

The Forest Republican.

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The Forest Republican.

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TIONESTA, PA., JANUARY, 22 1873.

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Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates and corresponding prices.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MEETS every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars.

Samuel D. Irwin, ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AT LAW and REAL ESTATE AGENT.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, M. ITTEL, N. G. 27-17.

George A. Jenks, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

W. P. Mercillott, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW Tionesta, Pa.

George F. Davenport, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Special attention given to the investigation of Land Titles.

P. KINNEAR, N. B. SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, - - - Franklin, Pa.

HARRIS & FASSETT, Attorneys at Law, Tionesta Penn'a.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS. J. WINANS, M. D., and J. E. BLAINE, M. D.

Charles B. Ansart, DENTIST, Centre Street, Oil City, Pa.

W. M. LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR. This house has just been opened to the public.

M. ITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St. Tionesta, Pa.

FOREST HOUSE, D. BLACK PROPRIETOR. Opposite Court House, Tionesta, Pa.

Scott House, FAGENDUS, P. A., E. A. Roberts, Proprietor.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery, and fine Groceries.

H. R. BURGESS, an experienced Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store.

MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS, Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts. Tionesta.

Bank of Discount and Deposit. Interest allowed on Time Deposits.

TIONESTA SAVINGS BANK, Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa.

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

TENEYCK & VANDERSAAL, WHOLESALE & RETAIL CONFECTIONERS.

STORE: No. 3 South Seneca Street, NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE.

MANUFACTORY: No. 88 North Seneca Street, OIL CITY, PENN'A.

D. W. CLARK, COMMISSIONER'S CLERK, FOREST CO., PA.

REAL ESTATE AGENT. HOUSES and Lots for Sale and RENT. Wild Lands for Sale.

I have superior facilities for ascertaining the condition of taxes and tax deeds.

New Boarding House.

MRS. S. S. HULLINGS has built a large addition to her house, and is now prepared to accommodate a number of permanent boarders.

A. H. PARTRIDGE, DEALER IN FURNITURE.

CHAMBER SUITS, SOFAS, TABLES, CHAIRS, BEDSTEPS, MAT-TRESSSES, LOUNGES, SPRING BEDS, & C.

FRAMING PICTURES, A SPECIALTY.

Has a large variety of Moulding of all kinds, and will frame to order all pictures brought to him in any style to suit customers.

ORMSTON & HOSEY, CENTRE STREET, OIL CITY, PA.

BOOKS, STATIONERY, FANCY GOODS, TWINES, TOYS, INKS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Books, Newspapers and Magazines MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS.

At publishers rates. 39-1y

NEW GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE IN TIONESTA.

HAVE just brought on a complete and carefully selected stock of FLOUR, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

and everything necessary to the complete stock of a first-class Grocery House.

GEO. W. BOVARD & CO. Jan. 9, '72.

CONFECTIONARIES. JAS. MCKAY, at the Post Office, has opened out a choice lot of CONFECTIONARIES, CANNED FRUITS, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, AND NOTIONS OF ALL KINDS.

A portion of the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. 40-17. JAS. M. MCKAY.

HOW I ESCAPED BEING KILLED IN A DUEL.

BY MARK TWAIN.

The only merit I claim for the following narrative is that it is a true story. It has a moral at the end of it, but I claim nothing on that, as it is merely thrown in to carry favor with the religious element.

After I had reported a couple of years on the Virginia City (Nevada) Enterprise they promoted me to be editor-in-chief—and I lasted just a week, by the watch. But I made an uncommonly live newspaper while I did last, and when I retired I had a duel on my hands, and three horse-whippings promised me. The latter I made no attempt to collect; however, this history concerns only the former. It was the old "dash times" of the silver excitement, when the population was wonderfully wild and mixed; everybody went armed to the teeth, and all slights and insults had to be atoned for with the best article of blood your system could furnish.

In the course of my editing made I trouble with a Mr. Lord, editor of the rival paper. He flew up about some little trifle or other that I said about him—I do not remember what it was. I suppose I called him a thief, or body-snatcher, or an idiot, or something like that. I was obliged to make the paper readable, and I could not fail in my duty to a whole community of subscribers merely to save the exaggerated sensitiveness of an individual. Mr. Lord was offended, and replied vigorously in his paper. Vigorously means a great deal when it refers to a personal editorial in a frontier newspaper. Duelling was all the fashion among the upper classes in that country, and very few gentlemen would have thrown away an opportunity of fighting one. To kill a person in a duel caused a man to be more looked up to than to kill two men in the ordinary way. Well, then, if you abused a man, and that man did not like it, you had to call him out and kill him; otherwise you would be disgraced. So I challenged Mr. Lord, and I did hope he would not accept; but I knew perfectly well that he did not want to fight, and so I challenged him in the most violent and implacable manner. And then I sat and suffered and suffered till the answer came. All our boys—the editors—were in our office, "helping" in the dismal business, and telling about duels, and discussing the code with a lot of aged ruffians who had experience in such things, and altogether there was a loying interest taken in the matter, which made me un speakably uncomfortable. The answer came—Mr. Lord declined. Our boys were furious, and so was I—on the surface.

I sent him another challenge, and another and another; and the more he did not want to fight, the bloodthirstier I became. But at last the man's tone changed. He appeared to be waking up. It was becoming apparent that he was going to fight me after all. I ought to have known how it would be—he was a man who never could be depended upon. Our boys were exultant. I was not, tho' I tried to be.

It was now time to go out and practice. It was the custom there to fight duels with navy six-shooters at fifteen paces—load and empty till the game for the funeral was secured. We went to a little ravine just outside of town, and borrowed a barn door for a target—borrowed it of a gentleman who was absent—and we stood this barn door up, and stood a rail on end against the middle of it, to represent Lord, and put a squash on top of the rail to represent his head. He was a very tall, lean creature, the poorest sort of material for a duel—nothing but a line shot could "fetch" him, and even then he might split your bullet. Exaggeration aside, the rail was, of course, a little too thin to represent his body accurately, but the squash was all right. If there was any intellectual difference between the squash and his head, it was in favor of the squash.

Well, I practiced and practiced at the barn door, and could not hit it; and I practiced at the rail, and could not hit that; and I tried hard for the squash and could not hit the squash. I would have been entirely disheartened, but that occasionally I crippled one of the boys, and that encouraged me to hope.

At last we began to hear pistol shots near by, in the next ravine. We knew what that meant! The other party were out practicing, too. Then I was in the last degree distressed; for of course those people would hear our shots, and they would send spies over the ridge, and the spies would find my barn door without a wound or a scratch, and that would simply be the end of me—for of course that other man would immediately become as bloodthirsty as I was. Just at this moment a little bird, no larger than a

sparrow, flew by, and lit on a sage-bush about thirty paces away; and my little second, Steve Gillie, who was a matchless marksman with a pistol—much better than I was—snatched out his revolver, and shot the bird's head off! We all ran to pick up the game, and sure enough, just at this moment, some of the other duellists came reconnoitering over the little ridge. They ran to our group to see what the matter was; and when they saw the bird, Lord's second said:

"That was a splendid shot; how far off was it?" Steve said, with some indifference: "Oh, no great distance. About thirty paces."

"Thirty paces! Heavens alive, who did it?" "My man—Twain."

"The mischief he did! Can he do that often?" "Well—yes. He can do it about—well—about four times out of five."

I knew the little rascal was lying, but I never said anything. I never told him so. He was not of a disposition to invite confidences of that kind, so I let the matter rest. But it was a comfort to see those people look sick and see their under-jaws work, when Steve made these statements. They went off and got Lord, and took him home; and when we got home, half an hour later, there was a note saying that Mr. Lord peremptorily declined to fight!

It was a narrow escape. We found out afterwards that Lord hit his mark thirteen times in eighteen shots. If he had put those thirteen bullets through me, it would have narrowed my sphere of usefulness a good deal—would have well nigh closed it in fact. True, they could have put pegs in the holes, and used me for a hat-rack; but what is a hat-rack to a man who feels he has intellectual power? I would scorn such a position.

I have written this true incident of my personal history for one purpose, and one purpose only—to warn the youth of the day against the pernicious practice of duelling, and to plead with them to war against it. If the remarks and suggestions I am making can be of any service to Sunday School teachers, and newspapers interested in the moral progress of society, they are at liberty to use them, and I shall even be grateful to have them widely disseminated, so they may do as much good as possible. I was young and foolish when I challenged that gentleman, and I thought it was very fine and very grand to be a duelist, and stand upon the "field of honor."

But I am older and more experienced now, and am inflexibly opposed to the dreadful custom, I am glad, indeed, to be enabled to lift up my voice against it. I think it is a bad, immoral thing. I think it is every man's duty to do everything he can to discourage duelling. I always do now; I discourage it upon every occasion.

If a man were to challenge me now—now that I fully appreciate the iniquity of that practice—I would go to that man and take him by the hand, and lead him to a quiet, retired room—and kill him.

FAITHFUL TO THE LAST. In the far off Nevada a train of cars was rushing along at rapid speed, the locomotive being mounted by a trusty engineer. Suddenly the train whirled round a curve entering a tunnel six hundred and fifty feet in length. No watchman had given warning of danger, but the quick eye of the engineer caught sight of red, roaring flames and dense smoke ahead—the other end of the tunnel was a fiery mass. There was but a flash of time for thought; no possibility of stopping; to reverse the engine and whistle down brakes would bring the cars to a stand in the midst of the raging flames; the only hope was to rush on with whirlwind speed. With quick hand the engineer threw open the valve; he held fast to the lever, closed his eyes and tried to pray. Through smoke and flame and falling timber, one instant, and the terrified passengers beheld the cool daylight beyond—all saved through the daring act of this man known familiarly as Johnny Bartholomew.

Another faithful engineer was on one of the trains which recently collided on the Amboy division of the Pennsylvania Railroad in consequence of a mistake in a telegraphic dispatch. The engineer stood by his engine to the last, and was dangerously injured. The fireman told him to jump off, but he refused. As he afterwards said to his friends: "I could not leave my engine; I had to stop her, and I did almost do it. I thank God for one thing; I can die with a clear conscience, for it was not my fault."

A gentleman, coming into the room of Dr. Barton told him that Mr. Vowel was dead! said he: "Ah, is Vowel dead? let us be thankful it was neither U nor L."

TRIP TO VIENNA.

Several inquiries have reached us as to the programme which may be best followed by parties or individuals wishing to attend the Vienna Exposition next summer, and the following items of route and probable expense will be found to contain much of the information needed. Of course the ocean passage is a question for every man's own decision. Perhaps the pleasantest and most convenient route is to Paris via Liverpool, or direct via Havre, though the Hamburg and Bremen steamers afford advantages about the same. Should the Paris route be decided upon, sleeping cars can be taken at that city for Vienna which run through without change, making the passage in thirty-six hours. From the traveling centres of Vienna the road to the Prater is no more than the trip from City Hall to the American Institute Fair building. The Prater is northwest of the city, and a line of cars propelled by a stationary engine will run during the exhibition as frequently as its travel shall demand; or the walk is pleasant and short.

From American exhibitors the arrangement of the departments is peculiarly convenient. To the United States is allotted the extreme western division of both the main building (Palace of Industry) and the hall of machinery, being that portion of the fair nearest the Vienna road, and through which the exhibitor or visitor must pass before reaching the department of other nations. The Exposition, as we have already noticed, will open on the 1st of May next, and close on the 1st of November. The United States transport steamers will leave New York with such goods as we may send for exhibition, probably in February next. Except the United States, all nations to be represented have already applications more than sufficient to fill the space assigned them. The backwardness of American exhibitors is, according to Commissioner Van Buren, attributable to an opposition movement made in the interests of a "patent ring" which, desirous of maintaining its monopoly of the sale of valuable foreign patents in Europe, has given currency to statements to the following effect, viz:—That every patented article put on exhibition at Vienna thereby forfeits its patent, and may be copied by any one.

The exhibition of valuable patents at so widely attended a fair brings the owner at once into direct contact with crowds of purchasers from all over the world, and the business of the patent brokers is thus interfered with. Gen. Van Buren declares that this widely spread statement has no grounds whatever. To every exhibitor the Austrian Government grants a complete protection of his patent for the time of its exhibition, which may at any time be exchanged for a patent on the payment of \$11. This patent is issued under the law of the country, and grants protection for the space of one year, at the expiration of which time, if the article patented is not manufactured, its patent is re-assumed by the government. The question of the expense of attending the exhibition has been asked. This again of course, is a variable quantity. Persons desirous of making up a party for the trip will do well to look at the estimates made by Messrs. Cook, Son & Jenkins, who opened on the 1st of January, 262 Broadway, a branch of the celebrated Tourist Office in London.

They have secured a special steamer of the White Star Line, which will leave New York on the 28th of June next, carrying a party, yet to be made up, of teachers, male and female, on a so-called educational tour through Scotland, England, Belgium, the Rhine district and Bavaria to the World's Fair at Vienna, returning via Switzerland and Paris. This party will pass much time at Vienna, and visit nearly all places of interest in Continental Europe and Great Britain. Its members are limited to teachers, but its price list shows what rates may be made profitable should any large party be formed. The round trip, every necessary expense included costs \$400 gold, the party returning August 31. A Masonic excursion is also organizing, concerning which information may be obtained of A. M. Rambo, Columbia, Pa.—N. Y. World.

In a New Orleans Court, a bright-eyed Irishman was arraigned for disorderly conduct. The Judge inquired, very angrily, "if he were not ashamed to be there?" "Pon my soul I am, your honor."

"You are in very disreputable company." "I know it, yer honor."

"It is shameful." "Too true."

"If I permit you to go this time, will you ever be caught in such company again?" "Not unless yer honor sends for me," was the reply.

One of James Gordon Bennett's queer fancies was an immense bird cage filled with rare birds from every part of the globe. So he had it made as large as a house and before it he would stand for hours and study the habits of the different members of the feathered tribe. Sometimes he would liken his different birds and fowls to known men in real life. Once he stopped with a neighbor and kept him laughing for a long time as he would point them out, with an apt remark. Pointing to the robin he said that was Thomas A. Hendricks; the woodpecker that is Ben Butler, the old gosse is Sumner; the parrot is Gerrit Davis; the old gobbler is Conklin; the crow is Fred Douglass; the hawk is Wendell Phillips; and the canary is Sunset Cox, &c. This large house cage is still to be seen at Washington Heights.

—An item, evidently intended to discourage marriage and the propagation of the species, is going the rounds to the effect that a decent bridal outfit must cost at least \$4,000. Among the articles enumerated which a bride must have, are a dozen night dresses. This is absurd. The man who would allow his wife to wear a dozen night dresses; even in winter, deserves that his family should become extinct.

"What have you done with your doll?" said a father to his little daughter. "Put it away to keep for my children, when I grow up."

"But if you shouldn't have any?" "Oh, well! then it will be for my grandchildren."

A teacher, in trying to explain passive verbs to a class, said to one of the boys, "Now, observe: If I say, 'John is beaten,' what is John's relation to the verb?" "John gets licked," answered the boy. "No, no, you block-head; what does John do?" "I dun know, unless he hollers."

"What would our wives say, if they knew where we are?" said the captain of a "down east" schooner, when they were beating about in a thick fog, fearful of going ashore. "Humph, I shouldn't mind that," replied the mate, "if we only knew where we were ourselves."

A lady was examining an applicant for the office of 'maid of all work,' when she interrogated her as follows: "Well, Mary, can you scour tinware with alacrity?" "No, ma'am," replied Mary; "I always scour them with sand."

A lady whose horror of tobacco amounts most to a disease, took a seat by the side of a man in a railroad car the other day and nervously asked him: "Do you chew tobacco, sir?" "No, ma'am," replied the astonished man, "but I guess I can get you a chew, if you're sufferin' for it."

A Horse-dealer, who lately effected a sale, was offered a bottle of porter to confess the animal's failings. The bottle was drunk, and then he said the horse had but two faults. When turned loose in the field, he was "bad to catch," and he was "of no use when he was caught."

"Has that gel got fits?" asked an old farmer who had paused to see a young lady go through with her calisthenic exercises in the dooryard. "No," replied the servant-girl, "that's jiminy-umstic." "So," said the farmer, in a pitying tone, "poor thing; how long's she had 'em?"

A Dutchman once wanted to wed a widow, and made love to her as follows: "If you ish content to get a better for a worse, to be happy for a miserable, and if you smokes and trinkles, I shall takes you for no petter and much worse." Upon which the lady answered "Yaw."

A judge charged a jury as follows:—"Gentlemen of the jury, you must find that the defendant is guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. A reasonable doubt is such a doubt as will convince a reasonable man that the defendant is not guilty."

Dr. Parr, when a boy at Harrow, had so very old a face for his age that one day his contemporary, Sir William Jones, said, looking at him, "Parr, if you should have the good luck to live forty years you may stand a chance of overtaking your face."

Mr. Jones has long been wanting to visit Greenwood Cemetery, and in early summer she says to her husband, "You have never yet taken me to Greenwood." "No, dear," he replied; "that's a pleasure I have yet had only in anticipation."

A veteran observer says: "I never place reliance on a man who telling that he would have done had he been there. I have noticed that somehow this kind of people never get there."

A dull clergyman said to the boys in the gallery, "Don't make so much noise up there, or you will awake y parents below."