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FOREST REPUBLICAN.

VOL. XXVI. NO. 39. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JAN. 17, 1894. \$1.00 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00

The phrase in Chicago used to be "Before the fire." Now it is "Before the Fair."

A mile of hedge and ditch equals an acre of land. The amount of extra land that would be rendered available for crops, were all the hedges in the United Kingdom trimmed properly, would be equivalent to 600,000 acres.

It is apparent to the Toledo (Ohio) Commercial that the law must furnish more severe penalties for the crimes of train wrecking and train robberies.

Texas raises 1,200,000 bales of cotton, which yield nearly \$50,000,000. The cotton seed product exceeds 600,000 tons.

There is a cross-country stage line from Abbott Village, Me., on the Piscataquis River, to Bingham, on the Kennebec, the only intervening settlements being Kingsbury and Mayfield.

It appears, according to the registration report of Massachusetts, that nearly twice as many women as men in that State live to be over eighty years of age.

"Our neighbor on the south, Mexico, gives us a great deal more trouble," maintains the New York Sun, "than our neighbor on the north, Canada."

Among the 65,000,000 people in the United States, the Chicago Herald thinks there are probably not 500 outside of the locality who are aware that at the mouth of the Mississippi there is a little village built upon wooden piles standing far out into the water.

The New York Press has compiled from the census report a table showing the wages paid in 123 cities as reported by the census of 1890.

Table with columns: Name, Operatives, Wages Paid. Rows include Buffalo, Brooklyn, Boston, Baltimore, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit, Lowell, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Newark, New York City, Pittsburgh, Providence, Philadelphia, Rochester, San Francisco, Troy.

LADY BUTTON-EYES.

When the busy day is done And my weary little one Rockett gently to bed...

Through the murky mist and gloom To our quiet, cozy home, Where to singing, sweet and low, Books a rattle to and fro...

Cometh like a fleeting ghost From some distant eerie coast; Never foitfall can you hear As that spirit farth near...

Layeth she her hands upon My dear weary little one, And those white hands, overspread Like a veil the curly head...

Dearest, fast upon your brow That arresting magic now; For the crickets in the glen Chirp and chirp and chirp again...

Cometh Lady Button-Eyes! Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.

TWO PIECES OF SILVER.

BY LEWIS H. EDDY.

MUERTE a los gringos! Black Rosa's small, angular form shook with rage. Her face grew blacker than its natural hue...

"Get out of this!" one shouted. "We have had enough of you." "She's got plenty of money," cried another.

"Wears diamonds in the city," sneered a third. "Get out! No beggars allowed!" they all shouted.

"Muerite a los gringos!" repeated the woman, with a shriek which would have chilled the blood of men unaccustomed to her vicious ways.

Manager France, of the Bull Domingo, heard the disturbance between the miners and the miserable old woman as he came up the gulch.

"Here, my good woman," said he, "here are two silver dollars. You had better not stay around here."

"He'd a better be savin' them two dollars to help out the pay-roll of the Bull Domingo," remarked a saloon-keeper, who had been keeping a slate for nearly three months for the accommodation of workmen on that property.

"It's a woman as always breaks a sucker's heart" urged a miner. And then the crowd fell to discussing the material affairs of a camp, and for a time forgot the Mexican woman who occasionally came up from Durango on a begging expedition.

Senora Rosalina Ortiz once enjoyed a happy home in the City of Cortico, her birthplace. She had all the opportunities of education, both in Spanish and English, and in her early married life had traveled much.

The ill-treatment she had received at the hands and tongues of the miners at Rico had burned into her soul like a hot iron, though the wound was largely healed by the soft words and silver so kindly bestowed by John France.

over to be able to carry out her threat of death to all—save her own race—and equally incapacitated to insure the blessings which she had invoked, neither her curses nor her prayers were heeded.

"You see, they didn't put me on, Never seen a sheriff yet that thought a stage-driver had nerve enough to play his hand out in a game like that; an' I don't know but a feller would git a little bit rattled a-wonderin' how he a-goin' to come out at the end o' the game."

"You see that kid w't stole the handkercher done that fer a blind. His o' woman she put him on. She writes a note ter France 'n' tells the kid ter drop it in his pocket 'n' steal his handkercher or anything else he could git his hands on, 'n' then kinder loiter 'round so's to git caught."

"Going back to the mine in the morning," asked the clerk of the hotel a minute later, as France approached the desk and asked for writing material.

"Yes, sure!" "Stage leaves at 2 o'clock." "Well, call me a half-hour earlier, and don't, for your head, let me miss the stage. I must be at the mine tomorrow by all means."

"That inside passenger's w't knocked me cold. They puts the stage-agent onto the play 'n' he fixes up a straw man, 'n' calls a dummy 'n' 'n' he loads him into the stage so's to fool me 'n' the road-agents both."

"I reckon Black Rosa didn't know how near she was a-callin' the turn w'en she proscribed death for gringos. She didn't git the ones she was after in the first place, but I reckon the death of her o' man 'n' Pete Johnson suited her notions better, w'en she come to size up the job, fer they was both gringos—one was American 'n' t'other a Swede."

"They say them Mexicans has always got a gringo agin' somebody, but never remembers a kindness; but the way that play was made, it looks like o' Black Rosa didn't fergit John France's kind words to her w'en the miners was a joshin' her."

"Yes; peraps the two silver dollars did have somethin' to do with it—silver was a great power 'n' Colorado 'n' them days."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Swallowing a Pin. I have often looked with alarm at the amateur and professional dress-maker, who invariably makes a pin-cushion of her mouth, regardless of possible consequences, and in my ignorance I have wondered, "Now, if one of those pins lodged in that dress-maker's throat, how should I attempt to extricate it."

"Curious Anatomy of the Snake. The anatomy of the snake is peculiar, and has much to do with its peculiar motions. The ribs are loosely articulated with the vertebrae, and are movable. By bending the body in lateral curves, which is the only mode of motion, and not the vertical bending, as many think, the scales, which are attached to the ends of the ribs, are separated, and, by their free edges, take hold upon the ground.

Some Queer Lullabies. Such lines as those the Chinese mother chants over her infant: Sleep, my baby, sleep! Sleep, my baby, sleep! Put out your horns and then you're dead, And thy mamma will give thee mutton, For thou art doubly dear to me.

The Arab tawny treasure seems to be easiest seen to dreamland with the following bucolic verse: Sleep, my baby, sleep! Sleep, my baby, sleep! My little farmer boy, so bright, And the little Zulu goes to: Hush thee, my baby, Thy mother's o'er the mountains gone: These she will dig the little garden penon: And water she'll fetch from the river.

The ancient Romans had a number of lullabies. One began: Lullie, lullie, lullie, Aut dormi, aut lacta.

Scientific and Industrial. The gnat is provided with a regular set of lancets and cupping glass from which the air can be withdrawn.

Physiologists say that the gastric glands of the stomach of an adult human being number over 5,000,000.

At Great Falls, Montana, the mercury has been known to drop twenty-five degrees inside of five minutes.

Plants placed under blue glass will starve, because they cannot absorb carbonic acid from the atmosphere.

It is said that blue-eyed cats are always perfectly deaf, and that pure white ones are afflicted with the same infirmity.

Bertholomew, in his recent articles on the mapping of the world, claims that only one-eighth of the land surface of the globe may still be described as unexplored.

IT FEEDS ON CARPETS. THE TROUBLESOME "CARPET BEETLE" OR "BUFFALO BUG." First Discovered About Twenty Years Ago—The Pest Described—How It May Be Destroyed.

THE carpet beetle (Anthrenus scropularia) also known as the "buffalo bug," was, like almost every other noxious insect to be found in this country, introduced from Europe, and though it has hardly been in the country twenty years, has thoroughly made its home among us and has done incalculable damage.

Professor J. A. Lintner, the State entomologist, in one of his reports says that the insect was first discovered in 1874, and he found it in his own house at Schenectady in 1876. In describing the pest he writes: "The earliest beetles emerge in October and continue appearing during the fall, winter and spring months. They pair soon after appearance, and the female almost at once lays eggs in cracks of the floor and in nooks, so that during the next summer the carpet may be yet more eaten."

The beetle is quite small, smaller than would be ordinarily expected, considering the size of the larva—a being only about one-eighth of an inch long by one-twelfth of an inch broad. It is almost a perfect ellipse and its back and under surface are rounded. When turned upon its back it counterfeits death, with its legs so closely folded to the surface as scarcely to be seen, and in this state the ordinary observer might be at a loss to know the larver from the upper side.

It is a beautifully marked insect, in its contrasting colors of white, black and scarlet, arranged as follows: The edge of the wing-covers, where they meet on the back, is bordered with red, forming a center line. From this line three deep red projections from it outwardly—one on the middle of the back and one other toward each end. At the extreme tip of the wing-covers is a widening of the bordering line, making almost a fourth projection from it. The first projection near the head is connected with a white spot, running upward on the middle of the front border of the wing-cover. On the outer border of the wing-covers are three white spots, nearly opposite the red projections. The intermediate spaces are black. The segments of the body beneath are covered with pale red scales, and the thoracic region, which bears the legs, with whitish scales.

Professor W. Beutenmuller, entomologist at the Natural History museum, said a few days ago: "These insects have done considerable damage to carpets and rugs since the little pests were introduced here, twenty years ago. Those carpets, however, which are frequently taken up and slaken are little, if any, damaged, for they are no longer a comfortable dwelling place for this insect, which is of a secretive and retiring disposition."

"It seems probable that the pest was imported simultaneously by carpet dealers in New York and Boston, and thence shipped in goods to inland cities. Dr. R. Hagen, of Cambridge, in 1875, for instance, traced three-quarters of the infected carpets brought to his notice to a particular line of goods sold in a single establishment in Boston. At the present day this insect is one of the greatest household pests in the New England States. It destroys carpets and all woolen goods, while furs do not escape its attacks."

"The beetles fly to the windows and may often be caught upon the panes of glass; they are also captured out of doors upon flowers. The insect generally attacks the carpets around the borders of the room. The remedies are benzoline and naphthaline; but perhaps the best way to get rid of them is to lay a wet cloth over the carpet and iron with a hot flat-iron; the steam generated will certainly kill every larva it comes in contact with. Other remedies are camphor, pepper, tobacco, turpentine and carbolic acid."

Inquiry was made of one of the largest carpet dealers as to what he advised as the best way to destroy the pest. "Pest! My dear sir, we don't consider it a pest. In fact, the buffalo bug is one of our best consumers; but if people want to get rid of them, I can recommend the following: Take every piece of furniture out of the room and open every door and window; and if it is a windy day all the better. Take a stiff broom and sweep over the carpet with a strong hand, paying particular attention to the edges and those spots over which furniture has been resting. This done, say once a month, will effectually keep away the carpet bug."

It may be added that the name "buffalo bug" was not derived from the city of that name in this State, but was given to the insect years ago in California owing to its miniature resemblance to the now almost extinct animal. It had been probably brought to California from Europe by the Spaniards.—New York Tribune.

Youth and Old Age. "Why is it," asked an elderly gentleman who has been all over the world, "that a young man will insist upon having other people think he is a much older man than he really is, and an old man makes himself silly by trying to pose as a young man?" These are certainly two extremes, but if you have had any experience at all, you will recognize the fact that what I say is true. The boys will simulate maturity and the old men will try to appear young. Which is the most laughable?—Philadelphia Call.

About three hundred million feet of lumber are cut annually in Alabama.

WINTER'S MINSTREL. Beside my hearth, in genial glow of heat, I close my book of song and legend old To hear the ancient minstrel of the cold Recite his saga with the rhythmic beat.

Against the window-panes, of Boreal sheet. He came at set of sun across the world With chilly winds—his brothers, warrior-bold— That whirl late leaves out their last defeat And pond upon belated satire at sea.

He chants the dirge of Balder lying low, This minstrel hoar, the while I listen lean, Applaud his numbers, swelling sad and free, Then turn once more unto my book and grow Oblivious, wandering through some meadow green. —Chicago Record.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. "All broke up"—The World's Fair. Pastimes—"The middle-ages.—Truth. Lovers' quarrels should be soft snaps.—Elmira Gazette.

Debt makes a man look as useless as the letter B in the word—Hello. The messenger boy is wedded to his idles.—Glens Falls Republican.

"This is the lap of luxury," remarked the kitten as she came across a bowl of cream. The astronomer's business, in spite of the dull times, is looking up.—Lowell Courier.

In the shoemaking business the first is the last and the last first.—Rochester Democrat. Since swells fight shy of politics, It must continue bad, Until, by one of fashion's tricks, It gets to be a fad. —Washington Star.

Nell—"Miss Passo hasn't a very beautiful form, has she?" Belle—"No, but she makes up for it."—Philadelphia Record. When you loan a man \$10 you are apt to learn that it is no easy thing to "pursue the even tenor."—Glens Falls Republican.

Buy your mushrooms only from your botanist, and be sure that your botanist understands his botany.—Philadelphia Ledger. "The sentence is that ye be hanged," said a Welsh Judge to a poor criminal, "and I hope it may prove a warning to you."—London Tit-Bits. He may be called an honest man As one could wish to behold, But if you'll notice you surely will find He's not above taking cold. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Spinster—"Those jokes on the age of woman are so tiresome." The Debutante—"Yes, I understand how you feel about them."—New York Herald. "You ought to be very proud of your wife. She is a brilliant talker." "You're right there." "Why, I could listen to her all night." "I often do."—Texas Sittings. Professor of Logic—"I put my hat down in the room; I cannot see it anywhere; there has been nobody in besides myself; ergo, I am sitting on it!"—El Nervion. Father—"Is that young girl you're going to marry economical?" Son (enthusiastically)—"I should say so! Why, last year she spent \$2500 in bargains!"—Chicago Record. Customer—"Have you a copy of 'Fifteen Decisive Battles'?" Book-seller—"No, sir; we are sold out. But we can give you 'Reflections of a Married Man.'"—Tit-Bits. Coding—"Why did you speak to that hoard twamp, dear boy?" Softly—"Why shouldn't I, old chappie? He isn't in twade and he doesn't work faw a living."—Boston Globe. "It's wonderful," remarked the editor, "how proud a man acts when he is going to have his picture published and how humble he is after it has happened."—Washington Star. Love had a million tender ways For smiles and for scholars, And yet for love some have no praise Without a million dollars. —Detroit Free Press. "I tell you that idleness don't pay. The surest way for a person to get ahead is to keep moving." "Gee, you're right. That's the way four or five tenants got ahead of me last week."—Buffalo Courier. It is useless to tell a boy who has determined to become a barber that he must "begin at the foot," and it is equally a waste of time to say to a boy who intends to be a chiropractor that he will reach head some day.—Harper's Bazar. Mr. Jones—"So you are the new servant my wife has hired. I suppose you had good references?" My Servant—"Yes, indeed. I was in my last place three years and they gave me a time allowance of nine months for good behavior."—Texas Sittings. Chief Miller—"Say, Sleuthpug, did you catch that thief?" Detective Sleuthpug—"No, sir." Chief Miller—"Well, why didn't you catch him?" Detective Sleuthpug—"I don't know, Chief, unless it's because I've just been vaccinated."—Philadelphia Record. Largest Range Light in the World. The Lighthouse Board will shortly begin the construction of the largest range light in the world on the present site of the Waukegan Beacon, just east of Sandy Hook. The lens, which was an exhibition at the Columbian Exposition, is six feet high and three feet in diameter. The lens cost \$12,000, and is of the best French make. When placed on exhibition a small light was put behind it, but the rays were so powerful that it had to be removed and shown without a light. The light from the new beacon will be equal to that of a search light. The light is a very important one, as it is used by mariners entering the main ship channel after rounding Sandy Hook bound in.—Scientific American.