

Even little Belgium spends every year \$9,000,000 on her army.

Ohio produces fully one-half of the total quantity of iron and steel roofing sold in the United States.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat states that the horse property of Australia is more valuable, compared with population, than in Europe.

"It is somewhat of a joke," thinks the Chicago Times, "for bankrupt Spain to talk of building a navy big and powerful enough to stand any show besides those of England or Russia."

The total value of the crops of the United States during 1892 is estimated at \$3,000,000,000, of which the largest item is \$750,000,000 worth of hay.

A consignment of about thirty stallions, broodmares and some trotters for road and campaigning have just been sent abroad, notes the New York World.

Owing to the ruthless manner in which orchid hunters and other Europeans have devastated the fauna and flora of the domains of Sarawak, Rajah Brooke has decided to prohibit the collecting of natural history specimens within his territories.

Sixty per cent. of the Hungarians, more than half of the Italians, thirty-five per cent. of the Austrians and Bohemians, twenty per cent. of the British, eighteen per cent. of the Irish and ten per cent. of the Scandinavians who came to the United States between 1850 and 1890 returned to their native lands in the decade.

In spite of the substantial nature of the buildings of London fires in the great metropolis are not infrequent, observes the San Francisco Chronicle.

The early and deep snows in the mountains of the Northwest are causing a wholesale slaughter of deer.

A French engineer named Bozin comes to the fore with a scheme for a steamer on rollers or drums.

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SERVICE AND SONG.

"I am worn with work and watching; My home is humble and lone; Why lift up my voice in singing For no human heart but my own?"

Her notes stirred a passing poet; He sang to a mighty host And the world is glad and better For the music she counted lost!

-G. T. Packard, in Youth's Companion.

SAVED BY A SNOW-SLIDE.

ADDLER-HOSS Pete's record in the mining-camps of the San Juan District was as unsavory as his crouching form was mighty and his horse voice disagreeable.

His brain was quick though his physical movements were slow, and he was strong as a bear.

When Parson Tom had finished and was about to say good-night, Paymaster Bill arose and reminded his companions that on the night the parson had called on them, it had been proposed that a fund be started toward building a church.

There was not a dissenting voice, though the amount of gold and silver dropped in the parson's pretty buckskin bag was not so large as it might have been had the parson not "lost his first winnig."

Parson Tom knew not how long he had lain there, and, despite the warmer temperature, he was numb with cold when he crawled into his cabin.

Rebuilding the fire, the parson sat down and tried to think—tried to think where he had heard that voice before it demanded his money.

"He plays it well," sneered Big Frank; that's a pretty good make-up you've got on yer face.

"Hold on ther'!" cried Paymaster Bill; "this is twice yer say yer bin robbed in this camp.

Parson Tom stood as still as death. He could not speak.

had been so kind to him would be guilty of robbery. And yet the money was gone.

When he met Paymaster Bill on the following morning, he mentioned his loss. Bill was astonished.

"The story of the loss of Parson Tom's money was told about the camp, and, while it was a mystery to some, the more irreverent smiled and said they guessed the parson was excited, and it would turn up all right in time.

"Gentlemen, I see no hope of establishing my innocence; but still maintain it. That nugget of gold must have been dropped by the robber in our struggle in the cabin.

"The parson has lied," coolly remarked Big Frank, whose faith in the preacher sort had never been strong.

Quickly the preparations for the execution were made. Two barrels, each of which supported an end of a broad plank, placed under the stum limb of a great tree, formed the scaffold.

Standing there upon that plank, with the death rope around his neck, Parson Tom's memory returned.

"Quick!" shouted Big Frank, who was leader.

"Oh, no!" they said, "that can't be. He was drove out, an' he's not likely to show his head anywheres 'roun' this camp."

"Pray then!" shouted the leader. Parson Tom stood erect with bowed head.

"An' ther's another thing ye've got ter prove," continued Bill, as he saw the parson would not reply; "ye've got ter prove that ye didn't rob some other parties besides yerself.

There he stood as dumb as though he had been born without speech, while Paymaster Bill demanded that he prove his innocence, and the crowd, led on by Big Frank, sneered at and reviled the accused.

Swift as a meteor it came, and, like the bursting of a thunderbolt, had spent its wrath; and its dreadful harvest lay scattered far and wide, like dead and wounded soldiers on a battle-field.

And when the sky had cleared there lay, at the feet of them who held it life within their grasp, a dead and frozen human form.

Two hundred and eighteen thousand tons of phosphate have been mined in South Carolina during 1893.

P. Silvert, of Dohlen, Saxony, proposes the manufacture of glass pipes by rolling down molten glass in grooves or flutes, and using a core to complete the formation of the pipe or tube.

The highest pressure used to drive a water wheel is claimed by a valley near Grenoble, France, where a turbine ten feet in diameter has been operated since 1875 with a head of 1638 feet.

On French canals some boats have apparatus by means of which they pull themselves along, drawing in (and discharging behind) a chain cable that lies along the bottom of the canal.

Thousands of photographs of lightning have been secured during the last few years, but until last month there was no known record, made in this way, of the globular form of lightning.

Under the Tibetan system of polyandry, as observed by Mrs. Bishop (Isabella Bird), the eldest son alone of the family marries, and the wife accepts the brothers of her husband as secondary spouses.

Deacon Ironside (after the service) "Elder, I got in a little late this morning, but I don't think you had any right to take it out of me in your sermon."

"Get back at me, ain't that what you did? I hadn't hardly got inside the door when I heard you say: 'And now comes the worst of them all, the chief rebel against the government of heaven.'"

It is often remarked that a man accustomed to travel can get on pretty well if he will keep his eyes and ears open. A native of Ireland landed at Greenock and wanted to take the train for Glasgow.

Her ticket was duly handed to her and she walked away. But promptly plunked down his money and shouted: "Patrick Murphy, married!"

ODD LAPSE OF MEMORY.

CASE OF A FARMER WHO THINKS WITH ONE BRAIN HEMISPHERE.

Operation of Trephining Performed on the Skull Results in a Queer State of Affairs.

A MOST remarkable medical case has originated at Keokuk, Iowa, which is giving physicians something to study about.

The strongest timber is said to be that known as "bilian," or Borneo ironwood, whose breaking strain is 1.52 times that of English oak.

The Yale Medical School has received a new respiration apparatus, an invention of Professor Vort, of Germany.

When told that he was in a hospital his amazement was something surprising. He wanted to know how he got there, why he was there, and in reply to the explanations of the attendants seemed more dumfounded than ever.

"Do you remember all those epileptic fits?" asked the surgeon.

"I never had but two," replied Turnbull, "and they were in September, 1892. Have you told my wife of this?"

"My God, is she dead?" exclaimed the poor man. When assured that his wife was alive he exclaimed: "But something might have happened worse than death!"

Money in a Rabbit Ranch. It is not generally known that a rabbit ranch exists near South Bend on what promises to be quite an extensive scale.

Following Her Example. It is often remarked that a man accustomed to travel can get on pretty well if he will keep his eyes and ears open.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

VIRTUE.

Sweet day—so cool, so calm, so bright The bridal of the earth and sky; The dew shall weep thy fall to-night, For thou must die!

Sweet rose—whose hue angry and brave; This rash and girlish woe thy eye; Thy root is ever in its grave, And thou must die!

Sweet spring—full of sweet days and roses, A box where sweets compacted lie; My music shows ye have your closes, And all must die!

Only a sweet and virtuous soul, Like seasoned timber, never gives; But through the world's worst turn to coal, Then chiefly lives. —George Herbert.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Fast colors—The regimental flag in a cavalry charge.—Lowell Corrier.

A small soul has plenty of elbow room in a narrow-minded man.—Texas Sittings.

When a real-estate agent begins to go down hill he loses ground very fast.—Texas Sittings.

A man can talk himself out of a job easier than he can talk himself into one.—Athenian Globe.

A baby always helps to make home happy—particularly when the baby is asleep.—Texas Sittings.

Professor A.—"Whom do you regard as the greatest linguist of the age?" Professor B.—"Mrs. B."—Tit-Bits.

Hicks—"Your heart goes out in sympathy for the poor?" Wicks—"Yes, but it sounds like rank egotism to say it."

The new fad, pedestly, or the telling of your fortune by your feet, is getting science down pretty low.—Hartford Journal.

Many a chap thinks himself browbeaten when he is only beaten by the gray matter behind the other fellow's brow.—Puck.

Cheeky—"Baw Jove, Cholly, I wish I knew some polite and easy way to put off duns." Stripes—"Just pay 'em."—Harper's Bazar.

He—"I want to marry a woman who I know knows more than I do." She—"Well, if she is wise she will never let you know it."—Detroit Free Press.

Chappie—"I—aw—beast that the football playah cut you out with Miss Daisy." Cholly (shuddering)—"Cut me out! He threw me out!"—New York Press.

The Youth—"Does a man ever get too old to take any interest in life?" The Sage—"Oh, yes. But he generally recovers by the time he is twenty-five."—Indianapolis Journal.

"My! I understand Alice, 'the Mr. Jones that Aunt Clara knows must be an awfully small man. Aunt Clara says that his wife keeps him under her thumb.'"—Philadelphia Times.

"Is there any chance for a man to rise in this community?" asked the stranger. "There is, sir," replied the old inhabitant. "Lynched three this morning by daylight."—Atlanta Constitution.

Dinwiddie—"Bookkeepers and sleight-of-hand performers have much in common." Van Braum—"How so?" Dinwiddie—"They both flourish in the ledger domain."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

"It's queer about Jayrink never taking his wife out into society any more." "Well, no it isn't; his doctor told him he should not take anything that disagreed with him."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Wife—"I want to talk with you about some things we need for the house." Husband—"What are they?" Wife—"Well, to begin with dear, don't you think we need a new bonnet?"—Tit-Bits.

Artist—"I painted this picture, sir, to keep the wolf from the door." Dealer (after inspecting it)—"Well, hang it on the knob where the wolf can see it, and he'll skip quick enough."—Detroit Free Press.

"And what is that a photograph of?" she asked of the young man who was exhibiting his collection of instantaneous pictures. "Of a football game." "Dear me! I thought it was a lot of musicians having a quarrel."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Dobson—"Bridget told me she saw Mr. and Mrs. Hobson going to church this morning. I wonder what the matter." Mr. Dobson—"Why, either Mr. Hobson has had another attack of his heart trouble or Mrs. Hobson has a new hat."—Puck.

"There goes Judge Solken," said Meandering Mike. "An old acquaintance of yours, I s'pose," rejoined Plodding Pete, sarcastically. "Oh, were just on speakin' terms. I know him well enough to say 'not guilty to 'im onet in a while.'"—Washington Star.

Domestic (trembling)—"Oh, please, I hear burglars in the house." Mrs. Blinks (reassuringly)—"Most likely it's Mr. Blinks just in from the club." Domestic (positively)—"No, mum, it's burglars. They haven't stabled against anything at all!"—New York Weekly.

"Can you let me have five dollars? I left all my money at home and I haven't a cent with me," said Johnnie Fawcetts to his friend, Hosteter McGinnis. "Sorry I can't lend ye five dollars. But here is a nickel car-fare. You can ride home and get your money," replied Hostetter.—Texas Sittings.

"I am a poet," said the young man, resolutely. "Indeed!" replied the kind-hearted, but absent-minded, editor. "Yes, and I came to see if you will not give me a trial." "Dear, dear! My good fellow, I wouldn't dother about a trial. I'd just plodd guilty and take my chances."—Washington Post.