

Terms, \$1.00 Per Year. No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

VOL. XXIX. NO. 16. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUG. 5, 1896. \$1.00 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$ 1.00 One Square, one inch, one month, 5.00 One Square, one inch, three months, 10.00 One Square, one inch, one year, 30.00 Two Squares, one year, 50.00 Quarter Column, one year, 100.00 Half Column, one year, 150.00 One Column, one year, 200.00 Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

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 formulae 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 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.

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.

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 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.

"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."

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.

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.

"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." "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—"

"The man 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 modest 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 had been encouraging Tom just for fun."

"She should have felt wicked," said Lemuel severely. "Just then she sees a very prominent young clergyman."

"Oh, no," said Lemuel, becomingly. "Well, at once she snatches the chance. She will appear to Tom when he meets her to be out with the clergyman. If he speaks she will ignore him. Should he persist, the clergyman, who is the stronger, will knock him down."

"Will he?" "Yes, he promised."

"Did he?" "Yes, because Angela wished it."

"Well, perhaps. But when Tom appears why does Angela, run to the bushes?" "Don't you think it was better to avoid the meeting?"

"Possibly." "And now," she said, dismounting and extending a hand, "good-by."

"You are going to leave me?" "I live over there."

"There are a lot of houses. Greenwich, isn't it?" "Yes, Greenwich; and no matter which house you are going back to town, I am ever so much obliged to you. You have been ever so good."

"Angela," he said, "must it be good-by?" "Yes."

"And you won't flirt any more?" "I never do."

"But you have confessed to it—with Tom." "I never will again. Now good-by, Mr. Springer."

And she was in her saddle, and smiling back at him, and vanishing over the slope, leaving him rubbing his eyes.

At first he thought he would follow her, but then in Greenwich he likely would meet some one who knew him, and he could not afford to appear ridiculous, particularly after such an escapade.

Yet, as he wheeled, he regretted his resolution, and he envied Tom, and he couldn't think of his sermon; and he really was on that ride simply to clarify his mind that he might make his next discourse a fitting one.

And back at his desk, it was the same, and his sermon was singularly poor that next Sabbath morning.

"I have no patience with a man who can't do when it's necessary," came back the answer. And all was still, save for the rural noises of the sunny May day. But at last about a turn came a wheelman. He was young and well groomed. Seeing Lemuel, he paused.

"Have you passed a young lady, sir?" "What sort of a young lady?" said Lemuel, avoiding the lie direct.

"Wheeling." "A half dozen, I think," said Lemuel truly, breathing a sigh of relief.

"For my young gentlemen was in his saddle and leaning on." Five minutes passed; but presently a face appeared in a leafy frame—a laughing, tantalizing face—when she followed dragging the wheel.

"He didn't see me." "Now what does this mean?" Lemuel asked rather angrily.

"Is your patience worn out?" said she demurely. "Yes, I think it is. What's your name?"

"Angela." "Angela what?" "I am not going to tell you."

"But you know mine." "Everybody does," said she with gentle flattery.

"Oh, I don't know. But what does it mean?" "Now, please don't be angry—please." And she added: "You've been so good."

"Have I?" said he. "Yes; I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't appeared just then. You make me able to say if any one should see me, 'Why, I am out with Mr. Springer, and he is a clergyman.'"

"Oh, dear?" said Lemuel. "Now, don't bother, please! We'd better be on the road."

"Come on!" she cried. "And when he was by her side she began again: 'I'll explain as I ought. There was a girl, and she thought she loved a man.'"

"Yes, I have heard of girls like that."

"But she didn't really."

"Yes, I know."

"How do you?"

"Hum—I have a parish."

"How did Charley get out of that scrape caused by his knocking the old woman down with his wheel?" "Easily. He proved that the woman, who was walking on the sidewalk, had neither a bell nor a lantern."

"—Judge."

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.

Though some girls may count their admirers by scores, And kind of their victories praise, The maiden whose followers number the most Is the one on the fashion-plate. —Puck.

OUTER RIGHT. Ethel—"Louise, what's right and wrong?" Louise—"Why, ma and pa, of course." —Judge.

GROUND FOR HOPE. Lillian—"But, surely, who must see that he is mercenary?" Grace—"Of course! That's why she thinks his intentions are serious." —Puck.

AN EXPRESSIVE SILENCE. She—"Do you mean to say that papa didn't reply to your request for my hand?" He—"No. He said he couldn't find words to express himself." —Puck.

THE DIFFERENCE OF A K. Young Wife—"Isn't it a pleasure, George, dear, to see mother so happily engaged?" Young Husband—"Yes, dear. I always love to see your mother—nit." —Judge.

A MATTER OF HEALTH. Theatrical Manager—"You say you want a position in my company. Why, man, you don't look well enough." Actor—"That's just it. My doctor says if I will walk thirty miles a day I'll be cured."

A GOOD FOUNDATION. "Jack, you have an unusual amount of useful knowledge for a man just graduated from college." "Well, you see, Uncle, I had a good common school education before I went there." —Lido.

A BOY TO BE PROUD OF. Mr. Dolan—"My boy Dinny is gittin' to be a great Sunday-school worker, bless the heart av um." Mr. Nolan—"Indeed?"

"Yes, he has worked 'T'ree av thim for free excursions already." —Lido.

BRAIN WORK. Tom—"How do you like wedded bliss, Jack?" Jack—"All right, except the Sunday work."

Tom—"Going to church, I suppose." Jack—"No; thinking up excuses for not going. It's a terrible mental strain." —Judge.

PERSISTENT. "That bill-collector is still down stairs, sir." "Didn't I tell you to say to him that I died quite suddenly half an hour ago?"

"Yes, sir; but he says he would like a few moments' conversation with the corpse." —Lido.

THAT URBAN WAR. Senator Iruzo (lately arrived)—"What has been the success of our arms during the last few weeks?" Colonel Calverman (of the Spanish army)—"We have been very successful. I believe that not one true report has gotten out of Cuba during that time." —Puck.

HER IMPRESSION. Papa (just arrived from down town)—"Well, where's Bessie? Why can't she running to meet me, as usual?"

Mamma—"Bessie has been naughty and disobedient. I have had to deprive her of her playthings, and she has been weeping bitter tears in her own room for the last half hour."

Voice of Bessie (from adjoining room)—"Tears ain't bitter! They're salt." —Chicago Tribune.

A GREAT HEAD. Financier—"You literary men haven't the first idea about business. Here you have about 10,000 manuscripts piled up in this dark closet, and you say they are all paid for."

Editor (Great Magazine)—"Years ago." "Just think of it! Hasn't it ever occurred to you, sir, that you are losing the interest on all the money you paid out for those useless bundles?"

"Hah! You financiers haven't the first idea about literature. Every one of those manuscripts is from a different author, and the whole 10,000 of them will go on buying our magazine at thirty-five cents a copy until the articles are printed." —New York Weekly.

EXPLAINING IT. "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."

"Yes." "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.

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 42,524 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 Tremont, Penn., was sent by him to the Smithsonian Institution lately.

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

Paris gelee grossierce, which the careless take for the currant 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 boracic 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 is in operation at each end of the line. In sending a telegraphic message no special training is required. The operator depresses in turn the keys of what appears to be an ordinary typewriter keyboard, with the usual arrangement of the letters. The depression of a key closes the connection of a local battery of from five to ten small accumulators, which causes a current to flow, not only actuating the printing and inking mechanism of the transmitting instrument, but also closing the line circuit, which in its turn completes 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.

MINE ENEMY.

Tireless 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!—Lido.

"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 Mama—"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?" Poet—"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.

Sportmer—"You must have had great fun when your football team played Vassar." 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 is right, 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.