautiful yellow cedar of this coast, ornamented with carved designs of various design. In trading with the Athabaskan Indians of the interior, in the British dominions, they procure a white coarse wool from a sort of mountain goat or sheep, and this is woven into blankets variously colored, mostly gray and white, and figured over with grilles and neocarpic designs of a like nature. Alaska for a thousand miles and more is only a strip of coast about thirty miles wide on the mainland. The Indians of the interior are never permitted by the coast natives to come to this water. The coast natives have from time out of mind constituted themselves the middlemen, and have done all the trading with the Indians of the British dominions.

The wampum beads which were used by the Indians for coins were so neatly made and so convenient that the best European artists used them when, at the rate of four black beads or eight white beads for a penny. The belts of this wampum were used to record all important events.

Customer (to waiter): "Some cheese, please." Waiter: "Beg pardon, sir; very sorry, sir; cheese out, sir." Customer: "That so? When do you expect it back?"—Lives.

The title of a book which lies before us—"Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea"—suggests that the submarine development of the national game has assumed the character of a craze. "Dad can tell the time without looking at his watch," said little Johnnie. "When I ask him in the morning he says it is time to get up, and when I ask him at night he says it is time to go to bed."—New York Sun.

"How are you getting along?" asked one cyclone of another. "About ninety miles an hour. How's yourself?" "Oh, I manage to keep things moving," answered the other. "No, it blew a town into the lake."—Detroit Free Press.

LOVE-LIGHT.

All thro' the house I can hear her voice, Sunshiny, my Sunshiny, Scattering gladness, bidding rejoice, My fair Sunshiny. In my lady's chamber away up-stairs, Sunshiny, my Sunshiny, She is chanting snatches of carolling airs, My fair Sunshiny.

She is laughing now in the children's glee, Sunshiny, my Sunshiny, Bithly the echoes float in to me; My fair Sunshiny. In white she flashes a-down the stair, Sunshiny, my Sunshiny; Her quick, light foot patters there, My fair Sunshiny.

A moment her face shines in at the door, Sunshiny, my Sunshiny, And the room turns light, it is dark no more My fair Sunshiny. With a white hand waved and a kiss air-blow, Sunshiny, my Sunshiny, She has passed and vanished, my love, my own, My fair Sunshiny.

—Archibald MacMechan in Youth's Companion. HUMANITY OF THE DAY. In everybody's mouth—Teeth. The glazier generally has a pane in his chest. The dressmaker's draper should be quick at figures. Working like a horse—A lawyer drawing a conversation. Hearts may be honest, but they are always on the beat. The rising generation—Folks getting up in the morning. Why is a doctor never seasick?—He is used to sea sickness. Sometimes in a trade a man kicks when there is nothing to boot. The woman question—which woman are you spoken to?—"How old are you?" It is not generally known that the wheels of a vehicle are tired as the horse. A pig was never known to wash, but a great many people have seen the pig iron.

In a question of life and death there are two sides to take—This side and that side. It is now believed that Venus rose from the sea to allow the hired girl to make the bed of the ocean.—Detroit Free Press.

"Ah," said the fly, as it crawled around the bottle, "I have passed through the hatching age, the creeping age, and now I am in the moultage!"—then it stuck. Customer (to waiter): "Some cheese, please." Waiter: "Beg pardon, sir; very sorry, sir; cheese out, sir." Customer: "That so? When do you expect it back?"—Lives.

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