

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

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Mortality is greater among the Alaskans than among any other citizens of the United States.

In the expenditure of money for educational purposes direct from the Treasury Kentucky is the third State in the Union.

Free baths are advocated in St. Louis as a means of preventing the loss of about forty boys who are annually drowned in the Mississippi at that point.

In his speech at Omaha, Neb., the other day, General Armstrong said that no dead American has a right to lie under a gravestone costing \$150,000 while a live American woman is starving in a garret.

The present Mayor of Huelva, Spain, where Columbus first met Queen Isabella, is of the same name and lineal descent as the man who was Mayor of the place when Columbus sailed to discover the New World.

New Yorkers have formed a society, with branches in Philadelphia and other American cities, for the suppression of the "intolerable annoyance created by the frequent noisy clanging of inharmonious church bells."

It is estimated by a statistician in the American Farmer that this country loses over \$700,000,000 a year by adulterated food. This is more of a burden upon it than several of the great European armies are upon their countries.

It is said just before his last campaign Gladstone hardened himself for exposure bareheaded at outdoor public meetings by habitually sitting at a window from which a strong draft was coming. This was a heroic device for a strong man, but it would be likely to play havoc with a weakling.

The telephone is still, to a very large extent, an American institution. Even in England it is but slightly appreciated, and neither in France nor Germany has it yet obtained anything like a financial or commercial foothold.

The election of a woman Attorney-General among the possibilities for the State of Montana, where Ella L. Knowles is the only woman lawyer in the State, has been nominated by the People's party.

State Geologist Smock, of New Jersey, has gone to Holland to study the dyke system of that country and to secure other information that may be utilized in solving the problem as to how to save the New Jersey seashore coast. The ocean's inroads in the coast from Sandy Hook southward to Cape May are many and growing deeper yearly.

London Public Opinion notes that the centenary of the discovery of coal gas has just passed. One hundred years ago William Murdoch, a Cornish miner, studying the iron which he handled daily, filled an iron kettle with it and set it on the fire, connecting an iron pipe with the nozzle; when the gas began to flow from the pipe, he applied a light, and the first gas light sprang into existence.

To the London Lancet is due the suggestion that prizes should be offered for the best cup of tea or coffee as much as for the best show of fruit and flowers.

Here is an idea for county fairs, cooking school competitions and mission work. France, Austria or Italy where one cannot find a good cup of coffee. In this country it is as rare as in England. Yet there is nothing simpler or easier to make. Perfect coffee can be made with an old oyster can and a clean rag or a horn of druggist's filter paper.

"IF I WERE FAIR"

"Then she looked into her mirror." "If I had little hands, and slender feet; If I had cheeks the color rich and sweet Come at a word, and faded at a frown; If I had clinging curls of burnish'd brown; If I had dreamy eyes aglow with smiles, And graceful limbs, and pretty girlish wiles— If I were fair, Love would not turn aside; Life's path, so narrow, would be broad and wide."

"If I were fair, Perhaps like other maidens I might hold A true heart's store of tried and tested gold. Love waits on Beauty, though sweet Love alone, It seems to me, for aught might well attest, But Beauty's charm is strong, and Love obeys The mystic witchery of her shy ways. If I were fair, my years would not so few; Life would unfold sweet pictures to my view."

"If I were fair, Perhaps the baby, with a scream of joy, To clasp my neck would throw away its toy And hide its dimples in my shining hair, Bewildered by the mass of glory there! But now—oh, shadow of a young girl's face, Uncolored lips that Pain's cold fingers trace, You will not blame the child whose wee hands close, Not on the blighted bud, but on the rose So rich and fair."

"If I were fair, Oh, just a little fair, with some soft touch About my face to glorify it much! If no one shunned my presence or my kiss My heart would almost break beneath its bliss. 'Tis said each pilgrim shall attain his goal And perfect light shall flood each blinded soul. When day's flush merges into sunset's bars And night is here, and then beyond the stars I shall be fair!" —Edith Rutter, in London Spectator.

JIM JENKINS, HIS STORY.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF KENTUCKY.

"The moon wuz ahin' away off yander in the blue front yard uv Heaven ez soft an' peller ez a ripe custard pie; the apple blossoms wuz pink an' white on the trees, fillin' the air with the smell uv angels; me and Malviny wuz settin' out on the porch steps; the old folks wuz gone to bed, an' I reckon I'd been holdin' onto her han' fer up'ards uv seven minutes, tickled 'most to death 'cause she didn't snatch it away."

"Malviny!" says I, purty nigh in a whisper. "Yes, Jim?" says she, hitchin' up an inch or two. "Ain't there some fellers you kinder like a little better's some other fellers?" "No, Jim," says she, an' I sorter felt my gizzard drap about two feet an' a half. "Nary one!" says I. "Yes, Jim," says she, "one."

"That hopen't a good deal; that an' the way she said it. "Malviny," says I, takin' a new hold onto her han', "ved I'd throw a rock, about now, could I hit the feller you like the best?" "No, Jim," says she, an' down went that durn gizzard or mine agin. "Why couldn't I, Malviny?" says I, fishin' round fer a hint. "Cause, Jim," says she, an' her han' give a twitch. "Cause what?" says I. "'Cause," says she, an' she jerked her han' outer mine an' slid over to 'rds the miller."

"Do you reckon I could hit him with a club?" says I, pickin' up a bit. "I reckon," says she. "Could you, Malviny?" says I. "Yes, I could," says she, kinder quick an' nervous, an' then a heap softer, "but I wouldn't." "Why wouldn't you?" says I, aggin' her on. "I wouldn't hit a dog with a club," says she. "Ain't no dogs," says I, breakin' out in the wrong place. "Who said you wuz?" says she, mighty provokin'.

"You did," says I. "I didn't," says she. "Well, you come mighty nigh it," says I. "I wasn't talkin' about you, at all," says she, sulkin'.

"Who wuz you talkin' about, then," says I, gittin' ugly myself. "That fer me to know, an' you to find out," says she, ez sassy as a gal with seven hooves. "I seen I wuz gittin' on ticklish ground, an' I begun backin' off." "What's the use of us quarrelin', Malviny?" says I, mighty forgivin', an' tryin' to git bolt on her hand agin. "Ain't you quarrelin'," says she. "But I wuz tryin' to," says I, meetin' her more'n half way, an' she sorter let her han' slip over to 'rds mine, that wuz reachin' round in the shadders. "I wuz feelin' purty shure now, an' gittin' a clench onto her han', I says: "Malviny," says I, "I think a heap uv you."

I am, an' I can't be no more'n I am, kin I!" "How do I know?" says I, comin' back at her on her own tracks, an' a dab uv a cloud came across the face uv the moon an' the wind blowed the smell uv the apple blossoms 't'her way. "I wuzn't makin' no headway at all, an' I sat thar without sayin' a word till that cloud went by an' the moon showed bright agin. Malviny wuzn't sayin' a word nuther."

"Malviny!" says I, atter a bit, but she wouldn't answer. "Malviny," says I, beggin'; "I'll take that back. They ain't no nicer gal than you in the whole country." "That's what Sam said last night," says she, colder'n shade in Feb'ry. "Sam who?" says I, chokin' up. "Sam Higley," says she, smirkin'. "You didn't think it was Sam White, did you?"

"Wuz he here last night, too?" says I, swaggin' down 'till my hopes wuz most draggin' the ground. "No, he wuzn't," said she, provokin' an' over, "but he was the night afore."

"I couldn't stan' it no longer, an' I jumped up offen the steps and begun stompin' round like a man with the toothache. "When you git tired, Mr. Jenkins," says she, polterin' a basket uv chips, "you may set down." "When I git tired," says I, madder'n a wet hen, "I'll go home."

"What fer?" says she. "Forever," says I. "That's a powerful long time, ain't it, Jim?" says she, soferin' some. "Tain't no longer'n you're keepin' me in misery," says I, settin' down agin. "How'n I keepin' you in misery?" says she, ez innocent ez a turtle dove. "You know, well enough," says I. "I don't," says she. "Yes, you do, too," says I, fightin' her off, fer I seen she wuz comin' round.

"Well, you aggravated me to it," says she, kinder excusin' herself. "I didn't mean to," says I, feelin' some better. "Didn't you?" says she. "No, I didn't," say I. "Shore, Jim?" says she. "Shore'n shootin', Malviny," says I, an' with that she edged over some an' put her hand in mine agin. "She didn't say nothin', an' I didn't say nothin', an' we didn't do nothin', only jis' sot thar, holdin' han's, ez ef that was all ther wuz in the world to do, anyhow, while the moon wuz shinin' soft and the apple blossoms wuz smellin' sweetest'n, sweeter, every minute."

"Malviny," says I, in comin' back to the startin' p'int atter while, "a'posin' a man waz to kiss you!" "S'posin' what?" says she, lookin' fierce. "S'posin' a man waz to kiss you!" says I. "What man?" says she, curious, like women is. "Me!" says I, holder'n a bantam. "You?" says she, jumpin', but not gettin' loose. "Yes, me!" says I, holdin' on tight. "Yes, 's'posin'," says she, agin' I had her.

"Then what?" says I, all the time pullin' her over a little closer to me, an' she comin', ez ef it wuz unbeknownst to her what I wuz doin'. "How do I know, Jim?" says she chirpin' like a bird. "Would you keep very much, Malviny?" says I, changin' han's an' sorter slippin' 't'her one 'round her waist, an' her not tryin' to git away, nuther. "How keer?" says she. "Keer of I did!" says I. "S'posin' I keered of you didn't, Jim?" says she, turnin' her head away an' chuckin' her chin tight down agin her purty white neck.

"Oh, Malviny," says I, with all the soul I ever hope to git salvation fer in them two words, an' I grabbed her to me with both han's, an' she lifted her face till the moon shined right down on it an' put a gold crown on her hair, an' the stars laughed in her eyes, an' the sweet uv the pink an' white apple blossoms blowed 'round her, an' I bent down an' teked my lips to her'n, an' I felt ez ef I had kissed the jasper gates uv Paradise an' wuz wadin' knee deep in glory through the modders uv the Promised Land. "Malviny!" says I, atter 'uv feelin' had settled some. "Yes, Jim," says she, nestlin' her head agin my chest, an' me with both arms 'round her, holdin' on's ez tight as might git away ef I didn't."

"S'posin' I'd tink somethin' about gittin' married?" says I. "Who gittin' married?" says she. "Me," says I. "Who to?" says she pullin' off. "You," says I, ketchin' a new hold of her. "Don't do that agin, Jim," says she, snookin' uv closer'n ketchin' her breath. "Do what?" says I. "Skoon me," says she, kinder shivery like. "What skeered you, Malviny?" says I, fairly hunkerin' to haul the daylight out anyhakin' that ud skeer the gal, an' wastin' the wurst way to ast her to have me, but a ferred to do it. "You did," says she. "How?" says I. "Ain't she fool questions," says she. "Ain't you never got'n to git married?" says I, swallerin' hard. "Don't look ez ef I wuz, does it?" says she, laughin'.

"How do I know?" says I. "You ought to know!" says she, pesterin' me like everything. "How?" says I. "Guesz," says she, laughin' that sweet, low, little, gurghin' laugh uv hers agin. "I can't," says I. "She looked up at me open the corner uv her eyes, cuter'n a kitten, an' the summer evenin' breeze sprud a smell uv apple blossoms all over ther porch steps, an' a honey suckle fell off the vine an' hit me in the face. "Malviny," says I, all of a sudden 'lettin' go my holds an' standin' up straight ez a bean pole, "ef the plumb, biggest, doggone fool in Hick'ry County wuz to ast you to be his wife, what 'up you say?"

CAPTIVE BALLOONS IN WAR

OBSERVATION CARS USED TO GET A VIEW OF THE ENEMY.

How the Scheme Worked in the Franco-Prussian War—McClellan's Balloon. THE alarm which prevails in the Russian army circles over the German balloons that have crossed the frontier in mid-air to study the fortifications of the great czar along its border-line from a strategic standpoint is but a repetition of the surprise with which the captive balloon was hailed during the war of seventy.

The Franco-Prussian war and the siege of Paris have simply demonstrated the utility of the balloon for the purpose of investigation and communication, which without it would have been impossible. During that siege of five months, lasting from the 23d of September to the 28th of January, not less than sixty-five balloons with a crew of 155 men, 363 carrier-pigeons and a tonnage of 20,000 pounds of mail matter, consisting of letters, dispatches and newspapers, were sent from Paris to the provinces. The carrier-pigeons were used for carrying back news from the provinces to the capital. That the plan worked successfully is proven by the fact that fifty-seven carrier-pigeons returned with more than 100,000 dispatches. When it is borne in mind that this mode of communication was the only one left to a metropolis numbering its populace by the million this modest result assumes enormous importance, and the future besiegement of large centres will undoubtedly bring a repetition and improvement of this method.

During the last century the French military engineer employed captive balloons which were held with ropes by the privates of his corps. From the car attached to the balloon observations could be made of the territory, the battlefield, or the fortress occupied, and a correct idea could thus be formed of the position and movements of the enemy and the fortifications erected by them. As early as 1793 and 1794 balloon ascensions were made for this purpose during the sieges of Valenciennes, Maubeuge and Charleroi, and the battle of Fleurus. General McClellan was unusually fortunate in the employment of his balloon June 1, 1862, during the battle of Richmond. His headquarters were connected by telegraph with the observation car of the balloon and he directed the battle according to the flashes of intelligence received from there.

These and many other examples, demonstrating the superior advantage of a bird's-eye view of the situation, assume still greater range when the trajectory power of our present firearms is considered, together with the introduction of smokeless powder. The battlefields must necessarily expand, the fighting distance become greater, and that side which discovers the enemy first will have many points of advantage, enabling it to a certain degree to shape and outline the developments of the contest. A brief lookout from the car of a balloon 1000 to 1600 feet in the air reveals more plainly the position of the enemy to the eye of the strategists than all the information that can be gathered from reconnoitering parties, outpost and spies. It is a condensed picture that is thus presented of all that would otherwise have to be gradually united into a whole from news and reports as they come. What can be seen from an observation-car is a complete chart, not one composed of isolated fragments, no matter how correct they may be.

These facts, bearing so closely upon the tactics of future wars, have resulted in an increased utility of the captive balloon, the first essential of which is that it shall be ready for service at short notice. Napoleon I. abolished Coutelle's corps of aeronauts only because they were unable to keep up with his army. The military corps of aeronauts at Chalais-Meudon, in charge of Renard, succeeded at last in constructing an aerostat's park, the special arrangement of which is kept as secret as that of the English and German parks of this class. Gabriel von, one of the most noted Parisian engineers, who assisted in the building of the gigantic captive balloons exhibited at the world's fair of Paris and London, has constructed his aerostat parks after the Renard model and supplied with them Italy, Russia, China and other countries.

Two opposing elements govern the construction of a military balloon, and to harmonize them great care and judgment is required. One is absolute safety for the lives of the aeronauts; the other utmost lightness in weight of the balloon and its outfit. The first demands a construction insuring durability and safety; the second of minimum weight. To effect a compromise between the two only the best material can be used, and careful calculation and many tests are necessary to achieve the desired result. The weight carried by the gas is by no means usual, for the Italian balloon weighed, with passengers, etc., complete, a little over 1000 pounds.—Chicago Times.

Licorice.

The stick licorice imported from Europe is rarely pure. Most of it comes from Spain, where it is adulterated to an almost incredible degree. The chief adulterant is a common and cheap gum obtained from an acacia, which grows in great abundance in Morocco and along the west coast of the Sahara and is called Barbary gum. But this is not the only substance used, for starch, flour and even sand are employed in such quantities that some of the cheap grades of licorice have only one-half their weight composed of the material they purport to contain.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The largest of turtles is said to be the species known as the loggerhead, which grows to the enormous weight of 1600 pounds. These are found in the sea.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The mean height of land above the sea level is 2250 feet.

An incandescent lamp without a filament is the next electrical improvement we are promised.

Mutton is more nutritious and digestible than beef, although some physicians hold that broth made from beef is more nutritive than that from mutton.

Electricity as an aid to gun-making is, it is said, in successful use at the gun factory of St. Etienne, France. The particular use to which it is there put is in the tempering of springs.

A scheme, propounded by M. Raysonne, which provides for the construction of a steel pipe line from the Caspian Sea, through Persia, to the Persian Gulf, for the conveyance of kerosene, is attracting attention in Baku oil quarters.

The total average efficiency of the Frankfurt Lauffen plant which transmitted 150 horse-power of electrical energy a distance of 109 miles is stated in the official reports, just published, to have been about seventy-five per cent.

At three of the large London railway stations—Charing Cross, Cannon street and London Bridge—as many as 82,969 movements for signal and point levers have to be made every twenty-four hours, quite apart from the telegraphic operations.

Two Indian gentlemen have invented an anti-collision apparatus. It is worked by electricity, the principle being that when one train gets on the same pair of rails another train within a certain distance the current so acts as to bring them to a standstill.

Twenty-two acres of land are needed to sustain a man on flesh meat, while the same amount of land under wheat feeds forty-two people; under oats, forty-eight people; under potatoes, Indian corn and rice, 176 people, and under the plantain or bread fruit tree, 6000 people.

Globus announces the formation of a new islet in the Caspian, near Baku, by upheaval. It lies three and a half miles from shore, and measures 175 feet by 100 feet, rising about twenty feet above the water. Its surface is irregular and composed of blackish gray and yellow hardened mud.

Considerable astonishment was recently excited in a zone of Sweden and Russia, comprising the towns of Stockholm, Elisavetgrad, Pinsk, Kovno and St. Petersburg, by the appearance in the air, and the eventual deposit on the ground of large clouds of a powder of peculiar appearance.

A French paper is authority for the statement that a Parisian handymen has discovered a way of cleansing fine linen without using soap or other chemicals. Instead of these, he rubs boiled potatoes upon the goods, making it, it is claimed, much softer than when washed in the usual way. The truth of the statement may be easily tested in any laundry.

A Unique Exhibition.

The Soldiers' Company of London have been exhibiting in their hall an extremely interesting collection of all kinds of saddles and bridles in use from the earliest times to the present day. From the Tower of London came a knight's tilting saddle of wood, covered with leather, with an arrangement not unlike stocks, into which the knight's legs were thrust, so that he might not topple over when his horse wheeled about suddenly, or a spear point struck with full force against his armor-plated ribs. Of Cavalier and Cromwellian saddles there were several examples. Sir Henry Halford contributed the velvet saddles used by Prince Rupert and Charles I. at the battle of Naseby, and Colonel Somerville the accoutrements of a war-horse which once belonged to Oliver Cromwell. The trappings in which Sir Edward Seymour rode when he met the Prince of Orange on the shores of Torbay and the Duke of Monmouth's gorgeous saddle were near by. Close beside them was the favorite saddle of the famous jockey Fred Archer. The Queen sent a marvelous collection of Oriental saddles and trappings, including those of Tipu Sahib. The Empress Eugenie lent, among other relics of the Napoleonic dynasty, a velvet saddle and trappings said to have been used by Napoleon I. in his last campaign. Near them lay the square-canted saddle of old Blucher, "Marshal Vorwarts." There were also many rare specimens from private collections, including those of Lord Rosebery, the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Somerset and others of equal celebrity, while the War Office lent specimens of military saddles from Central Powers. Modern cavalry saddles, with latest equipments, were well represented.—Boston Transcript.

Fat-Tailed Sheep.

Some interest has been evoked by the announced arrival of a flock of sixteen of the fat-tailed sheep of Persia for our Agricultural Department at Washington. It has been thought that in our wide range of territory there might be found a place for these curious but not very valuable sheep, of which there is not much known by the public, except among experts, of these animals, and some mistaken impressions are existing in regard to the enterprise. Sheep generally have a natural facility for laying fat on various parts of the body. Some gather it on their ribs, others on their viscera and others on the tail. This habit is natural to some kinds of the ox tribe, and other animals, as the beaver, which has an exceedingly large fat tail. One race of sheep found in Asia Minor, southern Asia, eastern Europe, Arabia and in Africa, have this fat tail enormously developed. When kept in houses and highly fed, the tail, fastened to a little cart for protection, reaches the weight of forty pounds. The fat is used in place of butter.—American Dairyman.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A tailor's goose—The Duke. Cuts a queer figure—The Chinese idol carver.

The way to nail a lie is to pin the man down to facts.—Union County Standard. A man is called a confirmed liar when nothing that he says is confirmed.—Boston Transcript.

Did any one ever see a woman who could look intelligent while talking to a baby?—Aitchison Globe. Don't speak lightly of the graduate: he knows a great deal that you have forgotten.—Elmira Gazette.

The badge of the delegate shows you who he is for, but it does not show you what he is after.—Dallas News. It is altogether useless to try to talk politics to the man who was married only a week ago.—Somerville Journal.

Friend—"My, you grind out jokes pretty fast." Humorist—"Past! You ought to see them come back."—Yankee Blade. After a woman passes a certain age she should just as soon get married on Friday as on any other day.—Aitchison Globe.

Farmer (to tattered tramp)—"Why don't you work for a living?" Tramp—"Because I have a dread of dying rich."—New York Journal. Patient (who has been in railroad collision, feebly)—"Doctor, can I recover?" Doctor—"What?" Patient—"Damages, of course."—Yankee Blade.

There are in some soils 43,560,000 mosquito larvae in an acre. It is always safe to count a mosquito's eggs before they are hatched.—New York Herald. When Johnny broke his rocking-horse in angry words his mother spoke; but Johnny's argument had force: "What good's a horse unless it's broke?"—Judge.

Tommy—"Does the High and Low R. R. pay, do you think?" Danly—"Oh, yes. I understand that the conductors on that road are amassing fortunes."—Yankee Blade. Coburger—"I haven't any change this morning; just chalk it up." Milkman—"That's too much to ask. I can't afford to waste my chalk that way."—Boston Transcript.

Billy the Beau—"Anything new in engagement rings?" Jeweler—"Yes; our new 'Seaside' plated goods are cheap and are warranted to outwear any summer resort engagement."—Jeweler's Weekly. Clara—"How well you looked on the street yesterday." Matt (generously flattered)—"Do you really think so? I am awfully glad." Clara—"Yes, you had on such a becoming veil."—Clook Review.

Mrs. Van Critter—"It strikes me, my dear, that flirting has become almost a science. It reminds me much of chess." Edith Theodora—"Yes, mamma, that's so. You can't get along without the men, you know."—Boston Budget. Employer—"We want a man who is willing to work and knows the city." Ragged the Tramp (otto voce)—"Well, I guess I ought to fit the bill. I know the city like a book, and I've been working it for the past two weeks."—Yankee Blade.

Magistrate—"You are charged, sir, with hitting the prosecuting witness, McFadden, with a brick. Guilty or not guilty?" Grogan—"Yes, yer honor, I wuz a very soft brick. Mather McFadden is a friend of mine."—Indianapolis Journal. Servant (delivering message)—"Mr. Triplett sends his compliments to Mr. Gazzam, with the request that he shoot his dog, which is a nuisance in the neighborhood." Gazzam—"Give Mr. Gazzam's compliments to Mr. Triplett, and ask him to kindly poison his daughter or burn up her piano."—Harper's Bazar.

According to Arago, the celebrated French physicist, there are three kinds of lightning, which he names lightning of the first, second and third classes. Lightning of the first class is known as fork lightning. That of the second class as sheet lightning, which has no definite form, but seems to be a great mass of light. It has not the intensity of lightning of the first class. When it occurs behind a cloud, it lights up its outline only. Occasionally it illuminates the entire body of clouds, and appears to come forth from the very heart of it. Sheet lightning is very much more frequent than fork lightning. Lightning of the third kind is called ball lightning. Ball lightning lasts for several seconds, and, in this respect, differs widely from lightning of the first and second classes, which are, in the strictest sense, momentary.—Detroit Free Press.