

Office in Smeathugh & Co's Building, TIONESTA, PA.

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

VOL. XXX. NO. 34. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, DEC. 8, 1897. \$1.00 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$1.00

Maine has a brand new law which provides for the testing of seeds before they can be offered for sale in the State.

Hancock County, Georgia, has begun a system of road-working by machinery, and will soon be in the van with her sister counties in respect of good roads.

Americans are beginning to fall desperately in love with the English fad of high-stepping horses, with superior knee and locket action, and the country is being secured for that sort of animals.

A physician in the East who first practiced in Chicago said that for six years he took extra care to furnish his patients with information on the prevention of sickness, but became convinced that the people preferred sickness to self-control and health.

All that has been said in favor of good roads will stand repetition without danger of being worn thread-bare as long as the need for good roads continues to be as imperative as now.

In the eastern province of Prussia there are still large tracts of wholly uncultivated lands. One of these, the moorlands near Heydekrug, a tract of more than 150,000 acres, is now being turned into arable land by the government.

The Ghoorkas who are doing most of Great Britain's fighting on the Indian frontier are numbered among the best of all the Oriental soldiers. In the Burmese and Afghan campaigns they made a name for courage and tenacity that immensely raised the prestige of the British arms.

The fact that \$66,000,000 was expended in New York for building purposes last year is a significant illustration of the great growth of the city. It has been greater during this decade, if all evidences are not deceifal, than in any past decade of our history.

In Pennsylvania they have a law which makes the retailer of intoxicating drinks responsible in damages for any injury that may result from such sale. A day or two ago a verdict was rendered in a suit at Pittsburgh for \$6338 in favor of the wife of a man who procured liquor in the defendant's saloon, and while intoxicated was run over by a freight train, losing a leg.

Bicycle health statistics are beginning to come in. A recent number of a medical journal says that the Massachusetts Health Board has found that since the increase of cycling among women in the State there has been a marked decrease in phthisis among them.

Fiction.



IF WE KNEW.

There are gems of wondrous brightness Ofttimes lying at our feet. And we pass them, walking thoughtless Down the busy, crowded street.

A PIGEON-BLOOD RUBY.

BY LILIAN BELL.

TIME—Sunday evening. FRANCES VAN KIRK sat at a table with a photograph and a small jewel-box in lap.

She speaks: "I wonder if a woman ought to be in love with the man she marries! I am heretic enough to believe that she ought not. If I were in love, I should not be able to summon my reason to array all the advantages I am to derive from my marriage—to stand them all up in a row to look at and admire, and to assure myself that I will do well to take them and their owner, and to lose entirely out of the question the fact that I care less than nothing for him."

I am glad I don't love him. Love seems a little vulgar to me when I think of Mr. Finch. Besides, I should be ashamed of myself if I were in love with him! I hope I still have my former good taste. My taste is not polluted, even if I have decided to marry him. I have always flattered myself that I knew superior men, and that I brought out their good points. I wonder if Mr. Finch has any good points to bring out! Here he is, not handsome—no. His best friend could not call him handsome. I don't like his mouth. Those thin lips look as if they could be cruel. He won't beat me; he will be sarcastic. That long nose will go up at the corners and look more pointed and ugly, and those lines at the side will deepen into furrows, and dear Mr. Finch won't be pretty to look at nor pretty to hear. I can assure you.

I was in love with him, his sarcasm could hurt me. As it is, I shall shrug my shoulders and turn my back on him until he cools down. I hate a man with a temper. I've enough for a whole family. No, he is not handsome. He is not good-tempered. Has he anything to recommend him to a woman? Yes—one. He is rich. Rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and he knows it, and counts on it to buy him friends and court a wife. I feel as if I were a babe of a year or a load of pig-iron when I think of it. He thinks his money will compensate for the lack of family and the lack of breeding, and that it will even get him into heaven. Well, it will almost do that. I suppose heaven is the only place where money will not buy an entrance into best circles.

know why I hate the looks of his hair, which always suggests to my mind the idea of unpleasant things in bottles, unless it is that Joe's hair is so thick and unruly. I dare say he would be glad if he ever could make it bear this meek and unobtrusive aspect. But Joe's—well, Joe's hair looks as if he played football. I never cared much for football myself, except as a fad. It is so dangerous it makes me feel faint to watch it. And I wouldn't let Joe play; that is, if I had anything to say about him, which, of course, I haven't. Still, it would be some satisfaction to know that if he did play he could kill all the other fellows instead of letting them kill him. Mr. Finch couldn't kill anybody. Not that I am selecting a husband for his murderous capabilities, but it would be a satisfaction to know that if a footpad attacked him he could defend himself. I believe if I said "Burglars" to Mr. Finch he would crawl under the table. But then Mr. Finch could hire an army to patrol the streets in front of his house—our house, I mean, for I shall be in it—and Joe is so poor that he would have to do his own patrolling. He will have to protect his wife with his own right arm, and work for her with his own strong hands. We won't have to do anything so plebeian, or so beautiful.

There, what did I say? I was right. If I were in love I couldn't reason. The idea of my ever coming to the point of thinking work beautiful, when I hate to work—alone, I mean! It doesn't seem so hard when I think of working, or rather, doing things for Joe. Whenever I see him I want to do something for him. He is fighting against so many odds, and he is so big and brave to take it, and never complains and never gets discouraged. And he is working alone, and with nothing in prospect to work for, except to win. Poor Joe! He will never have money. He can't keep it. He will never be successful, but people will know him and talk about him, even if he loses, because he is making such a brave fight.

I am not brave. I like success and ease and luxury. Everything that I like and must have takes money—lots of money—and nobody has so much as I shall except Joe. I don't want to see him. How Joe will despise me when he hears of it! I shall not see him. I shall avoid him until I have got so used to my luxury that I find I couldn't do without it. Then, some day, quite unexpectedly, I shall meet him and he will look at me, and by that time I will not care.

How will he look at me? Will it be a scornful or contemptuous look, such as most men would give, because I have had the bad taste to prefer some one else? No; he never puts himself first. It will be a look of scorn, but a look of aversion, as if he could not bear to see me? No; he cares too much for me for that. Why do I conjure up such impossibilities when I know just how he will lean forward and look into my eyes with all love and—yes, pity in his own—pity because he will know what I am suffering and what a price I have paid for my empty glory? How great will my liveries and my jewels and my gorgeousness seem beside that look, which, if I meet it, will drag the soul out of me and let Joe into my secret as plainly as if I had reached out my arms to him in a vain appeal.

Oh, why do I think of such things? It is because it is Sunday. I hate Sundays! I hate the way the wind howls at those windows. I hate the falling of the leaves and the bare branches and the dying of all green things that go with summer and life. I always think of Joe on Sundays. I wonder why Sunday nights always bring to a woman thoughts of the man she loves and can't marry—won't marry. I mean—no, can't marry. It isn't that I won't marry Joe. I can't marry him. I can't bring myself to the week to me. That is why I always plan to make it so full that I can't think. If Mr. Finch had kept his engagement to-night I should have accepted him. He didn't know that, or he would have come. He said he was too ill to come. I hate a man who is always falling ill. He sent this ring instead. It was not very refined of him, but then Mr. Finch's ways are not always those which mark the caste of Vere de Vere. If I keep it, I am engaged. If I send it back—why—but I shall not send it back. That middle stone is a pigeon-blood ruby.

I said to a man last week, in the sudden fierce bitterness of my soul, "Do men and women ever marry from a belief that they are realizing the grand passion of their lives?" And something in my tone must have stirred him to a sudden honesty, for he gave me a look as if he read my soul, and he said, "Men do—always."

My eyes dropped before his. I did not want him to see, although he is only a friend. He is one of those men whom women trust because he understands them. I turned away and thought what a blessing it is that men cannot read the hearts of the women they are going to marry. I sometimes complain because men are not constituted to understand women better, and because they blunder and are blind. But it is a heavenly thing that it is so, and I suppose God made it so with a purpose.

I know so many women who carry an ache in their hearts which their husbands never suspect; sometimes for a love they have lost; sometimes for one that never came; sometimes, like mine, for one they dare not take. I am glad Mr. Finch cannot see into my heart to-night. But I am more glad that Joe cannot—Joe because he would want me, and Mr. Finch because he would not want me.

Dear Joe! Why couldn't it have been you who gave me this ring, with this beautiful red stone in it? And why couldn't it have been you who was coming to-morrow for my answer? Dear Joe! I might as well face the fact. Mr. Finch loves me, repels me, sickens me. If he had the right to come in at that door and walk across this room and stoop over my chair, and I had to sit still and let him touch me, and not scream or strike him for daring to lay his hand on me, I think I should die.

And yet—outside the door, outside the house—people would say—oh, they would say all the things I want them to, and envy me, and copy my clothes, and—Joe! Joe would say nothing. He would say so easy to rise to a higher plane when he was here that he thought me greater than I was. He appealed to the best in me, always. My good angel came out of her own accord at his approach, and then poor dear Joe went away thinking I was a saint. He never knew the demon of unrest and ambition and vanity which fought his influence step by step, until finally a devil, dressed all in red, came and flashed this red stone before my eyes, and I have put Joe and his great, kind love behind me forever.

Oh, Joe! There are wheels! They are stopping here! It is after 9 o'clock. Who can it be? It is Mr. Finch. Oh, what shall I do? If only it had been Joe! I wonder if I dare? Well, why not? He would come if I sent for him. And if it were Joe! If only Joe were coming for his answer— (She places Mr. Finch's ring in its box and seals the envelope containing Joe's half penny.) She calls; she calls; she calls that to Mr. Finch, and says that I cannot see him. And—Ellen, would you mind mailing this letter for me to-night? It is very important. Yes, to-night!—Woman's Home Companion.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Just Like Her—Profitable Patient—Literary Note—Selfish—Another Use of Her—Consolation—Chaitness—Joke—Out of His Class—A Last Resource, Etc.

"I never shall love again," he cried; "Ah, yes you will," said she; "A year from now you will wonder how you could ever have worshipped me."

He went his way—when a year had passed he had learned to love again. And it made the girl who had sent him home "As mad as a settin' hen."—Chicago News.

Profitable Patient. She—"I'm sorry to hear you've lost your patient, Dr. Jones." He—"But he was ill a long, long time."—Punch.

Literary Note. "What wonderful guides and counselors books are." "Yes; especially bank books."—Detroit Free Press.

Another Use of It. "Oh, dear! I wish I had money enough to be charitable." "And if you had?" "I'd take a trip to Europe on it."—Life.

Chaitness Joke. He—"You won't know me when I get my new chainless wheel." She—"Why?" He—"Because I'll be riding around (teog)."—New York Sun.

Out of His Class. Schoolma'am (encouragingly)—"Come, now, Harold; spell chickens." Harold—"Please, ma'am, I'm not old enough to spell chickens; but you can try me on eggs."—Judge.

Selfish. She—"You pay fifty dollars a month for cigars, and yet you grumble when I want ten or fifteen dollars for a new hat." He—"Well, I don't smoke hats."

A Last Resource. Rev. Mr. Dullboy (who is calling)—"Can I help you with that wafel baby?" Mrs. Weyerwite—"Yes, you can. Preach a sermon, please."—The Yellow Book.

Emptied. Mrs. Newwood (proudly)—"I knew nothing of house-keeping when we were married, but I didn't take me long to get my hand in, did it, John?" "Newwood."—Not according to my empty pockets."—Life.

Consolation. "There is one idea that every spinster secretly cherishes." "What is it?" "That lots of men wish they had married her instead of the girls they did marry."—Chicago Record.

To Part Forever. He (trembling)—"I have one last wish to ask you before we part for good." She—"What is it, George?" He—"Will you meet me on Th-Thursday, as usual?" She—"I will, George."—Judy.

Repartee. "Where can a man get a shave around here?" asked the stranger. "I get shaved on my face," answered the policeman. "Indeed?" replied the other. "That barber is taking chances when he trusts you."—New York Journal.

Early American History. "A door," said Aaron Burr, "is not a door when it is ajar." "There are many points to that joke," was the comment of Alexander Hamilton, as he sipped his port, "because it is a chestnut, Burr." The duel followed.—Indianapolis Journal.

An Explanation. "Miss Patsleigh says she thinks flowers are the most suitable birthday remembrance that a friend can give," remarked Willie Washington. "Yes," commented Miss Cayenne. "She wants something that won't last from year to year."—Washington Star.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The number of stars pictured on the latest English and German photographic atlases is about 68,000,000. Scientists tell us that every element necessary to the support of man is contained within the limits of an egg shell, in the best proportions and in the most palatable form.

In the last publication of the Berlin Academy of Sciences Professor Rontgen has an article in which he confirms the observation of Dr. Brandes that it is possible to make the X-rays visible to the eye.

The durability of catalpa wood in the ground is well illustrated at the State House, Indianapolis, by a section taken from a catalpa post at the ground surface, where decay is always the most rapid. The wood is but slightly affected by its twenty-five years of exposure.

Evaporation is proportional to the velocity and dryness of the wind. Scientific experimentation demonstrates that when the temperature of the air is at 80 degrees F., with a relative humidity of fifty per cent., the evaporation, with the wind blowing five miles an hour, is 2.2 greater than at calm; at ten miles, 3.8; at fifteen miles, 4.9; at twenty miles, 5.7; at twenty-five miles, 6.1; at thirty miles, 6.3 times as much as a calm atmosphere of the same temperature and humidity.

For the filtration of liquids containing very fine precipitates which are apt to pass through the filter, such as barium sulphate, lead sulphate, calcium oxalate, etc., W. Busch recommends the use of powdered pumice stone. It is necessary to use a very finely powdered pumice stone which has been freed from acid soluble substances by boiling with diluted hydrochloric acid and washing with water.

About two to three grams of this powder are placed in the bottom of a filter. After pouring back once a clear filtrate is obtained. When whisky is used instead of water in making glue the mixture will remain unaltered for years, will remain perfectly liquid except in very cold weather, and is ready for use without the application of heat. Tight corkage to prevent the volatilization of the solvent is the only precaution necessary to keep the glue perfect. All that is necessary is to break the glue into small fragments, place these in a glass vessel, and pour sufficient whisky over them to thoroughly dissolve. After being tightly corked for three or four days, the prepared glue is ready for use.

Chinesean's Pigtails. Among the real injuries that can be offered to a Celestial is to cut off his hair, which he wears in a plait down his back and by which disrespectful Western nomenclature has attached the name of pigtail. Sometimes the hoodlums in San Francisco and the Lordlings in Sydney, N. S. W., in an overflow of animal spirits and in unreserved contempt of the heathen Chinese, cut off the pigtail and the unhappy victim of this outrage has to go, like the messengers of David, who, being shorn by the Philistines, were told to tarry in Jericho till their beards did grow, and, as the old Hebrews did, dwell apart until the pigtail became at least observable.

It is reserved for the administration of the Public Works Prison in Toronto to show consideration for the pigtail under circumstances not usually considered as sources of tenderness, and the Chinese who come there as convicts will hereafter retain their pigtails. In this country in State prisons the hair is cut close, and no National custom will save it, though it be as sacred as a Chinaman's pigtail.—Washington Post.

Mouse Traps. This is the time of year when there is the greatest demand for mouse traps. As cold weather approaches the nice seek shelter in the houses of men and men set traps to catch them. There are various kinds of mouse traps, including those that require no setting and that take mice alive, and those that require to be set and that kill the mice. In this last class are the familiar old-fashioned wood mouse traps, some made square and some round, having holes in the side through which the mouse thrusts its head to get at the bait fixed on a hook within. Traps of this kind are called chokers. Many kinds of mouse traps are sold by the gross or dozen. The wood chokers, varying in size, are sold at wholesale at so much a dozen holes. Taking all the kinds together, there are made in this country and sold here millions of mouse traps annually, and American mouse traps in large numbers are exported to many foreign countries.—New York Sun.

Germs in Eggshells. Whether life is possible in the absence of bacteria in the digestive tract is a problem not easy to solve. In the early experiments of Nuttall and Thierfelder, guinea pigs were selected as subjects, but it was afterward decided that more satisfactory results could be obtained with chickens, as it was believed that these could be secured free from bacteria from birth. Eggs ready to be hatched were accordingly washed in antiseptics and placed in suitable sterilized apparatus. Despite the utmost care, however, bacteria were always present and are found to be derived from the eggshell, leading to the unexpected conclusion that they exist in the oviduct before and during formation of the shell.

Capital in Bicycle Tires. The amount of capital invested in the manufacture of bicycle tires in the United States is estimated at \$8,000,000, the number of persons employed at 30,000, and the number of tires produced annually at 4,000,000.

A RELENTLESS QUESTION.

There's a phrase that keeps haunting wherever you turn, A mookery subtle and cold; No matter what your purpose may be, Nor how honest its purpose and hold, Hope withers away like the rose that has died.

At the witless touch of the frost; Like a spectre through glorious dreams it will glide— The query, "How much'll it cost?" The laborer turns from his visions of cheer To his toll that is ever the same; One nabob is calm, 'neath another's bland sneer.

And the tone of an emperor's claim Grows mild when he asks if the things he would gain Are worth what perhaps may be lost; And the world plods along to the world's train. Of the query, "How much'll it cost?"—Washington Star.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"I want a dollar, Jones, and I want it bad." "All right; take this counter-feit."—Harlem Life. "A splendid ear, but a very poor voice," as the organ grinder said to the donkey.—Tit-Bits.

"I suppose your brother has quite given up his walking expeditions now that he has a cycle." "Yes, he has broken his left leg."—Standard. "At what age were you married?" she asked, inquisitively. But the other lady was equal to the emergency and quietly responded: "At the parsonage."

Mrs. Sprockett—"I'll give you something to eat if you'll do some work for me." Willie—"Saw wood, I s'pose?" Mrs. Sprockett—"No, clean my wheel."—Judge. Hunter—"There goes Durham; he's only a milkman, and yet he always acts as if he wanted the earth." Punter—"That's natural enough; he knows it's three-fourths water."

Dorothy had just been stung by a wasp. "I wouldn't 'a' minded its walking all over my hand," she said between her sobs, "if—if it hadn't sat down so hard."—Pittsburg Bulletin. Caller—"Nellie, is your mother in?" Nellie—"Mother is out shopping." Caller—"When will she return, Nellie?" Nellie (calling back)—"Mamma, what shall I say now?"—Harper's Bazar.

"Mamma," said the pretty young parvenue, "what do they mean by codfish aristocracy?" "I don't know, dear," replied her mother, placidly, "less it's folks that pay for everything C. O. D."—Washington Capital. He (at the hotel table)—"I've often wondered how these waiters can remember so many orders at once. I know now." She (who had often wondered the same thing)—"Oh, do you? How can they remember so much?" He (triumphantly)—"They don't."—Detroit Free Press.

Miss Meadowsweet—"Excuse my ignorance, but ought I to call you Mr. Squilla or Dr. Squilla?" The Doctor—"Oh, call me anything you like. Some of my friends call me an old fool." Miss Meadowsweet—"Ah, but that's only people who know you intimately!"—London Punch. "Young man," said the veteran manager, "your melodrama shows originality and imagination." "Are you serious?" asked the young playwright, doubtfully. "Perfectly," said the manager; "but you shouldn't lose time writing plays; a man of your talent should be a theatrical press agent."—Puck.

"Now, Robbie," said mamma just before company sat down to dinner, "remember, you must not ask for more pie." Robbie didn't; but he finished his first piece with much promptness, took a long breath, and addressed himself very audibly to the guest at his right. "Ain't that dandy pie?" he asked.—Judge.

"What makes you think that Mr. Kitzeroewski started that story that he is going to marry Miss Fleete?" "Because," said Sherlock Holmes, solemnly, "his name was spelled right in every newspaper in which the story appeared, and it never would have been unless he had personally attended to the proof-reading."—Washington Capital.

"I always did dislike men who have no ear for music," said one girl; "and now I dislike them more than ever. Charley Nevergo called to see me yesterday evening. At 11 o'clock I went to the piano and played 'Home, Sweet Home.' First I played it as a ballad. He didn't move. Then I played it as a waltz and next as a polka, and then as a jig." "And what did he do?" He said, "Gracious! Miss Jones! what a jolly lot of tunes you know! And all so different."—Olds and Ends.

Lynched By Swallows. A successful lynching took place on the farm of Jerome Butler, south of Marlette, Mich., the other day. In the barn a swallow's nest was seen clinging to the side of a beam, from which was suspended an English sparrow, hung by the neck with a hair from a horse's tail. While Franklin Butler and Orin Albreton were sitting in the barn they noticed a sparrow go into the swallow's nest, from which he began pitching the young birds. Three swallows, attracted by their outcry, immediately pooned upon the intruder. After confining him to the nest for a few minutes they threw him out. He dropped about a foot, there was a jerk, and Mr. Sparrow was hanged as nicely as though an expert hangman had been in charge. The hair was wound around his neck several times, and after a few ineffectual struggles he kicked his last.—Grand Rapids Herald.

Tax on Cyclists. Each of the 300,000 cyclists in Chicago will have to pay a tax of \$1 a year, which is to be devoted to improving the streets.