

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notices will be taken of anonymous communications.

Lieutenant Blue's personally conducted tours are very popular with this country.

Considering that the general deficiency bill carries an appropriation of \$240,000,000, it is clear that the deficiency is very general indeed.

China has suffered some financial reverses lately, but the demand for fireworks this year has gone far toward putting the government on its feet.

It is estimated that our exports for the year 1898 will amount to \$835,000,000, exceeding all previous records by about \$36,000,000. Exports of corn alone have exceeded 200,000,000 bushels, as against 100,000,000 the highest previous record.

At the last session of the Georgia Legislature the sum of \$10,000 was appropriated to the Georgia School of Technology for the purpose of adding a textile department to that institution; but in order to make this sum available it was provided that another like sum should first be raised by popular subscription, making the total endowment \$20,000.

The assignment of Commodore John Crittenden Watson to the command of the Eastern Squadron brings before the public another graduate of Admiral Farragut's school of naval warfare. The Commodore was flag lieutenant on the Hartford at the battle of Mobile Bay, and it was he who lashed the Admiral to the rigging after the bluff old hero had refused to take a less exposed position. Rear-Admiral Dewey received his first practical instruction under Farragut, and the tactics of Mobile Bay won for him and for American arms enduring fame in Manila Bay thirty-four years later.

The war has not thus far produced much novel caricature, the caricaturists being satisfied for the most part with the old types—and this, too, although there is some complaint of them, says the New York Post. A few critics have appeared who declare that there is not sufficient correspondence between the type and what it typifies. John Bull, for instance, it is said, might well enough two generations ago have been regularly set before us as a burly, red-cheeked farmer, and in the days when the "American Cousin" made the fortune of a theatre, the United States might fairly have been caricatured as a long, lantern-jawed Yankee whittler but in these days John Bull and we have become more cosmopolitan, and both countries should endeavor to introduce a new caricature type which would be more "up to date."

Human nature crops out in the circles of domestic peace or war quite as often and as typically as it does down on the sweltering battlefields of Cuba. A dressmaker who sued a customer for \$2 furnished a pleasing example of this in a police court in New York City. The customer swore before a more or less patient Magistrate that the garment which was appraised at \$2 made her look like a fright, and that she could not conscientiously give up her good money for such poor work. The dressmaker, however, demanded \$2, and would not take any thing else. The Magistrate thereupon invented "the municipal fund for the settlement of strange cases," and paid the money out of his own pocket when the dressmaker found out that there was no such fund she returned the money with the announcement that she had an abundance of it. She simply did not wish another woman to "get the best of her." That is the glorious spirit which wins victories in peace or war.

The confession of Professor George Herbert Stephens, a former professor of logic and moral philosophy of Lafayette College, that he was the author of the fire which recently destroyed Pardee Hall, and also of various other acts of desecration and malicious mischief which have been charged to the students of the college, is an acknowledgment of a degree of moral wickedness rarely found in the most depraved members of our civilization. It is all the more remarkable, considering the Trenton (N. J.) American, that one enjoying such opportunities for self-culture should give himself up so entirely to his thirst for revenge for an injury which he brought upon himself by his own imprudent acts. He takes rank with the most notorious of crime which have disgraced our civilization, while his lapse from the paths of virtue can only be accounted for on the ground that in the pursuit of his revenge he lost the control of his reason. That is the only charitable grounds upon which his monstrous crimes can be accounted for.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, one inch, one insertion... 1 00 One Square, one inch, one month... 3 00 One Square, one inch, three months... 5 00 One Square, one inch, one year... 10 00 Two Squares, one year... 15 00 Quarter Column, one year... 50 00 Last Column, one year... 50 00 One Column, one year... 100 00 Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion. Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for year's advertising notes collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

THOU SHALT NOT WALK ALONE.

Thou shalt not walk alone. The shadows gather and the weird winds moan. The ghoul, grief, grimeth on the graven stone; Wild is the way, but lone it shall not be. If I may share thy pilgrimage with thee. As from a mystic scroll, Which love and sympathy alone unroll, I read the secrets of thy sorrowing soul, And with responsive sorrow take thy hand To lead thee o'er the baleful borderland.

THE POWER OF PEPPER.

A Filibustering Episode. BY C. HUNTERFORD.

F you please, sir, do you want to hire a boy?" said a sturdy, sun-burned boy to the captain of a coasting vessel that lay tied to a wharf in a Southern port. "Don't believe I do, sonny," replied the captain, regarding the boy critically. "Ever had any experience in a sailing vessel?"

"No, sir; but I worked for Mr. Church, the surveyor, and he says that navigating and surveying are pretty much alike; leastways, the figuring is," the boy continued. "I reckon," said the captain, shrewdly, after a moment's deliberation, "that you're one of those boys that's run away from home an' expects to be captain of a clipper ship in three months. You better go back home to yer ma and pa and get a good education, an' perhaps when you're a man you'll own a big ship."

"I never had any parents, and I haven't had a home for a year," said the boy, sadly. Then by way of explanation: "You see, I was found floating in my cradle when I was a baby at the time of the big flood, and they couldn't find out who I belonged to, so Miss Ryle took care of me and sent me to school until a year ago, and then she died, and her relations from out West came and took her property. There didn't seem to be any place for me after that, and so Mr. Chase gave me my board for helping him survey. He's not very busy now, so I thought I would try and get something to do."

The captain meditated for some time over this long explanation. "Well, I expect to go out to the Banks this winter, an' I'll need a good, bright boy that ain't afraid of work. I expect to put in here again in about two weeks, an' if you'll happen around I'll ship you. What's your name?" "My name's George Ryle, sir; but can't you let me go with you now?" "No," said the captain, decidedly, "you can't come now."

The boy felt too much disappointed to tell the captain that work was a necessity to him at once, and that all he had to live on for the ensuing two weeks was two sandwiches and a bottle of home-made root beer that kind-hearted Mrs. Chase had given him with his car fare to the city. While he was trying to think of a way out of the difficulty the idea of becoming a stowaway on the schooner popped into his head. This did not seem honorable, but the longer he meditated on the subject the stronger grew his conviction that there was no other road open to him.

It had now become quite dark, and George moved cautiously toward the schooner to reconnoitre. To his dismay he saw a sailor in the act of casting off the hawsers that bound her to the wharf. Too late—too late. It was indeed a day of disappointments. Very slowly the stern of the vessel swung around with the current, and a ray of light from the cabin of a near-by steamer flashed under her counter, revealing for a brief space, her name, "The Happy Thought, Bath," read the boy, as he walked to the end of the pier. "Hello! They're left their dory behind them." The words were hardly uttered before he was in the boat and pulling rapidly toward the slowly disappearing schooner. Then another idea seized him, and he stopped rowing.

"Of course," he said to himself, "the captain will be glad to get his dory, but he will have me put back on shore. I won't be any better off than I was before. I'm going to return this dory and I'm going to get on that schooner at the same time without being seen." Then, noticing that the vessel was no longer drifting, he drew cautiously nearer and saw to his surprise that all was activity on board and that a large lighter was being rapidly unloaded into the schooner's hold. A moment later a boat shot out from the shadow of the lighter and came rapidly toward him. Quick as a flash he dropped quietly into the water and swam rapidly away for a few moments; then, turning, swam under the schooner's bow. Seeing an opportunity, the boy pulled himself up by the anchor chains, and, grasping the bob-stay and fore stays, swung himself over the bulwarks opposite to where the crew was watching the approach of the yawl. He ran to the hatchway and dropped into it. A moment later he had slipped into an aperture and was safe from discovery.

Seeing no one in the hold, he crept out of his retreat, and soon found a much more secure hiding place. It was tedious work lying there doing nothing, and he soon fell asleep. A crash directly overhead awoke him with a start, and he could see in the dim light that a heavy bale of cotton

given to him, and then the captain ordered the men to put him to bed. He was taken below and placed in a bunk, and by the next morning had recovered both voice and strength. As soon as he made his appearance on deck the mate told him to go down into the cabin, as the captain wished to see him. With many misgivings George went below and found the captain accompanied by a small, dark man, who seemed to be extremely nervous—so much so, in fact, that George thought that he, too, might be a stowaway. Still he looked as if he was quite able to pay his fare.

"Well, young man," began the captain, "what did you hide yourself on board this schooner for?" "I wanted to be a sailor," was the prompt reply, and then he described the manner in which he had come aboard, hidden himself in the hold, and, finally, how he had dug his way through the cargo.

"Why did you choose this vessel to run away in?" said the small man, regarding George with evident suspicion. "Because I thought she was the finest ship in the harbor." George thought he saw the captain's features relax a little at this reply, but the next question was delivered more sternly than the others. "What did you find in the hold?" "Cartridges and guns and red pepper and flour."

"Put him in irons! Put him in irons! He's a spy!" screamed the little, dark man. "Mr. Menendez," said the captain, impressively, "so long as I'm captain of this schooner, I calculate to deliver my own orders." Then, turning to the boy, said: "You've got a pretty good idea of what kind of a trip you've takin', I reckon?" "Yes, sir; it's a filibustering expedition, I think."

"Just so. An' you know what they do to filibusters when they catch 'em?" "Yes, sir; they shoot them." "Then, if you don't want to get shot, all you've got to do is to hold your tongue an' tend to your own business, if we should happen to be boarded by any one. Now run upon deck an' tell Mr. Jones to put you to work." The mate kept George pretty busy at odd jobs, but as he was very anxious to learn and was willing to try anything, he soon won the favor of the captain and mate. As for the sailors, they simply made a hero of him after his story became known. One of them even went so far as to present him with a small monkey that he had kept chained behind the cook's galley, and all his spare time was spent in teaching the little fellow to perform.

One morning, about three days after he had made his appearance, George came on deck and found Mr. Menendez and the captain engaged in a very earnest conversation, frequently casting uneasy glances at a vessel that lay about a mile away. Just then a puff of smoke shot out from her side, and a moment later the muffled report of a gun rolled over the water. "Shall we hold our course?" George heard Mr. Menendez anxiously inquire of the captain. "Yes."

Then another puff was seen, and a shot went skipping along across the water far in front of the schooner. A short, savage order from the captain, and the schooner was brought into the wind with all sails fluttering. "Are you sure we are safe if they take it into their heads to examine the cargo?" said Mr. Menendez. "Perfectly safe. In the first place, what would they examine the cargo of a coasting schooner for? No one ever heard of such a vessel doing any filibustering. In the second place, those man-o-war's men are too darnally lazy to move the heavy bales we have on top of the ammunition."

In spite of the captain's declaration, George could see a shade of anxiety pass over his face, as he watched a boat that had come alongside. The officer in the stern sheets clambered aboard and was coolly received by the captain, who, after a moment's conversation, showed his manifest. The officer was evidently not satisfied, for, calling to his men, he had them remove the battered down hatches. The captain threatened and protested, but the officer answered with an insolent grin, and, in company with all but two of his seamen, who were detailed to guard the hatches, commenced to overhaul the cargo. To George's dismay, they commenced at the identical spot where he had made his exit.

"If they find the guns and cartridges, they will confiscate the cargo and kill us all, perhaps, thought he. Then, to make matters worse, one of the sailors, finding that the flour barrel could be easily moved, lifted it off and knocked the head in. The fact that it was empty was regarded with suspicion. The next thing that was picked up was the box of red pepper. The cover was pried off, and, seeing what the contents were, one of the men set it on the empty flour barrel preparatory to jumping into the cleared space.

"If that box of pepper would only upset," thought George, "they wouldn't want to know anything more about the cargo." The thought gave him an idea. Untying the monkey from the mast, George showed him a lump of sugar in his hand and then threw it swiftly into the hold. It was done so quickly that no one saw but the monkey, who, not recognizing the authority of the guards at the hatchway, sprang into the hold, and, finding every other way barred to his coveted sugar, leaped fall on to the box of pepper in its insecure position on the flour barrel. The barrel rocked, poised itself for an anxious moment and the pepper fell, only to rise again

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Wisdom—So Near, Yet So Far—Must Have Practice—But Not Included—Honesty Rewarded—Her Way Not His Way—Up to the Mark—His Method, Etc., Etc. When Willie in the regiment Went out to meet the foe, His sweetheart stood, with face intent And pale, to see him go. Though sank her heart within her breast, She did not dare to cry; She'd heard in wartime it was best To keep your powder dry. —Indianapolis Journal.

So Near, Yet So Far. Professor—"Name the two parts of the brain." Pupil—"I've got 'em in my head, but I can't just think of 'em." Must Have Practice. "Jimmy, you must not talk when older people are talking." "Well, I s'pose you want me to grow up dumb." —Chicago Record.

Her Way Not His Way. Wife (enthusiastically)—"How much do you think we look in at the bazar?" Husband (quietly)—"How many, do you mean?" But Not Included. "Have you ever attended a conversation?" "Yes; the dry goods clerks have them while I am trying to get waited on." —Cleveland Leader.

The Proper Authority. "My husband insists upon riding a hobby," announced the anxious wife to the cross-grained family physician. "What can we do about it?" "Better consult a horse doctor." —Detroit Free Press.

What She Was. Mrs. Hunt—"You surprise me! I didn't know that Miss Flash was a college graduate." Mrs. Blunt—"You didn't? Why, she's one of the alumnae of Vassar College." —Richmond Dispatch.

Honesty Rewarded. She—"I made that cake all myself, didn't I?" He—"Come to my arms, my noble girl! I would rather eat a hundred cakes like that than have you tell an untruth." —Indianapolis Journal.

His Method. Lady Visitor in Camp—"And how did you win your shoulder straps, colonel?" Handsome Officer—"By exercising wise judgment and cool daring in picking out my father." —Cleveland Leader.

That Boy. "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?"

Up to the Mark. Bramble—"So that's your son? Well, he looks as if he might do you credit, some day." Fowler—"He's doing my credit now—doing it to the Queen's taste every time he drops into any place where they know me." —Chicago News.

Self Valuation. "It must take a great deal of egotism to make men talk about themselves as they do," remarked Miss Cayenne. "Sometimes it's a sort of modesty," replied Willie Washington. "They realize the danger of being overlooked unless they make a great deal of noise." —Washington Star.

Morbid. Watts—"It seems to me that Briggs carries his patriotism to too fine a point." Potts—"Briggs? What is the matter with him?" "He says that his voice is too bad for him to insult any national airs by trying to sing them." —Indianapolis Journal.

A Phegomatic Sailor. Philander Gordon (of Boston)—"Whom shall I ask for your hand, darling?" Amelia Pigiron (of the West)—"Me paw." P. G.—"Oh, well, you can call it your paw if you wish, but I still think that hand is the better word." —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Suspicion. "I really believe," said Mr. Meekton, "that I would like to be a chef." His wife dropped her knife and fork and frowned. "Leonidas," she exclaimed, severely, "I believe you have been reading some of those silly paragraphs about the way cooks browbeat the woman of the house." —Washington Star.

BALLAD OF THE PHILIPPINES.

Sweet Laura now the cypress twines And far her heart must roam, For Philip's in the Philippines, And Philip pines for home.

A lovely maiden all forlorn, No joy her sorrow checks; Each night she sighs till Dewey mourns Shilnes on the Dewey decks. And Philip sighs from dark to dawn, By sad misfortune's school; And writes eight satiric pages on Manila wrapping (ruled). "Come back," she cries, "where love resides Far o'er the ocean's foam!" And Philip's in the Philippines, And Philip pines for home!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

When a man gets up in the morning, he grumbles if breakfast is not ready; but if he goes fishing, he can wait all day for a bite. "The bed of this river is perfectly dry, isn't it?" "Of course; you see it's so hot it can't bear even a sheet of water." —Richmond Dispatch.

"The bed of this river is perfectly dry, isn't it?" "Of course; you see it's so hot it can't bear even a sheet of water." —Richmond Dispatch. She—"Don't you think it is dangerous to eat mushrooms?" He—"Not a bit of danger in it. The danger is in eating toadstools." —Chicago News.

"Sometimes some of the fair sex admits that she is a new woman." "Was there one ever found who admitted that she was an old one?" —Princeton Tiger.

He—"If you will marry me I will make it my duty to anticipate your every wish." She—"But are you sure that your anticipations would be realized?" —Brooklyn Life.

An editor wrote at considerable length upon "The Future of Hog Raising," and a rival editor advised him not to be so anxious regarding his descendants. —Tit-Bits.

"Paw, can you see farther with a telescope than with the naked eye?" "Of course you can, Johnny." "How can that be, when it brings every thing nearer?" —Chicago Tribune.

Tommy—"Paw, what is woman's intuition?" Mr. Figg—"It is that quality of her mind which enables her to say, 'Well, I don't care; it ought to be so, anyhow.'" —Indianapolis Journal.

"Johnny, I see you have taken more cake than I said you might have." "Yes, mother. I made believe that there was another little boy spending the day with me." —Tit-Bits.

Permanent Position. —Farran—"How are you making it, old fellow?" Kooler—"First rate. I have the promise of a ten-year job. I'm to help get out the next census." —Chicago Tribune.

"Call a messenger boy, quick!" shouted the hustling business man. "No, sir!" replied the conscientious office boy. "I must decline to do it, for I have never told a lie." —Philadelphia Record.

"What is your idea of a clever woman—a 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.