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The Latest Chinese Outrage. It was noon by the sun; we had finished our

And was passin' remarks goin' back to our claim :

Jones was countin' his chips, Smith-relievin' his mind Of ideas that a "straight" should best "three

of a kind," When Johnson, of Elko, came gallopin' down, With a look on his face 'twixt a grin and a

And he calls "Drop your shovels, and face right about

For them Chinese from Murphy's are clearin'

With their ching a ring chow, And their chie colorow, They re bent upon making No slouch of a row."

Then Jones-my own pardner-looks up with a sigh. "It's your wash bill," sex he, and I answers,

"You lie !" But afore he could draw, or the others could

2.0

400

Up tumbles the Bates' boys who heard the And a yell from the bill top, and roar of a

Mixed up with remarks like "Mi! yi! Changa-wong !"

And bombs, shells and orackers that crashed through the trees Revealed in their war-togs four hundred Chi-

Four hundred, Chines! We are eight, don't you see? That made a square fifty

To just one o' we. They were dressed in their best, but I grieve that that same

Was largely made up of our own, to their shame And my par Iner's best shirt and his trousers

were hung On a spear, and above him were tauntingly swung ;

While that baggar Chey Lee, like a conjurer Pullin' out eggs and chickens from Johnson's

best hat : And Bates' game rooster was p rt of their

And all of Smith's pigs were skyugled to boot But the climax was reached and I liked to have

When my demijohn, empty, came down the hillside-Down the hillside!

What once hel I the pride Of Robertson cou ty, Pitche I down the hillside !

Then we axed for a parley, When out of the din To the front comes a-rocking that heathen, Ah

"You owe flowty dollee- me washee you camp, You catchee my washee - me catchee no stamp; One dollar hap-dozen, me no catchee yet, Now that flowty dollee-no hab? how can get Me satchee you pigges -me sellee for cash, It catchee me licee-you catchee no "hash;"

Me belly good shelld-we lebbee when can, Me allee same halp pin as Melican man! But Melican man He washee him pan On bottom side hilles,

And catches -- how can ?" "Are we men?" says Joe Johnson, "and list to this jaw

Without process of warrant, or color of law? Are we men or-a-chew !" here he gasped in his speech For a stink-pot had fallen just cut of his

reach-"Shall we stand here, as idle, and let Asia pour

Her barbaric hordes on this civilized shore? Has the White Man no country? Are we left in the lurch? And likewise what's gone of the Established

Church? One man to four hundred is great odds, I own, But this yer's a White Man-I plays it alore !" And he sprang up the hill-side-to stop him

Till a yell from the top told a "White Man

was there ! ' A White Man was there ! We prayed he might spare

Those misguided Heathens The few clothes they wear. They fled, and he followed, but no matter

where They fled to escape him, the "White Man was there."

Till we missed first his voice on the pine-wood-And we knew for the Heathen henceforth was no hope,

And the yells they grew fainter when Peterson

"It simply was human to bury his dead." And then with slow tread We crept up in dread, But found nary mortal there Living or dead.

But there was his trail, and the way that they

And yonder, no doubt, he was bagging his When Jones drops his pick-axe, and Thompson вкув " Shoo !"

And both of 'em points to a cage of bamboo, Hanging down from a tree with a label that Conspicuous with letters in some foreign

tongue. Which, when freely translated, the same did Was the Chinese for saying: "A White Man is

And as we drew near In anger and fear Bound hand and foot, Johnson Looked down with a leer !

In his mouth was an opium pipe—which was in the matter, only he felt a strange longing which was quite consistent with such a nature as his to experiment in

They had shaved off his eyebrows, and tacked They had painted his face of a coppery hue,

And rigged him all up in a heathenish suit, Then softly departed, each man with his

And Ah Sin, to boot, Had left him there hanging Like ripening fruit.

At a mass meeting held up at Murphy's next

There were seventeen speakers, and each had his say ; There were twelve resolutions, that instantly

And each resolution was worse than the last;

There were fourteen petitions-which, granting the same, Will determine what Governor Murphy's shall

And the man from our dis'riet-that goes up Goes up on one issue—that's patent and clear;

" Can the work of a mean, Degraded, unclean, Believer in Buddha Be held as a lien?"

Bret Harte, in Wilkes' Spirit of the Times,

A St. Valentine Experiment.

It was the eve of Saint Valentine's day. Two girls were sitting before a bright open fire in the cony sitting room bright open fire in the cosy sitting room of an old-fashioned house amongst the New Hampshire hills. It was about twenty years ago, when open fires were more in vogue than now. The warm glow glinted and glimmered upon the walls and furniture and touched the forms and faces of the girls with a tender, postic grace. "Now's our chance to have a peep into futurity," said Grace Elmore, the younger and gayer of the two. "If we walk down cellar backwards with a looking glass at the witchwards with a looking glass at the witching hour of midnight, we shall see our

"I shouldn't dare to try the experi-ment," said Irene Bereaford. "I've heard of persons seeing their coffins instead of a true lover. Poor May Gay-lord tried it last year, and though she wouldn't mention what she saw, she told me before she died that she could never think of that night without a shudder.' "Nonsense! how superstitions you

are!" said the more practical Grace. "How can you believe such things. or coffin would appear. If I should try the experiment, I should only do it for a

"Call it superstition, or what you like," returned Irene, "I know that many fine, bigh-wrought, and yet powerful natures, are strongly controlled by such notions. You know we have high authority for the assertion that 'there are stranger things in earth and heaven than is dreamt of in our philosophy.'
I do not believe in supernatural influences, subject to laws whose workings we do not understand, but which are none the less real. Now, I'm just sensitive enough—cowardly, if you like—to prefer doing almost anything disagreeable to the ordeal of walking down cellar alone at that hour.

"Well, there's no need of our discussing this subject before Paul in such a gloomy manner," said Grace, hastily.
"He's low-spirited enough now, aren't you, Paul?" getting up and crossing the room to the side of Paul, who was reclining upon a low lounge that sat in a recess. "I guess you weren't noticing what we were saying," she contined, as he did not speak. "Come, coz." patting him on the cheek, "cheer up, and let us have some fun on the eve of dear old Saint Valentine,

"I did hear what you were talking about," he said, quietly, "and I agree with Irene. I believe—"

"O yes, of course you believe any-thing that's dismal, and hateful, and disagreeable. Come, Irene, help me wheel him around out of these shadows; he'll never move unless we do, and see if this bright firelight won't dispel these

Irene lent a hand, though the occupant protested, and the lounge was laced before the rosy firelight. Mary, the housekeeper brought in apples and nuts and cider, and the girls ate and drank and laughed and joked with intent to cheer up their invalid cousin, who was in a decline, some said, and others that he was only low-spirited. Paul Wentworth was a dreamy, imag-

inative youth of nineteen, whose sens tive temperament had acquired a morbid tint from the misplaced kindness of an indulgent mother. Believing him too delicate for the rough-and-tumble play of ordinary boyhood, she had treated him like a hot-house plant, which had further strengthened this tendency. She had died suddenly a few weeks before the opening of our story, and the shock had thrown him into a state of hopeless despondency. His two cousins from a neighboring town were spending a few days at the farm-house, trying to cheer up his spirits, but all their efforts were

As he sat before a cozy fire in his sleeping room after the girls had retired, his unnaturally bright eyes and the vivid dush on his cheek seemed good evidences of the truth of his friends' fears, that maining to identify the Paul Wentworth consumption was doing its work. The of yore. All this time he had cherished subject on which the girls had been the memory of Irene. They had kept speaking in the first of the evening had up a correspondence in a consinty a strange fascination for him, and he fashion, but no word of love had been

something which had a suggestion of the supernatural. He had no fear of death, indeed he had a sort of morbid longing for it; so if he saw his coffin, he felt that it would not upnerve him. The thought kept him hopeful, and he sat in a low kept him hopeful, and he sat in a low chair before the fire glancing occasionally at the clock until the hands pointed to five minutes before twelve. His room opened on the sitting room. He took a small looking glass that hung on the wall and a lamp, and passed through the sitting room to the kitchen. The house was still as death. All the inmates except himself were sleeping in the chambers. The heard the clock strike the mystical midnight hour, as he opened the cellar door, which creaked noisily. He descended the steps slowly, for walking backwards down stairs is a slightly difficult performance. He trembled so violently by this time with excitement that he could scarcely hold the light. As his feet touched the bottom, the cellar became illuminated with a weird light distinct from that shed by his lamp, and he seemed for a moment to lose his own identity, as in the glass, from which he never took his charmed gaze, he beheld looking over his shoulder the fair face framed in golden curls of his cousin Irene! It is doubtful if his coffin would have startled him half so much as this nave startled him half so much as this unexpected apparition. He was paralyzed for a moment. Then the vision glided away as noiselessly as it came; and, without stopping to investigate, he reascended the stairs as hastily as his trembling limbs would allow, and the called door aloned with a beng. The cellar door closed with a bang. The sound acting on his overwrought nerves caused him to drop the looking glass, and it fell on the kitchen floor with a loud crash and was shivered to atoms. He hurried into his room, undressed and crept into bed. He lay a long time in a dazed, bewildered state, for thoughts of a lady love had never before entered his head, and when at last he slept his dreams were of his fair-faced cousin who had showed herself to him in such a weird, mystical manner.

Next morning when Mary entered the kitchen she was startled by the sight of the shattered looking-glass on the floor. With considerable superstition about such mishaps, she gathered up the fragments in an awed sort of way, and saw that it was the one that had hung in Paul's room! She considered it as a mysterious omen of ill to him, but checked herself from asking him about it, as she feared the effect on his nerves. She confided the matter to the girls as

soon as possible in an awed whisper. "I guess it's easily enough explain-

"O, no; you musn't mention it, said the excited woman. "If he did, it's all the worse for him ; but I wouldn't have him questioned on the matter-it would only excite him. Poor dear! he won't be long after his mother."

Irene regarded the circumstance as singular, but said little, and Grace kept her secret for the time—resolved to

the end before she revealed it. But whether or not a broken lookingglass is ever an omen of ill, it was not so in this case. The sudden shock to his nerves reacted with a beneficial effect upon his whole system. From that night his health improved rapidly. He ceased to brood morbidly over the memory of his mother. His countenance lost its absent, dreamylexpression, and his actions betokened the workings of a hitherto latent energy. He never lar, and you were always so afraid mentioned the glass, for he would of doing something dreadful in your rather have died than revealed what he walking fits. I woke and missed you. had seen to the girls, and he was too ingenuous to tell the story with any false varnishing; but he wondered secretly why Mary had never spoken of it. He commenced to manifest a bashful reserve towards Irene, which she did not know how to interpret. He had improved so much, Grace said, through their influence, that they returned home with a promise from him of a speedy visit. When he clasped Irene's hand in the good-bye, a strange thrill shot through his frame, for he felt convinced that some time in the future she was to be his wife.

"Leave the farm in charge of John and Mary and go West with me. Paul's eyes kindled with a new ani-

"I'm sure, uncle, I'm willing to do anything you think best. I feel as if I

had only just begun to live."
"Well, you'll have enough to do out there to make a man of you. Three or four years of brisk, active life will change you so your friends won't know you. Your mother was my only and dear "-here his voice faltered a little. "Perhaps she petted you more than was good for you; but she meant all right, said when I started for New Hampshire: 'If Rachel's boy needs a helping

hand, I'll give it to him. So the farm was left in care of the faithful man and women who had been with Mrs. Wentworth ever since her husband's death, and Paul accompanied his uncle to his western home, where he was doing a thriving business. The change of scene and active employment acted like an elixir. At the end of four years the tall, slender stripling developed into a strong, broad-shouldered, full-chested young man, with only the dark, handsome eyes and broad, white brow re-

glass on that well-remembered night, but his was so changed, and for the better, that with a cry of delight she hastened to show it to Grace, now a wife

"Would you have thought he would have grown so strong-looking and handsome, Grace?"
"Yes, I should, as soon as he got out

of leading strings. I never believed he was in a decline any more than I was." "He's coming home to visit us," said Irene, with the least little flush on her fair cheek. "He says he has sent this picture as a forerunner.

"I shouldn't wonder if you fell in love with him when he comes," said Grace, mischievously. "You're half in love with that ricture now, and I could see that he liked you before he went away. He must be intended for you, for you've given all your beaux the mitten, which I guess you must be doing to leave the coast clear for him."

"I have loved you, Irene, ever since you and Grace visited me at the old farm, after mother's death."

"I liked and pitied you then," said Irene, "but I never thought of love, at least I don't think I did." "I don't know as I should, indeed I

don't think I should, have been living now only for a violent shock I received while you were there. "What was it?" questioned Irene,

eagerly.

"Do you remember a talk you and Grace had on Valentine eve about trying experiments to find out who was your "I think I do-about walking down cellar at dead of night with a looking-

glass. We were sitting by the firelight. Yes, that evening is distinct in my fanciful I was. I thought it over after you went to bed, and at midnight took a lamp and glass and went down cellar. I

expected to see my coffin. What de you

think I saw instead ?" "What?" asked Irene, breathlessly, "Your face looked over my shoulder in the glass. It was so unexpected that it frightened me so I had just strength

it frightened me so I had just strength enough left to get back to my room.

"Why, that was singular, Paul" said Irene, with her blue eyes fixed on his handsome face. "Of course I was in bed asleep. It seems foolish to attribute such things to any cause but our own imaginations, and yet a belief in the supernatural clings to me, though Grace is always langhing at me about it" is always laughing at me about it.'

"Just in time to explain that mysterious supernatural affair," said the dust and unleached ashes may be used lovely Grace, walking in upon them with benefit; 500 to 800 pounds per it.—Norristown Herald.

through the folding doors of the porlor. acre of either of the above fertilizers, or Says the Cincinnati Breakfast Table. said Grace, in a light tone. "Let's "I've just been an unintentional listner ask Paul about it. I shouldn't wonder to your thrilling account of your mid-if he did it himself." night exploit four years ago,' "Why, what do you know about it?"

both asked. from her body," said Grace in a tone of playful banter. "Well, I'm sorry to spoil your spiritual theories, but the truth is, Irene was in the habit of walkin her sleep occasionally, and on that night she chose the cellar as the scene

of her pedestrian feat." "Why, Grace, you never told me that," said Irene in a surprised tone. "You said I was in the sitting-room, but I never dreamed-"

"I did not intend you should," interrupted Grace. "I knew it would frighten you half to death, it was such a large, caveruous, horribly suggestive old cel-I concluded you were at your usual tricks. I couldn't find the lamp, so supposed you had taken it to light your path. I stole down stairs softly. What was my surprise when I opened the chamber door into the kitchen to see our invalid consin hurrying from the direc-tion of the cellar door like one pursued. He dropped the glass in his haste, which Mary found the next morning and told us about in a stage whisper. As soon as he went out of sight I opened the cellar door. You, Irene, were just ascendfollowed. I supposed that Paul had coops.

never told me of this before!" "I bided my time. Don't you ever

say, Paul, that a woman cannot keep a would end." Then the comical aspect of the affair presented itself to the fertile fancy of Grace, and she laughed heartily. The others joined her, too happy to feel anything but amused over it.

"Then it seems, Irene, that the pleasant little fancy of mine which I have cherished so long has been rudely swept away by this terribly matter-of-fact cousin of ours," said Paul. "Yes," said she, "and I feel sort of

"Im glad the illusion lasted till now. It doesn't alter the fact that we were made for each other,"said Paul, drawing her fondly toward him and kissing her. 'That night I began to live, and you were the unconscious instrument of my

"So these were wed, And merrily rang the bells."

It is confidently believed that every was resolved to try the experiment of spoken. They exchanged pictures. Her modern backman was in the cavalry durwhich they had spoken. Not that he face was the same mild, lovely one he ing the war, and hence his audacity in really believed that there was any truth remembered seeing four years ago in the charging.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm Notes.

The best way to protect the bark of trees from mice, rabbits or farm stock, it to tie a small bundle of dead branches around the part to be protected.

Care of the orchard, whether young or old, will require good fences and gates to keep out intruders of all kinds. A stray ox or horse may cause serious damage in a young orchard.

The constituents of soot are those once forming fertilizing material of the soil. They are valuable, whether of coal or wood, and contain chargoal, ammonia, compounds, muristic soid, lime, magnesia and other substances. A nest-egg, capable of deceiving the

most knowing hen is made, the Scientific American says, by removing the contents of an egg through a break in the end, say three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and filling with powdered slaked lime, tamped as closely as possible, and sealed with plaster of Paris.

The Gardener's Monthly well remarks: "Some people say that land which will raise good corn will grow good fruit trees, which is all right; but they should add that, like corn, they require regular and continuous manuring." To which we would add, that, like corn, they require thorough cultiva-tion of the soil, especially during their younger years, and many farmers would even regard a clean, mellow soil instead of a grass sod in their corn-fields, as more important than manure, -Country

Fowls drink water feely, but they know just how much they need, and when they have access to the fluid clean, sweet and fresh, they imbibe no more than is good for them. It is, therefore, unnecessary to mix your dough too thin and sloppy at the morning feeding. Have the meal well scalded, and feed the mixture to the stock stiff and dry, comparatively. This feed should generally be composed of both corn and rye meal, with vegetables—eay one-third each. In our own practice we have found this preferable, both for the birds and as an economical provision for the old or the growing stock. A little pepper occasionally in this dough, and always salt, will increase the mass. improve the mess,

Cultivation of Horse-Radish. Any kind of soil will suit horse-radish, providing it is cool and moist. A low, moist, sandy soil, well enriched with cow yard manure, is the best. In place of barnyard manure, Peruvian guano, or a mixture of finely-ground raw bonetwenty tons of manure will be sufficient, Unleached ashes are excellent, but need help; a strong ammoniscal fertilizer is needed as well as potash. The best mode of cultivation is to plant root-cutthe glass and thought it was her spirit and three to six inches long, in rows two feet apart, and sixteen inches apart in the smaller roots, and as they are made the tops should be cut square and the bottoms slanting, so that in planting they may not be put bottom upward. They are to be set three inches below the surface. This crop is not grown from seed; by planting slips in May the fall crop may be harvested in December.
About 12,000 roots are grown per acre, and good roots will weigh three-quarters of a pound, giving 10,000 pounds per acre, when the cultivation is the best possible. The roots are dug as late as possible, trimmed and put away in pits, and covered with soil just as potatoes or turnips are kept over.

How to Manage Fawls. The Butter, Cheese and Egg Reporter tells of a Mr. Benton, who keeps eleven different kinds of fowls, and is very successful in their management. Mr. Benton found weak lye and wood ashes an effectual remedy for the canker. The doctors recommend chlorate of potash.
Ashes are also excellent for the heas to wallow in, and he keeps a box in each coop for that purpose. This effectually keeps off lice. The flour of sulphur sprinkled in the nest of setting hens is excellent. Mr. Benton's principal feed ing the steps serenely with the lamp in is Indian corn, which is kept constantly your hand. I did not speak, but made in reach of his hens by means of boxes way for you and you passed up stairs. I in the partitions, one serving for two Water in a dish set under a nail seen you and been half frightened to keg, with a hole cut in the side, serves death, but when he began to improve for watering. The nests are in a long so fast it seemed that his fright had box along the ends of the coops; the hens enter through holes and are then "Well," said Irene, "to think you in comparative darkness. Lids on the outside give access to the nests. Mr. Benton thinks Indian corn the best grain for hens, because of its heating nature. secret. I always thought you were made In addition, he feeds scraps from the for each other. When you began to table, butcher's refuse, and green stuff. correspond I knew pretty well how it | Corn and fat will at once set hens to laying. [Vegetable Green for Pickies.

> The Boston Journal of Chemistry gives particulars of a process recently patented in France and England for supplying a green color, extracted from vegetables, which is to be used for coloring pickles. To procure this extract, leaves of spinach, sorrel, or similar plants, are scalded in hot water, chopped into a mass, and then boiled in a solution of caustic sods till dissolved. On cooling, a green cake is deposited, which is to be dissolved with the phosphate of potassa or ammonia, and reduced to the required strength by adding water. In the liquid thus obtained, when it is heated to boiling point, ten or fifteen minutes' immersion will give to pickles a fine and permanent green. As the color consists of the chlorophyll of plants, it is quite harmless; which can-not yet be certainly said of the salts of copper, although French experimenters have recently found them less poisonous than had hitherto been suppose

Life is a rose, brier-burdened, yet sweet-

Blooming a day, Fliaging its perfume like perfume to meet-Wind blown away.

Leaf after leaf spreads its blush to the air, Kissed by the sun. Deeper-hued growing as joy makes it fair-

Leaf after leaf shrinks up from the heart Leaving it bare : Color and fragrance and joy all depart-

Love's guerdon won.

None left to care. Nay, the Divine in it lingers there still ;

God's care in all. Rose-leaves but drop at the beck of His will-

Fetters which thrall. Up from its trammels the freed spirit wings. Higher to soar : Attar immortal, a pure essence flings-Sweet evermore !

Items of Interest.

The first thing in a boot is the last. Chicago papers say that no man's life

Stanley's African name is "The Little Man with Much Face."

There are 8,119 newspapers in the United States, of which 749 are daily. The deaths from scarlet fever in New York city during 1877 numbered 3,482.

The Japanese army department is about to erect a large manufactory of Five thousand pounds of artificial butter are manufactured daily in Pitts-

burg, Pa. A silk worm consumes, within thirty days, 60,000 times its own weight of mulberry leaves.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up and the other is hard to get down.

Deaths of rich men all remind us We can make a lively time, Leaving all our beirs behind us, Quarreing like hungry swine.

At Tracy City, Tenn., recently, John Mangus, a baker, closed himself up in his own oven and was baked to death cremated to a cinder.

The Peace Dale (R. L.) Manufacturing Company is to introduce the co-opera-tive system on the 1st of February, and will thereafter divide the surplus profits among its workmen. Samuel Bowles used to say there was a sixth sense-the " newspaper sense."

There is also a seventh sense-nonsense. This paragraph is a specimen of Greek is the language for poetry, French for love and Italian for hand-

organ melody, but s man with a shirtecllar that don't fit is the same helpless being in all. Three hundred men witnessed a fight between ten dogs and a bear in Sharpsburg, Ky. The battle lasted two hours and a half, and then was drawn, for the bear attacked a horse, and there was a

stampede of the spectators. It is a curious fact, that, in the first territorial legislature of Alabams, the upper branch of that body, or the Senate, was composed of one member, James Titus sat alone in the chamber, and decided upon the acts of the lower

"Hi! where did you get them trousers?" asked an Irishman of a man who happened to be passing with a pair of remarkably short trousers on, them where they grew," was the indig-nant reply. "Then, be me conscience," says Paddy, "you've pulled them a year to soon !' "And where was the man stabbed?" asked an excited lawyer of a physician. "The man was stabled about an inch

and a half to the left of the medial

line, and about an inch above the um-

bilious," was the reply. "Oh, yes, I understand now; but I thought it was near the town hall." "Young men," said an old college president to a coterie of dissipated students, "all these excesses of your youth are drafts upon your age, beginning to mature about thirty years after date, and continuing to press and draw heavily on your bodily resources all the

residue of your lives. A brutal affair recently took place at Springsboro, Ohio, during the progress of a ball. A stalwart young farmer named Hoover, who had previously been the master of all his associates in trials of strength, was made intoxicated and attacked by the entire male portion of the company, who best him so terribly that he was not expected to recover, After performing this feat they draw him into another room and the dance went on, the women being required to loop up their dresses to keep them from from being soiled with Hoover's blood, which smeared the floor

"Old Bill," the roan battle-horse of Major General W. B. Tibbits, of the second New York cavalry, has just died at Hoosick Falls. He was probably the only horse that served through the whole war and wound up his campaign with a visit on duty to the plains. He was a great pet of the men of the Griswold cavalry and an animal of peculiar ways, In camp or on the march he was sluggish, would not allow a pistol to be fired from his back, and if turned loose defied the efforts of a whole company catch him, but once under fire obeyed the slightest touch of the re would jump anything, paid no he pistol-firing from his back, and our turned loose with the certainty would not stray eway. In his odd engagemen