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The late Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois, was the man who drafted the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution.

In India telegraphic dispatches are headed "after compliment," the receiving operator writing out a set of complimentary formula established by the telegraphic company, which is indispensable in oriental countries.

A city auction house is soon to be built by the Berlin municipality as the best means to do away with the present abuses in the auction business. The ring of dealers now prevents any outsiders from buying, and the thing has assumed the proportions of a public nuisance.

The Chicago Times-Herald remarks: A tax of \$1 per year upon each wheel would yield nearly \$200,000 in Chicago alone and would be opposed by very few wheelmen if it were applied directly to roadmaking. This is merely one of the numerous plans suggested for inaugurating the movement in Illinois. A dollar a wheel would build more highways than a thousand "good roads" planks in National platforms.

The latest educational agitation is to institute schools on wheels. It is proposed to fit out railroad trains, furnished with dining and sleeping cars, so that pupils can combine travel and study, halting at various sidings for the study of mineralogy, botany, geology, and so on. Of course, only pupils having money could patronize this scheme to see the whole country and study its resources at the same time. This way of railroad knowledge into pupils is an advanced theory of education. If it is proposed to take the pupils in the railroad schools out into the region of train robbers, it will also be necessary to teach the young ideas how to shoot. One pleasing feature of the plan, suggests the New Orleans Picayune, is that should the robbers prove refractory it will be very easy to switch them.

"It is unnecessary to explain at length why the South will continue during the next ten years to grow steadily," declares the Financier, of New York. "Its destiny as a manufacturing section is as certain as anything human can well be. It has every advantage that other sections lay claim to, and the development of the Southern railroads will make it as accessible to market as New England is to-day. With mountains literally composed of rich iron ore, with coal cropping out on every hillside in the mineral belt, with limestone and timber in abundance, the South can manufacture iron at a price which no other producing region can meet. Pig iron is being made in Birmingham, Ala., to-day at a cost not exceeding \$5 a ton, and the fact that the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company a few days since had orders booked for nearly 270,000 tons of iron, an increase of 122,000 tons since March 14, is an indication of the trend of the market toward the South. Eighty per cent. of the iron made in the Birmingham region is now being shipped to other points for conversion into steel and the higher grades of the manufactured product. This will not continue indefinitely. The loss on freight, which now has to be counted in estimating cost of production, offers a sufficient profit to induce change of location, and the centre of steel production ultimately must be within the radius of the cheapest market for the primary material out of which steel is made. The Tennessee Coal and Iron Company recognizes this fact, as witness its determination to build a million dollar plant at Birmingham. With cheap steel a factor it is equally certain that industries dependent on this material as applied to higher uses will follow, and the next decade ought to bring about the erection of new factories, or the removal of older ones to the South. The climate, the labor, and the fuel invite the change, aside from other considerations. And it is not alone in iron and steel that this change will be felt. The South is being dotted with new cotton mills, forced by the same primary reason to desert the East, and the exodus of industries, if such it may be called, is bound to continue. Shrewd observers say that cotton manufacturers have not gone South far enough, and that the mills might with equal advantage locate nearer the fuel supply, since the railroads at those points run through rich cotton country, and afford better facilities for reaching Northern and Western markets. Bearing all these facts in mind it is not strange that far-seeing inventors and manufacturers predict that within a circle fifty miles in diameter, taking the centre of the State of Alabama as a starting point, will be located the future great manufacturing city of the South, and, for that matter, of the Nation."

PERMANENCE.

"Have you thought," said the rose to the lily, "That our garden is a god? For they tell me he planted that plum-tree, And even made grow the sod."

"He surely will live forever, His life is so strong and strange, For the tulip who died this morning Had never seen him change."

"She said he was surely immortal, And the peony thinks so, too; For he spaded her roots in the spring— As her mother had seen him do."

"For my part I think he has always Been hoing the tasseled corn, And if we could only prove it, The man was never born!"

Then the lily bent near to the rose-tree And, opening her snowy bell, Exhaled her heart in perfume While she whispered, "I cannot tell."

"But I feel if his life be lovely And sweet as our own, and pure, The One who made us will bless him, And cause his soul to endure."

"For beauty, dear Rose, is deathless, And goodness can never die; While ever serene and perfect Dwells the spirit of purity."

"And since he is very gentle, And tends us with so much care, I think when we bloom in heaven We shall find our gardener there."

—Cora Lina Daniels, in Demorest's.

ANGELA'S DILEMMA.

BY CLINTON ROSS.

HE scandal mongers of the wheel are confined mostly to those who cannot, or do not, wheel. Not so long ago women were likely to make mental faces at other women who rode, but as soon as they themselves were spinning along with a freedom they never had fancied, they straightway wondered at all these allegations. And how, indeed, does a brick turn under the sky, and between the fields, drive away cobwebby notions. In the old days a canter might do it, but a horse is a luxury, and, even if you can afford it is ever getting out of condition, and to be fit must have a modicum of constant exercise. But now all go spinning, the horseman as well as the ostentatious distance walkers, the sinners, and those who strive to regain this old world from the curse.

Among these latter, no one is better equipped for the ancient fight than the rector of Saint Matthew-in-the-Park, the Rev. Lemuel Springer. With body and mind attuned to a fine healthfulness, at thirty, he believes strongly, and preaches and acts his belief, and in these days when clergymen sometimes forget that their duty is but to heal the heart's wounds, and to preach the reward of simple honesty and cleanly living, it is a delight to sit of a morning in a pew of Saint Matthew-in-the-Park and listen to the direct and human religion its athletic young rector expounds. I, myself, remember him when he was No. 3 on the "Variety crew, and a very great man. He still could pull that third car as strongly, but the only sport his duties now permit him is wheeling, and if you go to the park of a morning you may see him going up and down hill and doubtless meditating those words for the soul cheer afforded by his bits of sermonizing, put always in English tersely strong.

And yet he has all his troubles, his experiences, his questionings, his sin, his falsity, and if you will follow my story, you will see how it was all due to the wheel that he once forgot him-self.

Of a May day the Rev. Lemuel was coasting down the long hill into the straggling village of Roundbush, Westchester. It was his day of outing, and now at noon he was hungry after a twenty-mile exhilarating spin; and the world had put its care away, and his blood was tingling and his heart singing like the birds in the fields and the treetops through the windy blue spaces of that sunny spring-day sky. The old tavern at Roundbush bears on a creaking sign a distorted likeness of our first great President, and after long years of desuetude again has found usefulness through the revival of the road, and flaunts a noon placard: "Lunches for Bicyclers." Yet this afternoon the Reverend Lemuel thought that he had it quite to himself, as the fat landlord pushed his shirt-sleeves further above his brawny elbows and said he guessed he could give his visitor "nothin' that was fit eatin'." And Lemuel—I will drop his title—thought the broiled chicken delicious and sauntered into the parlor, dark after the sunshine, with its haircloth chairs and its colored prints of "Washington Crossing the Delaware," and "John Brown's Capture," and certain photographs of prim rural folk.

Now, usually, Lemuel was most observing. Yet he had been in that room fully five minutes before he noticed a figure stretched out on a couch; at the dark side, to be sure, so that it may not have been so strange that he had not seen her at first! Her face sunk in a pillow, she seemed to be sobbing. Lemuel at once made for the door, when he heard a sweet and strangely plaintive voice:

"I'm such a fool! Oh, I beg your pardon!" she added, with such evident confusion that Lemuel turned about hastily to see the prettiest figure of a woman in a witching bicycle costume; and what she was like I'll leave you to fancy; just fancy, that is, the very nicest girl of your acquaintance, and you will see her as Lemuel saw her much more easily than from any description of mine.

"Oh!" she said hastily, rubbing her eyes. "I beg your pardon," said Lemuel. "It was my fault," she said, looking him over demurely. "I forgot this was a public room."

"I am sure it was mine," said Lemuel hastily. "It was all rather strange and sudden, and yet he decided at once that she was a wellbred young person."

"Oh, I am glad," she exclaimed. "I don't see why," he blurted out, in astonishment. "Because you are Mr. Springer of Saint-Matthew-in-the-Park."

"So you have. Well, to go on. When she hears that man is engaged to another girl, she tries to 'cut' the other girl out—out of pique, not love for the man, you understand."

"No, I don't," she said. "Well, you are not so clever as I thought. But to return to this girl—"

"Angela?" "Yes, who was Angela, if you will. Angela encourages the man—"

"Tom, who just passed?" "Tom, we'll call him."

"Yes, Angela encourages Tom; and Tom encourages—"

"Do you think so?" she said, looking at him mischievously. "Yes, he did; I must be frank with you, a clergyman. And it goes on—in a country house in Westchester in May. But there's small chance in a house party, you know."

"Yes, I know," said he. "Of course you know because you are a young clergyman of a modish church. Now—to go on with the story—Angela agrees to meet Tom on the wheel. She wheels for a long time before the appointed hour, and, getting tired, stops, as you know, and, being tired, her conscience pricks her."

"I know of such cases," said Lemuel laconically. "And she thought of the other girl, and remembered how wicked she had been, because she has been encouraging Tom just for fun."

"Lillian—"

"Grace—"

"Louise—"

"Ethel—"

"Louise—"

"I don't know," said Lemuel again. "You must think me strange."

"He looked at her for a moment, and made a very worldly reply: 'I think you delight.'"

"You will let me go with you then?" "Why of course, if you ask me," he said; and why in the world did he say exactly that.

"I do—and we must be started before him."

"Him?—I don't understand."

"I will explain later; we must be started now. We have no time."

"Oh, no time?" "Oh, no time?" "Can you oblige me, Mr. Springer?"

"And with those eyes on him he could and did, and having paid his reckoning he was in the saddle, this graceful young person beside him, again and again looking over her shoulder. She kept up a brisk pace, neither saying a word, although you may believe he was wondering at the impulse which had brought him to such sudden complaisance. What, if any of his parishioners should see him as he was now, tearing madly up and down hill with this undeniably very pretty young woman, and running madly for him? Who the deuce was "Him," only, of course, Lemuel didn't say, who the deuce.

"Oh!—oh!" she cried suddenly. "Ah, what's the matter?" said he slowly.

"If he should appear, and attempt to speak to me, you must knock him down."

"That would be rather unclerical, wouldn't it?" said Lemuel.

"You must," said she.

"Oh, if I must," said he, looking at her, and knowing he certainly would. The road forks half a mile further with, at the point, a bit of wood and thicket. As you near the wood, you have the stretch of the road to the left, and now as they came into that view, Lemuel's companion cried out: "Oh, I saw him!"

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The Fad—Quite Right—Ground for Hope—The Difference of a "K"—A Good Foundation, Etc.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. Lillian—"

Grace—"

Louise—"

Ethel—"

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The smoke of wood fires is not in the slightest degree injurious to vegetation.

The Smithsonian Institution has donated a collection of 215 duplicate specimens of fishes to the University of Oregon.

Next October a scientific jubilee will be held in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the first application of ether in surgical operations.

It takes the moon exactly 32,524 minutes (twenty-nine days, twelve hours and forty-four minutes) to make its revolution around the earth.

The first fossil insect ever found in the southern coal field of Pennsylvania, according to Naturalist W. Victor Lehman, of Trenton, Penn., was sent by him to the Smithsonian Institution lately.

A new use has been discovered for hops, namely, the curing of bacon. It is found that a sprinkling of hops in the brine when bacon and hams are put in pickle adds greatly to the flavor of both, and enables them to be kept an indefinite period.

Paris geologists, which the careless take for the current jelly, is simply agaragar, or Ceylon seaweed, flavored with chemical essence which give it the taste of fruit. The authorities refuse to interfere with the sale of the substance on the ground that it is harmless.

M. Moissen is reported to have discovered a substance which is harder than the diamond, in the form of a compound of carbon and boron. It is produced by heating boric acid and carbon in an electric furnace at a temperature of 5000 degrees. In appearance the composition is black and looks not unlike graphite.

A gas lamp for checking boiler furnaces, which performs for the furnace what the manometer and steam gauge do for steam and water, has been devised by Herr Walther Hempel, of Dresden. It shows at a glance by the fluctuations of the jet, what is the proportion of carbonic acid and oxygen in the gases of combustion at any moment, enabling the stoker to control the supply of air at once.

An air-tester, for showing the degree of contamination of the air of a workshop or other place where people are crowded together, is an interesting apparatus lately shown in Zurich. A closed glass vessel is filled with a red fluid having the property of being bleached by carbonic acid. One end of a glass siphon dips into the liquid, and from the other end a drop falls every 100 seconds, and glides slowly down a cord kept stretched by a weight. The more carbonic acid the air contains, the quicker the drop loses color. The drop may turn white near the upper end of the cord, if the air is very foul, or it may pass nearly to the other end before the change takes place, such gradations as "extremely bad," "very bad," "passable" and "pure" being marked on a scale for the guidance of the observer.

The Zerograph.

The zerograph, an instrument in appearance very much like an ordinary typewriter, is being used in England for transmitting or receiving telegraph messages. One machine in its own complete the local circuit of the receiving instrument. The two machines are thus simultaneously actuated, and as the operator presses the key he not only prints the message on his own instrument, but makes an exact reproduction upon the receiving instrument. As soon as the end of a line is reached the machine automatically moves the paper forward, and releasing a spring, causes the paper roller to move along ready for the first letter to strike at the commencement of a new line. The machine is thus perfectly automatic in its action, and may safely be left to take care of itself at the receiving end, the message as received being printed on the roll of paper without any attention being required.

A Golden Grain Garden.

A drive through the Red River Valley will convince the most skeptical that there is a brilliant future for it. In no section of America does the husbandman reap a greater reward for his labor than in this beautiful valley. In no section of America may any more beautiful sight be seen than in this same country between seed time and harvest. The vast field of "yellow, golden grain" stretching as far as the eye can reach, waving gently to and fro in the gentle summer breeze, with here and there a pretty farmhouse nestling among the trees; the stretches of virgin prairie thickly matted with rich and succulent grasses and flowers of every hue sending forth a most delightful perfume, the blue vault of heaven meanwhile, stretching away to the horizon on either side in unbroken splendor, save here and there a fleecy cloud—all this is a sight to thrill the heart of the most unromantic. To all these men in the crowded East who are endowed with a spirit of thrift and enterprise and who wish to provide comfortable homes for themselves and families we say, come to North Dakota. She has room for the farmer, the merchant and the mechanic. The Red River Valley of North Dakota offers facilities second to no place in America for all such people.—Farco Record.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

"Say, Mamma," said Maud, as she bit off a tiny piece of chewing gum, "I've been improving my mind again."

"Go 'way! You haven't!" "Yes, I have. I have been reading all about the convention. It's perfectly fascinating, too."

"Can you understand it?" "Most of it. I used to think a convention was stupid, but it isn't a bit. It's just like a gymnasium or riding a goat at an initiation, or something of that kind, you know."

"How do they do?" "Why, they bring out a plank."

"And it's very wide; and the candidates try to straddle it, and other people try to keep them from doing so; and the side that wins gets the nomination. I don't know what it means, but that's the way it's done; for I saw it in the paper."—New York Advertiser.

MINE ENEMY.

Timeless enemy have I, Who, with arch inconsistency, Maketh without sign of cease Keen attacks upon my peace.

Sad my plight, who never know If by night or day my foe Will, with his strategical art, Storm the ramparts of my heart.

Through delay and death and doubt I have kept the foe man out, But I fear the foe must fall, And his banner top the wall.

And I pine in long durance, If no friend heed my distress, Who will come and cause to flee Love, that is mine enemy? —Clinton Scoullard, in the Century.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

In autobiographies there is no such word as fail.—Puck.

How lucky it is there are no taxes on air castles!—Life.

"I can see through your tricks," said Photog, as he applied his X rays to the magician's sleight-of-hand performance.—Norristown Herald.

"When I lose any little thing like that I know where to look for it." "You do?" "Yes; it's nearly always in baby's mouth."—Chicago Record.

His Mamma—"You children know more nowadays than they used to in my time, Freddy." "That's coz there's more to know, ma."—Roxbury Gazette.

Higgles—"Old Bilson called in four doctors in consultation over him when he died." "There is no danger of his being buried alive."—Brooklyn Times.

Friend—"What did you find the most difficult thing when you wrote your first poems?" "To find some one who would let me read them to him."—Fingende Blatter.

Lady—"Is it true that you have fallen in love with the princess?" "Lieutenant—" "Quite right. I just wanted to see for once how hopeless love feels."—Fingende Blatter.

"Can you lend me 105 marks?" "That's a singular amount to ask for. What do you want of the odd five?" "I wish to demonstrate my honest intentions by paying to you at once five marks on account."—Fingende Blatter.

Benny Dietus—"There is an article in to-day's paper I should like you to get my wife to read, but it is no use asking her." Sam Singleton—"I'll tell you how to do it. Cut the piece out and put it in your pocket."—New York Herald.

Sportner—"You must have had great fun when your football team played Nassau." Jack Tackle—"Fun? I guess not. I am engaged to the umpire, and she ruled me off for holding in the very first scrimmage."—Princeton Tiger.

The Quantity: Old Carper—"It takes an enormous amount of material to make a fashionable gown nowadays." Mrs. Carper—"Oh, no! Why, you take the material for two skirts and make the sleeves, and take the material for one sleeve and make the skirt; that is all."—Puck.

Insufficient Data: "You are an expert, are you not?" said the caller. "Yes, sir." "Well, I wish you would take these two papers and tell me whether they were written by the same person." "Is it a matter of litigation?" "Very possibly." "Then it would be really impossible for me to comply with your request, but until I have learned which side I have been retained,—"Washington Star.

No Necromancy About Invention.

One of the great inventors of the age is Mr. Edison, who has been called in terms of well intentioned, but doubtful, compliment "The Wizard of Menlo Park." There is no spirit of necromancy to be found brooding among the vast collection of apparatus in Mr. Edison's laboratory. The whole place is devoted to invention as expressed in the good old Latin root meaning of the word: "to come upon," and hence to find. Invention, in the case of Mr. Edison, is search; and the search is prosecuted along unorthodox lines with a persistence which may have been equalled, but has never been surpassed in the history of the world. Speaking of himself and his work, Mr. Edison has said: "In my own case but few, and these the least important, of my inventions owed anything to accidents. Most of them have been hammered out after long and patient labor, and are the result of countless experiments, all directed toward attaining some well-defined object. All mechanical improvements may safely be said to be inventions, and not discoveries."

It is not the man who dreams of better mechanical ways of doing work, but he who by intelligent experiment works out the mechanical forms that translate the dream into a reality, who is entitled to the name of inventor.—Scientific American.

Luck Comes to a Washerwoman.

Mrs. H. H. Leonard, of Wichita, Kan., while looking over old papers, found that the sum of \$10,000 had been deposited by her brother in a bank at Trenton, Tenn., in 1863. He was killed in battle a few weeks afterward. A local bank wired the Tennessee bank to-day and got a reply stating that the money was still there and that they had been hunting the heirs for over twenty-five years. Last fall Leonard got a divorce from his wife and married a woman named Irene Leonard. In two months after this marriage the second wife killed him for a \$5,000 insurance policy on his life. Since then the first Mrs. Leonard has been washing for a living. Her fortune, with interest, is now estimated at \$20,000.—Kansas City Times.