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# FOREST REPUBLICAN.

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### RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table listing advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... Two Squares, one year... Legal advertisements... Job work—cash on delivery.

The returns from an acre of beets in Germany are \$40 while that from wheat and other cereals only \$20.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt announces the intention of the British Government to stand firmly on the gold basis.

The share of land falling to each inhabitant of the globe in the event of a partition might be set down at twenty-three and a half acres.

"This age is prolific in striking phrases," says the Christian Standard. "We have had the masses and the submerged tenth, and now we hear the expression 'the unreach'd majority.'"

It is now stated by science that indigestion is caused by a microbe. This discovery, the Washington Star remarks, makes the microbe responsible for every known inconvenience except the overhead trolley and hard times.

Marion Crawford, the American novelist, recently delivered at Sorrento, Italy, an address on Tasso at the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the great poet's death. This address, which was in Italian, was noteworthy, observes the San Francisco Chronicle, because Crawford declared that the influence of Tasso's works could be traced in the writings of three famous English poets—Milton, Byron and Wordsworth.

Chicago is after the trade of the South, notes the New Orleans Picayune, the importance of which it is just beginning to realize, and means to grab for it with both hands. A largely attended meeting of railroad and business men was held in that city a few days ago to discuss ways and means of securing the Southern trade, and one of them said that if the people interested in the different sections of the South—and by the South is meant the country lying south of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi—could have an understanding with the various transportation lines, and some efforts in the direction of unity and a common interest could be reached, large results would necessarily follow.

It was a bright, bracing morning, and a sharp spin at my own pace was undoubtedly preferable to sitting smoking on a bank, watching my unlucky friend tinkering with a spanner, and listening to alternate growls at treacherous roads and all such misfortunes as side slips.

The system of kindergartens recently established on some of the Indian reservations has proved so successful that it is soon to be widely extended, especially in the Southwest. The Indian children there are unusually shy. Under the influence of the kindergarten games they have been found to rapidly lose this shyness and reticence, and to become friendly with each other and with their teachers.

My wishes in this respect were speedily gratified, for as I dismounted and politely inquired if anything had gone wrong with her machine, the young lady's face became suffused with the most winning of smiles.

"Oh, thank you, so very much, sir," was the response, spoken without the slightest trace of frigidity. "I must confess that I'm in a wretched fix. The handle-bar of my machine has become loose, and I haven't a tool of any description that will tighten up the nut. And to make matters worse, my brother, Major Gwynne, has lost me—or, I suppose, I have lost him; and I'm afraid he hasn't the least idea that my plight is such a bad one."

"Oh, we'll very soon set things right," I said, reassuringly, and the look of gratitude bestowed upon me made me think I had never before met with so charming or so handsome a girl as this Miss Gwynne.

"Whipping out my spanner, I adjusted it, and proceeded to tighten up the loose nut of the steering-bar. I noticed that the young lady's machine was anything but a good one. In fact, I was quietly telling myself what an inferior and old-fashioned mount it was for so winsome and apparently well-to-do a rider, when, to my dismay, the screw broke short off, and the nut attached to it rolled in the road.

### WHICH ARE YOU?

There are two kinds of people on earth today. Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the sterner and saint, for his well understood.

The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth.

You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span.

Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man. Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years.

Being each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No, the two kinds of people on earth I mean, Are the people who lift, and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses.

Are always divided in just these two classes. And eddily enough, you will find, too, I wean.

There is only one lifter to twenty who lean. In which class are you? Are you casing the loath?

Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road? Or are you a leazer, who lets others bear. Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Harper's Weekly.

### THE FAIR BICYCLIST.

It's quite useless waiting for me, Fred. It will take at least an hour to overhaul my machine and adjust those confounded bearings.

She gave a little laugh, as if to conceal her vexation, and added: "And so I can't accept your kind suggestion."

"On the contrary," I returned, more eagerly still, "it is the greater reason why I shouldn't desert you, especially as your predicament is entirely due to my carelessness. You don't know how annoyed I am at having rendered your machine useless, and under the circumstances, I feel in honor bound to repair the mischief, and if you will afford me the happiness of seeing you made comfortable, I can, no doubt, very soon get your mount put right."

"He'd say it served me right for my carelessness. But you will allow me, too, to see you made comfortable somewhere while I try to repair damages?"

"Really, I don't see what else I can do, under the circumstances," was the answer, with a little sigh, as of regret.

Then, with a light laugh and in a mock-menacing tone, she said for brother Dick when we meet! A deal he cares about me. You see, he hasn't even troubled to run back to find out whether I've broken my neck or not—and, between you and me, he hates the idea of lost ground. But let us be moving, Mr.—Mr.—"

A little hesitation, some apparent embarrassment, one half-sigh glance at me, and my heart was no longer my own. I knew I was, even already, madly in love with pretty Miss Gwynne.

"Fred Brandon—quite at your service."

"Well, Mr. Brandon, there's a turning half a mile down the road which will take us to just the place we want. Then you will be able to run on to St. Albans to get what you need for my machine. There's no place nearer, and I'm afraid you will be very glad when you have done with such a very troublesome companion as I am proving."

"On the contrary, quite a pleasant interruption to my journey," I gallantly ventured, and I really thought that Miss Gwynne was the most charming and unconventional girl I had ever met. In fact, we presently reached the inn she had spoken of all too soon to suit my newly awakened emotions.

I found, on inquiry, that I could reach St. Albans quicker by taking some short cuts across the fields than by riding round the road, and so I determined to leave my machine at the inn. As for poor Harry, I was by this time utterly oblivious of his existence.

Looking in upon Miss Gwynne before leaving the house, I found her already enjoying an appetizing repast—a sight which momentarily gave me some qualms of conscience concerning the dinner I had promised my chum should be ready for him by the time he reached the George.

"Pardon me, Miss Gwynne," said I, "I haven't had a chance to settle with the landlord yet and he may look for payment before I can return. Except for a few coppers, this note, as it happens, is the smallest amount I have about me; so pray accept it as the loan which you say you will insist upon from your brother, Major Gwynne."

"Oh, my sure I don't know," was the reply, uttered in tones of consternation, which almost overwhelmed me, and made me call myself everything but the reverse of complimentary. "And it must be at least twenty miles from home, too; and my brother will, I am

quite certain, never trouble himself to turn back to look for me. He'll simply keep on driving ahead. But, there, I suppose he is just like other brothers—quite unfeeling as regards."

"For my own part I felt decidedly pleased at the prospect of the brother's continued absence."

"Well, I've landed you in this scrape, and you must allow me to see you out of it, that's all."

Secretly I began to feel rather glad, as I perceived what a very pleasant duty had suddenly devolved upon me, and for the time, at all events, my chum Holmes was quite forgotten.

"But what can either of us do? You can't pick me up and give me a ride. You're isn't a bicycle built for two, you know," and the young lady laughed with such perfect good humor that I felt quite at my ease again.

"I sincerely wish it was, for once," I returned, boldly, and then, as she turned a pair of bright, laughing eyes upon me, I blushed at my unusual temerity, the while I was growing positively eager to become the slave of this fair cyclist.

"I can only suggest," I added, "that you are far from home, you will allow me to run you to some hotel, possibly you can tell me of a likely place to put up for an hour or two, as I am a stranger about here. I can easily manage to wheel your machine and my own along."

Somewhat to my surprise, however, Miss Gwynne was visibly embarrassed by my proposition.

"There's one great objection to such a thing," she said, after a pause. The fact is, Dick—I mean my brother, Major Gwynne—has left me without a penny in my pocket. She colored up charmingly at the confession, and went on: "Of course, he doesn't know that, and it's my own fault. I often go out without bringing my purse, but I declare I never will again."

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St. Albans, I was back well under the two hours. Of Miss Gwynne, however, I could see no trace.

"Oh, the lady went soon after you left," said the landlord, in answer to my interrogations. "She said said you'd know which way she'd gone, and she would take her brother's bicycle, as you'd arranged to come back for her and to settle up with me."

"What?" I fairly gasped, "gone off on my machine—said I was her brother? And left me to settle up? Why, what on earth are you raving about, man?"

"Ain't raving at all," snapped the landlord, eyeing me suspiciously. "But—but—I hope it's all right, she—"

"Hope it's all right," I interrupted, furiously. "It's all wrong. If she said I was her brother—and gone off with my almost new 20-guinea mount, and my £5 note, too! Oh, yes, it is all right for her, no doubt, and a very clever swindler that girl must be. That machine she's left behind isn't worth the price of old iron. And you let her slip away under your very nose!"

"I could hardly repress a groan as I sat so neatly I had been deceived, for I felt very hard hit both in pocket and vanity—especially the latter. My mortification, moreover, was no doubt commensurate with the knowledge of what a thorough fool I should appear to everybody."

"Well, it's your own fault, sir," the landlord retorted, gruffly. "If you let the girl soft-soap you down like she seems to have done, you've got no one but yourself to blame. And it's my belief that she ain't a girl at all, but a chap dressed up as such, so as to swindle gent's easier. I had my doubts when she left, but now I'm sure. Ten to one you've been done by a young fellow called Dan Ford, a clever bicycle thief, much wanted by the police in these parts. He's better known as Dolly Ford, because he makes such a good looking girl when he dresses up. You ain't the first gent as he's swindled in just this same way. I dashed he'd no sooner got out of sight of this place than he assumed his true character, and by this time your bicycle has put him miles out of reach, and maybe it's already sold."

To learn that I had been ignominiously duped by a common bicycle thief maddened me still more; but the only consolation I had was in wishing all sorts of dreadful things toward the pseudo-Major Gwynne's sister, —London Tit-Bits.

Prehistoric Footprints.

An Austrian student, Herr Low, who has been traveling in Central America, has recently obtained and forwarded to the Imperial Museum in Vienna twelve large stone slabs bearing footprints in the solid rock.

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ONE-SIDED.

Gillback—"Is it true that you don't spend as much money now as you did before you were married?"

Packett—"It is. I wish I could say the same thing of my wife." —Judge.

A MILE REQUEST.

"I wish you would give me a good receipt, Will—" the bicycle girl blushed, "for keeping my..." she paused, as though in doubt, "my bloomers from bagging at the knees."

A REFLECTION.

Briggs—"You say the paleontologist who examined your head wasn't very complimentary?"

Grippe—"Hardly. He told me I was fitted to be a leader in society." —Life.

A WHISPERED DIALOGUE.

The Husband—"You are right! It must be burglars! Where is my revolver?"

The Wife—"Down in the library over the desk. You know I tied ribbons on it for an ornament." —Life.

ONE BENEFIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

Mr. Bunsyman—"I have been summoned for jury duty; how can I get off?"

Lawyer—"Oh, just let the scribe that you know how much two and two make, and they'll excuse you in a jiffy." —Judge.

AND SHE WENT.

The New Woman (at the theatre)—"Well, I'm glad that act is over."

Her Husband—"Didn't you enjoy it?"

The New Woman—"Yes; but I've been doing for the last fifteen minutes to go out and see a woman." —Judge.

A HIGH CRIME.

Stranger—"Why did you lynch the young schoolmaster?"

Native—"Fer drawin' a salary under false pretences; he called himself a professor, an' when we asked him to translate the French in Trilby, he couldn't do it to save his neck." —Brooklyn Eagle.

A PROPHECY OF WOR.

"You say," remarked the bicycle to a low-spirited stranger whom it had met by accident in a back street, "you say that my popularity will not last. Who are you, and how do you know?"

"I know by experience," said the stranger, luxuriously. "I am the roller skate." —Chicago Record.

A PROBLEM.

The Caller—"I'm all mixed up as to what to do."

Hostess—"What about?"

### THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Woman of the Future—A Legal Experiment—Too Much Means Defeated the End, Etc., Etc.

I love the coming woman, I love her pretty ways, With music and with sweetness She fills my festive days; I kiss her laughing dimples, And stroke her hair of gold, For my dainty coming woman Is only four years old."

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Hostess—"What about?"

Caller—"I've got to get tea and a butter-dish, and I don't know whether to get the tea where they give away butter dishes or the butter-dish where they give away tea." —Traveler's Record.

A SAFE OFFER.

"Did you hear of Nocsah's most generous offer to the town of Littleton?"

"No; what was it?"

"He offers to give the town \$500,000 for a free library if the citizens will raise a smaller amount."

"But Nocsah is not worth \$500,000."

"Neither are the citizens of Littleton." —Norristown Herald.

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Electrical mechanism has been introduced for opening and closing the new Van Buren bridge in Chicago.

An incandescent lamp gives off about one-tenth the heat of equivalent gaslight, and an arc light about one-fiftieth.

In Copenhagen, Denmark, last year 16.28 per cent of the animals which entered the slaughter houses were found to be tuberculous.

By means of compressed air, water can be lifted from a well of any reasonable depth without working parts of any kind being placed in the well.

A prize of \$200 has been offered by the Bologna Academy of Sciences for the best system or apparatus for preventing or extinguishing fires by chemical, physical or mechanical means.

Some recently granted patents for weaving machinery have been put into such practical shape as to justify the prediction of an impending revolution in the economics of the art of weaving.

A novel suggestion is a house of steel skeleton frame construction, with walls and partitions of fire-proof tiling. Such a house, it is said, will be cool in summer and warm in winter, besides being fire-proof.

Opaline laminoe is a new vitrified material which can be made into plates of any size and used for decorative tiles. It is made from fifty-four per cent of silica, thirty-nine per cent of baryta and seven per cent of soda.

Standard motors for street railway work are now designed to give a speed of from twenty to twenty-two miles an hour on a level, and to develop their full rated capacity at a speed of ten miles an hour.

Much of the success of the new gasoline engine is due to the atomizer by which the gasoline is divided and mixed with the air previous to ignition. For lighting, an electric spark produced in the interior of the engine is used. The absence of a constantly exposed flame is also a decided advantage.

A new use has been found for the electric search-light. In Connecticut a woman and child recently disappeared, and it was believed a murder had been committed. Two electric search-lights of 3000 candle-power are being used in the examination of the swamp where the bodies are thought to be hidden.

### A Frog in the Elephant's Trunk.

Jess, the big elephant belonging to Sells & Kentrow's circus, was stampering quietly on the ground in the menagerie tent at Salt Lake City, Utah, when a frog, mistaking the nozzle of her trunk for a hole in the ground, jumped into it. Nothing s terrorizes an elephant as the presence of a live insect or animal in its trunk, and the big brute broke loose and went on a rampage.

The keepers were eating their lunch at the time, and the menagerie tent was entirely deserted. A great crash was heard, and the men rushed back just in time to see Jess go through the side of the tent and tumble off toward the business centre of the city. A scene of wreckage was presented within the tent. The big brute had broken her chain, apparently, and amused herself by tossing the cages about before leaving. Four cages were thrown over so many toys, and then the elephant walked right through the side of the tent. The cages were those containing the badgers, hedgehogs, monkeys and kangaroos, but fortunately none of the animals were injured and very little damage was done to the wagons.

Fifteen mounted men were sent in pursuit of the elephant. Jess came straight down town and astonished the few pedestrians on the street by promiscuously up and down Main street, occasionally striking the curb with her trunk and uttering cries of distress.

Mr. Sells was with the men who overtook her, and soon discovered the cause of her discomfort. By compressing the trunk the frog was forced down, and finally blown out by the elephant. She then became docile and was taken back to the tent. —Denver Republican.

### Appearance of the Musk-Ox.

The appearance of the musk-ox is so odd and striking that when once seen it is seldom forgotten. You see an oblong mass of tremendously long brown hair, four and a half feet high by six and a half long, supported upon side loofs and very short, thick legs, almost hidden by the body hair. There is also a blunt and hairy muzzle, a pair of eyes, a pair of broad, flattened horns that part like a woman's hair and drop far downward before they curve upward—and that is all. The mass of hair is so thick that the robe lies on the floor it is about as easy to walk over as a feather bed.

Over the loofs you will find, if you look closely, a broad "saddle-mark" of dirty white hair, shorter than the rest of the coat.

Next to the body is a matted mass of very fine and soft hair, like clean wool, so dense that to snow and fog it is quite impenetrable. Over this lies a thick coat of very long, straight hair, often twelve inches in length and sometimes twenty, like the grass raincoat of a Japanese soldier. Sometimes it actually touches the snow as the animal walks. —St. Nicholas.

### Chinese Wisdom.

A Chinese proverb says: "Let every man sweep the snow from his own doors and not trouble himself about the frost in his neighbor's tiles." —The Scotelmann.

### SO LIKE A ROSE.

That art so like a lovely rose That opens in the summer air, And lets its wondrous sweets disclose Its modest worth and beauty rare.

That, as a guest on thy fair face, Diffused with girlhood's vague sweet dreams, And mark the free and endless grace With which thine eye movement toms.

It seems that earth must purer grow, While holding thee in her great arms. And all her lotter sours forgo To exorcise for thee her charms. —Lolla B. Tytle, in Atlanta Constitution.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Shall I return his presents?" "No. He might be mean enough to accept them." —Life.