

Published every Wednesday, by J. E. WENK. Office in Smeathugh & Co.'s Building...

FOREST REPUBLICAN

VOL. XXV. NO. 4. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1892. \$1.50 PER ANNUM.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad space (e.g., One Square, one inch, one month) and Rate.

The development of electric railroads in this country has been extraordinarily rapid. Professor Geffcken, of Hamburg, does not consider 7,000,000 too high an estimate to represent the number of American citizens of German birth or parentage...

Plainfield, N. J., boasts of a vast underground river which supplies more water than the inhabitants can use. In an attempt recently made to test the capacity of the stream, more than 4,000,000 gallons daily ran to waste, but the river was apparently as full as ever.

One of the curious aspects of our complex nationalities resulting from the number of foreign emigrants, notes the New York Sun, is the liability of Italians to become counterfeiterers. The English-speaking races, the Germans and the French, seem inclined to regard counterfeiting as not worth the trouble at the risk at which such a pursuit is engaged in.

Large as has been the increase of population in the United States during the past decade, it shrinks into insignificance beside the growth of the population of India. The present population of India is 289,000,000, and the increase during the past decade has been about 30,000,000, nearly half the entire population of the United States.

It is time, opines the New York Sun, for the Congress of these States to give attention to some of the things that are doing abroad for the safety of ships approaching a coast line. Besides the vertical light which is to flash skyward in foggy weather, there is no doubt about the efficiency and value of the socket-rocket, which is by far the best fog signal known.

THE HAPPY LAND

The happy land! Studded with cheerful homesteads, fair to see, With garden grace and household symmetry; How grand the wide-brow'd peasant's lordly mien, The matron's smile serene!

The happy land! Half hid in dewy grass, the mower blithely sings to the day-star as he whets his scythe; And to his babes, at eventide again, Carols as lullabie a strain.

The happy land! Where, in the golden sheen of autumn eyes, The bright-haired children play among the sheaves Or gather ripest apples all the day, As ruddy-cheeked as they.

O happy, happy land! The tender-folli'd alders scarcely shade You loving lover and glad blushing maid. O happy land! the Spring that quickens thee Is Human Liberty!

THE MYSTERIOUS FACE ON THE BOTTLE PINNACLE

It may be you have seen the pottery bottles made by the Zuni and Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. They are never the same always cracked.

The Pinnacle was about as symmetrical as an Indian pottery bottle. It has a well-fitting stopper. You felt like climbing up with a screw and drawing the cork for a look inside.

Our settlement was proud of its bottle-bragging about it at barbecues, and camp-meetings, and turkey-pullings, and corn-huskings. We were forever during climbs to try their nails, and spurs, and chisels, and augers on it.

Most of the people of the settlement had breakfast that morning, or burnt-biscuits, because of the disputes they got into about the "thing" perched on the cork, disputes, too, that didn't stop for weeks. "It's shiny like gold," "It is gold," "It's a gold nugget sticking out of the quartz," "It's no more like a gold nugget than a cat is like cattle."

He went carefully, carefully over the ledge, carefully up the stopper, till his eyes were taking in the crest of the pinnacle, the first in all the world to get a sight of that uplift. There was the rope on which he hung; he saw that one loop was caught over a little rocky unevenness about two inches above the general level.

Over the rim of the stopper he passed, rose to his feet, and saluted the cheering from below. The shouting grew uproarious as he held up to view the red and yellow mystery, though the people didn't yet know what it was.

There were square rods of surface on the crest that had looked from below like a point. He found an eagle's nest from which the bird was then absent, and on the north edge, fronting the settlement, forming part of the nest's embankment was the red and yellow face, held in place by sticks and other building material, gathered by the bird that can stare the sun out of countenance.

Then the boys helped him off the feathers to the stump of the big tree, and there he held up the mystery in plain sight—a bundle of clothes with a mask face on it. "It's George W. Gillet's scarecrow!"

Dark feathers, and those in particular of the owl, buzzard, woodpecker and raven, are unobscured. No one will touch them except those who "have the evil road,"—that is, are witches,—and any Indian found with them in his or her possession would be officially tried and put to death.

Dark feathers, and those in particular of the owl, buzzard, woodpecker and raven, are unobscured. No one will touch them except those who "have the evil road,"—that is, are witches,—and any Indian found with them in his or her possession would be officially tried and put to death.

Dark feathers, and those in particular of the owl, buzzard, woodpecker and raven, are unobscured. No one will touch them except those who "have the evil road,"—that is, are witches,—and any Indian found with them in his or her possession would be officially tried and put to death.

HOW MATCHES ARE MADE

A PRETTY AND A MOST INTERESTING CEREMONY. Preparing the Pine Splints—Dipping in the Phosphorus Paste—Wonderful Quickness of Workers.

Match-making is one of the prettiest and most interesting of industries imaginable. The following is a bird's eye view of it, as carried on in the leading factory in London—which is to say, in the world.

To begin with wooden matches. They are of two kinds—"lucifers" and "safety-lights," but as the process of manufacture is almost identical, we will confine ourselves to the lucifers.

Feathers figure very prominently in the religious customs of most aboriginals, and remarkably so in the Southwest. Among Navajos and Pueblos alike those plume symbols are of the utmost efficacy for good or bad.

A curious custom among the rulers of the Old World is marriage by proxy. For instance, Francis II, the ex-King of Naples, was wedded by proxy in 1859 to Maria, a duchess of Bavaria.

Professional beggars in all countries must heartily hate M. Paulbar, the French gentleman who has taken on himself to expose them and their tricks.

Parisian Beggars. Professional beggars in all countries must heartily hate M. Paulbar, the French gentleman who has taken on himself to expose them and their tricks.

It is reported that a French savant, M. Bouchon-Baroudely, has devised a method for the artificial manufacture of real pearls. The process adopted is simply to bore holes in the shells of a pearl oyster with a gimlet, introducing through these perforations little balls of glass, and stopping them hermetically with corks.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

A hop picking machine has been invented in Australia. Electric tanning is likely, it is said, to be taken up and vigorously pushed here.

Hard rubber handles for bicycles are being replaced in great numbers by the more popular cork. Thunder is a noise caused by a discharge of atmospheric electricity—why or how is not clearly known.

The sanitary condition of the Capitol at Washington is to be examined by two eminent experts, in order to ascertain whether it is a healthy structure. Sufferers from neuralgia are warned by a medical writer not to drink tea, but to drink freely of coffee into which the juice of a lemon has been squeezed.

One of the features of electric-lighting work, as compared with gas-lighting, has been the absence in the former of all "residual products" that might constitute an element of economy and profit. It has now been pointed out that for many local companies a chance to increase revenue can be found in the utilization of exhaust steam.

The Eastern lumbermen who are here are much interested in the great redwoods, of which they have seen a few, and in the monster trees of Santa Cruz, and the sequoias of the Yosemite and other California parks.

There is a tree there with the astonishing circumference of 127 feet, and a diameter in the narrowest place of forty-two feet, while the trunk reaches almost 400 feet in the air.

A Mysterious Fungus. The scientific men in this capital are much exercised over a fungus that has recently made its appearance upon the olive trees which are one of the principal features in the country around Chalco.

Professional beggars in all countries must heartily hate M. Paulbar, the French gentleman who has taken on himself to expose them and their tricks.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

A bad reputation is a hard thing to lose.—Boston Transcript. As soon as we form a habit we have a master.—Detroit Free Press.

The strictest railroad about issuing passes may occasionally pass a dividend.—Lowell Gazette. Dancing masters are generally posted as to the latest movements on foot.—Philadelphia Record.

When you are asked to hold the baby, it will never do to "shoulder the responsibility."—Truth. Britannia rules the wave, but she doesn't control the tide. That's all moonshine.—Chicago Tribune.

How much more affectionate the members of a family group are in their photograph than they are out of it.—Athletic Globe. The reason that the average man is unable to "put himself in your place" is that he feels altogether too big to fill it.—Washington Star.

That school teacher who put pepper on the tongues of refractory pupils explains that her ultimate object was to make them smart.—Philadelphia Times. Young man, when you escort a young lady to the piano be sure that the music is done to a tune before you turn over two leaves at once.—Detroit Free Press.

Oh, I love the sweet old poets Who sang of love so true! But I wish they'd left a little For me to sing of, too.—Puck. "What luck did you have when you were out hunting yesterday?" "The worst in the world. It's very strange that the birds never fly where I shoot."—Texas Siftings.

Oh, I love the sweet old poets Who sang of love so true! But I wish they'd left a little For me to sing of, too.—Puck. "What luck did you have when you were out hunting yesterday?" "The worst in the world. It's very strange that the birds never fly where I shoot."—Texas Siftings.

Oh, I love the sweet old poets Who sang of love so true! But I wish they'd left a little For me to sing of, too.—Puck. "What luck did you have when you were out hunting yesterday?" "The worst in the world. It's very strange that the birds never fly where I shoot."—Texas Siftings.

AFRICA'S POPULATION

According to the latest and most reliable estimates the population of the Dark Continent is placed at 163,000,000, or fourteen inhabitants to the square mile, while the population of the Three Americas is given at 123,713,000, or eight inhabitants to the square mile.

The last time I saw you, Bill, you were complaining about the wolf at the door, and now you simply wallow in wealth. "I know it," caught the wolf and exhibited him."—New York Times.

According to the latest and most reliable estimates the population of the Dark Continent is placed at 163,000,000, or fourteen inhabitants to the square mile, while the population of the Three Americas is given at 123,713,000, or eight inhabitants to the square mile.

The last time I saw you, Bill, you were complaining about the wolf at the door, and now you simply wallow in wealth. "I know it," caught the wolf and exhibited him."—New York Times.

According to the latest and most reliable estimates the population of the Dark Continent is placed at 163,000,000, or fourteen inhabitants to the square mile, while the population of the Three Americas is given at 123,713,000, or eight inhabitants to the square mile.

The last time I saw you, Bill, you were complaining about the wolf at the door, and now you simply wallow in wealth. "I know it," caught the wolf and exhibited him."—New York Times.

According to the latest and most reliable estimates the population of the Dark Continent is placed at 163,000,000, or fourteen inhabitants to the square mile, while the population of the Three Americas is given at 123,713,000, or eight inhabitants to the square mile.

The last time I saw you, Bill, you were complaining about the wolf at the door, and now you simply wallow in wealth. "I know it," caught the wolf and exhibited him."—New York Times.