FOREST REPUBLICAN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us to the end, dare do our duty as we understand it."--LINCOLN.

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Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

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I. O. G. T.

Meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

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Isaac Ash,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Oil City, Pa. Will practice in the various Courts of Forest County. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. 16

W. E. Lathy,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN BANKRTPTCY, Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa., will practice in Clarion, Venango and Warren Counties. Office on Elm Street, two doors above Lawrence's grocery store. tf.

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TIONESTA, PA.

27-tf

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SIGNED WITH MY BLOOD.

BY CAPTAIN HOWARD.

In the spring of 1850 I entered the detective force. I will not here give the whys and wherefores for so doing, but leave the reader to conjecture. It is said that when a man becomes a detective—a man hunter—he is desperate. The saying was applicable to my step. But why did you do it, Captain? asks an inquisitive reader. Perhaps, my dear friend, I had been jilted; perhaps a great commercial crash had left me penniless, or doubtless I found the years of bachelorhood gathering around me, and I, with "no visible means of support." The last conjecture is most probable; don't you think so?

But to the story—to the leaf I pluck from the story of a detective's life.

I was seated one morning on the steps of the W——— House, awaiting for breakfast, when little Dick, the errand boy of headquarters, ran up and whispered in my ear:

"Captain, the chief wants you,"

"Is his business urgent, Dick?" I asked, for I did not relish a walk with an empty stomach.

"No; you can eat your breakfast," and the boy bounded away.

After partaking of my morning's meal, consisting of coffee, ham and eggs—a dish I relish—I sauntered away toward headquarters. As I entered Eighth street, I saw several groups of men talking excitedly, and I knew that something important had taken place, with which my summons to headquarters was connected. I quicked my steps, and not long afterwards stepped into the office.

"Take a chair, Howard," said Matsell.

I seated myself, and he continued;

"A murder was committed last night. Some person or persons assassinated Mr. [illegible]

"They did!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, you will have to work out the case, as the rest of the force are engaged. A reward of five thousand dollars is offered for the arrest of the murderer."

"I will do what I can to bring him to justice," I answered, "and will proceed at once to the scene of the midnight murder."

I went direct to the banker's mansion, and was shown to the room where the body still lay as it had been found. An examination of it an the chamber gave me a clue by which I hoped to secure the villains, for I knew that two persons were concerned in the tragedy. I went to work with success in the distance, and in a month felt the rogues almost within my grasp. But on the threshold of accomplishment I was thwarted.

One night, as I was standing by a lamp-post—my head bowed upon my breast, meditatiugly, a hand touched my arm, and looking up, I confronted a richly clad female. Her face was covered by a veil, through which I caught a gleam of her eyes—fiery eyes—like the flashes of lightning from an inky sky.

"Ah! I have found you at last, have I?" she said.

"It seems so," I repeated. "What do you want with me?"

"Do you ever listen to death-bed confessions?"

"Very often."

"I have a friend who is nearing the portals of that undiscovered country. He has a secret—one that he has carried in his heart these many years—which he wishes to confide to you."

"Why to me?" I asked. "There are ministers who will hear it and soothe his dying moments with comfortable thoughts."

"He will confess to you alone, as his confession is about a case you worked in once. Will you go?"

I hesitated. The woman might be sicere, or she might be a decoy to lead me into a net set by thieves and murderes, who wished to rid the world of me. But what case I had worked on! I started. Perhaps he knew about the great Martin mystery, upon which I was engaged for two years.

Without answering the woman's question, I asked her one.

"Where is your fried?"

"I will not tell you, sir. If you go, say as much, or he will die and leave the secret untold."

"What is his name then?"

"Ah! you doubt my sincerity. I will go."

And she stepped away.

I reflected a moment, and resolved to accompany her, let good or evil be the result. I sprang forward and touched her arm.

"I will accompany you."

"Thanks, she said, turning. "Allow me to bandage you eyes."

I protested against such a proceeding, but finding her inexorable, I suffered myself to be blindfolded.

On we went. I tried to enter into a conversation with my mysterious guide but was unsuccessful. I gained no information, save that the man to whom I was being conducted lay dying in a brasement. After walking some distance, a mile or two I should judge, we stopped. My guide knocked at a door, which was opened. Down a flight of steps I was led till another door was reached, which opened. I was pushed forward, the woman saying:

"He is here."

I heard the door shut, the key turned, and steps ascend the stairs. I tore the bandage from my eyes and looked around. I was in a small room, evidently a cellar, in a poor portion of the city, for the apartment was very small, A lamp burned upon a rude table, upon which lay writing materials. But what attracted my attention most was two masked men, a few feet from me, directing two pistols at my breast. I had been deceived and drawn into a murderer's net.

Quick as thought my hand moved to my revolver, but the ouminous click click, checked me.

"Two can play at that game, Tom Howard?" said one the masks.

"You know me then?"

"Of course we do; and take great pleasure in informing you that your life [illegible] it?" I ventured to say.

"Well—no—yes. If you sign a certain instrument of writing, you live. If not you die."

"I would like to know in whose presence I stand," said I, stepping forward.

"The murderers of John Royston, the banker," replied the masks.

I recognized one of the voices instantly, as belonging to a tall dark-faced fellow, who for some months I had followed like a sleuth hound.

"Ha!" I cried, "It is you, my covey. Two days more and your career of crime would have ended."

"You must catch a man before you hang him, my dear Howard," was the taunting rejoiner.

"We'll see, sir."

"A truce to this badinage," said one of the men, stepping up to the table, while he companion kept a pistol at my breast, "you must sign this paper if you value your life."

I went to the table and read the following oath, written in an uneven but legible chirography:

"I, Thomas Howard, a detective, do solemnly swear that I will desist from the pursuit of the murderers of John Royston, banker, for the period of one year, so help me God.

"Signed with my own blood. this, the 15th day of July, 185-."

I turned to the men after reading it, and said:

"What does 'signed with my own blood' mean?"

"Exactly what is said," was the one elucidating reply.

"Then I refuse to sign."

"You are rash, Tom Howard. The bond is good for one year only. Sign it and live."

There was something so significant this last sentence that I changed my resolution.

"I will sign," I said, "but at the end of the year mentioned in my bond, I will hunt you down, and bring you before and outraged justice."

"No boasting, sir; make ready to have some blood spilled;" and one of the assassins laid aside his pistol, and produced a lancet.

I bared my arm to the elbow; but he laughed, saying:

"Not your arm Howard; the blood must come from nearest the heart. Bare your bosom."

"Is this another Shylock affair?"

"No sir; we want no flesh; merely blood."

I bared my breast; he made an incision directly over my heart; caught the blood in a spoon, dipped a pen into it, and placed it in my hand. I bent forward and signed the bond. The bandage was then replaced over my eyes, the woman who had brought me then appeared, and conducted me through several streets, when she suddenly left me. I removed the kerchief, went to headquarters, and announced my intention of sticking to my oath. The Royston case was put into the hands of Dick Clay, while I was detailed to work up a burglary.

Time passed, when one morning I was summoned to the city prison, to hear the confession of a woman who attempted suicide. She was dying but a faint smile appeared on her hectic cheeks as I entered the cell.

"Mr. Howard;" said she, "I have laid violent hands upon my life, and am dying. I sent for you. Let me see, this is the——,"

"Eleventh of July," I answered, seeing her hesitate.

"One year ago come to-morrow night, you signed a bond to desist from pursuing the murderers of John Royston."

"I did."

"The bond is null and void to-morrow night, and you are at liberty to pursue them."

"Which I intend doing."

"Listen then to my confession. One year ago two men entered John Royston's house and murdered him. I assisted them. We escaped detection until you got on our tracks, We intended to leave the city, but you remember how you foiled us. You were weaving your web around us, and there was left but one course by which we might escape. I decoyed you into that cellar, where you gave a bond not to follow us.

"The men left this city, but I remained, as I did not fear Dick Clay. It was I who sent him on a false trail, and [illegible] clearing myself. The real murderers are in Paris at this time."

"How will I find them in the great city? Can you give me no clue?"

"They purchased a flower store with the money taken from Royston's safe. There is a letter under my pillow. Its contents may throw some light on their exact whereabouts. The names are—bend nearer—are—

"What?" I cried.

"Ran—Ran—. I am gone!" and she fell back dead.

I got the letter she had spoken of, but it helped me not at all. It was dated at Paris, and had two Y's in the place of a signature.

I went to Paris in the next vessel, and arriving there, searched two weeks, but in vain. I was on the point of giving up, when I encountered an American—a jeweler—who had resided in Paris some years. I inquired of him if he knew of any flower store kept by Americans. Yes, he knew of but one, Rue Beppo. He believed it was owned by "Ranlin & Bro." That was the place I was hunting, for the names that the dying woman had tried to pronounce began thus: "Ran"—the remainder was "lin."

But the Rue Beppo was the last place on earth that I would have looked for a flower store.

When I reached my hotel, I set to work and removed the heavy beard and mustache which adorned my face, and repaired to the Rue Beppo. I entered the flower store, and a clerk awaited my pleasure. I desired to see the proprietors. They appeared, and I introduced myself as Geo. Hall, of Galveston. They did not recognize me.

I could hardly rest [illegible] when in the persons of the firm I recognized the murderers of the banker.

"Gentlemen," said I, after talking a while with them, "were you ever in New York?"

"Oh, yes." said one, "we lived there several years."

"Did you know one Annie Graham, residing there?"

Their lips grew ashy, and they rose to their feet.

"What of her?"

"She is dead."

"Well?"

"And before she died she confessed."

They stepped forward, shouting:

"Who are you?"

"Tom Howard, at your service."

And at the same time I drew a brace of revolvers, and leveled them at their heads. "Gentlemen, the bond having expired, I have done what I said I would do that night. I have tracked you, and now you ase my prisoners. come with me."

Weak as lambs, they followed, speaking not a word. At the door we were met by a squad of French Police, whom I had stationed near as reinforcements in case of necessity. The villains were locked up till a vessel sailed for the United States, and I had the pleasure of being their companion during the voyage.

When the ship reached New York I delivered my passengers over to the authorities, who tried them, found them guilty, and they expiated their crimes on the scaffold. The people were surprised when they learned of the detection of the Royston murderers after such a lapse of time. They did not know that I was under a bond for one year.

Got the Wrong Coat.

A few evenings since a party of friends met at a social gathering at a fashionable restaurant. Some were bachelors, and some were in the enjoyment of "Heaven's best gift to man." The evening was cold and chilly, and most of them wore overcoats. Two of them were nearly alike, and were owned respectively by Charley G—— and Charley S——, one of them married and the other single, and a wild, rakish sort of a fellow, who, as fast as he was out of one scrape was into another. His pockets were always full of rose-colored missives and love tokens. His heart was desolate out of the sunny glances of womankind, yet his adventuresome head never permitted the matrimonial noose to curl around it. His friend, Charley G——, is a sober man, cherished by a bright-eyed but jealous-hearted little wife, who loves him tenderly. He found it difficult to [illegible]

It was given at last with the understanding that he would come home early. He didn't, however, but sat late, so very late, indeed, that he slept soundly the next morning until the sun was far advanced toward the zenith. He had met with a misfortune, having stumbled on his way home, and rolled over in the muddy street. His wife, however, sat about repairing the mishap the next morning, by cleansing the muddy overcoat. While engaged in this occupation, her hand, by the merest chance in the world, strayed into one of the side pockets of his coat, and encountering a neatly-folded billet doux superscribed simply to Charley, read:

Do not go to that horrid supper, love, but come to me instead. I am so lonely. Your devoted,

KATE.

Oh, my! but the little blue eyes flashed—the color came and went upon check and forehead—when she read the lines. There was a moment's pause as if to still the intensity of passion, and then Mr. G—— was rudely shaken from his rest. "What's the meaning of this, sir?" and the little hands trembled with passion as the offending paper was held up before the culprit. "I don't know. Who brought it?"

"Who brought it, sir? I found it in your coat pocket, Mr. G——. I want an explanation; I will have one; and I want a divorce, too!" He protested he knew nothing of the note; he did not know how the treacherous little thing came in his coat pocket. He appealed to his wife's good sense. She would hear no denial, but instead, made another dive into his coat pocket. Another little missive rewarded her search. It was brim-ful of the tenderest endearments, and was dated only two days back, but was in another hand-writing, very beautiful, and signed "Jennie." "Oh! you Turk—just look at that!" and while Charley's bewildered eyes were perusing the letter, another visit was made to the receptacle of love—another letter came out. It was equally delicate, but full of upbraiding. It called Charley cruel, false, deceitful; said that "Fannie's broken heart would be laid at his door," said "his once loved darling would die early."

The lips were now white with rage; the blue eyes all aflame with fire, the little willow form drawn up to its fullest height. Charlie never saw her looking so indignant.

"You rake! monster! Why, Brigham Young would be ashamed to do as you have done!"

Another dive was made into the pocket, and letter after letter brought out, until a dozen strewed the floor, all evincing the tenderest love for Charley. Unable to cope with the storm of indignation, he made a hasty exit from the room, and leaving the house, left his wife to meditate upon divorce or suicide at leisure. A few minutes after, however, the servant of Charley S——appeared with Mr. G——'s overcoat, and respectfully asked the return of his master's.

An Enthusiastic Admirer.

A countryman at the theatre the other night, as the escort of some ladies, retired at an intermission and returned with a pound or two of peanuts wrapped in a paper, and two huge bananas sticking from his pocket. Just then, however, and before he had time to take his seat, one of the actresses who had especially won his admiration, came to the foot-lights and warbled a beautiful melody. The full, rich voice, exquisite in intonation and breathing strains almost divine, completed the conquest of the countryman's heart, and, unable to restrain his delight, he heaved his peanuts, bananas and pocket handkerchief on the stage, as a tribute to the fair enchantress. There was a momentary astonishment visible upon the faces on the stage, a single interval of hesitation, which was removed by the countryman's voice, full and clear, "Take 'em, gal, by jingo! you're welcome!"

—At a Massachusetts State fair a wealthy bachelor married, off-hand, a beautiful young lady whom he caught inspecting a cook stove. The next day the only article at that fair which excited feminine curiosity were cook stoves. Thousands of young ladies formed in solid columns, and awaited about five hundred exasperated family whose [illegible] cook stoves; and kitchen furniture had been woefully neglected, gathered around a patent safe, and wondered were the smoke escaped.—There were no more "off-hand" marriages indulged in at that fair.

—The danger of carrying concealed weapons, particularly by persons given to losing control of their temper, was fearfully examplified in Kattaning a few days ago, where an established and highly respectable merchant who was born in the place and had spent his whole life there, shot down and instantly killed a raider on a pile of old boxes in a burst of passion. Had that wretched man left his revolver with his wife that fatal night, he would not now be doomed to a life of wretchedness, or an ignominious death and his family to want and shame.

—A Western editor "improves the occasion presented by the casual descent of one of his No. 12 brogues upon an unsuspecting 'Colorado'" in the following pathetic strain:

One more potato bug
Gone to his rest;
Stepped on so tenderly
'Cause it was best.
Poor little tater bug!
Smashed to the dust!
In thy prosperity,
Business is bust.

—A careless man in Schenectady threw a kiss to a little daughter in the street. Another man's wife stood in range, and thought the kiss was meant for her; so she made a similar demonstration. Her husband just then unluckily came upon the scene and witnessed the transaction. He was very mad, and his anger caused him to thrash the father of the aforementioned little daughter. The result is an assault and battery suit.

—The New York *Tribune* has not wholly made up its mind to lavish its affection in J. Fisk, Jr. *Per contra*, it speaks of him as the "obese and expensive incumbus who broods, bediamonded and harlot-engirt, upon the corpse of the railroad from which he pressed the life;" and closes by calling him "one fat escurient adventurer with a harem."

—The Fort Dodge *Republican* says: "In a suit tried for divorce at the court house last Saturday, the defendant said he didn't mind his wife associating with a few other white men, but he found she was running around with a couple of niggers, he never had any little thing make him so mad in all his life."