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The number of emigrants from Great Britain and Ireland decreased very largely last year.

"Home in its palmiest days knew nothing of buckwheat cakes or codfish balls," exclaims the Detroit Free Press.

The Hartford Journal man sagely remarks that people who think every one ought to be perfect should remember that even the sun has spots on it.

There are seven colleges in the United States which maintain daily newspapers, namely: Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Brown, Cornell, the University of Pennsylvania and the University of California.

The insurance statistics of England show that in case of the deaths of husband and wife, if the wife dies first, the husband survives nine years, while if the husband is the first to die, the widow lives for eleven years longer.

Puck turns philosopher: "Temporary insanity is the excuse for a good many things; but what excuse can be given for temporary insanity? Has any one ever heard of this madness causing the doing of a good action?"

The English Home Secretary has refused to allow Mrs. Maybrick, the American woman who is alleged to have poisoned her husband, to be subjected to a hypnotic test in order to discover whether she is guilty or innocent.

George W. Childs, the great philanthropist, once said that the best investment he ever made was sending an overworked employe on a two-months' trip to Europe and paying his expenses. Said he: "He could do twice as much work when he came back, you see."

Southwest Louisiana is one of the best sheep countries in the world, maintains the Courier-Journal. Sheep live all the year on the range, and there are no wild animals that prey upon them.

Secretary Lamont estimates the militia strength of the country at one-eighth the total of population, and thinks that in case of need the United States could take the field with an army larger than that of any civilized nation of the world.

The New York Tribune, in commenting on the recent aggravated case of crime at Cornell University, asserts that college ruffianism is dying out, and that a better feeling prevails among college students generally now than in former days.

Southwestern North Carolina shelters the most important and prosperous band of Indians in the East. They are Cherokees, and the band is an incorporated company. Their whole number is a little over 1500, and they inhabit a beautiful mountain region.

Several wealthy New Yorkers have spent a great deal of money in the improvement of Jekyll Island, off the coast of Georgia, and now it is one of the finest winter retreats in the country.

George Blestein, publisher of the Buffalo Courier, describes it as follows: "Nature did much to make Jekyll a thing of beauty, and man and money have made it a joy forever."

At once I understood our robbery. The burglar had been in the trunk when it came, he had passed the night, save when he was making the round of the house, in my room when I was alone; then with his valuable plunder he had been shipped away in his queer hiding place.

LIFE AND LOVE. Life has hurried Love away, As though he never knew its birth. Love holds no lasting beauty here, Upon this solemn earth.

Love, the bodeman, came on hour To sport above the web of things; Life, the master, went his way— Crushed are the bird wings.

—Melville Upton, in Scribner.

OUR INVISIBLE GUEST.

BY H. C. DODGE.

I was spending a pleasant evening in the parlor of my father's handsome country home when the front door-bell rang and started us all into guessing who our visitor might be.

In spite of my blushing attempt to ridicule the idea it was pretty well settled by the youngest members of our family, at least that our caller would prove to be a young man and neighbor supposed to be deeply in love with me, when our dainty waiting-maid announced a messenger with a telegram.

Of course that unusual event in our rural and sometimes too quiet existence, caused a little commotion, and, as the dispatch was addressed to me, I was watched with curious eyes while I opened the envelope and read its contents.

"Will start to-morrow to visit you," it said; "have sent trunk to-day," signed, "Mary Norton." She was my very dearest girl friend on earth and had long promised to visit me.

The next afternoon the expressman brought the expected trunk. I had it taken upstairs and placed in my room, for I insisted that my best friend should share my lovely, sunny bed-chamber and not be poked away in the cold apartment reserved for ordinary guests.

After some trouble and complaining, for the trunk was unusually large and heavy, the expressman, helped by our gardener, carried it up and set it against the foot of my bed, there to wait for its beloved owner.

As I have mentioned, our house and grounds were large and handsome, for my father, being rich, prided himself on maintaining a home befitting a country gentleman. We also possessed much jewelry and other rare treasures, and, for fear of robbers, our house was well protected without by dogs and within by bolts and bars and electric alarms at each door and window.

In addition we all had large dinner-bells by our bedsides to ring furiously in case of necessity, and the male portion of the family had no end of guns and heavy pistols.

Consequently, on the following morning when we discovered that we had been robbed during the night, we were frightened and shocked beyond measure.

Almost every room had been entered and nearly all our jewelry was gone. Even watches from under pillows and pocketbooks from father's and brother's trousers had been taken.

And most puzzling and alarming of all was the fact that not the slightest sign of breaking in or out could be found at a single door or window. The electric contrivances were all undisturbed.

Who could have done the robbery? We couldn't suspect our servants of any share in the crime, for long years of faithful duty proved the contrary. If a burglar had secreted himself in the house before closing time, which seemed probable, how could he have gotten out and left no trace? The more we tried to solve the riddle the more mysterious it became to us, though the village constable, hastily sent for, said he'd soon have a theory to work on.

The expressman, whom we found to be honest and unsuspecting in the matter, had given it to the railroad which, on telegraphic orders, had forwarded it to an adjacent city. There it was called for and taken away by a drayman who likely was an accomplice of the burglar, for no one at the station knew him and nothing further could be learned regarding the trunk, at least for the time being.

Now comes the strangest and almost incredible part of my story. Some months after our robbery I was on a week's visit at my uncle's house in a distant town. Like my father's, it was spacious, and showed evidence of the wealth it contained.

One evening after supper and while we were all gathered in the parlor a telegram was brought in and handed to my Cousin Alice. Of course my detective curiosity was aroused at the similarity of the event and when it turned out to be almost identical in its reading with the one sent to me the night before our burglary, I instantly knew what was coming.

So did the rest, for they, as you may guess, were not ignorant of the affair. For some moments we gazed at each other in speechless astonishment. Then Uncle John, bound to joke, no matter what happened, asked me with mock seriousness if I would like the expected trunk sent in my room, which, being the guest chamber, was the right place for it.

My look of terror made him smile in spite of his straight face. "Not No!" I gasped. "I should die at the sight of it. Oh, Uncle John, do send for the police at once. I'm sure we'll all be murdered in our sleep."

"Yes, but we want to trap your burglar friend," he laughed, "and maybe recover your jewels. However, if you are so unshippable, perhaps Alice will take the stranger in."

But Alice, with a face more scared than mine, declared positively that she wouldn't. "Well, then, I will do the honors," said Uncle, glancing mischievously at his frightened wife.

"Join! you shall do no such thing," spoke up Auntie, with a trembling voice. "I'll have the trunk thrown down the well as soon as it arrives. No burglar, dead or alive, comes into my room. The idea!"

Finally we settled down to business and fixed on a plan to catch the coming burglar red-handed and without any danger to ourselves. Early next morning I moved from the guest's chamber to my room with cousin Alice. Then my deserted apartment had its windows securely barred, so that our expected guest could not escape through them should he feel so inclined, and its door was fixed to be strongly bolted from outside, in the hall. Some old watches and jewelry of small value were carelessly left on the dressing case to tempt the rascal and keep him in innocence of our crafty scheme.

Several well-armed men were to be stationed quietly in and about the house, to do whatever fighting might be necessary, though our plan was to let the burglar rest in fancied peace, if possible. Then, after his departure in the trunk, we were to follow and capture his pals in the city, and so recover the previously stolen articles.

'Tis needless to mention our excitement of waiting all the next day for the trunk, or our scarcely concealed agitation when, toward evening, it arrived. Uncle John himself, loudly proclaiming his gladness at the pleasure of the visit it promised, helped the unsuspecting expressman up the broad staircase and carefully left it in the guest chamber, right side up and where it could be observed from the hall by peeping through the key-hole of the well-fastened door.

Before dark I mustered courage enough to steal in stocking feet to the key-hole and peep in. Yes, the trunk was the very one I had entertained and even sat on in my room at home, with never a thought of its horrid occupant. Ugh! The sight of it sent chills through me and aroused a feeling on my scalp, as if my hair was trying to erect itself. Hastily I ran away from that worse than Blue Bird chamber, and never stopped shivering till supper was over.

You may imagine no eyes were closed in the house that night. The men guarding the hall heard the knob of the prison-room door softly tried, but, of course, it didn't open, which was lucky for the rascal within.

At last daylight came and relieved us of some of our awful suspense. After breakfast Uncle John noiselessly unbolted the door and, carelessly humming a tune and concealing a handy weapon, entered the room. The trunk stood just as it was left the evening before. But the jewelry and stuff had disappeared from the dressing-case.

When brave Uncle John returned to us to report his eyes gone with a hunter's delight. His game was trapped and ready to be bagged when the time came. Just before dinner the other telegram, almost a duplicate of mine, arrived, and after it the expressman for the trunk. Again Uncle and the still unsuspecting man lifted the burglar's receptacle and placed it on the wagon to go to the railroad station.

When the trunk was placed in the baggage part of the smoking car its owner got on board and took his seat among the smokers. As innocent as a babe I plumped down beside him and in a right friendly way offered him a cigar, which, like a gentleman, he accepted. Then, puffing our cigars together as chummy as you please, we soon got acquainted and had a truly delightful chat—principally about the weather, though, for the fellow was mighty careful to avoid other topics.

"When we reached New York I found it necessary to attend to some business, which concerned him rather more than he thought, so shaking hands 'good-bye,' and expressing a hope to become better acquainted, I left him watched by my town constables while I sought my smarter city detectives and put them 'onto him.'"

"His drayman was on hand waiting near the baggage-room. As soon as he got the trunk on his cart and drove off a ways my smoking friend was neatly 'collared and cuffed' and marched in an opposite direction by a certain policeman. Then the detectives and my self took a cab and started after the trunk.

"Through streets becoming dirtier and wickeder we followed, without attracting suspicion from the drayman, until he stopped before an apparently unoccupied house and prepared to unload. Ere he could do so one detective jumped on his cart, and without speaking started his horse ahead again. The other, aided by me, grabbed the fellow and prevented him from making an outcry to alarm his pal in the trunk. Immediately several policemen who I didn't know were following behind suddenly appeared and burst into the house which turned out to be a 'house' for the thieves.

"Leaving our surprised drayman in charge of some of the officers we seated ourselves in the cab and again followed the trunk to a police station-house, into which it was carried and placed in front of the captain's desk on the floor.

"Then silently we awaited results. It was dusk, and as no lights were yet burning to let our game see where he was we rightly supposed he would think himself safe at home and act accordingly. Prepared to turn on the gas full blaze when he did so, we soon anxious minutes it seemed lifeless. Then we heard a movement inside, heard a bolt drawn and saw the lid slowly rise and a head cautiously appear. Up went the gas and over went the trunk's lid, pulled by an armed officer. At first the head, or its face rather, wore a happy, triumphant, broad grin; then as things didn't look familiar its eyes opened wider in an effort to understand matters, while the grin faded away like a rainbow. Then, as the facts of the case forced themselves on the burglar's startled brain the poor fellow's hair straightened, his eyes bulged out like a lobster's and the astonishment and terror depicted on his youthful, but evil features beted acting all hollow.

"Come out of that, you scamp!" shouted the police captain as soon as he could talk for laughing, "and give an account of yourself. What's the name of this particular racket anyhow?"

"The burglar tried to laugh also, but it was a dismal failure. 'Oh, that's all right,' he grinned, 'I took yez for the conductor. That's why I was scared. Yer see, I've been beating the railroad, boss. Taint every chap kin git ahead of old Vanderbilt and Chauncey De-peo. But don't tell 'em, kers they'll be a-opening all the trunks on the line and the wimmin might object. He, ha, ha! Say, purty slick trick, wasn't it?"

"The burglar's bluff was good, but it didn't work for a cent. "What yer doing with those watches in the trunk?" asked a policeman as he fished them out after the fellow had painfully managed to crawl out himself.

"Seein' if the road runs on time, boss. The blamed train was ten minutes late and I'm goin' to report it. Say, yer hain't got a swaller of whisky yer could lend a tired traveler, hey? Couldn't get at the water cooler, yer know."

"Well, you'll have no trouble getting at the 'cooler' now. Lock him up, Sergeant. We'll give him another free trip to-morrow."

"Off to the cell they took the wretch, and then we examined his trunk. It was padded inside so that being tossed about by baggage-smashers couldn't hurt. There were pockets made to button in the lining, but only a couple were filled with his plunder. Some empty flasks and crumbs of food were found. In the bottom and sides were ventilating and peepholes. A man might live a week in that trunk, I think, if his provisions held out.

In a week or so I received a notice to appear in a New York court to give my testimony and identify the things stolen at my own home, most of which we recovered. I saw the trunk again, and its occupant, but I guess he knew me better than I did him.—Detroit Free Press.

HEADS GROW TILL SIXTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE

"Head's grown, sir," observed my hatter one day to me, manipulating the interior of my topper with a foot rule; and when I indignantly disclaimed the soft impeachment he added: "All my customers' heads grow, sir, up to sixty-five, excepting the ecclesiastical gents, and theirs don't grow after twenty-five." Here, in doubtless, lies the reason why clerical headgear is so characteristic of the man beneath, for never was a greater fallacy than the adage that it is not the comb that makes the monk.—London Globe.

THE WANDERING KIRGHISE

PICTURESQUE NOMADS OF THE STEPPES OF ASIA.

The MILKING HOUR is their chief amusement—Marriage an Important Affair—A Bride's Dress.

THE Kirghese are a nomadic tribe, living in the steppes of Asia, north of the Caspian Sea, and among the enormous and picturesque tribes of that wild and barbaric country, for the reason that they make no pretense to civilization, yet live in comparative comfort, with the same primitive customs which their ancestors maintained before them.

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

A shorthand typewriter is the latest invention.

On a warm day sound travels at the rate of 775 miles an hour.

More people have died from colds than were ever killed in battle.

The speed of the newest rapid-fire gun is at the rate of 1968 miles an hour.

Every pontoon used in the French Army weighs 1658 pounds and has a buoyancy of 18,675 pounds.

The hottest place in the United States last summer was Bagdad, Arizona, where the mercury often reached 140 degrees in the shade.

A gas well with a pressure of over 4,000,000 feet near West Muncie, Ind., is on fire, and all efforts to check the flames have so far proved futile.

Experiments with aluminum at the Navy Department render it likely that it will form an important part in the construction of light craft hereafter.

Piscatorial authorities say that, were it not for the natural enemies of fish, the codfish would fill all the available space in the seas, rivers and oceans.

A tiny electric light fastened to the end of a pencil is a recent invention to enable reporters to make notes in darkness, and find the key hole when they reach home.

Our nickel five cent piece gives a key to the intricacies of the metric system, as it weighs exactly five grammes, and it is exactly two centimetres in diameter.

Two physicians have arrived at the conclusion that most persons struck by lightning and to all appearances dead could be recalled to life by applying the method of artificial respiration in use for resuscitating the drowned.

Professor Langley demonstrates that if a body of coal sufficiently large to last the United States a thousand years should be set on fire, the heat given forth from it would not equal that which the sun gives out in the thousandth part of a second.

The interior of Greenland is estimated to be covered with a shield-shaped cap of snow, and is not less than 5000 feet, or one mile in thickness. In winter this mighty shield becomes something that paralyzes the imagination and burrows the box where the printer keeps his zero sign.

The English Government report of an investigation into the influenza epidemic of the last four years, regards the proof of the contagiousness of the disease from person to person as overwhelming, and denies that it is transported through the atmosphere; another warning of the folly of unnecessary contact with the sick, or contact without precautions; an eminent laryngologist attributes the contagiousness to the breath.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Lookin' on the bright side-- That's the way to go--

Set you it's the right side-- Summer-time or snow!

Nuthin' much in grievin'-- It's a man in the groove--

Keeps you a believer-- Makes the mountains move!

Clouds is got a light side-- All the bells 't chime--

Lookin' on the bright side Gits there every time!

—Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Poencemakers and fools carry cracked heads.

A lie never stops to put on its hat. —Ram's Horn.

It is not what one knows, but how one tells it, that determines one's ability.

You can always tickle a girl with a feather, if it happens to be an ostrich feather. —Puck.

There is not faith enough in this world to go around and never was. —Galveston News.

The woman who is vain of her beauty is as wise as the man who is vain of his brains. —Puck.

The man who is "always on the go," generally doesn't know how to stop when he gets there. —Puck.

When a girl goes visiting she returns home as soon as she has worn all her dresses. —Athenian Globe.

Many a man who would like to reform the world has a front gate that won't stay shut. —Ram's Horn.

Borrows— "Have you any spare funds? Lendeds (curly)— "My funds are all spare." —Chicago Record.

"Nothing succeeds like distress," remarked the beggar, as he counted his coin at the end of the day. —Fun.

Little grains of wisdom, Little bits of sense, Have a way of making Cupid less intense. —Detroit Free Press.

The battleship does well enough at long range, but when she comes on a reef, then comes the tug. —Boston Transcript.

A good many boys have turned out badly, because they had fathers who made them work with a dull hoe. —Ram's Horn.

"There's a lesson to be learned from the pin, my son. It is given a head that it may not go too far." —Boston Transcript.

The man who discovered that the darkest hour is just before the dawn, must have been making a night of it. —Philadelphia Life.

Teacher— "In the sentence, 'Time is money, can you parse money?'" Scholar— "Yes'm, if it's good money." —Detroit Free Press.

Polite Gentleman (in street car)— "Take my seat, madame." Lady— "Never mind, thank you. I get out here, too." —New York Weekly.

That woman the weighty countess is a full man— a doubt he hath, Who feels the woeful contents of The vials of her wrath. —Puck.

In Iceland whistling is regarded as a violation of the divine law. In most countries, however, it is regarded only as a confounded nuisance. —Boston Transcript.

Critics— "I'd be ashamed to write such stuff as you write." Authors— "Of course, you would. Everybody would say it was plagiarized." —Chicago Record.

Missie— "Don't you think our modern styles are just horrid? I do." Mamma— "Is that the reason you are still wearing your last year's bonnet?" —Indianapolis Journal.

The era of excessive and cruel punishment has not yet wholly passed away. A Socialist agitator was sentenced to hard labor in Germany the other day. —Courier-Journal.

Westerly— "I tell you there's electricity in the air out West. You can't get the Chicago atmosphere in New York." Hudson— "Yes, you can. Walk just behind a garbage cart." —Kate Field's Washington.

Mrs. Van Asthelt— "I suppose you take a lively interest in the politics of your country, Lord Saxnorme?" Lord Saxnorme (with pride)— "Oh, dear, no. I'm a member of the House of Lords, y' know." —Chicago Record.

Clara— "Going in for charity again, are you? What is it this time?" Dora— "We are going to distribute cheap copies of Beethoven's symphonies among the poor. Music is such an aid to digestion, you know." —New York Weekly.

Master (examining pupils in geography)— "What is the name of this town?" Pupil— "Birmingham." Master— "What is it noted for?" Pupil— "Firearms." Master— "What are firearms?" Pupil— "Poker, shovel and tongs." —Tit-Bits.

Restful Rags— "What's become of Pete?" Weary William (stinking his head)— "Don't ask me, Ragsy. He's gone to the bad." Restful Rags— "In jail, eh?" Weary William— "Worse than that! He's workin' regular in a factory." —Kate Field's Washington.

First Young Lady— "Do you always buy two kinds of paper?" Second Young Lady— "Always. You see, when I write to Charlie I use red paper; that means love. When I answer Jim's letters I use blue paper, which means 'faithful unto death.'" —Brooklyn Life.

Auntie— "Does your new doll show its eyes?" Little Ethel— "Yes'm, but she is the most wretched child I ever saw." She doesn't shut her eyes when I lay her down, as she ought to. The only way to make her go to sleep is to stand her on her head and shake her." —Good News.