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The sugar beet industry is being rapidly pushed in Australia.

The countries of the world where women already have some suffrage have an area of over 18,000,000 square miles, and their population is over 350,000,000.

Says Texas Siftings: Seven out of every ten railroad accidents are settled with an annual pass.

As the result of statistics showing a large increase in the number of youthful criminals, the German Ministry of the Interior is discussing a reorganization of the system of compulsory education.

The New Zealand farmers are the most prosperous in the world. Within the past ten years the agricultural resources have been developed until the dairy and frozen-meat industries have attained enormous proportions.

An English passenger recently bought a ticket from London to Vienna. After twenty-four hours' traveling without having had a chance to get any food, the traveler stopped off at Dresden rather than continue his journey for the remaining twelve hours in a state of starvation.

Australia has not yet recovered from her financial troubles. Rigid economy has been practiced in all departments of the various Governments for months past, and there has been entrenchment all around, but yet the revenue returns are not satisfactory.

The strong facial resemblance which married couples often acquire after living together a long period of years, harmonious in thought and feeling, and subject to the same conditions in life, has often been commented upon.

The Atlanta Constitution is convinced that no money-making scheme is too rascally for some men, as witness the gang lately arrested in New York, which for years has been plundering insurance companies and cruelly killing horses in order to secure insurance money.

A writer in the Lady's Journal, in commenting on the story of the doctor's page introducing a patient as "Jones" instead of "Mr. Jones," upon the ground that he did not know he was married, contends that the boy was not to blame so much as our own lingual deficiency in the matter.

There are 68,000 postoffices in the United States, and of these 67,000 do not pay the expenses of operating and maintaining them.

Ex-Secretary of the Navy Tracy is quoted as saying to a friend that in addition to the work and worry his cabinet life cost him \$30,000 every year above his salary of \$8000.

"Worth its weight in gold" is said to be an inadequate expression when applied to a copy of the first edition of Walton's "Complete Angler."

The Japanese Government has issued an ordinance for the purpose of restraining and regulating emigration from Japan, and has made a rule that no emigrant will be permitted to leave his own country for a land where his coming would be in violation of the law of that country.

If the inheritance tax law, just enacted in England, had been in force in this country at Jay Gould's death, his estate would have paid to the Government \$5,600,000.

Supervisor of Indian Schools Moss has sent to the Bureau of Indian Affairs a denial of the statement that "Apache Kid," the noted outlaw, was an educated Indian, which has been used as an argument against educating the red men.

A novel and extremely interesting experiment is soon to be tried in Ohio, announces the New York Tribune. It is a new departure in road improvement, which is claimed by its author to have points of marked superiority over the building of macadamized roads.

Some interesting facts present themselves as to the social condition of the people of the United States in a study of the statistics of the Census Bureau, remarks the Boston Herald.

Presently, I perceived the father and daughter coming toward me with slow steps. I bowed to them in that pleasant continental fashion with which one always salutes his hotel companions.

SILVER AND GOLD.

Farewell, my little sweetheart, Now fare you well and free I claim from you no promise, You claim no vows from me The reason why?—the reason Right well you can uphold—I have too much of silver, And you've too much of gold.

Upon our heads the reason Too plainly can be seen, I am the Winter's hand slave, You are the Summer's queen; Too few the years you number, Too many I have told; I have too much of silver, And you've too much of gold.

BACK FROM THE TOMB.

BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

HE guests filed slowly into the hotel's great dining hall and took their places, the waiters began to serve them leisurely, to give the tardy ones time to arrive and to save themselves the bother of bringing back the courses; and the old bathers, the yearly habitués, with whom the season was far advanced, kept a close watch on the door each time it opened, hoping for the coming of new faces.

There came only two, but very peculiar ones, those of man and woman—father and daughter. They seemed to have stepped from the pages of some weird legend; and yet there was an attraction about them, albeit an unpleasant one, that made me set them down at once as the victims of some fatality.

The father was tall, spare, a little bent, with hair blanched white, too white for his still young countenance, and in his manner and about his person the sedate austerity of carriage that bespeaks the puritan. The daughter was, possibly, some twenty-four or twenty-five years of age. She was very slight, emaciated, her exceedingly pale countenance bearing a languid, spiritless expression; one of those people whom we sometimes encounter, apparently too weak for the cares and tasks of life, too feeble to move or do things that we must do every day.

They chanced to be placed at table immediately opposite to me, and I was not long in noticing that the father, too, had a strange affection—something wrong about the nerves, it seemed. Whenever he was going to reach for anything his hand, with a jerky twitch, described a sort of zig-zag before it was able to grasp what he was after. Soon the motion disturbed me so much I kept my head turned in order not to see it. But not before I had also observed that the young girl kept her glove on her left hand while she ate.

Dinner ended, I went out as usual for a turn in the grounds belonging to the establishment. A sort of park, I might say, stretching clear to the little station of Auvergne, Chateauguay, nestling in a gorge at the foot of the high mountains from which flowed the sparkling, bubbling springs, hot from the furnace of an ancient volcano. Beyond us there, the domes, small extinct craters—of which Chateauguay is the starting point—raised their serrated heads above the long chain; while beyond the domes came two distinct regions, one of them needle-like peaks, the other of bold, precipitous mountains.

They accepted, and as we walked we naturally discussed the virtue of the mineral waters. They had, as I surmised, come there on his daughter's account. "She has a strange malady," said he, "the sort of which her physicians cannot determine. She suffers from the most inexplicable nervous symptoms. Sometimes they declare her ill of a heart disease, sometimes of a liver complaint, again of a spinal trouble. At present they attribute it to the stomach—that great motor and regulator of the body—this protean disease of a thousand forms, a thousand modes of attack. It is why we are here. I, myself, think it her nerves. In any case, it is very sad."

"This reminded me of his own jerking head. 'It may be hereditary,' says I; 'your own nerves are a little disturbed, are they not?' 'Mine?' he answered, tranquilly. 'Not at all; I have always possessed the calmest nerves.' Then, suddenly, as if he were thinking himself: 'For this,' touching his hand, 'is not nerves, but the result of a shock, a terrible shock that I suffered once. Fancy it, sir; this child of mine has been buried alive!'

"I could find nothing to say; I was dumb with surprise. 'Yes,' he continued, 'buried alive; but hear the story; it is not long. For some time past Juliette had seemed affected with a disordered action of the heart. We were finally certain that the trouble was organic, and feared the worst. One day it came; she was brought in lifeless—dead. She had fallen dead while walking in the garden. Physicians came in haste, but nothing could be done. She was gone. For two days and two nights I watched beside her myself, and with my own hands placed her in her coffin, which I followed to the cemetery and saw placed in the family vault. This was in the country, in the province of Lorraine.

"It had been my wish, too, that she should be buried in her jewels, bracelets, necklace and rings, all presents that I had given her, and in her first ball dress. You can imagine, sir, the state of my heart in returning home. She was all that I had left; my wife had been dead for many years. I returned, in truth, half mad, shut myself alone in my room and fell into my chair dazed, unable to move, merely a miserable, breathing wreck. 'Soon my old valet, Prosper, who had helped me place Juliette in her coffin and lay her away for her last sleep, came in noiselessly to see if he could not induce me to eat. I shook my head, answered nothing. He persisted.

"'Monsieur is wrong; this will make him ill. Will monsieur allow me, then, to put him to bed?' 'No, no,' I answered. 'Let me alone.' 'He yielded and withdrew. 'How many hours passed I do not know. What a night! What a night! It was very cold; my fire of logs had long since burned out in the great fireplace; and the wind, a wintry blast, charged with an icy frost, howled and screamed about the house and strained at my windows with a curiously sinister sound. 'Long hours, I say, rolled by. I sat still where I had fallen, prostrated, overwhelmed; my eyes wide open, but my body strengthless, dead; my soul drowned in despair. Suddenly the great bell gave a loud peal. 'I gave such a leap that my chair cracked under me. The slow, solemn sound rang through the empty house. I looked at the clock. 'It was two in the morning. Who could be coming at such an hour? 'Twice again the bell pulled sharply. The servants would never answer, perhaps never hear it. I took up a candle and made my way to the door. I was about to demand: 'What is there?' but, ashamed of the weakness, nervous myself and drew back the bolts. My heart throbbed, my pulse beat, I threw back the panel brusquely, and there, in the darkness, saw a shape like a phantom, dressed in white. 'I recoiled, speechless with anguish, stammering: 'Who—who are you? 'A voice answered: 'It is I, father.' 'It is I, father.' 'It was my child, Juliette. 'Truly, I thought myself mad. I shuddered, shrinking backward before the spectre as it advanced, gesticulating with my hand to ward off the apparition. It is that gesture which has never left me.

"The phantom spoke: 'Father, father! See, I am not dead. Some one came to rob me of my jewels—they cut off my finger—the flowing blood revived me.' 'And I saw then that she was covered with blood. I fell to my knees panting, sobbing, laughing, all in one. As soon as I regained my senses, but still so bewildered I scarcely comprehended the happiness that had come to me, I took her in my arms, carried her to my room and rang frantically for Prosper to rekindle the fire, bring a warm drink for her and go for the doctor. 'He came running, entered, gazed a moment at my daughter in the chair, gave a gasp of fright and horror and fell back—dead.

"It was he who had opened the vault, who had wounded and robbed my child and then abandoned her; for he could not efface all trace of his deed; and he had not even taken the trouble to return the coffin to its niche; sure, besides, of not being suspected by me, who trusted him so fully. We are truly very unfortunate people, monsieur. 'He was silent. Meanwhile the night had come on, enveloping in the gloom the still and solitary little valley; a sort of mysterious dread seemed to

fall upon me in the presence of these strange beings—this corpse came to life and this father with his painful gestures. 'Let us return,' said I; 'the night has grown chill.' 'And, still in silence, we traced our steps back to the hotel, and I shortly afterwards returned to the city. I lost all further knowledge of the two peculiar visitors to my favorite summer resort.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Artificial car drums are a success. Insect eggs have the greatest vitality. The sour gourd trees of Africa are the oldest living vegetation. The apple contains a larger amount of phosphorus, or brain food, than any other fruit.

The United States has a lower percentage of blind people than any other country in the world. Microscopists say that the strongest microscopes do not, probably, reveal the lowest stage of animal life.

There are 100 students taking the course of electrical engineering at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. It was twenty-nine days from the casting of the Lick objective glass before it had cooled sufficiently for safe removal.

The Electrical Review says the electrical purification of sewage "is a complete success, chemically and bacteriologically." The South Sea Islands is the home of a worm which emerges from its hiding place only one day of a certain cycle of the moon in October.

The East Indian ship work will in a few months destroy any vessel by eating out the interior of the beams and planks. They will be left a mere shell that can be shattered by the fist.

The onion has virtues to which thousands of people will swear. This is its ability to ward off attacks of malaria in any form, and to cure cases as rapidly as the strongest doses of quinine.

A New York lady has so contrived matters that she can, before getting out of bed, start a fire in the kitchen by turning on the current, and when she comes down stairs finds the kettle boiling and the place comfortably warmed.

J. J. Hogan, a mechanical student of Yale College, has invented a remarkable instrument, called the Kinometer, which is used to measure the slightest motion perceptible to the test of touch. The measure is one millimeter per second.

The important discovery has been made by Doctor Backeland that the addition of a minute amount of a solution of fluorid to yeast will preserve it for more than six months. Doubtless other important applications will be made of this remarkable property of the soluble fluoride.

Mr. Graham, the great British electrician, has invented a "loud-speaking telephone," an apparatus which gathers and materializes the wave sounds to such a wonderful degree that they can be heard any place in a large room, even after traveling over the wires hundreds of miles.

How Hard Times Make Soldiers.

It is an interesting fact that hard times usually bring plenty of recruits to the United States Army. A recruiting sergeant told me that it is easier now to recruit a good class of young men and plenty of them than it has been for years. 'You see,' he said, 'there are hundreds of young fellows who usually earn good enough wages in the mills and factories of New York, Newark and other cities in this vicinity, who have been out of work during the past winter. When every other resource seems to be exhausted many of these young fellows turn to Uncle Sam and enlist in his service. 'It isn't patriotism nor love of adventure that impels them to put on the blue. It is stern necessity. The pay is poor and the task is hard, but they enlist, many of them, rather than turn to beggary or theft.'—New York Herald.

Strange History of a Cherry Tree.

In the management of a cherry tree the late Almoner Higley, of Watson, Lewis County, may be regarded by some people as wiser in his day and generation than the youthful George Washington. When nine years old he planted a cherry stone, from which grew a tree that was known by his parents as "the boy's tree." When it began to bear cherries he picked the fruit, sold it, and saved the money. This he continued to do during his entire life. Last summer, at the age of fifty-nine, his health declined, and the tree also began to decay. So he cut it down, had the trunk sawed into boards, and with his own hands made a pretty cherry coffin for himself. A few days ago he died, and all of his funeral expenses were paid from the money that he had saved as the proceeds of the sale of the cherries.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Oil of Eggs.

Extraordinary stories are told of the healing properties of a new oil which is easily made from the yolks of hens' eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard, and the yolks are then removed, crushed and placed over a fire, where they are carefully stirred until the substance is on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates and the oil may be poured off. One yolk will yield nearly two teaspoonfuls of oil. It is in general use among the colonists of South Russia as a means of curing cuts, bruises, etc.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

ODD FREAKS OF THE SEA.

SOME STRANGE SIGHTS AND QUEER EXPERIENCES.

Effects of Gigantic Waves—Sub-Marine Eruptions and Storms—Showers of Fish Bones. Sailors have more than their fill of strange sights and strange experiences. Big waves range among those strange experiences. We do not refer to those waves which are the immediate consequences of high winds and atmospheric disturbances, but to those single waves of immense height which show themselves suddenly in the midst of a sea comparatively smooth. A vessel may be sailing along, in fine weather and with no swell on worth mentioning, when, without the least warning, comes sweeping along a wave that towers like a mountain, falls on the deck, and carries away everything movable, members of the crew among the rest.

The steamer San Francisco was once struck by a tidal wave of this sort in the Gulf Stream, and 179 persons swept into the sea and drowned. In March last all the crew save one of the bark Johann Wilhelm were washed overboard by a single wave. In June last year the ship Holbrook encountered another such sea which is said to have risen up "suddenly like a wall" and to have flooded her decks fore and aft.

The Cunarders, Etruria and Umbria, have both encountered the phenomenon, and the former had one man killed and several others injured. The case of the Pomeranian will be fresh in the minds of all. Sometimes these waves are the result of submarine eruptions and land earthquakes occurring in close proximity to the sea.

An English bark crossing the North Pacific met with one of these big waves and immediately afterward the ocean seemed to be boiling, and the sulphur fumes that emerged from the water were so powerful as to drive the crew into the rigging. Clearly there was an eruption here as the ship sailed over, and the wonder is that the great wave did not do more injury.

Again, the American schooner Dora J. Ward, while on a voyage to Seattle, Wash., from Cooper Island, was sailing quietly along, when suddenly she was lifted as if a whale had struck her bottom, and then experienced a succession of shocks which cast everything loose about their feet. There were a few big waves succeeding the main one, and then everything was smooth again. The biggest solitary wave ever known was that caused by the Peruvian earthquake of August 13th, 1868. In no other instance, we are assured, has it been known that a wall marked wave of enormous proportions has been propagated over the largest ocean tract of the globe by an earthquake whose action has been limited to a relatively small region not situated in the centre but on one side of the area traversed by the wave. At Africa it was fifty feet high, and enveloped the town, carrying two warships nearly a mile beyond the railway of the north of the town. It inundated the smaller members of the Sandwich group, 6300 miles away, and reached Yokohama, in Japan, in the early hours of the morning, after taking in New Zealand on the way. It spent itself finally in the South Atlantic, having traversed nearly the whole globe.

A singular occurrence was reported recently by the English ship Cenciara. She was about midway between the Cape and Australia when she encountered a hurricane. About midnight of August 4 last the sea suddenly fell almost calm. 'It appeared as if the sea was affected by some tremendous pressure,' when suddenly the whole vessel fore and aft was enveloped in sheets of flame that rose half way up the masts and overran the decks for three-quarters of an hour. It was an electrical storm, and the crew, never having encountered such a thing before, were panic-stricken, and very naturally so. They expected every minute to see the masts go by the board. After what must have been a very cheerless forty-five minutes the flames snuffed out suddenly, and left darkness so thick that it might have been cut.

Another singular occurrence was that of the bark Peter Priddel, which was off Valparaiso when a whirlwind passed over her stern, taking away everything movable, sails and all, on the after part of the ship, leaving the forward part untouched. Here was the sharp end of a storm with a vengeance. Almost as surprised at their good fortune and narrow escape must have been the crew of the barkentine Fortunate, which, while on a voyage from Rio Grande to Liverpool, felt a tremendous shock that could not be accounted for until the vessel was put into dry dock, when the sword of a swordfish was found to have penetrated some feet into the wood of the hull.

Yet another of the curiosities of the sea is the occasional shower of fish bones or the like, falling on deck when many miles from land. These showers are easily explained. The fish are taken up in waterspouts, and come down in more or less rarefied condition. But perhaps the most awful of all things that can happen at sea is a fire. A severe squall breaking over a vessel unprepared for it, and with all her sails set, is bad, but the experience is short, sharp and generally decisive; but for long-drawn-out squalls there is nothing like a fire, especially if it is among coal, and there is also dynamite or gunpowder in the cargo.—Fall Mall Gazette.

If a snail's head be cut off and the animal placed in a cool, moist spot a new head will be grown.

GOLDEN HOURS, GOLDEN DAYS.

Everything has beauty in it. In the world that 'round us lies, Lifting up each waking minute, Giving joy to longing eyes, That shall fill the hours with praise— Golden hours make golden days. By its joys are ever flying, Let us make our hearts their snare Let us share the sweetness lying All about us everywhere! Let us walk in happy ways— Golden hours make golden days. Troubles come but they are fleeting; Soon their shadows will go by, As the clouds the sunlight meeting, Pass and show the azure sky. Life is full of sunny rays— Golden hours make golden days.—George Hildegarde, in Detroit Free Press.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A trying situation—The cloak model. It is seldom difficult to appear natural when you have no desire to please.—Puck. It frequently happens that the fire of genius has difficulty in making the pot boil.—Puck. My neighbor calls his cat "Theroby," because from it hangs a tail.—Arkansas Traveler. Strange as it may seem, it sometimes happens that an old salt gets into trouble by being too fresh.

Almost every woman we know would like to know what some other woman has got to be so proud of.—Athenian Globe. Paddy's latest feat was to pawn his gun, preparatory to a day's shooting, in order to buy cartridges.—London Truth. There is plenty of room at the top; but there isn't enough for one-tenth of the people who think they ought to be there.—Puck. The peace maker is a commendable character, but he is not esteemed by the fellow who is getting the best of the fight.—Puck. The part of a man's salary that he usually doesn't spend is the part he would receive if he were getting what he is worth.—Puck. 'Galton had his lawn mower stolen last night.' 'Great Caesar! What a lucky fellow he has always been.'—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Speaking of bereavement, Jones affirms that no death ever affected him so sadly as that of his wife's first husband.—Salom Gazette. Two words sometimes make a long sentence. For instance, when the judge remarks to the prisoner: 'Twenty years.'—Truth. You may speak as you will of pedigree generally, but in a sleeping car it is a man's berth which raises him above his fellow passengers. An exchange tells "how to make a fountain pen work satisfactorily." Another way is to give it to one of your enemies.—Texas Siftings. There is that in a woman's disposition that induces her to give anything she has to the poor, providing they will use it her way.—Athenian Globe. I kissed her a dozen times last night, And not a word she said to me. To think that if I'd only stayed, I might have had one more.—Life. A woman's idea of loyalty is to loan her best silverware to a neighbor who is giving a party, and say nothing when she hears it praised.—Athenian Globe. 'Jack—'What sort of a girl is she?' 'Jim—'Oh, she is a miss with a mission.' 'Al! 'And her mission is seeking a man with a mansion.'—Spare Moments. The lightning flashed, the lightning crashed, The skies were rent asunder, With shriek and wail loud beat the gale, And then it rained like thunder!—Puck. Willy Wilt—'Do you know, I fancy I have quite a literary bent.' Dealer Demaritz—'All right, my boy; keep on and you'll be a worse than bent—you'll be broke.'—Puck. Midge—'Er—Miss Laura, I hope I am not talking too much about myself.' Miss Laura—'Oh, no. You have to be talked about by somebody, of course.'—Indianapolis Journal. No wonder the modest violet Drops shyly out of sight If it hears all the poems People about it write.—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Housekeeper—'Are you sure that this tea isn't half copperas?' Dealer (convincingly)—'We couldn't afford to sell copperas at the extremely low price we charge for this tea, ma'am.'—New York Weekly. L'Enfant Terrible—'Have you got another face?' Mrs. Homelich—'No, dear; why do you ask?' L'Enfant Terrible—'Mamma said you are two-faced; but I thought if you had another one, you wouldn't wear that one.'—London Tid-Bits. In the gloaming, O my darling, Where the nights are six months long, If I stayed till midnight, darling, Would you think that it was wrong? Would you work the old game on me? Would you murmur, soft and low, That I might be late for breakfast, Or the clock was six weeks slow?—Detroit Free Press. Teacher—'Now, Johnnie, you may tell us this: Suppose your mother had told you to come home at five o'clock, and you did not go; what would you be doing?' Johnnie—'I don't know whether it would be swimmin' or playin' baseball.'—Chicago Inter-Ocean. 'What have you named your new boy?' 'William. I wanted to get a name that would be sure to fit.' 'I don't quite catch.' 'Why, don't you see, if he grows up to be a real nice, good kind of young man he will be called Willie, and if he should happen to turn out pretty tough he can be called Bill.'—Indianapolis Journal.