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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$ 1.00  
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According to Zion's Herald the Methodists in New England numbered 158,628 in 1897, a gain of eight per cent. since 1890.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way," has been the watchword for centuries. The trend of events has not changed its course, although the Stars and Stripes of the United States during their westward journey now hang over a portion of the Orient.

Mexico's first cotton factory was started in 1834, ten years later there were fifty factories, where-to-day there are more than 100. In the majority of factories the work hours are from six a. m. to nine p. m., with two intervals for meals amounting together to an hour and a half.

The yard number of the new battleship Alabama is 290, which was the yard number of the famous Confederate cruiser built in an English ship yard during the war. If the new warship achieves as brilliant a record under the old flag as her predecessor did against it, the name will be historic in our navy, comments the New York Commercial Advertiser.

Under the unfavorable conditions that have so long existed the exports from the Philippines to the United States have amounted on an average to \$1,000,000 per month, and according to Mr. Oscar Williams, until recently United States Consul at Manila, this amount exceeds that to all other countries combined, and this, too, in the face of the fact that Germany is said to hold commercial supremacy in the islands.

No incident of the present stirring times is of more universal interest than the drawing together of Great Britain and the United States. In New York one sees the American flag everywhere, the lone star of Cuba frequently, and in many instances hung out in company with both of them the flag of Great Britain. In a letter from a friend of Harper's Weekly it is mentioned as an instance of the way in which the British and the American are getting mixed that Lord Sandhurst, who has held high commands in India and dealt with great efficiency with the plague in Bombay, "is a descendant of General Samuel Smith, of Baltimore, who fought the British stoutly in two wars."

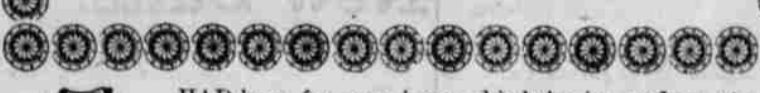
While interest in the Klondike has subsided since the war, the nature of the developments there is such as would throw people during ordinary times into a fever of excitement and bring on a rush. The spring clean-up began last April at Bonanza and El Dorado creeks, and there is no change in the early estimates of the yield. The adventurous classes of this country are too much absorbed in the war to leave for the frozen North while it is on, and by the time the Spanish trouble comes to an end it is likely to be too late in the season to start. Besides, all but one or two of the roomy passenger vessels intended for the Alaskan route will become transports, and there will be small accommodations for gold-field passengers. But look out for the summer of 1899 if the output of 1898 is what the experts say it will be. War being over, as we may safely hope, the rush northward will fully make up for the lost time.

Says the Chicago Times-Herald: Feminine fashion as an effective element in warfare is one of the unique issues that have come to the front in these history-making days. The women of Washington, it seems, have resolved themselves into a patriotic league for the purpose of inducing their fair fashionable friends all over the country not to buy French millinery. This bellicose boycott of the much-adored Parisian bonnet is intended as international retaliation, inasmuch as France has assumed a friendly attitude toward Spain in the present unpleasantness. It will mean, it is said, an annual loss of \$50,000,000 to French importers. But they—the women—love their country more than the coveted pieces of headgear, and so this odd undertaking of the fair patriots progresses with a long list of prestigious patronesses in the National Capital. This is not the first time feminine headgear has played a part in history. As far back as 500 years ago it was a constant worry to the mandate-making sterner sex. One conspicuous instance is the royal decree of Louis XI., who excluded the monstrous hat of fair faddists from both church and court. Woman's headgear is, without doubt, a powerful piece of human ingenuity, and this neoteric movement, as an interesting demonstration of the relative influence of the bonnet and the bullet, may commend itself to the liberty-loving ladies of the land.

THE REST OF IT.

Give every man his share  
Of sorrow or of gloom,  
And he will wonder where  
The other part can be.  
It rains for half his lot  
His tries to make a job of it.  
It serves to warn him not;  
He wants to know the rest of it.

THE WINGED DEATH.



HAD been for some little time engaged, through a medical agency, in doing substitute work in different parts of England, when I received a summons by telegram to go and take temporary charge of a practice in the suburbs of Bradford. The address was that of a Dr. Wolford, who had died suddenly two days before, but beyond this I had no information. I was met at the Bradford Midland station by a surly looking individual, who, saying that his name was Sugden, and that he was the late Dr. Wolford's dispenser, at once suggested that we should go and leave a drink. I looked sharply at the man, and what I saw prompted me to decline, on the plea that I must look after my luggage. I have formed the habit (a dangerous one, by the way) of judging by first impressions, and already I knew that I should dislike this man. I concealed this feeling, however, and during the drive from the station endeavored to learn something about the manner of Dr. Wolford's death; but as I received only monosyllabic replies from my companion, I soon gave up the attempt at conversation. On our arrival at the house I was at once shown into the dining room, where Mrs. Wolford was waiting to receive me. "Oh, Dr. Meldrum!" she cried, as she came forward to greet me; "you can't think how glad I am to see you. I've been counting the hours till you could be here." The warmth of this welcome rather surprised me, but I murmured some suitable reply, and expressed my regret for the sad occurrence which had made my presence necessary. At the mention of her husband's name Mrs. Wolford's eyes filled with tears. "Yes," she said, simply; "it was very sudden, and very, very cruel." And then, with a sudden keen glance up into my face, she added: "Are you clever, Dr. Meldrum?—clever in your profession, I mean; because there is a problem in this house to be solved that will need a clever man. Oh, Dr. Meldrum, I wonder whether you know what it is to be without a friend whom you can trust?" At this point she showed signs of breaking down altogether, but with a strong effort restrained herself. "You wonder why I ask you these questions?" she went on. "You think me hysterical—but I'm not, doctor." "No," said I, though in point of fact I did think so. "I recognize that you are anxious that your husband's practice should be in competent hands, and from what I have seen of the dispenser—"

to prepare some more food to be ready for him when he should wake again, and I meanwhile undertook to stay with him. I was musing over the difficulties of this peculiar case, when I suddenly became aware of a buzzing sound in the room, which I presently traced to another wasp which had somehow found its way in. Now, I have an intense dislike to wasps, so when, after a few circuits of the room, the insect found the remains of the jelly on the plate by the boy's bedside, and settled down to enjoy this, I killed it with a flick of my handkerchief. Hardly, however, had I done so when I again heard a buzzing, and it seemed to me that this time the sound came from behind a wardrobe in one corner; it was not continuous, but was intermittently sandwiched in between intervals of silence, as though another wasp were imprisoned there, and were making spasmodic efforts to get out. I went to reconnoiter, and presently the yellow insect crawled out, and escaping the blow which I aimed at it, started in its turn to perform the irritatingly sonorous voyage of discovery round the room.

Then a strange thought struck me. Why should there be this succession of wasps coming thus mysteriously into a bedroom long after the hour when these insects, in the ordinary course of things, would be abroad? And why? I looked at the jelly. The third wasp had already settled upon it. Great heavens! was this the clue for which I had been seeking? I examined the door which communicated with the next room—Mr. Sugden's! My suspicions were being rapidly confirmed.

With a feeling almost of elation I took an empty tumbler, and carefully inverting it over the jelly dish, imprisoned the busily feeding wasp. And then I rang the bell. Mrs. Wolford answered the summons herself. I showed her the wasp and explaining that I had formed a somewhat strange notion about it, asked her to stay with Ronald while I went to my room to test my theory. Ten minutes later I was in Sugden's room. I went in without knocking, and taking no notice of his presence, walked straight up to the door of communication between his room and Ronald's and examined it. Fixed in a corner of one of the panels I found a funnel-shaped piece of tin. My hypothesis was almost proved now, for this plainly was the path by which the wasps had entered, and the analysis I had hurriedly made of the fragments of jelly told me only too clearly the murderous errand on which they had been sent.

A low, chuckling laugh behind me caused me to turn sharply round, and a cold shiver ran down my spine at what I saw. Sugden was covering me with a revolver, and the gleaming barrel was within six inches of my face! "So, Dr. Meldrum," he began, slowly, watching me the while with an evil, cat-like alertness, "you have been spying upon me? No, I wouldn't be rash, if I were you; you might get hurt. This revolver is really loaded." He spoke quietly, but there was a gleam in his eyes which I knew and feared, for I had seen it once before in a time of danger shining in the glances of a homicidal maniac.

"I must congratulate you, Dr. Meldrum," he went on, "upon your acumen, for I see you have suspected my little winged messengers of death. What, by the way, is the death which they carry? Did you find out? Strychnine?—no, Dr. Meldrum, not that. It was something much more deadly than strychnine, though its effects are, I grant you, similar. What do you think of ptomaine—the poison that is bred of putrefaction? More artistic than your strychnine, I think, and infinitely more deadly; for I've improved on the book methods of preparation, I may tell you, and this little 4-ounce jar (which contains merely a scientifically prepared putrefaction of a rabbit's brain) will kill you if you so much as dip a scratched finger into it."

He had laid down the revolver while he spoke, and I thought I saw my chance. With a quick movement I tried to grab it, but he was quicker; and, almost before I had risen from my chair the revolver was in his hand, and he had me covered again. But he had not expected that I would make the attempt, and the start which he gave caused him to spill his horrible liquid, which trickled lowly over his left hand, and fell in big, oily drops upon the floor. "Too bad of you, Dr. Meldrum," he said, with mock chagrin, "to make me spill my elixir of death; before it has finished its work, too! Ah, well, she has not been altogether wasted, since one victim has fallen already by its means. You doubt me? I assure you I speak the truth—the late Dr. Wolford is my witness."

"You sneering fiend!" I cried, in an access of hysterical fury, "you lie! He died of heart disease." "And shall I tell you why he died?" went on the man, with rising excitement. "I loved the woman he married; loved her for years; loved her long before he ever met her. She knew this and she scorned me. "And now, Dr. Meldrum, you have thought good to come in my way! Well, I have five shots in this pistol—one for you, one for the boy, one for the mother, the fourth for myself and the fifth in reserve, in case any of the others should chance to miss. Shall I use them now? No, I'm in a quixotic mood to-night. I'll take you on level terms!" With a wild laugh he fired the five shots into the grate, and then, throwing pistol to the floor, sprang, tiger-like at my throat. He was a stronger man than I, and he bore me down; but, in a moment, even in the very act of his rush, an agony of terror seized him. His grasp on my throat

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Before and After—The Place to Lo— How Rumors Grow—No Cause For Alarm—Her Husband—A Test of Influence—His Latest, Etc., Etc. Chicago Record.

The Place to Look. Tenspot—"The dogs of war are showing their teeth." Perkasio—"You find them in the cannon's mouth."—Detroit Free Press.

Before the Enemy. "But, Mr. Blossom, you wouldn't run away if the enemy were ten to one, would you?" "Not if there was a handy hole to creep into, Miss Dolly."—Pick-Me-Up.

No Cause For Alarm. Mrs. Youngwife—"Mary, don't you put acid in the water when you wash the clothes." Mary—"Oh, yes, but don't worry—me hands is used to it."—Harlem Life.

A Test of Influence. Irene—"She seems to have very little influence with her husband." Mary—"Indeed?" Irene—"Yes; she never can get him to spend more than he can afford."—Puck.

How Rumors Grow. Bill—"I understand that you told Gill that you raised some potatoes on your place as big as my head." Jill—"No; I never said as big as your head; only as big as your brain."—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Best Impression. "What office does your husband hold in the lodge?" "He's the secretary." "Recording or permanent?" "Permanent, I guess. He's held it sixteen years."—Chicago Tribune.

Not Like Other Debutantes. "Has your daughter made her debut yet, Mrs. Green?" "I don't think she has. She ain't obliged to make her own things, you know. We can afford to buy the best."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

While Aweel. Nan—"I was just thinking what a queer thing nature is. Now, of what use is that tail to the cow in winter time, when there are no flies?" Fan—"It may be of no use to the cow, but what would we do for oxtail soup?"—Puck.

Influence of Sympathy. "Why didn't you have the burglar arrested when you caught him in your house?" "My husband and he got to talking about the war, and as they held the same opinions, my husband let him go."—Chicago Record.

No Lack of Attention. Miss New—"I can't get my watch to keep time properly." Jeweler—"Perhaps it needs regulating." Miss New—"Surely not. I move the regulator over the entire scale every day."—Jeweler's Weekly.

Her Mission. Mr. Utter—"You seem to be very fond of poetry, Miss Beacon; I am sure you must have written some." Miss Beacon—"Oh, no, Mr. Utter, mine is a far superior mission." Mr. Utter—"Indeed?" Miss Beacon—"Yes, I inspire it."—Brooklyn Life.

Partially Consoled. Girl with the Pink Shirt Waist—"So Jack has enlisted! Didn't you hate dreadfully to see him go?" Girl with the Ice Cream Hat—"It almost broke my heart. I don't believe I could have borne up at all if papa hadn't bought me a '98 wheel."—Chicago Times-Herald.

His Claim to Originality. "I don't see anything extraordinary about him!" said one young woman. "How did he get his reputation for originality?" "Oh," replied the other, "he's the only man in our club who hasn't tried to make a joke on Admiral Dewey's name."—Detroit Free Press.

His Lament. First Citizen—"After all, it is a sad thing to see these men leaving family and friends for the army, perhaps never to return." Second Citizen—"Sad? It's terrible! Why, there's one man in the ranks that owes me three months' grocery bill. And as you say, the poor fellow may never come back."—Boston Transcript.

Not His Permanent Home. He had admitted that he didn't have much money, but that did not worry her at all. "You won't need much," she said. "We'll live in a nice little flat all by ourselves, and I will do the cooking. I can make you lovely angel's food." "Angel's food?" "Yes. Isn't that all right?" "Oh, yes, of course," he hastened to reply. "But—but—I'll have to come down to earth once in a while, you know." For fully an hour he looked as if he were still doubtful about something. —Chicago Post.

THE YARN OF THE BO'SUN'S MATE.

"I'll tell you a tale," said the bo'sun's mate. "I'll tell you a tale of the sea; Many yarns I've told Of the ocean blue."

But the awfulest yarn that ever I told Ain't as bad as the tale I'll now unfold; And your hair'll be on end, and your blood run cold. Your blood run cold." Said he, said he; Said the bo'sun's mate, said he.

"The good ship Jane," said the bo'sun's mate, "was as staunch as a ship could be; She sailed on night, With a cargo tight Of the yellowest gold, which she shone so bright. That his shining blinded the steerman quite, And he ran on a rock that was out of sight— 'Twas out of sight," Said he, said he; Said the bo'sun's mate, said he.

"Now there he was," said the bo'sun's mate, "With the ship a leakin' free; So our strength we spent, For to fix the dent— But the lowest of the crewboard it went, That we floated off—but without a cent, Without a cent," Said he, said he; Said the bo'sun's mate, said he.

"Oh, we all felt blue," said the bo'sun's mate, "And we dashed our eyes, did we; Such an awful fate, As to lose our freight, Was a fearful thing for to contemplate, When a great idea struck my pate, And I says: 'Let's stroll the Golden Gate!' Let's stroll the gate," Said he, said he; Said the bo'sun's mate, said he.

"So on we sailed," said the bo'sun's mate, "Till the Golden Gate we see; And I hope I'll die If I tell a lie. When all was still and no one nigh, We yanked that gate off on the fly, And said from San Francisco sly; From Frisco sly," Said he, said he; Said the bo'sun's mate, said he.

"Now, what I say," said the bo'sun's mate, "Is as true as you can be; As a jewelry store, Bought up the door— It weighed a hundred ton or more— And all of us had wealth galore— Which showed why I live ashore— I live ashore," Said he, said he; Said the bo'sun's mate, said he.

"F. M. Ranken, in Atlanta Constitution."

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Clerk—"It is just twenty years since I entered into your employment." Principal—"That shows how patient I am."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"Do you think it makes much difference which planet a person is born under?" "Not a bit, so long as he keeps on the earth."—Brooklyn Life.

Tom—"Did your father-in-law set anything on you at your marriage?" Benedict (dejectedly)—"Yes; himself and his whole family!"—Puck.

"Men become what they eat," said Professor Graham. "Then I suppose pugilists are developed from a diet of scraps," replied a forward student.—Harlem Life.

She—"I heard about the elopement. Has her mother forgiven them?" He—"I think not. I wonder, stand she has gone to live with them."—Boston Traveler.

Sauce—"I saw a man in a window making faces to-day." Simple—"What was he doing that for?" Sauce—"For a couple of clocks. He is a jeweler."—Tit-Bits.

Little Bennie—"Papa, what does repentance mean?" Papa—"Repentance is the sorrowful feeling that comes to the person after he gets caught at it."—Chicago News.

Professor, said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray do not mention such a trifle," was the reply.—Standard.

Pedagogue—"Conjugate the verb 'to do.'" Pupil—"Do, Dewey, done." Pedagogue—"Correct, my boy; you shall have a Manila hat next summer."—Boston Transcript.

In the autumn we lament the tree Which dies 'neath skies so chill and grey, But never, never worse to see Our colors drop and fade away. —Washington Star.

Police Judge—"This is the eighth time in a year you have been brought before me." Offender—"I guess that's right; but it has always been a different policeman."—Indianapolis Journal.

Uncle John—"You don't mean to say that Hetty has taken up with that Garbley fellow. Why, he's a regular cheap John." Aunt Jane—"That's what I say, but he's very dear to Hetty."—Boston Transcript.

"It is said that people are not allowed to whistle in the streets of Berlin." "Great Samson! How do the people over there relieve their pent-up feelings when a popular song takes hold of them?"—Chicago News.

"I hate to bother you, pa," said the small boy home for the holidays, "but really I'd like to know—" "Well, what?" "How is it that baby fish don't get drowned before they've learned to swim?"—London Tit-Bits.

"Pshaw," said the man who didn't enlist, "I'm not afraid of war, and while I didn't offer my services to my country I'm going to prove my courage by spending my vacation at a seaside resort."—Philadelphia North American.

"Paw," asked the little boy, "didn't you say in your speech that you expected the map of the world to be changed soon?" "I think I did," said the orator. "Then what is the use of my studyin' jography?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Cawker—"This war is affording opportunities for people to brush up their knowledge of geography." Cawker—"Is it?" Cawker—"It is. Only yesterday Spruckets discovered that Hampton Roads weren't good for cycling."—Harper's Bazar.