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Rates of Advertising.

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Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MEETS every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars. M. ITTEL, N. G. W. R. DUNN, Sec'y.

ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AT LAW and REAL ESTATE AGENT. Local business promptly attended to. TIONESTA, Pa. 40-1y.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, P. A. TIONESTA, PA.

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

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office on Elm Street. The professional services of the Hon. S. P. Johnson can be secured through me if desired in any business entrusted to me in Forest Co. Collections promptly attended to. Also Real Estate Agent.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Notary Public, Reynolds Hunkill & Co's Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 39-1y.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Special attention given to the investigation of land titles, Conveyancing and Collections in Venango, Crawford and adjacent counties. All business promptly attended to. No. 8 Mercantile Block, Oil City, Pa. 39-1y.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, - - - Franklin, Pa. PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Titusville Penn'a. PRACTICE in all the Courts of Warren, Crawford, Forest and Venango Counties.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS. J. WINANS, M. D. and J. E. BLAINE, M. D. Having entered into a co-partnership, all calls, night or day, will receive immediate attention. Office at residence of Dr. Winans, Elm St., Tionesta, Pa. 36-1y.

DENTIST, Centre Street, Oil City, Pa. In Simons' Block.

W. M. LAWRENCE, Proprietor. This house has just been opened to the public and the furniture and fixtures are all new. Guests will be well entertained at reasonable rates. Is situated on Elm St., opposite Superior Lumber Co. Store, 39-1y.

FOREST HOUSE, D. BLACK PROPRIETOR. Opposite Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened. Everything new and clean and fresh. The best of liquors kept constantly on hand. A portion of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. 4-17-1y.

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 Tidoute, near Tidoute House.

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

H. B. BURGESS, an experienced Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately. 15-1y.

MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS. Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts. Tionesta. Bank of Discount and Deposit. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made on all the Principal points of the U. S. 18-1y.

TIONESTA SAVINGS BANK, Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa. This Bank transacts a General Banking, Collecting and Exchange Business. Drafts on the Principal Cities of the United States and Europe bought and sold. Gold and Silver Coins and Government Securities bought and sold. 7-30 Bonds converted on the most favorable terms. Interest allowed on time deposits. Mar. 4, U.

TEN EYCK & VANDERSAAL WHOLESALE & RETAIL CONFECTIONERS.

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

MANUFACTORY: No. 88 North Seneca Street, 39-1y 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, &c., and am therefore qualified to act intelligently as agent of those living at a distance, owning lands in the County. Office in Commissioners Room, Court House, Tionesta, Pa. 4-41-1y. D. W. CLARK.

New Boarding House.

MRS. S. S. HULINGS has built a large addition to her house, and is now prepared to accommodate a number of permanent boarders, and all transient ones who may favor her with their patronage. A good stable has recently been built to accommodate the horses of guests. Charges reasonable. Residence on Elm St., opposite S. Haslet's store. 25-1y.

A. H. PARTRIDGE, DEALER IN FURNITURE.

CHAMBER SUITS, SOFAS, TABLES, CHAIRS, BEDSTEPS, MATTRESSES, LOUNGES, SPRING BEDS, &c., &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. Rooms in second story of Bonner & McKay's new building, Elm St., Tionesta, Pa. 39-1y.

ORNSTON & 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.

GEO. W. BOVARD & CO. 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, which they have opened out at their establishment on Elm St., first door north of M. E. Church.

COFFEES, TEAS, SUGARS, SYRUPS, FRUITS, SPICES, LARD, AND PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS, at the lowest cash prices. Goods warranted to be of the best quality. Call and examine, and we believe we can suit you. GEO. W. BOVARD & CO. Jan. 9, '72.

CONFECTIONARIES.

JAS. MCKAY, at the Post Office, has opened out a choice lot of CONFECTIONARIES, CANNED FRUITS, TOBACCOES, CIGARS, AND NOTIONS OF ALL KINDS. A portion of the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. 40-1y JAS. M. MCKAY.

THE FAITHFUL GUEST.

There was something—I forget what—to take grandfather and grandmother away from home one day in October of the year I lived with them in Burn's Hollow. It may have been a funeral or some religious meeting, for they both drove off dressed in their best, in the gig, with old Ajax harnessed to it, and after I had tucked in grandma's iron-gray silk skirt and ran back to the house for grandpa's spectacles, and had seen the gig vanish in the distance, I felt lonely. Burn's Hollow was a lonesome place at all times; and the handsome rambling mansion, which might have sheltered a regiment, had a ghostly air about it when one walked through the upper rooms alone.

There were but two servants in the kitchen, Hannah Oaks and the Irish lad, Anthony. I heard them laughing merrily together, for though Hannah was an old woman, she was full of fun, and in five minutes the door opened, and Hannah came with the tray.

"Please, miss," said she, as she set it down, "may I run over to Mapleton to-night? My sister's married daughter had a boy last night, they say, and I want to see it naturally—it's the first I've ever had of grand-niece or nephew."

"Who brought you the news?" I asked.

"Anthony, miss," said Hannah. "He met George—that's my niece's husband—when he was out after the cow, straying as she always is, and he told him to tell Hannah she's a grand-aunt."

"You may go," I said, "but don't stay late. Grandpa and grandma may be away all night, and I feel nervous. To be sure, there is Anthony, but I never rely on him. Be certain not to stay late." I repeated this injunction with a sort of fright stealing over me—a presentiment of evil, I might say—and something prompted me to add, "Be back by nine." Why, I cannot say, but I felt as if, at nine, I should be in some peculiar danger. Hannah promised, and after doing all that I required, went away, and I heard her heavy shoes on the garden walk, outside.

Early as it was, I had dropped the curtains and lighted the wax candles on the mantel, and I sat long over my tea, finding a certain companionship in it, as women of all ages will.

I sat thus a long time, and was startled from my reverie by a rap at the door—a timid sort of rap—so that I knew at once that it was neither a member of the house nor an intimate friend. I waited, expecting Anthony to answer the door, but finding he did not, went to it myself.

It had grown quite dark, and the moon rose late that night. At first I could only make out a kind of crouching figure at the bottom of the porch. But when I spoke it advanced, and by the light of the hall lamp I saw a black man. I had always had a sort of fear of a negro, and instinctively shrank away, but as I did so he spoke in a husky whisper:

"This is Massa Morton's isn't it?" "Yes," I replied, "but grandfather is out."

I retreated. He advanced. "Please, miss," he said, "Judge B. sent me here. He said massa 'ud help me on. Let me stay here a night, miss. I's trabbled five days sence I left him. Hidin' like. I's awful hungry, 'pears like I'd drop, and ole massa's arter me. For de lub ob heaben, miss, let me hide somewhere, and gib me jes' a crust. Massa Judge promise Massa Morton 'ud help me, an' it's kept me up. Missus will, I know."

I knew that grandfather had given succor to some of these poor wretches before; but I felt that I might be doing wrong by admitting a stranger in his absence.

Caution and pity struggled within me. At last I said: "You have a note from the Judge, I suppose, sir."

"I had some writin' on a paper," said the man, "but I's lost it, de night it rained so. Ah! miss, I's tellin' the truff—Judge sent me, sure as I's a sinner. I's been helped along so far, and 'pears like I mus' get to Canady. Can't go back noway. Wife's dare, and de young uns. Got clear a year ago. Miss, I'll pray for you ebery day ob my life if you'll jes' be so good to me. So will Dinah. Thank you, miss."

For somehow, when he spoke of wife and children, I had stepped back and let him in.

It was the back hall door at which the rap had come, and the kitchen was close at hand. I led him thither. When I saw how worn he was, how wretched; how his eyes glistened, and how under his rough blue shirt his heart beat so that you could count the pulses, I forgot my caution. I brought out cold meat and bread, drew a mug of cider, and spread them on the table. The negro ate voraciously, as only a

starving man could eat, and I left him to find Anthony, to whom I intended to give directions for his lodging throughout the night.

To my surprise, Anthony was nowhere about the house or garden. Hannah must have taken him with her across the lonely road to Mapleton.

It was natural, but I felt angry. Yet I longed for Hannah's return, and listened very anxiously until the clock struck nine. Then, instead of her footsteps, I heard the pattering of rain-drops and the rumbling of thunder, and looking out, saw that a heavy storm was coming on.

Now, certainly, grandpa and grandma would not come, and Hannah, waiting for the storm to pass, would not be here for hours. However, my fear of the negro was quite gone, and I felt a certain pride in conducting myself bravely under these trying circumstances.

Accordingly I went up stairs, found in the attic sundry pillows and bolsters, and carried them kitchenward.

"Here," I said, "unke yourself a bed on the settee yonder, and be easy for the night. No one will follow you in such a terrible storm as this, and, no doubt, grandpa will assist you when he returns home. Good-night."

"Good-night, and God bless you, miss," still speaking in a very husky whisper. And so I left him.

But I did not go up stairs to my bed-room. I intended for that night to remain dressed, and to sit up in grandpa's arm-chair, with candles and a book for company. Therefore I locked the door, took the most comfortable position, and opening a volume, composed myself to read.

Reading I fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot tell. I was awakened by a low sound like the prying of a chisel.

At first it mixed with my last dream so completely that I took no heed of it, but at last I understood that some one was at work upon the door.

I sat perfectly motionless, the blood curdling in my veins, and still chip, chip, chip went the horrible little instrument, until at last I knew whence the sounds came.

Back of the sitting-room was grandpa's study. There, in a great old-fashioned chair, were stored the family silver, grandpa's jewelry, and sundry sums of money and important papers. The safe itself stood in a closet in a recess, and at the closet the thief was at work.

The thief—ah! without a doubt the negro I had fed and sheltered.

Perhaps the next act would be to murder me if I listened. The storm was still raging; but, though the road was lonely, better that than this house with such horrible company. I could not save my grandfather's property, but I could save my own life.

I crept across the room and into the hall, and to the door. There, softly as I could, I unfastened the bars and bolts, but, alas! one was above my reach. I waited and listened.

Then I moved a hall chair to the spot and climbed upon it. In doing so I struck my shoulder against the door frame.

It was but a slight noise, but at that moment the chip of the chisel stopped, I heard a gliding foot, and horror of horror, a man came from the study, sprang towards me, and clutched me with both hands, holding my arms as in a vice, while he hissed in my ear:

"You'd tell, would you? you'd call help? You might better have slept, you had; for you see you've got to pay for waking. I'd rather hev let a chick like you off; but you know me now, and I can't let you live."

I stared in his face with horror, mingled with an awful surprise; for now that it was close to me I saw, not the negro, but our own hired man, Anthony—Anthony, whom I had supposed miles away with Hannah. He was little more than a youth, and I had given him many a present, and always treated him well.

I plead with him kindly. "Anthony, I never did you any harm; I am young; I am a girl. Don't kill me, Anthony. Take the money, but don't kill me, for poor grandma's sake."

"You'd tell on me," said Anthony, doggedly. "Likely I'd be caught. No, I have got to kill you."

As he spoke he took his hands from my shoulders and clutched my throat fiercely.

I had time to utter one suffocating shriek; then I was strangling, dying, with sparks in my eyes, and a sound of roaring waters in my ears, and then—

What had sprung on my assassin, with the swift silence of a leopard? What had clutched me from him, and stood over him with something glittering above his heart? The mist cleared away—the blurred mists that had gathered over my eyes; as sight returned I saw the negro with his foot upon Anthony's breast.

The fugitive whom I had housed and fed had saved my life. Ten minutes after—ten minutes in which but for that poor slave's presence I would have been hurried out of life—the rattle of wheels and the tardy feet of old Ajax were heard without, and my grandparents were with me.

It is needless to say that we were not ungrateful to our preserver; needless, also, to tell of Anthony's punishment.

It came out during his trial that he had long contemplated the robbery; that the absence of my grandparents appearing to afford an opportunity, he had decoyed Hannah away with a lie, and hid in the study. He knew nothing of the negro's presence in the house, and, being naturally superstitious, had actually fancied my protector a creature from the other world, and submitted without a struggle.

Long ago—so we heard—the slave, a slave no longer, met his wife and children beyond danger; and now that the bonds are broken for all in this free land, doubtless his fears are over, and he sits beside his humble Canadian hearth when eventide comes on.

FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Mr. Cramer, a traveler from the North of Europe, while resting in the city of Loheia in Arabia, was solicited by a great somebody to prescribe for his indisposition.

He recommended an emetic. The patient recovered so rapidly the circumstances spread like a prairie fire. Everybody wanted an emetic. No reference was made to sickness. That was of no consequence. It was considered a wonderful medicine, and, therefore, all the people wanted to be vomited by the foreign Rakkim.

One day the Emir Bahr, inspector of the port, sent a horse to Mr. Cramer to be doctored, which was turned over to his Swedish servant, who had been a farrier to a hussar troop at home. The animal was restored. That ran through the multitude. If he could cure horses he certainly could cure men. Practice increased beyond his ambition of doing any more good at the expense of his own comfort or health. A microscope being shown the Emir, he was amazed at the enlarged size of insects under the instrument. His highness explained to the attendants of the court that insects in Europe were very large, while those of their own blessed country were small.

Next, the Emir was entertained by a peep through a telescope which was minus one glass, so that objects appeared inverted. Looking at a woman at a distance hardly visible by the unassisted eye, although a ruler, a dweller in a palace and owned camels, slaves, controlled an army, and stocked a harem with beauties of all countries, he could not for the life of him understand why she stood on her head; and, above all, it was a mystery not a passage in the Koran could clear up why her clothes didn't fall down instead of keeping close to a her ankle, as though they were nailed to a post!

REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

A case which has happened within two weeks reads like some of the scenes in the novels of Eugene Sue and Dumas, where perils in dungeon vaults and mysterious underground passages frequently play their parts.

Two workmen in a New England factory town went down into a long and deep subterranean passage connected with the waterways of several mills, to clear away obstructions. They were at work a long time, at a distance from the place of exit, when one of them noticed that the water was rising rapidly behind them. They started towards the only place of escape, when, by an unfortunate misstep, one of them fell, dropped his lantern, and extinguished their only means of light.

Then they went groping their way along through the black darkness, the rising water swelling up faster and faster until it reached their armpits. At this time they had got to the place of exit, but the wooden ladder by which they had descended had been carried away by the rush of water. Their case was now desperate, for, during the time spent in trying to find the ladder, the water had risen to their necks, leaving but about one foot of space between the surface of the water and the top of the vault. Just then, when all hope of escape seemed to be cut off—immediate death staring them in the face—a surge in the waters swept the floating ladder against the shoulder of one of them. They set it in its place, one of them mounted to the "trap" at the entrance to the vault, while the other held it fast, and in a few seconds both were safe on the surface of the earth, in the glad light of day.

Why is the letter Y like a young lady? Because it makes pa pay.

GENIUS IN BONDS.

There has been for years in the Massachusetts penitentiary, serving out a life sentence for highway robbery, a man named Darling—a fine looking fellow, and, moreover, a genius, who, despite his imprisonment, asserts his determination that the world shall yet acknowledge his power. He is a remarkably good artist, and all of his leisure time—about an hour and a half each day—for eight months past, has been devoted to a piece of work intended for a present to a lady in Cambridge who has been very kind to him. It is an illustrated copy of Gray's Elegy, which he is making, printing and all, with pen and brush. The title page is exquisitely illuminated, and all the illustrations are as carefully finished as steel engravings. The drawing is spirited and the whole conception good. He has seized the spirit of the poem with a correctness and fidelity that show an entire appreciation. He is very proud of his work, and his face shines with delight when visitors praise it.

A Beaver Falls correspondent of the New York World, dated Jan. 13th, writes: You need not be surprised to hear of a massacre some of these fine days, similar to the one they had out in California last year. Go where you will in Beaver Falls, the opinion of the people is expressed in very decided terms on the importation of this sort of labor, and it shows conclusively that the business men, property holders, and other residents of the place look upon the Celestials not only with contempt, but positive hatred. It requires but little conversation for the visitor to learn that a storm is brewing which may burst at any moment into a howling pandemonium of hate.

Another illustration of Darwinism was recently furnished in the case of two newly arrived monkeys from China, which were lodged in a San Francisco bar-room, one of them being kept in a cage and the other left at liberty. During the night the latter homunculus first considerably handed a bottle of rum to his imprisoned brother, who thereupon became comatose intoxicated, and then proceeded to get frightfully drunk and disorderly himself, breaking decanters and glasses, throwing an empty bottle at the head of the bar-keeper on that official's entrance, and otherwise comporting himself as his master remarked, "for all the world like a Christian."

A wag inspecting a farmer's last instalment of pork at the Detroit market, recently, picked up a ten-pound stone and deposited it in one of the porkers and then loudly berated the farmer for trying to cheat in weight. The farmer looked at the stone, at the crowd, felt the thrust, and growled to himself: "Hang me, but I thought I put it in the small hog!"

Barnum has cuchered the Emperor of Austria! A certain Father Faber, with his wife and wonderful talking machine, was under \$5,000 bonds to appear at the Vienna Exposition, but Barnum shook \$20,000 in his face and he caved. Barnum says two million people will hear that automaton jabber next summer.

A California woman wants a divorce because she was intoxicated when married, and has produced her husband in substantiation of what she says, as an evidence that no woman would have married him were she in her sober senses.

A young man in San Francisco found an old deacon he knew "bucking the tiger" in a gambling hell. "What," he exclaimed, "deacon, you here?" "Yes," was the reply, "I am bound to break down this evil institution."

A gentleman near Vineland, Wisconsin, entered an orchard to steal some apples, while his friend, who sat on the fence and reconstrated, fell off and broke his neck. There appears to be in this incident a useful lesson for the young.

A Cincinnati lover has just been discharged by his affianced, millionaire, for treating on her pet cat's tail. He vowed it was an accident, but she insisted it was done on poor-puss.

The public schools at Corry got out of wood, and as the teachers wouldn't buy any, they had to split up the Board of Education for fuel.

The original Rothschild was a pack-peddler, who traveled on foot and retailed chewing gum and hair-pius to the people of his time.

In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure? In the case of a watch.

Hassan Pasha, son of the Egyptian viceroy, is coming to make a tour of America.

Klyo Kawamora a young Japanese, is studying landscape painting in this country.