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Science has discovered that peanuts are more nutritious than beef.

The Apache chief, "Red Tail," who attempted to hold up a couple of cowboys in New Mexico the other day, now belongs to the Improved Order of Red Men. He is dead.

Peria is about to make the experiment of producing its own sugar. Beet root culture on a small scale has already proved a success, and this year the root is to be cultivated very extensively.

The twelve States or Territories of South Africa have a population of about 6,000,000, of whom 1,400,000 are whites. The principal State is Cape Colony, whose exports last year were \$56,000,000, imports \$55,000,000.

Some time ago California offered a bounty of \$5 each for coyote scalps. It was supposed at the time that there were not more than 2000 coyotes in the State, but the claim for bounties for the last quarter of 1894 already amounts to \$53,000 with seventeen other counties to hear from.

It is probable that Norman A. Mozely, of Missouri, will be the youngest member of the next House of Representatives. He was born on a farm in 1866, and worked as a farm hand until 1887, when he had educated himself sufficiently to teach school and study law. Colonel George B. McClellan, of New York, who is about thirty, will be another of the youthful members of a House that bids fair to be noted for the young men in it.

The total number of Scandinavians in this country is about 1,000,000, but instead of being distributed throughout the various States, they are to be found almost exclusively in the Northwest, observes the Atlanta Constitution. Norwegians are most numerous in Minnesota, where the total Scandinavian body amounts to 250,000, double the number of Germans and eight times more than the Irish. Swedes are most numerous in Illinois, where they number more than 90,000 in a total Scandinavian population of about 125,000. In the city of Chicago there are more than 10,000 Swedish, more than 5000 Norwegians and more than 2500 Danish voters. The Danes, the smallest of the groups of Scandinavian voters in the country, are most numerous in Iowa.

The Rev. Dr. Reuben Thomas, of Brookline, Mass., devoted considerable time last summer to listening to other preachers, and as the result of his experience makes a report strongly in favor of written sermons. He says: "I have tried to recall the sermons which held me at that time and which have stayed by me since. To my great astonishment, not one of them was extemporaneous. With one exception, I did not hear a single extemporaneous sermon that was scholarly, with much of intellectual flavor about it, logically suggestive or strikingly devout. I did not hear one sermon in which the preacher used a manuscript which had not about it a delightful intellectual flavor, with logical continuity of thought, devotional feeling and much of suggestiveness." Dr. Thomas's observations were made among Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Lutherans and Roman Catholics.

The New York Independent says: There must be something highly valuable in the use of the bicycle, which has long passed the stage of "craze," and has become so much the established order of things as to have seriously injured the market for horses. There is every reason to suppose that the bicycle directly contributes to health—of course the mental strain and protracted over-exertion called for in racing are an immense tax on the vital force. It has long been known that the violent muscular effort of the hunted hare, who is coursed to his death by dogs, produces just as unnatural a condition of the blood as does a severe infectious fever; and the occasional cases of persons who have unsound hearts, dying from the extra efforts of the "craze," should be a warning. Dr. Tessie, of Bordeaux, studied carefully the effect of the efforts of M. Stephane, whose object was to see how many miles he could ride in twenty-four hours. He accomplished 385 miles. He lost in weight fourteen pounds. His food consisted of five pints of milk, one pint of tea, one pint of lemonade, and three ounces each of rum and champagne, and seven ounces of mint; and the secretions so changed as to show that "his body ate itself." This kind of living will do for a "stapler," but would be ruinous in the long run.

MY CLOCK.

In the silence of the night, If I waken with a fright, From a dream that's full of terror and annoy, There's a sound that fills my heart With a melody of art, Full of beauty, full of pleasure, full of joy.

A DREADFUL HEADACHE.

HAD A HEADACHE. I don't see any special reason why a young man of good moral character and temperate habits, who takes 8 hours' sleep seven nights in the week should have a headache, but I did. It was one of that popping kind of headaches, that makes one feel as if his lungs had gone to his head and they were trying to expand there about four diameters, at intervals of a minute. I believe they call them nervous headaches, but I fancy they wouldn't be any more agreeable by any other name. Then my heart was as heavy as lead, and once or twice as I walked along, I really feared it was going to pull loose from its fastenings and drop down upon my dolefulness, or whatever it is that the doctors tell us is concealed in our persons in that neighborhood.

Possibly it was the heavy heart that gave me the headache. But no. I recall now that I was going to see Kitty, the one girl in the whole world that made it any kind of a world for me, and we had a slight misunderstanding. It wasn't the head that gave me the heart ache; it was the heart that gave me the headache. I believe I said that I took eight hours' sleep seven nights in the week. At this point, I wish to modify that statement. In the week past, I had done so only six nights, for the night before the day on which I was on my way to see Kitty we had disagreed with each other. I didn't think I slept at all.

I was going now to see the young woman and settle the matter finally, and though I was a promising young lawyer ready to make a case for anybody else, I had no papers in this case, and was going empty handed. I didn't even have so much as my brief with me. At the door Mrs. Milby—Mrs. Milby is Kitty's mother, and a most exemplary and motherly soul—met me, and on the instant started back in amazement.

"Why, John?" she always called me John, for she had known me since I was a mere baby—"Why, John," she exclaimed, "whatever is the matter with you? You look like you were going to have a bad spell."

"Oh, that will be all right in a day or so," I replied evasively. "I have a severe headache. Is your daughter at home?" "You mean Kitty?" she asked in surprise. "Of course," said I. "You haven't any other daughter, have you?" and I made believe to smile. "Oh, I didn't know," she stammered. "Didn't know what?" and I tried to smile again. "Didn't know whether you had another daughter or not?" "Why, to be—certainly I know that. Why, how queer you do talk," she rattled on half hysterically, and laughing one of that creepy kind of laughs one dreams of when he hasn't eaten the right thing for supper. "Ar—ar—you quite sure, John," she broke out excitedly, "that that headache hasn't gone to your head?"

a thousand as the greatest blessings of my life. Then I shut my eyes. I could not help it. My head felt as if a dozen sets of lungs had gotten into it and were doing expansion turns for a prize.

I opened my eyes suddenly at the sound of a voice. "Mother told me you wished to see me," I said as chilly as if it had been left out over night in the frost. "Oh, Ki—" I began, as I stood up before her. "I beg your pardon," I continued, "your mother was quite right, I did wish to see you."

"I can scarcely understand why," she went on, "after what occurred last night. Still, you may be able to explain and I am willing to listen, at least for a few minutes, as I have an engagement," she added, with the faintest glint of a smile.

It was such a miserably mean little smile, I thought, that it was ashamed to show itself openly. "Oh, don't let me detain you," I tried to say with biting sarcasm, but I only bit my tongue in saying it. "I shall not," she replied. "When I am ready to go I will let you know. Pray, be seated," and she waved me to my chair again, taking one of our—"our," think of that—big chairs and nestling down in it so cozily that I wanted to throw a book at her.

I really wanted to throw myself at her, but I had never dared do that, and this was scarcely an appropriate time to begin. "I presume," I said, "your engagement is with that Mr. Kilmer and my presence here is an intrusion."

Kilmer had been the cause of the trouble the night before, and Kilmer was such a good fellow generally, that I couldn't help but wish that he had died several years before with the cholera or some of the other epidemics which visit our shores and carry away so many excellent people. "Oh, no," she said, "no intrusion at all. At least, not yet. He was here this morning and told me he would not be around again until 4 o'clock."

She looked up at the pretty brass clock I had given her. Both its tiny hands were clasp the figure three. Three-quarters of an hour, and a whole lifetime thereafter! "Isn't it enough that you should have killed me," I said, "without being so eager to cut me up?"

"I was merely defending a friend," she retorted. "And you claim Kilmer as a friend?" "I certainly do. Isn't he a friend of yours?"

"Not at all. If he were, he would not have interfered with my happiness as he has done." "I beg your pardon," she said. "I didn't know he had." "Didn't I tell you last night he was a scoundrel, intent only upon separating us?" I asked hotly. "And didn't I tell you that I would permit no friend of mine to be called a scoundrel by anyone without resenting it to the utmost?" she replied. "But I did call him that," I insisted.

"Yes, and what good did it do you?" she said, stepping to the mantel and holding out the empty frame in which my picture had formerly been the attraction. "His will take the place of the former occupant?" I said, scornfully. "His or another's," she responded, and actually giggled. "A giggle from a girl is dreadful enough under any circumstances, but at this time it was positively galling. "Great Scott!" I exclaimed, staggering to my feet, "am I then a two-fold dupe? Are the returns all in? Have the back counties been heard from, Miss Milby?" and I buried my face in my hands.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Too Quiet—No Oil to trouble—Part of the Player's Uniform—Locating the Bullet—Warned in Time, Etc. A strange woman with curious eyes. A store that did not advertise. As he was passing by it. Invited in, he shook his head. "I thought it was to let," he said. "It looked so very queer."

NO OIL TO TROUBLE. Mrs. Banks—"How do you manage to keep your cook?" Mrs. Brooks—"We keep the kerosene can lid."—Life.

MIS SHAPE. Mrs. O'Hoolihan—"An' is yure old man a square policeman?" Mrs. Gilhooly—"No, he do be a roundsmum."—Syracuse Post.

PART OF THE PLAYER'S UNIFORM. Trivet—"It's a hair-raising business!" Dicer—"What is?" Trivet—"Football."—Detroit Free Press.

WARNED IN TIME. Junior—"So you didn't propose to her, after all?" Weed—"No; and I'm not going to. When I got to her house I found her chasing a mouse with a broom."—Puck.

LOCATING THE BULLET. "And you say your father was wounded in the war?" "Bad, sir." "Was he shot in the ranks?" "No, sir; in the stomach!"—Atlanta Constitution.

WHERE BREVITY IS A BLESSING. The Professional Lecturer—"Isn't it funny? They frequently pay me as much for a short lecture as for a long one." His Friend—"I should think they'd pay you more."—Chicago Record.

AT THE TEA. He (breathlessly)—"I can't get you any tea this minute, Ethel. It seems to have run out." She—"Never mind. Hand me that empty cup and saucer from the mantel. I'll do just as well."—Yale Record.

A CHIEF AMONG MEN. Hungry Hawkins—"An' what did der doctor down to der hospittle say de was matter wid yer?" Weary Baggies—"He said me liver wouldn't work." Hungry Hawkins (admiringly)—"Shake, old man, shake! Yer one of us down to de de werry core, ain't yer?"—Puck.

A FAMILY JAIL. At last she had rebelled—mildly. "They tell me you lead a double life," she said, looking straight into the eyes of the confused man before her. "Me?" he gasped. "Yes, you. I hear that when you are away from home you are as pleasant and good natured a man as can be found anywhere."—Indianapolis Journal.

AN ALIBI. "What time of night was it you saw the prisoner in your room?" asked the defendant's attorney in a recent suit. "About 3 o'clock." "Was there any light in the room at the time?" "No, sir. It was quite dark." "Could you see your husband at your side?" "No, sir."

Then, madam, said the attorney triumphantly, "please explain how you could see the prisoner and could not see your husband." "My husband was at the club, sir."—Philadelphia Call.

A MAN'S PERVERSITY. "Did you mail that letter I gave you?" asked Mrs. Junius. Her husband hesitated. "Well, there," Mrs. Junius cried, raising her hands and eyes in the air, "I always have thought that those articles in the papers about husbands not mailing letters for their wives were just got up for jokes and were put in the papers every year because all the jokes for that year had been used once and they had to begin all over again but I do declare that here is the very first letter I have written to me since we were married I mean of course since you and I were married and not ma which would be absurd and if you haven't gone and carried it around in your pocket all the week and I suppose worn it into shreds if not lost it altogether and ma wondering and wondering what has become of us and why I don't write or come at least send her a postal card which I suppose really we ought to do part of the time and to save postage for we have got to economize in starting out else when we grow old and come to die we won't have a cent to live on and now you horrid man I suppose I'll have to forgive you but hand me back that letter instantly."

As Mrs. Junius with a lucky slide reached second and the umpire pronounced her safe, Mr. Junius passed out a letter. "Why, that's not mine," exclaimed his wife. "No," returned Mr. Junius, "it's from your mother. I mailed yours the day you gave it to me." And noting that his wife was about to make a dash for third he went out in the shed after the knittings, winking to himself softly as he did so.—Rockland Tribune.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Pneumatic saddles are more comfortable if ridden half-pumped. The southwest wind is the most prevalent in England. It blows off twice as many days as any other.

A blow on the head seems to cause a flash of light in the eyes because light is the only impression the optical nerve is capable of receiving. The pneumatic vaccination shield is a cylinder of rubber, fully inflated, which surrounds the vaccinated spot and protects it from hurt.

Chicago is to have a great scientific library under the bequest of John Crear. The bequest yields \$100,000 a year, and this is to be used, leaving the principal untouched.

The committee of the French chamber appointed to examine the scheme for the conversion of Paris into a seaport by the canalization of the Seine has rejected the project. In a paper read before the scientific congress at Paris it was stated that 5,000,000 years will slip around before the mountains of the earth, which are decreasing in size, entirely disappear.

A drug firm at Excelsior Springs, Mo., will award a prize of \$50 to the members of the Mississippi Valley Pharmaceutical Association who identifies the largest number of drugs by the smell.

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 electrical.

The first sailing vessel to be lighted by electricity is a Spanish vessel. She is fitted throughout with incandescent lights, the power for the dynamo being furnished by an oil engine, which also furnishes power to pump her oil cargo when loading or unloading.

The unit used in measuring the strength of electric currents was first called "an ampere" by the French Electric Congress of 1881, the name being given to it in honor of Andre Marie Ampere, the French scientist, who elucidated the theory that the magnetism of the earth is the result of electric currents circulating around it from east to west.

Prof. E. E. Barnard, of the Lick Observatory, does not think much of the scheme of a Chicago man for building an enormous telescope near San Diego, Cal., which is to have the largest glass in the world, made up of numberless small lenses. "He is working on a wrong hypothesis," he says. "What he wants is not a great glass of the kind proposed, but to do what has not been done—find a means of quieting the atmosphere. In other words, his proposition is an absurdity."

Creeping of Iron Rails.

It is a well-understood fact that railroad rails, under certain conditions, will move lengthwise for a considerable distance. This is due partly to gravitation and partly to the jar and push of the wheels of passing trains. Where the travel is all in one direction, the rails may move backward, unless there are frequent stops, when the great strain on the wheels from the brakes counteracts the backward tendency. On roads where there are many up and down grades, the wheels may pull so strongly upon the rails as to cause them to creep upward; and when the top of the grade is reached, and the descent begins, the tremendous grip of the heavy locomotive is able to throw the rails behind it, as it were, thus making them creep upward from both sides of the grade. It has been said that one rail creeps faster than the other, and that there are magnetic or other scientific reasons for the fact. Unquestionably, one rail does sometimes creep ahead, but this is owing entirely to the fashion of halting. The line-rail, as it is called, receives the most attention and is, as a rule, much more securely fastened than the gauge-rail, consequently the latter is more likely to get out of bounds.—New York Ledger.

No Beginning to History.

It is more than forty years ago since I was most impressed by hearing Professor Sedgwick say in his emphatic manner: "Geology knows no beginning—knows no beginning!" I was very young then, and the words came upon me as a new revelation for which I was not prepared. Mr. Cadaverous was my guide and mentor in those days, and I went to him in my perplexity. "Is it true? What does he mean?" "Quite true, my friend. Reach what point we may in the past, there is always something behind it. "Then it is true of history?" "Yes—of history! History, too, knows no beginning! Yet be it remembered that history knows many beginnings. Abraham's start from Ur of the Chaldees was one of them. Mohammed's Hegira from Mecca was another, and a third was Caesar's first campaign in Gaul."—Nineteenth Century.

Too Many Servants for Comfort.

Sometimes the more help the less work accomplished. A family living in the New Jersey suburbs kept eleven servants, but finally took to boarding because the lady of the house was threatened with general prostration from the labor involved in superintending her household.—New York Sun.

Plowed Up a Watch.

General E. W. Price, of Kylesville, Md., recently recovered a hunting-case silver watch that he lost in 1856 while riding through the woods. A colored boy plowed it up near the spot where it was lost.—New York Post.

UNCONFESSED.

Across the fields of summer bloom A wind went, slow and sweet, To lay his burden of perfume Low at my lady's feet.

The brooklet murmured, "Stay, my dear! The white rose whispered, "Wait!" And there the garden gate, "I am here, Close to the hatched gate!"

But on and away the wild wind went, Humming a love-song old, Till he found my lady, and died content, Kissing her locks of gold. The brooklet's murmur may reach her ear The white rose illumine by her breast, And the red rose follow! but I stay here, With my one love unconquered.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Even coasting has its drawbacks.—Yale Record.

When doctors disagree—Every time they hold a consultation.

There are two ways of putting up an umbrella, so as to soak it.—Life.

The most helpless creature in the world is a man with a sore thumb.—Puck.

Many people delude themselves into thinking that laziness is poor health.—Lam's Horn.

"Yes, I married a poet." "Indeed, and how did he manage to keep you from knowing he was one?"—Life.

When I treated for her hand I was quite unaware Of what she learned and stole to my cost—The gloves that she would wear.—Detroit Free Press.

Man is a curious animal; at least, he is the only animal that feels itself insulted on being called an animal.—Puck.

A mirror should be hung opposite every table where men with whiskers sit down to eat soup.—Atchison Globe.

The true aristocrat is never a snob; but it takes a snob a good many years to find it out.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bacon—"Troubles never come single." Egbert—"Oh, I don't know; I've seen a fellow with only one black eye."—Statesman.

He asked his wife at evening, "How does the new suit strike you, pet?" His wife in meek tones replied, "She hasn't struck me yet."—Detroit Free Press.

It has been observed that the man who is easy to please always gets the poorest service at the restaurant.—Somerville Journal.

Silence may be golden, but a reasonable amount of pertinent verbal observation helps to bring in some kind of legal tender.—Puck.

Did you ever see a woman Pass a mirror anywhere, In absolute ignorance Of its being there?—Detroit Free Press.

The other fellow is all right, of course, with his few millions and his undying fame and his wondrous intellect, and all that. Too bad he has that one constitutional disability. It's congenital, and can not be cured. He isn't us.—Puck.

"Nay," said the young editress, coldly, to her penitential lover, "ask me not to break every tradition of my chosen calling—I cannot return your love—for it is unaccompanied by stamps!"—Life.

American Millions in a German Town.

One town in Germany has reason to rejoice over the rapid rise in value of New York real estate, and that town is Waldorf. William Waldorf Astor will spend much of his time there this year. The millionaire has just begun to take the real estate interest in the little place that gave the first John Jacob to the world, and the name of which will be hereafter borne by the heir of the greatest branch of the house of Astor. A memorial fountain is to be placed there and various local benefactions have already been made. The name of Astor is even now a very great one in Waldorf, and the small dignitaries of the place were on the point of organizing a festival in honor of the patron, which was to have been graced by the presence of Mr. Astor this year. But Mrs. Astor's death interfered with the plan.

Indian's Suit for Loss of His Hair.

Holt Soit, an Indian of the Unalutka Reservation, Oregon, had his hair cut off by the Indian court last week for drunkenness. His hair the same affliction eighteen months ago, but since then it has been decided that Indians to whom lands were allotted in severalty are American citizens. Holt Soit comes under this head, and so he brought suit against the Indian officer who cut his hair, claiming \$200 damages. He won his case, but the defendant will appeal to the higher courts.—Post-Intelligencer.

Silver Garden Tools.

One of the absurdities of the application of silver to all sorts of things is its use in trowels for the use of the conservatory. Silver is no better suited for trowels than some other and cheaper noncorroding metals, since the used trowel, of whatever material, is always bright. An iron or steel trowel of the best material and workmanship costs \$1.50, while the silver trowel costs from eight to twenty times as much.—Chicago Herald.