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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE, NO. 477.

I. O. G. T.

Meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock. W. R. DUNN, W. C. T. M. W. TATE, W. S.

G. NEWTON PETTIS. MILES W. TATE.

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.

W. E. Lathy,

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

W. W. Mason,

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

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Petroleum Center, Pa. Will practice in the several Courts of Forest County.

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

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ATTORNEY AT LAW and Solicitor of Patents, No. 555 Fourth Street opposite Lead House, Erie, Pa. Will practice in the several State Courts and the United States Courts. Special attention given to collecting patents for inventors; infringement suits and extension of patents carefully attended to. References: Hon. James Campbell, Clarion; Hon. John S. McCallmont, Franklin; H. L. & A. B. Richmond, Meadville; W. E. Lathy, Tionesta.

Dr. J. L. Acomb,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice, will attend all Professional Calls. Office in his Drug and Grocery Store, located in Tidouite, near Tidouite House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cullery, and fine Groceries, all of the best quality, and will be sold at reasonable rates.

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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

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TIONESTA SAVINGS BANK,

Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa.

This Bank transacts a General Banking, Collecting and Exchange Business.

Deposits on the Principles of the United States and Europe bought and sold. Gold and Silver Coin and Government Securities bought and sold. 7-30 Bonds converted on the most favorable terms. Interest allowed on time deposits.

Mar. 4, 1871.

NOTICE.

DR. J. N. BOLLARD, of Tidouite, has returned to his practice after an absence of four months, spent in the Ho-pital of New York, where he will attend calls in his profession.

Office in Eureka Drug Store, 54 door above the bank, Tidouite, Pa.

WANTED—Land in Pennsylvania for cash and good stocks. Townshead Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 21-18

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. VOL. III. NO. 44. TIONESTA, PA., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1871. \$2 PER ANNUM.

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ORGANS.

Important Improvements.

Patent June 21st and August 23rd, 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

meretricious alterations, but enhance the

AN ADVENTURE ON THE PLAINS.

It was a pleasant event in my life when I was thrown into the company of Grignon. I was on my way to California, and had taken the overland route in preference to any other. It was on my journey across the plains that I made his acquaintance. Our party overtook a single wagon. It contained a solitary man. The horses were dead, and the man nearly so. This man was Grignon. I paid the utmost attention to his wants. Being a medical man, I gave him all the benefit of my skill and care. As he recovered, he naturally entertained a strong friendship for me. His wagon had fallen behind the train to which he belonged, and they had been compelled by their own necessities to desert him.

The conjurer, however, was destined for a far more glorious fate than that of the miserably in the desolate American desert. He was to become an avenger to the natives (Indians), a savior to civilized lives, and a lion in California.

We resumed our journey. We had started, however like many others in those days, with insufficient preparations. As soon as we found out our mistake we had to be very economical in our provisions. We killed buffaloes whenever we found them, and always replenished our water casks at every stream. At length, however, we came to a dry and parched waste, where there was scarcely a drop of water, scarcely a blade of grass, and not a single living animal of any description.

And now began the troubles of our journey. We had come into the country of the wretched Indians, and they were not slow to acquaint us of the fact. Every day they prowled around us in great numbers, threatening and insulting us. Occasionally they used to snatch up something and start away on their horses. We did all that we could to be friendly, and determined to avoid an open rupture as far as possible, for there were only twelve on our side, and on their side apparently twelve hundred.

Every day, however, only made matters worse. In spite of our precautions, the Indians grew more and more abusive and insulting. We became watchful, and tried to be more forbearing, but our forbearance was taken for cowardice, and the savages began to think they could do anything with us.

We held a council of war, and determined to bring matters to a crisis at once.

The crisis soon came. One day a big Indian came riding along by us. He began talking in a contemptuous way, and gesticulating furiously. At last he asked one of our men for his gun. The man refused. The Indian repeated his question, and attempted to take the gun from his hand. The man drew back. The Indian sprang forward, flourishing his knife and threatening. At this the man calmly leveled his piece and shot the Indian through the heart.

As the wretch fell shrieking from his horse, the plain seemed to be alive with other Indians. From behind every clump of trees, every hillock, every rock, and every rising ground, they poured forth in countless numbers. We were now surrounded.

The Indian, he said, did not want our lives. They wanted powder. If we would give them what we had, they would let us go in safety, and protect us from other tribes till we got beyond the plains.

Give them our powder! A pleasant request. It scarcely needed debate. We refused.

Well, then, would we give them our bullets? They were very much in want of bullets.

One of us said in a low voice that bullets were the only thing they would get from us, but the Indians did not hear him. Our representative refused very mildly.

The Indians now stood talking with one another. Grignon advanced toward them. He whispered something in a low voice to our representative, who immediately withdrew.

Grignon then stood facing the Indians. "Are you captain?" said the spokesman of the Indians suddenly, as he noticed Grignon.

"No, I'm the medicine man; you can't shoot these men or these horses. I save them."

The Indian trusted this to his companions, who burst into roars of laughter.

Grignon advanced more closely. He was looking steadily at the Indian, and we noticed that the latter appeared to be uncomfortable under his gaze.

"See," said Grignon; "you can't shoot me. Here"—and he drew a pistol from his pocket, a revolver—"fire at me."

The Indian smiled. "You don't want me to kill you?" said he scornfully.

"You can't." "The Indian's eyes flashed. "Shoot," cried Grignon, falding his arms.

The Indian hesitated a moment. He looked at us suspiciously. Then he looked at his companions, and said something in their language. They all responded vehemently.

The Indian took aim. "You tell me to shoot," said he. "Shoot," said Grignon again. The Indian fired. Grignon smiled, and, walking forward to the Indian, he handed him a bullet.

The Indians looked paralyzed. Grignon showed him how to fire it again. "They may all shoot if they choose," said Grignon, and saying this, he went to his trunk, drew out nine pistols, and, coming up to them, proceeded to load each one. He took the powder and put it in, then the wadding and bullet,

and the Indians saw him do it. He handed a pistol to each on loading it. Suddenly, one of those fellows took aim and fired. Grignon, without seeming to have noticed him, raised his hand and seemed to catch a bullet from his forehead. He tossed this toward the Indian, who picked it up with an air of stupefaction.

Then he stood, and told all the rest to fire. Eight reports sounded in rapid succession. Grignon took off his hat and walked up to the Indians. To their amazement eight bullets were in his hat. Each man took one and looked it in wonder.

"Do you want to fire again?" asked Grignon. They all expressed a wish to do so.

"Well hand me the pistols," they cried. "Their amazement the pistols were gone."

They looked at one another in wonder. "You see," said Grignon, "they fired the pistols at me, too, and I swallowed them!"

"Swallowed them!" faltered the Indian, and he told this to his astonished companions. "Yes; do you want them?"

The Indian nodded. Whereupon Grignon opened his mouth, and, rolling back his eyes, he inserted his finger and drew a pistol apparently from his throat. Another followed. Then he drew forth a third then a fourth, and so on until he had drawn forth the eight pistols from his throat, while the Indians stood looking on in utter bewilderment. And no wonder, for we ourselves felt no less astonishment. We could not account for it; we were as much stupefied as the Indians.

After this Grignon calmly drew forth six more pistols, then a number of cartridges, and finally a carbine. "I'm the medicine man," said he solemnly.

The Indians said not a word. "Do you want to fire again?" said he, and he offered pistols to the Indians.

They all shrunk back in horror. Grignon tossed the pistols, cartridges, and carbine over to us, and smiled benignantly on the astonished savages.

He then shook his hand. A knife fell out of the palm. Another followed and another. He shook three more out of his hand, and drew a score or so out of his ears.

"Perhaps you would like something to drink?" said he smilingly to the Indian who spoke English.

The savage looked at him suspiciously. "What'll our have? Rum, brandy, gin, whisky, ale, porter, wine or cider?"

The Indian brightened up, and spoke to his fellows. They all preferred whisky.

Grignon asked the Indian to lend him a loose blanket which he wore. The Indian took it off doubtfully. Grignon shook it; a bottle rolled out. He shook it again; a glass rolled out. He shook it a third time; nine more tumblers fell out. He shook it up again; a corkscrew tumbled down.

"Will you take it raw or with water?" asked Grignon, as he proceeded to unscrew the cork.

The Indian said nothing. "Isn't that good whisky?" asked Grignon, as he poured out a glass.

The Indian smelt it suspiciously. Then he tasted it. The taste was enough. He drank it all off, smacked his lips looked around triumphantly on his companions, and then held out his glass for more. At this all the other Indians, encouraged by this example clamored for some. Grignon poured away from his bottle. Each one drank and wanted more. Grignon was quite willing to pour. He was not forgetful, however, of the duties of hospitality. He walked off to the Indians who were holding the horses, who had been watching the scene in stupefaction, and offered some to them. The smell of the whisky was enough for them. They drank and wanted more. But Grignon shook his head.

"Not now," he said to the spokesman. "I'll give you a little piece to carry home with you." And going up to the blanket, he shook out a dozen bottles of the same kind as at last.

By this time the Indians were in the jolliest mood conceivable. "Before I give you any more," said he, "let me make you so that you will not get drunk."

He walked up to the first Indian, and took each of his hands in his, and looked at him steadily in the eyes for some time. Then he stroked his brows and left him; this he did to each. The Indians had all got over their suspicions, and merely expected that something good was coming. So they allowed him to do as he chose.

Grignon then stood at a little distance, and in a loud voice ordered them all to look at him. Whether they understood or not made no difference. They certainly all did look at him.

I had seen plenty of experiments before in mesmerism and electro-biology, so that the present scene did not sur-

prise me so much as it did my companions and the other Indians. Grignon simply stood at a distance, waving his arms at times, and giving words of command. Every word was obeyed.

First they all began to dance. Then they all knelt down. Then they touched hands, and could not sever themselves from one another's contact. One Indian suddenly rushed wildly around, with the others all joined to him, try to free themselves, but utterly unable, yelling and howling like wild beasts.

At last, a shout from Grignon, and the charm was dispelled. They sprang back from one another, and stood motionless, like so many statues.

Suddenly they all began to shiver as though they were suffering from intense cold. They gathered their blankets closely around them, their teeth chattering and every limb trembling.

In an instant they were panting as though with extreme heat, drawing difficult breaths, grasping and flinging off those blankets which but a moment before they had wrapping so tightly about them.

This then passed. They began to bark like dogs. They went down on all fours, and evidently imagined that they were of the canine species.

Then they tried to imitate the motion and croaking of frogs. After this they went through performances too numerous to mention. At one time they became rigid, and arranged themselves like the stakes of a tent—heads together, feet outward. Then four of them knelt down and tried to run about with four others on their backs; then they all jumped wildly up in the air, and began to flap their hands. At last they made a furious onset upon one another with fists, nails and teeth, and if they had not left their weapons behind, they certainly done some frightful injury.

The two Indians who held the horses looked on in horror, bewildered and stupefied; not knowing what to do. They would have fled in their fright, but dared not leave their companions behind. Grignon stood calm with frowning brows, watching the uproar, himself the presiding spirit of the scene. My companions were confounded. Even some of them, as they afterwards told me, thought that Grignon was the devil.

At last Grignon gave a loud shout. The Indians fell flat on the ground. They lay there for some time as if dead.

Then Grignon waved his arms, and they rose their feet. All looked bewildered and frightened. With terrified glances they regarded first Grignon and then one another.

The Indian is superstitious, like all savages; in fact like all human beings. These men saw in Grignon a terrible demon, who could exert over them any power which he chose.

He advanced toward them. They recoiled. He walked up nearer. They turned and ran toward their horses.

Grignon ran after them. Away they went. They urged their horses at the top of their speed. Grignon followed them a short distance.

Then he turned back and came into our enclosure. "Gather up these bottles," said he. "Tackle up the cattle, and let us be untrailing."

Instantly our men rose and obeyed. Grignon took a heavy glass of whisky, and then lay down in one of the wagons, utterly exhausted.

We traveled all that day, and the next night unmolested. Grignon slept long and soundly. After resting a long time, we pushed on our teams, so as to get us far beyond the hostile Indians as possible.

We saw nothing more of them. "They won't dare pursue us," said Grignon, confidently. "They'll go back and tell such a story as will be the wonder of the savages for many a long year."

Grignon was right. Not only did they not pursue us, but for the next, no travelers on that route were molested.

"I don't see," said I, "how you managed to do those tricks on the open ground without any table."

Grignon smiled. "Only clumsy performers use tables," said he. "I could have done far more wonderful things, but they would have been thrown away on those savages. I'll reserve my good tricks for San Francisco."

And so he did; for, of all the wizards, magicians, and conjurers that have visited the Golden States, none have won such fame, or excited such wonder, as my friend Grignon.

A man stopped at a hotel at Pike's Peak, and on setting his bill the landlord charged him \$7 a day for five days. "Didn't you make a mistake?" said the guest. "No," said the landlord. "You did," retorted the wily looking fellow; "you thought you got all the money I had, but you are mistaken; I have a whole purse full in another pocket."

A most heart-rending child murder occurred last Monday in the township of Wayland, Allegany county, Michigan. A desperate character, named Joseph Wheaton, lost his wife about six years ago, who left him a boy one year old, which he gave away legally to a Mr. Baird. This family kept him unmolested until last fall, since which time Wheaton has stolen the child three times, and last Monday, having the child again in his power, he whipped it to death because it would not stay with him. The excitement in the vicinity is very great, and the people have turned out en masse with arms, and are hunting for the murderer.

Every man must sleep according to his temperament. Eight hours is the average. If he requires, a little more or a little less, he will find it out for himself. Whoever by work, pleasure, sorrow, or by any other cause, is regularly diminishing his sleep, is destroying his life. A man may hold out for a time, but Nature keeps close accounts, and no man can deceive her. As there is more brain-work than ever, so more sleep is required now than in the time with our forefathers. The want of sleep is frequently the cause of insanity.

"Is that the prisoner?" said one spectator to another, during a trial for manslaughter. "Yes," was the reply. "Ah, indeed? What a dreadful bad look he has, especially about the eyes. But who is that respectable looking young man next to him, in the green vest?" "In the green vest? Why that's the prisoner himself. The other is his lawyer."

The opening chapter of a Western novel contains the following: "All of a sudden the fair girl continued to sit upon the sand, gazing upon the briny deep, on whose heaving bosom the tall ships went merrily by freighted—ah! who can tell with much joy and sorrow, and pain, and lumber, and emigrants and hopes and salt fish!"

It is said that a case has been decided by the Supreme Court, that if a person puts his arm out of a moving railroad train, and the arm is struck by a projecting rock or any other object on the side of the road the passenger cannot recover damages, because he has been negligent and has not taken proper care of himself.

A man at Green Bay Wis., had a pet bear which used to sleep in the same bed with him. The other morning the doctor called and said the man could not live without a lot new intestines. The bear is not allowed to sleep with anybody now, unless he cuts his nails.

A boy at Indianapolis asked his father for twenty shillings to enable him to take his girl to a dance, but the father refused, whereupon the boy took a pitchfork, pinned the old man to the side of the barn and held him there until he shelled out.

A married friend of ours says if he desires to see his wife look handsome, he should have a crimson mantled cheek, eye of fire, flow of speech, he gets the photograph of a female, sticks it in an envelope, and lets it "lie around loose" until she sees it.

A young lady in Montreal, who has both legs cut off above her knee, has received over a dozen offers