

THE FOREST REPUBLICAN

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 46. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1896. \$1.00 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion, .5 1 00 One Square, one inch, one month, 3 00 One Square, one inch, three months, 8 00 One Square, one inch, one year, 28 00 Two Squares, one year, 50 00 Quarter Column, one year, 21 00 Half Column, one year, 32 00 One Column, one year, 48 00 Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Mayor Swift, of Chicago, says that if the City Council is corrupt, it is the fault of "prominent citizens."

In 1887 General Sherman predicted that "the most terrible war ever known will take place in this country before the end of the century."

In the District of Columbia it is found that an old law, still un repealed, permits a dying man to will his children away from their mother, even though she is innocent of any wrongdoing.

It is a curious fact, mused the Chicago Record, that there are 635 more persons and firms engaged in the liquor business in the State of Iowa than in Kentucky, where the manufacture of whiskey is considered a fine art and its consumption an accomplishment.

The use of bloodhounds by police and sheriffs for tracking criminals is increasing rapidly all over the West, and according to the New York Sun, the general testimony is that the animals are a valuable aid. Cuban bloodhounds seem to be the favorite breed, and the demand appears to be much greater than the supply.

The New York Medical Record refers to the fact that Dr. Snow, to whom Great Britain owes its first immunity from epidemic cholera for the last twenty-five years, and, of course, for all future time, is almost forgotten in that country. In commenting on this fact, Sir Richard Quain recently said: "Dr. Snow made us masters of the deadly plague of cholera. He thereby saved millions of lives. The sole reward which England has conferred upon him is midnight obscurity. If he had been a soldier," he continued, "instead of a doctor, if he had slain his thousands, instead of saving his millions, every town would have hailed him as a hero, and the Nation would have honored his memory with monuments more enduring than brass." Dr. Snow's work consisted in discovering that cholera is a water-born disease.

In a technical sense we have no National holidays, as there is nowhere a power to set apart such days and compel their observance, declares the New Orleans Picayune. A State can only establish a holiday within its own borders, and the authority of Congress in that direction is limited to the District of Columbia and the Territories. Of course a holiday practically becomes National when it is celebrated by all the people of all the States and Territories. Of these we have only two. Christmas and the Fourth of July. The days which Congress has set apart as holidays are New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday, Inauguration Day, every four years, Fourth of July, Decoration Day, Independence Day, Thanksgiving and Christmas. However, these days are not celebrated as holidays in all the States. New Year's Day is not a holiday in Massachusetts, New Hampshire or Rhode Island. Mississippi, Arkansas and Iowa do not celebrate officially the birthday of the Father of their country, Decoration Day is observed only in the North, and Labor Day is a legal holiday in only about half of the States.

In "A Glimpse of Longfellow," published in one of the magazines, Rev. Minot J. Savage calls him "the most widely read poet of the English-speaking world." This is approximately true, observes the New York World, and the cause for it is found in the poet's universal sympathy with the literature of all times and countries. He is the most widely read poet of America because of all American poets he read most widely. The extent of his studies is astonishing. In his youth he went deep into the early literature of England, and added to the usual college acquaintance with the classics a knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon language and literature which did much to insure his success. He went from Saxons to the Scandinavian languages and to old Norse; then to old High German and from that to Italian, making a translation of Dante, which if lacking in the high poetic art of the original verse will always be respectable. As a result of wide literary sympathies, he was able to appeal to the universal human nature. If he had something of natural provincialism in his youth, his maturity knew no boundary of section or country. His works have been translated into all the principal languages of Europe because by long labor he learned to understand the common humanity that underlies all differences of Nationality. The central fact of his career was his great capacity for work. It made him the greatest of New England poets and one of the most useful men of his century.

GOLD AND SILVER. Life has two ages: The silver and golden; A book with two pages; A new and an olden. Now stands before me A little child, passing fair; Laughing eyes, full of glee, Peach cheeks and golden hair. She thinks life all it seems, And for months, days and hours She grasps the sublimities, And gathers life's fairest flowers. Near to that golden head Silver is shining, With luster passing rare; Age is refining. There they are, youth and age, Long hours begetting With stories and maxims sage, Talking and smiling. My life book's two pages, The new and the olden; The beautiful ages; The silver and golden.

UPSTAIRS AND DOWN.

SOFT light from a large hanging lamp fell upon the daintily laid dinner table. Its glow centered upon the rusettes and golds of the chrysantheums in the Venetian glass jar, and more faintly illumined the faces of the elderly man and woman seated at either end, leaving in deep shadow the maid who moved round quietly. There was a suggestion of constraint in the atmosphere, the outward evidence whereof lay in the spasmodic attempts at conversation between the master and mistress in a slight uptitling of the chin on the part of the maid.

"I saw Purcell Jones to-day," said Mr. Porter during a momentary absence of the servant. "He, exclaimed his wife with interest, 'and 'ow is he? Where was it you seen him?'" "He says he's back at the old shop, and, impressively, 'I tell you what, Marj, if ever I saw a man as—' here the return of the maid caused the subject to be abruptly dropped.

"What's this? Oh, frycassed chicken, is it? Now a thing I likes, Marj, is duck. Duck with sage and onion stuffing. We never 'as it now." "Cook says she don't like to cook onions, Tony. She says 'ow she can't get the boder off 'er 'nids." "Umph," grunted Mr. Porter, and the maid proceeded in silence.

When the finger-bowl stage was reached and the door had closed upon the retreating figure of the servant, Mrs. Porter looked pathetically across the dessert dishes at her husband and heaved a plaintive sigh. Mr. Porter returned the glance with one of profound sympathy.

"Well," he inquired in a carefully modulated voice, "how has it been to-day? Have you got on any better?" "Care it because the plump visages of the worthy couple. To judge from the surroundings their circumstances were affluent. True, a strictly refined taste might have taken exception to the alliance of the purple and gold brocade curtains with the maroon wall paper, or have declared both to war against the crimson satin gown that graced the lady of the house. A captious critic would perchance have pronounced the ornaments of amazing bulk in proportion to their intrinsic value, and have rebelled that the few paintings represented the "Kiss Mammy" School of Art alone. But these necessities admirably became Mr. and Mrs. Porter, whose portly presences would have struck an inharmonious note in a more aesthetically bedight dwelling.

"You forget the histories in the library bookcase," said Maud, bitterly. "All uncut. Come, let us make the best of it," said her gentler sister; "you must look back and remember how glad we were to be able to come here together, where there were no other maids with whom we would have been obliged to associate."

"Yes, and look forward to nothing but this endless cleaning and washing up all our lives. But to tell you the bare truth, Christine, I don't believe they're satisfied with us."

"Oh! I never dreamt of that," exclaimed Christine, aghast. "What shall we do if they send us away?" "I don't really care. I know it's silly when we are so dependent, but I don't feel as if I could endure this existence a day longer," and laying her hand on the kitchen table, Maud, the daughter, who had so bravely endured their reverses, worn out by three months of ceaseless, unconsoling toil, burst into an uncontrollable flood of tears.

"Umph. Muffled cats catches no mice," sardoniously remarked Mr. Porter. "Take my word for it, Marj, we'll never feel the 'ouse our own till they're out of it."

"And I'm sure, Tony," went on Mrs. Porter, determined to fully unbuckle her mind, "that they employ a chairwoman surreptitiously. I saw one slipping out by the side door yesterday."

"Well, Marj, there's just one thing to do, and that's to give 'em warnin' at once." "Me, Tony? Oh, no, I couldn't. Don't ask me. Their third month's up to-morrow, too. If they were only dissatisfied now, and would leave."

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

A Crucial Year—A Faithful Girl—Modern—Justice—Her idea—A Schemer—No News in It, Etc. Alas, 'tis eighteen ninety-six. Zed bushful man must father. For woman now with clever tricks Will spoil him to the altar. —Detroit Free Press.

Papa (on the top of the stairs)—"Is that young man gone, Mamie?" Mamie—"Yes, papa; awfully!"—Judge.

He—"Why did you accept me?" She—"Why—I—I loved you." He—"You don't say so! Why, this is astonishing."—Truth.

"The chief factors of Chicago's success," began the large man with the suspicious diamond, "are—" "Malefactors," bitterly remarked the man who used to think he knew something about wheat.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Paternal Visitor—"Do you like to go to school, little boy?" Little Boy—"Yes, I like goin' to school well enough and comin' home all right. What I don't like is havin' to stay cooped up in there between times."—Somerville Journal.

He—"I'm afraid I couldn't make you happy, darling, on only \$2000 a year." She—"Oh, it's plenty! With economy I can dress on \$1500, and just think, dear, we can have all the rest for household expenses!"—Life.

Willie—"I was kept in to-day for throwing a plug of paper at another boy." Mamma—"And wasn't that perfectly just?" Willie—"I don't think so, mamma, when I missed the boy by a foot."—Truth.

Mrs. Wreakhard (the landlady)—"How is it that you are taking your medicine after dinner? I thought the doctor told you to take it before meals." Mr. Oldboarder—"He said it didn't make any difference as long as I took it on an empty stomach."

Mrs. Goodkind (laying down her newspaper)—"My sakes! Those people out in Oklahoma must be a filthy set." Mr. Goodkind—"H'm! What makes you think so?" Mrs. Goodkind—"Why, I have just been reading about their lynching a man in Rocket City for trying to clean out the town!"—Puck.

"I think gold is being hoarded," observed Manchester. "Nonsense," replied Birmingham. "I was in a bank yesterday and saw about two quarts of gold coin on the counter."

"That's a fine way to speak of gold coin, measuring it as though it were milk or cider." "The expression is all right. Gold comes in quarts."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"I saw the announcement in the papers." "And now England is following suit. The Queen has just appointed a poet laureate." "Well, I can't see the similarity between the two offices."

"Mamma, do you like stories?" "I like true ones, my child." "Shall I tell you a true one?" "Yes." "But you might not like it." "Oh, yes, I should if you told it." "But it's quite short. Well, once upon a time there was a water bottle."

A SERENADE. Sleep, love, the world is sleeping— Why should you wake? Sleep, love, the stars are keeping Watch for your sake! Dream, love, a dream's insistence Twines round your heart! Dream, love, in dreams no distance Holds us apart. Watching, I stand and tremble, Waiting, I sigh; I but a dream resemble— With dawn to fly. —Exchange.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Don't stand on your dignity too much! Get off occasionally and hustle.—Puck. Teacher—"What was Joan of Arc maid of?" Pupil—"Made of dust."—Boston Transcript.

The man who conducts his business in a slipshod manner naturally loses his standing.—Puck. Henley—"Brown is a very far-seeing man." Penley—"Yes, when he's looking backwards."—Truth.

By having a place for everything and everything in its place, you can be a source of great comfort to careless people who don't remember where they leave things.—Puck. Friend—"It must be awful to have the newspapers keep saying such things about you." Political Candidate—"Yes, but suppose they didn't say anything at all!"—Somerville Journal.

"Does the old fellow have money?" "I rather think so." "Makes a show, does he?" "Oh, no,—but his daughter, who is thirty-five years' old and awfully ugly, was married last week."—Gothamite.

May—"They tell me your engagement with Charley Gumpeligh is broken. How did it happen?" Carrie—"It is no mystery. The fact is, he was too fresh to keep; that's all."—Boston Transcript.

Hicks—"Times are pretty hard, I can tell you. Why, it's all we can do to keep my family out of the almshouse." Wicks—"And is the almshouse in your town really so attractive as that?"—Boston Transcript.

Soffleigh—"The Widow Pense proposed to me last night." Sapphead—"Really? What did you say?" Soffleigh—"Told her I'd be a son for her. You see, her daughter got there first."—Philadelphia Record.

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Cumso as she tossed about in bed, "I'm suffering dreadfully from insomnia." "Go to sleep and you'll be all right," growled Mr. Cumso as he rolled over and began to snore again.—Judge.

Habby—"When I first got married I determined to have no large items of expense in housekeeping, but I find, after all, that it is the little things that count." Batsy—"How many have you?" Habby—"I have four."—Detroit Free Press.

The person who will construct some phrases with which a man who has fallen down on a slippery sidewalk can adequately express himself without shocking the passers-by and laying himself liable to arrest, will do much to advance the cause of civilization.—Puck.

"I might as well plead guilty," owned up the penitent prisoner at the bar. "If it had been a bolt of lace or a basket of diamonds you might have called it kleptomaniac and let me go, but I don't reckon that would work in this case. I stole the hog, judge."—Chicago Tribune.

Clarity is a divine attribute, but the man who sets out to practice it soon discovers that it is a one-sided affair. It is regarded by the other fellow as a very slick and easy way of getting something for nothing. Be charitable, but keep a bucksaw and half a cord of wood on hand.—Detroit Free Press.

A lawyer residing in the North of England, and noted for his laconic style of expression, sent the following terse and witty note to a refractory client, who would not succumb to his reiterated demands for the payment of his bill: "Sir, if you pay the enclosed, you will oblige me. If you do not, I shall oblige you."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Queen Victoria has had nine children, seven of whom are living; forty-one grandchildren, of whom thirty-three are living, and twenty-three great-children, all of whom are living. Her oldest great-grandchild is the Princess Feodora, of Saxo-Meiningen, seventeen years of age, whose marriage is now under discussion. As the Queen is in good-health, she may yet live to see a great-great-grandchild, which no sovereign of England ever did.—New York World.

Kitty Saved Them All. At a fire in Mr. Tasker's boarding house, Intervale, N. J., last October, a cat was seen coming out with a kitten in her mouth. Depositing it in a place of safety she flew back into the burning building and brought out another. Back and forth the poor mother ran until every one of the litter was saved. Who could have done more?—Our Dumb Animals.

The Samson "War." The Samson "war" of 1889 was the result of a quarrel between a native and a German, in which the German's nose was broken. Inside of twenty-four hours Germany had demanded \$1000 for that broken nose, and \$10,000 for the deprivations committed on German plantations the year before.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.