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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... One Square, one inch, one year... Two Squares, one year... Quarter Column, one year... Half Column, one year... One Column, one year... Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion. Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

Electricity is doing wonderful work. We have the trolley pulling millions, and here they're commencing to draw faces with the telegraph.

A Japanese journal says the use of English is gaining over all European languages in Japan, that German comes next in popularity, and that French is falling behind.

The per capita cost of living in New South Wales is the highest in the world, being nearly \$200 per head per annum. In the United States it is about \$170, in Canada \$120 and in the United Kingdom about \$100.

Sven Hedin, the Swedish traveler, laughs at the idea that China could ever be persuaded to attack Europe or America. The Chinese are convinced that the soldier's calling is low and brutal, and do not care to be conquerors.

A medical paper prints statistics showing that in eight of our largest Southern cities the proportion of deaths from consumption among the colored race, as compared with the total mortality, is more than fifty per cent greater than that of the white population.

According to the Naval Annual, of the 235,000 seamen in the British merchant marine only 55,000 are of British descent, the others being Scandinavians, Germans, Dutch, Russians and Orientals. Captains say the cause of this state of affairs is that the British sailor always has a grievance.

The dictum of Malthus, that "population when unchecked goes on doubling itself every twenty-five years," has received some support from recent investigations as to the increase of the French population in Canada, statistics of which go as far back as 1765. It has been found that the race has doubled itself every twenty-seven years.

Potatoes seem to be low everywhere. In a place in Brittany, France, the farmers made an attempt at forming a combine, by which the price of potatoes should be held at seventy cents for a sack of 110 pounds. Some English farmers came in who offered to sell at fifty cents per sack. The Frenchmen set upon them and beat them until they promised not to take less than the fixed price.

Some English journals once cited the fact, in a humorous way, that President Kruger, of the Transvaal, was a student of American history and an admirer of American institutions. Now this may be taken seriously, for the volksraad has just passed a bill whose draft is almost identical with that of our old "alien and sedition" laws. President Kruger may, with the consent of the Executive Council, order any suspicious stranger to leave the territory of the republic.

In the Federated Clubs of Illinois the women are working earnestly to improve the public schools of the State. With this aim, they take up different phases of school work, in the first place visiting the schools not as critics but as learners, so as to co-operate with school teachers in securing improvements that are needed. Certain members study the hygienic conditions of the schools, others make it their duty to watch all school legislation and to learn something of the value of the best new methods of education.

"Uniform game laws," asserts the American Agriculturist, "are desirable in the various States. Much can be said in favor of having the close period for shooting from January 1 to September 1 in all States north of the fortieth parallel, south of that February 1 to September 1, the close time for game fish to be October 1 to June 1, except that the trouts may be caught in May and June. But the idea of having these laws enforced by 'police surveillance' of fish and game associations is too thin. These gentlemen set as though forest and stream were their property. They are blind to farmers' rights.

Hugo Neumann, a Napoleon of France who had met his Waterloo, is now in the insane asylum. He had a genius for business such as is seldom found in conventional Germany. He built and owned a magnificent house, although he never had paid a penny on it. He started an enormous bicycle factory entirely on wind and credit. He lived like a multi-millionaire. His favorite carriage was lighted by electricity and each horse had an incandescent lamp fastened in front. Under the seat of the carriage was a fine music box of peculiar design which played on the owner setting in. His creditors number more than 1000. His assets are nil.

CARE OF SLAVE.

It was the budding May-time, The white blossoms overhead; "Oh, give me some play-time, Good Master Care," I said. I saw his head begin to shake—"Not now, just wait and see—I'll give you a holiday. When planting's done," said he. It was the growing summer, How cool the woodland's shade? Again an eager caller, "Oh, give me some play-time, Good Master Care," I said. "Not now, just wait and see—I'll give you a holiday. When planting's done," said he. It was the glad September; The maple leaves were red; "Oh, Master Care, remember, You promised me," I said. "And you will find," he answered me, "I'll keep my promise true, And you may sport when harvest's done, With nothing else to do." Now winter winds are blowing, And, by the hearth bright glowing, I shiver with the cold. And Care sits down beside me, And counts up, one by one, The task that I have done amiss, Or I have left undone; While I, low muttering to myself, Wish I had laughed and sung, An I had my share of honest joy, When I was strong and young. —Marrion Douglas, in Harper's Bazar.

THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.

I was during the time of my connection with the Blankborough police force that the incident related in the following lines occurred. Although there is nothing startling in the details, and the unraveling of the mystery with which they deal required no great amount of sagacity on my part, still I am inclined to think that there is sufficient interest about the affair to warrant making it public. I was engaged with the superintendent one morning on some routine business when a note was handed in from Mr. Bridgnorth, a well-known solicitor practicing in the town. The superintendent read the missive and then turned to me. "It is a case of pilfering, Sampson," he said, "and the thief, of course, cannot be discovered. There is nothing requiring your service this morning—go and see what you can do in the matter." "I have been a good deal concerned of late," said the solicitor, turning to the business at once, "about the abstraction of certain sums of money from my cash-box in my desk, and as I fear that I am being robbed by some one in the office, and cannot put my hand on the actual offender, I am compelled to seek the aid of the police." "Quite so, sir," I said, "and it will be both the duty and the pleasure of the force, and of myself, to give you every possible assistance in the matter. How long have the pilferings been going on?" "I asked," "About a week or ten days," was the reply; "and the robberies always take place at night, after the office is closed." "How do you know that?" "Because I count the cash in my desk every evening before locking up, when everybody has left, and again the next morning, before any one arrives," said Mr. Bridgnorth. "What are the amounts you have missed?" "They have varied. One night five pounds were taken, another seven, a third three, and so on. Altogether I have been robbed of fifty-five sovereigns, and I don't know where it is going to end." "Have you any suspicion as to whom the thief may be?" "None whatever—unless—" Mr. Bridgnorth hesitated. "Go on, sir," I said, "Give expression to your thoughts, they may furnish a clue." "I was going to say," continued the solicitor, "with some apparent reticence, 'unless it be Hartley; but I cannot believe him guilty of such a thing,'" he added. "Who is Hartley?" I asked. "My confidential clerk," replied Mr. Bridgnorth. "He has been with me ever since he was a boy, and his character has always been above suspicion." "Then why should his name occur to you in connection with these thefts?" I queried. "Well, it is like this," said the solicitor. "Hartley and I are the only persons who sleep on the premises, and as there are no signs of burglars' entry, and the thefts always take place in the night, I am—in spite of myself—driven to a certain conclusion." "The natural one, in the circumstances," I ventured. "But tell me, you keep several clerks in addition to Hartley?" "Yes," he replied. "Six or seven." "At what time do they leave?" "Six o'clock." "When do you lock up?" "About half-past six or seven." "You lock your desk and the office door?" "Yes." "Does anyone beside yourself possess keys of either?" "Hartley does, of both." "And on say he sleeps on the premises?" "Yes."

No one else?

"Myself." "But you do not live here, Mr. Bridgnorth?" "Quite so. My residence is on the outskirts of the town, but for several nights I have been sleeping at the office." "In order to catch the thief?" I queried. "Indeed, that was not my motive at all," said the lawyer, quickly. "And, as a matter of fact, the robberies have only occurred since my sojourn in the place; they never once happened before." "Very likely. But, assuming that Hartley is the thief, can you suggest a motive for his pilferings?" "None whatever," was the reply. "What kind of a life does he lead?" "Nobody goes so." "Doesn't bet or gamble?" "Neither, to my knowledge. He is engaged to a very respectable girl, and I know, as a fact, that he shortly contemplates housekeeping." "Ah! there is a motive for pilfering!" I said, with a shrug of the shoulders. "How so?" asked the solicitor. "Why, a house requires furniture, and furniture costs money," I said. "Then you think that Hartley is helping himself to my cash in order to fit up his house?" said Mr. Bridgnorth, sadly. "It looks remarkably like it," I replied. "But we shall probably see. Of course, you have not charged him with the thefts?" "No, for I cannot persuade myself of the object of my vi et?" "None, so far as I am aware." "Very well, let him keep in the dark for the present. Meanwhile, can you tell me your object for sleeping on these premises for the last few nights?" "Well," said Mr. Bridgnorth, slowly, "it is this. For some little time I have found myself out of sorts. There is nothing really the matter with me, that I know of, but I have been spending a lot of restless nights, either getting no sleep at all, or only sufficient to do me little good. Under the impression that a change of apartments is sometimes a remedy for insomnia, I decided, as I am a bachelor and have only myself to please, that for a night or two I would sleep here, where there is plenty of room and ample accommodation." "I see." "Well," went on the solicitor, "the change answered admirably. From the very first night I slept soundly, save for some persistent dreaming, which nightly haunts me and leaves me somewhat unrefreshed in the morning. The old woman who comes in to do for Hartley finds it little extra work to prepare a dormitory for me, so I have remained for the present. That is the explanation." "Thank you, sir. We will now try and run this thief to earth. What I propose is very simple. Find me a hiding-place here to-night—a screen or an cupboard will do, for I am used to cramped quarters—and I will see what is to be seen. Look your desk and door as usual, but provide me with a key of the latter for use if needed." Mr. Bridgnorth agreed, and shortly after I took my departure. As I passed through the outer room I got a look at the clerks, and in particular to Hartley, which I was enabled to do without suspicion. Judging from appearances, the fellow looked anything but a thief, having a frank, open countenance, and lacking altogether the shiftness of vision characteristic of almost every rogue. Avaro how, however, that there is nothing more deceptive than externals, I went away, little doubting that Hartley was my man. Late that evening I presented myself at Mr. Bridgnorth's door, and was received by the gentleman in person. The office was closed, the clerks had all gone home, and Hartley was out, presumably love-making. Mr. Bridgnorth found little difficulty in securing me a retreat behind a cabinet which stood in one corner of the office, and here I ensconced myself with as much comfort as the circumstances permitted. At half-past ten the solicitor retired, locking both his desk and the office door before going upstairs, and providing me with a duplicate key of the latter, as I had desired. Hartley would be home, he informed me, about eleven o'clock, and would doubtless go straight to his room. The lawyer's estimate proved correct, for almost exactly on the stroke of the hour, a key turned in the lock of the outer door and the confidential clerk entered. He had no occasion to come into the office in order to reach his apartment, but on his way past he paused a moment and tried the handle of the door, and, finding it fastened, went on his way. A minute later I heard the closing of his chamber door and my watch began. The time passed slowly away. Twelve o'clock struck, then one, then two, and I had begun to think that my vigil would be in vain, when, in the stillness of the night, I heard a door softly opened above, and a cautious footstep slowly descended the stairs. It passed at the foot of them, close to the door of the room in which I lay hid, and I next heard the jingling of a bunch of keys, as if the possessor of them was selecting the right one to fit the lock. A moment later the portal opened and the pilferer entered. The place was in darkness, and I had to strain my eyes to watch his movements. The lantern I had with me did not desire to use until the right moment, for it was my hope to capture the thief in the very act of his larceny. I had not long to wait. Wrapped in a long gown, and without shoes on his feet, the pilferer glided steadily to the desk, and fitted a key

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Electricity runs a Derry (Conn.) shoe mill. Compressed air is to be introduced as a motive power on the San Francisco street cars. The world's population is said to average 120 women to every 100 men, while eight-ninths of the sudden deaths are of males. The tuberculin test was applied to 139 cows the other day at dairies supplying the northern part of New York City. It was found that twenty-seven of the animals had tuberculosis. Lightning is zigzag because, as it condenses the air in the immediate advance of its path it flies from side to side in order to pass where there is the least resistance to its progress. The longest commercial distance at which the long-distance telephone is now operated is from Boston to St. Louis, a distance 1400 miles. This line is more than twice as long as any European telephone line. Spectroscopic analysis has been applied in England to the determination of the composition of elements in alloys and their quantities. Tests can thus be applied to objects made of precious metals, without the injury which would result from a chemical analysis. The distinction among animals of requiring least sleep belongs to the elephant. In spite of its capacity for hard work the elephant seldom, if ever, sleeps more than four or, occasionally, five hours. For two hours before midnight, and again for two hours after one o'clock, these mis-born mountains sleep. A new illuminating gas made from petroleum has been produced in Germany, it is asserted, can be supplied of a quality equal to the best existing photometric standard at a cost of twenty-five cents a thousand feet. The generative plant is simple; one able to keep up a hundred lights can be built for \$150. A member of the Zurich Medical Society recently exhibited a self-registering clinical thermometer on which there were no degree marks. The instrument could be left with the patient's family to take the temperature in the absence of the physician, and the latter could then read it by means of an attachable scale of glass or metal. If the people on the star Sirius have telescopes powerful enough to distinguish objects on this planet, and are looking at it now, they are witnessing the destruction of Jerusalem, which took place over 1800 years ago. Of course the reason of this is that the light which the world reflects, traveling, as it does, at the rate 180,000 miles a second, would take eighteen centuries to reach the nearest fixed star. Such is the immensity of space. Turkish Baths for Horses. The ordinary horse bath with the sprinkling hose or a drive into some convenient pond is absolutely discounted in the French capital, where a Turkish bath establishment for equines and dogs has been opened. This includes all the luxuries of a shampoo and other Oriental trimmings. The bath house is designed on the same lines as that where men and women go to bathe, but the rooms are much larger. Three large rooms are connected with each other by wide doors. These are to be operated upon a first taken the back room. This is divided into fair-sized stalls. The horse is tied up to a ring in the stall, and the room is filled with steam to 100 degrees Fahrenheit; through a steam coil concealed in the wall of the room. Usually a half-hour expires before the horse is in a profuse perspiration and ready to be taken out although sick horses are not allowed in the bath as long as that. The horse is then led to the middle room, which is also divided into stalls. In this room a temperature of 165 Fahrenheit is kept up with hot air. The flow of perspiration begun by the steam is increased, and another fifteen minutes are consumed before the horse is ready for the shower bath, which is given through an arrangement in the ceiling, two attendants standing each side of the horse. They rub and scrape off the perspiration and water with smooth, flexible scrapers of hard wood. After the shower, which lasts for fifteen minutes, the animal is given a gentle shampoo with soft brushes. A drink is administered, and the horse is dried with warm, dry cloths.—St. Louis Republic. Moisture and Vegetation. The influence of moisture on vegetation has been found by M. Edmond Gain to vary greatly at different periods in the growth of the plants. As a rule water is urgently needed when the first leaves are appearing, then little is called for until just before blossoming, when a large supply is demanded. The fruit is best perfected in comparative dryness. Very few plants require constant moisture, and in all experiments tried the plants that were watered at the two critical seasons of first growth and the beginning of blossoming did as well as those that were constantly watered. Moisture in the soil favored increase in the number of fruit, seeds and roots, while dryness tended to promote greater size and perfection of seeds and tubers. Boarding Houses for Plants. "Boarding houses for plants" is a continental idea which is declared to be very successful. When a householder goes away in the autumn he takes all his valuable plants and deposits them at a small charge, in the care of a florist. He leaves home secure in the knowledge that they will receive proper attention during his absence, and will be fresh and thriving to welcome him back again.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

OUR GOOD-BY.

We saw the sunset reddon in the west, We saw the whirling swallows seek the nest; We felt on earth descending peace and rest; We whispered to each other, "It is best." We held each other's hands one moment's space, Each took our last look at the other's face; We said, "May God be with you in His grace, And from your heart our common pain efface." We said good-bye, and then—then at the last, We knew it could not be. We turned, and fast Clasped in each other's arms, our doubts we cast Far from us, by one heart-ery overpassed. —Lewis W. Smith, in Collier's Weekly. REMOR OF THE DAY. On account of the hard times costs are worn longer than usual.—Texas Sifter. Time is money, we are told, yet most money is thrown away to kill time.—Fliengende Blätter. "Why don't you marry that girl? She is a real pearl." "Ah, yes; but I don't like the mother of pearl."—"Scottish Nights." "Otto, you have a bad report. What does that mean?" "Yes, papa; teacher must have something against you!"—Fliengende Blätter. Athwart these melancholy days It sits a gleam of cheer To find you've had a ton of coal Left over from last year. —Chicago Tribune. Shikler—"I dreamed last night that you gave me ten dollars." Stryker—"Good! That makes us square. I owed you a tenner, you know."—Boston Transcript. "Don't!" she exclaimed, fearfully; "you need it worse than I." Bogmild Drooley Van Luukwarm had threatened to give her a piece of his mind. —Chicago News. How often do you prune your vines? Cityman (who has just moved to the suburbs): "Never; we buy all our prunes at the grocer's."—Roxbury Gazette. "That hair restorer I bought of you I found very efficacious," remarked Cawker to his barber. "So?" replied the knight of the razor. "I must try it myself."—Judge. Correspondent—"I should like to write for your paper. You want the manuscript sheets blank on one side, don't you?" Managing Editor—"On both sides, if you please."—Fliengende Blätter. Point of View: "Biker, you ought to be ashamed to wear such good clothes when you owe me so much money." "No; you ought to be proud to lend money to a man who wears such good clothes."—Chicago Record. Doctor—"Just place this thermometer under your tongue, Mrs. Peque, and keep your lips closed tightly." Mr. Henry Peque (after a few minutes of speechless delight): "What will you take for that instrument, Doc?"—Pack. An elderly gentleman is seen to tread on a piece of orange peel and come heavily down on the small of his back. To him, polite stranger, raising his hat; "Excuse me, sir; would you mind doing that again? My friend didn't see it."—Texas Sifter. "I happened to see your wife on a wheel yesterday. If I remember, I heard you declare you would never allow her to ride." "Yes, I know. But she had a chance to trade off her pug dog for a wheel, and I thought I would choose the least evil."—Indianapolis Journal. "Hello," said the smoking car as the damaged trolley rolled into the depot. "What struck you?" "Oh," replied the trolley, "I thought I would have a little fun by running down a gang on the street, and hanged if they weren't all football players!"—Philadelphia North American. "Did you attend the big meeting at Old City Hall last night?" asked one Pittsburger of another. "No." "Why not?" "Well, my name was not on the list of Vice-Presidents, and I knew that if all those men were there, I would not be able to get into the hall."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. Edison's Failures. Edison has accomplished so much in the line of invention that it is popularly believed he has made no failures in that direction, but the truth is that he has been at work for years upon several hard problems which seem to be no nearer a solution to-day than they were when he began. For the last seven years he has been trying to derive electricity directly from coal without going through the usual process of heat, steam power and dynamo. "There's enough latent electrical energy in a pound of coal to carry it across the Atlantic," he said the other day, "yet we have never been able to utilize more than a very small fraction of it. I know how to get electricity from coal direct, but I don't know yet how to get enough of it."—New York Journal. Gold in the Ocean. Professor Liversidge, of the Sydney (Australia) University, has made chemical experiments which, he says, show that there are over 1,000,000 tons of gold dissolved in the ocean water of the world, if the rate of one grain per ton, which he found on the Australian coast, holds everywhere. Social Calls in Persia. In Persia, among the aristocracy, a visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling, and gives a day's notice if the visit is one of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house, and other considerations are shown him, according to relative rank.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. In Costume—Undergoing Repairs—So Far as He Knew—Fussy—Believed Him, Etc., Etc. When the autumn days come stealing, With temptations to a spin, The whole family goes a-whooping, If the leisure we can win. And my boy and girl, their mother, And myself to set the pace, Love to banter one another To the chances of a race. There has come a likeness striking— We've been told it o'er and o'er— When we've dressed ourselves for biking, That was never seen before. For the girl looks like her brother, So the neighbors all agree, And our son looks like his mother And our daughter looks like me. —Washington Star. CONSIDERING HIS HEALTH. Cleverton—"You didn't take any vacation this year, did you?" Dashaway—"No. I thought I needed the rest."—Life. A NECESSARY INFERENCE. Mamma—"Mrs. Brown says her little boy looks very much like ours." Papa—"Then ours must be better looking."—Pack. UNDERGOING REPAIRS. Lilli (at a soiree, whispering)— "What has become of Aunt Lucie's habitual smile?" Erna—"It is at the dentist's."—Tit-Bits. SO FAR AS HE KNEW. "Are you well?" "I believe so, yet I can't say positively; I haven't had time to look up the new diseases in to-day's paper."—Judge. FUSSEY. "That young Pilling is a fussy fellow." "I should say he was. When he parts his hair in the middle he counts the hairs on each side."—Cleveland Leader. A DISCOURAGEMENT. Dilettante (very pressing)— "I should like so much to write for your newspaper. One side of the paper has to be blank, hasn't it?" Editor—"No; both."—Fliengende Blätter. BELIEVED HIM. He (indignantly)— "I beg your pardon, miss, but I always keep my word." She (complacently)— "I can easily believe that, for no one would take it."—Washington Times. ADMIRATION. She—"My tongue fails me, darling, when I try to express my love for you." He—"Never mind, my own. Money talks more eloquently than you could hope to do."—Detroit Free Press. A COMPARISON. "Women have more sense about marriage than men." "You can't prove it." "Yes, I can. A woman know when she is old, but as long as a man can totter he considers himself marriageable."—Chicago Record. BICYCLE FOLDING RED. "You don't seem to have the sort of folding bed I want," said the customer, after looking through the furniture man's stock. "What sort of a folding bed are you looking for?" asked the clerk. "I want one which I can use as a bicycle in the daytime."—Harper's Bazar. A NATURAL REPRODUCTION. He had been looking over the assortment of collars that the clerk had put out for his inspection, and had been informed that they were all the latest styles. "He said at last, 'where the idea originated that we are descended from giraffes or ostriches?'"—Chicago Post. WASTEFULNESS. "I wish," said Mr. Stormington Barnes, "that people, however much they may be moved to indignation, would not throw eggs." "Yes," replied the leading man; "it's a very bad practice. Even if the eggs are good to start with, the concussion spoils them for culinary purposes."—Washington Star. HIS ONLY SYMPTOM. Emeraldina Longueville (who is engaged to Gus de Smith)— "My dear Birdie McGinnis, what heavenly feeling it is to be engaged to the man you love!" Birdie—"I suppose so." Emeraldina—"Has your heart never been inflamed with the tender passion?" "No, the nearest I ever came to it was an inflamed sore throat."—Texas Sifter. TOOK IT PHILOSOPHICALLY. (Dramatis Personae: A couple of young ladies, boom friends.) "My dearest Maud, I don't need rest until I had come and made an effort to dispel the gloomy thoughts which, I judge from your letter yesterday, threatened to develop into suicidal mania. 'Tis true, Alfred has jilted you. The wretch! Still, try to act like a sensible girl, and look out for another engagement." "Your advice comes too late, darling." "Good gracious, Maud! You surely haven't taken poison?" "Well, n—s—o. The fact is, I—I became engaged again yesterday."—Tit-Bits.