

Published every Wednesday, by J. E. WENK. Office in Searbaugh & Co.'s Building...

FOREST REPUBLICAN

VOL. XXX. NO. 46. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1898. \$1.00 PER ANNUM.

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

Some people are trying to discover a redeeming trait in that little jabbering idiot, the English sparrow.

The evidence that we have plenty of material with which to recruit our standing army in times of national danger...

Excepting the strike in the coal regions, the year 1897 was remarkably free from general disturbances among wage-earners...

In spite of the Rand and the new mines in Australia, the United States is still the greatest gold-producer of all countries...

The United States of Australia will in all likelihood come into existence before the present century expires.

If the well-known British statistician, Michael G. Mulhall, is correct in his figures, the German Empire has progressed more rapidly than any other European power during the past twenty years.

Very gladly Faith accepted the offer from Uncle Ethan, but finding it impossible to convert their effects into cash...

It was a lonely and desolate night that met the girl's eyes as they moved slowly along over the brown, cheerless prairie.

IN THE FIRELIGHT. The mother rocks in the firelight, The little one on her knees...

HE wagon was old and creaked dismally, as the lank, rough-coated gray mules dragged it along over the frozen prairie road.

THE CLAIM-JUMPERS.

By AD. H. GIBSON.

HE wagon was old and creaked dismally, as the lank, rough-coated gray mules dragged it along over the frozen prairie road.

On the front seat of the wagon sat a girl, with the lines in her hands. She looked to be about nineteen.

"Faith, how much farther is it to Uncle Ethan's?" asked a slender boy of ten, who occupied a low bench by the small stove.

"A long ways yet, dear," answered the fair driver. "More than a hundred miles, I should say."

"I'm gettin' most awful tired," murmured Bessie, a curly-headed mite, little more than five years old, as she nestled in the folds of a huge blanket robe near her brother.

"We are all getting tired out, Bessie," said Faith Haskins, a shadow crossing her brow.

"Good evenin', ma'am," said Ike Barclay, dismounting from his pony.

"Yes, sir," answered Faith. "Is there a place near here where I can get the wheel mended?"

"What's your name folks?" inquired Ike, glancing around.

"I'll be no trouble to us, ma'am," Jim assured her. "Ike an' me was goin' over to Pete Miley's store anyway."

gamm and dust-blackened, was closing up for the night. "Hold on, Berger!" called Jim, springing from his pony and beginning to push the wheel into the shop.

"Yes, an' do a good job—none o' yer hotchin' 'nt in Ike. 'We'll pay yer when ye finish."

"Lightnin' an' razors! I never thought o' that!"

"We'll do it, by jimson!" he exclaimed. "It won't hurt the leetle woman, and it will pay Rob back for some o' his own everlastin' jokes on us."

"Enter the store, they spoke to Miley, then strode back to the stove to greet their fellow claim-holder.

"What's the news?" he asked. "News?" repeated Jim, assuming a long and reflective visage.

"Hello, Rob!" they called. "Wot of them claim-jumpers?"

"Well, boys, you've had your joke and now I'll tell you how it's turned out," said Rob.

"I thought maybe yer heard 'bout it 'fore now," said Jim, very innocently.

"Looks powerful the way," returned Jim. "Seed a kivered wagon thar, an' smoke pourin' out o' yer chimney as we rid over yer."

"Wonder if Rob won't git mad at us?" said Ike.

"Where's your pa, little girl?" asked Rob, as he pushed past her.

Then he glanced hastily around the room. There was his table bearing the remnants of a supper, while in an opposite corner a few boxes and some bedding were stacked away.

"No, little one," he answered quickly, but the severe expression on his face changed to one of tenderness as he gazed down into the pretty, innocent eyes of the tiny hostess.

"Come, Faith," said Rob, taking her hand with a touch that thrilled her, "sit down by the fire there and tell me all about your life since you left Illinois."

"Hello, Rob!" they called. "Wot of them claim-jumpers?"

"Well, boys, you've had your joke and now I'll tell you how it's turned out," said Rob.

"I thought maybe yer heard 'bout it 'fore now," said Jim, very innocently.

"Looks powerful the way," returned Jim. "Seed a kivered wagon thar, an' smoke pourin' out o' yer chimney as we rid over yer."

"Wonder if Rob won't git mad at us?" said Ike.

"Where's your pa, little girl?" asked Rob, as he pushed past her.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Two Passions—Two Hard Cases—Two's Company—An Illustration—Wasting Good Money.

Charles Bragg—"Yes, Miss Brightly, it costs me ten thousand a year to live."

Miss Brightly—"Oh, Mr. Bragg, do you think it's worth it?"—Boston Traveller.

Mamma—"Ethel, what do you mean by shouting in that disgraceful fashion?" See how quiet Willie is.

Prud Mother—"At last, my dear your education is finished, and you have diplomas from the highest seats of learning in the world."

Teacher—"Did Columbus know that he discovered a new continent?" Class—"No; he thought it was India."

Why the Giraffe is Dumb. The children had written compositions on the giraffe. They were reading them aloud to the class.

He Knew the Business. "What did that man want?" asked the druggist.

Just Hit It. Thompson—"Something worrying you, Newman?" Newman—"Forgotten what my wife ordered this morning. I remember that, at the time, I thought, 'Well, that's a sad subject. What could it have been?'"

The New Girl. The typewriter girl is never discouraged. On answering an ad, the principal of the establishment said to her:

Men Who Knewed Washington's Boat. When Washington crossed the Delaware on Christmas night, 1776, the boats which carried the men to meet the British were manned by twenty-two brave men from Beverly, Mass.

GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART.

"Good-bye, Sweetheart!" Long after we had parted, love, The tender words rang in my ears; They seemed to echo from the spheres That smiled upon us from above.

"Good-bye, Sweetheart!" My soul forgot the sorrow's care; 'Twas the love of life and chance; I was the queen of love's romance, And breathless was my ambrosial air.

"Good-bye, Sweetheart!" Let fortune frown and fate alarm, Let me be cheery by jowl with pain, This precious phrase shall still remain An amulet to cheer and charm.

"Why, Toddy, dear, what is the matter? Don't you like asparagus?" "Yes, Mrs. Bireburn, but the handles are so hot!"—Trained Motherhood.

"Did you read about that mines pie ten feet in diameter, Mrs. Jones?" "Yes; but I presume my husband's mother has made bigger ones."—Chicago Record.

"Why not send in an essay on 'How to Mend a Wheel with a Hairpin'?"—Puck.

"I have had to quit playing chess with Tompkins." "Why?" "Well, he gets mad if I get interested and beat him; and he gets mad if I get sleepy and let him beat me."—Chicago Record.

"What do you mean," asked the city editor, "by comparing the air to frozen quinine?" "I meant to say," said the new reporter with proud humility, "that it was bitter cold."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I suppose I can have your vote for \$500," said the promoter. "Not much," replied the legislator. "My price is \$1000." "But last Monday you offered it to me for \$500." "Oh, well, that was bargain day."—Chicago Evening Post.

"I doesn't reckon dat yoh's gwatler get you all's pay fum dat ar' concern," said the colored porter. "Why rot?" asked the collector. "They have some assets." "Yes, sir; dey has some. But dey isn't equal to dah unreliabilities."—Washington Star.

While Peter Egelston was cutting railroad ties near Cascade, N. Y., he found the deserted nest of a gray eagle. While examining the nest and its contents he heard a loud noise, and suddenly the old eagle had struck him in the face with bill and claws, and taking a circuit through the air, alighted on a tree about 200 yards distant, but in plain view of the nest.

Dum-dum bullets work both ways on the Indian frontiers, as the Afriki tribesmen are blunting the bullet tips, too. The two pupils of the Gordon Highlanders, who distinguished themselves at Dargai, lost one leg, the other his foot, owing to the terrible splintering of the bone, caused by the "modified" Lee-Metford missiles.