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A literary genius remarks that Japan needs an epic and China an epitaph.

New Mexico ranks eighth in its output of silver, and seventh in its output of gold.

Strange to say, the improvement in firearms has not increased the murderous result of battles.

A French picture dealer says that all of his unsold pictures are sent to the United States, where they bring fancy prices.

A recent parliamentary return shows that there are upward of \$21,000,000 of unclaimed money in various Government departments of Great Britain.

Of the 12,000 miles which form the land frontier of China, 6000 touch Russian territory, 4800 British territory, and only 400 French, while 800 may be described as doubtful.

The warden of the Missouri Penitentiary feeds the 2000-odd convicts in his charge at an average cost of eight cents each a day, and, according to the New Orleans Picayune, they live reasonably well, too.

The deliberate judgment of Judge is "that the continuance of the Turkish Government after the last slaughter in Armenia is an insult to decent humanity the world over, and the European politics that treats it feebly or overlooks it is a hideous crime."

The mountainous regions of the western part of North Carolina truly afford a typical section for both summer and winter resorts. This fact has been taken advantage of by Northern people, who are now found in large numbers, enjoying life in this most delightful spot.

Land suitable for fruit culture in California commands a much higher price per acre than in New York. Anywhere near railroads the price is from \$100 to \$300 per acre, without any improvements, and of course if there are buildings and fruit trees planted, the price is more.

Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London, is warring with the reporters for reporting his sermons. He thinks that newspaper reports interfere with the profits of his published sermons, and has been asking advice as to how he can prevent reporters taking notes of his addresses. It is believed his only remedy is to make a contract with his auditors that they will not publish his sermons.

The age limit in the Chinese army is elastic, if there is any truth in an edict which is attributed to the Chinese Emperor. The document grants a piece of silk, ten bushels of rice and ten pounds of meat to soldiers upward of eighty years of age. A double quantity is allowed to those who have reached ninety years. A patent of nobility is granted to those who have survived their hundredth year.

A man in Australia had a new and brilliant idea not long ago in regard to the interpretation of the clause in his marriage vows: "Till death do us part." His wife died, luckily for her, as the following facts demonstrate, and since he was bound only till death to his wife, the husband refused to pay her funeral expenses. The court promptly decided that a husband's duties only cease when the undertaker's bills are paid.

Says the Electrical Review: In 1891, a young electrician, now in Paris, on looking through Carnegie's great steel plant at Braddock, Penn., casually suggested that electricity could be made to operate the widely separated pieces of machinery at a saving of many thousands a year. Recently Andrew Carnegie visited the plant for the first time in two years and saw electricity doing the work. This movement, together with other things, makes it possible for eight men to do the work 500 did in 1891.

An unusual thing, related by the Cleveland Plain-Dealer, in connection with the court is the holding, by the United States Grand Jury, that Scriptural quotations may be libelous. H. A. Bueby, of Means, Harrison County, was indicted for writing letters and postal cards to David Handley, of Columbus, Ohio. On the envelope of the letters were the quotations: "Owe No Man Anything," "Let Us Walk Honestly," and "Many Years Thou Shalt Be Troubled." He was indicted on four counts on the ground that the language used was libelous and calculated to injure the character of Mr. Handley.

THE TELEGRAPH.

The darkness and the silence lie between your soul and mine, like some great river rolling by beneath a night of stormy sky, where not a star may shine.

But, as beneath the sullen brins 'twixt hills of kindred speech, There runs a slender, living line O'er which there flash, by lightning's sign, The thoughts of each to each.

So, 'neath the parting flood of death There runs a living line Of love not born for mortal breath, Between your soul and mine!

-Samantha W. Shoup, in Independent.

AS IN A LOOKING GLASS.

SCENE.—Boudoir and toilet of a society belle. The maid who, besides being very beautiful, is still young and fresh, is seated in front of her dressing-table under the hands of her maid, who is preparing her hair for the night. On the dressing-table are a mirror and various articles of the toilet.

HE MAID.—"Mademoiselle has a great triumph to-night; no?"

THE BELLE (abstractedly).—"Yes, Celeste, I think so."

THE MAID (with pride).—"The men all fall down and adore mademoiselle; no?"

THE BELLE.—"No, not all the men. Some of them. Enough of them."

THE MAID.—"That is good. Mademoiselle has an embarrassment of choice."

THE BELLE.—"Yes, an embarrassment of choice. You speak truly, Celeste. (Sighing again.) It is that which makes me—but, bah! why think of it all? I suppose it is the experience of all girls like me in society, with a fortune, a face and a facile tongue. There! That will do for to-night, Celeste; I am going to sit up for a little. I may read and I may write, I cannot say."

THE MAID (horried).—"But mademoiselle has already lost so much of the beauty sleep."

THE BELLE.—"I am restless. Besides, if all be true that men have told me to-night, I do not need it. Good night, Celeste."

THE MAID.—"Good night, mademoiselle!" (Exit maid.)

THE BELLE (alone).—"Five proposals in one night. That is, counting one that I suppose does not—ought not to count. Four of them at any rate such as a girl in her second season should jump at. As for the fifth—well, I won't think of it, I mean, if I can help it. Yet—but what nonsense! Let me review the others. First came old Totterly. Sixty years old he said he was. He is eighty, if he is a day. Worth four millions, he said. That part is probably true. But, oh! Let us pass on to the next. Philip Egerton Denning, the writer and thinker; the literary lion of the season. Fanny he should fancy me. I like him, too, myself. I cannot help admiring his intellect, and I feel that I should always respect him. Yet—(muses several minutes, then sighs). Who next? Oh, yes. (Laughing heartily.) I must not forget him. Lord Tuffant, the latest British importation, who did me the honor to offer me, with a monocle in one fishy eye, his title, his mortgaged estates and the family tree that, in its time, has borne an abundance of just such overripe fruit as he is. And for what? My youth, beauty, and money. Nonsense. Next. Ahem! The same thing, in a measure, only of our own manufacture. Tracy de Puyster Van Treffer, of the most ocheran of blue blooded Kuicker-bocker stock. Truly our country has reached a wonderful height in her intricacies when she can turn out anything so nearly like the English article, even to the morals, as Tracy de Puyster Van Treffer! There they are, all of them, labelled to the best possible advantage. All—except Jack. Poor Jack! Well, I might as well list him. Jack Willoughby. Something down town. Poor as a church mouse, handsome as Apollo, and true as steel. Ah, well! (Sighing.) I suppose I must not think of him. It is lucky, though, that some one interrupted us when he proposed, or I might have said yes. I was overcome with the heat of the ball room; and when he put his arm around me, and whisperingly begged for an answer, I felt so weak, for the moment, that I don't think I should have had strength to refuse him. But somebody came, somebody always does, and I suppose I am safe. I promised them all an answer in a week. An embarrassment of choice, Celeste said. (Closes her eyes and thinks.)

A half hour or more passes, during which the belle appears to sleep. Suddenly she opens her eyes.

THE BELLE.—"I must have slept. But nothing in my dreams seemed to offer me any help. Oh, dear! Is there anything or anybody that can show me what to do?"

A VOICE.—"There is."

THE BELLE (startled).—"Good gracious! What was that?"

A VOICE.—"Don't be frightened. It was I."

THE BELLE (still more alarmed).—"But who are you? Where are you?"

A VOICE.—"Your mirror."

THE BELLE.—"But, good heavens! Mirrors cannot speak."

THE MIRROR.—"Mirrors can do a great many more things than people give them credit for. We reflect; why should we not speak? That we can do so is proved by my talking to you now. I have listened to all you have thought and would help you."

THE BELLE (trembling).—"Was I thinking aloud?"

THE MIRROR.—"No. But you cannot think and look into my face without every thought being known to me, even though I may not reveal what is

in your mind. I want to help you to decide your future. Are you willing, that I should?"

THE BELLE.—"You mean with regard to—"

THE MIRROR (blandly).—"I mean with regard to the five proposals you receive to-night."

THE BELLE (after a pause).—"Which shall I accept?"

THE MIRROR.—"That I may not tell you. I can simply help you to judge for yourself."

THE BELLE (anxiously).—"How can you do that?"

THE MIRROR.—"By showing you yourself, your surroundings and your condition of mind, five years after your marriage with any one of your would-be husbands of this evening."

THE BELLE.—"Oh, dear! This is worse than chiro-mancy. Wouldn't it be—wouldn't it be wicked?"

THE MIRROR.—"Not so wicked as it would be to marry the wrong man."

THE BELLE.—"I suppose that must be true. Well, what must I do?"

THE MIRROR.—"First, turn down the gas. Then place yourself facing me, and light the spirit lamp of your curling-iron apparatus. Now, take some of your pearl face powder, sprinkle it on the flame, and wait. (She does so. The surface of the mirror becomes heavily clouded.) Which would you see first?"

THE BELLE (laughing hysterically).—"Oh, take them in their regular order."

THE MIRROR.—"Then, Mr. Totterly, the eighty-year-old millionaire, first. What can you see? Speak!" (The cloud on the face of the mirror gradually clears in the centre, disclosing a picture.)

THE BELLE (in a low voice).—"I see myself, handsomely dressed, covered with jewels, at an evening reception. Many men are around me offering me attentions. For some reason I dare not accept them. In a corner, jealously watching me, I see Mr. Totterly. He scowls every time a man pays me a compliment. Everything is bright around me, but the very brightness seems to weary me, and remind me of something lacking."

THE MIRROR (grimly).—"Are you happy?"

THE BELLE (shuddering).—"No. Although bored to death where I am, I dread to go home, because I shall be alone with him, my husband. I see nothing but despair and waiting, constant waiting for release." (Picture vanishes.)

THE MIRROR.—"You will not forget that. Now look upon this. (Again a picture forms.) What do you see?"

THE BELLE.—"I see myself again, but alone. I have been reading, but have tired of it. There is something I want to do, something I want to feel, but I cannot. In a little room nearby I see Philip Egerton Denning, my literary, intellectual husband. He is very busy, writing. In my utter loneliness, I get up and go to him. Stooping over, I gently kiss him on the brow. He frowns, pushes me away, and tells me I destroy his ideas. I sign, turn away, and go to bed."

THE MIRROR (ironically).—"Are you happy?"

THE BELLE (bitterly).—"No. All the warmth in my heart is gradually being frozen by the cold indifference of the man I have married. He is too brainy to lavish any affections on his wife; his growing fame is more important than domestic ties. Show me the next."

THE MIRROR.—"Well, what see you here?"

THE BELLE.—"Another reception. I am sitting alone, however, utterly ignored by the many women present except in the way of an occasional supercilious glance at my gown, or a whisper to some one else about me behind a fan. I think it must be in England. Some of the women have red noses, and they all look tired and bored to death."

THE MIRROR.—"It is. It is the fifth year of your reign as Lady Tuffant."

THE BELLE.—"I see myself moving into another room where everybody is playing cards. His Lordship, my husband, is there, gambling like the rest. I tell him I do not feel well and would like to go home. He advises me to go home alone or amuse myself in the conservatory. He says there is too much of his money on the table to go then. He means my money. I have seen enough of this."

THE MIRROR (mockingly).—"Are you happy?"

THE BELLE (sadly).—"No, but I am gradually becoming deadened to my misery."

THE MIRROR (as a new picture appears).—"Now you are Mrs. Tracy de Puyster Van Treffer, a member of the native aristocracy of New York. Can you see yourself?"

THE BELLE.—"Yes. I see myself once more alone. The room is handsomely furnished; everything looks rich and good. But I am waiting anxiously and listening intently. At every sound I get up and look through the blinds into the dark night. At last, as dawn is breaking, a cab drives up. I hear it. A few minutes afterward my husband enters the room. He scolds me in a shrill voice for remaining up late. A quarrel ensues in my bursting into tears. He stoops over me to kiss me and I nearly faint with a nausea."

THE MIRROR.—"Are you happy?"

THE BELLE (fiercely).—"No. I am humiliated by his neglect, disgusted with his manner of life, and harassed with constant suspicion. I am utterly wretched."

THE MIRROR (slyly).—"There is only one more picture. Do you want to see it?"

THE BELLE (confusedly).—"Yes, I suppose I may as well. It is probably like all the rest."

THE MIRROR (as the last picture appears).—"Then behold! And tell what you see."

THE BELLE (very softly).—"I see my-

self again. I am sitting in front of a cozy fire of soft coal, sewing something light. Near me is—near me is—yes, it is Jack. Mr. Willoughby. I mean. He is talking to me very gaily, and I am smiling and listening. Now the door opens and two children come bounding into the room; a boy and a girl. They want to bid us good-night, they say. They look so much like Jack they might almost be—almost be—his nephew and niece."

THE MIRROR (gently).—"Are you happy?"

There is no answer from the belle, for she wakes up with a start.

THE BELLE (after looking earnestly at the mirror, which is as bright as crystal).—"I have been dreaming and it is nearly five o'clock. But I am not sorry. An embarrassment of choice, Celeste said. I thought so, too, but we were both young. I told her I might read and I might write. (Smiling.) Well, I have read a great deal; I think I will write a little. (Writes.)

My Dearest Jack: I don't think I will keep you waiting a week for my answer. I am yours as soon as you come to claim me.

—Life.

WISE WORDS.

A rogue is a roundabout fool. A full jail is better than an empty one. Gossip is generally a desire to get even. A drop of ink may make a million think. It is a rare man who can do a favor delicately. You seldom admire a man you see a great deal of. Rank and riches are chains of gold, but still chains. It is not hard to forgive a lie told with good intent. One drop of scandal will spread over a whole life-time. What we place most hopes upon generally proves most fatal. Everything a man likes to do to a woman can prove wicked. The man who knows the world and is not a cynic is usually a fool. An evil intention perverts the best actions and makes them sins. In the meanest hut is a romance, if you but know the hearts there. The fools are not all dead yet, and what is more, they never will be. Every human heart ought to be a bird cage with a singing bird in it. Valor without it is a common past. The happiness of your life depends upon the character of your thoughts. The wise man expects everything from himself; the fool looks to others. The people pay more for love than for any other necessary evil on earth. The more friends a business man has the more things he sells below cost. The trouble with most people's economy is that they don't save any money by it. The younger a woman is the more indignant she is when she hears of a bad husband. It is all right to vote for the country's prosperity, but you must work for your own. What is birth to a man if it be a stain to his dead ancestors to have left such an offspring?

A Remarkable Fall of Stone.

M. L. Fletcher, an English mineralogist, tells of a remarkable fall of stones which took place at some early date in the history of Mexico. He describes fourteen huge masses in all, and advances the very likely theory that they originally formed a single meteoric mass that was shattered by the intense heat engendered while passing through the earth's atmosphere. The fragments of this immense meteorite are scattered over a section of country sixty-six miles in length and twenty-two in width, and it is estimated that its total weight was but little short of 20,000 pounds. One piece of it, now in the National Museum at Washington.—Atlanta Constitution.

How Horses Sleep.

When the horse sleeps, one ear is directly forward, why it is not known. A naturalist thinks this is to guard against danger, being a survival of their original wild habits. He says: "Watch a horse asleep through the window of his stable, and make a faint noise to the front. The ear will be all attention, and probably the other will round sharply to assist. Now let him go to sleep again, and make the same noise on one side. The forward ear will keep his guard, with possibly a lightning flick round, only to resume its former position."—New York Dispatch.

Tamed a Pair of Elk.

A Chehalis County (Wash.) farmer has lately been creating a good deal of interest with a pair of elk which he had tamed and trained to do many things usually done by horses. A few days ago a traveler offered him a good price for his elk, but the farmer refused to part with them. The same night a cougar got into his barn and ate up one of the creatures.—Chicago Herald.

"Wroth Silver."

"Wroth silver," from the several parables of his hundred of Knightlow in Warwickshire, in England, was sold a few days ago by the Duke of Buccleugh as lord of the manor. The custom dates back to feudal times. For every penny not forthcoming the prescribed penalty on the defaulter is 85 or else the forfeiture of a white bull with a red nose and ears.—Chicago Herald.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Buster Than the Bee—Abusement—Literal—The Point of View—Adds Nothing to It, Etc., Etc.

How doth the little bee add improve each shining minute, And gather dollars, dimes and cents For the merchant who is in it.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Carson.—"To what school of writers does Scrawls belong?"

Vokes.—"He poses as a realist; but his creditors say he is a romantic."—Truth.

ABASMENT.

Penelope (freezing).—"You do not love me."

Ten Broke (convincingly).—"I worship the very ground that you inhabit."—Life.

ADDS NOTHING TO IT.

"The telephone is like a woman; it tells everything it hears."

"Yes, that's so. And it's unlike a woman, too; it tells a thing just as it hears it."—Life.

NOBLE SELF-SACRIFICE.

Friend.—"Does Arthur smoke?"

Sweet Girl.—"No; he never smoked in his life, and he has promised that if I marry him he will never learn. Is it noble?"—Pack.

LITERAL.

"It's a good idea to make light of your troubles."

"I do," replied Haggis; "whenver a creditor sends me a letter I burn it."—Washington Star.

NOT IT.

Hopgood.—"Yes; Jobson had no peace of mind until he married that girl."

Dewberry.—"Well, last night I heard her giving him a piece of hers."

TRUTHFUL.

"Waiter, is this cheese imported?"

"Yes, sir; part of it."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, the holes came from Switzerland, but just the substance was made here."

TWO STRINGS.

"Why is Charley letting his hair grow?"

"For two reasons. He intends to try football, and if he's not a success at it he's going to join the woman's rights party."—Judge.

A MATTER OF INDIFFERENCE.

"Do you take any interest in the problem of whether or not Mars is inhabited?" asked the young man.

"Oh, dear, no," replied the young woman. "Even if it were the people wouldn't belong to our set."—Judge.

GETTING EVEN.

Jones.—"I told you that I would get even with Smith, and I have."

Brown.—"How did you do it?"

Jones.—"I made my wife put on her new two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar seakink seque and go and call on his wife."—Pack.

A SATISFACTORY SUBSTITUTE.

Irate Woman.—"Get out of here, you dirty Injun! Is it dinner you have the face to beg for? I'll sic one of the dogs on you!"

Chief Muck.—"I'd of water (placidity) 'S'pose sic flat dog on big Injun; him heap glad."—Judge.

RESIGNATION.

"Is your wife lecturing on the destiny of woman?" was the sympathetic inquiry.

"Let that a pretty heavy subject?"

"Yes. But it could be worse. She might be at home making biscuit."—Washington Star.

AN AUTHORITY.

"Football, sir, is brutal. It is based largely upon the exercise of brute force, and the opportunities of unfair tactics are such—"

"Oh, say—hold on. Have you ever seen a game of football?"

"No; but I hold clinics in three hospitals in a college town."—Chicago Herald.

GOOD TO THROW AT THE CAT.

Book canvassers should take courage from a story told by an English lecturer on "The Art of Bookbinding."

A man of their profession had called at a house whose occupant met him with a growl.

"It's no use to me, I never read."

"But there's your family," said the canvasser.

"Havon't any family—nothing but a cat."

"Well, you may want something to throw at the cat."

The book was purchased.

HE DIDN'T WAIT.

"Mary!"

It was the voice of the old man in the upper hall.

"Yes, pa."

"And didn't the clock just strike one?"

"I—I rather think it did."

"Well, you just tell him if he is there in ten minutes from now that that is just what I shall do, and—Mary!"

"Yes, pa."

"He will be that one."

Fifteen seconds later the front door opened and closed again softly and Mary was alone in the hall.—New York World.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Imperfect clothing is a cause of much bad health.

A Swedish musician has had a violin made of aluminum.

In Berlin they are making nutritious bread from flour and sawdust.

An English paper contains the announcement of a cure for blushing.

The very latest astronomical works catalogue between 6000 and 7000 "double stars."

The Somerset Railroad of Maine has purchased a snow plow weighing twenty-three tons.

If a can of milk is placed near an open vessel containing turpentine, the smell of turpentine is soon communicated to the milk.

Bulbs of incandescent lamps are now blown with artistic designs in relief, thus obviating the use of a shade and increasing the beauty of the lamp.

An electric street sprinkler is in use in Philadelphia. It has two thirty-horse-power motors, holds 2700 gallons of water and runs fifteen miles an hour.

Platinum has been drawn into smooth wire so fine that it could not be distinguished by the naked eye, even when stretched across a piece of white cardboard.

In Sweden a new electrolytic process is being used in the extraction of zinc from ores which have hitherto been considered worthless. It is said that pure metallic zinc has not been produced in Sweden for thirty years.

The greatest astronomers, in speculating upon what there is in space and the distance of external galaxies, calculate that the nearest external universe is so far distant that light from it, travelling at the speed of 186,000 miles a second, would take nearly nine million years to reach us.

A Mexican paper states that a new project for the sanitation of the sewers in the City of Mexico, at a cost of about \$25,000, calls for the building of some twenty-five windmills in different parts of the city to rotate paddle wheels in the sewers and quicken the current to one metre per second.

Six devices for the humane slaughter of domestic animals, four for horses and two for cows, have just been imported from Paris by the Connecticut Humane Society. A hood which blinds the animal is put on, and attached to it is a spike which when driven in with a hammer pierces the brain and causes instant death.

A meteorite, weighing 196 pounds, has been found on the salt marsh east of Mulga-dow, Northwest Australia. It was an iron-stained mass of bright, pure metal, not a particle of stone being visible, and when struck with any hard substance rings like an anvil. It is two feet long, one foot at its greatest width and eight inches thick.

Uncle Sam's Farm.