

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion.....\$1 00
One Square, one inch, one month.....\$2 00
One Square, one inch, three months.....\$5 00
One Square, one inch, one year.....\$10 00
Two Squares, one year.....\$15 00
Quarter Column, one year.....\$5 00
Half Column, one year.....\$8 00
One Column, one year.....\$10 00

Legal notices at established rates.
Marriage and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XVII. NO. 8.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1884.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

THE FOREST REPUBLICAN

Is published every Wednesday, by

J. E. WENK.

Office in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Building
KIM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

Terms, - - - \$1.50 per Year.

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.
Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

THE COMING OF THE DAISIES.

There's no life without its winter,
There's no year without its sleep,
For the picture must be shaded—
'Tis the bitter makes the sweet.
And even in stern December,
Trustful hearts can hear this strain—
At the coming of the daisies,
We shall all be glad again.

MRS. BAKER'S RELIGION.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"Mrs. Baker, ma wants to know if you can't come and sit up with granny tonight. She's worse, and ma 'n Tilly's 'bout worn out."
"Mrs. Baker was frying crullers on the kitchen stove when little Tom Marsh came in to deliver his message. She had been at work all day, and was tired, warm and considerably out of temper. She was certainly in anything but a mood to confer favors.

the old lady's only support. I was thinking, Sarah, if we couldn't do something for her! You being on the relief committee, you know, could easily—"
"John Baker, do you suppose—do you actually suppose I'm going to lift one finger to help that old woman who insulted me ten years ago? It would look well for me to be rushing to her aid now."
"I think help would look better comin' from you than from any one else, Sarah. She'd know you'd forgiven the past, and that your religion meant something."

Baker preaches a sight, but she don't practice wuth anything."
For a moment Mrs. Baker was tempted to rush into the next room and frankly tell her neighbors "what she thought of them;" but angry as she was, an instant's deliberation convinced her that such a course would be highly injudicious, and might lead to a scandal which would afford the village gossip for months to come. So, without giving any intimation of her presence, she hurriedly left the house.

DANGERS OF THE OCEAN.

GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT-EST LOSS EVER KNOWN.

The Disaster of 1782—20,000 Men and \$100,000,000 of Property Go to the Bottom of the Atlantic.
The recent sinking of the steamer Daniel Steinhilber, near Sambre light, and the dreadful loss of life accompanying the occasion, renders, in connection with the summer hegrta to Europe, all matters pertaining to ocean travel of interest.
Ocean disasters are of no rare occurrence, but one took place over a hundred years ago whose very age makes it news to the present generation. It was an American-Atlantic gale, and one fleet went down in it whose loss of human lives and property is unparalleled in history. How many vessels and men went down in that great September gale of 1782 will never be known; but out of the great "Blue Field" fleet, on its homeward way from the West Indies to England, and composed of about 100 ships, consisting of richly laden merchantmen, conveying men-of-war, and captured frigates and war vessels, over sixty were never heard of, 30,000 men of that single fleet went down to their graves in the Atlantic, and it was estimated that the loss to England was directly £20,000,000, or \$100,000,000. Truly for four days' work there is nothing in the world's history to reach it, and though it occurred but yesterday—to-day it is nearly forgotten, and of the thousands who pass the Newfoundland banks it is a very small percentage who know of the great graveyard of 1782 that lies in their close vicinity. This doomed fleet was sent back from the Musquito coast in charge of Admiral, afterward Lord, Graves. Lord Rodney was in command of the British vessels, and in connection with Sir Thomas Hood, had captured numerous French men-of-war from the Counts de Grasse and d'Estang, as well as American vessels and heavily-loaded merchantmen from both nations. These, with a large fleet of British merchantmen, all well loaded; transports and vessels returning with the sick and disabled, were placed under convoy of Admiral Graves, and the protection of the flagship Ramillies, seventy-four guns, Canada and Centaur seventy-four guns each, frigate Pallas, thirty-six guns, Ville-de-Paris, 110 guns, war vessels Glorieux, Caton, Ardent, Jason, Hector and a number of others. It has been estimated that there were 3,500 cannon in this great fleet, of about one hundred vessels. The vessels started on their disastrous voyage July 25, and made slow progress against heavy winds. On September 16 a heavy gale sprang up in the afternoon, and on board the flagship Ramillies the top-gallant yards and masts were sent down, the sails furled and the ship brought to under a mainsail on the larboard tack. The fleet was well bunched around the flagship and the other vessels speedily followed her example so far as practicable. During the night the wind was a gale, when at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 17th it whirled around into a directly opposite quarter, took the Ramillies by the lee, her main and mizzen masts went by the board, the foretop mast fell over the starboard bow, numbers of the yards broke in their slings, the tiller snapped, the rudder was nearly torn off, and in thirty seconds this great, mortal giant lay a wreck on the crumpled tops of a seething ocean, swept to a dead-level by a hurricane's knife-like hand. How many of the consorting vessels went down at that awful blast will never be known. Nobly the great Ramillies stood up against fate. Her copper sheathing was beaten off, the oakum left her seams and the waters poured in. Now came the fight for life. Gun after gun, cable after cable, shot after shot and bower after bower were given over as a sacrifice to the wrath of the deep. Whips and buckets and pumps were stretched in all directions. Raw hides were stretched and nailed fore and aft. It all prolonged the vessel's life, but could not save it. Gallantly she fought for existence until the evening of the 19th. Then a part of her cargo-deck was in her hold, her seams were gaping wide, she was a shaky wreck of loose bolts and timbers, and evidently settling forward. Some of the merchantmen that still remained above water with their spars gone and sides stove came as near to the rescue as possible, and with vast difficulty the crew of the Ramillies was scattered among them. This done, and with a hatred of the storm that had wrecked their gallant vessel, a hatred that a man alone knows, the torch was applied to her magazine and the brave ship, with her last gasp, defied her enemy and became her own executioner. Such was the fate of the Ramillies. Of the rest of that great fleet, the gigantic Ville de Paris, with her 2,000 souls, went down with all on board, and not a mortal eye saw her sink. The Centaur, Glorieux, Hector (men-of-war) and a number of the merchantmen went down like the vast Paris—with none to see their death and none left to tell the tale of their final miseries. Of the others, some were seen to sink, the alarm gongs of others were heard, and some were seen to drive before the gale, masted, rudderless and helpless. About twenty-five vessels out of the hundred comprising the fleet are supposed to have kept afloat. These reached different ports in sad plight. Some brought up at Halifax, some in Plymouth Sound, others at Bristol, at Irish ports and in France. This last refuge served to be the mockery of misery. The line-ship Canada, seventy-four guns, was sighted by the survivors of the American-Atlantic tornado half hull down, having her main-top and mizzen-masts gone, with her main yard aloft and the sail blown from the gasket. The impression was that she would go down to the bottom. But she did not. With a marvellous fleet heel she outstripped the entire sur-

vivors, and ran into Portsmouth, England, October 4. There she scattered the news of the dire fate that had overtaken the majestic Blue Field fleet. The news was speedily wafted across the channel to France, and the French privateers swarmed forth to waylay the unprotected incoming victims of the gale, and captured a number. So that after escaping the jaws of the hurricane many fell into the prisons of France.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not; how much of wrong is done,
How many hearts with sorrow wrung
Furer, perhaps, than thine:
Because suspicion, like a blight,
Has changed their hope to gloom of night
Though brightly hope did shine.
Judge not; how many a soul has been
Driven by scorn to deeds of sin,
Which had been pure without.
Believe not all reports as true,
But give to them what is their due.
An ever-honest doubt.
Judge not; what right have we to say,
"Our brother meanness harm away,"
But let us rather give
That Christian grace of charity,
Which we would were given, if we
Under reproach should live.
Our judgment, what a hasty thing!
And oh! how deadly is its sting!
The one it strikes must bear
Perhaps for years the wound it gives;
And still the scar the wound outlives.
Oh, let us then beware!
—The Guide.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A false profit—Il-gotten gains.
Always getting into scrapes—Nut mega.
"Do take some more of the vegetables, Mr. Blood, for they go to the pigs, anyway."—Harvard Lampoon.
Colored waiters are the best. Whatever is said at the table they will be sure to keep dark.—New Orleans Item.
"Half a loaf is better than no leisure," remarked the tramp, as he settled himself for a nap on a park bench.—New York Life.
A young woman is about to open a cigar store in New York. We have no doubt she will have capital to back her.—Boston Bulletin.
Jay Gould's income is reckoned to be at the rate of \$9 a minute. When a man asks him for a minute it means something.—Statesman.
The sunsets are still red, which is more than can be said of a great many scientific articles being published on the subject.—Cincinnati Times-Star.
A Japanese woman dresses her hair only once in four days. This gives the rest of the family an occasional glance at the mirror.—Bismarck Tribune.
When freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the breeze
She gave the ladies perfect right
To do all things—just as they please.
—Chicago Sun.
A man has been arrested in London for simply laying up something for a rainy day. In his room over nine hundred umbrellas were discovered.—Norristown Herald.
A preacher having married a couple in the church the other day, unfortunately gave out as the very next hymn, "Mistaken souls that dream of Heaven."—Chicago Sun.
"You can lead a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink," says the old saw. You couldn't make some men drink, either, if you took them to a hydrant.—Hankook.
A young duke once went to Tahiti,
But the natives all thought as a sweetie
They would find him so good,
That they used him for food;
Or, to put it more plainly, they eat he.
—The Judge.
There is probably nothing in this transitory world that will yield larger and quicker returns on the amount invested, than poking a wisp with your finger to see if he feels well.—Chicago Sun.
"Into the lilt of love's blithe measure
There has crept a curious ray and halt,"
sings Ella Wheeler. It appears that Ella's pa, too, comes down to the gate sometimes in his largest pair of boots.—Courier-Journal.
A Philadelphia man compels his daughter to eat onions every night for supper, and thus assures himself that he can shut the house at 10 o'clock without locking in a strange young man.—Burlington Free Press.
Kaiser William, King George, of Greece, and King Christian, of Denmark, will meet this summer in Weisbaden. Opposition summer resorts will have to hold a pretty good hand to beat three Kings.—Norristown Herald.
A Canal street storekeeper conceived and executed the plan of putting up the sign, "Admission Free," over the door of his store, and his place has been crowded ever since. The average human being does love a free show.—Piscayune.
Some one says "he thoroughly occupied man was ever miserable." The Philadelphia News is convinced that that man evidently doesn't know what it is to attempt the feat of keeping twin babies quiet while their mother goes to church.
"Yes," said the English nobleman, "I was disgusted with Newport. Why, there were two other earls there when I arrived, and I didn't begin to monopolize all the attention. America is becoming too overrun with noblemen."—Boston Post.
A little fellow with a tall, stalwart wife was asked by a friend if the contrast between them didn't often expose him to mortifying remarks. "Oh, I don't mind that," he said, cheerfully, "but since Sarah's grown near-sighted, I have to look sharp for fear she'll step on me."—Brooklyn Eagle.
Clara Morris says her "stage tears are real tears." "Well, great Scott, they ought to be! She's paid enough for them. The idea of a woman getting \$600 for weeping and then palming off imitation weeps on an unsuspecting, confiding audience that has paid \$1.50 for reserved seats! Why, we didn't suppose that any actor or actress of prominence would cry anything but real tears. You can't expect the property man to furnish emotion, we don't suppose."—Hankook.

How to Preserve the Voice.

Emma Abbott, the singer, says:
"There is only one way to preserve the voice that I know of and that is so simple that it should not be forgotten. The secret is, don't force it. Don't force it at any time, but especially do not force it into practice. I know it used to be the custom to teach a singer to bellow everything, but to bellow is not to sing, and I am not an artist because I rush at everything with all the wind of a blacksmith's forge. I used to imagine that it was necessary to howl in order to show that I could sing, but I know better now. And who have taught me so, you would ask? My answer is only three other women, but those three are Jennie Lind, Alboni and Adelina Patti."
Georgia now has a law requiring hotels that do not use real butter to display a sign conspicuously. "This house uses oleomargarine."