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The world's population is said to be increasing at the rate of 6,000,000 per year.

In Paris the common public schools are provided with medicine cases, and instructions are given for using the remedies.

Labouchere, of London Truth, is opposed to woman suffrage, on the ground that there are more women than men, and that woman's suffrage therefore means petticoat government.

In France fortunes are counted not in dollars but in francs, and the French have invented a new word to describe men like the late Mr. Astor, whom they call not a millionaire but a milliardaire.

It will undoubtedly surprise many persons, the New York Commercial Advertiser remarks, to learn that the nursery or floral interests in the United States now reach a value of nearly \$42,000,000 and claim an empire of more than 170,000 acres.

The development of the petroleum interest in Peru has made such progress that it has been found necessary to lay pipe lines between the wells and the ports on the coast. It is believed that the Peruvian wells will soon supply the entire demand of the west coast of South America.

America grows the bulk of the wheat that is used in England at present, but there are fears, chronicles the Chicago Times, that with the increased facilities for traffic the wheat from India will drive out the wheat from America.

The streets of Berlin are soon to be encircled by a large number of so-called "Uranian pillars," of which it is proposed to set up in all 300. These pillars will be about eighteen feet high, constructed of cast iron, and will each contain a clock, meteorological instruments, weather charts, astronomical and geographical announcements, and also, as in the streets of Paris, a plan of the neighboring streets in enlarged form to enable strangers to find their way.

All that covers Egypt with fertile fields, hemmed in everywhere by sterile wastes, is the sediment which the Athara River, the Nile's great tributary, brings from rich Kassalia and the mountains of Abyssinia and spreads over the Nile Valley. It has been maintained by Sir Samuel Baker that if the Soudanese only knew their power it would not be difficult to divert the Athara from its channel and dry up its waters in the Nubian desert, turning Egypt into a barren wilderness like the surrounding waste.

It seems that in Corsica you secure your personal safety by keeping a bandit. In an article in the National Review Basil Thompson explains that the tax of supporting a bandit is not without its compensations. Bandits are a hidden power in the country. They control the petty elections; they menace those who are hostile to their own friends. Thus, while the existence of 600 of them is a real danger to public security, it is no small advantage to a Corsican to be related to a bandit. You support, you pay, protect the bandit; and in return he places his gun at your disposal. It is an exchange of services. "He has a bandit in his service" is a common expression. Are you in debt? The bandit will gain you time. Are you disputing the ownership of property? The bandit will show your opponent he is wrong. Have you land on which shepherds trespass? He will keep them off.

According to a St. Louis decision, quoted by the Boston Transcript, the stealing of electricity is a misdemeanor in the eyes of the law. A hardware dealer with some knowledge of electricity placed a fine wire across the connections to his meter, and caused it to register in a certain time about 320 amperes less than was actually used. When brought to trial his lawyer interposed the ingenious defence that, as at common law electricity was unknown, and could not under the code be made a subject of larceny, and as no statutory law had been passed making it a felony or misdemeanor to steal electricity, for the reason that its character was not known, and that it was not subject to appropriation as personal property, his client could not be convicted of larceny. It was, however, shown by the prosecution that gas, also unknown at common law, was nevertheless something whose larceny was recognized by the law as a misdemeanor. When the attorney for the defence questioned the plea that the act in question was fraud or deception instead of a larceny, the judge took advantage of the Missouri statute which makes fraud perpetrated with a view to theft a felony, and set the defendant's bail at \$5000.

THE MARCHING OF THE GRASS.

O the marching of the Grass! O the joy that comes to pass When the mighty silent army with green banners overflows...

O the marching of the Grass! Fairer things may come to pass In the golden days of summer, roses drunk with wine of June...

SUMMER BOARDERS.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

SCHOOL was over for the day, and Miss Merritt stood by the open window, breathing in the fresh air from the May woods.

and worst behaved boy in school, had been let off from his diurnal half hour's detention, under solemn bonds of never offending again in the bentpin and spital-ban question, and Miss Merritt was drawing a long sigh of relief, when the door flew open with a jerk, and Irene Evans came in, carrying a bundle of books.

Miss Merritt opened her eyes. "Why, Irene, I thought you must be sick," said she. "You have not been in school for two days."

"Irene was tall and shapely, with large blue eyes, black hair growing glow on her brows, and very red cheeks. Her calico gown fitted her badly, and the ribbons on her coarse straw hat were faded in the sun, and spotted by a nice shower."

"No," said she, jerking out the words somewhat as she had jerked upon the door, "I ain't sick. But I ain't comin' to school any more. Father, he says it's a waste o' time."

"Oh, Irene!" she cried, "it seems as if I must be dreaming! Do you love me, Harry? Do you really care for poor, stupid, insignificant me?"

for fresh milk, plenty of fruit and strict cleanliness than they do for style.

"Irene's eyes sparkled. "Two of the Jersey cows is mine," said she. "And there's an early strawberry pasture on the side hill just beyond the old house, and lots o' blackberry tangles all along the river shore. Do you think we could venture, Miss Merritt?"

"I don't know why not," said the school teacher, reflectively. "He's very handsome, anyhow," said Miss Gramont. "But how extremely young our host and hostess are!"

"What!" roared old Medad Parsons, when the first load of furniture passed under the willows along the road beyond his doorway; "Irene furnishin' up that old ramshackle shell of a house for boarders! Why, we've got boarders here, hasn't we? Four on 'em, for hayin' time. An' who's goin' to cook an' wash an' scrub for me, I'd like to know!"

"Not Irene, I guess," said old Mrs. Simmons, who stood by the gate. "Irene's got sort o' tried o' the way you manage matters, Demcon Parsons."

"Irene had more spirit than he had given her credit for. "I've got to have clothes," said she. "An' I've got to earn a little money of my own. An' I'm goin' to earn it this way."

"You ain't no business in that house nor on that land," snarled the old man, "unless you rent it to me."

"I can't help that," chuckled Parsons. "You might a-took counsel with me. But look a-here, Irene. I don't want to see you cornered. You can let your boarders come here to this house. It's a deal comfortable an' more sightly than the other one, and the hay hands can hev their little chambers in the barn loft."

"Irene stood at the foot of the garden path, dreading to go in and tell her how the deacon had frustrated all their plans by his wily machinations."

"Irene" he cried, gaily. "Is it you? Well, what do you think of my new speculation, eh? Halloa! Why, there's some one living in the house! Your father never told me!"

"Irene was planning to take summer boarders," said Irene, in a choked voice. "Women ain't many ways of earnin' a livin', you know."

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the negotiations nothing had been said about Mr. Tolland.

"I didn't know there was a man of the house," said Mrs. De Poyntz. "Why, of course there is!" said Miss Merritt. "Who else would take you for long drives to all the cascades and grottoes and mountain tops?"

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MANUFACTURING BUTTONS.

AN ARTICLE THAT HAS BECOME A NECESSITY TO CIVILIZATION.

Invented only 150 Years Ago—What They Have Done for Costume—Methods of Manufacture.

"BUTTONS have played a great part in the world," said a scientific man to a Washington Star writer. "They were invented only a century and a half ago, and yet they have revolutionized clothes. Until modern times people delighted in loose and flowing robes, which were flung around the body. In days of old the tailors and dressmakers paid no attention to 'fit,' having regard merely for the graceful adjustment of drapery. All this was changed by buttons. They were not worn originally for any useful purpose, but merely for ornament. Thus, if you look up their history, you will find that the earliest patterns of them were splendid and costly. However, it was not long before their utility for fastening garments came to be realized. They rendered it possible to make clothing fit closely to the body, and so they brought about a complete alteration in the theory of costume."

"Buttons have become necessary to civilization. It is difficult to see how mankind could get along without them now. Only savages and the indolent peoples of the Orient dispense with them. They are made of every conceivable material almost, including all the metals from gold by pewter, pearl, ivory, tortoise shell, bone, horn, hair, india rubber, wood, amber, jet, glass, porcelain, clay, leather, paper mache, vegetable ivory, precious stones and all sorts of stuffs and cloths. Metal buttons are either stamped with dies or cast. One firm in the United States turns out 65,000,000 iron backs for covered buttons every year. Glass buttons are made by pinching the half soft material in hot pincers. The pincers are furnished with a die, if it is desired to impress a design on the buttons. Wooden button molds come largely from the south of France, where plenty of wood suitable for the purpose grows."

"Common shirt buttons are made by mixing finely powdered soapstone with silicate of soda, otherwise known as 'water glass.' The mixture is dried and repulverized and the powder is pressed into molds by machinery. The freshly molded buttons are baked in a furnace, dipped in 'water glass' and again baked. When cool, they are polished by being placed in a rotating barrel of water with sandstone powder. Porcelain buttons are manufactured like small ornamental articles of earthen ware. The moistened clay is pressed into plaster of Paris molds, and the buttons thus molded, after being dried on boards, are given a first firing and baking in the 'bisquit oven.' At this stage the baked buttons are called 'bisquits.' Then they are glazed directly, or, as a preliminary, are adorned with colors, which are fixed by further baking in the 'enamel kiln.' The colors are put on by hand painting or by 'transfer printing.' By the latter process the design is printed from a copper plate with a peculiar ink on tissue paper, which is placed while the impression is moist on the bisquit ware. After the ink has had time to dry the paper is removed, leaving the design on the buttons."

"Mother-of-pearl buttons are cut by hand with a small revolving circular saw. The work requires great skill, an important object being to get as many buttons as possible out of each shell. If the mother-of-pearl is thick enough, it is sometimes split into two layers. Finest of all pearl buttons are those made from the shell of the Meenasy shells brought from the East India seas. These shells are worth \$800 a ton in the crude. The waste mother-of-pearl is ground to a fine powder, which is mixed with gum to a paste and molded into buttons of an inferior quality."

"How Pepsin is Procured. "While I have always had a vague idea as to the nature and properties of pepsin," said a gentleman to the Man About Town. "I never fully realized that it is the veritable product of the animal stomach until recently. During a visit to New York I saw the process of manufacturing in a factory that has the oddest method of preparing the article that ever entered the human mind. By the way, a number of perfectly healthy dogs are fattened for market, and for thirty-six hours before killing time are deprived of all food, not even allowed a drop of water. Then the trough from which they are accustomed to eat is covered with strong wire netting and the most appetizing sops and hog delicacies, smoking hot, are poured into the trough. The fumes ascend with grateful fragrance to the porcine nostrils, the dogs all run to the trough and stand over it, ravenous with hunger, squealing and fighting with each other for a chance to get at the food. The iron netting prevents them tasting the food, and while they are still thinking about the matter they are killed, and their stomachs being taken out are found perfectly full of gastric juice, from which pepsin is prepared. The process was quite a revelation to me."—St. Louis Republic.

"Tigers in the Malay Peninsula. The tiger of the Malay Peninsula is more savage than his neighbor, the tiger of the Indian jungles. In appearance he is much similar, but if anything a trifle larger. I have walked through jungle day after day which was swarming with tigers, yet I have never seen one in the day time unless he was being hunted. At night you often hear them roaring, more especially during rainy weather. A tiger is supposed to kill its victim at once by a gentle rap from his huge paw on the back of the neck, which at once breaks it. This is the tradition of the Malays, but I will not vouch for its veracity, though it seems probable enough."—San Francisco Chronicle.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

An English doctor declares hot bread at night is not injurious to health.

A thunderstorm in hot weather travels at the average rate of thirty miles an hour.

An alloy of gold and aluminum has recently been made. Its color is a most beautiful purple, and it will be valuable in making jewelry.

The blood-vessels in the white of the eye are so small that they do not admit the little red corpuscles to which the color of the blood is due.

Two ingenious Swedish astronomers are reported to have produced an artificial sunburst by establishing electric currents between two mountains.

Some tinmiths use leaden-headed nails for roofing purposes. The last strokes flatten the head over the hole made in the tin, and leaking is thus prevented.

An English electrician mentions a curious case of one-way conduction. Hot gas conducts the current, but with one electrode cold it conducts best when that electrode is negative.

Cincinnati, Ohio, is to be lighted at an expense of \$84.90 per lamp per year. The present contract price is \$144. The new price is twenty-three cents a night for lamps of 2000 candle power.

Observations made to determine the longitude of Montreal, Canada, show that the transmission of the electric current across the ocean and back occupied a trifle over one second, the distance being 8000 miles.

The ordinary, commonplace soap bubble has recently been playing an important part in experiments on the magnetic qualities of gases, and has proved itself to be one of the toughest and most elastic membranes known.

The earth's surface only exceeds the moon's by about thirteen and one-half times. The moon's surface is fully as large as Africa and Australia together, and nearly as large as North and South America without the islands.

"The 'sea serpent' has been made a subject of special study by the Director of the Zoological Gardens at the Hague. He has collected reports of 166 appearances, and concludes that the reports must all refer to a single unknown animal species.

A test of three spoons during sixteen years has given these results: The silver spoon lost 8.78 per cent., part of which was due to polishing; the aluminum, 5.85 per cent., which represents the actual wear; and the German silver spoon, 5.62 per cent., a result far too low, as this spoon, unlike the others, was not in constant use. The durability of silver and aluminum, therefore, appears to be about the same, and much greater than that of German silver.

Leters Proof Against Electricity.

"Down at Honolulu," said Harry Diamond, "I had a battery and worked the innocent Kanakas with the old trick of the five dollar gold piece. That is, I'd place the piece in the bottom of a jar of water connected with the battery. Then I'd tell the native boys that they could have the money if they'd pick it out of the jar and hold the hand on the other pole of the battery at the same time. Of course the moment their hands struck the water the circuit was completed, their fingers would be doubled up and they couldn't touch the money if their fortunes had depended on getting it. I had many a laugh and achieved quite a reputation among the boys as a wizard who controlled the devils in the water."

"One day when several young ladies were in the office a lad came in, pushed on by a number of companions who had attempted to secure the \$5 and failed. He had been persuaded to try for the money, and I explained the trick to the ladies in an aside as I arranged the apparatus. The boy took the handle and we all prepared for a great laugh.

"He put his hand into the water, slowly drew out my finger, and quietly walked off with it, while I stood with my mouth open, afraid to face those girls, and praying for a volcanic eruption to turn the fraud of thought.

"The boy had the leprosy, and the electricity didn't affect him."—San Francisco Examiner.

Marvelous Popularity of Bicycles.

The marvelous growth of the bicycle industry during the last few years is patent to all who live in the upper section of the city or in any other part of it where fairly good roads exist. There are the wheel man or woman can be seen at all times, but it is only at some of the larger establishments where the manufacture or sale of wheels is the sole pursuit that the full popularity of the bicycle is ascertained. One establishment in this city alone sells bicycles worth nearly \$1,000,000 yearly, while another doing an extensive wholesale business in medium and low-priced wheels, reaches \$500,000. In 1891 140,000 'wheels' were constructed in this country, nearly all of which were sold, in addition to 20,000 English ones imported.

The giving of lessons in bicycle riding has become an established feature in the cycle business, several instruction halls existing in various parts of the city. At the best known of these nearly 13,000 lessons were given last year, many people coming from towns as far distant as Stamford, Conn., and New Brunswick, N. J.—New York Tribune.

MY SWEETHEART'S FACE.

My kingdom is my sweetheart's face, And these the boundaries I trace; Northward her forehead fair; Beyond a wilderness of auburn hair; A rosy cheek to east and west; Her little mouth The sunny south.

It is the south that I love best. Her eyes, two crystal lakes, Rippling with light, Caught from the sun by day, The stars by night, The dimples in Her cheek and chin.

Are smiles which Love hath set, And I have fallen in!—John A. Wyeth, in Harper's Magazine.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A strge coach.—The prompter. "Out of sight!"—The owl at noon.

The lard refiner never knows what he can do until he tries. The fixed star is one that has enough money to settle down.—Dallas News.

A star gazer was once to have a far away look in his eyes.—Binghanton Republican.

A poem that is always sure of a market—the lay of the hen.—Lowell Courier.

Among the newest things in stockings this summer is the baby's foot.—Boston Transcript.

Tenant—"The roof leaks." Janitor—"Well, you shouldn't have taken the top flat."—New York Sun.

A great many things are laid before Congress, but comparatively few of them hatch.—Washington Star.

Jagson says it is proper to wish the anxious candidates many happy returns on election day.—Elmira Gazette.

Bagley—"I don't believe in borrowing trouble; do you?" Bruce—"Of course not; money is the thing."—New York Herald.

Practice makes perfect. You can see lawyers and doctors walking on their uppers for want of practice.—Binghanton Leader.

Every thrifty farmer will keep his hand well dressed, but he has no reason to be ashamed of a strawberry patch.—Lowell Courier.

When a boy begins to wash his neck without being told it is a sign he is passing into the ordeal of his first love affair.—Acheson Globe.

There are men with natures so small that, if there is anything in transmigration, they will probably reappear as microbes.—Washington Star.

First Preacher—"Does your choir sing in harmony?" Second Preacher—"Yes, but they don't live in harmony."—Kate Field's Washington.

The latest thing in Ohio is a babe born without hands. If he eventually drifts into politics he will have to depend on the hands of his friends.—Washington Post.

"What a sly animal the fox is, to be sure! The other day I followed one for three hours, and when I finally shot it I found it was a red dog."—Pilegonda Bleatter.

True to the nature of the beast, many a man who in his time has cast sheep's eyes at a pretty girl has afterwards had the wool pulled over them.—Philadelphia Times.

We have noticed that when you tell a woman her daughter is just the image of her when she was that age, the mother looks pleased and the daughter looks scared.—Acheson Globe.

Yeast—"What are you going to make out of your boy?" Crinsohen—"A lecturer." "Has he a taste for it?" "Oh, yes; he inherits it from his mother."—San Francisco Examiner.

Mamma—"When that boy threw stones at you, why didn't you come a d tell me, instead of throwing them back." Little Son—"Tell you? Why, you couldn't hit a barn door."—Good News.

Publisher—"I wish you would write us a good sea story." Great Author—"But I have never been to sea." Publisher—"I know it. I want a sea story that people can understand."—Tit Bits.

It is strange, as he knows, She is in love with another; He should like to propose, When, so sure as his goods, He'll return as her brother.—New York Sun.

"Mrs. Chinner seems to have a very pleasant time of it." "Pleasant time! Why that woman's life is one complete round of enjoyment." "It is!" "It is that. She belongs to seven sewing circles."—New York Press.

"Witberby—"I made the mistake of my life this morning. I told my wife I didn't like her new gown."—Plunkington—"What was she angry?" Witberby—"Oh, no, it wasn't that, but she wants another one."—Cloak Review.

Lady (to her regular begging customer)—"I see that you have brought some one with you to-day, and I cannot give to both." Beggar—"Certainly not, ma'am. I am only taking him the round of my clients, as I have an idea of selling the business!"

Teacher—"Won't you sit down, Jimmy?" Jimmy—"No." Teacher—"Why not?" Jimmy—"I's because." Teacher—"Because what?" Jimmy—"Because when pop was patten down the carpet this mornin' and hit his thumb with the tack-hammer I laughed."—Boston Post.

Clara—"I hope you won't bring that Mr. Hatter round to see me. I don't want to see him." Maude—"But, my dear, he says he used to play with you when you were a little girl." Clara—"That's why I don't want to meet him. It reminds me of the time when I wore a home made cloak to Sunday-school."—Cloak Review.