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Thoughts in a City Church.

Forgive me fault, it sometimes on Thy day, And in Thine house, my prayer hath folded wing;

Oh, cool and quiet places where men pray! Without, the gentle sound of awning.

Soft breath of mignonette and scented thyme From the warm hands of children sitting by,

The sound of voices in the shady lanes, The trembling heat above some quiet mound—

And here the sunbeams' painting on the wall, The ivy's shimmering shadow on the ground;

And everywhere a presence, without name, Subtle, ineffable—a spell, no more—

Art Thou extreme, oh Lord, to mark it wrong? Nay, for the desolate town was never Thine,

Unloveliness hath never part in Thee? Yet where gross man has marred Thy handiwork,

Souls, that at he could not reach, are white and free.

So that I breathe the breathe of fragrant lives And learn that where flowers sicken, hearts grow strong.

The better man within me cries "Content!" Albeit the weaker whispers still "How long?"

—Spectator.

TOO SUSCEPTIBLE.

I am German by birth, but was left an orphan at an early age and sent to St. Petersburg to be raised by two old maiden aunts, who regarded me with curiosity and dislike, as if "a bounding human boy" were an odd and rather disagreeable animal; but they tolerated me after a while, and did their best for me.

I felt that I was intended for something better than to be a clerk in a jewelry store; I used to feel the stir of young ambition in my heart whenever I passed the "Ecole des Pages" in the Sadowie—a that great gilt structure, so imposing, yet of the color of half-baked gingerbread.

But I determined to rise, and, even in the ignoble sphere in which I found myself, I soon made my way, and was at last confidential clerk in Carnreis & Shoveloff, the greatest house in their line in St. Petersburg.

Old Carnreis had been a diamond-dealer in Frankfurt, and had experience. Shoveloff was a Russian, and had put in a large capital; but we have nothing to do with them.

I found myself at twenty-three in the above-mentioned prosperous situation, and, moreover, engaged to a very pretty girl—an heiress. I had therefore some reason to congratulate myself on a certain December night when, after taking leave of Lisa, I was walking rapidly home under the sparkling deep blue sky, well wrapped in furs, and quite warmed by my own thoughts.

We were so near the wedding now there was scarcely a chance of failure. To be sure old Schroeder, a fat, tall, lanky-looking man in the candle trade, had never regarded me with favor.

His Lisa, he thought, should have done much better than to throw herself away on a fellow who had nothing except a salary. But the young girl was his only child, and had at last won her way with him. So it came to pass I had the prospect before me of being a rich man; and I thought of that perhaps more than I did of the young girl who was giving me her heart's purest and best affections. So you will say I deserve all that followed; and perhaps I do, but that is poor comfort.

Lisa was a pretty little thing, with hair and eyes like a brown robin, and a winning trusting look that made a man feel like gathering her up in his arms and taking care of her. At the same time she had never stirred the depths of my being, and she was not the least like my ideal. Still I was quite serenely happy the next day as I went about my work, thinking of the future.

"To-morrow, Conrad, my boy," I said to myself, "you will set your foot on another round of the ladder of fortune—you will have one of the best and truest of girls for your bride, and a good round sum with her. She is not a diamond of the first water, to be sure, but more like a pearl—soft, moonbeamy, and—"

At that moment a swish of silken drapery startled me, and the tap of French heels on the floor. I looked up and beheld such a vision of beauty that I felt like closing my eyes as it too much light had dazzled me. A lady, young, yet with the ripeness and bloom of summer, instead of the blush and promise of spring, stood before me.

She was dressed in a costly combination of silk and velvet. She wore a sable cloak, and diamond pendant at her ears. But I scarcely saw the jewels, although in that line, for looking into a pair of golden fringed violet eyes that rested upon me—well, I might say

plunged their glances into me—in a strange and heart-fluttering style.

For the rest, the lady had waving golden hair, rippling very low down on her white forehead, a straight Grecian nose, a pale, high bred complexion, with a faint aristocratic bloom in it, and a mouth—ah, well, so rare and sweet no words could do it justice!

"I would like," she said, in a voice that seemed to melt into the air and make it all resonant with music, "to look at some of your very finest diamonds."

There was no one in the store that day but Alexis, a young relative of Shoveloff's who was learning the business. Alexis was a youth with fawn-colored hair, white eyelashes and a suety complexion; very absent-minded, and given to writing sonnets to some young Alexandrine that he had met at the Cathedral of Our Lady of Kasar.

He was rolling up a pair of faded eyes, that looked like boiled gooseberries, in a frenzy of poetical composition that very moment, and seemed quite oblivious of the presence that illumined the place.

How insanely glad I felt that it was my lot to show the jewels, watching all the time the changing expression of the lovely eyes and the glitter of the golden hair!

The lady wanted the best—of course she did; nothing but regal jewels befitting her royal style of beauty. I showed her all, with a fierce wonder at my heart whether she were choosing for her bridal, whether she were merely examining previous to some gallant young officer or grand noble criving up and finishing the bargain, as his wedding gift to his bride.

There was a superb necklace upon which she had fixed her attention for some time.

"I must own to a weakness for diamonds," she said, with a winning laugh, raising her eyes from the jewels and resting them on mine in a lingering way, that set all my pulses madly beating.

"I do not wonder at it, madam," I said, with an imbecile smile. "The glittering stones must suit you well. They must borrow light from you, though they cannot add to the—"

Here I stopped short. I felt a hot glow rising to my face. What was I making! I had never seen before—a customer merely? I wondered she did not scathe me with a glance like heat lightning. I was relieved to hear her laugh.

"You should praise your jewels, not your customers," she said, lightly, and it seemed to me her eyes looked kindly into mine, as if she read my heart. And what right had I to care for her glances?

I thought of Lisa with a tinge of reproach. Bah! I said the next moment, because I am to be married must I never feel that a woman is beautiful again? I can admire her as a piece of statuary or a picture.

"Yes, I may say I have a passion for the splendid stones," she went on, gayly, "though they are so cold and white and hard—so soulless, as one might say. My husband indulges me."

"He has promised me anything I choose for the anniversary of our wedding. Fancy, it is the first, you see. Perhaps which we have passed several of these milestones he will not be so complacent."

"I should think time would only increase his rapture," I stammered.

"Oh, you are very gallant!" with a charming gesture. "You should be a courtier; but I must not allow you to say such things to me. Ten thousand rubles—with the earrings? Ah, it is a great price, but I think he will not grumble."

"He should not!" I said, emphatically.

"No?" with a playful look; "but he must see them first. He is so busy I can never have his company. His position is so confining you know. But of course you do not know."

She took out a card from a silver filagree case.

"MADAME PIERRE BERNHOFF."

Who had not heard of Doctor Pierre Bernhoff and his celebrated institution for the insane? So skillful, so successful was his system that patients came from far and near—or, rather, I should not say these patients came; they were always brought.

But a man who had made such a reputation must be old, I thought, and I cast a glance that was half-pity on the blooming woman who had, perhaps, sacrificed herself for a home, position and wealth.

"I suppose that young man is sane?" she asked, with a glance at Alexis, who was in the throes of composition, and rolling his eyes in an imbecile manner.

"Oh, yes—as sane as poets usually are," I answered, with a laugh.

"Then I suppose you can leave the place with him while you bring this lovely set to show my husband? My carriage is at the door."

There was no trouble about that. Although Alexis was in the clouds, he was very wide-awake when a customer entered, if he was in charge; otherwise, he laid down all responsibility.

We drove through the Nevskoi—that corridor of palaces and churches—past the splendid Alexandra theater and the Place Michel, with its English square, so refreshingly green in summer.

and me, he knows nothing whatever of diamonds. Of brains—disensured brains—he knows considerable, but his ignorance on other points is dense."

With a gay laugh that seemed to stir up shuddering echoes in the silence, she took the case in her hand and went out, shutting the door behind her.

It was a large room, and somewhat vault-like, in appearance. There was a great Russian store of white china in one corner that looked like a sarcophagus of an ecclesiastical pattern, with pinnacles and spire. There was a much-gilded picture of St. Nicholas on the wall—that patron saint who is found in every Russian house.

I did not find much room for speculation in that room, or food for thought. Indeed, I had gotten all through, and was going the rounds again and again rather impatiently.

Perhaps the lady had not found the Herr Doctor, or he might be hesitating about the price. Impossible to look in her face, I thought, and huddle over a few hundred rubles.

When one is the fortunate possessor of such a jewel—why, the door is locked! I have just turned the knob with the intention of looking out to see if my enchantress is coming. I fall back in consternation. What does it mean?

Before I have a chance to speculate about its meaning, the door opens and two persons enter. A stout man with the complexion of a kidney potato, and a stiff little article of red hair. He wears a green cloth suit with gilt buttons, on which the imperial eagle spreads itself.

The other individual is an old woman, with three chins and a snuffy appearance.

"Ah!" said the fat gentleman, cheerily, "and how are we by this time?"

I look at him in a puzzled way, and he scrutinizes me.

"Where is the lady?" I ask, somewhat impatiently.

"The lady? Oh, your wife thought it would be pleasanter for her not to see you again just at present. After a few days, when you are at home and calmer."

"Calmer! What the deuce do you mean?" I asked, turning fiercely on him.

"There, there. Not the least use in that; all in good time. She will come, never fear; I have seldom seen a more charming and affectionate creature. I cannot part with him," she said; "it would be my heart."

"See here, I can't for the life of me make out what you mean. Let me see the doctor—Doctor Pierre Bernhoff."

The fat man shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I am Doctor Pierre Bernhoff."

"Where is your wife?"

He regarded me as one does a troublesome child, then lifted his eyes with a look above.

"In heaven. A good gracious! Do you mean to say that I did not drive up here with your wife a half-hour ago, and that she did not show you a case containing ten thousand rubles' worth of diamonds for your decision?"

"Ah, diamonds," said he, indulgently. "Yes, yes—so you did. You must have patience. She's gone now to show them to the Cham of Tartary, whose daughter is to wed to-morrow the Bashibazook of Shiraz, and will wear your jewels on her neck. Ha, ha! Mashouka, you must have help. This is no mild case, as the lady represented."

I saw the whole plot at a glance. My imbecile fancy had led me straight into it. I cursed my own folly and began to tell the doctor the truth as rapidly as possible; but I saw it had no effect. I begged him to send at once to Carnreis & Shoveloff's for confirmation. I knew Alexis had not least idea of my whereabouts.

The doctor listened patiently, blandly and assented to all. But I felt a horrible certainty that he would do nothing. Why should he trouble himself with the vagaries of a lunatic?

"If monsieur will be patient, it shall all be done—to-morrow, I dare say."

"Good God!" I cried, a sudden horror striking a terror to my heart. "I am to be married to-morrow!"

The doctor evidently regarded this as a fresh outburst of insanity.

"To be sure, to be sure," he said, soothingly; "but it will all come right. It would have to be put off any way, for Madame Snipski has not finished the wedding dress."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" I cried, in the most abject terror, "do not talk to me in that style, or you will drive me mad in earnest! Can you not see that this woman was an adventuress—that this is a clever trick to rob us of ten thousand rubles' worth of diamonds?"

"It reminds me of the case we had last fall—squire-eyed party—who had been robbed of the Robinson," murmured the doctor to the nurse.

meantime? They might even think I was in league with the handsome adventuress, and had gone off with her to enjoy the ill-gotten gains!

All these things burned an if I scathed in my brain, till it seemed as if I, too, must break out into important raving, or blood curdling oaths, or passionate prayers, such as re-echoed through the long corridors about me; for I was in that department of the institution marked "Violent," and I could hear all the gibberings, the mad outbreaks of violence, the sudden shrieks and crashes, that seemed to torture the very echoes.

Morning at last—through a barred window that "slurred the sunshine half a mile"; yet I knew by even that pale beam that the sun had risen upon my wedding day!

My wedding day! Lisa was kneeling perhaps at that moment breathing a prayer for our future happiness. I was a pious little thing, I knew. I pictured her lovely soft brown eyes, full of tears and hopes; her pretty folded hands.

I had never loved her enough, but now—now that she seemed slipping away from me, now that a horrible chance had severed us—she grew suddenly dear and precious.

"Lisa," I groaned, "oh, my darling, pray—pray as you have never done before, for my destiny hangs on that prayer!"

Oh, how slowly the hours crept on! The little bar of dusty gold that lay on the floor of my cell grew broader feebly. It seemed thinner as it broadened. I thought of its fading with horror.

Good heavens! Is there no help for it—none? Must I sit here, the sport of circumstances—an innocent victim, while my poor girl breaks her heart over the strange delay? I grow frantic. I call out. I implore. I beg the keepers to come to me. I adjure them by the memory of their mothers—of their sweethearts and wives, to listen to me—to believe me—to help me. Then I listen with a quick, throbbing heart. Every step in the corridor awakens hope that springs up only to die away. They do not heed me—no one comes!

Oh, only a man to bring me something to eat! I do not see what—I am faint and sick with a great throbbing from head to foot, as if I were all one pulse of pain. I spring forward.

"Oh, for the love of God!" I cry, "get me out of this! To-day is my wedding day. This is a cruel mistake! I will give you a hundred rubles if you let me out. I will leave you my watch in pledge. You have only to open the hall door. Think of it—the poor girl that I was to have married is—"

He did not even wait to hear me. He looked alarmed and hurried out, leaving me to rave alone.

In vain. I knew the time was past—the hour was gone. I could picture the surmises and whisperings of the guests, the rage—the wild rage of the father, the mute anguish of my poor little girl.

They were disturbing her, perhaps. This very moment, laying aside the pretty dress and filmy veil, to be worn again—ah, when? Did she faint, or cry, or lay there dumb with anguish, I wondered? Would her heart say a kind word for me when others were traducing me? Oh, pure and trusting heart, I have never valued you aright, and now I am punished for it!

After that I grew calmer. There was no more hope and so the quiet of despair came to me, and I sat dumbly watching the fading of the bar of sunshine till it looked like a faint golden mist, and then went out in darkness.

Another night had come, and I slept from sheer exhaustion.

I was awakened the next morning by a familiar voice.

"Hello, old straightjacket, here you are! No card of a row yesterday. Couldn't find a clew to you or your diamonds, or the lady so fair, fair, with the golden hair. Ah, my boy, you are too susceptible! But I found the card with her name this morning. You dropped it on the floor, and it got shoved out of sight. I followed it up, and it's all right. The prison-doors unbar. Ri-tu-ri-ru, the captive breaks his chains."

The keeper was regarding Alexis with a suspicious air, as if, instead of freeing any one, he fancied he should have another patient. That young gentleman always took liberties with me on account of his relationship to Shoveloff, but I never enjoyed them till this morning. I seized his hand as if it had been my nearest friend. I thanked him with effusion.

The doctor did not appear. He turned my valuables, but kept himself out of the way. Confusion at his mistake had perhaps overcome him.

I reached the store to meet the united wrath of the partners. When I informed them that the diamonds were gone, I was at once dismissed from their employ. My offense was in permitting the case of jewels to go out of my hands. I had been betrayed into this by the glamor of a pair of bright eyes. I went home disconsolately enough to find a note in my room from old Schroeder.

"Sir—Your infamous conduct deserves a punishment that my hands are itching to give you, but I cannot leave my poor heartbroken child. I have been to your place of business, and heard the story of your elopement with a vile adventuress, and robbery of your employer's diamonds, immensely valuable. I am thankful my child has escaped you. I thank God your depraved taste made you unfaithful to her, and I know she will see the truth in time. I am going to take her away at once from the place you have made hateful to her. It would be best for you never to cross my path again."

So all my plans had toppled down like a child's cardhouse, and I sat despairing among the ruins.

It is wonderful how the modest citizen, who objects to seeing his name in the paper, will want to whip the entire establishment if it should happen to get in print with one letter left out.—Winston (N. C.) Leader.

Individuality of the Horse.

One thing curious and interesting about the horse is his individuality. This is a characteristic common to all animals, undoubtedly, to a greater or less degree, but surpassingly so we think in the case of the horse. How this characteristic varies in horses is well known by any one who has ever intelligently drawn a rein over a good roadster. The individuality of horses varies as much as that of men. Every one has a different mental as well as physical make-up. Some horses seem to possess brains, to have some sense, least sign, a notion or word of their master; others are not inaptly termed "lunk-heads," always awkward, lumbering about, difficult to teach, and never "make anything" in a horse-ological sense. It may be true that these traits in a horse are sometimes due to the habits of his driver or owner, and that the horse itself may not be so much to blame for his ignorance, but however much he can be excused on this score, there is a surprising difference in these mental qualities of horses. Some men drive and use horses for years and yet never realize anything, or that there is any more difference between them than there is between so many barrels or sawlogs. Other men who handle horses a great deal, who buy and sell frequently, and who study much their different characteristics, will tell you how wonderful horses are, how much more they know than some men, how much each one has to be driven and handled differently, and how much they will sometimes teach even their drivers! Between a nervous, sensitive, intelligent horse and his considerate owner how large a union of fellowship and sympathy exists. In the stable, on the road, if overtaken by an accident, the cool, sensible man is sure to have a quick sympathy from his faithful horse. He trusts his master, as his master trusts him. If the master is quiet, the horse will be equally so, knowing everything is safe; if the master blusters, or becomes anxious, or exhibits fear, the horse knows it at once, and becomes restless likewise. Oh, that men only knew that horses know much more than they give them credit for, and that they would use them more humanely, as they should, than they now do. Horses are not brutes, they are noble, intelligent, sensible creatures, the most useful animal servant which divine goodness has given to man!—New England Farmer.

A Badger's Defense Against Dogs. Mr. Charles Gontor and son were shooting ten miles west of the city when they saw upon the banks of a stream a badger. Two dogs accompanied the hunters, and upon receiving the proper encouragement began an attack upon the animal. The fight was a lively and interesting one, and though a shot could have easily settled the contest, the hunters preferred to look on and enjoy the struggle, and leave the fate of the badger to be settled by the dogs. For ten minutes the dogs howled and barked, and would occasionally jump on the enemy, inserting their teeth in its back, receive a slight wound in return and then retreat a few feet away. A false movement would then be indulged in by the dogs, though they intended to pounce upon their victim and kill him without further parley. The badger soon understood their false attacks, and when he paid no attention to one of them the succeeding one was sure to result in a struggle, in which every time the dogs were driven away with an extra wound or two, until finally, all worn out and covered with blood, they gave up the fight. A large bulldog, owned by a neighbor, heard the noise of the other two and came bounding upon the scene, fresh and in good trim and eager for fray. The badger was about fired out, and it was but a short time after the arrival of the third dog before he was lying dead, having fought bravely to the end, leaving gory marks upon the hide of the third antagonist. The badger is full grown, and probably weighs thirty pounds. His fur is of grayish color, and he is altogether a very pretty animal. He was looked upon as a great curiosity, from the fact that no badger was ever before discovered in this part of Missouri, and the questions, where did he come from?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The American Eagle and the Dogs. Some three months ago, while hunting in the mountains east of the Twelve-mile House, Mr. Buffington captured a young American eagle. At the time the eagle was quite small, and from appearance was a few weeks old. Mr. Buffington has his pet confined in the yard back of his shop, and the many curious monkeyshines indulged in by the mountain bird are really amusing. Measuring some eight feet from tip to tip, and weighing forty pounds, with talons three inches in length, there is but small chance for any dogs residing in the neighborhood. For as sure as one makes his appearance the eagle spreads his heavy wing, and with a loud scream strikes the dog. The scene that follows is one of great interest. The dog, without further notice, darts through the side gate and out into the street, with the eagle attached to his back, and that, too, in a manner to stay. Down the street he goes at breakneck speed. At a distance of about two blocks the eagle bids the dog an affectionate adieu, and quietly returns as though nothing had happened. The same experiment is gone through with whenever the dog can be procured. It does not seem necessary to remark that dogs of any description are seldom seen in that part of the town, and the same dog never more than once. It would be a blessing to our city if we had one such bird on each block.—San Jose (Cal.) Mercury.

Have animals a sense of humor? asks Evelyn. They have, and there's lots of it in a mule's hind leg for the fellow who contracts to lift it up.—Owego Record.

"Success With Small Fruits."

"I just rolled out here from the grocery," said the little green apple as it paused on the sidewalk for a moment's chat with the banana peel; "I am waiting here for a boy. Not a small, weak, delicate boy," added the little green apple, proudly, but a great big boy, a great hulky, strong, leather-lunged, noisy fifteen-year-old, and little as I am you will see me double up that boy to-night, and make him wall and howl and yell. Oh, I'm smart, but don't you forget it. All the boys in Burlington," the little green apple went on, with just a shade of plying contempt in its voice, "couldn't fool around me as any one of them fools around a banana."

"Boys seem to be your game," drawled the banana peel, lazily; "well, I suppose they are just about strong enough to afford you a little amusement. For my own part, I like to take some of the kind of man I usually do business with. He is large and strong, it is true, but—"

And just then a South Hill merchant who weighs about 231 pounds when he feels right good came along, and the banana peel just caught him by the foot, lifted him about as high as the awning-post turned him over, banged him down on a potato basket, flattening it out until it looked like a splitting door mat, and the shock jarred everything loose in the show-window. And there, while the alien merchant picked up his property from various quarters of the globe, his silk hat from the gutter, his spectacles from the cellar, his handkerchief from the tree-box, his cane from the show-window, and one of his shoes from the eaves-trough, and a boy ran for the doctor, the little green apple blushed red and shrunk a little back out of sight, covered with awe and mortification.

"Ah," it thought, "I wonder if I can ever do that? Alas, how vain I was, and yet how poor and weak and useless I am in this world."

But the banana peel comforted it and bade it look up and take heart, and do well what it had to do, and labor for the good of the cause in its own useful sphere. "True," said the banana peel, "you cannot lift up a two-hundred-pound man and break a cellar door with him, but you can give him the cholera morbus, and if you do your part the world will feel your power and the medical colleges will call you blessed."

And then the little green apple smiled and looked up with grateful blushes on its face and thanked the banana peel for its encouraging counsel. And that very night, an old father, who writes thirteen hours a day, and a patient mother who was almost ready to sink from weariness, and a nurse and a doctor sat up until nearly morning with a thirteen-year-old boy, who was all twisted up in the shape of a figure-eight while all the neighbors on that block sat up and listened and pounded their pillows and tried to sleep and wished that boy would either die or get well.

And the little green apple was pleased and its last words were: "At least I have been of some little use in this great, wide world."

Love that Glorifies the Humblest Man.

There is nothing in the world so sad as human nature, and the tears come into my eyes now as I think of the pitiful story Tom told me as he smoked his after-supper pipe last night. The other day, just before I came home, Tom had occasion to go over the lake. On his way back, and when the train stopped at the car in front of him with a little baby lying in his arms. The baby seemed young, and the man hushed it in his arms with a gentle, rocking motion, bending over it now and then to kiss its white face. After the train got under way the conductor came to Tom and said: "Come with me, I want to show you the saddest, strangest sight you ever saw in your life. An old man, let me see the man over there?" said he, and there sat the man whom Tom noticed lying in his arms. His precious little bundle lay quiet on the seat in front of him, and, as these other two men watched, he leaned over, looked long and earnestly in the little lower face, and then kissed the frail finger-tips he held so gently in his hand. "That baby's dead," said the conductor. "It died this morning at the bay. He couldn't bear to put it in a coffin, because he thought it would have to go with him in the baggage car, and so he is just carrying it home to New Orleans in his arms." And the car rattled on; the boy called his stale slices of sponge cake and his cigars through the train; the passengers laughed, and smoked, and fought the mosquitoes; and he, stricken to the heart's core, sat there quiet and unheeding, watching over his dead child, kissing the fingers that would never again softly clasp his, looking down upon the white lids that had closed over the bright eyes as the petals of a sensitive flower close at night-time over its delicate heart—and the world was nothing to him.—New Orleans Times.

A Safe on Wheels.

The removal of the bureau of engraving and printing to a building half a mile from the United States treasury at Washington has made it necessary to provide new arrangements for the transfer of money and bonds between the two establishments. The department has had constructed a heavy, van-like wagon, a sort of vault on wheels, built of iron and steel, and arranged internally like a bank vault with a sheet-iron lining. The doors are fastened with tremendous bolts and the locks are of the combination order. The body of the concern is painted an olive color with gilt ornamentation. It was only put into service a short time ago, and when drawn through the street by two immense horses it attracts considerable attention, especially as it is always accompanied by five armed agents of the treasury department, two guarding the front and three the rear.