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The United States acreage in grain is greater than the entire area of the German Empire.

What can you expect of a country like Spain, when, in the time of her disaster, a bull fighter continued to be the most popular man in the land?

Forty thousand tons of American coal went to Admiral Dewey at Manila. That amount of fuel ought to make things reasonably warm for anybody who attempts to upset his plans.

Good gunners with poor ships are more effective than poor gunners with good ships, but the American combination of the best gunners with the best ships beats them all.

The sinking of the French steamer La Bourgogne with its loss of over five hundred lives is an appalling disaster in the commercial marine...

The Trans-Siberian Railway, according to United States Consul Smith, of Moscow, has cost, in the five years, 1893 to 1897, inclusive, \$188,014,938.

In 1890 the total farm capital in the United States, exclusive of cash in hands of owners, was, in round numbers, sixteen billions of dollars.

The long-talked-of telephonic communication between the two Russian capitals, Moscow and St. Petersburg, is likely this year to become an accomplished fact.

Interesting data recently compiled show the world's total output of gold for the year ending December 31, 1897.

Table showing gold production by country: Transvaal, \$64,000,000; United States, 69,000,000; Australia, 51,000,000; Russia, 32,500,000; British India, 7,000,000; Canada, 7,000,000; Mexico, 6,500,000; China, 6,200,000; United States of Colombia, 4,900,000; British Guiana, 2,500,000; Brazil, 2,500,000; Other countries, 11,500,000.

A LAY OF A LAUGH.

Here I am, perched at my open case... Enjoying the laugh of some unseen miss that comes rippling up from some room in the basement.

SANFORD'S REVENGE.

By WALTER BLISS NEWGEON.

AFTER eight o'clock on the morning of a pleasant June day...

newspaper on this first day, and here it was after noon, with one reporter missing.

"Good-morning, gentlemen!" he called out cheerfully as he entered.

"Say, Jack," said Joe, turning to me, "that man ain't such a fool, after all.

"I guess you're right," answered Farrell. "I'll go and see the old man, anyway."

Mr. Chipman agreed with me, and the paper went to press at the usual hour without any story concerning a murder at Barlow.

First of all must be mentioned Murdock, day editor. Next him in rank was the city editor, "Joe" Farrell, a young Irishman from Connecticut.

"What is the matter, Mr. Sanford?" asked Mr. Chipman.

He came highly recommended by a Boston paper, however, so he was made a reporter at a fair salary.

"I am a confounded fool," Mr. Chipman, answered Sanford, his high-pitched, feminine voice making his language irresistibly funny.

Mr. Chipman having introduced the various members of his staff to each other, the group broke up, the chief going to his newly furnished sanctum, Murdock into his caddy, Farrell and the men under him into the city room, where the telegraph instrument and my desk were also located.

"I can't see how you can get so far as to start a press club. In business we were still rivals, each paper constantly endeavoring to get a 'scoop' on the other, but socially every one except the chief editors were good friends."

The Times having had its own way in Crandall for so many years, it was only natural that the starting of a new paper to dispute the field with them should have made the managers sore.

"You can go back," said Benham, to the driver. "We are going on down the road."

The Post boys were not long in learning that Sanford was not dependent upon his salary. Heard his sister were orphans and almost alone in the world.

"All right, sir," he answered. He wasted no time, but, turning his horses' head homeward, started off toward Crandall at a rapid pace.

They were apparently deeply engaged in conversation, not paying any attention to their fellow driver of the Post.

"Do you realize the full extent of the obligations that you are assuming?" he asked the groom.

"Oh, but he's fruit!" exclaimed the other, also laughing.

"What's the matter?" asked her best friend.

They finished their meal at their leisure, and, lighting cigars, left the place. They were outside just in time to see Sanford whirl by behind a pair of spirited bay horses.

"The bill for that team will make a howl in the Post office," remarked one, after Sanford was out of sight.

an open one for all the newspaper men in the city. Among the company were Benham and Stevens, the two men who had sent Sanford on a ten-mile ride to Barlow after a murder that never took place.

The room abounded in comfortable easy chairs, and each chair contained a happy journalist. Such a meeting as this always brings enjoyment to a Bohemian.

After two hours or more had pleasantly passed in this manner, Sanford's sister invited us down stairs to partake of refreshments.

"Just heard of great murder at Barlow. Have hired team and gone up to get story. Hold paper until you hear from me again."

"I suppose we shall have to," responded Benham.

Without waiting to finish the repast they left the table, and, donning their caps and ulsters, went out into the storm.

"Hitch up a pair of horses for us, and drive us down to Chappell's Station," ordered Benham.

"Never mind the tax," said Stevens. "The Times will pay that."

"I will for a ten dollar bill," said the sleepy hostler.

"Sabbath worship is usually conducted at the public church, where visitors from the world are free to attend," writes Madeline S. Bridges, of the Shakers of Mt. Lebanon, New York.

There was a turnout at Chappell's where trains often met, so there was an operator on duty at night.

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"I say, Mr. Operator, where can we find a place to sleep to-night?" asked Stevens.

"The only place I know of around here is out in the freight room. There is a lot of baled wool out there. It will make a soft bed."

So the two jokers spent the remainder of the night on the soft side of two wool bales. Sanford was revenged.

Almonte, Ontario, has a woolen factory which uses compressed air as motive power.

A procession of icebergs sent against the surface of the stu would melt at the rate of 300,000,000 cubic miles of solid ice a second.

The discovery has been made that metal filings of any kind can be compressed into bars which will stand as severe tests as the original bars which supplied the filings.

A process has been recently perfected by which thin sheets of absolutely transparent celluloid are silvered by a similar process to that formerly used on glass.

Typhoid fever in Italy seems to be of a milder type than it used to be. In 1894 Milan had 468 cases of the disease and 269 deaths, while in 1897 she had 1525 cases and only 242 deaths.

Count de Barthelemy, who traveled recently across Indo-China, has brought to the monkey house of the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, two fine specimens of the Semnopithecus monkeys, which are among the most curious of the monkey tribe.

The Dispensary on a Warship.

In most of the modern war vessels the dispensary takes the form of a tiny stateroom, some seven feet square, adjoining the "sick-bay," as the ship's hospital is termed, which is on the berth-deck in the bow of the vessel.

"Let me kiss your Dewey lips," urged the youth in the parlor.

"Young man," roared a voice from above, "the bombardment will open as soon as I can get down stairs."

Then the hapless youngster organized himself into a flying squadron and made a feet disappearance.

Spoke From Experience.

Buxton Widow (at evening party)—"Do you understand the language of flowers, Dr. Crusty?"

Dr. Crusty (an old bachelor)—"No, ma'am."

Widow—"You don't know if yellow means jealousy?"

Dr. Crusty—"No, ma'am. Yellow means billionsness!"—Tid-Bits.

The Capital Poem.

The poet had handed in his effusion, and it warmed his heart to hear the editor exclaim again and again, "Capital," "Capital," "Capital!"

"Then you like it?" said the poet.

"Oh, I'm not reading it," replied the unfeeling editor; "I am only taking cognizance of the fact that each line begins with a capital letter. From that I infer it is poetry."

Few of 'Em Do.

The justice hadn't married many people before; that was why he felt called upon to be somewhat solemn on this occasion.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

In Duty—A Clever Woman—Not Guilty—A Greater Danger—Miserable—She Was Surprised—Valor—Mastery Inactivity—Spoke From Experience.

The balls went pelting through the air throughout the weary night. But still he kept upon his beat.

Nay, reader; 'twas no picket-guard patrolling bravely there; it was but Newpop, and the bawls came from his son and heir.

A Greater Danger. "Florida, if we should elope would your father pursue us?"

"No, I think he would move so we couldn't find him when we got ready to come back."—Chicago Record.

A Clever Woman. "There is a young woman who makes little things count."

"How does she do it?" "Teaches mathematics in the public school."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Not Guilty. "Now, prisoner, this lady states that you tried to run off with her. What have you to say?"

"Yer Worship, I thought she was a crank, and I was going to take her back to the museum. I didn't want her."—Pick-Me-Up.

Iresistible. "Do you want any young onions?" asked the truck peddler at the door.

"No, we have more in the house now than we can possibly use."

"But I'm selling them at a cent a bunch, ma'am."

"Give me fifteen bunches."—Detroit Free Press.

Like Some of Her Elders. "Every morning on the way to school," said the little miss, "the boys catch me and kiss me."

"Why don't you run away from them?" asked her father.

"Because," replied the little edition of Eve, "maybe they won't chase me."—Chicago Post.

Misunderstood. "She told me she admired my great simplicity of speech when I proposed to her."

"Well, was that what made you mad?"

"Yes; and I reminded her that when she accepted me she talked just as simple as I did."—Detroit Free Press.

She Was Surprised. Mrs. Huntley—"It must have been annoying to have had to appear in court. What did you do when they asked you to give your age?"

Mrs. Dustleigh—"Why, I gave it, of course, thirty-one."

"My goodness! And they didn't fine you for contempt?"—Chicago News.

Mastery Inactivity. "Let me kiss your Dewey lips," urged the youth in the parlor.

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LETTERS FROM CAMP.

Takes absence to rattle a feller, an' make him understand. The worth of a wife's hand; An' the little old farm seems dearer, the cottage in town the same; They loom as a sacred picture with an aureal for the frame!

Takes absence to stir up a feller, an' show him mistakes he's made—Neglect of the hearts that loved him, when the sun should have driv' out the shade; An' I tell you at last, my darlin', ere the fightin's over an' done, It takes a few weeks in the shadders to set us a-prize the sun.

Takes absence to soften a feller an' the lane of selfishness kill, In the camp when night is broodin' an' everything is still; An' a smell of the clover blossoms an' a hint of your dear eyes' gleams— But tears ain't the thing for a soldier; Good-night an' the sweetest dreams!—Will T. Hale.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. "Wibley is most happy when with his inferiors." "Unhappy man!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wiggs—"Was the hour late when you arrived?" Wags—"No, the hour was on time. I was a trifle late, however."

She—"I'd like to take a ride on the tandem." He—"All right; I'm the man to second your motion."—New York World.

Willie—"Pa, what do they make talking machines of?" His Father—"The first one was made out of a rib, my son."—Life.

His Ma—"Tommy! Tommy! Don't you hear me calling you?" Tommy—"No, ma—a not a word. Please, holler a little louder."

"A man can't be in two places at once," observed his friend. "Oh, I don't know," replied the office-holder, reflectively.—Puck.

He—"Then you think kissing is not wrong?" She—"The ideal! Why, I wouldn't be seen doing such a thing!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Isabel wants to sell her grandfather's clock." "Is she in reduced circumstances?" "No; she has bought an older one."—Detroit Free Press.

Friend—"Why are you joining the audience in hissing your own play?" Author—"I don't they'll find out I'm the author."—New York Journal.

Mother—"Dear me! The baby has swallowed that piece of worsted." Father—"That's nothing to the yarns she'll have to swallow if she lives to grow up."

Friend—"Do you raise vegetables?" Suburbanite (sadly)—"No, I only plant them; and, as you will observe, my neighbors' chickens raise them."—Judge.

Mrs. Sewel (engaging cook)—"Have you had much experience?" Cook—"Yes, mum; I've worked for tin families in th' lasht two wakes."—Harlem Life.

"We've got to economize," said Mr. Gargoyle to his wife. "Very well," replied the good woman, cheerfully. "You shave yourself and I'll cut your hair."—Tit-Bits.

"Is he a man whom one can trust?" asked Gazzam of Maddox, speaking of Twitters. "He is a man who is willing to be trusted with anything."—Detroit Free Press.

Mother—"What! Swinging the cat by its tail again! How often have I told you to be kind to dumb animals?" Tommy—"But, ma, she ain't dumb; listen to her holler!"

"I suppose there is a great deal of interest in His Lordship since his marriage?" "Certainly! It is highly interesting to see him with visible means of support."—Puck.

"This war will do us good, I know." "In what way?" "My husband probably will come home feeling brave enough to help me discharge Bridget."—Chicago Record.

"Will you be brave and fight for your country, Henry?" "Well, I will fight for my country; but I tell you honestly, I shall be scared to death until I find myself safe home again."

Miss Spincer—"I suppose when a joke gets into an almanac it is supposed to be old." Mr. Scribber—"Oh, not—a joke cannot really be called old until it gets into an Englishman."—Puck.

"The subject of Alice's graduation essay, you remember, was 'Aim High.'" "Yes." "Well, she has been throwing herself at the new preacher's head, and he is six feet tall."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Here," said the ambitious boarder, "is an advertisement of bicycle clothes. Do bicycles have to wear clothes?" "Every well enancled wheel!" said the Cheerful Idiot, "has at least four coats."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I asked little Jim the difference between 'inertia' and 'momentum.'" "Did he know anything about it?" "Yes; he said 'inertia' is something that won't start and 'momentum' is something that won't stop."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Wiggles—"I didn't know that Mr. Binks had a title." Mrs. Waggles—"Nothing did I. What is it?" Mrs. Wiggles—"Well, his servant says that everything comes addressed 'James Binka, C. O. D.'"—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Mrs. Brown—"I see in the paper that they won't allow any man to enlist who can't read and write the English language." Mr. Brown—"Write the English language? Great! I are they only going to take college professors and a few literary men."—Harper's Bazar.

"Parlous me, sir," said the burglar, "but I'm going to a ball and mistook the house." "No mistake," said the householder; "don't apologize. The ball is here! and he covered the intruder with his revolver until the minion of the law made his tardy appearance."—Pick-Me-Up.