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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, three months... One Square, one inch, one year...

Germany has \$2,375,000,000 invested in foreign countries.

A North Georgia farmer proposes to make a fence around his land with cotton bales.

French physicians assert that men whose only meat is horseflesh are in better health than those who have more variety.

Porto Rico if to have a gold standard of currency, announces the New York Independent, the Mexican dollar to be retained as a basis of weight for the value of silver.

The Minnesota Supreme Court has decided that bicyclists have the same rights as horsemen on the streets.

The Crown Prince of Germany is a very precocious boy, according to the Chicago Herald. When the court chaplain told him all people were sinners he said: "Father may be, but I know mother is not."

Professor Rudolph Virchow told the convention of anthropologists at Innsbruck the other day that the Darwinian theory of the origin of species, commonly known as "evolution," was unproven, unsatisfactory, and evidently false.

Vermont is restocking its forests and streams by good game laws strictly enforced, and the people find that land is worth more all over the State than it was before this policy was adopted.

In one of the New York apartment houses there are 226 pianos—one to every four persons, besides a whole orchestra of piccolos, violins, guitars, cornets and an old-fashioned melodeon.

Andrew Lang, the English essayist, says that the idle, the imitative and the needy had better adopt some other calling than literature, and advise all not to try to write a novel, unless a plot, or a set of characters, takes such irresistible possession of the mind that it must be written.

The St. James Gazette (English) asserts that the "railway station speech," or, as it is called in this country, "the rear platform speech," was invented by Mr. Gladstone.

Says the New York Ledger: "Wherever Americans plant stakes, we hear of political agitation. The speeches at the great mass meeting of Alaska at Juneau had the true American ring."

There are in successful operation in the South a number of cotton factories constructed with money raised on the installment plan, the payments being made as in a building and loan association.

In view of the great number of post office burglaries and highway mail robberies recently, the Postmaster General has deemed it proper to offer rewards for the conviction of persons concerned in such transactions.

A westward ocean trip, between Europe and New York, is usually seven per cent. longer than an eastward one.

In the City of Mexico every well educated person speaks at least three languages. The Mexicans have a craze for mastering languages.

In Mexico the custom is common of exempting new manufacturing enterprises from all save general taxation for ten to twenty years.

The Argentine earthquake occurred the night before one of the "critical days" in the list of Professor Falb, the Austrian earthquake prophet.

London pays forty-two per cent. of the income tax of England and Wales, and its government and management cost about \$55,000,000 a year.

More than two hundred French cities have resolved to erect statues in honor of the late President Carnot, and it is expected that soon almost every French town will have a Carnot street or square.

There can be no doubt, maintains the Chicago Herald, that the talk of grape seeds and appendicitis has affected the price of grapes unfavorably, in spite of the fact that the grape cure a few years ago was in high vogue.

Ornithologists do not tell us that the chicken is the most wonderful of birds, yet the fact remains, avers the Chicago Herald, that in proportion to weight, it is far more important to the human race than any other animal.

The refrigerating systems for the transportation of fresh meats, fruits, etc., are coming more and more extensively into use. The New York World thinks it is too early to predict the future in store for this scheme, which is still in its infancy.

Judge Child, of Newark, N. J., set aside a verdict which awarded a man \$1000 for the killing of his son by a street car. He said that the amount was preposterous and that if the plaintiff would accept \$1500 he would dismiss the case.

The greatest obstacle to the growth of the lemon industry of this country is the fact that the fruit is not properly cured, and will not keep like the foreign article. The lemons themselves are equally good, but the curing process has yet to be learned.

It has been estimated that of the \$1,500,000,000 of property held in New York \$300,000,000 is in the hands of women, but this is certainly well within the real facts (since the women of Boston pay taxes on \$120,000,000). Even so, however, this would make, at the present rate of estimate, over \$500,000,000 of property owned in New York State by women, adds the Dispatch.

About twenty years ago Germany adopted the system of compulsory insurance of workmen against accidents. Since that time, declares the Hartford Courant, there has been paid into the reserve fund about \$88,000,000, of which about \$20,000,000 now forms the capital. In the year last reported more than \$7,500,000 was paid in indemnities, and more than \$3,000,000 was added to the reserve fund. It is now proposed to extend the system to apprentices and employees whose wages do not exceed \$476 a year.

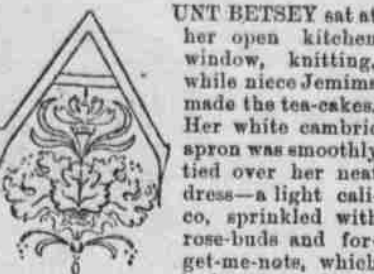
The annual report of Dr. W. T. Harris, Commissioner of Education, says that twenty-three per cent. of the population attend school during some period of the year. The average period of attendance during the year, however, is only eighty-nine days for each pupil. The report says: "It would seem to be the purpose of our system to give in the elementary schools to every child the ability to read. When he leaves school he is expected to continue his education by reading the printed pages of newspapers and books. The great increase of significance of progress towards the realization of this idea. In 1892 we had over 4000 public libraries, with more than 1000 books in each. The schools teach how to read; the libraries furnish what to read. But far surpassing the libraries in educational influence are the daily newspapers and magazines. We are governed by public opinion as ascertained and expressed by the newspapers to such a degree that our civilization is justly to be called a newspaper civilization. The library and the newspapers are our chief instrumentalities for the continuation of school and the university. Lecture courses, scientific and literary associations are assisting

A SONG OF SECRETS.

What secrets in a drop of dew That on the daisy glows - Of sun and air and skies of blue - And yet, the daisy knows! Here are the dates at Love's feet - To love they yield their secret sweet!

HOW KITTY SAID YES.

BY RUSAN ARCHER WHEEL.



UNT BETSEY sat at her open kitchen window, knitting, while niece Jimma made the tea-cakes. Her white cambric apron was smoothly tied over her neat dress—a light color, sprinkled with rose-buds and forget-me-nots, which had taken Uncle Jerry's fancy on his last visit to town, and which he could not be convinced was "too young" or gay for his wife.

She hummed cheerfully to herself, as she knitted, something about "a rest beyond the skies," while Jimma, mixing and rolling dough, occasionally took up the refrain.

Presently there came strolling across the grassy lawn in front of the house two persons—one a handsome, manly-looking young man, and the other a pretty girl, with a laughing face and mischievous dark eyes.

They sat down on the green bench on the porch, shaded by the trellis of a passion-rose and white jessamine, and Aunt Betsey, in a pause of her song, heard them talking together.

"Dear me," said she to Jimma, "why, there's Joe courting Kitty again!"

"Well," answered Miss Jimma, "it's more'n I would do. How often he's got to ask that gal before she consents to marry him, I'd just like to know."

"Unconscious of these comments, Joe was pleading his cause with the pretty girl of the bright, mischievous eyes."

"Kitty, I don't like to hear you talk about going home. Couldn't you be content to stay here and make your home with us always?"

"Well," answered Kitty, slowly, as if deeply considering the question, "I like the country, and if—"

"If what?" said Joe, eagerly.

"If I had a handsome country-house and a fine carriage—"

"Kitty, will you be in earnest for once? You know that I can't afford a fine house and carriage. But I love you, Kitty, and will do everything for your happiness that it is in my power to do. Don't you believe me?"

"Well, I don't see you of telling untruths, Joe. But what is the use of always talking about such things? We're so young—I am only eighteen and you twenty-three. Surely there's plenty of time for us to wait."

"I've waited over a whole year," said Joe, gloomily.

"Dear me! is it so long? But after all, what is a year to us, when we have all our lives before us? Why, we may both of us live to be a hundred years old, like that couple we were reading of in the papers last night, and then we may regret that we didn't enjoy our youth longer, instead of getting married so young. Besides, I believe in waiting. It is a test of constancy."

"My constancy needs no test!" said Joe, with firmness.

"But perhaps mine does. How do I know but that I could like some one else better than I do you?"

She looked at Joe, with her laughing eyes just visible above the bunch of wild-roses which she was holding to her pretty rousseau nose.

Joe regarded her sternly in reply, and viciously checked away an innocent lady-bug that was crawling on the multifold.

"How can you be so cruel, Joseph?" said Kitty, solemnly. "That poor insect never harmed you."

"Look here, Kitty, I've had enough of this! I don't want to be made a fool of any longer. You will force me to do something desperate."

"Well, I can't help your doing desperate things if you choose to do them. You're old enough to know how to conduct yourself properly. And now I smell Cousin Jimma's tea-cakes baking—I'm so glad we shall have my favorite tea-cakes for supper!—I'll just go and put my flowers in water before we are called in."

And she arose and tripped lightly away, humming a gay song.

"That gal," said Miss Jimma, who had caught fragments of the foregoing discourse—"that gal would worry the life of Job himself. I've the greatest mind to put away the tea-cakes for to-morrow's supper, and not let her have a taste of 'em to-day."

"Oh, she'll come round some time!" said Aunt Betsey, cheerfully. "It's the way with some gals, though I'm bound to confess that I never carried on so with my Jerry."

Kitty went up to her room and placed her wild flowers in water, and then, standing near the window, brushing back her curls, she said to

"I dare say I do tease Joe too much, but I can't help it. I suppose it's my nature, and just—just as Tabby there likes to tease the mice that she catches. But I don't mean to give up Joe—not I! And I'll be kinder to him to-morrow."

She heard the tramp of a horse, and looking out saw Joe riding away on his beautiful bay, on which he always appeared so well.

"Oh, so he's gone to the Harveys!" said Kitty, with a toss of her head as she watched him turn into the orchard road. "That's to pay me off, I suppose, and excite my jealousy. Well, he'll see. As if I cared!"

Cousin Jimma might as well have carried out her threat of not producing the tea-cakes, for though Kitty made a point of devouring two or three of them with a great show of relish, they had lost their charm for her, and more than once she felt as though they were choking her.

The next morning she made a point of not going down until Joe had finished his breakfast, and she exulted as over the stair banisters she saw how he lingered about the porch and hallway, pretending to be looking for missing articles, before he finally followed his father to the cornfield. It was a busy time, and they did not come home to dinner.

Kitty thought it the longest day she had ever spent, and she hardly knew what to do with herself.

But in the evening she put on a white lawn dress, with a rose in her hair, and went down stairs to where Joe was sitting on the porch steps, pretending to read a paper.

He looked up wistfully, but Kitty passed him and went out to the little front gate, where presently she was engaged in an animated chat with young Dr. Bowers, who happened to be passing.

Joe knew that the doctor admired Kitty, and while they stood chatting together, he sat on the steps, scowling like a thunder cloud.

When the doctor had taken leave and passed on, he strode down the walk and stood by her side.

"Kitty, did I hear you promise that—that fellow to go with him to the picnic next Tuesday?"

"What fellow?" said Kitty, icily.

"You know who I mean!" Joe was pale with jealousy and wrath. "And you know that there was an understanding that I was to escort you."

"I presume that I can go with whom I choose," answered Kitty, haughtily.

"So you can, and I want you now to make your choice; but I tell you, once for all, that if you throw me over for that Bowers, you'll be done with me forever!"

Kitty was almost frightened at his vehemence. She drew back a little as she said:

"My goodness, Joe, what a temper you have!"

"You've driven me to it; you've made me desperate," he retorted. "This thing must come to an end between us one way or the other, for I will bear it no longer."

She looked at him, and her cheeks flushed scarlet.

"What right have you to speak to me in that tone? I am not your slave and I shall go with Dr. Bowers to the picnic."

Joe looked steadily into her eyes for an instant.

"Very well," he said, shortly. "And, turning on his heel, walked off in the direction of the barn."

"Joe," called his mother from the kitchen window, "come in, Joe! Supper's ready. Come, Kitty, child, before the rolls get cold."

"I don't want any supper, mother, and mother—Joe passed a moment, and his voice seemed to lower and falter—"I don't expect me home to-night—I'm going over to Uncle Thomas's."

And he walked on very fast, as if not wishing to be questioned.

As Kitty entered the cool dining-room, where the family took their meals, Miss Jimma was standing at the window with her arms akimbo, gazing after Joe.

"That boy," she said solemnly—"that boy ain't himself. I shouldn't be surprised if he's driven to do something desperate."

And she looked resentfully at Kitty.

"You don't eat anything, Kitty," kindly said Uncle Jerry. "Maybe you think the weather's too warm for hot rolls and cakes? Well, take some cool milk and berries and—Why, bless me, what's the matter with the child?"

"Please, uncle—excuse me," she said, and hastily left the room.

She did not go up stairs, but out of doors, where she could relieve her heart by sobbing unseemly and unheard.

Passing through the garden and the orchard, she followed the little foot-path which led to a pretty strip of woodland, where in a cool ravine, ran a narrow but rather deep stream between mossy banks.

This was a favorite haunt of herds. There had been a little rustic bridge leading to the hillside beyond, but this had been lately washed away after a heavy rain.

She could see as she approached the spot one of the posts still standing; and—wren't that Joe leaning against it like a statue, his arms folded and his eyes bent upon the deep little pool which the rocks had just here bent in?

A sudden fear seized Kitty. Surely, surely Joe could not be thinking of drowning himself!

She stood still and breathless, watching him. Presently he started as if from a reverie, and with lips compressed into a look of firm resolve, picked up a coil of rope which lay at his feet.

Then he walked round and round a tall and straight tulip tree growing close to the edge of the stream, looking up into its thick foliage, as if for a convenient branch to which to at-

Kitty's heart froze with horror. For a moment she felt paralyzed; but, as she saw Joe carefully make a noose on one end of the rope and prepare to climb the tree, the spell was broken. She rushed forward with a wild shriek, and threw her arms about him.

"Oh, Joe—dear Joe—don't do such a dreadful thing! Don't hang yourself, Joe—for my sake, don't! Oh, forgive me—forgive me, dear Joe, and I'll never, never tease or grieve you again!"

A strange expression came over Joe's face. He looked down into the white face of the sobbing girl, and his stern eyes softened. But then he said, gloomily:

"How can I believe you, Kitty? You have as good as told me that you did not love me. And without you I don't care to live."

"Don't talk so dreadfully, Joe! I—I do love you!"

"Answer me truly, Kitty! Do you really love me?"

"Yes," sobbed the girl. "Indeed I do, Joe! Please, please throw away that dreadful rope!"

"Not yet, Kitty. Do you love me above everybody else in the world?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"And will you marry me, Kitty?"

"Yes, I will, Joe—indeed I will!"

"When?"

"Any time—to-morrow—now," said Kitty, in desperation—"if you will only throw away that dreadful thing and come home with me."

"There, then!"

And Joe flung the coil of rope into a thicket of laurel on the other side of the stream, and drawing Kitty to him, kissed her solemnly.

"Remember, you have promised to be my wife, Kitty."

"Yes," she answered, meekly. "And so, hand in hand, they returned through the orchard and the garden to the house."

"Of all the unaccountable critters on the face of the yearth," said Miss Jimma, surveying them from the pantry window, "I don't believe they know their own minds five minutes at a time, any ways!"

Uncle Jerry was sitting on the top step of the porch.

"Well, Joe," said he, cheerfully, "he's fixed that gum-tree with the rope all ready to pull it down in the right direction?"

"No, sir," answered Joe, quietly. "I'll attend to it to-morrow."

"Well, don't forget it, for the sooner that bridge is finished the better, if we want to get the hay over in good time."

Kitty stopped and looked straight up into Joe's face.

"You've deceived me!" she said, indignantly.

"No, Kitty, I haven't. You deceived yourself, dear, and I'm very glad of it, I assure you."

"Glad?" said Kitty, reproachfully, and with her face all crimson with blushes.

"Because but for that I might never have gotten you to say 'Yes,' and we might both have been forever miserable. But now how happy we are going to be for the rest of our lives!"

"Still it was a dreadful mean trick!" Kitty murmured, as she allowed Joe to kiss her again behind Uncle Jerry's back. "And if you ever say a word about it to any one, I'll never forgive you—never!"—Saturday Night.

A HARD WORKING MONARCH.

The activity of the German Emperor is well known, but it will probably surprise many to read the following table of his movements during the year ending August 15: He was in Berlin or Potsdam, so the table states, 163 days and traveling 139 days. He gave twenty-seven days to manoeuvres and reviews in twenty different places, from Kiel and Salzwedel to Stuttgart, Strasburg and Metz; he went for State ceremonies to four cities; to the funeral of Duke Ernest and to the wedding of the Grand Duke of Hesse; he hunted in Sweden, Wartenberg, Upper Silesia, Baden and Hungary; his trip to Abbas, including a visit to Pola, Venice and Vienna, occupied three weeks. He visited the North Fjord and England, traveling together during the five years over 18,750 miles, or an average of ninety-five miles for each of the 193 days he was away from Berlin.—London Chronicle.

Gulls Perched on Cedars.

The Captain of a steamer that plies along the coast and that was passing one of the rugged, lonely islands off the Maine shore pointed to an enormous flock of gulls that whitened the rocks, the surface of the sea, and the branches of the cedars that cling to the hard soil. "There," said he, "what do you think of that? And yet if you turn to a book on natural history they'll tell you that gulls won't perch on trees. Some fool sailors believe that the petrels, or Mother Carey's chickens, never alight, even on the water, but are always on the wing. They don't use their eyes. And some of these scientific fellows are as bad as the sailors."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

There Were Two Kinds of Fish.

Mr. Broker says he has changed his restaurant downtown, "so he can know what he's getting." His mind got uncertain about his old place after an experience he had last Friday. Friday is "fish day" at this place, and Mr. B. likes fish when it is "just right." So he cast his eye over the bill of fare, and remarked: "Lizzie, how is the boiled codfish to-day? If it is good, you may bring it some—but, you mind, if it isn't good, I don't want it—do you see?" Lizzie saw and departed, and then, Mr. Broker says, he heard her call down the shaft of the dumb-waiter in the rear: "One boiled codfish!"

ONE MAN'S QUEER FANCY.

A NEW YORKER'S WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF TOWELS.

They Number More Than 1500, and Were Gathered From All Parts of the World.

ONE New Yorker has made towels a fad, and he has gathered from all parts of the world an unparalleled assortment of them. Benjamin B. Davenport, a lawyer, better known as the publisher of several books, is the possessor of this unique collection, and at his home at Asbury Park he proudly displays his store of the towels of all nations, which number 1312.

Mr. Davenport has been engaged for twenty years in the amassing of this bizarre exhibit, which includes towels of cotton, wool, linen and silk. He has been assisted by many of his friends. To the acquaintances departing for distant lands Davenport has been wont to say: "Send me a towel from Madagascar," or "While you are in Patagonia pick me up one of the native towels."

By far the greater part of the collection was picked up in the hotels of the United States by Mr. Davenport personally. They vary in size and texture. A thin, sleeky cotton rag, through which one might read a newspaper, bears the startling legend indelibly stamped across its limp surface: "Stolen from the Occidental Hotel, Leadville, Colorado." It is evident that the miners had formed the habit of carrying off the towels to use as shirt fronts.

In contrast to this economical rag there is a roller towel thirty feet in length, secured in an Illinois hotel wash-room. It was what the porter who sold it to the collector called "the house towel."

One set of seven towels, of varying thickness and texture, including a genuine Turkish article that looks like forty cents' worth of tripe, recalls the luxury of a local bath house.

A square section of jute bagging, such as is used to cover cotton bales, was considered quite the thing in a hostelry on the banks of the Yazoo River. A real curiosity is a stiff and inflexible affair found in the composing-room of a Pennsylvania weekly newspaper. It was "the office towel."

There are towels of soft damask, with daintily embroidered initials that call up romantic visions, and there is a section of mummy cloth brought home from Cairo, which might once have been used to dry the moisture from the fair skin of Pharaoh's daughter, or possibly have been tucked under the chin of the infant Moses.

There are towels that are as small as napkins, and towels that are made of answer for bedspreads. Some are as soft to the touch as the fluffy bosom of the eider swan, and others could be used to grate horse-radish upon.

There are dainty French towels and heavy, square German towels, soft Italian towels that give forth a faint odor of garlic; cold, heavily starched towels that come from England; a Scotch towel that is made of tweed; an Irish towel of unbleached linen that will take off the cuticle as if it were made of emery paper; towels from the South Sea Islands that are not towels, but are cocco mats; a carefully dressed chamois-skin which came from the Alps; a jeans towel from Indiana; a homespun towel from Kentucky; a Japanese towel of fibrous paper, and a heavy silk towel once owned by Adeline Patti.

Then there are common towels of no particular individuality, that are in the collection, because they were known to have been last used by some celebrity or because there is a tale of adventure, romance or sentiment connected with their acquisition. Mr. Davenport's collection is not without trouble when he contemplates his treasures. Very few of them were accidentally packed into his baggage. As to the consciences of the porters and chambermaids who assisted in the compilation—that is another story. Each of the towels is duly tagged and numbered and a catalogue gives the history of each article.—New York World.

Chinese Cunning.

In New Zealand, as in California, the Chinese abound, and there, too he has to resort to strategy to make good his position. It is related that in Otago, where Scotchmen are in the majority of the colonists, a contract for mending a road was to be let and the lowest tender was signed "McPherson." Notice was sent to the board and complete the contract. In due time they met, but behold! McPherson was yellow in hue and had an unmistakable pigtail. "But," gasped the president, "your name can't be McPherson?" "Alle lights," cheerfully answered John, "nobody catches on in Otago unless he name Mac." The contract was signed, and the Mongolian McPherson did his work as well as if he had really hailed from Glasgow.—China Mail.

Baby Transportation.

If to the hardened and habitual archeologist the sight of a baby carriage and the infant snugly nestled in fur brings no thought of the past, it does, however, to Mr. O. T. Mason, of the United States National Museum, who in his "Woman's Share in Primitive Culture" tracks the whole advance made in the method of baby transportation. Mrs. Perry will tell you of the nest the Eskimo woman arranges on her back, so that her baby in cold weather receives its mother's warmth. Carrying babies, as it must be seen, varies with climatic conditions, and so the Arab mother settles her child at her waist, and it clings there as if it were a marsupial.

WHAT WOULD WE DO?

If all the world was always bright, Without a shadow creepin'— An' suns kept shinin' day an' night— What would we do for sleepin'?

If all the spring was always clear, An' Spring just kept a-stayin', An' 'bess made honey all the year— What would we do for sloughin'?

If everything went just our way, An' not a storm was blowin', An' cash came in for work or play, What would we do for growin'?

Just let the plan o' Nature rest— Be glad for any weather; The fellow who still does his best, Brings earth an' heaven together.

—Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There is something crooked about a man who carries a corkscrew.—Boston Courier.

A good many men believe in advertising, but seem to think it should be free.—Albany Argus.

No malice can exist without thought; so how can there be such a thing as malice before thought?—Texas Siftings.

It is a pathetic fact that the hand that rocks the cradle can't throw a rock and hit anything in sight.—Somerville Journal.

Minnesota women who are going to vote should remember that they cannot use a hat pin to scratch a ballot with.—Minneapolis Journal.

American Heiress—"Would you ever marry for money, Baron?" Baron—"I don't know—how much have you?"—New York Ledger.

He had no overcoat to wear, Though chilly days had come, But he'd a shawl and saved almost enough For one chrysanthemum.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Tailor—"I hear that you have paid my rival, while you owe me for two suits." Student—"Who dares to accuse me of such a preposterous thing?"—Fleegende Blaetter.

Chawler—"Did yer go inter de snake charmer?" Hengont—"Yes, an' it's a question in my mind whether she charms de snakes or paralyzes dem."—Boston Courier.

Minister—"Good evening, sonny! Is Brother Hapenny at home?" Brother Hapenny's Son—"Course! Don't ye see us all outside th' house?"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Maudie—"I hope you are not going to marry that Mr. Korter!" Kate—"Really, I don't think it would make any difference to you, dear, if I didn't."—Boston Transcript.