# The Forest Republican

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# Statisticians agree that the popula. tion of the world averages 109 women to every man.

Millions of men in India live, marry and rear apparently happy children apon an inecme which, even when the wife works, is rarely above fifty cents a week.

According to the Florida Times-Union, another branch of industry is bewailing its ruin by the rapid increase in the use of the bicycle. That is the walking-stick trade. We may next expect to hear similar complaints from the manufacturors of crutches and wooden legs.

A Chicago clerk recently threw a book agent forcibly out of his office, after refusing to take the man's card in to his employer, and was justified by the judge before whom he was tried for nesault, who established as Chicago law the theory that such forsible measures in dealing with book agents were justifiable.

Here is a great truth poetically expressed in Profitable Advertising : The wheels of true love never ran Along a rougher course Than does the business of the man Who would succeed perforce, And never to his aid does call That most successful plan Of advertising spring and fall And ever when he can.

Says Harper's Weekly : Pursuant to a resolution of the last Congress, the Philadelphia mint is to begin to make experiments with new metals and combinations of metals to determine whether any improvement can be made in our present copper and nickel coinage. It may give us alu minum cents in place of the copper pieces now in use, and possibly a new species of five-cent pieces, made entirely of nickel, or perhaps half of nickel and half of copper. There is so slight a suggestion of copper in the present five-cent piece that it is a surprise to read that seventy-five per cent. of it is copper and only twentyfive per cent. nickel. The present cent contains ninety-five per cent. of copper, two per cent. of tin, and three per cent. of zinc. The objection is is made to it that it is hard to distinguish by feeling between a cent and a silver ten cent piece.

There are many new things in the bicycle line offered for 1897. Every up-to-date manufacturer will introduce new attachments and alleged improvements in the dotails of his mano, while the frenk inventor has been more than busy with his strange and wondrous devices. In the great mass of inventions there are some few things of real value. The construction of bicycles to order is yet in its infancy, but it is a growing industry, and thousands of devices which will never become general will be utilized by individuals. The most radical departure in 1897 will be an increase in the dimensions of pneumatic tires. The average tires are now from one and a half to one and three-quarters inches wide. Tiros in 1897 will reach a width of two and a half inches. Wheels thus equipped will look awkward at first, but the safety itself was ungainly in its day, when contrasted with the high wheel. The wide tire is safer than those now in use. It reduces the likelihood of side slips on damp roads, which is really the cause of four out of five cycling accidents. A bombshell has been thrown into European politics in the form of a statement in 'Prince Bismarck's offigial paper, the Hamburger Nachrichtee, to the effect that within a year after the organization of the Triple Alliance he arranged a secret treaty with Russia by which Germany was to hold aloof if Russia was attacked by Austria, and Russia was to hold aloof if Germany was attacked by France. The abrogation of the treaty was coineident with Prince Bismarch's sudden retirement from office, and Count Caprivi, who succeeded him, refused to indorse it. Alexander III, indignant over this, imme lintely turned to France, and the result was the present Franco-Russian alliance. These general facts are not new, at least to the diplomatic lodies, but the publishing of them just now has created a great deal of stir. How serious a stir is evident from the fact that immediately there was talk of bringing the newspaper to trial for publishing State secrets. The Nachrichten retorted that if they pushed too hard it would toll all that it knew, especially in connection with the Prince's degradation from office. The talk of trial ceased immediately, and Emperor William thought best to write a personal letter to Emporor Francis Joeseph in regard to the matter, assuring him of Germany's loyalty to Austria, and Count Herbert Bismarck made basto to deelare that the matter appeared without his knowledge or consent.

# FOREST REPUBLICAN.

## TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, DEC. 23, 1896. VOL. XXIX. NO. 36.

Hark! upon the caim, sail, midnight Comes the sound of pealing bells! Far away their ceho sounding. O'er the hills, and o'er the dells. Over all, heaven's canopy Stars that shine with brilllant light; Underneath the snowy hillsides, Glistening through the starry night.

# TIME! TIM !

It's time to le merry-To cross o'er the ferry, The troublesome ferry of Care; For volces are singing, And joy-bells are ringing, And there's love and there's peace in the air It's time for forgetting The griefs that were fretting. To slip from the sorrow and sigh; To read the old story And see the old glory Of the Star in the Bethlehem sky

It's time for good feeling-Love's sweetest revealing; The world rolls in music along; And souls-they are whiter, And burdens are lighter, And life has the lift of a song!



that it's so near = Christmas." "Well, I guess you

would if you had as 2 much to do as I have," snapped her WEsister-in-law. "But some folks can always take thinks

casy." "I don't think you need talk like that, Susan," returned Patience. "I'm always willin' to help, an' 1 calculate

to pay my way." "Humph!" retorted Susan, with an aggressive sniff. "What do old maids know 'bout the cares of housekeepin', I like to know."

"Now, Susan," scid Patience, the color rising in her delicate face, "if you say so I'll go right out in the kitchen this minute an' take hold of the bakin'.'

"Well, I should think you'd know

Boffly ringing, they are speaking Not a sound to break the stillness, Reigning throughout the earth. Save these bells, so sweetly telling, Of the Saviour's lowly birth. Sweetly ringing, sweetly ringing, Do they tall the story old,

> Shall forever more be told. "I've got news for you," ventured Susan, eyeing her doubtfully. "Who on the black," she argued, smoothing do you suppose is goin' to get married? "I'm sure I dunno," replied Pa-tience, absently. She was feeling dis-appointed at not seeing May. "Well, it's Squire Willard, an' he's goin' to marry a widder woman from Linebrook, with two grownup daughters. What do you think of that?" "I s'pose he's got a right to," said Patience defiantly, but her fingers were trembling and she bent her head still lower over her work.

Which through all the coming ages,

Cummings, but when he had married his cousin, the old 'squire's ward, Pat-tie had tried to put all thought of him out of her heart. But no other the had she took the candle in the other hand she took the candle in the other hand she took the candle in the other stand." of her numerous beaux had found and descended to the sitting room.

Of the dear ones passed away, Of the lives, which out of darknoss, Now have entered perfect day. Of the hands so meekly folded, Life's long toll forever done Of the croases, bravely carried, Of the crowns of glory won.

I b'lieve I will."

" 'Twould be more sensible to put somehow she didn't look very cordia standing there in that long black thing the ruchings in neck and sleeves. hanging around her.

"I don't wanter hinder you," he "But the other's more dressy-an" I've a good mind to wear it. No knowin' when I'll get another chance. continued. "I wasn't thinkin' of goin' out," re-plied Patience, and then she laughed. And she resolutely replaced the

Gayly ringing, they are speaking

Ot the happy laugh of children. Of the love and peace of home

Hark! the angels sing the carol,

Which they sang to shephards then:

And on earth, good will to men!

Of the many joys to com

Glory be to God in heaven.

"Now, what's the joke," asked the squire, looking somewhat relieved at black dress on its pegs, and hastily-for the room was cold-arrayed herthis sudden change in demeanor on her part. "I guess I don't seem over'n above self in the more pretentious garb of

former days. That done she arranged her still polite," said Patience apologetically, "but I couldn't keep from laughing to think of goin' out in this rig," and she abundant fair hair high up on her head, and put in a high topped shell comb-also her mother's-and regard-ed herself approvingly in the small looking glass. "Why, Pattie!" cried the squire,

using the old familiar name uncon-"Patience Cummings," said she,

"I guess hot," he returned. "Seems

to me I've seen you wear that dress before "I didn't s'pose you'd remember,"

murmured she. "Don't seem's though 'twas more'n a week since you wore it to that party over to our house," he continued in a

reminiscent tone. "Don't it?" she returned faintly, her eyes downcast.

derly. It all seemed like a dream.

"I want you for my wife, Pattic,"

squire reproachfully.

in the world.

happ

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

# WHEN THE STAR SHONE, Twas the Signal for Bethlehem's First Christmas.

Two thousand years ago, less four, witnessed one of the most remarkable epochs over known to secular history, and the most remarkable period of which spiritual man has ever con-ceived. From the secular standpoint these are the conditions : The mighty empire of Rome, which had as its cen-ter the single city standing on the Tiber, had planned for years the conquest of the earth, and of this time had so far succeeded that she sat among her seven hills practically mistress of the world. The adventurous Julius Cresar had lived his day and passed away, and in his place sat Au-gustus, patron of the arts, and gifted with an executive capacity well suited to control the empire which had been created. From Rome, as a veritable hub, spokes of granite roads, built to convey armies, radiated to quell any insurrection that might threaten the

welfare of the imperial domain. Each department of the Government was organized and directed by the Emperor himself, and this is important because it was by the decree of Augustus himself that the prophet's

words were verified and the Christ born in the town of David. The circumstances were these : By an official order a census of the territory of Palestine was called for, and to that end

from every part of the province the inhabitants betook themselves, according to the Jewish custom, to the town from which they claimed their origin. From Nazareth in the north to Bethlehem in the south was a long

journey, eighty miles over wintry roads and up and down the hills of the rolling country. But Joseph, who was as good a subject as he was a He-brew, obeyed the command and start-

ed for the city of David at the bidding. The first stop was probably at the house of Chimbam at Beeroth, which is fifteen miles from Nazareth, where, 1000 years before, Ruth gleaned for Boaz and where Jesse and David had rested. The remainder of the journey was made by easy stages, the

humble couple stopping to rest at such quarters as their means could afford.

They arrived in Bethlehem in the "Pattie," said he, regarding her ten-erly. "I made a mistake a great crowded with a host of people bound many years ago - we won't talk about that, though. But I always thought a sight of you, an' I've been thinkin' considerable 'bout old times lately -an' wonderin' if you didn't - that is if repeated efforts to obtain quarters in the state of the section of the you wouldn't give meanother chance." the city proper, which numbered at Would she! Did she understand! It all seemed like a dream. that time only about 3000 inhabitants, and was, therefore, unprepared for any emergency of this sort, the

"Oh, Squire Willard, do you really "Mean it?" she exclaimed tremulously. "Mean it? Why, Pattie?" said the Nativity," and where a silver star set And his arguments in the affirma- in white metal, with sixteen ever-

tive were so very conclusive and con-burning lamps, commemorates the vincing that Patience felt her doubts mightiest fact in the story of the gradually melt away and speedily be-human race. The motto which these lieved herself to be the happiest woman lamos illuminate reads: "His de vir-

# RATES OF ADVERTISING

Legal advertisements ten cone partie. Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly Temporary advertisements mest be paid in advance. Job work-cash on delivery.

THE AWARENING. A sun-shaft files from the Day's bent bow And stirs the motes in the morning air, It sots the heel of the Night aglow,

And gilds the gloss Of the locks that toss

Over the pillow, white and fair.

burst of day with a touch of night, For out of the blue of the counterpa Her eyes, like morning stars, burn bright

> A baby ery-A gentie sigh-

The soul of my day is alive again. -John Albert Magy

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Nothing is more discouraging than unappreciated sarcasm. - Life.

Teacher-"Now, Fommy, tell me what runinating animals are?" Tommy-"Them what chews their cubs." Judge.

Leldum Fedd (at the door) - "Kin I see de lady of de house?' Hennypeek (whose wife is out wheeling).....'I am he."...Puck.

"Mr. Duffington hasn't any society manners whatever." "Is he awk-ward?" "No, but he doesn't like tea." -Chicago Record.

"Mr. Duflington hasn't any society manners whatever." "Is he awkward?" "No, but he doesn't like tea." -Chicago Record.

Anarchist-"The land should be as free as the water." Goldby-"Per-haps; but would you use it any more than you do the water?"-Truth.

"I didn't realize how short he way until I heard what Miss Pinkerley said about him." "What was that?" "She said he was every inch a gentleman."-Puck.

"It is, indeed, hard," said the melancholy gentleman, "to lose one's rolatives." "Hard?" snorted the gentleman of wealth. "Hard? It is impossible."-Cincinnati Euquirer.

"Willie, what was the preacher's text?" "Somethin' about havin' faith like a grain of some kind of soed, an' sayin' to the mountain 'git a move on you l' an' it'll git."-Chicago Tribune.

You i an it has a single thought, ("Twere better had they none)
For the thought they had was the old, old thought,
That two can live as cheap as one. —Detroit Free Press.

He-"Well, did you hear anything

about that Jones-Brown affair?" She -"Oh, yes! I can't begin to tell you all I heard." He-"I suppose that means you won't be able to stop."-Puck.

Artist-"I flatter myself this last picture of mine is an excellent one." Another Artist-"My dear fellow, you don't flatter yourself half as much as you flatter the picture."-Roxbury Gazette.

Bunson (amazed) - "That your unele! Why, man, you told me your uncle had both his logs carried away at Sedan." Jimson-"So he did. He carried them away himself, pretty fast, I tell you !"-Tit-Bits.

"What a liar Featherhorn is!" "Eh?" "Now that everybody is go-ing about saying 'I told you so,"



Poor Miss Patience. She had secret-ly admired Nat Wilhard all her life. As a handsome young man he had "kept company" with pretty Pattia

-F. L. Stanton

that I'd rather you'd keep M WOLF ( that six's of Jim's. There he is wearin' his last pair of pants an' I expect any minute when he'll come through the knees, to my nothin' of the seat," returned Susan in aggrieved tones. never did see such a young one's he is for wearing out clothes," she continued complacently, her voice softening, for little Jim was her one weakness. The elder woman sighed as she bent

over her work. "Patience," she said to herself, "seems though they must know I'd need a lot or they wouldn't given me that name.

into the kitchen and was stirring round in a lively manner among the cooking utensils. "Makin' things hum," as her more easy going husband So it is not surprising that Miss

Presently Patience became aware, Patience worked buttonholes and felled seams on little Jim's new suit from the cessation of domestic elatter,



SHE BROUGHT IN A DISH OF APPLES.

Christmas don't come none too and the sound of voices in animated conversation that Susan had a visitor. often !" After awhile the caller departed and Susan came into the sitting room in a her little room under the caves. put the light down on an old fashstate of repressed excitement.

"Don't you think May Barrow's been here?" she exclaimed. oned mahogany bureau, and, opening cen here?" she exclaimed. "I want to know," said Patience, in leased surprise. "I'd like to have One, a delicate dove color, had been

pleased surprise. "I'd like to have One, a delteate dove color, had been seen May myself. Why didn't you her mother's wedding gown, and with black alterations from time to time bring her in here?" slight alterations from time to time

"Well, I calculated to," said Susan, had served Patience on those rare ocooking a little confused, "but we got easions when something extraordinary to talkin', an' all at once May said she in the way of dress was required must go, an' told me to give her love The other was a steady-going black

"Much obliged," returned Patience, She regarded them lovingly, but politely. critically withal.

with a smile on her face.

"Why shouldn't I?" she exclaimed ;

Lighting a candle she went up to

"WHY, PATTIE !" CRIED THE SQUIRE.

Susan in the meantime had gone out caused her to build some delightful | hair. "Now I look something like,

At that moment there came a loud knock at the door.

She started guiltily. "Who under the canopy can it be!" she ejaculated. "Who under "An' what will they think of ma!" She spied Susan's waterproof hang-ing over a chair, and enveloping her-self in its ample folds she opened the his eyes twinkling, "but I dunno's I'm his eyes twinkling, "but I dunno's I'm his eyes twinkling, "but I dunno's I'm ing over a chair, and enveloping herwith a heavy heart for the remainder door a very little and looked cautions-

> ly out. "Don't be afraid, Miss Patience ; it's only me," said a hearty voice.

"Oh, how do you do, Squire Wil-Won't you gave me an awful scare, Won't you come in?" she exclaimed, opening the door wide. "Well, I guess I will, scein' that's

visitor, reaching out a hand in friendgreeting. Patience couldn't extend hers very far on account of that old waterproof, but did the best she could under the circumstances

"The folks have all gone away," informed him, rather stifly. She wasn't at all sure that she didn't wish I begin now."

The squire never did anything by her visitor away, too. "Yes, I saw 'em go by," said the squire, who had been divesting himhalves, and certainly the happy penitent could not complain that he self of his overcoat, "an' I noticed you was not very thorough in this matter wasn't along, so I thought I'd come of granting absolution.

He made one demand, however, over. But maybe you were going out' which was not refused, and on New he added, regarding her with an expression of perplexity on his genial rear's Day the wedding bells rang merrily for the squire and his bride.

"Well, I'll be switched," exclaimed He recollected with some embarrassment that she hadn't asked him to take Sister in law Susau, "if Patience ain't off his overcoat-or sit down-and asly one !"

LITTLE TOMMY AND THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Before dinner.

gine Maria Jesus Christus natus est."

In fact they both sailed up into the The little inn which was thus desseventh heaven of bliss, whore they tined to be famous over the round doubtless would have remained indfi- world was set in a hollow over which nitely but for Patience's unfortunate waved the branches of an olive grove. memory. She suddenly withdrew from It was built around a court whose her lover's encircling arms.

open sides, out in the limestone rock, were designed for the stabling of "Squire Willard," said she, serious-ly, "I just forgot myself." "That's ail right; I hope you'll forhorses and cattle which belonged to the guests who patronized the estabget yourself again," returned he. "You'd better forget to call me squire, lishment. The rooms in that tayern were all bespoken, and the sole place of shelter left to the travelers was one

of these cell-like apartments, in which "I ain't jokin'," said Patience, with dignity, "an' I think I oughter know there was neither couch, table nor bout that widder woman you're goin' chair.

to marry." "Widder woman!" cried the squire in astonishment. "I ain't goin' to It was understood that any guests who would accept these lowly quarters should provide their own bit of carpet marry any widder, unless you're one." "Don't you go regular to Linebrook as a protection against the 'damp and would be content and satisfied with to see a widder with two grown-up the bundle of straw which served as a bed. These were the surroundings of the Virgin Mother on the night of the

Santa Claus Sees Something Wrong,



Santa Claus-"There's something wrong here. A boy with one leg cut off by a thrashing machine, and two ockings hanging up."

SEASONABLE JINGLES,

# A Youngster's Theory.

They won't let little feilers voted The reason is because They'd never have a President Excepting Santa Claus. —Washington Star.

### Bobble's Trap.

Small Bobbie was a greedy boy, So 'month the mantle shelf He placed an iron trap to eatch Old Santa Claus himself.

And when next morning came, the boy, So groody and so bad, Waa very much surprised to get A spauking from his dad.

### A Christmas Fact.

The future has a golden tinge, The past, too, may seen idenaut; But just about the Christmas tide There's nothing like the present.

# The Mistletoe.

It is a plant both strat go will good And man observe with wooder. That where it most is a corstood 'The very much stood under.

Featherhorn is pretending that he never had any idea how the election would go."-Indianapolis Journal.

"But what real objections can you have to women riding the wheel, Mr. "To tell the truth, I don't Growell?" mind admitting that i object to it mostly because so many of them ride botter than the man. "-Cincinnati Enquirer.

"And you, my friend," shouled the street corner orator, "are you a supporter of our American institutions?" "Mo?" answered Weary Watkins. "Lord bless you, mister, no. The institutions support me,"-Indianapolis Journal.

Little Ethel-"I wonder why men like to talk about their old school Little Johnny-"I s'pose days? after they got growed up they is always tryin' to find out where the teacher lives, so they can lick him."-Comic Cuts.

Our Enormous Mustard Crop,

"This country is now growing a larger part of the mustard put up in England as well as in this country, snid a commercial man, "and California is raising the larger part of it. The mustard seed has just been harvested in California and probably will run up to 16,000,000 pounds, or 1,-000,000 pounds more than the crop of 1895. The seed is kept six months before being ground. The brown seed has the best flavor and greatest pungency, while the yellow produces the most oil. The English mustard packers have made the yellow the most fashionable, however, and as r result there are ten pounds of yellow produced for every pound of the brown, though the brown is stronger and better in every respect. Probably one-half of the English mustard that is used in this country grew in California, though it was ground and packed in Eugland. Preuch mustard is the same as other musiard, the seed being soaked in vinegar, properly spiced, for twenty-four hours befor it is ground."-Washington Star.

A Cobbler's Queer Craft.

An ingenious Yankee cobbler is ply ing his trade at Atlantic, Me., in s queer craft. He has built a scow with a house on it which he uses as a work shop. During the summer he sails from one place to another doing shoe making; in the winter he puts the whole arrangement on runners and has it hauled to convenient places,

Where the Needles Go.

A Topsham (Me.) lady recently tipped up an oli fashioned needle rushion that was filled with brau, rom which she secured over 900 uccilles. The cushion has been in the family for many years, and contained to few ancient needles .- Boston Heruld.



"No. I s'pose you can go around breakin' women's hearts," returned Patience, her voice trembling. She felt that her idol was shattered and

'bliged to marry her 'f I do."

what I come over for," responded the lieved any such yarn. I s'posed that you knew that I went over to Linebrook to see Sister Ellen. She lost her husband six months ago and she'n her girls have come there to live." "Well, if that don't beat all. I

dunno's you'll ever forgive me, faltered Patience. "Well, I'll try," returned he; s'poren