

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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Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates (e.g., One Square, One Column) and corresponding prices.

GREAT EXCITEMENT!

at the Store of

D. S. KNOX, & CO.,

Elm St., Tionesta, Pa.

We are in daily receipt of the largest and

MOST COMPLETE stock of

GROCERIES

and

PROVISIONS,

EVER BROUGHT TO THIS MARKET

FOR THE

MILLIONS!

which we are determined to sell regardless

of prices.

HARDWARE

AND

House Furnishing Goods, Iron, Nails,

Machine tools, Agricultural Implements,

&c., &c., &c., which we offer at greatly re-

duced prices.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!

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CHAMBER SETS,

LOUNGES,

WHATNOTS,

SPRING BEDS,

MATRESSES,

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ES, &c., &c., &c.

In ENDLESS VARIETY. Call and see.

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work extant. It has no equal in its kind

of the best for every one,—for the old,

the middle-aged and the young,—and must

be a household possession. The work is

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this will be the book most loved and the

most frequently referred to in the family.

Every page has passed under the critical

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SEASON OF 1870-71.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET

ORGANS.

Important Improvements.

Patent June 21st and August 23d, 1870.

REDUCTION OF PRICES.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., have

the pleasure of announcing important im-

provements in their Cabinet Organs, for

which Patents were granted them in June

and August last. These are not merely

superficial changes, but enhance the

substantial excellence of the instruments.

They are also enabled by increased facilities

a large new manufactory, they hope

heretofore to supply all orders promptly.

The Cabinet Organs made by this Com-

pany are of such universal reputation, not

only throughout America, but also in Eu-

rope, that few will need assurance of their

superiority.

They now offer Four Octave Cabinet Or-

gans, in quite plain cases, but equal accord-

ing to their capacity to anything they make

for \$50 each.

The same, Double Reed, \$65. Five Octave

Double Reed Organs, Five Stops, with

Knee swell and Tremulant, in elegant case

with several of the Mason and Hamlin

improvements, \$125. The same Extra

with new Vox Humana, Automatic Swell

A Thrilling Adventure.

We question whether in the history of the "hair breadth" escapes, a parallel to the following can be found. The story was told by an old and valued friend, now residing in Ohio, but whose early days were spent near the scene of the tragic adventure here related. We give the story as related in the words of the hero:

"It was about the year of 1796, that I settled in Virginia; near the fall of the Kanawha. The country at that time was an unbroken wilderness. But few settlements had been made then by the whites and they were so far apart as to render vain all hope of assistance in case of an attack from the hostile Indians—numbers of whom still infested the neighborhood.

"I lived there alone with my wife for several months unmolested, and by dint of perseverance, being young and hardy, had succeeded in making quite a large clearing in the forest, which I had planted with corn, and which promised an abundant yield.

"One morning after we had dispatched our humble meal, and I had just prepared to venture forth on my regular routine of labor, my attention was arrested by the tinkling of a cow-bell in the corn-field.

"There," said my wife, "the cow is in the corn-field." "But the ear of the backwoodsman becomes, by education, very acute, especially so from the fact that his safety often depends upon the nice calculation of that sense. I was not easily deceived. I listened—the sound was repeated. 'That,' said I to my wife, 'was not the tinkle of a bell upon the neck of a cow. It is a decoy from some Indians who wish to draw me into a ambush.'

"Believing this to be the case, I took down my old musket, and seeing that it was properly loaded. I stole cautiously around the field to the point from which the sound seemed to proceed. As I suspected, there in a cluster of bushes, crouched an Indian waiting for me to appear in answer to his decoy bell that he might send the faithful bullet to my heart. I approached without discovering myself to him until within shooting distance, then raised my piece and fired. The bullet sped true to its mark, and the Indian fell dead.

"Fearing that he might be accompanied by others, I returned with all speed to the cabin, and having firmly barricaded the door, I watched all day from the port holes in anticipation of an attack from the companions of the Indian I had killed. To add to the seeming helplessness of situation, I discovered that I had but one charge of powder left. I could make but one shot, and if attacked by numbers, I should be entirely in their power. Determined to do the best with what I had, I poured out the last charge of powder and put it in my musket and then waited the approach of night, feeling confident of an attack. Night came at last—a beautiful moonlight night it was, too, and this favored me greatly, as I would thereby be able to watch the movements of the enemy as they approached my cabin. It was some two hours after nightfall and yet I had neither heard nor seen any signs of the Indians, when suddenly I was startled by the baying of my dog at the stable, which stood a little west of the cabin, and between the two was a pitch of ground upon which the height of the full moon fell unobstructed. Judgment of the noise at the stables that they would advance from that direction, I posted myself at the port hole on that side of the cabin.

"I had previously placed my wife on the cross pole in the chimney, so that in case our enemies effected an entrance in the cabin she might climb out through the low chimney and effect her escape. For myself I entertained no hope; but I resolved to sell my life dearly.

"With breathless anxiety I watched at the port hole. At length I saw them emerge from the shadow of the stable and advance across the vacant ground toward my cabin. One—two—three—great heaven! six stalwart Indians armed to the teeth, and urged on by the hope of revenge, and I alone to oppose them, with but one charge of powder. My case was desperate indeed. With quick, yet steady step in close, single file they approached, and were already within a few yards of the house, when a slight change in movement of the forward Indian changed the position of the entire six so that a portion of the left side of each was uncovered.

"They were all in range—one aim would have covered all. Quick as thought I aimed and fired. As the smoke cleared away, I could hardly credit what my senses showed me as the result of my shot. The fifteen slugs with which I had loaded my musket had done their work well. Five of the six Indians lay dead upon the ground, and the sixth had disappeared.

"Although no enemy was in sight, I did not venture forth until morning. Securing the arms of the fallen Indians, I followed up the missing one until I reached the river, beyond which place I could discover no trace whatever. From the amount of blood

which marked the trail, together with the unmistakable evidence that he had picked his way with difficulty. I was led to believe he was mortally wounded, and in order to prevent his body from falling into the hands of his white foe he had groped his way to the river, and thrown himself into the current which bore him away.

"The Indians had killed my cow, and that you may be assured was no trifling loss, yet in my gratitude for my escape from the merciless savages I would have been entirely willing to have made greater sacrifices. I was well provided, (by means of the arms and ammunition taken from the six Indians) in case of a second attack, but this fortunately, proved to my last adventure with the savages. Not one of the band had escaped to tell the tale to incite his brethren to revenge the death of his comrades.

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, while the tears gushed from his eyes at the memory of that eventful night, "that was a glorious shot—the best I ever made." The hero of this adventure lived to see his rude wilderness, where he had pitched his homely cabin transformed into smiling fields and peopled by hardy and enterprising pale-faces among whom his last days were passed in peace and plenty, undisturbed by the presence of his old time foes.

Hufnagle's Elephant.

Mr. Hufnagle purchased an elephant in India, and brought him home under the care of a native keeper. The design was to teach him to do farm work. When the animal arrived it was ascertained that he could not, or would not, do such labor, and so he was put in the stable of a country hotel, near New Hope, where he consumed enough sustenance to bankrupt a man of ordinary wealth.

One day his keeper died suddenly, and, as nobody else knew how to manage the elephant, it was found impossible to get him out of the stable. The landlord raved, and swore, and tore his hair about it, but there that elephant stuck, with the manifest intention of staying till the day of judgment, and of battering down the stable unless he was fed.

"At last the landlord said that the elephant must be got rid of somehow or other, if he had to be blown through the roof with gunpowder. So an effort was made to sell him, and a managerie man was induced to buy him for two thousand dollars. This man determined to bring that elephant right along with strategy. He got a car on the railroad track near by, and after fixing a bridge to it, he lined the floor with a bushel or two of apple, gingerbread, oranges, etc. Then he made a regular pathway of apples and cake all the way from the stable to the car. It cost him two hundred dollars for bait. The elephant following the trail slowly, eating it up clean as he went up on the platform over the bridge, and got his four feet in the car, with his hind legs still on the bridge, and he gorged himself all the time. The managerie stood there, expecting every minute he would go clear into the car and finish the thing up; but instead of this, the miserable beast stood still, and with his trunk reached all over the car, and ate every solitary thing in it. Then he turned and swooped down the road at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The landlord, meanwhile, was so glad to get rid of the beast, that he had asked all hands in to take something in honor of the event. The party were just putting their glasses to their lips, when a smash was heard at the barnyard gate, and a thundering crash indicated that the stable door was knocked into diminutive splinters. The crowd rushed out, and there was that very same elephant in the very same old place!

"The landlord was so mad that he couldn't swear with sufficient vigor to satisfy his feelings. Next morning Hufnagle's elephant was found dead, and there was thought to be some connection between this circumstance and the fact that the landlord was seen rolling a barrel of rat-poison up an adjacent hill upon the previous evening.

"A dealer in agricultural tools out in Iowa, and a German by birth, went to Fetherland, last spring, taking along a reaper and mower of the most approved pattern, and put it in practical use at once. The old and young gathery hundreds to see it work, for they have only the old-fashioned clumsy scythe, and the old wood mold-board plow. But when they saw twenty acres of grass cut in seventeen hours, they were completely astonished, and confessed such a machine run with a little oil was completely ahead of their tools backed by unlimited supplies of labor.

"A Youth cleaning up a San Francisco printing office found a keg of black sand. Another boy bet him the spruce gum that it was powder, and he took the bet. A coal of fire was gently but firmly dropped into the keg. There was no insurance on the building. The two experimental youths are supposed to have gone into the country looking for the spruce gum.

The Wanderer's Prayer.

On a cold dreary evening in autumn, a small boy, poorly clad, yet clean and tidy, with a pack on his back, knocked at the door of an old Quaker, in the town of S—, and inquired: "Is Mr. Lanman at home?" "Yes."

The boy wished to see him, and was speedily ushered into the host's presence. Friend Lanman was one of the wealthiest men in the country, and president of the railroad. He said he was an orphan—his mother had been dead only two months, and he was a homeless wanderer. But the lad was too small for the filling of any pipe within the Quaker's gift, and he was forced to deny him. Still he liked the looks of the boy, and said:

"These may stop in my house to-night, and on the morrow I will give thee names of two or three men in Philadelphia, to whom thee may apply with the assurance of a kind reception at least. I am sorry that I have no employment for thee."

Later in the evening the old Quaker went the rounds of his spacious mansion lantern in hand, as was his wont, to see that all was safe before retiring for the night. As he passed the door of the little chamber where the poor wandering orphan had been placed to sleep, he heard a voice. He stopped and listened, and distinguished the notes of a simple, earnest prayer. He bent his ear nearer, and heard these words from the boy's lips:

"O good Father in heaven, help me to help myself. Watch over me as I watch over my conduct, and help me as my needs merit! Bless the good man in whose house I am sheltered for the night, and spare him long, that he may continue his bounty to other suffering ones. Amen."

And the Quaker's heart responded another amen as he moved on; and as he went he meditated. The boy had a true idea as to the duties of life, and possessed a warm, grateful heart.

"I verily think the lad will be a treasure to his employer," was the concluding reflection.

When the morning came the old Quaker changed his mind concerning answer to the boy's application. "Who learned you to pray?" inquired Friend Lanman.

"My mother, sir," was the soft reply. "And the rich brown eyes grew moist." "And thee will not forget thy mother's counsel?"

"I cannot, for I know my success in life is dependent upon them."

"My boy, thee mayest stay here in my house and very soon I will take thee into my office. Go now, and get thy breakfast."

Friend L was gathered to the spiritual harvest shortly after the breaking out of the war of the rebellion; but he lived to see the boy he had adopted rise step by step until he finally assumed the responsible office which the faithful guardian could no longer claim. And to-day there is no man more honored and respected by his friends, and none more feared by gamblers and speculators in irresponsible stock, than is the once poor wanderer—now president of one of the best managed and most productive railways in the United States.

Fun Among the Generals.

The soldiers had a jolly good time at their late meeting in Cleveland. General Garfield, being called up, out of order, for a speech, well represented the spirit of the occasion in these amusing points: "I am in the same fix that a detachment of cavalry was that General Sherman once met. He thought they were not going fast enough, and told the commanding officer to gallop. 'But where shall I gallop to?' said he. 'Why, gallop! Gallop anywhere, but don't gallop!' (Great laughter.) 'I will tell you a little story about Chattanooga. One day, when we were all hard at work building fortifications, General Rosecrans came riding along the lines, making short speeches to the men. There was a tall, lank fellow, with the fat all worn off by hard campaigning, sitting upon a log, eating soup out of a confiscated domestic utensil. As 'Rosy' rode by, after aaking a little speech, I heard the fellow exclaim, 'Less blowing and more—[the technical army word for swine's flesh]—would suit me a darned sight better!' How we all felt as we saw General Hooker hobbling along, unable to walk without assistance! May it be many years before he goes up higher among the clouds than he did at Lookout Mountain! [Tremendous Applause.] We are all equal here, as General Palmer has said. We know each other by our first names, and we call them as we used to in the army. 'Bill' Sherman [a voice, 'Tucumseh!'] and 'Joe' Hooker, and 'Tommy' Wood, and 'Bob' Granger!"

"In Indianapolis, a charming young lady physician was called to administer to a gentleman down with a fever. 'You need good nursing,' said the lady. 'Nurse me for life,' replied the patient. 'I will' was the soft answer.

Bret Harte's 'Heathen Chinese.'

A correspondent inquires whether Mr. Nye, the Nevada Senator, is the Bill Nye who was taken in and done for by a heathen Chinese, as described by Bret Harte in his well known poem. By the way, our friend insists that the poem has been misunderstood and badly garbled by some stupid printer. John Chinaman is represented in the current version of the story as having secreted twenty-four packs of cards in his sleeve. This is absurd, besides being a physical impossibility. The game was euchre, in which the knife is the best card in the pack. Harte wrote jacks, and the things might have been done, a sleeve full of jacks, skillfully handled would have insured the discomfiture of Bill Nye, and filled the pocket of the heathen Chinese. But the Nevada Senator is not the man at all. His name is Jim Nye, and the pagan who picks him up in hope of winning his money is likely to make a bad business of it. In the good old Barnburn days, when Joe Van Buren split the Democratic party in twain and defeated Gen. Cass, Nye, at that time Judge of Madison county, and a warm sympathizer with Van Buren, laid a wager of three hundred dollars that the Barnburn electoral ticket would receive more votes in the county than the Hunker. As election day approached, the judge, having made a careful canvass, discovered that it was a close thing, and became alarmed about the result. The sum at stake was a large amount for Nye at those days, and he cast about for the means of winning the bet. At the September term of his court two men were indicted for an offense in which they had been jointly engaged. They were convicted, and one of them, a Barnburner was sentenced to twenty days' imprisonment, while the other, a Hunker, was ordered to be shut up for thirty days. As the Sheriff was taking the prisoners to jail, the unfortunate Cass man exclaimed: "Ten days extra for being a Hunker and it carries me over the election." "That's so," replied the sheriff; "and curse you, what business have you to be a Hunker?" Nye won his bet by two votes; and our friend inquires whether a man of such resources would be likely to lose his money through the tricks of any heathen Chinese.

A Family Riddle.

A New York correspondent of the St. Louis Republican