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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Includes rates for one square inch, one column, and legal advertisements.

But one per cent. of the entire population of this country has been divorced.

A Minnesota judge has just ruled that a husband is responsible for slanders uttered by his wife.

The nineteenth century will be ended with the end of the year 1900, and act at its beginning, as a great many people suppose.

The year 1894 in the United States closed with 9500 murders to its debit. There are not 300 murderers on trial in this country at present.

Lord Coleridge and others have formally protested against the use of anti-toxins in English hospitals on the ground that "public money ought not to be devoted to experiments in physiology."

A Texas judge has declared the anti-scalper law unconstitutional. He says that when a railroad company sells a ticket it presumably gets all its worth, and that a scalper has the same right that dealers in other second-hand articles have.

W. H. Harvey and his wife, Mrs. L. M. Harvey, of Pullman, Ill., have been admitted to the bar of Whitman County. The New York Sun shudders to think of what would happen if they happened to be retained on opposite sides in the same case.

It may be fairly questioned, admits the New York Recorder, whether the army and navy of Japan are not now equal to those of several of the European powers, and whether the new Nation on the Pacific isn't in a commanding position for future diplomatic victories.

The Meade County (Kentucky) Messenger complains that there are many prominent farmers in that county who take no interest in politics. "Men who own hundreds of acres of land and who are rated high in their communities," says the Messenger, "cannot tell you who are the probable candidates on the State ticket."

The number of desertions in the French army increases constantly. In a single week lately no fewer than five deserters arrived at Strasburg alone; while at the present time some six hundred French deserters live in Alsace-Lorraine. About the same number have taken up their residence in Belgium; and Switzerland boasts a still larger contingent.

It will be remembered how the torpedo boat, the Cushing, sneaked into Newport harbor in spite of the fact that a sharp lookout was kept for her ashore with the assistance of big search-lights. The value of these little destroyers is shown to the New York Sun in despatches from the seat of war in China. The destruction of the biggest ironclads in the Chinese navy seems to have been the result of unskillful and successful dashes by these tiny craft. They can finish anything adroit so long as they are not found out in time.

The fish supply in Lake Ontario is substantially exhausted, and the Chicago Herald announces that the supply in Lake Erie is going rapidly. Fishermen have caused the fish famine by selling for fertilizing purposes the small fish caught in the nets with those of eatable size. The Ohio Legislature is trying to devise a law for fish protection in Lake Erie, but such legislation practically would be useless unless similar laws were enacted by other States bordering on the lake, and by Ontario. The magnificent fish preserves of the United States are not exhaustible, and, unless care is taken for their perpetuation the finny tribes in public waters will follow the fate of the buffalo.

An attractive feature of the Cotton States and International Exposition, to be held at Atlanta, Ga., next September, will be the reproduction of the World's Columbian Exposition in miniature by G. W. Ferris, the builder of the Ferris wheel. The great World's Fair will be reproduced in its entirety, complete in every detail, on a scale of 1-140th. This makes the Manufacturers and Liberal Arts Building about ten feet long, and the whole exposition seventy-five feet long. Searchlights will be shown on the battlements and the various buildings, the intramural railway will be seen with cars in motion, the wholeboat steamer will be seen arriving and departing, and Lake Michigan will appear in the distance. By electrical and mechanical effects, sunrise, daylight, moonrise and the White City by moonlight will appear in succession.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

You can never tell when you send a word— Like an arrow shot from a bow By an archer blind—be it cruel or kind, Just where it will chance to go. It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend. Tipped with its poison or balm; To a stranger's heart in life's great mart It may carry its pain or its calm. You never can tell when you do an act Just what the result will be; But with every deed you are sowing a seed, Though its harvest you may not see. Each kindly act is an acre dropped In God's productive soil; Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow And shelter the brows that toil. You never can tell what your thoughts will do In bringing you hate or love; For thoughts are things, and their airy wings Are swifter than carrier doves. They follow the law of the universe— Each thing must create its kind; And they speed o'er the track to bring you back Whatever went out from your mind. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Munsey.

HE DREW TEN THOUSAND.

Ten thousand dollars after-noon of March 6, 1887, the paying cashier of the bank, in the city of London, cashed a check for \$10,000, drawn by the highly respected firm of Ployd, Gow & Co., of Fenchurch street, merchants.

The check was presented by the manager of the firm. At 3.55 the manager of Ployd, Gow & Co. handed in his books and checks amounting to \$20,000. The paying cashier looked up as he heard his voice.

He called some one to take his place and disappeared into the secretary's room, and within twelve minutes the police were at work on the case. The check presented at 3.45 was a forgery and the man who presented it some "bummy," who had made himself up like Mr. Smith of Ployd, Gow & Co.

This was not a difficult task. The counterfeit man was the same height as the original and about the same make. Smith had not spoken 100 words to the cashier during the five years his firm had dealt with the bank. He always wore a blue serge office coat whatever the weather. He always wore a silk top hat, and it invariably worked its way to the back of his head before he had worn it three minutes.

No one ever saw him at the bank without his gold-rimmed eyeglasses and his tightly rolled umbrella. Smith had a friendly nod for the patrons he knew in a business way, but he seldom spoke a single word to any one. Officers were sent to every railway terminus; they searched the hotels and very likely place for a man to try to change his clothes. If the fellow had not some safe hiding place selected in advance the chances were more than ten to one against his making an escape.

In room 3 of Cremorne's private and commercial hotel, which I will admit was not a first-class establishment, but still good enough for a traveler earning \$20 a week, I read most of the particulars given above in the evening paper. The officials had done their best to keep the whole affair dark until some clue was gained, but the reporters had been too many for them.

I had come in from my round of calls utterly tired out. Reaching my room, I pulled off my boots, lighted a pipe, sat down with my feet on the bed, and this bank business was the first thing which caught my eye as I glanced over the paper. I had just finished the article when the night porter came up. "Heard about the bank swindle?" he asked, as he entered my room, without the preliminary trouble of tapping. "Just read it." "Cool chap, wasn't he? And, I say, there are a couple of detectives downstairs now. They say they've shadowed him here, and they're going to search the whole place. They are on the floor below now, and will want to come in here in a minute." He had scarcely finished speaking when the man appeared. I was a head shorter than Ployd's manager. I was this, while he was stout, and I was young, while he was middle aged.

But those old sleuths came in on my tip, looked at me out of the corners of their eyes, and sat down on the edge of my two chairs to question me, the bigger of the two taking the precaution to place his seat between me and the door. It was fully a quarter of an hour before they had finished, and then they seemed to take it as a personal injury that I hadn't committed the crime.

Before my visitors left one of them suggested with a wink to his comrade that I might as well be taken along on general principles, as there was no telling what would not own up to after a week in prison. But the other was not so evil minded. In fact, he took a fatherly interest in my welfare and put his hand upon my shoulder pleasantly and compassionately as he advised me it would be better to restore the money while there was yet time. I refused to do so, and he went out sorrowing, saying that I had missed a golden opportunity and that I should like to repent and wear a convict's suit.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

LET YOU STARVE OR FREEZE AND NOT MOVE A FINGER. YOU OWE A DUTY TO YOURSELF. IT IS TO TAKE CHARGE OF AIR. AND NOW YOUR CHANCE. PRESERVE THE PRESENT STATE OF YOUR HEALTH, THAT'S MY ADVICE, AND VERY GOOD ADVICE, TOO.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Interested Her More—A Clean Sweep—The Safe Dose—Reputed—An Ignoramus, Etc. Etc.

"Now, as to the Coming Woman—" She yawned behind her fan; "Big pardon, Mr. Layte, but how about the going man?"

INSUPERABLE DRAWBACK. "Curses"—"A good sewing machine is said to do the work of twelve women. Do you believe that, Cawker?"

AN IGNORAMUS. "She—"Do you know anything about the vanity of women?" "He—"Not a thing. You know the infinite is beyond human knowledge."

NEVER SETTLED. "What have you two thermometers in your room for?" "The doctor said I must have more exercise."

AN AMBERGRASS ON HIS SPELLENG. "How does Blufkins manage to get along so well in the world?" asked the critical acquaintance.

THERE'S SOMETHING IN NAMES. "Publisher—"Fine number this week, isn't it? "All big names—every contributor famous?"

EXPERT ON CHEESE. The French are a witty race, but French servants are reported the stupidest in the world. It is of a person of that race that this story is told.

A HORRIBLE PATH. Long the stood at the window and mused. The rays of the setting sun entangled themselves in her tress.

ODD PREFERENCES IN PLOWS. Manager Frank M. Whitney, of the New Castle Plow Works, makes a curious assertion. He says: "Plows are made differently for certain counties and States. The tendency of a son is to use the same kind of a plow used by his father. In Lawrence County the use of the left-handed plow is almost the rule, but in Mercer County the right-handed plow is used, and this unaccountable difference in the kind of plow used extends to other States in the Union. In central and eastern Pennsylvania the left-handed plow is used, and wherever the Amish German farmers have emigrated from this county the sons are almost sure to use the left-handed plow. We would never dream of sending a left-handed plow to Michigan, neither would we to Ohio. Among German people only left-handed plows are used, while the reverse is the case with people from Mexico and Italy. I cannot tell why this is so, but it is."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE DRAMA OF THE ROSE.

Once I was white as any snow that falls From the far skies, with storm and sun light bled; Until that day when stood a hero slain did Before the lion in the Roman stables. Then, when the beast's loud roaring shook the walls And 'e'er on cheer in thunder tones as ended, A woman's hand, all white and unde fenced, Ploeked me and cast me from their coronak. He caught me—kissed me—held me to his heart; A momentary glitter in the air— A roar of voices! * * * Well he played his part! And I—prone with him, but vigorous there, Caught on my lips, scented by the scenth, The red rain dripping from the lic's mouth— Frank M. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

No man ever traveled to fame on a pass. When a man is his own enemy he can't help winning the fight.—Pack. "There goes an old flame of mine!" as the sun said when the comet came into perihelion.—Pack. Dentist—"What are the last teeth that come?" Brilliant Student—"False teeth, I guess."—Life. Example is stronger than precept; but precept is expected to do a great deal of example's work.—Pack. His love, he said, was like the sea. The maiden answered quick. She thought that he was right in that. Because it made her sick.—Life. Of course we don't know what it is to pass a night in the tomb, but we have slept in a spare bedroom.—Atchi sen Globe. "So Mr. Onedgo is averse to music?" "I should say so. He won't even use rubber bands in his office."—New York Mercury. "I see you have a glass eye, Pat." "Yes, yer 'annor; but it's a swindle, sir. I can't see nuthin' out of it."—New York Mercury. We often hear men complaining of their hopes being disappointed, and as a rule that's just what ails the complainant.—Richmond Dispatch. "When will man be able to fly?" inquires an exchange. Just as soon as he has been a trusted bank cashier for eight or ten years.—Troy Press. This world would be a happy world. And men would all be brothers, If people did themselves one-half That they expect of others.—Boston Courier. Mr. Smith is an estimable and amiable but harmless gentleman who during his lifetime has starved his brains to feed his whiskey.—Syracuse Courier. Mrs. Bacon—"It is terrible down at your boarding house. You can never get any hot water." Mr. Bacon—"Only we have soup, my dear."—Statesman. A clergyman named Fiddle refused to accept the title of D. D., because, as he said, he didn't want to be called the Rev. Ichabod Fiddle, D. D.—New York Mercury. "How could you conscientiously tell Miss Elder that she is the only woman you ever loved?" "It is a fact. Compared to her, the others were mere girls."—Boston Budget. Bagley—"That pawnerer bowed to your wife; does he know her?" Braze—"I presume he feels that he does; he has seen her picture so often inside the case of my watch." Blinks (meditatively)—"What a greedy world this is; the great majority of people, always after money." Harding (sadly)—"Yes; and a long way after it, too."—Buffalo Courier. "Your new servant girl is very pious, I hear?" "Yes. If she was as careful about the crockery as she is about the ten commandments she would be a jewel."—New York Press. "So Rusher has got a job at last, eh? I wonder is it that one with the sleeping car company?" "I guess not. At least he told me he'd struck a comfortable berth."—Buffalo Courier. Primus—"Danton's sight has become strangely affected, poor fellow. He sees everything double." Secundus—"By Jove! I'm glad you mentioned it. I owe him a pound, and I'll tender him this half sov."—Tit-Bits. "Dear me," said Mr. Meekins, "it seems so absurd for men to be constantly talking about their wives having the last word. I never object to my wife having the last word." "You don't?" "Not a bit. I always feel thankful when she gets it to."

THE REPREHENSIBLE SMALL BOY.

There are some smart boys in Massachusetts. The Massachusetts school law does not permit the schools to be kept unless the thermometer registers above forty-five degrees in the schoolroom. Under this law one school in Worcester had had many half holidays. Finally the teachers discovered a six-year-old boy packing the thermometer with snow below the bulb.—New Haven Journal and Courier.

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

THE average annual amount of dew in England is equal to five inches of rain. Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad passenger trains are lighted solely with electricity. A number of Western water powers transmit electric power from fifteen to thirty miles. It is probable that Tampa and Port Tampa, Fla., will be connected by an electric railway. In France the population averages about 187 to the square mile. In this country the average is twenty-one to the square mile. A recent survey has established the number of glaciers in the Alps at 1155, of which 249 have a length of more than four and three-quarter miles. The cold of Canada seems to diminish with an increase of population. Between 1828 and 1877 Hudson's Bay was closed an average of 184 days every year; now the ice last 179 days. The deepest ice ever found lies at a depth of 116 metres under a great forest between the Ural Mountains and the Sea of Ochotsk. A well was driven and the ground was found to be frozen stiff at that depth. It is stated that Dr. Frolich, of Berlin, has discovered a method of obtaining nitric acid from the free nitrogen of the air, and will soon make it public. It is understood to be an electric process, based on the action of ozone. A French railway has arranged its telegraph lines so that at a given signal the wires are switched from the telegraphic instruments to telephones, thus enabling the operators either to talk or to communicate by the telegraphic code at will. An English chemist named Armstrong asserts it as his belief that no chemical action ever takes place except in the presence of some substance capable of being decomposed by electricity, and that, therefore, all chemical phenomena are electric. Owing to repressive measures by the County Council, glanders declined at the rate of sixty per cent. in London last year. Owners of horses and stables have been warned that the disease may be easily communicated to man and is almost always fatal. Ground mustard, mixed with a little water, is an excellent agent for cleaning the hands after handling disagreeable or strongly odorous substances—such as cod liver oil, musk, valerianic acid, and its salts. Scale pans and vessels may also be readily freed from odor by the same method. Captain W. J. L. Wharton writes that ocean storms originate chiefly in regions where warm and cold currents meet. One of these regions is south of Newfoundland, where the Gulf Stream meets the Arctic Current. Another is south of the Cape of Good Hope, where the Tropic and Antarctic Currents meet. Damage Done by One Shell. What a single shell can do—one modern projectile flying true to its mark—was manifested at the battle between the Chinese and Japanese fleets off the Yalu River in September. One Canet shell weighing nearly 1000 pounds, of the Holtzer make, struck the Chinese battle ship Ping Yuen, crushing through the after part of the armored deck, tearing a vast hole, through which the water poured in such volumes that the vessel went down, carrying most of her officers and crew with her. The cost of such a shell is somewhere between \$500 and \$1000, but the cost of a battle ship is from \$3,000,000 up. Such evidence of the power of a single shot goes far to support Admiral Paragut's belief that in the race between projectile and plate the former was bound to win, and the result would be that armor would come off ships as it came off men, and for the same reason, that ceasing to be a protection it became a burden.—London Engineering. Odd Preferences in Plovs. Manager Frank M. Whitney, of the New Castle Plow Works, makes a curious assertion. He says: "Plows are made differently for certain counties and States. The tendency of a son is to use the same kind of a plow used by his father. In Lawrence County the use of the left-handed plow is almost the rule, but in Mercer County the right-handed plow is used, and this unaccountable difference in the kind of plow used extends to other States in the Union. In central and eastern Pennsylvania the left-handed plow is used, and wherever the Amish German farmers have emigrated from this county the sons are almost sure to use the left-handed plow. We would never dream of sending a left-handed plow to Michigan, neither would we to Ohio. Among German people only left-handed plows are used, while the reverse is the case with people from Mexico and Italy. I cannot tell why this is so, but it is."—Pittsburg Dispatch. Rapid Speed Photographs. Professor C. V. Boys says that to take photographs of a bullet as it is being projected through the air at a maximum possible speed it is necessary to have recourse to a method of illumination infinitely more rapid than that given by an electric spark. For this purpose a steel mirror, so mounted as to revolve at the enormous speed of 1000 times per second, is used. This mirror is not larger than a silver twenty-five-cent piece, and the beams of light given off from it pass across the screen at such an unthinkable rate of speed that it enables the photographers to take pictures of the bullet on exposures of only one-millionth of a second.—St. Louis Republic.

LUCKY FOR HER.

Consoling in candle moulds that had been annual since her grandmother's time, Mrs. White, of Middletown, Mass., found a quantity of bank notes a few days ago.—New York Journal.