

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notices will be taken of anonymous communications.

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

VOL. XXX. NO. 9. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1897. \$1.00 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$1.00. One Square, one inch, one month, \$2.00. One Square, one inch, three months, \$5.00. One Square, one inch, one year, \$10.00. Two Squares, one year, \$15.00. Quarter Column, one year, \$7.50. Half Column, one year, \$12.50. One Column, one year, \$25.00. Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion. Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements must be quarterly. Temporary advertisements collected as they are inserted. Job work—cash on delivery.

We pay \$500,000 a day to foreign ship owners for carrying the goods sold or purchased. Russia has 41,800 public schools, while Germany, with only half the population, has 59,000 schools, with nearly three times as many pupils as the Russian.

A prominent Javanese newspaper advocates the giving of a Government subsidy to the Salvation Army, asserting that the work of the Army in Java is too important to pass without recognition.

During nine months ended March 31, the total exports of breadstuffs, cotton and provisions from the United States amounted to nearly \$475,000,000, compared with 388 millions one year ago and 278 millions two years ago.

Mexico has adopted the theory that every citizen is bound to defend the soil, the interests and the honor of his country as a soldier. Thus in future a wealthy Mexican will have to serve in the army, at least in case of war, as well as a poor one. The constitution has to be amended for this purpose, but there is little doubt that all the States of the great Central American federation will give their consent.

More sweets are sold in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago than in the whole of France. In each of these cities the delicacies are turned out by the ton. The United States contains more than 2000 manufacturers of confectionery, whose combined capital amounts to over \$10,000,000, and who employ 16,000 hands. The amount paid in wages and for materials is close upon \$30,000,000 per annum, while the yearly value of the products is half as much again.

According to the last regular census taken by the Government, the gain in wealth made by the North Atlantic States, including Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania, amounted to less than two per cent. for the entire decade preceding. Against this showing, however, says the Atlanta Constitution, the former slave-holding States of the Union disclosed a gain of twenty-seven per cent. during the same length of time.

The immense importance of the newly-invented telegraphy by which 3000 words a minute can be sent continuously can best be appreciated by noting what it could accomplish in a single example of business. Between New York and Chicago, where about 40,000 letters are carried daily, it would require but two lines in continuous operation to handle the entire business. At present it takes three days to receive a business reply between New York and Chicago. This transmission by machine telegraphy could be accomplished easily the same day.

The London World thinks reading Scott's novels is what makes Americans so title crazy. It says: The debasing effect of Scott's lords and ladies is nowhere stronger than in young ladies' colleges in the United States. Girls there imagine that persons who live in old castles and sleep in rooms hung for hundreds of years with tapestry must be far above the ordinary level. Their dream is to become, through dollars and feminine charm, mistresses of these imposing abodes, and bear the titles connected with them. An American lady married to a prosaic British nobleman with a euphonious title had filled her imagination with thoughts of Kenilworth. She was more than disappointed to find that earls were not belted, and that a Howard could be a matter-of-fact burly person, fond of plain food, and plain in all his ways.

On the authority of one of the leading statisticians of Europe, Dr. Lipsius, of Berlin, it is stated that the Turks have massacred 100,000 Armenians, destroyed 2500 Armenian towns and villages, sacked 568 churches and compelled 282 towns to embrace Mohammedanism within the last two years. Dr. Lipsius, says the New York Mail and Express, is a fair witness, and has made a careful inquiry. He began it with a serious conviction that the Turks had been maligned and misrepresented, but as he went on with the work he discovered that the story of their infamies had been only half told, and that the full truth of their butcheries would not bear repetition to the ears of the Christian world. His dreadful statistics of the devastation of Armenia shed a vivid light upon the character and purpose of the nation whose hands the European countries are now supporting in a war of subjugation against Greece.

"I DIDN'T THINK." If all the troubles in the world were traced back to their start, We'd find not one in ten begun From want of willing heart. But there's a sly work-working elf Who lurks about youth's feet and ears, And sure demerol he brings away— The elf "I didn't think."

I half believe that ugly sprite, Bold, wicked "I don't care," In life's long run less harm has done Because he is so rare. And one can be so stern with him, Can you the monster shrink; But look-a-day, what can we say To whining "I didn't think."

He was a Prussian, and she—hated him. Three days later she paused beside two surgeons, in earnest conversation. "There's but one way to save him," said one. "It's an ugly wound, but he's sinking from loss of blood; if we could get some one to submit to transfusion, I think he would recover." "Impossible!" answered the other. And Marie passed on to the room where lay the sufferer. She paused beside the cot. He was lying, white and insensible, upon the pillow, his head bound in blood-stained bandages; but, all changed as he was, she recognized him, and fell, with a low cry, beside him.

When brain is comrade to the heart, And heart from soul draws grace, "I didn't think" will quick depart For lack of resting place. If from that great unselfish stream, The Golden Rule, we draw, We'll keep God's law and have no cause To say, "I didn't think."

When brain is comrade to the heart, And heart from soul draws grace, "I didn't think" will quick depart For lack of resting place. If from that great unselfish stream, The Golden Rule, we draw, We'll keep God's law and have no cause To say, "I didn't think."

She did not shudder as the sharp lancet penetrated her vein, and the faintness which crept over her—the deadly faintness—as the blood poured from her veins into his, was ecstasy; for though to her it might mean death, to him it was life—her life for his. She swooned before the operation was completed, and days had passed before she could rally enough to know that her sacrifice had not been in vain for a bitter foe than the hated Prussian, even her own inhabitants.

HER ENEMY.

By JENNY WREN.

If she were a daughter of mine, I would discover her! If I thought of a daughter of mine would so much as touch a hated Prussian's hand, I would swear she had been changed in her cradle. Wait a little while till we teach their arrogant pretension how France resents it; and then such women will lament the treachery they dare call love.

are too young and too pretty to pass through Paris unmolested. You hate me as your foe, but you must let me guard you to your home, even though you hate me the more. "There is no need," she replied. "I go every day to the hospital, and every day at this hour, or very little earlier, I must return."

But the terrible days were over, when Marie was allowed to once more assume her role as nurse. Ernest Hauptmann was still in need of all her care; but when she stood once again beside him, he looked at her with wide-open, conscious eyes, into which, as he recognized her, there came a look of ineffable happiness. "My love!" he murmured, and then he fell asleep, with her hand clasped tight in his.

But alone in her room, Marie paused. Singularly enough, she could recall every feature of the young officer's face—a face which seemed to her to realize some dream of manly beauty; the echo of his voice lingered in her ears—a voice low, and rich, and musical—musical even when he had sternly addressed the soldiers in his own guttural tongue.

How dared she tell Ernest of it until he spoke the words which unsealed her silence? But one evening, as they sat together in the twilight, he almost wholly convalescent now, he spoke them, as, in low, endearing accents, he asked her to be his wife.

Amid bitter sobs, she told him all then, and hid her face within her hands. But he gently drew them down, and drew her head upon his heart. "My own," he said, "your sacrifice has borne its fruit. Your husband must boast French blood in his veins, forsooth! Have I, then, none in mine? Did you not mingle yours with mine—the very blood of Pierre Duval himself? Ah, Marie, keep your vow to your dead father, and, keeping it, give yourself to me!"

So solemnly the girl swore. The old man smiled triumphantly as he bent and kissed the long, flaxen braid wound about the little head. "I'm ready now," he said. Within a week the siege of Paris had begun. Within a month Pierre Duval's daughter was orphaned. A Prussian bullet had stilled forever the heart so loyal to France.

Every night afterward it was the same. Earlier or later, as she might chance to be, he was near her, nor left her till safe within her own home. One night he approached her. "There will be fighting to-morrow," he said. I cannot be here to aid you. You must not go out alone. Promise me that you will not."

When evening fell she hastened homeward, but with new dread, new sinking, until, looking behind her, as she turned the corner of a street, she saw, following her, her protector of the night before. Until the gate again closed behind her, he let but that little distance intervene between them.

For a time Marie was stunned. No one found opportunity to sympathize with her grief, for around and about her every one was nursing some misery of their own. Every home bore some badge of mourning. Every heart carried its own burden.

Hot blood mounted to her face, and yet an instinctive sense of care and protection mingled with what she named his presumption. "Every night afterward it was the same. Earlier or later, as she might chance to be, he was near her, nor left her till safe within her own home. One night he approached her.

She would not continue her thought to the end. Resolutely she put it from her. All the next day she was busy again among her wounded. Since her father's death she had gone into the hospital. Sitting, with folded hands, in the midst of all the misery about her, with her own wretchedness for mental food, she had felt herself upon the verge of madness, and so had offered her services, which only too gladly were accepted, though there had been some little demur about her youth.

But sorer days were in store for Paris—days when the Prussians marched untroubled through its streets, and spoke their hated language in loud, triumphant accents. On a party of these Marie stumbled one evening as she hastened home. Her pretty face, from which she had thrown back her heavy veil of crepe, attracted them.

For a moment she was almost tempted to answer, "I promise!" then she recovered herself, and turned hotly and indignantly upon him. "Pass my word to you!" she said—"to you, my enemy—the enemy whom I hate!"

There the question of the city's liability was raised. Deputy Controller Lyons said that the issue of bonds in question was authorized by the common council four months before the Declaration of Independence was signed. He expressed the opinion that the successors of King George were the responsible parties from whom interest should be collected. So Mr. Holton returned to his home without his four shillings.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Instantly two of them approached her, addressing her in her own tongue. She hastily drew down her veil, but no bolder than the rest raised his hand to again uplift it. Scarcely had he done so that it was struck down by a sharp, quick blow from behind. Marie turned, to see the Frenchman who had befriended her; but, lo! a young officer, in full Prussian uniform, stood before her, respectfully touching his hat.

They had reached the gate ere this. Her hand was on the bell. She opened her lips, meaning to scathingly utter his deserved rebuke, but, lo! instead of the two simple words, "I promise!" alone issued from them in a low and thrilling whisper.

Before she had divined his intention, he had caught in his little, gloved fingers and raised them to his lips. The next moment the Marie, swung to between them, and Marie, flying to her own room, had flung herself in a burst of bitter sobbing on the bed.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

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

A Notable Difference—His Guess—A New Safeguard—His Bluff Was Called—Chollie's Discernment—Near the Danger Line—Too Generous With It, Etc. New biennial pipes his music mild; We love him—so he frank— Because his notes are never filed Against us in a bank. —Detroit Free Press

His Guess. Papa—"Sine qua non" means something you can not do without." Little Frank—"Oh! a wheel?"—Puck.

A New Safeguard. "Why are they putting that glass front in the savings bank?" "So that the depositors can see how homely the President's typewriter is." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Effective News. Manle—"Wonder how it happened that Mr. Smarto proposed to Carrie?" Edith—"I understand she told him that another man was trying to marry her for her money."—Boston Transcript.

Chollie's Discernment. "I do believe that English valet of Chollie's has not the slightest sense of humor." "Of course he hasn't. That is how he holds his job."—Indianapolis Journal.

His Bluff Was Called. Reporter—"That fellow who wanted his name kept out of the paper called in to-day. Oh, he was mad!" Editor—"What about?" Reporter—"It seems we kept it out. Tit-Bits.

Near the Danger Line. "The most curious thing in the world—" began Bixley. "Hush!" hoarsely whispered the horrified Junkins, with gesture toward the door, she is in the next room." Boston Traveler.

Their Status Quo. Marie (the maid)—"You look charming, Miss Penelope; I can tell you that as well as the glass. Women were made before mirrors, you know." Penelope—"Yes and they have been before them ever since."—Up-to-Date.

Combined. Bobbie—"A boy told me a liar today, but you told me never to fight and so I ran away." Bingo—"That's right, Bobbie, but are you sure that was the reason?" "Yes, sir. That and the size of the boy."—Life.

Too Generous With It. "Mr. Henpeck," said the doctor, after examination, "I fear your wife's mind is gone." "That doesn't surprise me," said the poor man. "She has been giving me a piece of it every day for ten years." —Memphis Scimitar.

Preferred His Present State. Visitor—"I suppose, Bobbie, you are looking forward to the day when you will be a big man like your father." Bobbie—"I don't know. I'm in no hurry to being bulldozed all the time by a woman."—Life.

His Awful Condition. Seldum Fedd—"I'm afraid poor old Wabby ain't goin' to live much longer. He's delirious all de time an' seen' horrible things—snakes!" Ragged Haggard—"What sort er horrible things—snakes?" Seldum Fedd—"No; woodsaws an' axes an' shovels."—Judge.

She Would Not Stay. "The situation of your house suits me, mum," said Nabal McCarty, who had visited the home of Mrs. Tenspot with a view of inspecting the inducements offered for her to assume the position of help-lady in the household. "I am glad you like it," replied Mrs. Tenspot, with becoming humility. "The pay you offer is satisfactory, and the number of people in the family is pretty good too, but I must ask you a few more questions before I make up my mind to remain in your service."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Tenspot, humbly. "Ask all you like." "Do you ride a bicycle?" "Yes." "Mr. Tenspot too?" "Yes." "Do you provide a bicycle for your cook?" "Yes, certainly. We have one for her exclusive use."

"I am glad of that. Some people seem to think that cooks ought not to ride a wheel." "Oh, we would not think of depriving our cook of that privilege." "What make is the wheel?" "The same make as Mr. Tenspot's and my own—the Ripponer."

"Then, ma'am, I'm sorry, but I can't come." "Why not?" "I don't know that make. I couldn't think of ridin' anything but the Jindandy make of bicycle. Good-by, mum."—Harper's Bazar.

Bate's Silver Wedding. To celebrate his silver wedding the Marquis of Bate has given \$5000 to the town of Cardiff, the income to be given to poor girls who need the money to get married. Whenever the dowry is handed over, the Mayor of the town must read to the bride and groom the first eleven verses of the second chapter of the Gospel according to St. John—the description of the miracle of turning water into wine at Cana. Any age can be recognized by the men upon whom it confers favors.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Tchthylol is recommended by Dr Stein der Weisen as a much better remedy for insect bites than ammonia. Astronomers say that 1,000,000 "shooting stars" fall into the sun for everyone that comes into our atmosphere.

The Paris Fire Brigade authorities are said to be quietly carrying out some trials with a hose van propelled by means of a petroleum motor. Aluminum helmets have not proved entirely successful in the German army, the saving in weight being more than offset by the metal's storing heat even to blistering the forehead of the wearers.

A remarkable invention has just been made public which promises to revolutionize the problem of rapid telegraphy. It is called the synchronograph, and the inventors claim that a speed of 3000 words a minute can be attained. The inventors are Professor Crehore, of Dartmouth College, and Lieutenant Squier, of the United States Army. Java has thunderstorms, on an average, ninety-seven days in the year; Italy thirty-eight, Belgium twenty-one, Holland eighteen, France, Austria and South Russia sixteen, Spain and Portugal fifteen, England and the high Swiss mountains seven, Norway four, Cairo three. In East Turkestan, as well as in the extreme north, there are scarcely any thunderstorms known.

In pressing woolen fabrics, in order to give them a smooth, even appearance, both a uniform pressure and uniform heat are required. To attain this end recent experiments have been made with electric heating, which have been markedly successful. The fabrics are placed between metallic plates, through which sufficient current is passed while under hydraulic pressure to heat them slightly more than the temperature of boiling water.

The tuning fork, struck and applied to the crown of the head, has been found by Dr. N. E. Maltonine, of Moscow, Russia, to transmit its vibrations to the vocal chords, causing them to vibrate in unison. In this way he has cured, with vocal exercises, a case of hysterical loss of voice that had resisted all other treatment, including suggestion. He believes that the process would aid in training and improving the voices of singers.

Bacteria, as one might infer from their simple structure, seem to have appeared with the first life on earth. In a study of the early rocks, M. B. Renault has found indications of the presence of microbes in bones, teeth, scales and coprolites, as well as an abundance in vegetable tissue, especially in the spores and sporanges of ferns. The coeoid or globular form appears to have been earlier than the bacillar or rod-shaped, the species, as a rule, having been different from those now living.

WARFARE OF BRAINS.

Guarding New York's Approaches With Electricity. During the past few years the United States engineer corps at Fort Wadsworth have been engaged in accurately plotting the approaches to New York harbor, so that the positions of all buoys and landmarks are accurately known. The elevation of each gun required to drop a projectile upon any one of the plotted points would, therefore, in the case of war be no longer a matter of experiment, and doubtless the same is true of other harbors abroad.

With electro-magnetic sentinels judiciously placed in the approaches to a harbor at a distance too great for the invader to reach the city with shells, almost the exact position of its course and its speed would be known during the darkest night as well as in the brightest day.

With the increased means of intelligence following the movements of the enemy which electricity alone can afford, future wars will be less a contest of brute force than one of brains. In such a contest the United States has little to fear.

In the next general war the most effective forces will be brains and electricity. Armor plate and projectiles will be of secondary importance.—Electricity.

Custom From the Conquest. To-day is the famous Paseo de las Flores, a custom which is said to date from before the conquest. The Vega canal will this morning, from an early hour, present an animated appearance. It will be crowded with the canoes of Indian women bringing in their flowers and vegetables. Each Indian woman in her canoe looks as if sealed in a floating flower garden, and all of them are crowned with garlands of poppies.

It is probable that this festival was held in Aztec times in order to celebrate the return of spring, but the Christian priests converted this day into a commemoration in honor of our Lady of Sorrows, Nuestra Senora de los Dolores. To witness the animated scene on the Vega canal and its banks at its height, it is well to go early, not later than seven, and to stay about two hours. The scene is one of the most picturesque that can be seen in Mexico. The surface of the canal is alive with flower-laden canoes gliding swiftly along. The banks are crowded with men on horseback, people in carriages and pedestrians. Indian women occupy every available spot, where they offer food, drink, or flowers to the passers-by. Of course, the ubiquitous ratero is there, and a careful vigilance over one's watch and pocketbook is in order.—Mexican Herald.

Not by Half. Watta—"I saw you down town this morning with your better half." N. Peck—"If you please, she is not my better half. She is the whole thing."—Indianapolis Journal.

LIKE SHIPS AT SEA.

Like ships at sea, Chat side by side With idle sails at eventide Upon the untroubled waters lie, So, for an instant, you are glad to drift Here together on life's tide.

Our part, our venture, and beside Our course, to catch to serve as guide, Across the narrow space we cry, Like ships at sea.

With swelling sails we swiftly glide, And soon across the distance wide, Our way we bear the fatigues of life; And so, to meet no more our eyes, Upon life's main, our paths divide, Like ships at sea.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

She—"You have broken the promise you made me." He—"Never mind, my dear; don't cry. I'll make you another."—Comic Cuts.

Smith—"Is young Fyingswedge practicing law?" William—"I think not. He was called to the bar, but I think he is practicing economy."—Illustrated Bits.

"So, Dorothy is not going to marry Mr. Scrymger?" "No; she kept talking to him about books he hadn't read, and he got irritated and broke the engagement."—Puck.

"Don't cry!" he entreated. Then he perceived that her handkerchief was edged with the most exquisite lace. "Don't weep!" he said, correcting himself.—Detroit Journal.

£An old bachelor says: "It is all nonsense to pretend that love is blind. I never knew a man in love who did not see ten times as much in his sweetheart as I did."—Standard.

First Tramp (scanning paper)—"Here's a bloke wot says one of the pictures at the academy lacks repose." Second Tramp—"Well, Denney, he ought to be here an' see 'em."—Judge.

Mrs. Hornbeak—"Ezry, why do these city hotels have their hills-of-ware in French?" Farmer Hornbeak—"Because they wouldn't git their warmed-over vittles eaten if they didn't."—Puck.

Wiggins—"I never argue with a woman. In the first place it's a bore, and then, again, it never does any good." Mrs. Henpeck—"Ah, but you forgot how much joy it gives to the woman."—Truth.

Little Sister—"Johnny Smith's mother has had cough, the doctor told her to go to Florida." Little Brother (hitterly)—"And when I had a bad cough he told mama to send me to school!"—Puck.

"I never go to a sad play," said the round woman who poses. "It is almost sure to make me cry, and then it is bad for my eyes." "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "and sometimes for the complexion."—Washington Star.

Husband—"You don't try to make some attractive. Look at that table now; no luxuries to tempt the appetite." Wife—"Why, you provoking thing! You told me only last night that you didn't have any appetite."—Boston Transcript.

Lawyer—"Did you kill your cousin only, and no other member of your family?" Prisoner—"Yes, only my cousin." Lawyer—"What a pity! Had you but murdered your whole family I might have got you off on a plea of emotional insanity."

Robert—"So you were not accepted by Miss Vellum? What did she say? Did she tell you how sudden it was?" Richard—"Oh, dear, no. She's literary, you know. She merely replied that she was very sorry, but I was not available."—Boston Transcript.

Employer—"John, you were drunk last night. I have waited till you were sober before inflicting the penalty in order that you might know what you were punished for. You are discharged." Servant—"Don't you think you are making a mistake, sir? It seems to me that you ought to have discharged me when I was loaded."—Boston Courier.

Last Hours of a Bonanza King. In a recent inquiry in the celebrated Fair will case it transpired that none of the dying man's children was present at his last agony. The only ones about him were hired servants. A physician testified that Fair's valet was drunk and incapable of being of any assistance. Fair's bookkeeper and collection agent stood outside the door, and seizing the drunken valet whenever he emerged from the chamber exclaimed: "Is the old man dead? How much longer will he last?" When, at length they learned that the breath was departing from their master's body, they rushed in, heedless of the pitiful, dying creature, and gathered up all his papers and personal belongings and rushed out, even carrying off the physician's instruments within their rapacity.—New Orleans Picayune.

Sad Lapse of an Expert. Philatelists will be both interested and sorry to hear that the well-known stamp dealer and expert on postage stamps, Decker, of Hanover, is reported to have decamped. He was an acknowledged authority, both in and out of Germany, as regards the genuineness of postage stamps. Since his flight accusations are said to have been put forward to the effect that in his enterprises he replaced genuine stamps with counterfeit ones and great uneasiness and indignation are manifested by large private collectors in consequence.—New Orleans Picayune.

Dogs in Harness. Is it right to make a dog work in harness? Belgium answers yes, England no, the United States is indifferent, and France is deliberating. The French law against using dogs as beasts of burden is often violated in some of the provinces, and a movement has been started for a repeal. Belgians say their draught dogs are quite jolly; but if the dogs could vote on the subject, they would be apt to approve the English view.