The Forest Republican.

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"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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I. O. G. T.

Meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

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PETTIS & TATE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Elm Street, TIONESTA, PA.

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 1y

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.

W. W. Mason,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

C. W. Gillillan,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Franklin, Venango Co., Pa. tf.

N. B. Smiley,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Petroleum Centre, Pa. Will practice in the several Courts of Forest County. 35-1y

Holmes House,

TIONESTA, PA., opposite the Depot. C. D. Mabie, Proprietor. Good Stabling connected with the house. tf.

Jos. Y. Saul,

PRACTICAL Harness Maker and Saddler. Three doors north of Holmes House, Tionesta, Pa. All work is warranted. tf.

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NEW ENGINES. The undersigned have for sale and will receive orders for the above Engine. Messrs. Tifft Sons & Co. are now sending to this market their 12-Horse Power Engine with 14-Horse Power Boiler peculiarly adapted to deep wells.

OFFICES at Duncan & Chalfant's, dealers in Well Fixtures, Hardware, &c., Main St. next door to Chase House, Pleasantville, and at Mansion House, Titusville.
tf. K. BRETT & SON, Agents.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW and Solicitor of Patents, No. 565 French street (opposite Reed House) Erie, Pa. Will practice in the several State Courts and the United States Courts. Special attention given to soliciting patents for Inventors; infringements, re-issue and extension of patents promptly attended to. References: Hon. James Campbell, Clarion; Hon. John S. Mechlin, Franklin; H. L. & A. B. Richmond, Meadville; W. E. Lathy, Tionesta. 27

Dr. J. L. Acomb,

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—AND—

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

TIONESTA, PA.

27-tf

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Mar. 4, tf.

NOTICE.

DR. J. N. BOLARD, of Tidioute, has returned to his practice after an absence of four months, spent in the Hospitals of New York, where he will attend calls in his profession.

Office in Eureka Drug Store, 3d door above the bank, Tidioute, Pa. 49tf

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Important Improvements.

Patent June 21st and August 23d, 1870.

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They are also enabled by increased facilities a large new manufactory, they hope hereafter to supply all orders promptly.

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They now offer Four Octave Cabinet Organs, in quite plain cases, but equal according 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 etc., $150. Five Octaves, three sets Reeds, seven stops with Euphone; a splendid instruments, $225.

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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 fourth on my regular routine of labor, my attention was arrested by the tinkling of a cowbell in the con-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 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 untel 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 barracaded 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 of ground upon which the height of the full moon fell unobstructed. Judg- from 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 withing 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 lead 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 amunition 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 bretheren 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 threre 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 blown through the roof with gunpoder. So an effort was made to sell him, and a menagerie 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 fore feet in the car, with his hind legs still on the bridge, and he gorging himself all the time. The menagerie 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 inte diminutive flinders. The crowd rushed out, and there was that very same elephant in the very same old place!

The landlord was so mad that he coulun'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 Fatherland, last spring, taking along a reaper and mower of the most approved pattern, and put it to practical use at once. The old and young gathby 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 beer.

—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 place within the Quaker's gift, and he was forced to deny him. Still he liked the looks of the boy, and said:

"Thee may stop in my house tonight, 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 deeds 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 counsels?"

"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 failing guardian could no longer held. 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 d—n it gallop!' [Great laughter.] I will tell you a little story about Chattanooga. One day, when we were all hard at work building fortifications, General Rosecranz 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 making a little speech, I heard the fellow exclaim, 'Less blowing and more—[the technical army word for swine's flesh]—would suit me a durned 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, "Tecumseh!"] and "Joe" Hooker, and "Tommy" Wood, and "Bob" Granger!

—In Indianapolis, a charming young lady physician was called to administer to a gentleman down 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 Chinee."

A correspondent inquires whether Mr. Nye, the Nevada Senator, is the Bill Nye who was taken in and done for by a heathen Chinee, 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 knave is the best card in the pack. Harte wrote jacks, and the things might have been done, a sleeve full of jacks, skilifully handled would have insured the discomfiture of Bill Nye, and filled the pocket of the heathen Chinee. 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 Barnburner days, when Jno. Van Buren split the Democratic party in twain and defeated Gen. Gass, Nye, at that time Judge of Madison county, and a warm sympathizer with Van Buren, laid a wager of three hundred dollars that the Barnburner electorial 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 in 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 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 Chinee.

A Family Riddle.

A New York correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* tells the following:

Among the audince of the second representation of "As you like it," I saw a couple to whose past there attaches a string of incidents that would appear unnatural in a yellow covered novel. This gentleman is gray-haired 50 and fatherly. The lady is a swarthy little brunette of 18 or 19. She is the wife of the gentleman, and, yet she is his *daughter*. As she is the gentleman's *daughter* his child must be her *sister*. But the child is also *her child*, and in consequence her husband is her *daughter's grandfather*. It is a beautiful little case for the endman to propound as a first-class conundrum to the middle-man of a minstrel show.

SOLUTION.

But this its solution. A young and beautiful Jewess, a Mr. Peyser's wife, 15 years ago, fell in love with a taker of daguerrotypes, a Mr. Gage. The consequence of love is often trouble; so it was in this instance. A divorce ensued. The lady kept one child, a daughter, married Mr. G., bore him two or three boys; the Jewish half sister getting on nicely with her little Christian brothers. But the heart of man is fickle. Mr. G. looked upon his wife's daughter, and behold she found favor in his sight. Miss A. budded into womanhood, Mrs. G. faded into age. A fearful domestic catastrophe ensued, a divorce was obtained by the wife, the daughter married the step father, and added the title of grandfather to the honors he already bore. The elderly lady married for the third time, visits he daughter and her former husband, (with whom reside her own boys,) and every thing is serene and satisfactory. Can you beat this in St. Louis?

"Where the Woodbine Twineth."

Don Piatt tells the following story to the Cincinnati *Commercial*:

By-the-by, my genial friend, the Hon. S. S. Cox, tells me of the origin of that mysterious, but somewhat famous, expression.

"What the devil, Jim," he asked one day, "did you mean by that place 'where the woodbine twineth?'"

"Well, I'll tell you, Colonel. You see I was before that learned and dignified body, the Committee on Banking and Currency, and when Garfield asked me whe the money got by Corbin went to, I could not make a vulgar reply and say up a spout, but observing, while peddling through New England, that every spout of house and cottage had a woodbine twining about it, I said, naturally enough, where the woodbine twineth. That is all. It seems the Congressional cheese-waxes did not understand my delicacy nor my delicate allusion."

Week of Prayer.

The Executive Committee of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States have caused to be prepared and issued the following programme for the annual Week of Prayer, beginning with Sunday, New Year's Day, January, 1, 1871:

Sunday, Jan. 1.—Sermons—Subject: Inspiration of the Holy scriptures; their sufficiency and supreme authority for religious faith and practice.

Monday, Jan. 2.—Prayer: Grateful review of the past; calling for renewed confidence and increased devotedness; humiliation of the worldliness of church, and for national sins provoking Divine judgments.

Tuesday, Jan. 3.—Prayer: For nations, for Kings and all others in authority; for soldiers and sailors; for all who have suffered in recent wars; for the blessings of peace, and that God would graciously bring good out of the recent calamities.

Wednesday, Jan. 4.—Prayer: For the children of Christ's parents; for a blessing on home influence and on all teachers; for early dedication to God; and for more laborers in Christ's service.

Thursday, Jan. 5.—Prayer: For the baptism of the Holy Spirit on all who profess and call themselves Christians; for the increase of charity of affectionate communion and co operation among all in every land who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

Friday, Jan. 6.—Prayer: For the circulation of the word of God; for the increase of faithful embassadors for Christ for an end of religious persecution; and for the removal of all hinderance to the spread of the gospel.

Saturday, Jan. 7.—Prayer: For Christian missions; for the conversion of the Jews: for the better observance of the Lord's day; for a blessing on Christian Literature; and for the glorious appearance of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Sunday, Jan. 8.—Sermons—Subject: Faith, Hope and Love—essential witnesses for the truth.

Railroad Water Troughs.

At Derry and near Jamestown, on the line of the Pennsylvania Central, a mechanical arrangement has been introduced by which locomotives can be supplied with water while under way. It consists of troughs eighteen inches wide, six inches deep and fifteen hundred feet loung. These receptacles are kept full of water, and the fireman when approaching them lets down a spout communicating with the tender, which draws up the water for the use of the boiler at the rate of two thousand two hundred gallons for each trough. The object of the introduction of this ingenious contrivance is to save time, intention being to run all the faster trains from Pittsburgh to Harrisburg with but one stop (at Altoona.) The place at which these troughs have been introduced are located west of Altoona. Additional ones will be stationed on other portions of the road as they can be constructed. This auxiliary to expeditious railroading has been fully tested in England, where trains run hundreds of miles without stopping. The Hudson River railroad, in this country, has also adopted it and found it advantageous.

—The census takers in some portions of the west have as funny experience as those in the large cities of this section. One has discovered a lady in Indiana who is happy and contented in the name of Jane Juliette Isaline Araminta Musadoro Peeks; and in Ohio a farmer has been found where the first son is name Imprimis, the second Finis, and the three other Appendix, Addendum, and Erratum!

—A Dubuque grocer having had an unprecedented demand for vinegar for several days, bottles, mugs, jugs, basins, teapots, and other pots, having been constantly coming for a supply of the acid fluid, was tempted to try its quality for himself, found he had tapped the wrong cask, and sold a barrel of old Bourbon whisky at ten cents a quart.

—Waterfall curls are becoming so fashionable that gentleman friend of our has adopted the style. He found a curl attached to the bottom of the side of his cap after taking an evening ride recently with a young lady.

—An exchange, alluding to P. T. Barnum's coming show says: "He is the gentleman that recently 'entered land' out West by falling into a prairie-dog hole. The hole will be exhibited among the curiosities."

—The semi-annual statement of the reported marriage of Whitelw Reid, of the New York *Tribune*, and Miss Anna Dickinson, of the oratorical tribune, is now in season, and has commenced its stated tour.

—In Connecticut, they have started "Leather weddings." Leather of course furnished by the "two soles with but a single thought."

—A veteran store keeper says that although his clerks are very talkative during the day, they are always ready to shut up at night.