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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, three months...

Mr. Gladstone has been giving "tally" to the Welsh folks. He says that they are the most musical people in the world.

The number of cities with more than 100,000 inhabitants is exactly the same—twenty-seven—in Germany and the United States.

The statistician of the Horsehoopers' Protective Association shows that, despite the bicycle craze, there are more horses in the country than ever.

Agriculture furnished sixty-three per cent. of total United States exports in eight months ended August 31, a slightly smaller proportion than a year before.

The anniversary of the coronation of the Sultan of Turkey was celebrated the other day. From signs in the air it may be the last, predicts the New Orleans Picayune.

The total number of failures for the first nine months of 1896 was the largest on record and exceeded the number of the worst nine months of the panic year, 1893.

The statistics show that the British Empire not only purchases more of our goods than any other country, but also sells us a larger proportion of the goods we buy than any other.

The Legislature of Vermont is composed of 126 farmers, forty storekeepers, fourteen lawyers and the rest "scattering"—a notable preponderance of farmers and scarcity of lawyers.

A great many students live in New Haven, Conn., and take the full college course at Yale on three hundred dollars per annum, which includes board and room for forty weeks and free tuition.

Is there a conspiracy against the pupils of the Indian schools? asks the Chicago Record. The Government has just ordered for them 68,000 pounds of dried peaches, 75,000 pounds of dried apples and 82,000 pounds of prunes!

Henceforth horsehooping must be ranked among the professions, announces the New York Tribune. At any rate no one is to be permitted to engage in this vocation without having submitted to an examination before a board of experts representing the State.

Commenting on the recent launch of a heavily-armed United States "revenue cutter" for use on the great lakes, the Montreal Gazette says that in this matter the English and the American Governments "are in about the same position. They have both gone as far as the limitations of the treaty will allow, and it is evident that in the case of Gresham the United States Government is sailing very close to the wind. It is, of course, perfectly fair and right that each Government should make adequate arrangements for the protection of the fisheries and kindred purposes; but whoever goes a step further is no friend either of the Dominion of Canada or of the United States."

In the Postmaster General's report for the last fiscal year a number of interesting figures are given, showing the cost of our enormous mail system. The total expenditures for the year aggregated \$90,626,269, against receipts amounting to only \$82,499,208. These figures reveal a deficit of \$8,127,061, which, however, is less than the shortage for the year preceding by \$1,679,956. The report further shows that 4,184,327 special delivery letters passed through the mails during the year. The average time required for the delivery of these letters was only seventeen minutes. The net profit of the system for the year was somewhere in the neighborhood of \$100,000. The number of postage stamps, stamped envelopes and postal cards issued during the year reached the enormous sum of 4,195,665,523, showing an increase of seven per cent. over the preceding year. The value of this entire supply is fixed at \$79,178,101, or \$74,000 less than actual sales. The increase of second class mail matter was nearly twelve per cent. during the year. The total weight of all the bundles was 349,000,000 pounds. The total number of registered packages sent through the mails was 15,106,396. Some idea of the vast proportions of our postal system may be derived from the foregoing figures.



At the gateway of the winter now comes Thanksgiving tide. In the glory of its atmosphere, its pie and turkey pride.

In olden time Thanksgiving was for harvest poor or good. The corn, the pumpkin, wheat, and all that gave a livelihood.

Then welcome be Thanksgiving with its manifold feasts and joys! Under many a homestead roof now rather the girls and boys.

Then pass around the turkey, the mince and apple pies; Don't slight the poor and needy if in wisdom you'd be wise.

For Lord be thanked the human heart is yet as good as gold! —Edward S. Cremer.

A Thanksgiving Rescue.

BY GEORGE L. HELMER.



In the height of a terrible blizzard of snow and sleet late on Thanksgiving Eve, 1889, the propeller Calumet, from Buffalo for Milwaukee with eighteen souls on board, came to grief on stormy Michigan.

While steaming up Detroit River from Lake Erie to St. Clair, she had burst her seams by running upon a sunken anchor in the shallows. The leak proved so threatening that Skipper Green put in at Detroit, patched up the injury and took aboard a wrecking pump in the hope of keeping his vessel afloat until she would reach her destination.

To add to the evil of the situation the wrecking pump, upon which all depended, gave out at the very moment when it was most needed. The water gained rapidly on the ordinary ship's pumps, so that it became only a question of time, and a very short time at that, when the Calumet would go down in the deep waters of the lake.

At the time of the wreck Keeper Lawrence O. Lawson was in charge of the station and the following six volunteer surfmen were subject to his call: George Crosby, William E. Ewing, Jacob Loising, W. L. Wilson, F. M. Rendig and Thomas M. Webb.

There is a large steamer ashore off Fort Sheridan. Come! Lawson hurried to the railway station and asked what time the next train would go north. "Not before 7.30 a. m.," was the reply. There was one chance left, a very faint one considering the terror of the night.



Gallantly the lifeboat rode the breakers until she came to a sand bar over which the waves broke with tremendous power. An immense breaker lifted the boat upon her stern and almost threw Keeper Lawson, who was at the steering oar, overboard.

Only the sultan believes that no one could ever have too much turkey. "Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "de houses dat has de bigges' families 'nd de littles' turkey seems ter hab de most Thanksgivingibbin' in 'em."

The eagle has the laugh on the turkey at Thanksgiving time. The faithful annals of the life-saving service, from which these facts are taken, have on record a thousand instances of forlorn hope rescues, or attempts at rescue, carried through to the bitter end, for every one case of shirking peril.



arrived, drawn by steaming, foaming horses, at 7 o'clock. It was then light enough to make out the plight of the men on the ill-fated Calumet. They were seen huddled in and about the pilot house, the only place of refuge, for the steamer was submerged to the main deck. Moreover, she was literally a ship of ice, having been deluged for ten hours with water that lay upon layer wherever it struck.

It is needless to recount the details of the second and third trips to and from the steamer. The same fearful difficulties were met and overcome; again and again the life craft seemed to be doomed as she stood almost upright when mounting the huge crest of a breaker or sank out of sight in the hollows between the angry waves.

When the tables were spread in the warm barracks kitchen of Fort Sheridan that afternoon there were eighteen grateful strangers reclining upon their hospital cots around the Thanksgiving board—eighteen unexpected but for all that thrice welcomed Thanksgiving guests.

A THANKSGIVING GAME.

Usually in the Thanksgiving gathering together of families there are a host of young folk who need to entertain themselves. One game requires children who are "up" in geography; still, if need be, it is a lesson in the disguise of pleasure.

Then Richard has to tell each set, country and ocean he crosses to get home for the turkey and cranberry sauce. If he can't do it successfully he must remain right on the spot on the floor where he stopped until he thinks out his escape.

When the game has been played frequently those who join in get very familiar with the junction of countries and learn many straight lines and clever jumps that had not appeared before.

When the dressed turkey reaches the market the prices fluctuate anywhere from two and a half to fifteen cents a pound, so that the business is not always a paying one.

From twenty to thirty thousand turkeys are killed each season and sent from this one turkey pen, and the reader may judge from these figures how great a number is required to supply the Thanksgiving board throughout the country with its great National dish.

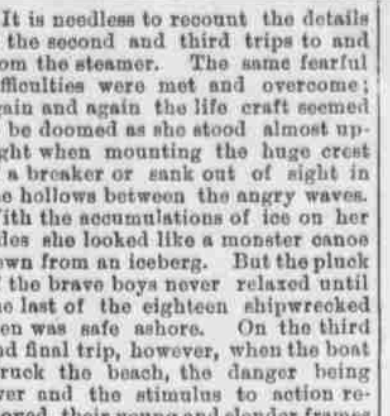
As seen by him. The old gobbler looked drowsily away over the back-yard fence. A shudder ran through his frame. "They are bringing out all our family skeletons these days."

At midnight in his guarded coop The Turk lay dreaming of the hour.

Revenge is Sweet. What dreams, where memory has no share, As from from fear as void of care, Fill those young sleeping eyes?

DADY'S DREAMS. The baby's dreams are secrets safe How'er we watch the dreamland wait, Or question when she wakes, She only knows (returned once more) The wave that brings her to our shore In kisses softly breaks.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. "What made you laugh so immoderately at Slows's poor joke?" "Why, this is the third time he has got it off or me." —Chicago Record.



Small Boy—"I won't do a thing to you Thanksgiving; oh, no!"—Truth.

THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

A Kentucky Turkey Pen Ships Thirty Thousand Birds to Market. Few of us who visit around the Thanksgiving board pause to think of the vast number of turkeys that are necessary to supply the demand on this National holiday.

The origin of the turkey is lost in the traditions of the red man, who hunted the wild bird long before the pale face had domesticated it or made the famous proposition, after a day's hunt, in which a buzzard and a wild turkey constituted the amount of game killed.

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AN INTERESTING DIVERSION TO PASS A FEW HOURS PLEASANTLY.

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