

Published every Wednesday, by J. E. WENK. Office in Smeabough & Co.'s Building, ELM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, three months... One Square, one inch, one year... Two Squares, one year... Quarter Column, one year... Half Column, one year... One Column, one year... Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

There were 11,890 persons in penal servitude in Great Britain and Australia in 1870 and only 4345 in 1895.

The five principal languages in the order of their importance, are English, German, French, Spanish and Italian.

A Berlin Judge recently held that nobody has a right to say anything against the Emperor, because his person is sacred.

Milwaukee contains 21 1/2 square miles of territory—probably the smallest area of any city in the United States of equal size.

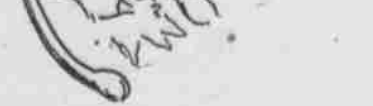
The publication at this time of the rumor that Washington played the state is doubtless due, suggests the New York Recorder, to the mean insinuations of the surviving members of the Cornwallis family.

The city of South Bend, Oregon, presents a novelty in American politics and government, in that no city office there will have any salary attached to it during 1896, or practically none, and also that there are more place hunters than there are places. The city is in debt for improvements that have been made, and the New York Sun states that the Council voted to reduce the salaries of all city officers to \$1 a year, and devote the proceeds of the tax levy to paying off the debts.

This country has furnished so many remarkable criminals that it is a relief to the Atlanta Constitution to find Europe coming to the front with a similar exhibit. The latest monster is claimed by Germany. He is named Springstein, a blacksmith residing at Prenzlan. Within the past few months he has poisoned his wife, mother and brother-in-law, the latter's son, a governess, one of his apprentices and a neighbor's daughter. He is also accused of drowning his own father. His other victims were poisoned by the administration of strychnine. The case will rank with the most celebrated trials in the criminal annals of Germany. Springstein's motive for the commission of these murders is not known and the general opinion seems to be that he is simply one of those exceptional monsters who appear from time to time in the world's history. It is safe to say that he will not be acquitted on the ground of insanity nor will he receive any misplaced sympathy. The Germans never make pets of their big criminals and they turn them over to the executioner without any unnecessary delay.

Two of the most conspicuous signs of civilization are newspapers and railroads, observes the Atlanta Journal. When we claim to lead the march of the world we may go far toward justifying the assertion by pointing to the fact that we lead all other Nations combined in these two elements of power. There are about 50,000 newspapers published in the world, and of this number 20,169 are in the United States and Canada. These American newspapers printed last year 3,481,610,000 copies, which is far more than the combined circulation of all the newspapers of other Nations. Of the 20,169 newspapers in the United States and Canada over 19,000 are published in this country, and it is probably true that the newspapers of the United States have a greater total circulation than all others combined. No other country can show newspapers which equal our great metropolitan dailies either in quantity of news or in circulation. Compare any one of the great newspapers of London or Paris with any one of the leading newspapers of New York or Chicago and the superiority of the American journal as a newsgatherer will be evident to the dullest reader. One of the first things to be established in any settlement in the United States is a newspaper, whereas in Europe they are seldom published outside of cities of considerable size. No Nation in the world has so many newspaper readers as the United States. Here the masses read, and the proudest distinction any journal can have is to be known as the people's paper. In the number and extent of railroads the United States also excels the rest of the world combined. There are in this country about 180,000 miles of railway, and all the other railroads in the world combined fall short of that mileage by many thousand miles. A Nation which leads the world in newspapers and railroads is in no danger of losing its liberties.

THE CHRISTMAS WISH-BONE



Across the hedge a scream I heard, And saw Prissilla run. Pursued by a gigantic bird Out in the winter sun. The gander flapped his wings in air And, hissing, pressed the pace While she with feelings of despair Led the unhappy chase. I sealed the hedgehog double quick, And as the gander ebb'd In range I raised my walking stick And with unerring aim Laid upon his head a whack. Which proved the male's release From harm—for he turned on his back And closed his eyes in peace. "Our Christmas bird is ready quite To dangle on the peg," She murmured, "fill with rare delight We eat him wine and leg." She smiled and said, "Tom! come around On Christmas Day to dine?" I answered, with a howl profound, "I'll be there snow or shine!" In juicy pride the gander lay Most luscious, brown and fat, Upon the dish that Christmas Day, While we about him sat. Across the board upon me fell Her smile, which was the spring's, Till I was dazed and couldn't tell The drumsticks from the wings. We ate him till he was a wreck— A wreck of loveliness— And then unto her fairy beck And call, I must confess, I went for love's most precious sake— (Love set my dreams astray)— Behind the flowered screen to break The frail wish bone with her. I won the better part, and wished— She seemed my wish to read, While with her eye in mine she fished With subtle skill indeed. Just then the Christmas chimas with zest Trembled across the dell, She blushed as if they did suggest The merry wedding bell. My golden wish, made on that day Of revelry and mirth, Has been fulfilled—perpetual May For me beguile the earth. That wish bone, like the horseshoe old, That brings good luck galore, Now, mended, hangs with charm untold Above our cottage door. —R. K. Munkittrick.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY J. L. BARBOUR.

I DUNNO what in creation to get your ma for Christmas, Mandy," and Jason Hogarth looked at his daughter inquiringly as if expecting her to suggest some suitable gift. But she was busy at that moment testing the condition of a cake in the oven by thrusting a broom straw into it, and when she had risen to her feet her father said: "I got her a nice silk umbrella for Christmas; paid four dollars an' seventy-nine cents for it; an' I'll be switched if she's had it out of the case it came in but one solitary time, an' then she knowed it wa'n't goin' to rain. Beats all how savvy your ma is of things. There's the silk dress pattern I got'er two years ago this Christmas, not even made up yet. I want to git her something this Christmas that she'll have to use an' enjoy. What kin you suggest, Mandy?" His married daughter, Amanda Jennings, now stood at her molding board rolling out pie crust. She was a dumpy little body with laughing blue eyes and a good-humored expression of countenance. But now a look of determination came in her face and she turned suddenly and faced her father, with her back to the table and the rolling pin held in both hands across her checked gingham apron. "You want me to tell you what to get for ma's Christmas gift, pa?" "Yes; blamed if I know what to git?" "I can tell you in one word, pa." "You kin? Well, I'll git it if it don't come at too high a figger. Never had better crops in my life than I had this year. My onion an' tobacco 'll bring me in \$200 more'n I expected to git for 'em, an' the roxberry crop was something tremendous an' I didn't have to sell a quart for less'n twenty cents. Your ma done her full share o' work an' I'm anxious to git her something real handsome for Christmas. What shall it be?" His daughter looked at him steadily for a moment and then said slowly and distinctly: "Jenny?" "Jenny?" A sudden frown took the place of the kindly smile on his wrinkled face. His eyes flashed ominously and his voice was harsh and cold as he said: "Jenny! I told you, Mandy Jennings, never to mention that name to me?" "I know that you have," replied Mandy with gathering courage; "but I never said that I wouldn't do it, and when you asked me what I thought ma'd like best for Christmas, I just

told you what I knew she'd like best. She'd rather have my sister Jenny than anything money can buy." Then she added, undaunted by her father's frowning visage: "I firmly believe, pa, that ma is shortening her days grieving for Jenny. She just is! I'm going to say my say while I'm at it, whether you like it or not. I know that I owe you respect, but I owe my own and only sister something, too, and one duty is just as important as the other. If—"

"Wait a minute, Mandy," her father said, rising and buttoning up his overcoat. "When your sister Jenny disgraced the family by up'n running away with that Will Martin an' marryin' into that good-for-nothing Martin family, I said that I'd never own her as my daughter ag'in, an' I never will. I said that she should never cross my threshold ag'in, an' she never shall."

"I know that the Martins are a poor, shiftless lot, an' that Will was as trifling as any of 'em. Like enough it was born in 'em to be so. But there never was anything bad about 'em, an' he's dead an' gone now. An' when I think of poor Jenny workin' the way she has to work over there in Hebron to support herself an' her two little children, an' you with plenty and to spare, I know it isn't right. I can tell you now, father, that I go to see Jenny ev'ry time I go to Hebron, an' if we weren't so poor ourselves, an' if

"It was so chilly in the dining-room, I thought we'd eat supper out here," said his wife, a small, slight, gray-haired woman. "I enjoy eatin' in the kitchen of a cold night like this," said her husband. "It's gittin' colder fast. Supper 'bout ready?" "Yes; I'll take it right up." They talked little while they ate. Jason was inwardly rebellious over what he called his daughter's "impudence," and Mrs. Hogarth's thoughts could not be given utterance, because they were of Jenny. "I must go up to the attic an' git out the bundle o' robes," said Mr. Hogarth, pushing his chair away from the table. "I'll start so early in the mornin' I won't have time to git the robes then. I guess I'll put right off for bed soon as I git the robes. I've got to be off by 5 o'clock."

Five minutes later he was in his musty, cobwebbed old attic, candle in hand. When he had found the robes he said to himself: "Wonder if my big fur muffer an' up here in some o' them trunks? I'll need it if it's cold as I think it'll be in the mornin'. Mebbe it's in this trunk."

He dropped on one knee before a small, old, hat-covered trunk, with brass-headed nails that had lost their luster years ago. Throwing up the trunk lid, he held the candle lower. His eye fell on a big rag doll with a

how Jenny had looked when she came toddling out to meet him, wearing it for the first time. It was 9 o'clock when he went back to the kitchen. His wife looked up from the weekly paper she was reading and said: "Why, Jason, you ain't been up in the attic all this time? I s'posed you'd come down an' gone to bed long ago." "I'm goin' right away. Set me out some breakfast on the table and fix the coffee so I kin make me a cup 'fore I start."

"I shall get up an' get you a good hot breakfast myself, Jason." "You needn't do that, Marthy, it'll be so early." "I shall get up just the same. How husky your voice is, Jason. I'm afraid you took cold up there in the attic. What ever were you doing up there all this time?" "Oh, just lookin' over some old things. I didn't take any cold. Better go to bed, Marthy, if you're bent on gittin' up at 4 in the mornin'."

Why, Jason, how'd you happen to come in at the front door? It was 9 o'clock at night, bitterly cold an' stormy, and Christmas Eve, Jason had just come home from Hebron. His wife had heard him drive into the barnyard and had made haste with her supper that it might be ready and hot when he came in. She had also bathed her eyes hastily in

CHRISTMAS TOYS.

MOST OF THEM ARE MADE IN ONE GERMAN PROVINCE.

Nearly Every Thuringian is a Maker of Playthings—Turning Out Dolls—Where American Manufacturers Excel.



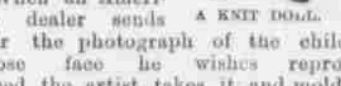
DEALER in toys was crossing the Atlantic a few years ago on his way to Thuringia, Germany, where most of the world's playthings for children are made. Among the passengers on shipboard, says the Chicago Record, was an American lady with her daughter, a bright-eyed, curly-headed four-year-old. As the child skipped merrily about the deck on pleasant days, the dealer thought how much more beautiful and attractive his dolls could be made if they were modeled after such a type of the American child instead of after little Germans and Italians and Parisians. For two or three days the idea kept growing upon him until he finally sought out the American lady and succeeded in obtaining her permission to make a number of photographs of the little girl, showing her curls and her big, laughing eyes. With these he went up into the Thuringian mountains, and it was not long before a clever artist had molded the face in clay and sent it to one of the queer little factories where dolls are manufactured. In course of time the doll's heads were made and shipped across the water, reaching this country only a few weeks before Christmas.



BISSUE DOLL FROM A LIVING MODEL.

The dealer unpacked his treasures and displayed them in his window—scores of bisque and china reproductions of the face of his little acquaintance on shipboard. When the children saw that the doll really looked like an American girl the windows were quickly emptied, and by Christmas every one of the heads had been sold. Since that time the dealer has had most of his dolls modeled from real boys and girls, and he could, if he chose, give their names. A picture of the doll's head modeled after the child on shipboard accompanies this article.

For some reason American manufacturers have been unable to make toys that please the children of this country half as well as those which come from Thuringia. Perhaps they haven't the art of the German peasants, whose fathers and grandfathers before them were toymakers; or, perhaps, the necessary materials are not at hand; or it may be that they simply lack the patience. But, whatever the reason, American wholesale toy dealers are compelled to send to Europe for their dolls' heads, and almost everything else except certain iron and mechanical toys.



THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

Almost everybody in the province of Thuringia is a maker of playthings. There are twenty factories or more, all of them small and quaint, in which dolls' heads alone are manufactured. They employ from 150 to 500 workmen each, the best paid of whom—the artists who make the clay molds—receive only from \$15 to \$25 a week, while some of the girls who paint eyebrows and rouge the dolls' cheeks draw only twenty-five or thirty cents a day. When an American dealer sends a KNEE DOLL over the photograph of the child whose face he wishes reproduced the artist takes it and molds a head of the proper size in clay. Then two plaster casts are made, one of the face of the mold and one of the back, the dividing line running from the center of the top of the head through the point of the shoulders. A core of plaster about half an inch smaller in diameter than the mold is then constructed, to be used in making the cavity inside of the doll's head. The molds being now completed, they are taken to the factory, and a workman presses into one of the halves a piece of potter's clay. Into this he forces the core until it is within a quarter of an inch or less of the mold, according to the desired thickness of the shell of the head. Then a thin layer of clay is spread over the exposed portion of the core and the other half of the mold is pressed down over this and weighted, so that every line and chink in the molds will be filled. The clay in the mold having dried thoroughly, the head is taken out and set into a little fire-clay receptacle much resembling a cheese-box. When this is full of heads it is ready for the

kiln. The process of burning the clay is the most important in the whole work. Only the most skilled men are employed, men who can tell almost by instinct how hot the fire should be and when the heads have been sufficiently burned. The kiln itself is a great fire-clay apartment, which opens off from the factory and is entered through a number of small doors. When the fire-clay boxes containing all the way from ten to forty "raw" doll's heads have been piled inside the kiln, sometimes to the number of several hundred, the doors are all closed and the heat is started and kept going steadily for about three days and then the furnace is allowed to cool for two days more. If the heat is not kept absolutely even the dolls become stop shouldered or have twisted countenances like those frequently sold on the bargain counters of department stores. When the heads are taken from the kiln they are of a faint amber color and are known as bisque ware.



COMIC MASKS.

For ordinary china dolls a coarser quality of clay is used, and after being taken from the furnace the first time they are dipped into a glazing solution and then baked again. When the heads are thoroughly cooled they are conveyed to a long table at which scores of girls, all gaily dressed and all chattering, are sitting. They range from thirteen years of age upward, the laws of the land not permitting the employment of younger children. The first girl takes the head, and with a deft movement of a brush which she holds in her hands, paints the eyebrows and then slips it along to the next girl, who puts the blinches on the doll's cheeks. A third girl colors the hair, another the lips, and then the head is turned over to a more experienced girl, who is charged with the duty of putting in the eyes. She has before her a miniature mortar box full of moist plaster of paris and scores of eyes of different sizes and shapes. When she has found a pair that fits, she fastens them in, chinking in the gaping spaces with plaster of paris, which is subsequently colored. For the "go-to-sleep" doll the eyes are attached by little wires and operated by a simple weight of lead. Long experience has made all the girls extremely deft and rapid in their work, and where they work by the piece they sometimes make as high as fifty cents a day.

The feet and hands of the dolls are molded and baked just like the heads. The cloth for the bodies is cut by a great machine, the knives of which are fashioned in the exact shape of the pieces desired. The sewing is all done by girls, a small place being left in one end of the body for stuffing. The contents are sometimes cork, sometimes sawdust and sometimes hay. Papier mache dolls are pressed into form by a hydraulic machine and afterward baked and painted like other dolls. The peasants in the surrounding country also make great numbers of knit dolls of a hundred shapes and hues, and they are sold for a few marks a dozen to the factory managers. The hair of dolls for the most part comes from England, where it is manufactured from a variety of flax known as mohair flax. Some of the more expensive dolls are provided with real hair.

Most of the ordinary wooden toys, such as the animals for Noah's ark, are whittled out by the boys and men in the little mountain homes of Thuringia. The whole family often works at the business, one number always making an elephant, another a camel, another a horse, year in and year out. Of course they become very expert, but the pay which they receive is small.

The ordinary papier-mache masks sold by costumers are made in molds similar to those prepared for dolls, and, while there has been some attempt on the part of American manufacturers to make them, the greatest number still comes from over the water. But the Americans have driven out all competitors in one branch of the toy trade. No artisans in the world have been able to invent such wonderful mechanical toys of iron and tin, and the exports of this class of work to Europe every year are exceedingly large. All the clever devices sold by street peddlers are the work of ingenious Yankee.

But I guess—that stocking game ain't large enough for me. I got 'em spring something new on Santa Claus." —Frank Leslie's Weekly.



It is the holy Christmas-time That sheds a glow through all the year. Hark, how the bells, a swif'ry chime, Ring out their welcome far and near! O blessed season, angel-guest, Thou comest alike to all on earth, Bearing sweet gifts of love and rest, Of pretious hope and heartfelt mirth.

china head. He picked it up and stared at it in a moment. His mind went back to a Christmas long years ago. He was a poor young married man then, and he had worked nearly all day at husking corn for a neighbor, to earn money to buy that doll head, and his wife had set up until midnight to make the clumsy body stuffed with sawdust. He remembered how his little Jenny had shrieked with joy when she found the doll in her stocking the next morning. And what was this? A tiny, faded, blue merino baby saque. His wife had made it before Jenny had yet come into the world. It was the very first tiny garment she had made, and her husband recalled how she had blushed and tried to hide it under her apron when he had found her at work on it. He remembered that he had taken it from her and kissed her, and then he had kissed the tiny garment itself. The candle in his hand shook strangely as he bent lower over the trunk and brought forth a tiny china baby with "From Papa" on it, and a little sampler with "God bless father and mother" worked in rather uncertain letters by a little hand. There was a string of blue glass beads that he has given her on her fifth birthday and in a heavy black case was a daguerrotype of her with the beads around her neck. The little pictured face smiled up at him from the frame and there was a mist before his eyes when he thought of how many, many times those bare little arms had tightened in a warm embrace around his neck, and of how many times those smiling lips had kissed him and said: "I love you best of anybody in all the world, farver."

Everything in the trunk was a reminder of her in her baby days, of his little Jenny. He sat down on the floor beside the trunk and took the things out one by one, the stern look in his face softening and his heart growing warmer. He smiled when he came to a little white sunbonnet and remembered just

cold water that he might not know that she had been crying. But he would know if he had any discernment at all, for she had been crying nearly all day. Her heart had been so heavy with thoughts of Jenny. "How'd you happen to come in at the front door?" she asked. "You mustn't ask questions so near Christmas time," he said in a voice so light and joyous that she looked up quickly. He picked up a lamp and said: "I want to go into the parlor a minute before supper." A moment later he called out cheerily: "Come in here an' see your Christmas gift, ma. It's such a beauty I can't wait until mornin'." "Better wait until after supper anyhow. It's all on the table." "No; come in here first." When she reached the open door of the parlor she saw her husband on his knees between a little boy of about four years and a little girl of two, his arms around their waists. A little woman with a thin, pale, tear stained face showing beneath her cheap little mourning bonnet, was standing behind Jason. "And this is Walter Jason, named for me, and this is Marthy Isabelle, named for you," said Jason, joyously. "Come, come ma; stop huggin' an' cryin' over Jenny an' take a look at your gran'-children. What do you say to them for a Christmas gift?" She knelt down and took them in her arms, saying incoherently: "Jenny—Jason—oh, dear—I—I—you dear, little things! Gran'ma's babies! You darlings! You darlings! You're the best gift, the sweetest gift, the dearest gift in all the world! The little peace child that came to Bethlehem was not dearer to his mother than you are to me. Kneel right down here by me, Jenny an' Jason, an' let me thank the Christ who was born on Christmas Day for this an' for the beautiful Christmas there will be under this roof to-morrow!" —Detroit Free Press.