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Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates (e.g., One Square, One Column) and corresponding prices.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Advertisement for TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. O. F., meeting every Friday evening.

Advertisement for PATTIS & TATE, Attorneys at Law.

Advertisement for W. W. Mason, Attorney at Law.

Advertisement for F. W. Hays, Attorney at Law and Notary Public.

Advertisement for KINBAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law.

Advertisement for HARRIS & FASSETT, Attorneys at Law.

Advertisement for PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS, J. W. HARRIS, M. D.

Advertisement for SURGEON DENTIST, J. H. Heilyly.

Advertisement for DENTIST, Charles B. Ansart.

Advertisement for TIONESTA, PA., G. BUTTERFIELD, Proprietor.

Advertisement for FOREST HOUSE, D. BLACK PROPRIETOR.

Advertisement for TIDIOUTE, PA., National Hotel.

Advertisement for MAGUNDUS, PA., E. A. Roberts, Proprietor.

Advertisement for DR. J. L. Acomb, Physician and Surgeon.

Advertisement for MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS.

Advertisement for BANKERS, Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts.

Advertisement for LOTS FOR SALE IN THE BOROUGH OF TIONESTA.

Advertisement for BOROUGH OF TIONESTA, Apply to GEO. G. SICKLES.

Advertisement for THE REPUBLICAN OFFICE, KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment.

Advertisement for J. B. LONG, MANUFACTURER of and Dealer in HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, ROBES, CURRY COMBS, BRUSHES, HORSE CLOTHING.

Advertisement for Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, Pictures in every style of the art.

Advertisement for THE BOOT & SHOE STORE OF TIDIOUTE!

Advertisement for N. E. STEVENS, Proprietor, Parties in want of FINE Boots and Shoes.

Advertisement for FINE GROCERIES, CHOICE CIGARS, TOBACCO, CANNED FRUITS, STATIONERY, AND NOTIONS.

Advertisement for ALSO, FRESH OYSTERS, by the can or served to order.

Advertisement for NEW BILLIARD ROOMS! ADJOINING the Tionesta House.

Advertisement for NEW GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE IN TIONESTA.

Advertisement for GEO. W. BOVARD & CO., HAVE just brought on a complete and carefully selected stock of FLOUR, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS.

Advertisement for RUBBER GOODS, RUBBER GOODS, RUBBER GOODS.

Advertisement for H. G. TINKER & CO.'S, CENTRE STREET, OIL CITY, PA.

Advertisement for STRAUSS' We have just issued new Waltzes in two volumes.

AN INDIAN'S REVENGE.

BY RALPH BINGWOOD.

Where the Kentucky river cuts its way through the mountains, having upon either hand, bold, rugged cliffs that lift their summits 500 and 1,000 feet, as the case may be, above the stream, there lived in earlier times a settler by the name of Rufus Bronson.

Although greatly exposed to danger, the Indians at that time being very plentiful throughout the region—he managed to live quietly for several years.

The Indians visited the rude home of the hunter, and being always welcomed and provided with such food as there might be in the larder, they maintained a friendly attitude.

Especially were they fond of the child Maggie, and more than one fierce warrior had been sitting on the grass in front of the cabin, listening to the childish prattle of the little one, or else engaged in making it some toy or plaything from the willow twig or plant-bark.

In this manner several years had been past, and Rufus Bronson came to feel as secure as though he was within the walls of a frontier fort.

One evening, Bronson and his wife were seated near the doorway, when suddenly a shadow fell across the threshold, and the next moment, a tall savage, whose reeling step and bloodshot eyes told that he was intoxicated, came staggering up to the log steps and threw himself upon them.

His first demand was for fire water, which of course was refused on the plea that there was none in the house.

The Indian became cross and ugly, swearing with terrible oaths that if the liquor was not produced he would murder the whole household.

Bronson was a brave, determined man, and although he dreaded the necessity, yet he saw he would be compelled to take prompt steps to prevent the savage from executing his threats.

Waiting until the warrior had made a demonstration, which he soon did by attempting to draw his tomhawk, Bronson sprung upon him and knocked him down with a blow from his fist, and then quietly disarmed and bound him where he lay; after a few moments of furious ravings and futile efforts to free himself, the savage rolled over and sunk into a drunken slumber.

He did not wake until the next morning, but before he did so the settler had quietly removed his bonds and restored the weapon, which he laid by the sleeper's side.

The savage, on awaking, rose slowly to his feet, felt his wrists as though the things had left a seeling there, took up his weapon, and without speaking a word, left and disappeared in the timber near by.

"What do you think of that?" asked the wife, turning to her husband with a scared look.

"Pshaw! Don't trouble your head about the drunken brute," answered the settler, lightly, but as he turned away and stepped into the yard he muttered, "Like it? well not much. The fellow must be watched. I was in hopes that he would not have remembered, but that lump where my fist landed was enough, if nothing else, to recall the circumstances."

The summer passed away and they saw no more of the drunken guest. He failed to make his appearance. But as the leaves began to fall, the settler, one day, while returning from hunting on the hills, and passing through a dense piece of timber not far from the house, caught a glimpse of a figure lurking among the bushes, but quickly disappearing when he advanced towards where it was. The figure was that of an Indian warrior, and Rufus Bronson would have sworn that he was the Indian whom he had knocked down and bound the previous summer. The knowledge was in no way comforting, and hence he would not tell his wife of the discovery he had made.

It would only alarm her, without, perhaps, any good results. He simply told her he had discovered bear tracks near by, and that she and her child must stay within, or close the house when he was absent.

Several days afterward Rufus Bronson heard his dogs in the timber down by the river, and knowing they never opened without a good cause, he caught up his rifle, and hastened to where they were barking. They had struck a fresh bear track, and as he arrived in sight they fairly lifted it, going off in a straight line down the river.

The chase led him several miles, and when at last he got his shot that finished his career he found that it was three or four o'clock in the afternoon. Swinging his game to a sapling out

of reach of cat or wolf, he started for home to get his gray mare, and return to fetch it that night.

Taking a short cut he approached the cabin from the western side, where timber grew heavy up to within a few yards of the building, and consequently he could not see the clearing, or what might be transpiring there until he passed through the wood.

Thus it was, that, when within but a very short distance of his house, he heard a wild, piercing shriek; he could only guess that something terrible was taking place beyond the screen of bushes and leaves.

Uttering a loud shout, that his presence might sooner be known, Bronson leaped forward with the leaps of a wounded buck, a great fear in his heart, for he had only too clearly recognized in that scream the agonized voice of his wife.

It took but a moment for him to clear the intervening timber and undergrowth.

As he dashed out into the clearing, holding his rifle ready for instant use, he comprehended in one swift glance all that had taken place and what was further to fear.

Near the end of the cabin, facing the cliffs of which I have spoken, stood the mother, her face pallid as the dead, her arms outstretched and staring eyes fixed on the precipitous heights up which the figure of an Indian warrior was struggling.

"My child! my child!" was all the woman said, and then Rufus Bronson saw that the bundle borne in the Indian's arms was the form of their only child, little Maggie.

Firm of heart, and with nerve as steady as the rock around, the father for a moment actually quailed and cowered under what his quick sense told him, the deadly peril of his little one. But he was quick to recover.

The Indian was drawing away; step by step he was increasing the distance. And as he occasionally looked backward and downward, the parents saw in his painted countenance the full purpose that actuated the abductor.

"God aid me!" muttered Bronson, as he raised his rifle, glanced through the sights, and touched the trigger.

The Indian started violently at the shot. He was hit, but not badly, and with a yell of devilish triumph, he passed upward.

"Too low, by a couple of inches," said a low, calm voice at the settler's elbow.

Bronson started as though he himself had been shot.

Where had this man come from? who was he?

Neither had seen him approach. But there was no time for explanations.

The stranger, a man rather below than above ordinary height, whose fine athletic form was fully displayed by his closely fitting buckskin garments, stepped quickly forward a few paces, and firmly planting his left foot in advance, threw up an unusually long rifle as though preparing to fire.

"For God's sake, stranger, be careful of my child!" cried Bronson, while the agonized mother muttered an inaudible prayer.

"It's our only chance. I know that Indian," was the quick reply, and the sharp click! click! of the hammer as it was drawn back told that the critical moment had come.

By this time the Indian had nearly reached the summit of the steep. That he was wounded, now became evident, as upon a broad ledge of rock he paused a moment.

This opportunity was seized by the unknown.

Although the savage had taken the precaution to hold the child up in front of himself, as a shield, covering nearly the whole of his brawny chest, but leaving his head uncovered, the stranger did not hesitate in making the shot.

For one instant, as it gained its position, the rifle wavered, and then instantly became as immovable as though held in a vice.

With closed hands and straining eyes the parents watched the statue-like form upon which so much depended.

Suddenly a sharp report rang out—the white smoke drifted away, and as the vision became clear, they saw the savage loose his hold upon the child, reel wildly for a minute, and then pitch forward upon the rocks.

It may be imagined that the father was not long in reaching the place where his child lay, and in a few minutes more the little one was in its mother's arms.

"Tell us who you are, that we may know what name to mingle with our prayers," they said as the stranger prepared to depart.

"My name is Daniel Boone," he said, and was gone.

Marshal Manteuffel, now in his sixtieth year, is said to be the youngest officer of his rank in the German army.

CATCHING RATS.

A writer in the Rural New Yorker, treating of trapping vermin generally, says the following of catching rats in particular:

"Let us now take the case of a house badly infested with rats. How shall we get rid of them? Of course, if they come from some sewer or other colony, the supply is probably unlimited, and the first thing must be to cut off all outsiders. But if we are troubled with none but natives it will not require much skill to capture every one of them—old, cunning fellows and all. In the first place, then, we must resolve to take time to it and capture the whole lot, and to do this no attempt must be made to capture single animals, since this will tend to make them suspicious and will put the old ones on their guard. Then provide a large box or barrel; place in it a quantity of old carpet, brush, etc., and also some food, such as meal, cheese, herring, etc. Bore a two-inch hole in the side of the box, and leave it for some days. The rats will soon find it out and frequent it. First a young one will go in, and have a good feed and come out all right; the old ones seeing that he is not hurt, they, too, will go in, and in a short time every rat about the premises will frequent it. When this occurs, see that it is well supplied with food, and arrange over the hole a block having a corresponding aperture cut in it, but having also a series of wires stuck around the hole and pointing inward, just as they are arranged in a common wire trap. Every rat will go in as before, and not one can get out. Various methods may be adopted for killing them. If you are a sportsman you can let them out one at a time and shoot them or kill them with terriers. A few slips of sulphured paper thrust through the hole and burned, is, however, a very simple plan, and will give them a most effectual quietus. We have known a case in which sixty-seven rats were caught at one time in a box arranged as described. In this instance the premises were effectually cleared of the vermin."

THE HINDMOST TAKES THE LANTERN.

In all monasteries monks are apt to be tardy at midnight vigils and drowsy when in their seats. Their peccadilloes were however shrewdly curbed by an abbot who once ordained that whoever entered the chapel last should carry a lantern round and round till he caught some brother napping. Then he might rouse the sleeper, hand him the lantern and take his seat, while the other set out in quest of sleepers.

It fares with land-hunters as with monks. Those who take time by the fore-lock, take the most comfortable places, but the laggards must take their lanterns, and pace many a weary round before they can catch one of their forerunners napping and out him.

The public domain is so large, that if homesteaders occupy it no faster than they did in the last decade, they will not exhaust it till the end of five centuries. But in truth they take it up faster and faster, and the desirable portion of public lands is less than half its area. The acres within reach of railroads are a still smaller fraction. Among the three thousand who have bought farms in Nebraska of the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad, every man in going to his purchase, has probably passed homesteads every way as valuable, which he might once have occupied as free grants. We all know how if we only knew when.

But the best thing about Nebraska is, that the government has sold none of its newer portions to speculators, but that its matchless farms are owned by a railroad, whose line is valueless till the country it traverses is settled and improved. Hence the low rates, fares, freights, interest, the rebate for speedy culture, the long credit, and long-deferred first payments, &c., by which the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad Company promote settlements along their line. But here, too, the most comfortable seats are fast filling; the laggards take the most pains, for they must carry the lanterns.

There is gambling in our households and personal expenses, as unjustifiable as in our business adventures. It is gambling to live at a high rate, trusting to luck to meet the bills; to occupy a heavily mortgaged house; to dress wives and children in finer clothing than we can pay for; furnish out parlors with handsome upholstery on credit, and to keep a loose running account with our grocer and our butcher, knowing—if we would stop long enough to know at all—that we cannot pay for what we purchase.

A worthy old farmer, who was being worried in his cross-examination by a lawyer in Maine, exclaimed: "Look here, Squire, don't you ask a good many foolish questions?"

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

By the President of the United States of America, a Proclamation.

The approaching close of another year brings with it the occasion of renewed thanksgiving and acknowledgement to the Almighty Ruler of the universe for the unnumbered mercies which he has bestowed upon us. Abundant harvests have been among the rewards of industry. With local exceptions, health has been among the blessings enjoyed. Tranquilly at home, and peace with other nations have prevailed. Frugal industry is regaining its merited recognition and its merited rewards gradually, but, under the Providence of God, surely, as trust, the nation is recovering from the lingering results of a dreadful civil strife. For these and all other mercies vouchsafed it becomes us as a people to return heartfelt and grateful acknowledgements, and with our thanksgiving, we may unite in prayers for the cessation of local and temporary sufferings. I therefore, recommend that on Thursday, the 27th day of November next, the people meet in their respective places of worship to make their acknowledgements to Almighty God for His bounty and His protection, and to offer up praises for their continuance.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington this 14th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1873, and of the Independence of the United States the ninety-seventh.

Signed by the President, U. S. GRANT.

HAMILTON FISH, Sec'y of State.

There are more Jews in New York than in Jerusalem, and more than in any other city in the world, it is said by those who have studied their present state. M. Mingins says of New York, "There are more Germans than in Berlin, more Irishmen than in Dublin, more Catholics than in Rome, and more Jews than in Palestine." The census does not give religious statistics, but the number of professing Jews residents of this city has been approximately estimated by the quantity of Passover biscuits manufactured for their use. The bakeries produced on the average for the last decade, 800,000 pounds yearly, which, at the rate of one pound per day for each adult during the eight days generally observed, would make a number of 100,000 persons. They have an orphan asylum to accommodate 250 orphans, a hospital and a number of charitable societies, among which is the Independent Order B'nai Berith, and have also established within the last few years a home for the aged and indigent of both sexes, managed by ladies. —N. Y. Observer.

An elderly gentleman was recently "confided" on a train running into Keokuk, by sharpers, who induced him to buy a draft (worthless) on Buffalo for \$157.40, he paying them two \$100 bills, and they paying him \$400 as change. The conductor on the train took the first opportunity to quietly suggest to the innocent old gentleman that he was afraid the draft was a fraud. "Well," was the bland response of the imperturbable greeny, "if it is any bigger fraud than my two one hundred dollar notes were, then I am not forty-three dollars ahead—which I think I am. I am not in the habit of dealing in counterfeit currency, but I always keep a little of that sort of stuff about me for the benefit of that sort of customers."

When a tree stands so that the length of its shadow can be measured, its height may be readily ascertained, as follows: Set a stick upright—let it be perpendicular by the plumb line. Measure the length of the shadow of the stick. As the length of its shadow is to the stick, so is the length of the shadow of the tree to its height. For instance, if the stick is four feet above the ground, and its shadow is six feet in length, and the shadow of the tree is ninety feet, the height of the tree will be sixty feet (6:4::90:60). In other words, multiply the length of the shadow of the tree by the height of the stick, and divide by the shadow of the stick.

The man who answered an advertisement to the following effect says his curiosity is satisfied: "If you would learn to make home happy, send a postage-stamp and twenty-five cents to P. O. Box No. —, Cincinnati." He did send the necessary cash, and soon received the answer: "If you are as big a fool as we think you must be for giving us your money, you can make home happy by leaving it and going West by yourself!"

A gentleman, on taking a volume to be bound, was asked if he would have it bound in Russia. "Oh, no," he replied, "Russia is too far off; I'll have it bound here."