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Five million dollars are spent each year in England on the game of football.

Since the Mannlicher gun came into use the ratio is four killed to one wounded—just the opposite to what it formerly was.

Queen Victoria for the last year or two has manifested an inclination to direct the affairs of her own Government, much to the disgust of her Prime Minister.

They say, remarks the New Orleans Picayune, that the New York speculators made enough out of British bondholders over the late war scare to pay pretty well all the expenses of the war, if it should come.

The Chicago Physicians' Club has decided that "organized charity means a wild desire on the part of some people that other people should help the poor," and that the doctors generally get the heavy end of the stick.

It is claimed that the large gold fields, covering several thousands of acres in Buckingham County, Virginia, have recently been investigated by experts and that the average of the ores gives a much better percentage of gold than either the South African or Cripple Creek districts.

According to William E. Curtis, New York City is alarmed at the possibility that Chicago may capture most of the trade with the South if the proposed Chicago and Southern States exposition is held next fall. A counter demonstration is therefore being planned in Gotham. This will take the form of a monster parade of the blue and the gray. Negotiations to secure cheap excursion rates over all railroads for the masses and passes for merchants, producers, shippers, bankers and leading Grand Army of the Republic men in the South and West are being made. By these means it is expected that a big crowd can be secured and the Chicago project nullified or at least prevented from accomplishing all its promoters' anticipations.

In a recent address before the Liberal Club, of Buffalo, Hon. Carroll D. Wright, United States Labor Commissioner, made some interesting statements regarding the wealth and progress of the South. The strip of territory stretching from Pennsylvania to Alabama, Mr. Wright said, contained forty times the coal accessible to economic production and distribution that was contained in Great Britain before a pick was struck. He estimated that the production of cotton in the South is double what it was before the war; in twenty years the manufacture of pig iron has increased 1000 per cent., the railroad mileage is 150 per cent. greater than in 1880, and the passenger traffic 500 per cent. greater, and the freight tons moved 400 per cent. larger. He says that since 1880 the Southern railroads have more than doubled their earnings, the banking capital has increased in like proportion, and the money spent in the support of schools has also been doubled.

In 1894 there were in the United States 12,731 mercantile failures. The number increased last year to 13,013, 2.2 per cent. more than the number for the previous year. The per cent. of failures during 1895 was 1.28 as compared with 1.21 for 1894 and 1.50 for 1893. The percentage of assets was fifty-five in 1895, as against fifty-three per cent. in 1894 and sixty-five in 1893. Bradstreet's, commenting on these figures, says that the "increase in business failures in 1895 contrasted with 1894 amounts to only 292, for which gains the Western, Northwestern and Middle States are responsible, they having been respectively 333, seventy-seven and sixty-four. While the increase in the total number of business failures in the Western States was apparently large—about eleven per cent.—the increase in total liabilities of failing traders did not amount to more than seven per cent., from which it may be perceived that commercial and industrial embarrassments in that region were largely among smaller concerns. It will be seen from the figures given above, observes the Atlanta Journal, that the number of failures in the South last year was much less than the number for 1894. The increase in the number for the whole country was 292, but the increase in the Northern and Western States was 472. Therefore, the South shows a decrease of 182 in the number of mercantile failures last year. This speaks remarkably well for our part of the country and is another proof that the South endured the panic better and came out from it with less injury than any other section.

DOWN THE STREAM.

Love! It began with a glance, Grew with the growing of flowers, Smiled in a dreamful trance, Heeded not the passage of hours; Our passion's food rose ever, Flowing for her and me, Till the brook became a river, And the river became a sea.

FOR ERIC'S SAKE.

EARLY 3 o'clock in the morning had arrived when Norah's carriage drove up to the door of the house in South Audley street. The footman rang the bell, and, alighting, she entered the hall, running quickly up stairs to the drawing room. Her tall figure was still slight and girlish; her blue eyes wore a look of elation; for her beauty had never aroused greater admiration, her success had never been more triumphant than that evening. "Has baby been all right?" she asked her maid. "Oh, and can you tell me whether Mr. Fordyce has come home?" "Mr. Fordyce came home at 10," was the answer. "He has been in the study."

Major Armistead glanced round the dining room.

Major Armistead glanced round the dining room. He was tall and spare, the more noticeably because he always buckled himself tightly in a long frock coat. His darkly tanned face appeared above a very high collar; he wore an enormous iron-gray mustache. Long a widower, since Norah's marriage two years ago he had lodged near Hyde Park, possessing only a small income besides his pension. She took his hand and kissed him, then looked out of the window. "A delicious morning after the rain," she faltered. "Come, come, you didn't drag me out before breakfast to tell me it was fine morning, Norah. Little chap all right?" "Oh, Eric is splendid," she said. "Then what on earth is it? You're not looking well this morning—too much dissipation. Isn't Digby down yet?" "He's gone—gone away. He is ruined." "Ruined! Digby! Bless my—" "Worse," she continued; "he has committed a crime. You can hardly realize it? Neither could I. But it is true. He has committed a crime. All this," she waved her hands as she glanced round the large, handsomely furnished room, "all this is the result. I am wearing some of the proceeds. I can't stay, father; take me away from it all—me and poor little Eric."

Major Armistead; but she never had him to this as to much beside.

Major Armistead; but she never had him to this as to much beside. Norah had found once more a purpose in life, while Eric's father began a new career that day. And a career which went far to make amends for the past.—Household Words.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Some experiments at Leavenworth, Kan., show that packed snow offers an excellent resistance to bullets. The atmosphere is so clear in Zululand, that objects can be seen by stargazers at a distance of seven miles. The mouth of the lobster is small, and he must tear his food to pieces with his claws before he can devour it. Telegraph poles in Switzerland are preserved from rapid decay by being charged with a creosote compound, pressed by gravity into one end of the wood. As speaking tubes are found not to work on an English ship owing to the rattling of the machinery, the Admiralty has determined to try telephones. The electric stevedores is a movable conveyor for loading a ship with flour or grain in bulk. It works on the endless chain and bucket plan, and has a record of seventy-five tons per hour. A new knapsack attachment without straps is being tried on the Gordon Highlanders. The pack is fastened to the shoulders by metal hooks, and is prevented from wobbling by a back plate. Egyptians are very prolific. The native births in 1894 were 335,543, while the deaths were only 192,103; the native population of Egypt up to the Second Cataract and including the oases, is about 8,000,000. A proposition has been made recently by bicycle riders to several agents and manufacturers of bicycles that the manufacturers get together in a convention and agree to reduce numerous parts of their different machines to standard proportions. An examination of the two products, butter and oleomargarine, for microbes, reveals an average in the former of from 700,000 to 1,500,000 to the grain, against 25,000 to 40,000 in margarine. Cold, moreover, reduces the microbes in margarine thirty-three per cent., and in butter but three per cent. A change of 100 degrees in temperature changes the length of an iron post in one of the monster buildings by an inch and a half. In case of fire a change of 1000 degrees may result, causing an expansion of fifteen inches. This would wreck the building, as the brick and tile would not similarly expand. Among illustrious personages with queer fads must be numbered Prince Luitpold of Bavaria. His collection of beetles is the most extensive and complete in the world, and the Prince is a skilled entomologist, deeply versed in the habits of ants, bees, moths, flies, earwigs and all creatures that creep and crawl and wriggle.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. An Irresistible Combination—Deceptive Countenance—Precautionary—Just the Thing, Etc. Little drops of water, Little grains of sand— Tears and nerve together make A combination grand.—Detroit Tribune. PRECAUTIONARY. "Do you know there are deadly microbes in the ice?" "Dear me! Will I have to put moth balls in the refrigerator?"—Chicago Record. DECEPTIVE COUNTENANCE. "What a benevolent look old Mr. Podda has?" "M'h'm. I'll bet he wastes the time of more beggars than any other man in town."—Cincinnati Enquirer. A WORLD AT STAKE. "Columbus took big chances when he illustrated that the world was round." "How so?" "Suppose the egg had been a bad one."—Truth. JUST THE THING. "We have no use for bear stories," said the editor. "Our readers demand something spicy." "Well," said the man with the manuscript, "this story is about a cinnamon bear."—Sports Field. NOT A BIT. Jack—"A woman doesn't know how to conceal her feelings." Jess—"Doesn't, eh? She can kiss the woman she hates." Jack—"Of course; but she doesn't fool the woman any."—Puck. NO DIFFERENCE. Clara—"He broke off the engagement just because I wanted the ring reset." Maude—"How foolish of him!" "Wasn't it? But I am going to have it reset just the same."—Puck. REASSURED. She—"Why do you start so?" He—"Did I understand you to say that your father is failing?" She—"Physically, I mean." He (settling back)—"Oh, all right! I was afraid it was something serious."—Pick-Me-Up. THE UP-TO-DATE BARD. Jenks—"Ah, but you modern poets are not much like the old singers." Binks—"No? Well, just imagine John Milton taking 'Paradise Lost' to a dyspeptic editor, and being told to change it into dialect, and put in a bill at fifty cents an inch."—Life. A MISCALCULATOR. Wife—"Amor, why don't you spend more of your time with me?" Husband—"My angel, I just count the hours that keep me from your side." Wife—"Then there is something wrong with your arithmetic."—Indianapolis Journal. CHANGED HER MIND. "I am going to be married," said Miss Trotter to Miss Kittish. "You! You going to be married! I thought you were an inveterate man hater, who wouldn't marry the best man living." "Yes, but that was before one of the horrid men had proposed to me."—Life. THE HOUSEHOLD HUMORIST. Mrs. Wickwire—"You don't know what a grief it is to have a husband who thinks he is funny." Mrs. Watts—"What is the trouble, dear?" Mrs. Wickwire—"I asked him last evening to bring home some good up-to-date literature, and he brought a bundle of almanacs."—Indianapolis Journal. FORTHY AND REALITY. Mrs. De B.—"So you received fifty dollars for your 'Ode to the New Year,' Mr. Scribble? You seem in low spirits for one who can command fifty dollars just for an ode." Scribble—"Had to invest it in another one, right away." "Another ode?" "Yes. Owed to my tailor."—Brown-ing's Monthly. MIGHT MAKES PRAISE. Mamma—"I hear, Bobby, that you were a very good little boy this morning, and didn't strike Tommy Jones back when he hit you; you must have remembered what I told you about 'A soft answer turned away wrath.'" Bobby—"I did, mamma, and besides—"

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A lady's man.—The new woman. A blessing in disguise is only half a blessing. A cynic is a man who is satisfied with his dissatisfaction. Madge—"Why did you paint your wheel black?" Kate—"Dear me, didn't you know I was in mourning?"—Puck. He—"If I could but be installed in your heart as—"