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RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$1.00. One Square, one inch, one month, \$10.00.

The richest silver ore in large bodies ever discovered in the United States was struck lately in the Iron Hill mine, near Deadwood, Dakota.

American probably invest more money in farming tools than any other people. By the census of 1880 the value of agricultural implements made the previous year was \$68,000,000.

The death of a sea captain recently was ascribed by medical authorities to blood-poisoning, caused by his vessel carrying a cargo of nitrate of soda.

A naturalist in the west has concluded either that owls are without memory or that they do not mind going about with owl-traps fastened to their legs.

The mahdi's grave outside Omdurman in the Sudan is now marked by a plain monument, erected by his successor, Sheikh Abdulla.

The unequal distribution of land in Great Britain may be judged by the fact that seventy-five members of the new house of commons own more than three thousand acres of land each.

One of those heroines of whom the world hears but little lives near Lexington, Ga. Her name is Sallie Hansford.

Mr. Ivan Levinstein, the president of the Manchester section of the Society of Chemical Industry, calls attention to a new substance which is extracted from coal tar, and possesses sweetening properties far stronger than the best cane or beet-root sugar.

THE DISAPPOINTED.

There are songs enough for the hero, Who dwells on the heights of fame; I sing for the disappointed,

I sing with a tearful exultance For one who stands in the dark, And knows that his last, best arrow Has bounded back from the mark.

For the hearts that break in silence With a sorrow all unknown; For those who need companions,

There are songs enough for the lover, Who share love's tender pain; I sing for the one whose passion Is given and in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades Have missed them on the way, I sing with a heart overflowing,

And I know the solar system Must somewhere keep in space A prize for that spent runner

For the Plan would be imperfect Unless it held some sphere That paid for the toil and talent

And love that are wasted here.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

TRUST WELL KEPT

BY EDMUND LYONS.

The torrent of mutiny in India that had been gathering volume and force in secret for months had burst its barriers at last, and was sweeping along as though past all control.

"Sahib, don't go on!" she said, speaking in her own language. "They are all dead by this time. Boden Singh was behind your chair, his knife ready,

"Quick, Sahib!" she exclaimed, hastily, as I stood irresolute in the middle of the road. "They will see us in a minute.

"Why did you put grease on the cartridges?" At that moment, with life and death hanging about evenly in the balance, those words and their evil inference were ringing in my brain.

"A Simian Sentinel." Abu Tama's band of Soudan guerrillas have a pet baboon, who accompanies them on all their expeditions.

Abu Tama's band of Soudan guerrillas have a pet baboon, who accompanies them on all their expeditions, and performs picket duty when his two-legged comrades are overcome with fatigue.

opportunity, willily pointed out the grievance. Several of the regiments protested, and asked that the grease on the cartridges be changed, so as no longer to clash with their religious principles; and had the advice, strongly urged,

A clump of bamboos is a good spot for a fugitive to hide in. It is an excellent place also for a party of soldiers to encamp by.

Situated as I then was, forewarned and, therefore, forearmed, I was sincerely sorry that Boden Singh would not find me in my bungalow.

The clump of tall, thin bamboos were singing their endless song to the night breeze, felt by their sensitive, lofty tops, though not perceptible below; and our voices lost to the mutineers in the groaning and creaking of the branches.

"The time is close at hand, sahib," said the grateful wife, "when I may do for you what you have done for him, and she stooped down, picked up a small piece of earth and swallowed it, following a well known custom of Hindoo fanaticism.

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"Sahib," said Pooniah, "I have kept my trust. I can do no more for you, Salam." She was gone, and I never saw her again.

More fortunately than the "Martyr of Allahabad" I got safely into Lucknow, and came out with Sir Colin Campbell's men when they marched to our relief.

"I don't think I would."—New York Star.

A Novel Trade Custom.

"A novel commercial custom came to my notice in Vera Cruz, Mexico," says a traveler in that country to a Pittsburg Dispatch reporter.

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SINKING THE ALBEMARLE.

HOW THE CONFEDERATE RAM WAS DESTROYED BY CUSHING.

Attaching a Torpedo to the Vessel and Blowing Her up—A Daring Midnight Deed.

A writer in the Detroit Free Press gives a thrilling account of the destruction of the Confederate ram Albemarle by Lieutenant Cushing of the Federal navy.

The wharf where the ram reposed, grim and confident in its strength, loomed upon the expectant vision of Cushing, who in a whisper directed that the gear of the torpedo should be ready for prompt action.

Suddenly there flared up from either bank a broad belt of light, illuminating the dark bosom of the river with almost the distinctness of day.

"Who goes there?" hailed a sharp, clear voice. "Who's in that launch? Report, or I'll open fire upon you."

Cushing, realizing that concealment was no longer possible, while every moment to him was worth its weight in gold, rushed toward the ram with torpedo poised ready to do its work.

The guard on the wharf aroused by the alarm came pouring forth from their quarters, half asleep, bewildered and not knowing which way to turn to meet the foe.

The flash of the gun revealed the low overhang of the ram to the sharp eye of Cushing, and for that point he directed the launch, when, as he came within striking distance, he discovered for the first time the raft of logs surrounding the ram.

Catherine Cole, one of the best known literary women of the South, told a New York Mail and Express reporter that the worst fright she ever got in her life was from the defunct elephant, Jumbo.

"I was walking around the garden when suddenly I felt myself lifted like a feather into the air. I tried to scream, but I could not, I didn't have the time.

An Elephant Wrecks a Bustle.

"I was walking around the garden when suddenly I felt myself lifted like a feather into the air. I tried to scream, but I could not, I didn't have the time.

"Leave the ram!" he shouted. "Jump, for I'm going to send you sky high!"

missiles. He swam to the middle of the stream, and when about half a mile below the town came across Acting Master's Mate Woodman, of the Commodore Hull.

Completely exhausted, Cushing managed to reach the shore, but was too weak to crawl out of the water until just at daylight, when he managed to creep into the swamp close to the fort.

Under the protection of the Confederate naval officer the survivors were soon lodged in a place of safety and left to their own reflections. But they had heard enough to convince them that the grand object of their mission had been accomplished, and that the Albemarle was a thing of the past.

Cushing rested in the secure depths of the swamps until the sun had risen and then started through the dense mass of mud, water and entanglements of roots until finally he came out upon solid ground some distance below the town.

It was a gallant exploit, unsurpassed for coolness in the history of any navy on the face of the globe.

With the loss of the Albemarle, the last vessel of the Confederate iron-clad navy disappeared.

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"I was walking around the garden when suddenly I felt myself lifted like a feather into the air. I tried to scream, but I could not, I didn't have the time.

The power that raised me aloft had me by the bustle, and I could hear that protuberance crushing together as if a mountain had smashed it. Then I described a semi-circle and was let down, bustle and all, on the walk.

A novel form of clock has recently been designed by an English artisan.

The oldest Episcopal church in the United States is that in Williamsburg, Va. It contains the font in which Pocahontas was baptized.

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THE STARS SHINE OUT.

The stars shine out and glid the sky, Softly the night winds breathe and sigh;

Dark vapors rise—their flagons lie Coldly upon my brow, but I Lift up my starry gaze, and bright The stars shine out.

Trust not, sad heart, nor question why The shadows and the night draw nigh. The mist of doubt will melt in light, God's face will put them all to flight.

The stars shine out. —Walter T. Field, in the Current.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Post of duty—The custom-house. Toe martyrs—People with corns.

A policeman, like a man climbing a ladder, goes the rounds.

A very slim dude and a very stout cane have been known to pass for brothers.

A Texas gentleman has observed that when he goes out hunting and has his gun with him, and wants to ride on the street car, he has never yet had occasion to signal a street car driver twice.

Two fashionable young ladies were walking down street, one on either side of a young gentleman, extremely swell in attire and equally meagre in proportions.

At a masquerade, where people strayed, A duke wished to be there; So he asked a belle if she would tell

What costume he should wear. "Go as a tree, my dear," said she, With countenance serene:

"I tell you that will fit you; Go as an evergreen."

One little girl was heard to say to a playmate: "When I grow up I'm going to be a school-teacher."

"Well, I'm going to be a mamma and have six children." "When they come to school to me I'm going to whip 'em, whip 'em, whip 'em."

Curious Timepieces. In the year 1839 a transparent watch of small size, constructed principally of rock crystal, was presented to the Academy of Sciences in Paris.

A curiosity in the way of watches was shown by the director of the Watchmakers' school at Geneva before the horological section of the society of arts at a meeting last year.

A paragraph went the rounds of the newspapers some time ago, describing the novel invention of a Salt Lake jeweler.

The power that raised me aloft had me by the bustle, and I could hear that protuberance crushing together as if a mountain had smashed it.

There is no mechanism whatever that can be seen, it all being inside the bird. The inventor says he was three years in studying it out.

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