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China's resistance to foreign aggression seems to be limited to wrapping her pigtail about her devoted head...

Says the Indianapolis News, the live stock of the country is worth today \$236,000,000, or fourteen per cent. more than last year...

The fact that South American countries and at least one European Power are willing to sell their new warships to the United States rather than to Spain is a pretty good indication...

A British investigator, provoked at hearing his country repeatedly referred to as a "tight little island," announces that one county in England—Middlesex—is of sufficient extent to allow all the people in the world to find standing room...

Fifty years London was five times larger than New York. At the present time it is barely more than two-thirds larger, and if the two cities continue to grow in the same proportion it will not be long before the metropolis of the Western hemisphere displaces London...

Table with 3 columns: Year, London, New York. Rows for 1840, 1850, 1860, 1870, 1880, 1890, 1895.

From 1840 to 1850 London's population increased 31 per cent. and New York's 75 per cent. Since that time the percentages of increase have been as follows: From 1850 to 1860, London's 23 per cent., and New York's 79 per cent...

From the military viewpoint the most interesting story of the Cuban war is told by Frederick Funston, late chief of the insurgent artillery, in Harper's Weekly. It is the tale of the first, and probably the last, charge of cavalry on an infantry square armed with magazine guns—Mauzer six-shooters...

The scene that followed this frightful proclamation baffles description. Some of the male prisoners who had awaited it with most apparent unconcern broke into wild volleys of oaths and curses. Fathers clasped their children in their arms, as if with the intention of defending them...

At the appointed hour an officer galloped up with the bag, shaking it as he went, that every one might know that the tokens of Life and Death were fairly mixed. Then he dismounted, and the business of drawing lots began...

THE GAME OF LIFE.

The prize for which you're playing may not be a costly one; Perhaps you are indulging just for pastime or for fun. But, no matter what the stake is, and no matter what the game, You're no man unless you like to quit a winner just the same.

THE STRANGEST EVENT IN THE WORLD.

By C. SYLVESTER HORNE, M. A.

I CANNOT tell the story as he used to tell it, the dear old man, short of stature, with those pale blue eyes which shone and twinkled in enjoyment of the narrative...

heads. Others, scorning any exhibition, strode away to the right of the ranks with impassive countenances. Further and further down the line moved the officer with the bag, and man after man drew out a white paper, and took his place with those who had safely passed the ordeal...

The officer took his bag aside, and made an examination by which he satisfied himself that the papers were as reserved for the doomed forty, was as occupied. Even the officer was astonished when the two hundredth prisoner drew a blank and marched away with the white paper struck prominently in his hat. Half of the whole number had drawn their lots, and of those left one in every five must die.

This horrible scene broke down the nerve of more than one among the miserable remnant of prisoners; and they began to drag the fatal papers more and more slowly to the light, hardly daring to look at them, lest the awful reproach should be upon them. Still, from man to man the bag moved on, and no one drew a second death-paper, dooming him to join the first victim.

Then indeed such a cheer arose as has seldom been heard on this old earth. The officer carried back the bag to the generals' tent, where he reported what had happened. The generals, discerning in it the finger of Providence, declared the lottery at an end, released the five victims, and proclaimed a general amnesty.

Promet, the French sculptor, has completed the model for the colossal statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps, which the Suez Canal Company is to erect at Suez in memory of the French engineer. The statue will be nearly twenty-one feet high; it will represent De Lesseps standing, draped in the camel-skin "burnous" which he was wearing in Egypt...

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Romance and Reality—Landed on His Feet—The One to Go—Some Differences—Their First Quarrel—Mark-Preceded—Appreciative—Not a Party Matter, Etc.

"Do you quite understand that there are thirty-nine papers in this bag, and thirty-five of them are so marked that he who draws one of them must die?"

"So far, so good," he said, quietly. "The man is free, and I am free also. Now, by your leave, I will draw for the man's wife."

"The man fell to the earth, and was about to clasp the wonderful stranger about the knees; but his wife was before him. "Oh, sir!" she cried; "you have a charmed life; you have Heaven with you; you are good, or you have magic. Sir, you have listened to the wife; oh, that you would listen to the mother!"

"Whew!" he whistled. "Children, are there? That's coming it a little strong." He looked at her, musing, for a few seconds; and added, with a whimsical accent: "It's a little strong. But how many are there? There's only room for two."

"These two, kind sir!" pleaded the woman. "Oh, sir, be their savior, and the good God keep you from harm!"

"Very well, I will draw for the two." Then he said, with a sigh, "Heigho! and to think that a mere resemblance in the voice can make a man such a fool!"

"As you will," said the officer, but with marked consideration of tone. "I am indeed beholden to you," he said, and slipped his hand into the bag. "Now, the question is, where those two papers are. Well, this for one shot!" and he drew out the paper and handed it to the officer. A shout arose which there was no suppressing.

"You will have your children," he said to the woman; "for if I fail this time, it will only be my life they will require. And I have no friends!"

"He turned again to the bag, and said: "We will take the first that comes this time." He drew it out, shut in his closed hand, and held it there. All the army seemed to have gathered round. There were eager faces, quivering lips, tearful eyes. But he was looking at his hand with a curious, quizzical smile. "There's a handful of fate!" he said. Suddenly he opened his fingers, and revealed the paper lying open on the palm.

Then indeed such a cheer arose as has seldom been heard on this old earth. The officer carried back the bag to the generals' tent, where he reported what had happened. The generals, discerning in it the finger of Providence, declared the lottery at an end, released the five victims, and proclaimed a general amnesty.

"Curious thing, the voice," said a man in camp that night, over a cigar. He was talking to the officer who had carried round the bag. "It's some years now since I heard the voice of a woman strangely like that voice. But for her I suppose I should never have been in this mess. Well, there's my compensation everywhere; for, but for her I should never have got these poor wretches out of this mess. So she's done me a good turn at last; and it makes up for a good many bad ones."—New York Independent.

Promet, the French sculptor, has completed the model for the colossal statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps, which the Suez Canal Company is to erect at Suez in memory of the French engineer. The statue will be nearly twenty-one feet high; it will represent De Lesseps standing, draped in the camel-skin "burnous" which he was wearing in Egypt; in the left hand he holds a plan unrolled, and with his right is pointing to the entrance of the canal. The statue will be placed on a pedestal, ornamented with a large medallion and profile bas-reliefs of the Khedives who aided De Lesseps' work.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

All the land above sea level would not fill up more than one-third of the Atlantic Ocean.

An eminent oculist announces that there is twice as much blindness among men as among women.

Dr. Zambaco states that more than forty lepers circulate freely in the streets of Constantinople, Turkey, and are engaged in all kinds of trades, yet they do not appear to give the disease to the inhabitants of that city.

High prices are paid for butterflies, and some private collections, such as that of the Hon. W. Rothschild at Tring, Heris, are said to be worth \$500,000 more or less. Some New Guinea butterflies have fetched \$230 apiece. One of the Rothschilds is said to have paid \$1000 for a Papilio, now quite common. The demand for rare specimens has led to dishonesty. The insects are dyed or else wings from one species are fastened to the bodies of other species.

A Cornell professor makes an interesting announcement about brains. The main portion of the human brain is composed of the cerebrum, and the portion anterior to it, devoted to smell, and known as the olfactory bulb, is sometimes treated as a mere appendix to the cerebrum. But this professor, after comparing brains from all grades of the lower animals, declares that the human brain is an anatomical monstrosity, and that, in a historical view of the brain, the portion devoted to thinking is more properly to be styled a mere appendix to the part devoted to smelling. In some creatures the olfactory portion is much the largest part of the brain.

Shrapnel's Terrible Force. In fighting at close range one of the deadly things that will be brought into use will be the shrapnel. Experiments extending over a long period have brought this terrible projectile to great perfection, and the United States Army has ready for service now several types that are considered almost perfect for their purpose. Shrapnel are hollow projectiles filled with a bursting charge, and containing in addition 200 to 280 balls of hardened lead, which are in layers separated from each other with cast iron separators.

Shrapnel are made of all sizes up to seven-inch. Tests show that when they explode 1000 yards from the muzzle of the gun the bullets and fragments will cover a circle at least twenty feet in diameter. This pleasant missile is so designed that not only do the bullets fly around with force to go through two or three men each, but every part of the shell, including even the cast iron separators, will burst into jagged pieces and spread destruction.

Professor Gus. Stainsky, the well-known taxidermist of Colorado Springs, is now engaged in mounting what is conceded to be the finest and largest moose head in the world. The head came from a large bull moose killed last summer in the Cook's Inlet country by Hall Dewese, a sportsman of Canon City, who is noted for his nerve and prowess in venturing into wild sections. The exact measurements of the moose head and horns are as follows: Spread of antlers, 69 inches; length of beam, 48 inches; palmates, 15 inches; circumference of beam at base, 16 1/2 inches; circumference of beams at smallest place, 10 inches. The antlers have thirty-two points. The body measured 14 feet 4 inches from lip to rear hoof; 6 feet 8 inches from hoof to top of withers; girth, 8 feet 9 inches; around neck at shoulders, 6 feet 7 inches; 32 1/2 inches from tip to tip of ears; 44 inches around the lips of the open mouth.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Old Time "Best Men." During the old days of Sweden there were several best men, and the term was applied in its full literal sense. The duty of the best men in those times was to defend the groom and his prospective bride from a rival, who accompanied by several retainers, was sure to appear while the wedding procession was on its way to church and make a stubborn fight for possession of the woman.

The Scandinavian warrior considered it beneath his dignity to court a maiden's favor by gallantry and submission, and therefore generally preferred to wait until she was on her way to be married to another man, when the attempt was made to carry her off by main strength. It was then that the best men—if they were the best men—came into good play. Hence the custom is still preserved in the "best" man of to-day.—Philadelphia Press.

His Name is Sonorous. Claffin University Washington is the gorgeous name of a colored boy at Orangeburg, S. C. He was born with in a short distance of the college, hence his name.

CONSOLATION.

When Molly comes home from the party to-night— The party was out at nine— There were traces of tears in her bright blue eyes That looked mournfully up to mine.

For some one had said, she whispered to me, With her face on my shoulder hid, Some one had said (there were sobs in her voice) That they didn't like something she did.

"This world is a difficult world, indeed, And people are hard to suit, And the man who plays on the violin Is a bore to the man with the flute.

"And I myself have often thought How very much better 'twould be If every one of the folks that I know Would only agree with me.

"What made you go on so about the moon last night? It is the same old moon." "I know; but I was with a new girl."—Chicago Record.

"There! Do you think the photograph is like me, Count?" "Like you, Ah, Mess. Like, like is not so hard. It is like you."—Brooklyn Life.

Jack—"Yes; ancestors certainly help to give a person social prestige." Tom—"Especially when they are wealthy and one lives with them."—Life.

"So Jack went to the Klondike? How is he getting along?" "Not very well. He writes me that he owes three thousand dollars for board."—Truth.

Brief Peace of Mind.—"Clara, I love to be with you." "Why, Edith?" "When I'm with you I know you are not gossiping about me."—Chicago Record.

Mrs. Bainbridge—"The girls of today should be taught to say 'No.'" Mrs. Hemphill—"That's what I think. The pert things all say 'No.'"—Harper's Bazaar.

The Elder—"So you want to marry my daughter, eh? I like your nerve." The Younger—"You ought to be, I've been three months working it up."—Brooklyn Life.

A pouter's basso having just completed a long solo at an afternoon concert, a little girl's voice was heard saying, "Mamma, has the gentleman quite done gargling?"—Tit-Bits.

Ske—"There are people who use religion as a cloak." He—"I know it." "What will they do in the next world, do you think?" "Oh, they won't need any cloak there."

"What is your idea of a clever woman who can see the point of a joke?" "No; my idea of a clever woman is one who can laugh at a joke without seeing the point."—Chicago Record.

"I wonder if it hurts the Kaiser's feelings to hear his grandfather called William the Great." "Oh, no. He expects that posterity will call him William the Greater."—Truth.

He—"There are at least a dozen women who would be glad to get me if you were to die." She—"I don't doubt it. They know I have got you pretty well trained."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Do you ride a wheel?" she asked. "Well, I don't know that I would be exactly justified in claiming that," he replied, "but now and then I have a wrestling-match with one of them."—Chicago Evening Post.

Old Farmer—"That's a fine lot of pigs over there. What do you feed them?" Amateur—"Whey, corn of course." Old Farmer—"In the ear?" Amateur—"Certainly not, in the month."—Chicago News.

Ring—"Yes, that's old Spriggings. Half-a-dozen doctors have given him up at various times during his life." Wing—"What was the trouble with him?" Ring—"He wouldn't pay his bills."—Boston Traveller.

Mrs. Skindint—"Here is a ha'penny for you, my man; and pray tell how you came to be so miserably poor?" Medicant—"Ah, mum! I was like you—too fond of giving large sums of money to the poor!"—Tit-Bits.

"Why are you so angry, colonel?" asked Major Covington of Colonel Brogram. "I've been insulted, major!" "How?" "My wife called me a hydrant-headed monster."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Ardent Young Frenchman—"Pardonnez-moi, vat you call zat?" She—"A guitar." He—"Ah, zen I was right. I tell my landlady zat you do sing to me vat you garter on your knee, and she laugh. Vy?"—Standard.

"Well, sir," said the chief of police to one of his shrewdest detectives, "has anyone succeeded in deciphering that mysterious paper you found on the suspect?" "Yes, it was a doctor's prescription."—Detroit Free Press.

Father (to his nineteen-year-old daughter)—"And what did you do at the club last night?" Daughter—"Oh, papa! We had just the best time. We spent three hours discussing the value of silence in women."—Judge.

"May I ask which of the city's political factions you belong to?" said the stranger? The boss looked at him sternly and then responded: "What you doubtless meant to ask, sir, is what political faction belongs to me."—Washington Star.

Poet—"I sent a poem to a morning paper last week, but for some reason it has failed to appear." Friend—"Did you enclose a stamp?" Poet—"Of course not." Friend—"Well, there's where you made a mistake. Had you done so it would no doubt have appeared in the mail next morning."—Chicago News.