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The American bicyclist divides the honors abroad with the American trotter.

Colonel John Cockerill thinks that the attitude of Russia in the East must force an alliance between England, Japan and China.

Cornwall, in England, leads all other countries in freedom from crimes against property. Next in comparative honesty come the western counties of Wales.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton says that if she was Street Cleaning Commissioner of New York City, she would organize a brigade of needy, deserving women to do the work, and it would be done.

The Boston Journal of Commerce announces that an electrical type-setting machine has been invented in Italy by a Dominican friar, which is said to produce words in type faster than the linotype can make them in metal.

The Salvation Army is said to have secured a strong foothold in Buenos Ayres. During the financial troubles it was able, according to Ram's Horn, to help thousands of men out of work to food and shelter. It has a thriving farm colony, and is training Spanish-speaking cadets.

If some archaeologist in the year 5000 A. D., happens to dig up a fashionable woman's costume of the present day, he will draw some very queer conclusions from it concerning the shape of its one-time wearer, predicts the Washington Pathfinder. Women wear big sleeves because they are "pretty." If a thing is pretty, that settles it with the conventional woman. Next thing one shall see society belles hanging themselves about with oil paintings and water colors in gold frames to make themselves "pretty."

The whaleboat Kite is to be sent Arcticward after Peary, and in a little while a new Peary will probably have to be sent after the whaleboat Kite. That, adds the New York Tribune, is the general operation of Polar discovery. The magnet of the North draws eternally, operative on ships and men, perhaps finally on balloons and bicycles as it is on the mariner's needle. Whether the fruits of Polar adventure equal their cost and peril is a question on which the economist and the geographical and scientific enthusiast are entitled to hold different opinions; but it is a quest never likely to be intermitted. The line of discoverers will continue, however lean and conjectural their tales of discovery, and such of them as are not lost in Symme's Hole will have to be sent for now and then to organize new expeditions and keep alive a healthy interest in the region.

We look with horror on the pictures left us by Assyrian and Egyptian conquerors of prisoners' hands and feet cut off, their bodies impaled, and their heads nailed up against the city walls, forgetful, suggests the New York Independent, that just such things may happen nowadays within a few hundred miles of the world's great capitals. A telegram from Tangier reported the other day that four loads of human heads were being brought to Fez, to show the Sultan that people were really punished for the last revolt. The telegram in the London Times says that the "heads were in bad condition when they reached Rabat, and were resalted at that place, the work being done by Hebrews under compulsion of the Government." It was pictured deeds no worse than this which led Gutsmid to declare that the old Assyrians were the schrecklichste of all Nations.

Opposition to crime is growing fast in the mountains of Kentucky, notes the Louisville Courier-Journal. The Jackson (Breathitt County) Hustler says: "Word comes to us from every direction of the revolution in the sentiment of the people of this section of the mountains in regard to punishing criminals. A man told us this week that he had been in eight counties since the Fields-Adkins trial at Barbourville, and that the intense feeling against lawlessness was universal. A gentleman who has been in Perry County much of the time in the past six weeks told us that there would be no trouble to get a jury in that county to hang a man if he deserved it. In the counties where lawlessness has been worst this feeling is greatest. The revolt from the state of terror and death will sweep a number of men into the State Prison and some into the graves. Wee to the desperadoes of these counties now. Their race is run. The grand juries are doing their work and the petit juries their duty."

THE MORNING BIRD.

[One of the most treasured relics I have is a poem which my father wrote when I was a little boy. My father was a native of Maine, but for all that he was a man of sentiment, and he had much literary taste and ability, too. The poem which he gave and which I have always treasured, will (if I am not grievously in error) rank a responsive chord in many a human heart, for all humanity looks back with tenderness to the time of youth.—Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.] A bird sat in the maple tree And this was the song he sang to me: "O little boy, awake, awake, arise! The sun is high in the morning skies! The brook's a-play in the pasture lot And wondereth that the little boy It loveth doth sleep so long!" To share its turbulence and joy; The grass hath knees cool and sweet For trout little brown bare feet—So come, O child, awake, arise! The sun is high in the morning skies!" So from the yonder maple tree The bird kept singing unto me; But that was very long ago— I did not think it did not know— Else would I not have longer slept And dreamt the precious hours away; Else would I from my bed have leapt To greet another happy day— A day, untouched of care and toil, With sweet companionship of youth— The dear old friends which you and I Knew in the happy years gone by!

"THOU ART THE MAN!"

BY HELEN FORNIST GRAVES.

"It's the last straw that breaks the camel's back," said Lucy, bursting into tears. The pleasant June sunbeams came peeping into the cool, stone-paved dairy, where pans of milk and cream were ranged in orderly array; great stone pots stood under the shelves, and a blue-painted churn was already placed on the table for service. Mr. Bellenden was justly proud of his dairy. Not a chance guest came to the house but was invited down to see it; not a housekeeper in the neighborhood but secretly envied its many conveniences and exquisite neatness. "And it isn't the dairy alone!" triumphantly remarked Seth Bellenden. "And you may go through the house from garret to cellar, and you will never find a speck of dust or a stain of rust. There never was such a housekeeper as my wife." Mrs. Bellenden was young, too—scarcely three-and-twenty. She had been the daughter of a retired army officer, delicately reared and quite ignorant of all the machinery of domestic life until she married Seth Bellenden. "It's very strange," Lucy had written to her father. "The farm is beautiful. You never saw such monstrous old buttonball trees, nor such superb roses, and the meadows are full of clover and the strawberries shine like jewels on the sunny hillsides. But nobody sketches or reads. I don't think there is a copy of Tennyson in the whole neighborhood, and no one ever heard of Dore or Millais. All they think of is how many dozens of eggs the hens lay, and how many cheeses they can make in a year. And the woman who has a new receipt for waffles, or a new pattern for a horrible thing that they call crazy quilts, is the leader in society." But presently young Mrs. Bellenden herself caught the fever and became a model housewife. Example is all-powerful, and Lucy began to believe that the whole end and aim of life was domestic thrift, money-saving and the threadmill of work. "My dear," said Seth, "if you thought you could get along without Hopsy, the maid, I might be able to afford that new reaper before the oat crop comes in." "I'll try," said Lucy. And after that she rose before daybreak and worked later into the night than ever. "What is the matter with your hands, Lucy?" Seth asked one day. "They are not so white and beautiful as they used to be." Lucy colored as she glanced down at the members in question. "I suppose it is making the fires," said she. And then she took to wearing old kid gloves at her sweeping and dusting and digging out of ashes. "My coat is getting shabby," Seth one day remarked. "Why don't you buy another one?" asked his wife. Seth laughed—a short laugh. "What do you think Mrs. Higginbotham has done?" said he. "She ripped up her husband's old suit and cut a pattern by it, and made a new one, and entirely saved him ten dollars!"

"I could do that!" said Lucy, with sparkling eyes. "I will try it!" "You can do anything, my dear!" said Mr. Bellenden, admiringly. And Lucy felt that she had her rich reward.

Company began to come as soon as the bright weather set in. All the affectionate relations of Mr. Bellenden soon discovered that the farmhouse was cool and shady, that Lucy's cooking was excellent, and that the bedrooms were neatness itself. Some of them were even good enough to invite their relations as well, and so the house was full from April to December.

All the clergymen made it their home at Brother Bellenden's when they came to Silver Bridge for ecclesiastical conventions; all the agents for unheard-of articles discovered that they knew somebody who was acquainted with the Bellendens, and brought their catalogues and valises, with that faith in human hospitality which is one of life's best gifts. Mrs. Bellenden's fame went abroad among the Dorcesses of the neighborhood in the matter of butter and cheese. She took prizes in the domestic department of all the agricultural fairs, and the adjoining housewives took no trouble to make things that they could borrow of Mrs. Bellenden, "just as well as not."

And one day, when poor Lucy, under the blighting influence of a horrible sick headache, was endeavoring to strain three or four gallons of milk into the shining pans, the news arrived that Uncle Paul was coming to the farm. "Another guest!" said Lucy, despairingly. And then she uttered the proverb that leads our sketch. "Oh, it's only Uncle Paul!" said Mr. Bellenden. "Don't fret, Lutie; he's the most peaceable old gentleman in the world. He'll make no more trouble than a cricket. John's wife thought she couldn't have him, because she has no hired girl just now—"

"Neither have I!" said Lucy, rebelliously. "And Sarah Eliza don't like company." "I'm appalled to be fond of it!" observed Lucy, bitterly. "Where were your own eyes?" said Uncle Paul. Seth Bellenden rolled down his shirt sleeves, put on his coat, and went into the house. He told the Belfords and Pattersons that it was inconvenient to keep them any longer. He gave Cousin Susan to understand that her room was needed. He made arrangements to board the hired men at the vacant farmhouse, and engaged a stout dairyman and a house-servant to wait on Lucy. And he telegraphed to her father to come to Silver Bridge at once.

"She deserves a treat," he said. "He shall spend the summer with us." And then he went to tell Lucy. She had fainted among the buttercups, picking strawberries for tea. Poor little Lucy! The machinery had utterly refused to revolve any longer. His heart grew cold within him. "She will die," he thought, "and I shall have murdered her!" But she did not die. She recovered her strength by degrees. "It is better than any medicine," she said, "to know that Seth is thinking of me and for me."

And Uncle Paul—"the last straw," as she had called him—had proved her salvation. "I don't want her to go as Eliab's wife did," said Uncle Paul.—Saturday Night.

In Chinese Villages. Mr. Weldon and I often went into the villages, walking between the fields of shivering rice, but far oftener the villagers came to see us in our house-bog—men, women, babies, dogs, and all. Always some little side canal, the offshoot of a main waterway, was the only street between or before the village houses. There was always the towpath, but the best route was by a second path leading back behind the houses. By following that we passed through the farms and yards. We saw the men and women thrashing the rice by beating a lot with handfuls of it to scatter the kernels on the ground. We saw the farmers turning the soil over and breaking it up laboriously, or punching holes in the thick clay, dropping seeds in them, and then sguaring the holes over with a rake. We went into the inner courts of the better houses, and noted how the men, and even the tiniest baby boys, thrust themselves forward to greet us, while the women and girls slunk behind or merely peeped through the doorways and open windows—the latter being Elizabethan contrivances, framed for little pans of oil paper or the enameled inner coating of earshells. White goats, wolfish dogs, common-sense chickens, hump-backed cows and nose-led buffaloes make up the animal life that is so painfully missing in Japan and so abundant in China.—Julius Ralph in Harper's.

Fortunate Waiters. In Frankfurt, Germany, there is a restaurant the waiters of which have just received what must assuredly be the largest "tip" on record. Among their customers for many years was a gentleman of independent means, Herr Wilhelm Penzel. Recently this gentleman went on a trip to Egypt, and died while there, at Port Said. By his will, it is found, he has left \$4000 to the fortunate waiters in question.—London News.

Extent of Cotton Making. Cotton manufactures are found in nearly every State except the extreme Northwest, though the principal seat of this manufacture has always been in New England.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The Angler's Guide—Her Choice Faithless—The Imperious Hired Girl—A Humorist, Etc., Etc. Burnish up the reel and rod, Straighten out the line, Take a spade and turn the soil—Fishin's gettin' fine. Tramp along to where they say Spooked leaguins swim. Sit around for half a day—Go and buy your fish.—Buffalo Courier.

A HUMORIST. A—"I fail to see how you can laugh at such a silly remark." B—"My dear fellow, I can't help it. I owe the man a hundred dollars."

UNDER THE BAN. Teacher—"Speaking of imports, with what does Canada supply us?" Bright Boy—"Silver coins that won't pass in the horse-cars."—Judge.

HER CHOICE FAITHLESS. "I love, and I am loved." "Then you must be perfectly happy." "But it isn't the same man!"—Life.

THE IMPERIOUS HIRER GIRL. "Are you the boss here?" Mr. Meekly—"Do I look like a man that would allow his wife to get along without a cook?"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

PRESUMPTIVE PROOF. "When your son graduated did he leave anything behind him to enrich the traditions of the college?" "I guess so; his manners are gone."—Puck.

BATHER SNAPPY. Man (to Baker Boy)—"What is your dog's name, sonny?" Baker Boy—"Ginger." Man—"Does Ginger bite?" Baker Boy—"Naw, Ginger snaps."—Atlanta Journal.

RAIL REPAIRER. Trolley Car Conductor—"Settle now or get off." Dignified Citizen—"What do you take me for, sir?" Conductor—"E' cents, same as anybody else."—Indianapolis Journal.

A COAL-OIL JOHANNA. "Rich," exclaimed one emancipated woman to another; "why, she's the queen of the stock exchange." "She's very lavish, I'm told, in her display."

"She can afford it. She's so rich that she uses hundred-dollar bills for curl papers."—Washington Star.

NOT UP TO DATE. Jones found Smith vigorously polishing his shoes. "What are you doing that for? I always thought you wore patent leather?"

"These used to be patent leather," replied Smith, painfully bringing his spinal column into its normal position; "but the patent on them has expired."—Washington Pathfinder.

UNLIKE ALL OTHERS. Several men were talking about how they happened to marry. "I married my wife," said one, after the others had all had their say, "because she was different from any woman I had ever met."

"How was that?" chorused the others. "She was the only woman I ever met who would have me."—Detroit Free Press.

HOW HE GOT IT. "Did that farmer's wife give you the cold shoulder?" asked Wobbly Wibbles of his pal, as he came running down the road. "She didn't give it to me," replied Wiggle Waggle, with a grin. "I swiped it when her back was turned."

And, as he produced the remains of a fine piece of roast mutton from under his coat, his comrade saw the joke and joined in the laugh.—Brooklyn Eagle.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER. "Please, sir," whistled the boy with two front teeth missing, "Minnie Williams's mother says Minnie can't come to school, 'cos she's got a stitch in her side."

"Who is Minnie Williams's mother?" the new school teacher asked. "She's the dressmaker."

The teacher turned reflectively to the blackboard. "How wonderful are the influences of heredity," muttered he.—Rockland Tribune.

THE BELIEF PASSION. "Gentlemen," said the college President at the meeting of the faculty, "we must take means at once to stop the game of football. It is bringing our grand old institution into disrepute."

Just then a great noise was heard outside, and the President demanded the cause of it. "News has been received," explained one of the younger professors, apologetically, "that nine of our eleven will surely be back in college next year, and that our chances of beating Yale next fall are of the best."

"Good!" shouted the President, flushing with pleasure. "Er—I think—er, young gentlemen, we had better be too—er—hasty in this matter."—Harlem Life.

It is stated that Assam tea is the richest in theine, that Ceylon and Indian teas will not keep, and that Day-seling is the best of all.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Aluminum is being used in making the bodies of cars. In nearly all the arid land regions water can be obtained at a depth of 300 to 600 feet.

A Pittsburg company has secured a large foreign contract for aluminum for army purposes. A steel ship has been constructed in Cardiff, with the standing rigging, as well as hull, all of steel.

The castor oil plant and the tobacco plant are both looked upon by the animal world with almost unanimous disapproval. M. de Montessus de Ballore has calculated that in the known earthquake regions of the world a shock occurs on the average every half hour.

The Simplon tunnel in Switzerland will begin two and a half kilometers from Brig and come out twenty-five kilometers from Domo D'Ossola. A plumb-line suspended a few feet from the side of a large building inclines a little from the perpendicular, because the weight is attracted by the edifice.

There have been instances where bodies, when exhumed, have been found turned on their faces; but that has been explained as having been caused by some chemical action occurring during the process of decomposition. The Bolivian tin mines are very rich, but they are generally situated at an altitude of over 14,000 feet above sea level, so that between high freights, lack of railroads and insufficient capital they are hardly developed at all.

A new device for utilizing coal dust for fuel is to mix coal, molasses and water, coal dust and petroleum. Another fuel mixture is that of sawdust, Irish moss, asbestos fibers and burned limestone, these being heated together and made into bricks with coal dust.

Take a polished knitting-needle and dip it into a deep vessel full of milk; withdraw it immediately in an upright position. Some of the fluid will hang out to the needle if the milk is pure, but if water has been added, even in small proportions, no milk will remain on the needle.

An engineer of the Chicago Drainage Board has figured out from careful experiments and computations that the level of the great lakes will be lowered permanently between one and a half and two inches by the big drainage canal. The effect will be greater on the upper than on the lower lakes.

While genuine hydrophobia is not understood, there is an increasing suspicion among pathologists that many cases of what is supposed to be hydrophobia are merely acute hysteria. As it is as fatal to the sufferer, however, it will make no difference what it is called unless a remedy is found for it.

It is very interesting to go through a wall paper factory and follow the processes of manufacture. The designs are the first things observed. Formerly there was a scarcity of these, but now there is a flood, and a manufacturer must exercise much artistic taste and business ability in making selections. Various designers have different specialties—some flowers, others architectural ideas, etc.—and of recent years architects have devoted many of their spare moments to originating wall paper designs. A complete design consists of three pieces—side wall, border and ceiling. The general width of patterns of the side wall and ceiling as used in the trade and manufactured by American machinery is eighteen inches, and the length of the repeat in the pattern is eight, eleven and three-fourths or fourteen and three-fourths inches, as suggested by the character of the design, the shorter repeats being the most satisfactory to the trade in general. Many of the best effects are produced in papers containing only four to six colors, but as many as twenty or twenty-five are sometimes used. Each color and shade in a design means a separate roller to the manufacturer.—New York Telegram.

Making Wall Paper. The general width of patterns of the side wall and ceiling as used in the trade and manufactured by American machinery is eighteen inches, and the length of the repeat in the pattern is eight, eleven and three-fourths or fourteen and three-fourths inches, as suggested by the character of the design, the shorter repeats being the most satisfactory to the trade in general. Many of the best effects are produced in papers containing only four to six colors, but as many as twenty or twenty-five are sometimes used. Each color and shade in a design means a separate roller to the manufacturer.—New York Telegram.

Weight of the Hair. An interesting article was published in a Paris paper recently regarding the weight which a hair from the human head can support. "Lair," says the author, "has a force of resistance hard to believe unless one has convinced himself by the experiment." Bichet does not fear to say that nothing else, not even excepting a fibrous tissue, can support so large a weight in proportion to its volume. Grullier, who shares his opinion, has estimated that a single hair can carry a weight of 1034 decigrams (more than a hundred grams). According to Richter, a blond hair can bear more than six ounces, and a black one still more. One can thus appreciate the great strength of the ropes which the Carthaginians made of the hair.—New York Advertiser.

Startled the Congregation. The new canon of Westminster, England, is credited with a ready wit. A story is told of his having once been terribly interrupted by the incessant coughing of his congregation. Whereupon he suddenly paused in his sermon, and interjected the remark: "Last night I was dining with the Prince of Wales."

The effect was miraculous, and a deadly silence reigned as the preacher continued: "As a matter of fact, I was not dining with the Prince of Wales last night, but with my own family. I am glad, however, to find that I have at last secured your attention."—Pearson's Weekly.

BLAZZ-OW SONG.

In twilight's gray—one hour alone Time yields, unburdened, all my own— Soft winging thoughts the silence fill, With wondrous pauses—a love-strewn thrill, Boasting my heart, o'er passive grown In twilight's gray.

Poor heart, thy joy mood of stone In this calm hour is glacially thrown Aside with every pain and ill, In twilight's gray.

Forgotten all the wrongs, the taint Of misery; the visions blown By sinful storms—my heart is still, Obdurate to the kindest will Of gentle courtiers, only known In twilight's gray.

—George E. Bowen, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The man who always looks before he leaps, never leaps.—Puck. The size of a lunch basket depends altogether on who carries it, the husband or wife.—Los Angeles Express.

In angry mood she dirts her fan, Small wonder she's enraged, For every eligible man She finds out is engaged.—Judge.

Mrs. Hazen—"How in the world did your husband get so terribly choked?" Mrs. Snapper—"Eatin' boneless codfish."—Boston Courier.

Overheard at the Horse Show: "That horse is full of ginger, and seems well bred." "Yes; he's a sort of ginger-bread horse."—Philadelphia Record.

"Oh, well with me; oh, be my wife, I'll be the same as you are." "Sunshine! Horry!" said the maid "Such talk in a man in the shade!"—Indianapolis Journal.

"There is something about you," remarked Rubberneck Bill, as he gently removed the traveler's money belt, "there is something about you that I like."—Indianapolis Journal.

A great deal has been written lately about the three rings of Saturn, but nobody seems to have thought of the field that planet offers for an enterprising circus man.—Buffalo Courier.

Once more the summer brings to view This most extraordinary chap, The farther from the sea he gets, The more he hears that yachting up.—Washington Star.

Why?—"I thought you said your wife wrapped up this bundle." Browne—"I did." Why?—"You must be mistaken. There isn't a pin in the wrapping-paper anywhere."—Somerville Journal.

Standing with reluctant feet, Where the brook and river meet, Now the sweet girl graduate, Expected earlier than she met, Devotes her every thought and care To what is just the thing to wear.—Detroit Free Press.

"I hear that you are engaged to a girl with an ideal. You are likely to find that sort of girl pretty hard to get along with." "Oh, I guess I am all right. You see, I am the ideal."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Kansas Farmer—"Yes, sir; that well is seventy-five feet deep. Had to dig down all the distance to get water." Visitor (from Kentucky)—"And you dug seventy-five feet for it?" Great Scott."—Chicago Tribune.

Colonel Clay (of Lexington)—"What's that curious hole in the ground over yonder?" "They're digging a well." "Ah, yes. For water, I suppose. What queer things one sees away from home."—New York Recorder.

Lady (in Central Park, to baby in carriage)—"Why, you pretty little thing!" Nurse, proudly—"Yes; it's a good thing." Policeman, approaching—"Well, push it along, then. You're blocking the sidewalk."—New York Herald.

Freddy—"I told Mr. Loveman that you said you were going to kiss him next time he came to the house." Maud—"You horrid boy. What did he say?" Freddy—"Said he wouldn't believe it till he had it from your own lips."—Truth.

Wyld—"See that woman sitting alone in the corner? That's Miss Autique, the lecturer. The women rave about her, but I don't think she thoroughly grasps her subject." Mack—"What is it?" Wyld—"Men."—Brooklyn Life.

Scientific Uses of Liquid Air.

In a recent lecture on the scientific uses of liquid air Professor Dewar froze a soap bubble by means of the intense cold produced near the surface of liquid air. The same effect, however, was obtained by Mr. Bin by natural cold in Colorado last winter, when the thermometer stood at fourteen degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, that is to say at forty-six degrees of frost. Acting on the suggestion of his little boy, who was blowing soap bubbles, he sent one into the cold air outside. It froze instantly, and settled to the ground as a hollow shell of ice. When the thermometer rose to zero the bubbles would not freeze, but whether this was owing to the change of temperature or some other condition of the air Mr. Bin is unable to say.—London Globe.

A Hen With Teeth.

Nathan Bitzick, a poultry dealer of 123 Suffolk street, has a hen without a beak or bill, but instead a large mouth with lips clearly defined and teeth which can be easily felt. She has a nose, forehead and extraordinarily large eyes, which show intelligence like those of a dog. The face resembles that of a monkey. The tongue is unlike that of any fowl and she licks her chops like a cat. She bites off a piece of bread crust, holding it with one claw while she eats. When asleep she breathes like a quadruped, with a sound very much like a gentle snore. She weighs between five and six pounds and was brought from the country a few days ago with other fowl.—New York World.