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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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The blarney stone at the World's Fair was a sham rock, according to the Rochester Post-Express.

The production of cotton yarns in Japan has increased from 1,000,000 pounds in 1888 to 64,000,000 in 1892.

Three-fourths of the earth's surface is unfit for cultivation on account of mountain ranges, deserts, swamps and barren ground.

The cost of the world's wars since the Crimean war has been \$13,265,000,000, or enough to give a \$10 gold piece to every man, woman and child on the globe.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, the expert on insanity, seems to be veering round to the idea that suicide is an epidemic and that mental contagion is as possible as physical.

Something like \$100,000,000 is now invested in cotton mills in the South, as compared with \$31,000,000 in 1890 and \$22,000,000 in 1880.

President Eliot, of Harvard, says that there is scarcely a single subject taught nowadays in the same way it was taught thirty years ago and that even law, the most conservative of studies, is now treated in an entirely different method from that which prevailed in former years.

Some queer stories are told by the Chicago Herald about the United States cruiser Charleston. The plans were purchased in England and now it turns out that they were a very sorry lot of drawings.

New York is now wondering at the arrest of an express robber in a way that, in the opinion of the St. Louis Star-Bayings, wipes out all the detective stories in which Sherlock Holmes, Vidocq, Lecocq and their kind figure.

A correspondent of the American Dairyman asks for the annual value of the agricultural products of the country. The question is one of the most difficult to answer.

The cost of transportation has been on the decline for the last ten or twelve years, and even for a much longer period, remarks the Boston Cultivator.

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SPRING FEVER.

Spring fever—ain't no cure for it: I have it once a year; It takes me in the city; And it makes me drowsy there.

AT CHARITY'S MERCY.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

HERE was no prettier piece of land in all the country round than that occupied by the Tinker County poor farm.

But it was not on account of natural beauty that the Tinker County poor farm had been selected. The town officers were hard, practical men and did not care for such things.

The Bowen farm had the reputation of being the poorest in the town. It was rocky and unproductive, and had already ruined several small farmers who had been imprudent enough to trust their little to its keeping.

Pratt had been keeper of the farm for ten years now, and in all this time there had been found no one to underbid him. The pay was small, the farm poor and the paupers not very desirable.

But Pratt liked to rule. Before his advent to power he had never been able to hire help. Now he was antecedent of a small colony.

Tinker County had little money to spare for paupers for clothing, and Pratt and the farm needed all the work they could give.

One afternoon several of the old men were at work in the lower field. The wind was sharp and cut through their clothing until their teeth chattered with the bitter cold.

you'n' bleeged ter. 'Tain't decent! I'm a sutherly man myself, an' I don't like bein' tied to a stick, an'...

The Squire gazed at him vacantly for a moment. Evidently his thoughts had been far away, and he was bringing them back by a powerful effort.

"What is it, Thomas?" he asked, gravely. "I was thinking, and did not hear you. We old men, with a slight smile, 'have so much past and so little future that we are apt to go wool gathering.'"

"'Tis that?" he asked. "I was high-toned once, an' had money an' things, like rich folks?"

"'Yes!—a slight tremor came into the grave voice—"but we will not speak of that, Thomas. Suppose we go to work. We will freeze if we stand here talking."

"'Well, take care ye don't get down ag'in when it's time fer work.' At the door they met Pratt.

"'Jest the fellers I'm lookin' fer,' he said, briskly. 'You'll have ter go back an' do up the barn chores. Bill an' Ike don't seem to think they're fit. You see 't the horses, yourself, Squire,' he added, as they turned to do his bidding; 'Thomas ain't particular nough.'"

"'I don't know as I shall be able to make a load without help,' said the Squire, doubtfully. 'I sprained my back a little yesterday.'"

When the sun rose he was well on his way to the beach. Soon after he drove across the low ridge of sand hills which had been washed up by successive storms.

eyes grew wistful. It was the road which led to the mansion among the trees.

As he stood there he saw a carriage approaching. Driving his team to one side he waited; but the carriage stopped as it came opposite.

"Does Squire Burke still live at the old place?" a man asked. "No; he left many years ago. At the sound of the voice the stranger started and glanced at the old man sharply.

"'Richard!' The Squire tried to keep his voice steady; but it broke as the young man sprang forward and caught him in his arms.

"'No!' in eager protest. Then, for the first time, he seemed to notice the Squire's garments. From them his eyes wandered to the oxen.

The young man's face whitened. Stepping quickly to the carriage he said something in a low tone to the driver. Then he returned and took the whip from his father's grasp.

There are several well-authenticated cases where fright was the cause of death. An English surgeon tells of a drummer in India across whose legs a harmless lizard crawled while he was half asleep.

Frederick I. of Prussia was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keeper, and, dabbled her clothes with blood, rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when a London street was newly formed, its name and date were frequently recorded on a tablet built into the wall of a corner house.

INDIANS OF NEW MEXICO.

QUEER CUSTOMS PRACTICED BY A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Five Changes in Their Life Since Pre-historic Times—Land is Held in Common by This Peculiar Race.

SCATTERED all around through New Mexico and Arizona are to be found Indian villages, called pueblos, where the red-faced Americans live, almost as their ancestors did hundreds of years ago.

One hears of the heathen from China and occasionally from the ends of the world of benighted men who are idolaters, but in New Mexico, within three days of New York City, are to be found men and women who, it is claimed by many, are Christians, but who not only make idols, but keep them in their houses.

The Indian pueblo nearest the city of Santa Fe is the Tesuque pueblo, and here a man may buy a whole bagful of gods, large and small, for a dollar or so.

There is no sense in being bashful when surrounded by the squaws. They certainly are not. The majority of them have no reason to be so; their age and wisdom are sufficient protection.

It is difficult, in fact impossible, to get the Indians to talk about their gods, their religion and their traditions and superstitions, unless one lives a great time among them.

There are very few Indians to be found in the larger towns and cities of New Mexico and Arizona; they prefer to keep to themselves.

The people, on all subjects but their religion, talk freely and pleasantly to strangers, and haven't the least objection to a man's walking all over the pueblo. The women and children follow the visitor around, and when he leaves hurrah for him and wave their hands at him until he is lost to sight.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

There are aluminum bath tubs. Incandescent lamps now sell for twenty-five cents apiece.

More than 16,000 Hindoos have been inoculated for the prevention of cholera. Illinois physicians endorse the theory that sun spots and smallpox are connected.

The human skin is exactly like that of a fish, as it is covered with minute scales overlapping each other. Peach stones find ready sale to be used in manufacturing perfumes, flavoring extracts and prussic acid.

The largest passenger engine in the United States belongs to the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railroad. Weight, sixty-five tons.

As to where man first appeared it is beyond doubt that his earliest home was in southern Europe, or Asia, or North Africa. No earlier traces of him have been found than those found in the area that is now England, France and Spain.

In tests last year in the German town of Dessau it was shown that cooking by wood and coal costs a little more than twice that done with gas. From experiments continued at Leipzig for several years it is estimated that a consumption of 700 cubic feet of gas per month is sufficient for preparing the ordinary food of a family of four persons.

Dr. Koppen, of Hamburg, has communicated to the United States hydrographic office his method for calving the waves about a ship in times of storm. He recommends the use of soap suds. G. W. Lenthoch, assistant United States hydrographer, says that it is the particles of air, underneath the water which result in the formation of waves.

Have you ever eaten maracijas? If not, I advise you to make the experiment as soon as may be. I had never seen them till the other night, when I was dining out, and noticed what at first I thought were oranges nesting on the dish beneath glorious bunches of purple and green grapes.

The Phantom City of Glacier Bay. During the past eight or ten years a curious phenomenon has been regularly observed at Glacier Bay, Alaska. It always occurs immediately after the full moon of June and is said to be a beautiful mirage of some unknown city suspended in the rarified air directly over the bay.

DEVELOPMENT.

Yes, people change; we did, you know; Last August, just a year ago, You wore red poppies in your hair.

To-night your gown's like drifted snow; The wedding-march peals softly, slow; For Tom a bridal wreath you wear, And I—some way I do not care. I should have cared a year ago— Yes, people change, —Helen Nicolay, in the Century.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Experience tries to teach some very slow pupils.—Puck. Fogg refers to his glasses as an oversight.—Boston Transcript.

It is hard to be grateful to the man who fought your battle for you and got killed.—Sittings. Necessity may be the mother of invention; but, more often than that, she is childless.—Puck.

Teacher—"What is it, Harry, that stings like an adder?" Harry—"The end of a leather strap."—Truth. "You're the advantage of me, sir," said Pompey, loftily. "Naturally, as I'm not you," replied Scems.—Puck.

Water—"What kind of fish will you have, sir, bluefish or whitefish?" Guest—"I don't care; I'm color blind."—Hullo. "Does Flagson practice what he preaches?" Great Caesar! No; he never gets through preaching!—Inter-Ocean.

Teacher—"I don't suppose any one of the little boys here has ever seen a whale." Boy (at the foot of the class)—"No, sir, but I've felt one."—Brooklyn Life. Irate German (to stranger who has stepped on his toe)—"Mine frent, I know mine feet was meant to be walked on, but dot privilege belongs to me."—Tit-Bits.

Yager—"I made one ringing speech in my life, anyway." Chorus (deviously)—"Where, when?" Yager—"The night I proposed to Mrs. Yager."—Buffalo Courier. Lady (in a book store)—"Can you tell me where Packer Institute is?" Clerk (trying to think)—"I'm not sure, madam, but I should say it was in Chicago."—Detroit Free Press.

Ambitious Young Person—"What do you think is the first step one should take in order to become a poet?" Experienced Editor (thoughtfully)—"Well, I should say take out a life insurance policy."—Somerville Journal. "The next gown I shall issue," said the ladies' tailor, "is 'If I had the triumph of Cleopatra.'" "Indeed," said his humble assistant. "Yes, indeed. It will be impossible to tell from its shape that it is a woman in it at all."—Indianapolis Journal.

Look here, I have come to the conclusion that it is all humbug with your vegetarian principles. The other evening I was at a vegetarian club and, true as I am alive, most of the members present were actually gorging themselves with beefsteaks! "That is easily explained. Any member arriving late on a club night is compelled to eat a beefsteak by way of punishment; and yet, strange to say, many of our members always make a point of being late."—Spasvogel, Louis Republic.