

The Forest Republican.

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The Forest Republican.

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Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly.

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TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars.

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Practise in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties.

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At publishers rates. NEW GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE IN TIONESTA.

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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, HAMS, 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.

CONFECTIONARIES.

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

A portion of the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL.

THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Lacytown), Forest county, has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted in first-class order, and is now running and doing all kinds of CUSTOM GRINDING.

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Apply to GEO. G. SICKLES, 79, Nassau St., New York City.

A FIGHT WITH A RAILROAD.

Mr. John Q. Coleman was ejected from a New Haven car because he tried to use a ticket backwards, as it is called, and sued the company for damages on account of the injuries he sustained, gives the following interesting account of scenes in court:

The first questions of the counsel for the corporation were gentle, soothing and seductive; but, finding that I refused the hidden pitfalls into which he would fain lead me, he changed his method, and strove to make me exhibit myself as a "common traveling agent," who had deliberately plotted to swindle the railroad company by trumping up a claim for damages for a pretended injury.

On another trial the lawyer who conducted the case in behalf of the railroad company, thundered out this command: "Now, sir, look upon the jury and tell them why you broke the rules of that road—why you attempted to use that ticket? A man of your age and your experience in traveling must have known better."

My answer was deliberate, for I had outgrown my original nervousness, and was hardened to theasperities of judicial inquisition: "On general principles, when I pay a dollar for a thing, I am entitled to the equivalent of that dollar, whether I buy a railroad ticket or potatoes."

"Yes," rejoined the lawyer, slowly, and with a sneer in every word, "and when you buy potatoes, you think you can take it out in sugar or tea, if you prefer." He had made a good point, he thought, and he cast about the room a look inviting congratulation.

During the last trial I had testified that I knew tickets had been used "backwards" on the road, and I believe such usage amounted to a custom. My tormenter asked why I did not bring witnesses to prove such a custom. I replied that we did introduce a witness for that purpose, but the defendant's counsel refused to permit him to testify, declaring that the custom of the road had nothing to do with the case; only the rule of the road was to be considered.

Before the witness could answer, the counsel for the railroad sprang up and vehemently protested against the introduction of the evidence. The judge evidently did not comprehend the situation, and turned an inquiring look upon my lawyer, who answered by saying, "Your Honor, the defendant has asked me why we did not call witnesses to prove the custom of using tickets 'backwards,' and said that they should not object if we did so. Now we put this gentleman on the stand to show that he had such tickets—" "Yes, and used them, too," interrupted the witness. "Stop, sir!" cried the judge, "you are not to testify

until you are told to do so." But the caution was too late; the mischief was done; and again all present, appreciating the humor of this breach of legal etiquette, united in a hearty laugh. It was plainly unnecessary to pursue the examination of this witness further, and he was permitted to stand aside.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY—A CURIOUS CASE.

In 187—, on the steamer—, from Louisville to Bowling Green, was a large party of passengers. We had gotten some distance up Green River, when, at some landing, a gentleman and lady came aboard, registered as man and wife, and were duly assigned a stateroom in the ladies' cabin. The boat's cabin presented the usual varied scene, some reading, several groups at the card tables, and knots here and there engaged in conversation. In a few minutes a waiter came forward and told the Captain that the lady that had just come aboard wished to see him in her room, who, a little surprised and wondering, went immediately back and knocked at the door, which was hesitatingly, cautiously, with evident signs of trepidation, opened. They were both unmistakably, much alarmed, and the lady appealed to the Captain piteously for protection.

The Captain assured her she was mistaken; that he knew the fact above related in regard to the man, and that it could not be true. She said, vehemently, "I know it is him. Do you think it possible that I could live with a man three years in relation of a wife, that only a few weeks should intervene since I saw him, and then be unable to recognize him or mistake another for him?"

This was a poser sure enough, and to a stranger to all the parties, convincing and unanswerable. But then, there stood the living, incredible, insurmountable fact that this was John—, and not Mr.—. I had known for five or six years that he was not married, and had not been within that time. So we had it, neither being able to convince the other. I proposed to bring him up for a closer inspection, but she was too much afraid of him to consent; but repeated assurances of protection at last prevailed, and I went out for him. Calling him out from his card party, I briefly told him what had occurred, and in his wondering amazement he assumed something of the appearance of a frightened culprit. Brought face to face, the ludicrousness and singularity of the case culminated. He commences:

"What is this you accuse me of, madame—of being your former husband, of following you with threats to kill, etc.? Why, I do not know you—never saw you before on earth, to my knowledge, and I never had a wife."

She, answering, "What, sir! You deny that your name is —, that you were once my husband, and that we separated in —, Indiana?"

He, "Yes, madame, I do deny it, each and all, most emphatically."

By this time quite a crowd had been attracted as witnesses and auditors. She evidently was convinced of her mistake, and, after a slight pause, says: "Well, there is one way to decide this question of veracity between you and myself. If you are Mr.—, and my former husband, you have a deep scar in the edge of your ear, hidden by your hair, and at the top of your forehead."

amazed and confused, seems but half convinced. Here the case rests. I have never since seen or heard of the strangely deluded lady, but the gentleman, the subject of this delusion, is still living on Green River, a respected good citizen, and the hundreds who know him know this was a mistake utterly incredible and incomprehensible—not committed by an acquaintance, nor even an intimate friend, but by a wife, who had lived with a man in a marital relation for three or four years, and only separated from him then for a few months. As a case of "mistaken identity," it certainly is without parallel.—Cor. Bowling Green (Ky.) Pantagraph.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

The following is an extract from "Life on the Plains," by General G. A. Custer, in the May number of the Galaxy:

There was a beautiful clear stream of water, named Bluff creek, running through camp, which supplied bathing facilities to the officers and men, a privilege which but few allowed to pass unimproved. Whether to avoid the publicity attending localities near camp, or to seek a point in the bed of the stream where the water was fresh and undisturbed, or from a motive different from either of these, two of our young officers mounted their horses one day without saddles and rode down the valley of the stream perhaps a mile or more in search of a bathing place. Discovering one to their taste, they dismounted, secured their horses, and after disposing of their apparel on the greensward covering the banks, where soon floating and floundering in the water like a pair of young porpoises. How long they had been enjoying this healthy recreation, or how much longer they might have remained, is not necessary to the story. One of them happening to glance toward their horses observed the latter in a state of great trepidation. Hastening from the water to the bank, he discovered the cause of the strange conduct on the part of the horses, which was nothing less than a party of about thirty Indian warriors, mounted, and stealthily making their way towards the bathing party, evidently having their eyes on the latter, and intent upon their capture. Here was a condition of affairs that was at least unexpected as it was unwelcome. Quickly called out his companion, who was still in the water, unconscious of approaching danger, the one on shore made haste to unfasten their horses and prepare for flight.

Fortunately the Indians, who were now within a few hundred yards of the two officers, were coming from the direction opposite camp, leaving the retreat of the officers open. No sooner did the warriors find that their approach was discovered than they put their ponies to their best speed, hoping to capture the officers before the latter could have time to mount and get their horses under headway. The two officers in the meanwhile were far from idle; no flesh brushes or bathing towels were required to restore a healthy circulation, nor was time wasted in an idle attempt to make a toilet. If they had sought their bathing ground from motives of retirement or delicacy, so such sentiments were exhibited now, for catching up their wardrobe from the ground on one hand, seizing the bridle rein with the other, one leaped and they were on their horses' backs and riding toward camp for dear life. They were not exactly in the condition of Flora McFlimsy, with nothing to wear, but to all intents and purposes might well have been so. Then followed a race, which, but for the risk incurred by two of the riders, might well be compared to that of John Gilpin. Both of the officers were experienced horsemen, but what experienced horseman would willingly care to be thrust upon the bare back of a flying steed, minus all apparel, neither boots, nor breeches, nor saddle, not even the spurs and shirt collar which are said to constitute the full uniform of a Georgian Colonel, and when so disposed of, to have three or four scores of hideously painted and feathered savages, well mounted and near at hand, straining every nerve and urging their fleet-footed war ponies to their highest speed in order that the scalps of the experienced horsemen might be added to their other human trophies which grace their lodges?

A STAGE TRICK.

Seeing John Brougham, the other evening, brought to mind one of the dramatic jokes that he used to put upon the audiences at Burton's old theatre in Chambers street. An announcement was made on the bills of an after-piece called "This House for Sale." During its progress some of the actors would pretend to have a misunderstanding resulting in high words, bitter recriminations, and the ringing down of the curtain, amid great confusion.

Then one of the comedians would appear before the foot-lights, apologize for the unpleasant scene that had occurred, and justify himself for the part he had taken in the quarrel. After his retirement, another actor would present himself, rehearse his grievances, and endeavor to set them right with the audience.

The people in front would get much excited and take sides with this or that actor, and would be divided between hisses and applause. The players would add to the confusion by rushing before the curtain, and contradicting one another. When the agitation was in its height, John Brougham would enter upon the scene, and beg for the sake of public decency and professional honor, to be heard a few moments. Then he would remark that the title of the piece was "This House for Sale," and he would leave it to his friends in the pit and boxes to determine whether "this house" had not been very badly sold. The audience, then perceiving for the first time how it had been cajoled, would burst into a roar of laughter, and go home in perfect good humor. Those who had been deceived one evening were so anxious others should be deceived on another evening, that they would keep their own counsel. The newspapers were in the secret, and made no allusion to the joke, which, by this means, was kept up for five or six weeks.—Cor. St. Louis Globe.

A physician advised a patient to take a walk on an empty stomach. "Whose stomach?" feebly asked the invalid.

warned them to urge their steeds to their fastest pace. In a few moments the occupants of the camp discovered the approach of this strangely appearing party. It was an easy matter to recognize the warriors, but who could name the two who rode at the front? The pursuing warriors, seeing that they were not likely to overtake and capture the two knights of the bath, slackened their horses and sent a volley of arrows after them. A few minutes later and the two officers were safe inside the lines, where they lost no time in making their way to their tents to attend to certain matters relating to their toilet which the sudden appearance of their dusky visitors had prevented. It was a long time before they ceased to hear allusions made by their comrades to the cut and style of their riding suits.

A WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPHIC FEAT.

The San Francisco Examiner says: Some time ago Governor Stanford, the owner of the horse Occident, which was made famous from having been beaten in a race with the Goldsmith Maid, desired to have a photograph of the animal taken while said animal was going at full speed. Mr. Maybridge, the artist, was applied to, but he expressed his doubts that it could be done. He began experimenting, however, and after a while was able to catch objects on the wing with great success. A few days ago he announced to the owner of Occident that he believed that he could take the picture. He procured all the stable sheets to be had in the stable, and with these made a reflecting background. Over this Occident was trained to trot, and everything was then in readiness for the trial. The great difficulty was to transfer an impression while the horse was moving at the rate of thirty-eight feet to the second. The first experiment of opening and closing the camera on the first day left no result; the second day, with increased velocity in opening and closing, a shadow was caught. On the third day, the artist having studied the matter thoroughly, contrived to have two boards slip pass each other by touching a spring, and, in so doing, to leave an eighth of an inch opening for the five-hundredth part of a second, as the horse passed, and by an arrangement of double lenses, crossed, secured a negative that shows Occident in full motion—a perfect likeness of the horse. The space of time was so small that the spokes of the wheels of the sulky were caught as if they were not in motion. This is probably the most wonderful success in photographing ever yet achieved, and the artist is as proud of his discovery as the Governor is of the picture taken.