FOREST REPUBLICAN.

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A LAY OF A LAUGH.

that comes rippling up from some room in

Picture her! Isn't her face just made for it— Crinkled and curved for the laughing fit? Could she be solemn, d'ye think, if paid Manila. That amount of fuel ought

ing. And see the mouth corners upward run. can catch her eyes with the frolie glinting, Brimful of fun.

Probably plump.

There, now, she's off again. Peal upon peal of it. Clear as a clarillon, soft as a bell. Why, it's infectious! I'm catching the feel

of it! Chuckling as well. an adjunct to a carefully concocted plan of Sandy's to pay them off. What! Was I dreaming? That musical melody
Trips up the scale, arpeggio,
So like a voice that was hushed—ah, wella-Heigh ho! To think of what little straws Just a girl's laugh-and my laughing one

000000000000000000 SANFORD'S REVENGE By WALTER BLISS NEWGEON. 000000000000000000



J.) True American. office of the Post. They sat around in a longing fashion, as if waiting for some one to appear. At length the door opened and a tall, slightly-stooping, scholarly looking

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

"Good-morning, Mr. Chiputan," was the reply, uttered in unison. "The first business of the day is for us all to become acquainted with one another, and then we will proceed to prepare the first number of the Cran-

dall Post," he said. Introductions followed. The men forming the editorial and reportorial staffs of the new paper were gathered from all over the country. The Post was backed by a syndicate of business men and politicians who considered their little city entitled to a daily paper embracing their political faith. Chipman, the city editor of the Times, the only daily in Crandall, had been chosen editor-in-chief, and he it was who had gathered about him this staff

First of all must be mentioned Murdock, day editor! Next him in rank fool in Christendom. was the city editor, "Joe" Farrell, a young Irishman from Connecticut, who always declared comically that he was a Spaniard. The next man to be introduced was George Edward Huntington, called G. Eddie. He was a boy just out of the high school who wanted to become a journalist.

1 When Mr. Chipman presented Sanford to us we all looked at him. Tall, slender, with handsome curly hair and a long blonde mustache, he looked a regular lady's man. We set him

down as a "sissy" right away.
"An æsthe." I dubbed him when talking to Joe Farrell later.

"An ass, rather," replied Joe. He came highly recommended by a Boston paper, however, so he was made a reporter at a fair salary. The other reporters were Crandall boys. Then there was the little French artist, and last of all, your humble servant, the telegraph editor.

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 cuddy, Farrell and the men under him into the city room, where the telegraph instrument and my desk were also located, the reporters to their various assignments. And so the new paper

was in train. 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. The rivalry between the editors extended down to the very devil in the press room. Especially was it bitter between the reporters. The Times men couldn't say anything mean enough about the Post men.

Sanford was at once picked out by frequented by newspaper men. He took a seat at a table beside one at which two Times men were dining, chase. They were apparently deeply engaged in conversation, not paying any attention to their fellow quill-driver of the dall. Sanford drank in all they said, his journalistic nostrils seenting a story afar. He hurriedly finished his is no romance in my little tale.

dinner and went out. "Dollars to doughnuts that chump will start for Barlow inside an hour, laughed one of the Times men.

"Oh, but he's fruit!" exclaimed the other, idso laughing. 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. They stood gerford Avenue, Saturday evening, and watched him as he drove up the street like a whirlwind, not a smile be- o'clock."

traying their inward mirth. The bill for that team will make a howl in the Post office," remarked one,

after Sanford was out of sight. Meanwhile there were howls already going on at the Post office. They were

LITTLE after eight | newsy paper on this first day, and here o'clock on the morn- it was after noon, with one reporter missing man. It read thus:

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

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

riedly through it. Then I read it again. I don't know, but I seemed to have a presentiment that Sanford would get no story.
"Sanford may be all right, Joe,"

said I, "but I should let the paper go to press at the usual hour, and then if his story is anything big we can get out an extra."

Farrell. "I'll go and see the old man,

the paper went to press at the usual hour without any story concerning a murder a Barlow. We got out no extra, either, for about five o'clock Sanford burst into the office and threw maddest man I ever saw.

"Gentlemen," said he, just make a note to the effect that James Robinson Sanford is the most unmitigated

"What is the matter, Mr. Sanford?" asked Mr. Chipman. "I am a confounded fool," Mr.

his language irresistibly funny.

After much persuasion he told us the whole story, ending with the re-

"And that livery man charged me ten dollars for the team. I'll pay it now, but those ruffians from the

"I shall pay it myself, Mr. Chip-man," replied Sanford. "If I am fool enough to go off on such a wild goose chase I am willing to foot the bills. As for murders, I am afraid there will be a double one when I meet those Times men on the street.'

paid all the expenses connected with hie journey to Barlow, and in a week's time we had forgotten the circumstance.

The first outburst of jealousy over, the Times men became quite friendly with the Post men, and after old Tom Shanuon, the retired pressman of the Times, opened up a small restaurant just around the corner from the postoffice, it was no rare sight to see Times men and Post men mingled promiscuously about the tables in his back room. We sometimes had a gay time together, even going 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

We soon found that our first impression of Sanford was an entirely erroneous one. He was one of the best fellows that ever lived, and the Times as a scapegoat. At noon of turned out to be, moreover, a news-the first day he went to a restaurant paper man of the first water. His Barlow experience was never repeated. It was his first and last wild goose

The Post boys were not long in learning that Sauford was not dependent upon his salary. He and his sis ter were orphans and almost alone in Post. Their conversation was carried on it so lond a voice, however, that the world. They had inherited con-Sanford could not help over-hearing what they were saying. Their talk was of a horrible murder committed ionable part of the town, and Sandy's the night before in the little town of house was always open to his fellow Barlow, some ten miles north of Cran- journalists. The little sister was somewhat of an attraction to the boys, but she treated us all alike, so there

> The Post was a trifle over six months old when, one morning in December, each member of the Post and Times forces received through the

> "Mr. James Robinson Sanford requests the pleasure of your presence at a bachelor party to be given to the newspaper men of Crandall at his residence, One hundred and eighty Hun-December twenty-three, 1895, at eight

> The eventful evening arrived, and a goodly company of 'journalists gathered in the pleasant Sanford residence not yet reached the dignity, if dignity

in the city. Among the company were | Stevens. Benham and Stevens, the two men who had sent Sanford on a ten-mile ride to Barlow after a murder that is a lot of baled wool out there. It never took place. To all outward appearances the incident was long since forgotten, but, as we soon learned, the whole evening's enjoyment was only

Out of doors it was a terrible night, very cold and stormy, a steady fall of snow and sleet being driven against the panes by a fierce northwest wind. The weather bureau must have been taken into Sandy's confidence. Indoors all was life and cheerfulness. We were gathered in a large apartment on the second floor, used by our host as his own private lounging-room. In the fireplace burned a bright and roaring wood fire.

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. Inspired by the cheerful fire, we waxed talkative, and many a good story was related. Several of the company were accomplished musicians, and varied the talk by selections, both vocal and instrumental.

After two hours or more had pleasantly passed in this manner, Sandy's sister invited us down stairs to partake of refreshments. Led by her brother we went to the dining-room and took seats around the well laden table. We had hardly seated our-selves, however, when the bell rang. Old Aunt Sallie, the servant, answered the summons. She returned at once bearing a letter which had been left by a messenger boy. It was addressed to Benham of the Times. He read it, and then threw it impatiently across the table to Stevens.

"What is it?" we asked, seeing by their looks it was unwelcome. Stevens read to us as follows:

"Mr. Benham: I have just received word of a bad wreck on the railroad at Smith-town. A passenger train collided with a freight, causing great loss of life and prop-erty. Go down and get all you can about freight, causing and get all you can about erty. Go down and get all you can about it. We will get out a paper to-morrow if the news warrants it. Take a team to Chappell's Station. I will wire further instructions to you at that point, and will provide transportation from there to Smithtown.

"Downes, city editor, Times."
"P. S.—Take Stevens with you and have him make a few sketches.

"Well, are you going?" asked one of the company. "I suppose we shall have to," re-

sponded Benham. Without waiting to finish the repast they left the table, and, donning their caps and ulsters, went out into the storm. It was an awful night to send men after news, no matter how important it might be; but when the true

awaiting him. As they closed the outside door, a fierce gust of wind assailed them that almost took their breath away, They bent their heads to the blast and slowly plowed their way down the street to the nearest steble. The place was closed, but their repeated knocks awakened the night hostler who was taking a quiet nap on the

"Hitch up a pair, of horses for us, and drive us down to Chappell's Station," ordered Benham. "I will for a ten dollar bill," said

"Never mind the tax," said Stevens.

the sleepy hostler. "The Times will pay that." It took some time-an hour it

seemed to the waiting and impatient men-to hitch up; but all things were finally accomplished, and the two men, bundled up in far robes, climbed in behind the driver, and they started toward the little country station, six miles away, at as good a pace as the fierce wind and deep snow allowed. It was an awful ride, bundled up though they were-a ride neither of them ever forgot. Nevertheless the thought of the big story to be obtained made them fairly content with the hardships involved. Although the distance was only six miles, it took them an hour and a half to acomplish it, and it was just midnight when their sleigh drew up beside the platform of the little station.

There was a turnout at Chappell's where trains often met, so there was an operator on duty at night. They could see him now sitting at his instrument, writing as if taking a message. Both men slighted.

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

"All right, sir," he answered. He wasted no time, but, turning his horses' head homeward, started off toward Craudall at a rapid pace. They stood on the platform and watched the sleigh until it disappeared over the the door of a musical sister, and an Post. first hill, then entered the station, The operator glanced up from his writing as he heard the door open. "Have you any message for Ben-

ham?" asked the owner of that name. "Yes, sir," he answered; "it has just

yellow paper. Benham read it through in silence and gave it to his companion without any comment. These were the mother of one of them listening the words that stared at the two men: in silent pleasure to the chatter. "Do you remember sending an unsophis-

ticated young man ten miles off in the country on a wild goose chase last sum-mer? You have been sent on a similar errand. Get back to Crandall as best you can. Revenge is sweet. "Well, I'll be darned!" exclaimed

Stevens. "I supposed he had forgotten inch?" that thing long ago; I had myself." "I suppose we deserve it, but it comes hard a night like this. The only thing to do is to take our medi-A Dressing For Leather Shoes. cine like men and go home as if noth-

ing had happened," said Benham. "Yes, but how are you going to get there?" asked Stevens. "You sent "The deuce!" was Benham's only

an open one for all the newspaper men | find a place to sleep to-night?" asked | THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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 .-Waverley Magazine.

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

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

severe tests as the original bars which supplied the filings. A process has been recently perfeeted by which thin sheets of absolutely transparent celluloid are sil-

Typhoid fever in Italy seems to be of a milder type than it used to be. In 1894 Milan had 468 cases of the dis-

had 1525 cases and only 242 deaths. states that precious stones may lose their color in the light. A ruby left for two years in a show window became lighter in tint than a twin stone kept in the dark. Similar effects have been observed with emeralds and sapphires. Cheaper gems, such as

more quickly. 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 Semnopithee monkeys, which are among the most curious of the monkey tribe. As their name indicates, they are venerable in appearance, and resemble old scholastic doctors with gray beards and black

The Dispensary on a Warship. the care of the ship's apothecary.

The apothecary, yeomen, and others charged with special duties form a class called "idlers" on ship-board, as they do not have to stand watch nor take any part in the ordinary routine of the work and drill of the ship's crew.-New York Post.

Sabbath Worship of the Shakers.

"Sabbath worship is usually con ducted 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, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Four sisters and four brethren stand in the centre of the room and form a double quartette. The Shaker dance, so miscalled, is in reality a more or less stately march, in which all the members join-the brethren in a pro cession, two by two, followed by the sisterhood in like order. They move that I infer it is poetry." in step to the hymns they are singing, either slowly or quickly, as the measure of the time demands. The ritual is of the simplest: Testimony of faith fervently uttered by those who feel impelled to speak, a few carnest words on this occasion. of exhortation from the Elders, the march and the singing of hymns.

"Something curious in regard to ing?" he asked the groom. these Shaker hymns is the fact that they are claimed to be largely inspirational-the music and words come together 'as gifts,' and frequently to those who are not musical. For instance, very often a tap will sound on unmusical sister will enter with the announcement, 'Sister, a song has just come to me. Can you take the words, and note it for me?"

The Way of Military Girls.

Two or three pretty maids, with the war spirit sparkling in their eyes and ous officers they had been meeting

"Who is it, Ruth," she asked of her daughter, when the others had gone, "you speak of as Mr. Sixteen-

"Oh," laughed the girl, "that's Lieutenant Blank of the artillery.' "And why do you call him Sixteen-

bore, don't you know."-New York

n Duty-A Clever Weman-Not Guilty-A Greater Danger-Misunderstood-She Was Surprised-Valor-Masterly Inactivity-Spoke From Experience,

The balls went piercing through the air Throughout the weary night, But still be kept upon his beat Till came the morning light. Nay, reader; 'twas no picket-guard

Patroiling bravely there; It was but Newpop, and the bawls Came from his son and heir.

A Greater Danger. "Florinda, if we should elope would our father pursue us?" "No, I think he would move so we

souldn't find him when we got ready to come back."- Chicago Record, "There is a young woman who

nakes little things count. "How does she do it?" "Teaches mathematics in the pubie school."-Philadelphia Bulletin.

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

"Yer Wuship, I thought she was reak, and I was going to take her eack to the museum. I didn't want her."-Pick-Me-Up.

"Do you want any young onions?" usked the truck peddler at the door. "No, we have more in the house

ow than we can possibly use." "But I'm selling them at a cent a ounch, madam." "Give me fifteen bunches,"-Deroit Press.

Like Some of Her Elders. "Every morning on the way to

chool," said the little miss, boys catch me and kiss me." "Why don't you run away from hem?" asked her father. "Because," replied the little edi-tion of Eve, "maybe they won't chase

me."-Chicago Post.

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

"Well, was that what made you mad? "Yes; and I reminded her that when

the 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

Mrs. Dustleigh-"Why, I gave it, of course, thirty-one. "My goodness! And they didn't ine you for contempt?"-Chicago

News.

Masterly Inactivity. "Let me kiss your Dewey lips,"

arged 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 organ zed himself into a flying squadron and made a fleet disappearance. - De-

troit Free Press. Spoke From Experience.

Buxom Widow (at evening party)-Do you understand the language of lowers, Dr. Crusty?"

Dr. Crusty (an old bachelor)-"No, Widow-"You don't know if yellow neans jealousy?"

Dr. Crusty—"No, ma'am. Yellow neans biliousness!"—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

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

"Do you realize the full extent of the obligations that you are assum-"S-s-sh!" cautioned the bride. "Course he don't, Jedge, or he'd cut an' run, but what's that to you?

is it?" Ain't you goin' to give a poor wonfan no show at all?"-Chicago "She was fairly beaming when they

'Tain't your business to scare him off,

"What's the matter?" asked her best friend. "George is going to the war," she answered

"But I don't see anything pleasant about that." "Well, you see, it's just this way," she explained. "Nothing short of the shock of being ordered into active service ever would have given him the

nerve to propose. That's worth some risk."—Chicago Evening Post. Easily Accomplished.

Young Popperton-"Wife has gone shopping and left me in charge of the baby, and I am regularly put to it to know how to keep the little fellow quiet."

Grimshaw (after regarding the howling and contorting juvenile critically) -"I should think you could easily keep him quiet, both in a vocal and physical way, by gagging bim carefully, tying his hands behind his back, binding his feet together, nailing his clothes to the floor, and then admin "I say, Mr. Operator, where can we and then apply the vaseline dressing istoring chloroform to him."-Puck LETTERS FROM CAMP.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Marriages and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Job work—cash on delivery.

One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, three months...
One Square, one inch, one year.....

Takes absence to rattle a feller, an' make The worth of a wifely voice, the strength of a wifely hand;
An' the little old farm seems dearer, the

cottage in town the same;
They loom as a sacred pictur' with an aureal fer the frame!

us a-prizin' the sun

everything is still;
An' a smell of the clover bloscoms 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.

"Wibley is most happy when with Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wiggs-"Was the hour late when you arrived?" Waggs - "No, the hour was on time. I was a trifle late,

tandem." He-"All right; I'm the man to second your motion."-New

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?" Tommya little louder."

holder, reflectively.-Puck. He—"Then you think kissing is not wrong?" She—"The idea! Why, I wouldn't be seen doing such a

"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—"If I don't they'll find out I'm the author."-New York Journal.

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,

Father-"That's nothing to the yarns

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

replied the good woman, cheerfully. "You shave yourself and I'll cut your hair."-Tit-Bits. "Is he a man whom one can trust?"

Tommy-"But, ma, she ain't dumb; listen to her holler!"

means of support,"-Puck. "This war will do us good, I know." "In what we ?" "My husband probably will come home feeling brave enough to help me discharge

until I find myself safe home again.' Miss Spacer-"I suppose when a joke gets into an almanac it is supposed to be old." Mr. Scribbler-

called old until it gets into an Englishman."-Puck.

er, 'is an advertisement of bicycle clothes. Do bieveles have to wear elothes?" "Every well enameled wheel," said the Cheerful Idiot, "hasat least four coats."- Indianapolis "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-"Neither did I. What is it? Mrs. Wiggles- Well, his servant says that everything comes addressed James Binks, C. O. D."-Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

list who can't read and write the English language." Mr. Brown-"Write the English language? Graciou ! Are they only going to take college professors and a few literary men."-Harper's Bazar.

"but I'm going to a ball and mistook the house." "No mistake," said tho 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 an-

fere I am, perched at my open casement,
Such a laugh couldn't belong to a frump;
Enjoying the laugh of some unseen Humorous, too, to see things wittily—

dorning, noon and night I can hear her Babbling away with her chatter and chaff, and it seems as if all creation near her i Was just a-laugh.

can fancy the dimples her cheeks imprint-

Silent, and I-well, now, this is ridiculous-

ing of a pleasant missing. Farrell was fretting and June day a number fuming when a boy from the stable of bright, active look- which furnished Sanford his turnout ing young fellows walked leisurely into the office, bearwere gathered in the ing a hastily written missive from the

> all. Read this." I took the note and glavced hur-

"I guess you're right," answered

Mr. Chipman agreed with me, and himself into a chair. He was the

Chipman," answered Sanford, his high-pitched, feminine voice making

mark-Times will pay it eventually.' "The Post will assume the bill, Mr. Sanford," said the chief editor, kindly.

Sanford was true to his word; he

the chief editors were good friends.

mail the following invitation:

on Hungerford avenue. Crandall had the team away." it can be called, of possessing a Sun- reply. auxious to get out a particularly bright, day paper, so Saturday evening was

"The only place Pknow of around here is out in the freight room. There

The discovery has been made that metal filings of any kind can be compressed into bars which will stand as

vered by a similar process to that formerly used on glass.

ease and 269 deaths, while in 1897 she The Journal fur Goldschmiedekunst

garnet and topaz, lose their tints even

velvet skull caps.

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, The sick-bay thus possesses the advantage of having port-holes on both sides, which insures good natural ventilation and light. The berth of the apothecary-which also does duty as a sofa-with drawers below it for his reporter gets an order to go, he goes with never a thought of the difficulties tion of the stock of drugs. The liquid preparations are contained in bottles on shelves above the dispensing counter, each bottle being held in place by means of spring clips. The counter is provided with scales, graduates, pill-tiles, mortars, spatulas, etc., and also a set of instruments for minor surgery. In a medical storeroom, usually located somewhere near the dispensary, the reserve supplies are kept, as are also the medical chests and outfits for boats and landing parties. This storeroom is under

tongues, were talking about the vari

"Because, mamma, he's such a great

When shoes have become stiff from being wet a good dressing which wil. make them soft is composed of vaseline or glycerine and vinegar. When the shoes are wet stuff them with paper, which will absorb the moisture,

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

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 dariin' ere the fightin' is over an' done.
It takes a few weeks in the shadders to set

Takes absence to soften a feller an' the bane of selfishness kill. In the camp when night is broodin' an' everything is still:

HUMOR OF THE DAY. his inferiors." "Unhappy man!"-

She-"T'd like to take a ride on the

Willie-"Pa, what do they make

"No, ma-not a word. Please holler "A man can't be in two places at once," observed his friend. "Oh, I don't know," replied the office-

thing!"-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mother-"Dear me! The baby has swallowed that piece of worsted."

my neighbors' chickens raise them. Judge.

Harlem Life. "We've got to economize," said Mr. Gargovie to his wife, "Very well,"

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."

"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

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

"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 board

"Oh, no!-a joke cannot really be

Mrs. Brown-"I see in the paper that they won't allow any man to en-

"Pardon me, sir." said the burglar, pearance. -Pick-Me-Up.

ELM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

Terms, . St.00 Per Year.

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 were sent to Admiral Dewey at

ake things reasonably warm for ody who attempts to upset his Good gunners with poor ships are more effective than poor gunners with good ships, but the American comsination of the best gunners with the

cest ships beats them all. Manila

knows this and so does Santiago.

The sinking of the French steamer La Bourgogne with its loss of over ive hundred lives is an appalling disaster in the commercial marine, a disaster relieved, in its terrible features of cowardly inhumanity, only by the sourage of its captain, who stuck to his post to the last and went down with his ship, thinks the Trenton (N.

The Trans-Siberian Railway, acsording to United States Consul Smith, of Moscow, has cost, in the five years, 1893 to 1897, inclusive, \$188,014,938. In addition to the above, \$5,970,663 has been spent for topographical and istronomical work, irrigation, surveys, zeological study, agricultural instrunents, etc., connected with the derelopment of the country adjacent to the railway.

In 1890 the total farm capital in the Coited States, exclusive of cash in of owners, was, in round numpers, sixteen billions of dollars. The total value of farm products in 1889 was also in round numbers, two and one-half billions of dollars, which was, substantially, fifteen and one-half per cent, upon the capital invested, Out of this income, however, all expenses were paid, including support of owners' families. The percentage of profit upon farm capital has been steadily decreasing for several decades, and the next census will doubt-'ess show a greater decrease than ever, unless there should be a desided decrease in the estimate of farm values. All this shows that farming is constantly becoming a closer busizess, with less and less margin for

miscalculation and waste, observes

the San Francisco Chronicle. The long-talked-of telephonic comnunication between the two Russian papitals, Moscow and St. Petersburg, is likely this year to become an accomplished fact. The undertaking is under the control of the Imperial Felegraph Department, and the stations will be at the chief telegraph office in either city. As the average speed of ordinary telegraphic dispatches between Moscow and St. Petersburg, which are four hundred miles apart, is about that of the railway, ten or twelve hours being considered good time, the new telephonewill prove an inestimable boon to business men, who in case of argency are now obliged to pay three times the ordinary tariff to get their dispatches through as "special" messages. The line is not likely to be actually in working order before Octo-

fixed at a little over seventy-five cents. Interesting data recently compiled show the world's total output of gold for the year ending December 31, 1897. This is fixed at the prodigious sum of \$255,000,000, but indications make it probable that this year's output will be much larger, on account of recent discoveries in the Klondike and in other localities, thinks the Atlanta Constitution. In the following table is given the output of each of the gold-producing countries for the

ber, and it is said that the price for five

minutes' conversation will probably be

Australia..... 51,000,000 Canada..... 7,000,000 Mexico 6,500,000 6,500,000 China 6,500,000 United States of Colombia ... 4,000,000 From the figures cited in the fore-

past calendar year:

going table it appears that considerably more than two-thirds of the gold produced in the world last year was produced under the flags of Great Britain and the United States, or, in other words, within the territory belonging to the Anglo-Saxon race. But the figure cited in the foregoing table represent only one phase of the enormous wealth in possession of Great

Britain and the United States.