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Along the Way.

Though tangled hard life's knot may be, And wearily we rue it, The silent touch of father time Some day will sure undue it. Then, darling, wait; Nothing is late In the light that shines forever.

We faint at heart, a friend is gone; We chafe at the world's harsh drilling; We tremble at sorrows on every side, At the myriad ways of killing. Yet, say we all, If a sparrow fall, The Lord keepeth count forever.

He keepeth count. We come, we go, We speculate, toil and labor; But the measure to each of weal or woe, God only can give or alter, He sendeth light, He sendeth night, And change goes on forever.

Why not take life with cheerful trust With faith in the strength of weakness? The slenderest daisy rears its head With courage, yet with meekness. A sunny face, Hath holy grace, To woe his own forever.

Forever and ever, my darling, yes— Goodness and love are undying; Only the troubles and cares of earth Are winged from the first for flying. Our way we plow In the furrow "now;" But after the tilling and growing, the sheaf— Soil for the root, but the sun for the leaf— And God keepeth watch forever. —Mary Mapes Dodge.

JUST IN TIME.

Dinner was over at last, and Mr. Walter Currie, English commissioner at the up-country station of Hutta-Bagh, in Northern India, had gone out upon the veranda with his wife and his two guests—the colonel and major of the light infantry—to enjoy the cool of the evening.

On three sides the house was surrounded by its compound, a large inclosed space, serving the purpose of a courtyard; but the fourth was only separated by a small patch of garden from the public road, along which a number of native women were passing with their little pitchers on their heads.

The sight of them naturally turned the conversation upon a favorite subject with all Anglo-Indians, viz., the character of the natives, and the best method of dealing with them.

"There's only one way," said the colonel, emphatically. "Tell 'em what they're to do, make 'em do it, and thrash 'em well if they don't. That's my way."

"Well, I venture to differ from you there, colonel," said Mr. Currie, quietly. "I've had to do some thrashing once or twice, I own, but most of my native servants seem to get along very well without it, and they serve me excellently, I assure you."

"I wish you had been in my place, then," retorted the colonel; "you'd have changed your opinion, I warrant. Why, the year before last, when I had charge of two battalions of the regiments down at Suteepore, because there wasn't another queen's officer within reach—just like my confounded luck! There was no getting anything done unless I did it myself. By Jove! sir! I had to be everything at once—my own quartermaster, my own sergeant-major, my own caterer, and—"

"And your own trumpeter, Colonel Annesley?" asked Mrs. Currie, with an arch smile.

"The colonel's broad face reddened ominously, and an explosion seemed imminent when a sudden clamor of angry voices from the road below drew them all to the front of the veranda.

The cause of the disturbance was visible at a glance. Two half-drunken English soldiers, swaggering along the road, had come into violent contact with a native boy who was running past; and one of them, engaged at the collision, had felled the poor lad to the ground, and was unclasping his own belt with the evident intention of beating him unmercifully.

"Serve the young whelp right!" shouted the colonel, rubbing his hands; "that's just what they all want."

"The other officer, Major Armstrong—popularly called Major Strongarm—was a huge, brawny, silent man, whose only way in acting rather than in talking.

"During the whole discussion he had sat like a great bronze statue, never uttering a word; but at the sight of this man ill-using this child, he woke up rather startlingly.

To leap to the ground twelve feet below, to dart across the garden, to vault over the high stockade beyond, was the work of a moment for the athletic major; and in another instant he had raised the fallen boy tenderly from the ground, while saying to the foremost soldier in the low, compressed tone of a man who means what he says: "Be off with you!"

without even looking at his prostrate antagonist, proceeded to examine the hurts of the boy.

The latter was sorely bruised in many places, and the blood was trickling freely over his swarthy face; but the little hero still did his best to stand erect, and to keep down every sign of the pain which he was enduring.

"You're a brave lad, and you'll make a soldier some day," said the major to him in Hindoostance. "Come with me, and I'll see that no one molests you again."

The lad seized the huge brown hand which had defended him so bravely, and kissed it with the deepest reverence; and the two walked away together.

Six months have come and gone, and Mr. Currie's hospitable house presents a very different spectacle. The pretty garden is trampled into dust and mire, and the bodies of men and horses are lying thick among the fragments of the half-destroyed stockade.

All the windows of the house are blocked up, and through the loopholed walls peer the muzzles of ready rifles, showing how steady the besieged garrison stands at bay against the countless enemies, whose dark, fierce faces and glittering weapons are visible amid the half-ruined building and matted thickets all around.

The Sepoy mutiny of 1857 is blazing sky-high over Northern India, and Colonel Annesley is blockaded in Hutta-Bagh, with a certainty of a hideous death for himself and every man of the few who are still true to him, unless help come speedily.

Day was just breaking, when two men held whispered counsel in one of the upper rooms.

"No fear of the water running short," said Major Armstrong; "but even upon half-rations the food will be out in four days more."

"And then we'll just go right at them, and out our way through or die for it," growled the old colonel, with a grim smile on his iron face, for, with all his harshness and injustice, Colonel Annesley was "grit" to the backbone.

"We mustn't say anything to them about it, though," added he, with a side glance at Mr. Currie, who, standing in the further corner, was anxiously watching the thin, worn face of his sleeping wife.

At that moment a loud cheer from below startled them both, and the next moment Ismail (the "major's boy," as every one now called him) burst into the room, with a glow of unwonted excitement on his dark face.

"Sahib," cried he, "there is hope for us yet! A detachment of Ingleez (English) are coming up the other bank of the river; if we can send word to them as they pass, we are saved!"

"How do you know?" asked the major eagerly.

"I heard the Sepoys say so, while I was lying hid among the bushes yonder," answered the lad.

"Among the bushes yonder?" roared the colonel, facing around. "Have you really been in the midst of those out-throat villains, listening to what they said? Whatever did you do that for?"

"Fiddid for Sahib Armstrong's sake," replied the boy, proudly, "because he was good to me."

The colonel turned hastily away to hide the flash of not unmanly shame that overclouded his hard face; and Armstrong smiled slightly as he heard him mutter:

"By Jove! these chaps aren't so black as they're painted after all."

"But if the troops are beyond the river, how can we communicate with them?" asked Mrs. Currie, who, awakened by the shouting, had risen and joined the group. "They may not pass near enough to hear the firing, and we have no means of sending them word."

of the garrison could barely hold their own against it, and the handful of Englishmen were almost helpless. Had the Sepoys attacked then, all would have been over at once; but hour passed after hour, and there was no sign of an assault.

At length, as afternoon gave place to evening, a movement began to curl itself in the enemy's lines. Their curia of smoke, rising above the trees, showed that the evening meal was in preparation; and several figures, with pitchers in their hands, were seen going toward the river, among whom the colonel's keen eye soon detected Ismail.

"By George!" cried the old soldier, slapping his knee excitedly, "that lad's worth his weight in gold! There's his way down to the river right open to him without the least chance of suspicion! Why! he's a born general—nothing less!"

Every eye within the walls was now turned anxiously upon the distant group, fearing to see at any moment some movement which would show that the trick was detected. How did Ismail mean to accomplish his purpose? Would he plunge boldly into the river, without any disguise, or had he some further stratagem in preparation? No one could say.

Suddenly, as Ismail stooped to plunge his light wooden dipper into the water, it slipped from his hands, and went floating away down the stream. A cry of dismay, a loud laugh from the Sepoys, and then the boy was seen running frantically along the bank, and trying in vain to clutch the vessel as it floated past.

"What on earth's he up to?" grunted the colonel, completely mystified.

"I see!" cried Major Armstrong, triumphantly, "there's a boat yonder among the reeds, and he's making right for it. Well done, my brave boy!"

But at that moment a yell of rage from the Sepoys told that the trick was discovered.

Luckily those on the bank had left their pieces behind, or poor Ismail would soon have been disposed of; but the alarm instantly brought up a crowd of their armed comrades, whose bullets fell like hail around the boat and its gallant pilot.

"Let us fire a volley and make a show of sailing out," said the colonel; "it'll take their attention from him."

But in this he was mistaken. The first rattle of musketry from the besieged house did indeed recall most of Ismail's assailants, but at least a dozen were left who kept up an unceasing fire, striking the boat again and again.

All at once the colonel dashed his glass to the floor with a frightful oath.—Between two gusts of smoke he had seen the boat turn suddenly over, and go whirling away down the dark river, keel upward.

"There's an end of the poor lad," muttered the veteran, brokenly. "God bless him for a brave little fellow. And now, old friend, we must just die hard, for there's no hope left."

The first few hours of the night passed quietly, and the exhausted defenders, utterly worn out, slept as if drugged with opium. But a little after midnight the quick ears of the two veteran officers—the only watchers in the whole garrison, except the sentries themselves—caught a faint stirring in the surrounding thickets, which seemed to argue some movement on the part of the enemy.

Listening intently for a few moments they felt certain that they were right, and lost no time in arousing their men.

The scanty stores of food were opened once more, and, crouching together in the darkness, the doomed men took what they fully believed to be their last meal on earth.

"They're coming!" said Major Armstrong, straining his eyes into the gloom through a loophole. "I hear them creeping forward, though I can't see them."

"What the deuce was that?" exclaimed the colonel, suddenly. "It looked like a fiery arrow flying past."

"It's worse than that," said the major, in a low voice. "The rascals are shooting lighted chips of bamboo on to the roof to set it on fire. Send the women up with buckets to flood the thatch—there's not a moment to lose."

"I'll go and see to it myself!" cried Mrs. Currie, hastening out of the room. But the power of this new weapon had already become fatally manifest. The house was an old one, and dry as tinder from the prolonged heat, and as fast as the flames were quenched in one place they broke out in another.

"That boy's worth his weight in gold," said Colonel Annesley, as, a few hours later, he listened to Ismail's account of how he had dived under the boat and kept it between himself and the Sepoys, that they might think him drowned. "He's the pluckiest little fellow I've ever seen, and, although he belongs to the infernal, I'm going to take my share of helping him on, by Jove!"

The 65,000 dogs of St. Petersburg bring to the city treasury \$130,000 per year, \$2 being the tax upon each dog.

A dog washed from a passing schooner recently swam ashore, a distance of nearly four miles, near Watch Hill R. I.

A setter dog in Lee county, Ala., attacked a large hawk in a barnyard and whipped it in a fair fight.

A Bath (Me.), cat after several unsuccessful attempts to catch a pigeon, put corn kernels on the sidewalk before a post, behind which she hid, and soon had material enough for supper.

An aged dog committed suicide at Manchester, N. H., by walking into the water and laying down till the tide came in and drowned him, notwithstanding all his master's efforts to get him out.

Mr. Tupper, a farmer who lives above Columbus, Ga., has given us the following rat story: He was going out to his corn crib the other morning, he says, when he saw a large rat, with lead in his mouth, at the same time his tail was wrapped around another large ear which he was dragging behind him.

Friday, a gentleman living in Leeton, Ga., had his eye-glasses yanked from his nose and devoured by a mule. A witness of this remarkable spectacle says the mule seemed to know of the defective vision of the gentleman, and waited deliberately for his approach, taking off the glasses and gulping them down as if they had been a delicious morsel of hay.

At New Philadelphia, Ohio, a huge dog in attempting to scale a high fence into a yard, missed his calculations and landed at the bottom of the well, sixty feet deep. The family thought the water-rat "riley" next morning, but could not account for it. About noon the hired girl upon looking into the well discovered a pair of gleaming eyes staring at her from the bottom. Help was obtained and the dog drawn up. He was in the well about fifteen hours, and kept alive by swimming all the time.

A cockatoo who has seen half a century of shine and shade was presented by his master three years ago to the zoological gardens, Philadelphia. Upon his return from Europe recently the gentleman went to the gardens, and standing where the bird could see him, called him by name. The cockatoo at once recognized his voice, and flew about the cage in a state of intense excitement. When the former master went up to the cage the bird became almost frantic with joy. The door of the cage was opened and the bird at once perched upon the proprietor's shoulder and performed many tricks which he had learned in the old days.

A New York Fireman's Brave Deed. In September, 1868, the residence of James Gordon Bennett, founder of the New York Herald, was on fire. The action of the New York fire department; on that occasion prompted Mr. Bennett to place in the hands of three trustees, on April 13, 1869, \$1,500, the income of which they were directed to use in procuring annually a gold medal, to be struck from a die, and centered on the fireman who may be best entitled to that reward. Although but ten years have elapsed since Mr. Bennett placed this trust in the keeping of the trustees they have made and presented fourteen medals. Daniel J. Meagher, foreman of a hook and ladder company, was the last recipient of the medal; the story of the brave act for which it was awarded to him being told as follows:

For a midnight on the second day of May, 1878, fire was discovered on the upper floors of 28 East Fourteenth street. The alarm was sounded for station 339. Foreman Meagher, of Hook and Ladder Company 3, with his command, was in front of the burning building in less than two minutes from the time the alarm was sounded, and on his arrival he saw a woman partly hanging out of the forty-story window. He ordered a four-two foot ladder placed against the building. This was done, but it proved to be about ten feet short. He ordered that it be placed on the highest step of the front-stoop. Fireman Flood ascended the ladder, which was still too short to reach the woman. At this point Fireman Flood unfortunately seriously injured his foot. Severe pain for a moment paralyzed his efforts. Foreman Meagher, taking in the situation at a glance, ordered that the ladder be held erect and away from the building, so as to get all the length possible. He then ascended until he stood on next to the top round of the ladder, fifty-two feet from the sidewalk. His head was just even with the feet of the woman. He uttered some words of encouragement, and in a calm but decided manner directed her to hold her limbs and body as rigid as possible. Then, all being ready, he told her to drop. She did so. He caught her in one arm, steadying himself by the power of his legs and one hand on the top of the ladder. He passed her to his comrade, Fireman Flood, who, notwithstanding the intense pain he was suffering, carried the frightened woman to the sidewalk in safety. For this act of cool, well-planned and determined bravery the trustees decided that the Bennett medal for 1878 should be awarded to Foreman Daniel J. Meagher.

The gentlemen who essayed to serenade Miss L., a fair young lady who had been "lost" through, and their efforts would have been better appreciated. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best remedy extant for a "thick" or congested condition of the throat and bronchial tubes, giving instant relief.

Immensity of the Stars.

It is known that the stars are true suns, that some of them are larger than our own sun, and that around these enormous centers of heat and light revolve planets on which life certainly exists. Our sun is distant from us 28,000,000 leagues, but these stars are distant at least 500,000 times as far—a distance that, in fact, is incomprehensible and unimaginable for us. Viewed through the unaided eye, the stars and the planets look alike; that is, appear to have the same diameter. But, viewed through a telescope, while the planets are seen to possess clearly appreciable diameters, the stars are still only mere luminous points. The most powerful of existing telescopes, that of Melbourne, which magnifies 8,000 times, gives us an image of one of our planets possessing an apparent diameter of several degrees. Jupiter, for instance, which seen with the naked eye, appears as a star of the first magnitude, with a diameter of forty-five degrees at the most, will in the telescope have its diameter multiplied 8,000 times, and will be seen as if it occupied in the heavens an angle of 100 degrees. Meanwhile a star alongside of Jupiter, and which to the eye is as bright as that planet, will still be a simple dimensionless point. Nevertheless, that star is thousands of times more voluminous than the planet. If you divide the distance between us and that planet by 8,000, and you have for result a distance relatively very small; but divide by 8,000 the enormous number of leagues which represents the distance of a star, and there remain a number of leagues too great to permit of the stars being seen by us in a perceptible form. In considering Jupiter or any of the planets, we are filled with wonder at the thought that this little luminous point might hide not only all the visible stars, but a number 5,000 fold greater—for of stars visible to our eyes there are only about 5,000. All the stars of these many constellations, as the Great Bear, Cassiopeia, Orion, Andromeda, all the stars of the zodiac, even all the stars which are visible only from the earth's southern hemisphere, might be set in one plane, side by side, with no one overlapping another, even without the slightest contact between star and star, and yet they would occupy so small a space that, were it to be multiplied by 5,000 fold, that space would be entirely covered by the disk of Jupiter, albeit that disk to us seems to be an inappreciable point.—Prof. J. Vind.

A letter from Utah, written by a lady, says: There are hordes of women in shaker or slat sun-bonnets and calico dresses—scant in length, breadth and thickness; whole tribes of half-grown boys and girls, hoodlums with hardly an exception; young men sullen and vicious-looking; young women, careworn and degraded; every woman with a baby at the breast and two or three hanging on her skirts; more halt, blind and lame than I ever saw in all my life. But the grave of Brigham is dispirited to the last degree. Not a weed has planted a shrub or seemingly has a tear. A commonplace, flat little granite slab marks the spot where the great prophet rests. His grave is distinguished from the others by being adorned with the decaying and odoriferous remains of a very dead cat and some broken pieces of old dishes. These may strike you as rather unique cemetery ornaments, but I guess, on the whole, they are good enough for old Brigham. One of the numerous Mrs. Young lives near us. She is a relic of the departed prophet. It seems very strange to hear that this Mr. So-and-So has three wives and all is the home of So-and-So; his last wife lives here. I notice, too, that the last and best-looking and youngest wife generally lives in the best house and the best style. The first wife has to go to the Endowment house and give her husband away every time he is married. But for all that, the poor creatures always let you know with an air of some importance when they do happen to be the first wives. Imagine a state of society where it is no cause of comment to having a married man paying attention to a young girl. Think of the bitterness and heartache of it. There were about 7,000 people in the congregation the day we were there. I had a very strong impression that the whole 7,000 needed a bath of good strong soap suds, but doubtless that was the idea of a very carnal mind.

A Fatal Shirt-Button. Dr. Sander, a physician, of Elberfeld, Germany, died recently from the effects of a singular accident, which conveys its own lesson: One morning in 1874, while dressing, he contrived in some way to get a shirt-button between his teeth. Unconsciously, while laughing, the button slipped into the back of his mouth, and thence into the larynx. All the exertions of his surgical friends to remove it were vain. It was ascertained that it sank into the right lung, which soon became irritated. Spitting blood ensued, and he was himself looking forward to his death as not very remote. He removed to a villa he had near Frankfurt-on-the-Main to pass his last days in quiet. Here he was surprised by a fit of coughing, accompanied by spitting of blood, in a paroxysm of which the button was ejected. His health rapidly improved, and in a few months, regarding himself as quite cured, he resumed his professional work, and endeavored to gather up the threads of his former practice. But last year an unmistakable symptom manifested themselves that the lung had not fully recovered from the presence in its substance of a foreign body for several months. He spent the winter in the south of Europe, but returned almost worse than he went. He gradually wasted away, and sank a few days ago.—London Times.

I think the turkey has the advantage of you," said the landlady to the ineffectual boarder who was carving. "Guess it has, mum—in age."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Full of interest.—The ledger of a savings bank.—New York News. There is a distinction with a difference between attic rooms and rheumatisms.

The United States produced during 1879 \$38,900,000 in gold and \$40,812,000 in silver.

The deepest mine on the Pacific slope or in America is the Belcher, which has attained a vertical depth of 3,000 feet.

When a thief snatches a watch and transfers it to a confederate, he does so merely to pass away time.—New York News.

The exports from the United States to Great Britain for the last year exceeded those of the previous year by over \$55,000,000.

During the past year 121 persons committed suicide in New York city. Forty-three were drowned and 1,015 met their death by violence.

Though the corn crop of the United States is not so large as it was supposed it would be, it is the largest ever known by more than 150,000,000 bushels.

Cheap eating houses, where one can get a substantial meal, including coffee, for fifteen cents, may be looked upon as one of the best economic features of Cincinnati.

"Do animals have fun?" asks some unobserving individual. Of course they do. When a cow switches her tail across the face of a man who is milking her, steps along just two yards and turns to see him pick up his stool and follow, she has the most amused expression on her face possible, and if she can kick over the milkpail she grows positively hilarious.—New Haven Register.

Augustine and Nelly were walking through the meadow, one bright summer day. And merrily laughing and talking. When some toadstools they saw by the way. "Do the toads really use these to sit on?" "Said Nelly—"now don't make a pun, Gus, if you do, like the subject were put on, I'll deem it the meanest of fun-Gus."

He came up a little late, stepped in without ringing, and striding softly into the parlor dropped into an easy-chair with the careless grace of a young man who is accustomed to the programme. "By Jove," he said to the figure sitting in the dim obscurity of the sofa. "By Jove, I thought I was never going to see you alone again. Your mother never goes away from the house now-a-days, does she, Minnie?" "Well, not amazingly frequently," cheerfully replied the old lady from the sofa. "Minnie's away so much of the time now I have to stay in." In the old hickory at the end of the house the moping owl complained to the moon much in its usual style, the katydids never sang more clearly and the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will filled the night with poetry, but he didn't hear any of it all the same. "And, by George," he said to a friend fifteen minutes later, "if I didn't leave my hat on the piano and my cane in the hall, I'm a goat. Think of 'em? Forget 'em? Strike me blind if I knew I had any clothes on at all. What I wanted was fresh air, and I wanted about thirty acres of it and mighty quick too."

How the Ute Indians Live. The Utes, who massacred Agent Meeker in Colorado, live principally on bread and meat. When they can't get bread they live on meat, and when they can't get meat they live on bread. When they have a great quantity of provisions on hand they eat it all up before getting any more. The same is true when they have a small quantity on hand. They are dirty. They are even very dirty. Their meat is generally permitted to rot on the ground in any place. Each Indian family possesses any number of dogs, from eight to fifteen, and these animals help themselves to the meat. After they have satisfied themselves, and when the Indians become hungry, they cut out of this same piece on which the dogs feed. They generally boil their meat, but sometimes they broil it. They put it in water and let it remain only a few minutes, just long enough to heat, when they take it out and begin to eat. They use the same water and same pail for boiling over and over again until the water becomes a perfect slime of filth. One pot generally does service for the entire family. This particular pot is a frying pan. When the Utes get out of bed they wash their faces and bathe the baby in it, after which they bake the bread and boil the meat. Then they eat out of the vessel, and then the dogs lick up the leavings. They clothe themselves with the skins of animals or with blankets. They generally take a blanket or skin and cut a hole in the middle of it and throw it over their heads, cutting arm-holes and fastening the garment at the waist with a wide belt, while they close up the neck with a buckskin string. When the garment vents out they cut the string and let it drop, but not before. Sometimes the Indians will wear as many as five of these garments at a time, always keeping the cleanest one on the outside.

A Precocious Boy. Robert Harris, a little five-year old boy, whose parents lived near Senatobia, Mississippi, has given evidence of remarkable intellectual powers. He can read and converse fluently, using choice words and in a pat way. Before he had reached his third year he had read the second and third readers, and had made some progress in arithmetic, showing a remarkable aptitude during the time in spelling and other branches of knowledge. While in his fourth year he read the fourth and fifth readers, learned a good part of the multiplication table and spelled from Webster's common school dictionary almost any word given him. He reads newspapers, and has considerable knowledge in general information and current events.