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Fifty-four members of the new House of Commons, about one in twelve, have written books.

London has decided to convert into parks and playgrounds for children the 173 disused graveyards in that city.

They have found out in California that peach stones burn as well as coal and give out more heat. They sell at the rate of \$3 a ton.

Secretary Morion shows that Great Britain is our best customer. Our export trade to England alone is greater than with all the rest of the world put together.

Perhaps the new woman is responsible for the falling off in marriages in England. For the first quarter of this year only 10.6 persons in 1000 married, which is the lowest rate on record.

There are one thousand secret orders in New York City, remarks the Observer, and they have not a single woman member, and three hundred churches, the membership of which is three-fourths women.

More than 100 canning factories have been started in North Carolina this year, and hereafter there will probably be a great increase in the number of factories with each recurring fruit season throughout the whole South.

In casting about for a suitable title with which to characterize the passing century, it is not improbable, suggests the New York Telegram, that the 'Age of Speed' will be found to be the most comprehensive. A glance at the news of the day shows, in addition to fast yachts, the trial trip of the fastest express train that has ever been run in America, a meeting of the three fastest four-year-olds that have ever run on the American track, the training of the fastest amateur sprinters for the international athletic contest, the fastest cable message ever handled by any of the cable companies, and the attempt of the St. Louis, one of the fastest of they ocean greyhounds, to break her own record.

Toronto, Canada, seems, to Harper's Weekly, to be one of the most regulated cities in the civilized world. Sunday is kept there like a suit of best clothes. There are no Sunday newspapers; the street cars don't run; nothing goes on except interest. Even the tides in Lake Ontario omit to ebb and flow on the Lord's Day. On week days you can ride on the Toronto street cars for four cents a ride, and if you are going to school you can ride at half rate no matter how old you are or how big. The street railways pay the city a just rent for their franchises, and the resulting revenue is very large and saves taxes. Nevertheless, it is asserted from time to time that Toronto is losing in population. The good people don't care, for they say they would rather live in a good city than in a big one, but covetous persons who do business or own real estate in Toronto grumble, and say the town is too good to succeed.

The Chicago Times-Herald observes: 'Albert Bach, who suggested before the medico-legal congress that physicians should have the right to destroy the life of a person afflicted with an incurable disease and suffering intensely from it, is not the first to advance the proposition. The subject, repulsive as it is to the imagination, has been discussed by more radical European scientists, who would also dispose of the congenitally insane and persons deformed from birth and liable to protracted pain. Their suggestions have never amounted to anything more than a temporary sensation. It may be conceded that in a few cases, such as acute mania or hydrophobia, where the patient is suffering from a pitiless malady without hope of relief short of death, the physician has taken the responsibility of ending the agony by administering an overdose of opiates. It is well known that during the war surgeons sometimes gave the coup de grace to tortured victims of battle. But what a responsibility these well-intending practitioners take! What an unholy function to gain the name of philanthropy or science! If the practice is common or if physicians generally approve of it they keep knowledge and approval to themselves. Their offense is murder under all laws, human and Divine. The sanctity of life is paramount to every other consideration, and it would be indeed deplorable if the right to play and fear not should be delegated to any class of men, either by law or by common consent.'

SWEET PATIENCE.

Oh, trifling tasks so often done, Yet ever to be done anew! Oh, cares which come with every sun, Morn after morn, the long years through, We shrink beneath their paltry sway— The irksome calls of every day.

THE MISSING WITNESS.

HAD just taken possession of the worst room in Diggs's tavern—I was a young lawyer on my first circuit, and Diggs kept his best accommodations for the old stagers—when the words, 'I say, Bill,' and Tom Mansfield burst upon me at the same instant.

'Tom and I had been cronies from the time we committed our first juvenile trespass on Deacon Boxley's watermelon patch till we afterward studied the action of that same togetherness in Judge Thompson's office. 'I say, Bill, I've got a case, and want your assistance.'

'Ah!' said I, in a consulting tone. 'A will case,' he continued, 'full of the nicest kind of points, and the prettiest woman in the world for a client.'

'What about fees?' I inquired. 'If we succeed there'll be plenty of money; if we don't, it will be a noble cause to fall in.'

'That's what they said of the dashing young chap that broke his neck trying to make two-forty time with the chariot of the sun, but it didn't mend his neck.'

'Confound your mythology; business is business. Let me state the case.' 'State away.' This was it: John Andrews had settled in the country when he was young. He had grown with its growth, and was the proprietor of half a dozen farms and 'some fair daughter.'

His wife, the partner of the earliest and severest portion of his struggles, had died many years before, and his daughter had become the mistress of his house while yet a child. As Effie increased in years her father prospered, and when at length he found himself the possessor of wealth, the ambition, so common under such circumstances, of elevating his daughter to a station in life above that in which she had been reared became a ruling passion. The first thing was to buy her a splendid education; and, like other not over-god judges of the article, he was governed in his choice more by the gaudiness of the coloring than by the quality of the texture.

John Andrews when he found his horse had been robbed of its chief treasure. His first impulse was to ride. It was night when he set out. Mr. Andrews's horse stumbled, precipitating his rider to the ground and falling heavily upon him. He was taken up insensible, and carried to the nearest house. A physician was called, who pronounced the injuries of a most serious character.

As soon as consciousness returned he dispatched a messenger for a nephew of his, a lawyer of not very good repute, residing in a neighboring town.

When he Jackson, the nephew, arrived, he was left alone with his uncle at the latter's request. At the end of an hour the doctor was summoned and requested by Mr. Andrews to note his signature to a paper, to which he then affixed his name, declaring it to be his will.

On his nephew's suggestion that another witness was requisite, Mr. Andrews named MacPherson, a Scotchman, and requested the doctor to send him in.

MacPherson, it seems, had been sent on some errand; but as soon as he returned the doctor communicated Mr. Andrews's message, and went himself to attend a sick call in the neighborhood, not deeming his presence there immediately necessary.

When he came back he was astonished to find his patient dead. By the will, which was published some days after his death, the entirety of his property was devised to his nephew, who had attended him in his last illness. Everything was in due form. True, MacPherson, one of the witnesses, pursuant to a previous intention, had sailed for Scotland shortly after the funeral, and was not present before the Judge of Probate. But his handwriting was proved, and the evidence of the remaining witness was quite satisfactory.

Poor Effie's grief, when she received the intelligence of her father's death, was too profound to be deepened by the news of her own disinheritation. Under all the circumstances, one would have thought that the young husband would have been unremitting in tenderness and sympathy toward his sorrowing bride, who had sacrificed so much for his sake. And he would, had he loved her, but he did not.

The fact is, his whole heart and soul and mind were occupied with a previous attachment—not for another; the farthest possible from that—its object was himself. This affection, which was of the most ardent description, had met with a blighting disappointment in his wife's loss of fortune; and with her unceasing grief and continued self-acquiescence—she offered no reproaches to him—he had but little patience, and soon gave her to understand as much.

At length he was found dead in his bed one morning, after a night of carousal. Effie's cousin, instead of making any provision for her whose rights he had most unrighteously appropriated, left her wholly dependent on others, and had she not found a home in the house of an old friend of her father, she might have gone unsheltered.

Tom Mansfield, who had casually made the acquaintance of the young widow, became warmly interested in her case, and, guided probably more by sympathy than judgment, had commenced an action to contest the will. And this was the case in which he wished my assistance.

We sat up nearly all night in consultation. There was a point which we both thought a 'beautiful' one, and we devoted our principal efforts to strengthening it.

could out of Jackson by abusing him as roundly as the rules of the court would allow. And, after all, who could tell? The jury might take the bit in their mirth, and give us a verdict in spite of the law and evidence. Responsibility becomes amazingly light when divided by twelve.

On the reassembling of court I was a little surprised as well as annoyed at Tom's absence. Could it be he was leaving me in the lurch, and staying away to avoid the mortification of our final defeat?

I had just risen to address the jury, when somebody plucked me by the coat. It was Tom, his eyes fairly gleaming and his whole frame in a tremor of excitement.

'What's the matter?' I whispered. 'The doctor's here.' 'What! the other witness?' 'Yes; just arrived.' 'But will it help us to call him?' 'Trust me for that. Put him on the stand at once.'

'What shall I ask him?' 'No matter; you can't go far wrong; if you miss anything I'll prompt you.'

In a few words I explained to the court our reasons for wishing to reopen the testimony. Jackson turned pale, and whispered to his counsel, but they shook their heads; our application was one that would be granted, of course.

'Call your witness,' said the judge. 'Donald MacPherson!' shouted Tom. The witness, a brawny Scot, advanced to the stand and was sworn.

'Mr. MacPherson, look at that signature and tell us if it is yours,' I said. 'It is.' 'Do you know the signature to the right of it?' 'Yes; that's the signature of Mr. Andrews.'

'Did you see him write it?' 'No; but I am well acquainted with his hand.' 'Were you requested to witness that paper?' 'Yes.' 'By whom?' 'By Mr. Jackson.'

'Did Mr. Andrews say nothing about it?' 'No; he was dead when I came in.' 'There was no cross-examination. 'I submit the case without argument,' I said, resuming my seat.

Our senior opponent was one of those lawyers with whom it is a matter of conscience to show fight to the last. In a brief speech he admitted it to be essential that both the witnesses should have signed their names before the testator's death, but claimed that, inasmuch as the testimony of Jackson and MacPherson was in direct conflict on this question, it must be left to the jury.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Queen of Pies—Cordial Assent—A Bad Investment—A Contented Hustler—A Boston Belle, Etc. She isn't versed in Latin, she doesn't paint on satin, She doesn't understand the artful witchery of eyes; But oh! sure, 'tis true and certain she is very fat and pert in Arranging the component parts of luscious pumpkin pies.

She cannot solve or twist 'em, viz. the planetary system, She cannot tell a Venus from a Saturn in the skies; But you ought to see her grapple with the fruit that's known as apple, And arrive at quick conclusion when she tackles toothsome pies.

She couldn't write a sonnet, and she couldn't trim a bonnet, She's not very boldish in her letter of replies; But she's much at home—oh, very! when she takes the juicy berry, And manipulates quite skillfully a symphony in pies.

CORDIAL ASSENT. Minnie—'The man I marry must be a hero.' Mamie—'Yes, indeed.'—Indianapolis Journal. A BAD INVESTMENT. 'I have loved and lost.' 'Did you get back your engagement ring?' 'No; that's what troubles me.'—Truth.

A BOSTON BELLER. Hicks—'But, really, what kind of a looking girl is this Miss Beekon?' Wicks—'Well, I can hardly say; you see, she didn't have her glasses on the day I saw her.'—Boston Transcript. WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO WOMAN. Clara—'George, is looking very handsome and brilliant this evening.' Mabel—'Yes, he proposed to me an hour ago.'

'And you've refused him?'—Chicago Record. GROUNDLESS FEARS. The Philanthropist—'In giving you that quarter, sir, I'm afraid I've befriended a hard drinker.' The Beneficiary—'You're mistaken this time, sir; drinking is one of the easiest things I do.'—Duck. HOW HE WAS SOBRIE. 'Say you're sorry for throwing the book at your little brother,' said a forgiving mother, 'and I'll not punish you.'

'Yes, ma,' replied little Johnnie. 'I'm sorry it wasn't a brick.' OUGHT TO SUE. Woman—'I want to buy a book for a little Boston boy. Have you anything you can recommend?' Clerk—'Yes, ma'am. We have just received 'Jack and the Bean-stalk' in words of five syllables.'—Judge. OR! Irate Pa—'Did you tell that young man of yours that I'm going to have the gas turned off at ten?' Trix—'Yes.' Irate Pa—'Well?' Trix—'He's coming at a quarter past in future.'—Judge.

A CONTENTED HUSTLER. Neighbor—'Business picking up any?' Brown—'Yes; I am thankful to say that it has. The hard times are over. I've got employment for my wife, and both my little girls. Nothing like hustling.'—Harper's Weekly. ON THE LAWS. Dilis—'Do you believe that the scientists are right in saying that we are taller in the morning than in the night?' Mills—'No; from personal experience I know that I am a good deal shorter in the morning, particularly after a night out with the boys.'—New York World.

COVERING A GRAVER CRIME. Mrs. Outertown—'That Mr. Sabubus shows more consideration for his neighbors than any man I ever saw.' Mr. Outertown (astonished)—'Consideration! Good heavens! Did you call it consideration to wheel a law-mower up and down his grass plot every morning at six o'clock?' Mrs. Outertown—'Yes; but he does it so the neighbors will not hear his daughter practicing singing lessons.'—Puck. A LIBERAL LANDLADY. New Boarder—'What do we get for dinner to-night?' Old Boarder—'This is the night we usually have chicken.' New Boarder—'That's not half bad. Do we often get chicken?' Old Boarder—'Oh, about three times a week.' New Boarder—'Well, by jove! that's pretty fine; but I don't see how Mrs. Skimper can afford it.' Old Boarder—'Oh, it's the same chicken.'—Brooklyn Life.

NOT ON A PURCHASING TOUR. 'Will you be my wife?' She was very beautiful. Some estimated her beauty as high as \$10,000,000. 'No!' she answered. 'I came abroad to shop, and with no idea of making any purchases. Not to day, thank you.' The titled aristocrat ground his teeth in rage. He had ground his teeth in nothing else since the previous day at luncheon.—Detroit Tribune.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

There are 150 varieties of mosquitoes. The yacht Defender has a full suit of sails of ramie cloth. In the hope of overcoming the tendency to slip, bicycle tires are now being made from the rough skins of sharks, spotted dogs and other fish.

The smoke of London in certain states of the wind is found to condense on the sea as far away as Devonshire, blackening the water for miles. Constant current machines are made of an output up to as many as 2000 amp lights, about 10,000 volts and nine amperes, or ninety kilowatts capacity.

During the year a monument is to be unveiled at Ostee, in East Friesland, in memory of the discoverers of the sun's spots, David and Johann Fabricius. A transparent mirror glass, recently introduced in Germany, reflects light on one side, from which it is practically opaque, while from the other side it is transparent.

During a thunderstorm, it is pointed out, the inhabitants of houses should not remain in the kitchen or other room where a fire is burning in the grate, as the heated gases from the chimney top provide a line of least resistance, and this is so whether the house be provided with lightning rods or not.

In transporting the great lens for the Yerkes telescope from the Clark laboratory, at Cambridge, it will be necessary to poise and balance it most carefully to reduce jarring, and to change its position constantly in order to avoid polarization of the molecules of the glass by the swaying motion of the train.

The reason why ships are not struck by lightning is attributed to the general use which is now made of wire ropes for rigging purposes, as well as to the fact that the hulls of ships are usually constructed of iron or steel. Thus the whole ship forms an excellent and continuous conductor, by means of which the electricity is led away into the ocean before it has time to do any serious damage.

Professor Frederick V. Corville, of the United States Department of Agriculture, recently climbed to the summit of Mount Saddleback, Maine. Professor Corville found there many Arctic Alpine plants, including Greenland chickweed, Alpine polygrass, mountain cranberry, Arctic rush, Arctic pinks and many others. His aneroid barometer gave the altitude as 4400 feet above sea level.

Bicycle Records. People who had paid no attention to bicycling matters will be surprised to learn of the records for speed and endurance which have lately been made on the modern wheel. A recent road record is that of Holbein, who, on July 7th, covered 297 miles in twenty-four hours on roads between London and Peterborough. A track record is that which was made in a twenty-four hour bicycle race at Putney, England, on June 22 and 23. In this trial of endurance and speed A. C. Fontaine made 474 miles 1296 yards in twenty-four hours. But the greatest achievement in the way of endurance is that which was made some weeks ago by a Frenchman named Huet. He covered 615 miles in twenty-four hours upon a track. Leaving the question of endurance and coming down to the question of speed, it will be interesting for those who have compared the speed of bicyclists with the speed of horses to note this table:

Johnson (cyclist)... 32 mts. 34 mts. 1 mte. Johnson (man horse)... 46-45 1:11 4:5 1:35 2:2 Flying Jib (pacer)... 47-1 1:11 2:1 1:35 1:2 Robert J. (pacer)... 49-0 1:33 3:4 1:58 1:2 Alix (trotter)... 1:01 3:4 1:32 3:4 2:03 3:4

It will be seen from the foregoing record that the bicycle has made faster or time than any horse, either running, pacing, or trotting, and the curious fact is that the greater the distance the greater the advantage in favor of the cyclist.—Argonaut. A Large Lobster. The biggest lobster ever caught off the Connecticut coast was brought to this city this morning by Captain Lord, of East Lyme. It was caught in his pond yesterday. The biggest lobster ever known hereabouts up to this time weighed fourteen pounds. A log of Captain Lord's monster is as big as a man's thumb and the 'wrist' at the claw as big as a man's wrist. The lobster is from two and one-half to three feet long, and its body is big around as a good-sized pumpkin, say two feet in circumference. Captain Lord will boil the big fellow and test its flesh, which may be too rank to eat. He will then have the shell stuffed and placed on exhibition at Flynn's, probably. The lobster is the same as any other lobster except in size. It may be age that has distended him, for he may have crept in from the great deep just for a lark, a sample of the giants further out. His pugnacity is not great, but on the trip he was carefully kept in a strong box.—Hartford Post.

Stars in the Milky Way. During the last few days Professor Barnard, of the Lick Observatory, has been engaged in photographing in detail the Milky Way. When the plates are finished, which will not be for three years, it is expected that the facts revealed by them will revolutionize the old conceptions of this remarkable phenomenon. The text books declare that the Milky Way probably contains 20,000,000 stars, but Professor Barnard estimates that the camera will record the presence of at least 500,000,000, with the certainty that there must be a still larger number which are not visible.—New York Telegram.

HOW I LOVE HER.

How I love her none may say— In what sweet and varied way; Loving her this way and that— For a ribbon on her hat. For her soft cheeks' crimson dye— For a trick of her blue eyes! How I love her none may say, Yet I love her all the day!

How I love her none may know; Who can say how roses grow? How, where'er it breathes and blows, Still the rough wind loves the rose! For her lips, so honey-sweet, For the falling of her feet— Who shall all my love declare? Yet I love her all the year!

How I love her none may say; In the winter, in the May— In all seasons, dark or bright, Love by day and love by night! For her glance—her smile—the morn's Promise of her here and there; In my sighing, in my song, Still I love her all the long! —Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

RUMOR OF THE DAY. Give good, sound advice and get yourself disliked.—Judge. You may be persevering yourself, but no need for you to try to persevere others.—Judge. 'Some men,' says the Manayunk Philosopher, 'never have any spirit till after death.'—Philadelphia Record.

Candidate—'I can't imagine what caused my defeat.' Friend—'The election of your opponent, I should say.'—Albany Journal. Possibly what makes it more annoying and painful is, whatever he does for man, the mosquito presents his bill before beginning work.—Philadelphia Times. Fond Mother—'My darling, it is bed-time. All the little chickens have gone to bed.' Little Philosopher—'Yes, mamma; and so has the old hen.'—Judge. Horse Dealer—'You had better buy the horse, Colonel. You will never find a healthier animal.' Colonel Jones—'I believe it. If he hadn't been healthy all his life he never could have lived so long.'—Tannay Times.

Mrs. Higbee—'I think you had better go for the doctor, George. Johnny complains of pains in his head.' Higbee—'I guess it is nothing serious. He has had them before.' Mrs. Higbee—'Yes, but never on Saturday.'—Brooklyn Life. He was a very brilliant man; He had a motor maid; In homely walks of drudgery His lofty spirit pined. Prospective of grand schemes He held unfolded to you; But somehow he had never done, But always meant to do.

They were telling of books that they had read, and the man with the high forehead asked what the other thought of the 'Origin of Species.' The other said he hadn't read it. 'In fact,' he added, 'I'm not interested in financial subjects.'—Boston Transcript. Mr. Noopon—'My baby cries all night. I don't know what to do with it.' Mr. Knowitt—'I'll tell you what I did. As soon as our baby commenced to cry I used to turn on all the gas. That fooled him. He thought it was broad daylight and went to sleep.'—Pearson's Weekly. 'Yes,' said the inventor, 'I think I see millions in it, if I can only get the thing to work.' 'No doubt,' said the doubting friend. 'What have you in mind now?' 'A scheme for condensing cyclones on bicycle tires. See? There is your ideal motor, et cetera of the cost of capture.'—Indianapolis Journal.

What Water Can Do. The effect of the hydraulic motor, which is now used for the purpose of removing masses of earth, well nigh passes belief. A stream of water issuing from a pipe six inches in diameter, with a fall behind it of 375 feet, will carry away a solid rock weighing a ton or more to a distance of fifty or 100 feet. The velocity of the stream is terrific, and the column of water projected is so solid that if a crowbar or other heavy object be thrust against it the impinging object will be hurled a considerable distance. By this stream of water a man would be instantly killed if he came into contact with it, even at a distance of 200 feet. At 300 feet from the nozzle a six-inch stream, with 375 feet fall, projected momentarily against the trunk of a tree, will in a second denude it of the hoaviest of bark as cleanly as if it had been cut with an axe. Whenever such a stream is turned against a bank it cuts and burrows it in every direction, hollowing out great caves and causing tons of earth to melt and fall and be washed away in the sluices.—Montreal Star.

Signaling in a Fog. A novel arrangement for signaling at sea during fogs has been placed in position on Winter Quarter Lightship No. 45, now lying and operating at Wilmington, Del. It consists of two safety oil engines, supplying compressed air to two upright boilers, which in turn are automatically acted upon by timeclocks, placed above. These open and close the whistle valves alternately every fifty-five seconds. No steam power is used, the power being derived from explosions of oil vapor. The pressure of air is regulated at forty pounds, and gives a shrill blast at each explosion. The new appliances are expected to prove effective in maintaining and operating the fog whistle when coal might not be obtainable for fuel, and in transmitting a clear tone for many miles.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.