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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, one year...

Chicago expects soon to monopolize the industry of making car wheel tires.

A London physician is now recommending the bicycle as a preventive and cure for asthma.

Statistics show that in Germany's population of 50,000,000 the females outnumber the males by nearly a million.

The tax on bicycles paid France about \$400,000 this year. There are nearly 200,000 machines in use in that country.

Mansfield, Ohio, has granted a pension of \$300 a year to a school ma'am, who has been assisting its young ideas to shoot for the past fifty years.

Andrew Carnegie has got Great Britain down on him by comparing the equipment of their railroads unfavorably with that of the American roads.

American railway engines are more favored in Japan than English ones. But the Japs will build their own right away, laments the New York Recorder.

In 1890 the horses of the United States were valued at \$978,000,000. At present they are valued at about \$576,000,000, though there are a million more of them.

In the high schools of Japan the English language is placed on the same footing as the Japanese and its study is compulsory. The Japs are as good at looking after the future as they are in keeping up to date in current affairs.

Max Edel, a German bacteriologist, recently took a bath and then examined the water for microbes. He found that it contained 5,850,000,000! After a bath of one foot only he estimated the number of microbes at 180,000,000.

A report to the English Parliament shows that from 1877 to 1893, inclusive, 353 English convicts were sentenced to be flogged under laws which allow this punishment to be inflicted in certain gross cases of assault. It is said that such crimes have not diminished in frequency as a result of the severity of the punishment.

Miss Edith Sessions Tupper says the new man as seen in New York City has a vacant stare in his eyes. No wonder, observes the Chicago Times-Herald, the new woman is crowding him out of nearly every channel of activity, and he has been hunting for a vacancy for so long he can be excused if he has a vacant look about the eye.

Fish-hatching in China is sometimes conducted with the aid of a hen. The spawn is collected from the water's edge and placed in an empty egg-shell. The egg is then sealed with wax and placed under a sitting hen. After some days the egg is carefully broken and the spawn emptied into water well warmed by the sun. There the little fish are nursed until they are strong enough to be turned into a lake or stream.

Paris has now 81,201 'houses,' 885 'workshops' and 1807 buildings which are designated as 'a mixture of houses and workshops'—representing a value of \$2,200,000,000. The value of real estate has doubled since 1862. As especially notable in connection with these statistics, the Petit Journal mentions that, just as the residence in the richer quarters must have horse stables convenient, so, now in the construction of new buildings nearly everywhere provision is being made for property 'stabling the steel horses'—the all-pervading bicycle.

The New York Sun says: At last it is beginning to be realized that the case of the English grain raisers is permanently hopeless. The fact was practically admitted at the conference on the question of National bread supply held this week. The comforting notion had been clung to for several years past that there is such a thing as a limit to the depression, and when that has been reached matters will necessarily begin to mend. Last year it was thought that British corn had reached such a point, and that as the farmer could not possibly do worse he was bound to do better. This cheerful calculation has been upset. In the coming season England will import a larger proportion of meat and flour even than last year. As matters stand wheat can only be grown at considerable loss, and though the large farmers may continue to produce it at a loss for the sake of collateral advantages, the small ones cannot afford to do so, and more arable land is bound to go out of cultivation.

THE REAPERS.

The long day's toil was over— A bird sang in a tree; The sunshine kissed the clover Good-by, and—she kissed me!

A MODEL EXISTENCE.

MRS. DEWSFORD sat in her own room employed in fastening buttonholes on a sheet of pasteboard, with an 'Encyclopedia of Etymology' lying on the table beside her.

She was a spare, prim, hard-featured matron—one who believed in Women's Rights, and thought woman generally a much abused personage, deposed from her proper sphere and trampled on by the tyrant Man!

Mrs. Dewsford had come very near being a man herself—what with a deep voice and bearded chin, and a figure quite innocent of all superfluous curves or graces!

Elizabeth Dewsford was quite different—Lizzy Dewsford who stood beside her mother with cheeks round and ripe as a fall peach, deep blue eyes made mystic and shady by their long lashes, and brown hair wound round her pretty head in shining coils.

'Nonsense, child!' said Mrs. Dewsford, critically examining a butterfly with pale yellow wings, sprinkled with carmine.

'But, mamma,' pleaded Lizzy, 'it isn't nonsense. He really does want to marry me.' 'Marriage is all a mistake, Elizabeth,' said Mrs. Dewsford, laying down her magnifying glass.

'Mamma!' cried Lizzy, aghast, 'surely you would not—' 'Elizabeth,' said Mrs. Dewsford, in a tone of judicial calmness, 'don't you see what a confusion you are creating among these insects which I have so carefully classified. I beg you will interrupt my studies no longer. Go and read that 'Report of the English Convention for the Amelioration of Womankind.' What are you crying for? A well-regulated woman never cries.'

'Why, of course I did. I'd have been home long ago if I could get off this place.' 'Well, ma'am,' said Charley, in accents of the coolest deliberation, while Lizzy, alone, frightened and yet smiling, to his side, 'shall be very happy to help you off this cliff on one condition.'

'Condition! Charles Everett!' exclaimed the astonished and indignant matron; 'what do you mean?' 'Simply this, Mrs. Dewsford: I want to marry your daughter. But Lizzy, like a too dutiful child, will not become my wife without your consent.'

'Which she shall never have!' said Mrs. Dewsford, emphatically. 'Very well, ma'am! Get up, Lizzy, and he shall have her.' 'You're not going to leave me here?' shrieked Mrs. Dewsford, in a panic of terror.

'Unless you comply with my condition, ma'am, I most certainly shall.' 'And that condition is—' 'Your consent to my marriage with your daughter.'

'Elizabeth!' cried Mrs. Dewsford, 'will you be a witness to this—this atrocious conduct and not interfere?' 'I had better sit in the middle—it preserves the equilibrium of the vehicle better,' said Mrs. Dewsford, wedging herself in between Lizzy and Mr. Everett with a smile of great complacency.

And she immediately began discoursing on the properties and habits of the fern, with unpausing volubility, while Lizzy, perched on the extreme outer edge of the seat, had all she could do to keep in the wagon, and Mr. Everett's eyes were in extreme danger with the points of the drab umbrella, which veered to and fro like a ship in a storm, as Mrs. Dewsford's tale waxed in interest.

Suddenly she checked herself, as if eye caught a cluster of green waving vegetation on the crest like point of a rock which overhung the road.

'Charles! Charles!' she cried, 'stop a minute! Can't you reach that Asplenium Eburnum?' 'Is this it, ma'am?' said Mr. Everett, making a dive at a tall mullein stalk.

'No, no; not that—the little green thing with the black stem!' 'This, ma'am?' hazarded Charley, clutching at a fat-leaved clover of weedy growth. 'Oh, dear, dear, Charles, how stupid you are!' sighed Mrs. Dewsford. 'I'll jump out and get it myself!' 'Mamma!' remonstrated Lizzy. 'Oh, I'll help her!' nodded Charley, springing nimbly on the cliff, and pulling Mrs. Dewsford by main force up the steep side of the rock.

Over a century ago, on the upper West Side, in New York City, at a spot known as Fort George, but now a part of Harlem, Alexander Hamilton, whose breath was stopped by Aar Bazar's bullet, planted thirteen trees within a radius of thirty square feet.

Now they are sturdy oaks, and a splendid object lesson in forestry. Although planted in the knoll of an obscure hill, this bunch of timber attracts the attention of all who pass that way, whether they know its history or not.

Like Hamilton was, these trees are now—nameless, eccentric. One may see them from any angle, or range of vision, and count them, but by some hocus pocus one is sure to miscalculate their number, invariably falling short at least one tree, a round dozen alone being visible.

In order to accurately count the trees in this big trunked maze one must scale the dilapidated fence surrounding the oaks and count them one by one, marking them in order to avoid a second error. You will then find that the unlucky number is there. Harlemites who are acquainted with the mystery frequently lay wagers with the uninitiated. After rousing a stranger's curiosity, they eagerly bet him liquid refreshments or money that he cannot count the Hamilton oaks correctly.

They at ways win, of course. Then they take pride in telling the lower how to play the game on others and get even. The thirteen trees were planted by Alexander Hamilton to commemorate the original thirteen States.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

'Insolent!' From Paris comes an excellent story, though the flavor (as the Morning Post) seems ancient. The other day a heavy rain storm converted the Rue Vivienne into a good-sized stream, to the despair of a great lady who was unable to cross the street.

A powerfully built young Englishman was passing at the time, and, seeing the embarrassment of the lady, unceremoniously lifted her in his arms and set her down in safety on the other side. He saluted her, but the lady only thanked him by exclaiming 'Insolent!' Whereupon the young Englishman, without saying a word, took the lady once more in his arms, carried her to the pavement where he found her, re-saluted her, and walked off.—New York Journal.

Professor John A. Simpson, of Raleigh, N. C., blind from birth, has mastered mathematics 'from addition to quaternions' mentally, has learned ancient and modern languages, and like many other blind people is a good musician. His blindness is without doubt the cause of his extraordinary mental development. It is thought that the too great use of pen and paper or of slate and pencil to relieve the memory has a marked effect in checking mental growth. The industrious blind, relieved of this check, often accomplish what the seeing regard as miracles.—New York World.

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'If you're the man that answers the questions,' said the lady perched on the faded brown sofa who had climbed four flights of stairs in search of information, 'I wish you would tell me who it was that shrieked when Kosciuszko fell?' 'Freedom,' replied the answerless editor, glancing up at him and resuming his work.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Fisherman's Romance—Retrospect—True Alford and Astrove—An Honest Man, Etc., Etc.

He walked the stream the life-long day, With rod and reel and fly, And then went home and revealed in One long, luxurious lie. Philadelphia Record.

A SLOWLY ACQUIRED ART. Dora—'Can't you ride a wheel yet? Why, Mr. Silverpouch has been teaching you for three weeks!' Cora—'I know it. But he hasn't proposed yet.'

Mrs. Dewsford—'What is your policy with reference to old bachelors?' Mrs. Fenmore (mother of a large family of marriageable daughters)—'Extermination!'—Puck.

ON THE PLAZA. 'How long has Miss Short been a summer girl?' 'Well, I've been coming here for ten years—oh, here she is—why, Miss Short, how young and pretty you look this morning?'—Boston Gazette.

WHY DID SHE MARRY FIDDLEBACK? 'Because she was in love with another man, and the man was in love with Fiddleback. It was the only way she could get even with other girls, you see!'—Life.

TRUE ALFORD AND ASTROVE. 'According to you, I never told you a single truth before we were married.' Mrs. Naved—'Oh, George, you weren't quite as bad as all that. Don't you remember you always used to say you were unworthy of me?'—Life.

THOSE POOLISH QUESTIONS. Stiffins (a neighbor)—'Hello! Jones, what you doin'? Laying down a carpet?' Jones (who has just whacked his thumb)—'No! you blasted idiot—the carpet was here when we moved in. I am just putting the floor under it.'—Truth.

THE BLIND MAN (in loud voice)—'Hi, there! you varmint! Let that 'ere calk's liver alone. I'm poor, but I'm honest, an' I wouldn't let even a dog of mine steal.' Sympathetic Old Lady (overhearing)—'Here is a quarter, poor man! I always like to reward honesty and truthfulness.'—Puck.

TOLD THE TRUTH. Boarder (from the city)—'You wrote me you were never bothered by mosquitoes; and they have nearly stung me to death before I've been here five minutes.' Farmer—'I didn't say anything 'bout 'em botherin' you, did I? I said they never bothered me, and they don't; I'm use 'em.'—Puck.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

London's pneumatic system consists of thirty-six pneumatic tubes which radiate throughout the metropolis. A lightning rod is the seat of a continuous current, so long as the earth at its base and the air at its apex are of different potentials.

A writer in Electric Power thinks that in electrocutions the current should be turned on for several minutes, instead of a few seconds. The effect of age and of strong currents on German silver is to render it brittle. A similar change takes place in an alloy of gold and silver.

The rays of the arc light, when the arc is unprotected by a glass globe, are said to dissipate lead colors, and even to have a really purifying action. The rate of transmission on Atlantic cables is eight words of five letters each per minute. With the 'duplex' this rate of transmission is nearly doubled.

By means of varied and exhaustive tests, a Swiss scientist has established the fact that not a single microbe exists beyond an altitude of 2000 feet above sea level. The highest artificial structure in America is the new water tower at Elen Park, Cincinnati, Ohio. This tower, reached by the elevator, is 522 feet above the level of the Ohio River.

It has been found by M. A. Chanvean that during negative work, descent or lowering, the temperature of the muscles concerned is raised to notably less degree than during correspondingly positive work, ascent or raising. The paper cables used in insulating electric wires in Chicago are made by wrapping strips of manilla paper around the wire and coating it with resin and rosin oil. When sheathed in lead pipe these cables are said to be highly satisfactory.

New machine guns are wanted in the navy. The demand is for guns of six millimeter calibre, using smokeless powder and jacketed bullets. Rapidity and accuracy of aim, resistance to pressure, facility in dismounting and freedom from injury by dust and rust will be considered. Krushite, the new abrasive material, consists of chilled cast metal shot, varying in size from that of the clover seed to a mere powder. It is claimed that krushite is three times as effective as the sharpest sand for polishing diamond drills, in boring, etc., and that the wear on the saw blade, or rubber, is also very much less.

After a spectroscopic comparison with the gas of clevite—in which terrestrial helium was first discovered—M. H. Deslandres announces that the permanent radiations of the sun's atmosphere that are not recognized on the earth are reduced to a single one. This is a green ray, called the ray of the corona, which is peculiar to the highest regions of the solar atmosphere, allowing us to suppose that it belongs to a gas lighter than hydrogen.

Have Faces Like Masks. Actors' and actresses' faces are of great interest to the physiognomist. An actor's art must of necessity involve the stimulation of both the muscular and trephic factors of expression. Not only has he to emphasize the facial movements which are appropriate to his part, in order that his expression may be plainly seen by the pit and the gallery, but he is as a rule obliged to change his role frequently, and to assume a succession of characters requiring very different facial renderings.

As a result all his expression muscles are exercised as athletes who are the body muscles of an athlete who is undergoing a systematic course in a gymnasium. Hence, in a typical actor's face, when seen at rest, no one group of expression muscles outpalls the others, and as a consequence of this state of muscular balance there is about it a peculiar aspect suggestive of a mask. Moreover, this impressive and almost wooden look is enhanced in many cases by an even layer of subcutaneous fat—the result probably of emotional stimulation of a constantly varying character.—Blackwood's Magazine.

New Use for Banana Skins. New York bootblacks are generally credited with being about as smart and up-to-date in the practice of their 'profession' as their fellow shiners in any city, but it is evident that they can learn a point or two from some of the little colored urchins who polish shoes in New Orleans. The New Orleans bootblacks have discovered that the heretofore worthless banana skin is a capital thing with which to put a polish on tan or russet shoes. They say it gives a much finer and more lasting shine than any oil or 'dressing' to be found in the market, and their customers agree with them.

HIS MOTHER'S KISS.

It was her want when, tired of play, He to her bosom crept, With golden hair in tress, To kiss her cheek and nose, And still her plea would be 'Tis this: 'I shall not wake him with a kiss!'

So heavenly-sweet his slumber fell— So beautiful and bright, To kiss the angels lift the veil, To kiss the boy good night! For still he smiles in dreams of bliss, 'How should I wake him with a kiss!'

So did his mother say, and when Good-wintered His sweet will, She only mourned 'He sleeps' and then, Kneeling, she kissed him still, And weeping, murmured in this: 'I cannot wake him with a kiss!'

FACTS ARE ALMOST AS STUBBORN AS SOME PEOPLE.—Life. A great deal of the usefulness of this world is caused by the uncertainty of sure things.—Puck. It is no evidence of a violent temper that the camper pitches his tent out-of-doors.—Lowell Courier. Two-thirds of existence is made up of striving. To hurry up things that are slow in arriving.—West Union Gazette.

Tom—'Did you ever do any deep-sea fishing?' Emily—'Well, I became engaged on an ocean-steamer.'—Judge. There is a deplorable tendency nowadays, by some parents, to disobey their children. Nothing so annoys a child as a hesitating compliance.—Albany Argus.

Sawley—'Snagge says he is a failure as far as success is concerned.' Griffiths—'In other words, he's a success as far as failure is concerned.'—Boston Courier. Mrs. Platte Houser—'It is the height of folly for that man to stand outside a fifth story window to clean it.' Mr. Platte Houser—'It would be the depth if his foot should slip.'—Judge.

'Bliggins is still complaining about the business depression?' 'Hasn't he got work yet?' 'No. Can't find anything that suits him.' 'That's the way it goes. The man that keeps talking about hard times is invariably looking for a soft thing.'—Washington Star.

The actions of some of these reformers, and the confused philosophy, remind me much of the way my father used to pull weeds in the garden for about a minute to show me how easy it was. Then he would go off and sit down in the shade and leave me to keep at it all the forenoon.'—Indianapolis Journal.

The horse shouts of the mob indicated that the fell work was done. 'Stole a horse, I presume?' ventured the tenderfoot, gesturing in the direction of the deceased. 'Bicycle,' they rejoined, not without revealing the pain the suggestion of the other occasioned. The end of the age was at hand and progress was spurring in the stretch.—Detroit Tribune.

Our National Dish Abroad. Some one writes to an English paper for a receipt for 'American dry hash,' a most forbidding and unfamiliar title; and the reply comes as follows: I do not know this dish by name, but is it anything like the following, both real American dishes? Chop a pint of uncooked potatoes, and stew them for five minutes with a pint of water; now add a quart of cold cooked beef chopped fine, and a little more water if necessary; then lift it off the fire, stir into it two whole, well beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. Another receipt known as 'Boston brown hash,' is more like our 'Shepherd's pie.' For this cover the bottom of a well greased pie dish with cold cooked potatoes, passed through a potato masher, then on this put a layer of cold cooked meat, (say remains of meat, roast, stewed, etc., will do if finely minced), then a layer of stale breadcrumbs, sprinkling it all with salt and pepper; place over it some small morsels of butter, moisten it all with a gill of gravy or stock, cover it all with another layer of mashed potato, smooth the top over with a knife dipped in milk, and bake in a moderate oven till nicely browned (about half an hour).

American housekeepers will smile to discover that our simple breakfast hash has reached the dignity of a formula. Chamberlain on the Stump. An American who saw a good deal of the political excitement in England during the recent elections and who attended many of the meetings says that Hon. Joseph Chamberlain was the most interesting of the speakers. His composure on the platform in the face of insults unmeasured in American politics was marvellous. 'Julius!' 'Renege!' 'Traitor!' 'Bully!' 'Villain!' the crowd shouted, but the more the insult, the more virulent the abuse, the more the orator seemed to like it. He stood calmly before the mob without a tremor, and although every sentence was interrupted with vilification he went on to the end of his address with as much calmness as if he had been in the House of Commons. As for his persuasiveness, 'it was a shell-game speech all the way through, and you was always seeing the ball when it wasn't there.'—Detroit Free Press.