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Bismarck declares that one of the chief regrets of his old age is that he cannot ride a bicycle.

Success has attended an effort at banana-growing in Fitzgerald, Ga., where a plant reached the height of twelve feet and put forth satisfactory fruit.

The noble animal, the horse, has by no means lost his usefulness. During seven months of the present year 3038 horses have been imported into Germany from America and utilized for the manufacture of sausages.

Judge Gohard Wilbrich, of St. Paul, who has just returned from Germany, says: "Beet sugar has become a great industry in Germany, and many of the large estates have been given over to raising sugar beets. The large landholders employ cheap labor, including many women, in the cultivation of the beets."

The Czar of Russia has bestowed six orders of St. Stanislas upon the gardeners of the Hotel de Ville, in recognition of their services when he was in Paris. As the tax for wearing a decoration in France is 100 francs a year, it is probable they will have to keep them in their pockets, where they would much rather have half of the tax.

Dead of insane fear of robbery, with \$30,000 of Klondike gold under his pillow—such is the fate one Alaska argonaut. The glittering treasure but turned a brain and extinguished a life. The tragedies of the direful journeys across the frozen passes do not cease even when the goal has been reached and the treasure trove. The story and the song of the arctic sufferers gulches, yet to be written, will thrill with tragedy.

The Cripple Creek scheme to run a monthly gold train conveying the product of the mines there to the United States mint is a brilliant one, offering a challenge to brigandage surpassing that of the most stretching Indian caravans ever looted by Barabass. The output of the mines is now about \$1,000,000 a month, enough to justify a special train and a sufficient guard, thus advertising the district in a grandiose manner correspondent with its true deservings, says the New York World.

Says the Chicago Times-Herald: Gold production in the United States has increased with marvelous rapidity during the current year. The craze of the Klondike River regions should not obscure the great facts which exist. Klondike's total yield for 1897 seems roughly, to be about \$3,000,000. That is a comfortable sum, but it is a mere nothing when compared with the wonderful output of the yellow metal in the United States. This gold from Alaska is all what is called placer, a Spanish word meaning an open space where pure or nearly pure gold is found. What may be the production of Alaska when machinery and mining engineers have done their work there is no telling. But it does not matter much—the human race can stand all the gold Alaska can produce for some time to come.

A pure food exhibit in Chicago furnishes occasion to the Times-Herald for reminding citizens of the efforts that are now being put forth by the Federal Department of Agriculture to investigate the character and extent of the adulteration of foods and drugs in the United States. This is one of the most important inquiries, remarks the Times-Herald, that can be inaugurated under government auspices, and is without doubt the most valuable service that the Agricultural Department can render to the people. Many of the States have enacted laws to prevent adulteration of food, but they are but indifferently enforced. The only effective way to stamp out adulteration is through Federal laws, and one of the objects of the present Federal inquiry is to ascertain to what extent the State laws on this subject have been enforced. Adulteration of food and drugs is carried on much more extensively than the people imagine. It is a question in which the public is deeply interested, because it affects health, morals and legitimate trade. The European governments are severe in their punishment of those who adulterate food and drugs, and their supervision of all food products is rigid. It was only recently that the people of Switzerland voted for an amendment to the constitution which will provide for government surveillance of all food products, and heavy penalties for adulterations. The department at Washington solicits the co-operation of all citizens of the United States in gathering positive data with reference to adulterations.



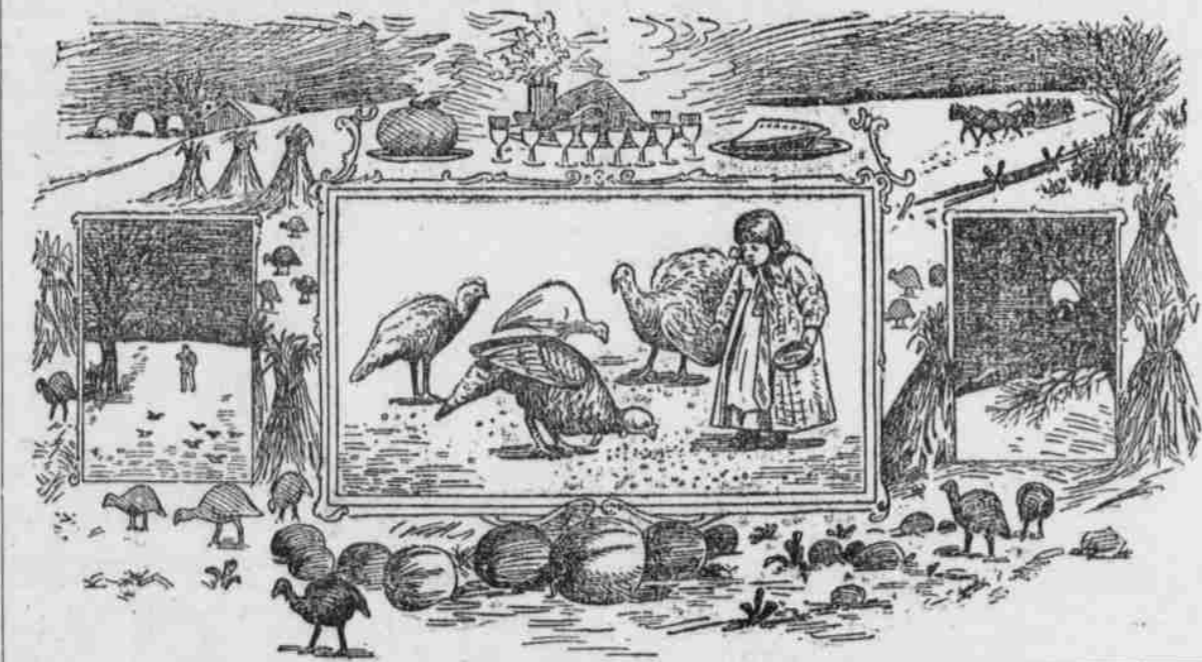
I was growing dark when Miss Mattie, with her basket on her arm, came into the corner market to buy her Thanksgiving dinner. The basket was absurdly small, but Miss Mattie was little herself, and when she set it on the high counter and stood blinking in the bright light, the calf's head at her elbow seemed to be grinning at them both. "Well, Miss Mattie," called out the market man, in his hearty fashion, "I see your mind is not set on a turkey this time, but just wait till I start this basket off for Cap'n Lawson's and I'll show you the right thing—a plump little duck I clapped into the safe this morning, thinking to myself that's the very moral of a treat for Miss Mattie."

Miss Mattie looked embarrassed and rubbed her forehead uneasily over a small coin that lay in the palm of her hand under her glove. It was a silver five-cent piece, and she had taken it with much hesitation from a little store of pieces, most of them given her when she was a child. For herself she could have got along very well with bread and tea, but somehow

valuable tid-bits, for Miss Mattie had very little to offer him. She baked her delightful little puddings of biscuits, and enjoyed them immensely, finding them lighter and more digestible with-out butter. She read a Thanksgiving psalm and went about trying to sing in a little chirrupy voice like a brown sparrow. She brought in the small basket and flushed over the unexpected treasure, but took it kindly as a bit of neighborly goodwill. The sweetbread, white and plump and all ready for cooking, reminded her of old Mrs. Morrison, just beginning to sit up and watch the people go by the window. What a toothsome dainty this would be for her, and what a delight that she should be able to take it to her as she went to church, yes, and some of the colony, too, for a relish. The chops were transferred to a plate on the shelf, the sweetbread wrapped in a fine old napkin and laid back in the basket with the best half of the celery, and the biscuits Miss Mattie had saved for dinner.

"The cold bread will go just as well with chops," she reflected, and prepared for church with a glow of happiness such as she had not known in a long time. It helped to a real feeling of thankfulness, especially when she thought of old Mrs. Morrison, and how pleased she had been with the unexpected gift. She laughed a little to herself as she returned to her own door after service, remembering how when Sally Morrison had commiserated her on being alone Thanksgiving Day, she had assured her she had company invited to come to her on Thursday evening. Tommy Barnes, from the next door, who was spending a couple of days with her, the rest of the family being away. "I hope it wasn't a sinful untruth," she said, smiling at Tommy, who lay peacefully sleeping on the braided rug, "but if old Mrs. Morrison had set in to have me stay to dinner, I shouldn't a' known how to get away, and she is such a talker."

THE JOYS OF THANKSGIVING.



it seemed a dishonor to all her happy past not to have something special on Thanksgiving; and so she had a feeling of real pity for it, lying there warm and snug in her palm, and so soon to go tumbling into the heap of clashing, jingling coins tossed about by the butcher's greasy fingers, or perhaps into the pocket of that horrible apron with blood-stains on it. Miss Mattie shuddered, but quickly recovered herself to say, cheerfully: "Oh, thank you, Mr. Simmons; but don't you think ducks are a sight of trouble, what with the staling and the roasting and needing to be looked after and basted regular? I made up my mind to something simple, and I don't know anything that's easier got or more relaxing than lamb chops. Two lamb chops is about what I thought of, Mr. Simmons. You know there's only me."

Mr. Simmons had not seen the five-cent piece, but he understood just as well as if he had, and he began to cut the chops at once, talking all the time to relieve his own embarrassment and assuring Miss Mattie that "if folks only knew it, there was nothing like lamb chops to encourage your appetite and strengthen you up all over."

Miss Mattie laughed so gaily that the market man ventured to slip a sweetbread and a bunch of yellow celery into the basket on the sly. He would have loved to put in the duck, but that would have looked as if he suspected her reason for not buying it, and bless you, he knew better than that. Some people have feelings, though their feet are red and their hands coarse and greasy. Miss Mattie went very happily down the street. She had lighted her lamp before she went out, and a cheerful little ray smiled encouragingly at her as she came to the gate. All the other windows in the weather-beaten old house were black and empty and looked to the lonesome little woman as if all sorts of hobgoblins might be peeping out at her from the gloom behind them, for Miss Mattie's neighbors had gone away on a Thanksgiv-

ing visit and taken the whole family. At least they said "the whole family," but at the very moment Miss Mattie came to the gate a member of the family was huddled up in a corner of the doorway, cold, hungry and much perplexed to understand what had become of all his friends and why, in spite of his pitiful plea, no one came to open the door for him. He heard Miss Mattie and ran hopefully to meet her, limping as he came, for he had a stiff leg.

"Why, Tommy Barnes," said Miss Mattie, stooping to pat his rough yellow head, "you don't mean to say your folks have gone off to Thanksgiving and left you beamed. Well, if I ever! How dreadful—thoughtless—and you a cripple besides!"

Tommy kept on crying, but he had his eye on the door while Miss Mattie was fitting her key, and the minute it opened he darted in.

"That's right, Tommy," said Miss Mattie; "just make yourself at home. You and I'll have our Thanksgiving together. That extra chop will be wanted after all, and I'm going to make riz biscuits."

In' if Sarah Ellen would remember to baste the turkey. Seems to me they might let us know sooner." "But I told ye, mother, it was a telegram came just before church. You can't regulate telegrams like the weekly newspaper, or stop folks from dyin' unexpected."



"SHE WAS TUCKED IN THE YELLOW SLEIGH."

something relishing Miss Mattie had fetched in. They said they invited her to dinner, but she had company; one of them Barneses next door. "Fiddlesticks!" said the deacon's wife, in a very disrespectful tone, "You just drive straight back and bring Marthy Ellison up here to dinner. Tell her I don't take any excuse, and if she can't come otherways, she can bring her company along, though the way them shiftless Barneses impose on her is a mortal shame."

Good Deacon Giles had learned docility in many years of experience, and the double knock at Miss Mattie's door followed as quickly as could be reasonably expected. Miss Mattie attempted neither excuse nor hesitation, but accepted her good providence with radiant delight.

"Mother said to fetch your company along," said the deacon, glancing doubtfully about the small room. "We heard you had one of the Barneses. I kinder hope 'tain't the cross-eyed one that stole my pears."

"Oh," said Miss Mattie, laughing into the little mirror, as she tied her bonnet, "he's had his dinner and he's gone out."

"She didn't say that he had eaten hers also, but at Mrs. Giles's hospitable table, under the genial influence of generous fare and pleasant old-time reminiscences, she told the story of Tommy Barnes and the lamb chops in a way that made the deacon lose his breath with laughter. And when she was tucked into the yellow sleigh for the ride home, Mrs. Giles stopped at the door to say: "I put some bits of bones and things in a basket under the seat for Tommy. Takes a sight of stuff to reely fill up a cat for 'nough to give his moral principles a fair showin'."

Tommy was on the step waiting to welcome Miss Mattie, which shows his forgiving disposition, and though he got as much as was good for him out of the basket under the seat, Miss Mattie very wisely concluded that the mince pie, roast chicken and cranberry sauce could hardly have been meant for his delight, so she locked them in the cupboard, saying decidedly: "This time, Tommy Barnes, I'll give you moral principles a fair showin'."

O HEART, GIVE THANKS. O heart, give thanks for strength, to-day, To walk, to run, to work, to play! For feasts of oysters, melon and fruit; Thy pulses' easy, rhythmic bound; Ten senses that thy will obey;

A mind clear as the sun's own ray; A life which has not passed its May; That all thy being, thou art crown'd, O heart, give thanks!

On Desert Hill. Winthrop—"If Freddie is going to spend Thanksgiving with his grandmother, perhaps you'd better buy him that tin horn."

The Turkey on the Wall. SHE opening of the chest— But bars. The leaves, yellow and green, Told beyond a peradventure That Thanksgiving Day was near. But, to my childish fancy, The sweet sign of all, O! the warning of Thanksgiving, Was the turkey on the wall. It plainly told the story That we had not long to wait, For the path from wall to table Was very short and straight, It hung all plump and golden. In the pantry near the door For a day or two before the feast, And then was seen no more.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Good veins of emery have been found in the sapphirine mines in the Yogo district, Montana. A Dutchman of Weert has found a way of spinning thread from peat, which is woven into clothing. The fabrics thus made are comparatively cheap and intended for ordinary use.

At a recent meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers in London, the opinion was expressed that the coming material for ship-building is nickel steel, but that before it can be extensively used, further deposits of nickel must be discovered.

French experts in the desert of Sahara are expressing apprehensions at the gradual diminution of the fertile oases. It is known that the large oases were much larger in the time of the ancient Romans, and that they are being constantly reduced in size by the encroachments of the sand dunes. The problem is how to stop these.

According to Herr Levinstein, the action of the paralyzed air animal organ is to produce a very strong fatty degeneration of the heart, the liver and the muscles, while death sets in through the want of oxygen. The experiments from which these facts were ascertained were performed on a rabbit at thirty or forty centimeters pressure.

Diving operations at a great depth have proved successful off Cape Finisterre, all the silver bars from the steamer Skryo, which sank in thirty fathoms in 1891, having been brought to the surface. The working depth for the divers was never less than 171 feet, and was often more. Dynamite was used to blow away the deck. The value of the silver was \$45,000.

The only United States dry dock available for the largest battle-ships of the white squadron is that at Puget Sound, on the extreme northwestern boundary, which is the largest in the Western Hemisphere. It is 650 feet long, and over ninety-two feet wide at the gate, with a depth over the sill of thirty feet. Ships of twelve thousand tons can be docked in it.

The lightest substance known is said to be the pith of the sunflower, with a specific gravity of 0.028, while elder pith—hitherto recognized as the lightest substance—has a specific gravity of 0.09, reindeer's hair 0.1 and cork 0.21. For saving appliances at sea, cork, with a buoyancy of one to five, or reindeer's hair with one of one to ten, has been used, while the pith of the sunflower has a buoyancy of one to thirty-five.

One would hardly look for new forms of animal life in a vast, dark cavern like the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Yet as a matter of fact, no less than seven species inhabiting that particular cave, and hitherto unknown to science, have recently been described. The fact that these creatures are very minute does not detract from their scientific interest, while, on the other hand, it must increase our admiration for the skill and industry of the naturalists who do not allow even microscopic life to escape their ken, although hidden in places where no ray of sunlight ever penetrates.

The Squaw and the Cigar. A sleeping car passenger on a train running into Portland, Oregon, strolled into the smoking car and took a seat just ahead of a squaw. He was puffing vigorously at a cigar, and the Indian woman got more of the smoke than she liked. She protested in pantomime to the conductor, who, being something of a wag, indicated that she should make use of an immense umbrella she had by bringing it down over the man's head. She naturally assumed that the conductor's authority was all-sufficient and forthwith acted on his suggestion with native vigor. The man's hat was knocked down over his eyes and all but ruined, and the cigar was knocked spinning galleys west. When he got out of his hat he turned with not inexpressible ferocity upon his assailant, but the squaw merely looked at him with aboriginal immobility of countenance, and wouldn't understand either English or sign language, and while the other passengers were convulsed with merriment he had to retreat to another car.—New York Sun.

Pistol Balls of Wood. A patrolman arrested N. E. Thwait on Deatur street for being drunk and for disorderly conduct, and when he caught hold of the colored man he threw his right hand behind him and attempted to draw a pistol. As quick as lightning the officer reached for his own pistol, and when the colored man saw that the officer meant business he threw his hand up and held it up in prayer. Thwait was placed under arrest and his pistol picked up from where it had been thrown. At the police barracks Thwait talked about getting away, and it took some trouble to keep him quiet. He contended that he did not mean to shoot the officer, but only meant to hide the pistol in his trousers leg. When the pistol, which was a heavy bull-dog, was examined it was found to be loaded with six cartridges, but instead of lead they contained wooden bullets.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Curious Garment. A curious garment came into this port recently on one of the trans-Atlantic steamers. It was a petticoat on a very pretty young woman, and its novelty consisted in the fact of its being made of some two dozen golf stockings sewed together in the shape of a skirt. Keen Custom-House inspectors, seeing the unusual bulk of a rather slender young woman's outfit, made the discovery.

Emperor of China's Tea. All the tea drunk by the Emperor of China is grown in a special garden, kept exclusively for the purpose.

LOVE AND THE REAPERS.

The reapers, they are singing in the fields of golden grain. "Love's late to the reaping—Love's late! Is he gathering the wild flowers that linger in the land, For the red lips of his sweetheart at the gate?" Come to the reaping, O Love so true; The gold wheat's gleaming, And the gold's for you!

"The reapers, they are singing in the ripp" of the wheat. "Love's late to the reaping—Love's late! Does he linger where the last rose sends a message that is sweet To the red lips of his sweetheart at the gate?" Come to the reaping, O Love so true; The gold wheat's gleaming, And the gold's for you!

—Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

When a bicycle enters the door, love has been known to fly out of the window. All lovers are alike, and that is why they correspond.—New Orleans Picayune.

Another man has taken poison by jumping into the Chicago river.—Chicago Record.

She—"Do you see any beauty in this big sleeve?" He—"Yes, you."—Roxbury Gazette.

Flat One—"When do you think your boy will turn up?" Flat Two—"As soon as I find him."—Truth.

She—"Has your friend Weddman arrived at the age of discretion yet?" He—"I'm afraid not; he's just married his third wife."

Haybale—"Marthy, I'm makin' a collection uv buttons." Mrs. Haybale—"Well, you kin do as you wish, but I ain't goin' to sew no more on."—Texas Siftings.

First Klondike Miner—"What are you thinking of, Bill?" Second Klondike Miner—"Why, I was thinking I never knew what 'cold cash' meant before."—Judge.

Miss Browning—"Why do you persist in being so naughty?" Browning Beans—"You don't want me to die, do you, auntie; you know 'the good die young?'"—The Yellow Book.

Reuben Railence—"How's yer new hired man; purty rapid?" Henry Hecorn—"Rapid! That feller couldn't get up by sunrise if he didn't keep the clock over an hour slow."—Tannammy Times.

"Say, Jakoy, gimme a bite o' your peach." "Naw, I won't." "Well, gimme de stone." "Well, I'll give you de stone, but it's mighty lucky for you dat de peach ain't a pear."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Western Cousin—"I am 'glad you ride a bicycle. Have you ever done a century?" Boston Girl—"Oh, no. Several times, however, I have ridden what I suppose you would call a decade."—Chicago Tribune.

Bridget, how did it happen that when we came in last night after the theatre there was a policeman in the kitchen?" "Sure, mum, O! don't know; but O! think the theatre didn't last as long as usual."—Chicago Times-Herald.

"The Colorado legislature has passed a law permitting women to join the militia," remarked Mr. Snaggs. "I didn't know that a legislative enactment was necessary before women could fight," replied Mr. Heinepek.—Pittsburg News.