

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion, 40¢; One Square, one inch, one month, \$1.00; One Square, one inch, three months, \$2.50; One Square, one inch, one year, \$8.00; Two Squares, one year, \$15.00; Quarter Column, one year, \$10.00; Half Column, one year, \$20.00; One Column, one year, \$30.00; Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion. Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

The Germans number 3,000,000 of our population.

Out West they are said to be turning their wire fences into telephone lines.

Sir Edward Braddon, a new authority on big game, says that the elephant is revengeful and treacherous, and is an arrant coward.

The police census reveals the fact that there are more than 50,000 children in New York City who are without school facilities.

Dr. Leslie Phillips, a well-known scientist, warns the new woman against wearing her hair short, and says that the cause of baldness in man is due to the fact that he cuts his hair.

Three-tenths of the earnings of a Belgian convict are given to him on the expiration of his term of imprisonment. Some of them thus save more money in jail than they ever saved before.

The Agricultural Department is making arrangements to have a correspondent in every township in the country to make reports on the condition of the crops. It will make the crop reports much fuller and more accurate than heretofore.

Newest wrinkles in dining-cars are to be found on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, where, according to a Western paper, the passenger who dines on the train now has his attention drawn away from the high prices on the bill of fare by music from a Swiss music box. Each box has three cylinders, and each cylinder plays eight tunes.

It is said that there are in the State of Kansas twenty well-built towns without a single inhabitant. Saratoga, in that State, has a \$80,000 opera house, a large brick hotel, a \$20,000 school house, and a number of fine business houses, and yet there is not a single person to claim that city as his home. At Fargo a herder and his family constitute the sole population of what was once an incorporated city.

There is no room for doubt that the construction of good roads pays in the end, says the New Jersey Forester. In wooded districts roads serve as fire breaks. A road is always an excellent point of vantage in fighting a fire. Were the sides of roads in forest districts kept free from combustible matter there would be much less danger from forest fires. The value of timber is rated mainly by the nature of the road over which it is necessary to haul it. In Germany some roads for transporting timber are macadamized and one is mentioned in the report of the Chief of the Forestry Division for 1893 which saved its cost in two years.

"There is no such thing as law," was the surprising and comforting piece of information given by Governor Clarke of Arkansas, to the last graduates of the law department of the Arkansas University. The Governor had but just presented diplomas to the young men, which the recipients might naturally suppose were evidence that they knew some law, as a result of several years of study. Governor Clarke explained that there were no complex in principle as to render the law a myth. Ninety per cent of appealed cases could be decided either way, he averred, and lawyers on the bench very frequently divide on the question of what is the law.

Says Harper's Weekly: There is a cry now and then for cleaner paper money, and not long ago there was a rumor that the Treasury proposed to do better by us in the way of providing us with clean bills. Whether it tried or not does not appear, but certainly our money is not clean yet. The owner of a big department store in a Western city took a notion the other day that he would give his customers clean money in change. So he bought two thousand one-dollar bills, and one morning he filled the money-drawers of his cashiers with them. The money had not been in use half an hour before the head cashier applied for help in making change, and said he would have to have another assistant if clean money was used. The new bills, it seems, are stiff, and it is slower work to handle them than to handle old bills that have been lubricated by use. Bank of England notes, which are almost always clean and fresh, are so thin that it is probably easy to handle them even when they are new. But it would seem that there are practical objections to new greenbacks, even if they could be furnished.

THE WORLD GOOD ENOUGH.

I sat upon the zig-zag fence awhile last Sunday morn' An' looked about across my fields of rustin', dew-drenched corn; I looked upon the browsing sheep within the pasture green. The cattle an' the horses—stock as any that is seen; An' further on, upon the shocks of wheat 'at spread away; An' further, an' yit further on, where rise my mows of hay; An' lookin' on this scenery, I'd naught to say, you see, Agin the way the world is run—It's good enough for me! I sat upon my gallery steps last Sunday eve, I did, As down behind the Western hills the sun, all sleepy, slid, The honeysuckle's fragran'cy was sweet as any flower; That ever glommed all red and rare about the Eden bowers; An' over at the barn the girl was milkin' of the cows, While katydid's sent up their songs from shrubs around the house; An' lookin' on this scenery, I'd naught to say, you see, Agin the way the world is run—It's good enough for me. —Memphis Commercial Appeal.

THE NARROW WORLD.

BY CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD. SOMETHING had happened! There was such a rosy flush on her cheek, so bright a gleam in her eyes, and on his face such an utter abandon of joy, that any one— even a man— could have guessed the truth. Fortunately they had chosen the hill road, the least traveled of all the ways that lead down from the Montecito Valley into Santa Barbara, and for the first half hour after the event they met no one. It was what the inhabitants of the Channel City call a "genuine Santa Barbara day." The sun shone warm and bright, and a soft perfumed breeze came out of the west. There was June in the air, although the calendar was set for mid-winter. The birds sang in the trees above them, the squirrels chirped from the hillside, and their horses, wandering at times from the road, sank to the knees in a waving sea of flowers. "First of all," she said, breaking the silence of a whole minute, "you must tell my father."

"Certainly," said the young man. "Who's afraid?" "You have never seen papa do it," said the girl; "he can be quite a dragon. As you are a kinsman, however—" "A fifth cousin," cried the young man, with a laugh. "Well, fifth cousins are better than nothing, aren't they?" "Truly; how else should we be here to-day?" Then the young man added with peculiar and significant emphasis: "I am inclined to pride myself on that little scheme." The girl brought her horse to a sudden stop and turned her clear brown eyes, half opened under their long lashes, upon her companion. "That little scheme," she repeated, slowly. "I don't understand."

"The young man laughed unceasingly. "Why, Catherine," said he, "you don't mean that you have believed in this entertaining fiction about our great-great-uncle's grandfather?" "Old Ebenezer Strong?" exclaimed the girl. "How dare you call him fictitious, when I saw his portrait at my own grandfather's?" "As your ancestor, my dear one, he is an undoubted reality—but as mine, I regret to say, he is merely a figment of your worthy father's imagination. In short—I would fain break it to you as gently as possible—we are not fifth cousins at all, but just plain ordinary—"

"Not fifth cousins!" "No, darling; and if you are going to faint, please fall on this side, with your head right here on my shoulder."

"I won't! Wretched boy, how could you deceive poor papa so?" "I didn't deceive him. He deceived himself. From the very beginning of our acquaintance he seemed determined to locate me somewhere on the Weston family tree, and you aided and abetted him in the attempt."

posite side of the road. "If we are to start afresh, let it be from the very beginning, three weeks ago."

"Now, as to your father," resumed the young man, "I think I understand him pretty well, because my own and only parent, the governor himself, is constructed on much the same plan. Wherever he goes he is continually in search of the lost tribes of the Strong genealogy. The last letter I had from him in Colorado, where he is spending the winter, contained the announcement that he had unearthed four or five new cousins—choice specimens, I doubt not, that he will expect me to meet and embrace on my way home. "Perhaps it was wrong," he continued, after a moment of reflection, "to play upon that little peculiarity of your father's, to get into his good graces, but you must consider the extraordinary provocation, dear. It seemed like my only chance—are you sorry I took it?"

She looked her answer but did not speak it, and then, avoiding the hand extended to seize her own, she struck her horse a light blow and dashed down the road ahead. "A long, even center in silence followed, and they were well into town before the conversation began again. Then, fearful of observation, they spoke in commonplace. They turned into State street, and stopped at the postoffice, the morning's mail having constituted the chief cause for the trip to town. Richard Strong dismounted and presently appeared with a letter in his hand. "None for you," he said. "This is for me, from the governor. I'll wager it has something in it about cousins."

"Let me see," said the girl, holding out her hand. He tore the letter open and gave it to her. Then he swung himself into his saddle, and they started slowly down the street. Suddenly the girl gave a faint cry. "Papa has been writing to him!" she exclaimed. "Writing to him? What for?" "He has asked him to pay us a visit on the score of relationship, and your father—"

"Well?" said the young man, excitedly. "He says he will start immediately—the very next day."

"Let me see the date of the letter. Ye gods! It has been delayed! He must have got here this morning!" "The train has been in two hours," she said, glancing at her watch. "I must see him immediately," said her companion, nervously turning his horse first one way and then another. "Who would have dreamed that both the old boys would take that cousinship so seriously?"

"I did, sir. I knew from the very beginning that it would make trouble some time."

shorter of the two took his companion's arm and they walked along in evident peace and amity. "They haven't found it out yet," the young man whispered. Judge Weston assisted his daughter to alight. "Catherine," said he, "this is General Strong, the father of our young friend."

"Father!" The General bowed in an old-fashioned obeisance, and Miss Catherine instinctively made him a courteous out of the minutest. "Die!" my dear boy?" "See here," exclaimed the Judge suddenly. "You were mistaken, Richard, in what you told me about old Ebenezer Strong."

The young man braced himself for a struggle. "And to think, Dick," cried the General, reproachfully, "that you never once mentioned to the Judge that your great-grandfather, Ezekiah Strong, married a Weston."

During the recent trial of the new Sandy Hook coast defenses it was found desirable that the striking points of the big mortar projectiles should be accurately determined. At the long range of 6000 yards, or three and a half miles, the 800-pound mass of cast steel buried itself ten feet deep in the sand, and it is the duty of the observer at the target to mark the position by a stake in order that the shot may be afterwards dug up and examined. Two sergeants of artillery had been detailed on this delicate service, and when the party of officials and guests arrived at the target grounds the observers met them smiling and enthusiastic and with their hazardous work successfully performed. A newspaper reporter asked one of the men how he enjoyed the task of retrieving cannon-balls.

"It was beautiful, sir; beautiful," said the smiling sergeant. "I stood there (pointing at a spot twenty-five yards from one stake) and I could see 'em coming. They turned straight and came down point down. They threw the sand up like water and scattered it in every direction. It was beautiful, sir."

Was there ever a finer example of true pride in one's profession? The familiarity that breeds contempt could never have spoken thus of a pearl compared to which tiger-beating in an Indian jungle is but a dull and soporific pastime. It is indeed an admirable quality of moral courage that is here presented, the educated sangfroid of the man who neither underestimates a danger nor runs away from it, the pure impulse to duty that looks for no reward and seeks for no end outside of itself.

It is still the men who are behind the guns.—Harper's Weekly.

So marked is the influence of the weather on certain temperaments that the employers of large numbers of men are beginning to take this into account in promising to fill large orders. In some establishments, it is said that in very gloomy and what is called depressing weather from ten to twenty-five per cent less work is done than on bright, clear days. A little investigation showed that accountants are much more likely to make mistakes in bad than in clear weather, and scientists sometimes decline to pursue their investigations when the atmospheric conditions are unpropitious. This being the case, there is little wonder that foggy, drizzly, chilly days have frequently been called "suicide weather."—New York Ledger.

Nippin' Nick's Muzzle. Nippin' Nick is a Manayunk horse, owned and driven by a young fellow in Manayunk who makes a livelihood by hauling dirt and rubbish. The animal has acquired his name by biting everybody around the dumps adjacent to Manayunk. The other day the horse bit a small boy and a policeman recalled to Nick's driver that he had before been ordered to muzzle the horse. "Now, if that horse ain't muzzled to-morrow I'll pinch you," said the officer. Nothing more was thought of it until the next day, when the owner saw the policeman shuffling along up the street, and quickly hanging an old coal scuttle on the horse's head he made it answer for a muzzle and saved himself arrest and fine.—Philadelphia Record.

A Faithful Dog. Rufus M. Merrill, aged seventy-nine, a well-known ship builder, while walking on the Portland and Rochester Road at Portland, Me., was struck by an engine and received injuries from the effect of which he died two hours later. His dog, his constant companion for many years, tried to drag his master from the track, and had both hind legs cut off. Mr. Merrill seemed more concerned about his dog than himself.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Gentle Hint—Needless Cruelty—Another Objection—An Opportunity Not to Be Missed, Etc., Etc. She wore a locket round her neck, A locket of shining gold; The shape of a heart and large enough A picture petite to hold.

I opened the locket to ascertain Who was her particular pet; Got instead of a miniature photograph Was a sign which read "To Let."

NEEDLESS CRUELTY. He—"I can tell a woman's age, no matter how old she is." She—"You must be a brute!"—Puck.

BAD HABITS. She—"There are 60,000 people in Chicago who smoke opium." He—"That's nothing. Just think how many there are who smoke hams."—Detroit Free Press.

NOT CONFINED TO HEDSKINS. "All the good Indians, they say, are dead Indians." "So are all the good white people. Go and read the epitaphs on the tombstones, will you?"—Chicago Tribune.

GOT ALL THEY WANTED. Pennock—"A gang of burglars entered the House of Correction a short time since." Duller—"Did they get anything?" Pennock—"Yes, five years apiece."—Boston Courier.

MONEY IN FEMININE. Teacher—"What is the gender of 'money'?" Scholar—"Feminine." Teacher (severely)—"Why?" Scholar—"Because money talks."—Detroit Free Press.

ANOTHER OBJECTION. Dick Singleton—"Does your wife object to your going to the club on an evening?" Benny Dictus—"No, but she objects to my coming home from it in the morning."—Harlem Life.

AN OPPORTUNITY NOT TO BE MISSED. Young Mr. Callow—"Yes, Miss Jump, the woman I would marry must in every way realize the highest ideal in beauty and mental qualities." Miss Jump—"Oh, Mr. Callow! This is no sudden!"—New York Mail and Express.

A MODEL HUSBAND. Friend Perrichon, accompanied by his wife, took a trip to the outskirts of Paris. Very tired and hungry, they entered an eating house. The proprietor declared that he had nothing but a chop to offer them.

"Only one!" exclaimed Perrichon; "then what is my wife to have," Paris Gaulois.

"Do you not sometimes have soulful yearnings which you long to convey in words, but cannot?" asked the sentimental girl. "Yes, indeed," replied the young man. "I was once dreadfully anxious to send home for money, and I didn't have the price of a telegram."—Reading (Penn.) Telegraph.

IS A MEEK SPIRIT. Judge—"Prisoner at the bar, you are charged with breaking into the complainant's store and carrying away a large amount of goods. What have you to say in your own defence?" Burglar—"I did it, your Honor, out of compassion. He had a sign up that he was selling his goods less than cost, and by taking them I saved a big loss."—Boston Transcript.

TELL ME HONESTLY. "Tell me honestly," said the novel reader to the novel writer, "did you ever see a woman who stood and tapped the floor impatiently with her toe for several moments, as you describe?" "Yes," was the thoughtful reply; "I did once."

RECKLESS THOUGHTLESSNESS. The judge of a Western court, in order to secure a safer and more civilized condition of affairs in the court room, asked the twelve jurymen and the ten attorneys present to place their pistols in a pile in the corner of the room, but there seemed to be some hesitancy in complying with the request, and the judge insisted. "If your Honor will put his down first," suggested the foreman of the jury, "I guess the balance of us will follow suit."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Music relieves muscular fatigue in man. With an ordinary breeze the height of waves is from four to six feet. If the earth's surface were level, the water of the ocean would cover it to a depth of 600 feet.

Monazite, a rare mineral, which neither melts or burns, is found in the rich metallic heart of the Appalachian Mountains that lie in North Carolina.

Epidemic of typhoid fever have lately been traced in Calcutta and Bombay, India, to the use of water-cress which grew in soil polluted by sewerage.

San Francisco papers think that the problem of transporting fruit to the East might be solved without ice by using the chemical refrigerator, carbon dioxide.

Dr. Louis Pasteur has refused, on patriotic grounds, a German decoration tendered him in recognition of his discoveries in the line of curing hydrophobia by inoculation.

A marble medallion portrait of John Couch Adams, the discoverer of Neptune, has just been set up in Westminster Abbey, London, close to the memorial to Isaac Newton, Darwin and Herschel.

Among the different varieties of seals caught, the hog-suckler is considerably the largest, and will weigh probably 500 or 600 pounds. The skin of this variety is mostly used for covering the boats of the Eskimo.

The tattooing on the faces and bodies of savages is heraldis in its origin. Ellis says that the New Zealand chief's tattoo their faces with the armorial bearings of their tribes, which are as distinctive as the plaids of the Highlanders.

A new invention has been designed to prevent collisions at sea. At a recent test the force from electro-magnetic coils stationed on board a vessel successfully influenced a chemically prepared compass stationed some six miles away, causing it to ring bells.

The "cephippus," whose skeleton is one of the treasures of the American Museum of Natural History, is the original four-toed horse. It was hardly larger than a fox, but a fanciful English scientist says it "possesses all the characteristics of the full-grown horse, including the space for the bit at the end of the lower jaw."

A medical journal says that in the continued use of the eyes in such work as sewing, typesetting, bookkeeping, reading and studying, the saving point is looking up from the work at short intervals and looking around the room. This practiced every ten or fifteen minutes relieves the muscular tension, rests the eyes and makes the blood supply much better.

Mineral Wool. It is an artificial product made from blast furnace slag or certain melted rocks, by the action of a jet stream in which the liquid material is transformed into a fine fibrous or filamentous condition. In this state it closely resembles cotton wool, hence its name. Among its most important properties are strength combined with lightness, resistance to transmission of heat, cold and sound. It is especially adapted as a lining between walls, floors, partitions, roofs, etc., in building construction, thus rendering a building to a greater degree fire-proof.

In shutting out the rays of sun in summer the building is kept cool, while in winter the hot ascending air is retained, keeping the building warm. By densening sound all communications and noises between offices are avoided. As an inorganic substance, it does not decay or breed and harbor insects or vermin, as do earth, mortar, felt and sheathing papers when used as linings, a good property from a sanitary standpoint. It is especially adapted to coil storage and refrigerating houses, and has also been applied as a cover for water pipes to prevent them from freezing. A more extended use of mineral wool seems very probable.—Age of Steel.

The Welding Process Like Freezing. In a paper by T. Wrightson, read before the Royal Society recently, evidence is brought forward to show that the welding of iron and steel is similar in character to the regelation of ice. Iron has been found to expand in passing from the liquid to the plastic state and then contracts to the solid form. Experiments at the Mint have also shown that at the welding point iron cools under pressure. Welding differs from melting pieces together in that in the former case the union takes place below the temperature of fusion.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

Fifty Thousand Truants. The Board of Education of New York City has received a summary of the school census recently taken by the police. According to this report there are 108,020 male and 171,736 female school children in this city. The table shows there are 59,009 truants, which means an expenditure of between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000 for new schools before these delinquents can be taken care of. There is now \$2,000,000 available for the erection of new school buildings, and it is estimated that twenty-five of them will be required.—Scientific American.

A New Sort of Champion. There seems to be no end to the opportunities for a person to achieve fame as a "champion." A painter in Sao, Me., sucked three dozen eggs in seven minutes and fifty-five seconds, a few days ago, and is now ready to seek glory for the championship with any one of his class in the country.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE COUNTRY BOY.

Happy the boy who whistles down the glen, And shrilly calls his cows to him from home; Or loitering by the cool swift-down brook; Dips in his feet the plash the whirling foam. Dear boy, thy voice is ever sweet to me, Thy cries bring back the spring again; Of thy young life I hear the cuckoo cry, And reedy call of whistles down the winding lane.

The cry of darling joy, the hum of bees, Bring to my mind the sense of boyhood days; Once more I roam the fields where time-hills hide, Or lie beneath shading trees from the sun's fierce rays.

I see the dew upon the waving grass, The tanks where coarse sedge-grasses grow, And watch the waters kiss the bounding fags, As flowing on they murmur soft and low. I hear again the wind's low chant in solemn tones, As through the pines they rustle in a solemn tone.

Humor of the Day. We wish we could feel as contented as a girl in a shirt waist looks.—Athenian Globe.

Teddie—"What are woman's rights, pa?" Pa—"Everything they want, my lo; always remember that!"—Boston Courier.

"You seem to be envying old Kajones. What do you see about him to admire?" "His laughter, Laura."—Chicago Tribune.

Clubman—"Colonel, I understand you are acquainted with warfare in all its forms?" Colonel—"No, no; not in all forms. I'm a bachelor."—Spare Moments.

"A man died in a Turkish bath in New York yesterday," said the Mare Newsgetter. "Another sweatshop outrage," commented the Sociologist.—Buffalo Express.

A Pioneer Student (to Professor)—"Has it ever been discovered who was the man in the iron mask?" Professor Oldsport—"He was the original empire."—Harlem Life.

"That's what I call getting out of a bad scrape," groaned the man in the first straw hat as he tottered from the barber shop, rubbing his bleeding jaws.—Rockland Tribune.

"The curious things about my business," said the mosquito, alighting softly upon the nose of the sleeping victim, "is that it's more fun to go to work than it is to stay to him."—Chicago Tribune.

Prince Arsene Karageorgevitch and M. Dollfus fought a duel at Paris with swords, and M. Dollfus was wounded, but the Prince's name came out of the fight without any abbreviation.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Are you a ball crank, Miss Bookkeeper?" "I was afflicted with a mild attack of spheromania last summer," answered the Boston maiden, "but this year I have taken but little interest."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I'm very much afraid," his mother said, "that this pie needs more shortening." "Mamma," said the boy in an audible undertone, "what's that what my piece needs?" "Isn't it?" "No, no. My piece needs lengthening."—Washington Star.

Mrs. White—"And do you mean to say that you and your husband always agree about everything?" Mrs. Black—"Always; except, of course, now and then when he's out of humor or pig-headed, or something of that sort."—Boston Transcript.

"Keep out of debt, young man," said the philosopher. "People will think better of you for it." "Perhaps," was the thoughtful reply; "and yet I've noticed the more I owe people the gladder they always seem to see me."—Washington Star.

"Only think," exclaimed Fenderson, "of the many uses to which paper is now put!" "I know," replied Bass. "I was at the theatre the other night, and I was told it was all paper. And it was a fine, substantial-looking structure, too."—Boston Transcript.

Ananias—"Blood and deats, but there are some insults too great to be borne!" Saphira—"Well, what now?" Ananias—"I don't mind being called a pretty big box. I'm used to that. But a fellow just accused me of being the author of the Cuban war news."—Buffalo Express.

Judge—"Do you mean to say, sir, that you prosecute this man for theft, when you have no better evidence of his guilt than that he had \$10 on his person?" Attorney—"Yes, sir." Judge—"How dare you ask a conviction on such evidence?" Attorney—"The man is a poet, your Honor."—Chicago Tribune.

Doctor—"I would advise you, dear madam, to take frequent baths, deny of fresh air, and dress in cool gowns." Husband (in hour later)—"What did the doctor say?" Wife—"He said I ought to go to a watering place, and afterwards to the mountains, and to get some new high gowns at once."—Pittsburgh Courier.

A "Man Rooster." Ed. H. Daggy, proprietor of the Jackson Square Bird Store, has among other freaks and curious things at his store, a "man rooster," so called by the fancier, which he has named "Picayune." The bird stands up straight, with a body perpendicularly poised, something after the manner of a penguin. The bird is a fighter, and, standing up straight as he does, will do some tall crowing if the next election goes right.—New Orleans Picayune.