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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MEETS every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars. W. R. DUNN, N. G. G. W. SAWYER, Sec'y.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, cor. Elm and Walnut Sts., Tionesta, Pa. I have associated myself with Hon. A. B. Richmond, of Meadville, Pa., in the practice of law in Forest County.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA. F. W. HAYS, Attorney at Law, and NOTARY Public, Reynolds Hukill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY Public, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 39-ly

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

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PRACTICE in all the Courts of Warren, Crawford, Forest and Venango Counties.

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HOUSES and Lots for Sale and RENT, Wild Lands for Sale.

I have superior facilities for ascertaining the condition of taxes and tax deeds, etc., and am therefore qualified to act intelligently as agent of those living at a distance, owning lands in the County.

NEW BILLIARD ROOMS! ADJOINING the Tionesta House, at the mouth of Tionesta Creek.

MR. SMITH has fine machinery for making all parts of a watch or clock that may be missing or broken.

KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Subpoenas, Warrants, Summons, etc.

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WM. F. BLUM, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON-MAKER. Corner of Church and Elm Streets, TIONESTA, PA.

This firm is prepared to do all work in its line, and will warrant everything done at their shops to give satisfaction.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY. ELM STREET, SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S STORE.

Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.

Dealer in Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, etc.

All repairing in this line neatly done and warranted. Particular attention paid to the repairing of Watches.

PAPA BALDWIN, Has opened a SEWING MACHINE DEPOT.

In his BOOT and SHOE STORE, in connection with his other business he has constantly in store the

GROVER & BAKER, DOMESTIC, VICTOR, WILSON SHUTTLE, WHITNEY, HOWE, BLES, WHEELER & WILSON, HOME SHUTTLE, and will FURNISH TO ORDER any Sewing Machine in the market, at list prices, with all the

GUARANTEES which the Companies give, and will DELIVER THE MACHINES in any part of Forest County, and give all necessary instructions to learners.

Needles for all Machines, Silk and Thread always in store. TIDIOUPE, PA., June, 1874. 11-ly

NEW JEWELRY STORE, In Tionesta.

M. SMITH, WATCHMAKER & JEWELER, At SUPERIOR STORE.

ALL WORK WARRANTED. A Large and Superior Stock of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

MR. SMITH has fine machinery for making all parts of a watch or clock that may be missing or broken.

KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Subpoenas, Warrants, Summons, etc.

JUMPING THE GAP.

Tom Potts, a well-known locomotive engineer in England and the States, is the self-accredited hero of the following wonderful story:

Well, gentlemen, I say you'll think it's a lie, but I can't help that; you have asked me to tell it; and all I can say is, if you'd been in my place you'd have seen it.

I had been driving the "Witch" for about seven months, and a sweet thing she was. I never was half as fond of an engine as I was for her. She was the kind of machine a man only gets once in a lifetime.

She made her steam quick, was easy on fuel, started off lively, and went like a deer. Her cylinders were sixteen-inch, her stroke twenty-two, and her drivers seven feet six, and she was as kind to handle as a baby.

To see her run off with a heavy load, light and gay, was enough to shame the "Juno," "Venus" and "Hebe," and other eighteen-inch machines.

She never wanted fixing up. "Venus" was always going in and out of the shop to be titivated, and if there's anything I don't like, it's an engine that all the time wants to be titivated.

She was always ready and willing for work. Why, bless you! she was only washed out for the sake of cleanliness—she didn't need it a bit.

She was the tidiest I ever seen—seemed as though dirt wouldn't stick to her.

Well, what I am going to tell came off years ago, before I left the old country, and it is one of the best railroads—single track then, though it's got three now, and four in some spots.

Well, the "Witch" and I were put on the mail—one of the fastest trains; and they went like sixty in them days. The engineer was fined a shilling for every minute he lost. He durst not go slow for fog, unless he wanted to lose his day's pay. He had to keep going right along, and see things before he got in sight of 'em.

We were running north one darkish wintry day, and were making our best streaks. I reckon we were going about fifty miles an hour.

I was saying to myself, "she's going her prettiest," when we suddenly shot ahead, as if we had been fired out of a cannon.

I knew what that meant—we had broken loose; we hadn't a car behind. The coupling had broke between the tender and the first coach.

How we flew, to be sure! I whistled the guard to brake up the train. How we bounded along!

I could make out no objects alongside—we seemed to go faster and faster; we must have got as fast as one hundred and forty miles an hour.

It was a straight piece of track for some miles. I did not shut off steam, directly we broke, for I didn't want the train to run into us, which might happen if they did not hear me whistle for brakes.

It was lucky I kept her going, for just as I had about enough of such flying, a man started out about six hundred yards before us holding a red flag.

There was nothing in the way, so I knew that something must be wrong with the track.

You might as well have tried to stop a whirlwind as the "Witch" in that distance. Her speed was frightful.

There wasn't much time to think, and as we could not stop, the faster we went the better; so I gave her what more steam there was. She seemed to have some "go" in reserve, for we shot past that red flag like a flash.

I saw men standing horror-struck. "Bill," I said, "quick! get on the coke, and see what's ahead."

He looked, and went deadly pale, tottered a fall back in a faint.

By this time I could see plain enough what was wrong.

There was a gap in the track where a bridge had gone down.

You can't fancy my feelings just then. Going to death—death, swift and terrible—at about two miles a minute—getting nearer, and nearer. An instant more—the gap!

"God have mercy," I shrieked. Well, would you believe it? that engine just cleared that gap!

It was fifteen feet across, and about sixty feet deep.

MAX ADELER'S QUILL SCRATCHES.

Mr. Alexander Johnson, of Towanda, is dead. He was bilious.—Mr. Alexander Johnson was—and he saw the following paragraph from the pen of Dr. Hall:

"If a bilious man wants to get well, and is in no special hurry, all that he has to do is to lie down out-of-doors between two broad boards, and stay there until he gets ravenously hungry."

Mr. Johnson followed this advice, and calmly fell asleep with a broad board on top of him. Under ordinary circumstances there would have been no trouble; but there was a Fat Man's Ball in the lager beer saloon next door that day, and the two champion fat men got over the fence, and sat down with a jerk on top of Mr. Alexander Johnson's upper board without knowing he was there.

It squelched the breath out of him at the first blow. And the fat men, they sat and sat there, and discussed politics, and the Alabama claims, and the weather, and women's rights, and the glacial theory, and metaphysics; and they kept on drinking glass after glass of beer, and getting heavier and heavier, until one of them happened to look under the board, and there was Alexander Johnson, as dead as Nebuchadnezzar, and mashed out so thin that you could pass him in under a closed door without scraping his vest-buttons. He does not suffer from bile now, but Mrs. Johnson is roaming around over the country hunting for Dr. Hall. She will probably make a lasting impression on him if she meets him.

A friend of ours (Burnside) some time ago bought an alarm-clock with which to awaken his hired girls in the morning. He set it down under the sofa, without mentioning the fact to his wife, and that evening after tea Mrs. Burnside reposed upon the sofa with the baby upon her lap. Suddenly the alarm began with a terrific clatter, which gave Mrs. Burnside such a dreadful shock that she fainted, dropped the baby on its head, scared Burnside so that he upset the kerosene lamp on his mother-in-law, who fell, knocking young William Burnside through the glass door of the book-case, cutting him dreadfully; while Mary Jane Burnside, in endeavoring to save the baby from the flames which were devouring the mother-in-law, tore twelve yards of gathers out of her dress and tripped, breaking her right arm. It cost over twelve hundred dollars for doctors' to bring Mrs. Burnside out of her convulsions, to repair Mary Jane's arm, to cover William with sticking-plaster, to heal up Burnside's mother-in-law, and to trepan the baby; to say nothing of the agony endured by Burnside from the lectures delivered ever since, three times a day, by his wife and wife's mother, upon the general brutality of man, and the utter imbecility of all male citizens bearing the name of Burnside. He wishes now he had alluded to that alarm clock when he first came home, or had engaged a policeman to wake the hired girl by throwing bricks through her window.

Brown and Jones were at Cape May last summer, staying at the same hotel and occupying communicating rooms. One day Brown fixed a string to the covers on Jones' bed and ran the cord through the door into his own room. His purpose was to jerk the covers off as soon as Jones got comfortably fixed for the night. But that afternoon Brigadier-General Muffin came down, and as the hotel was crowded, the landlord put Jones in the room with Brown, and gave Jones' apartment to the General. Brown forgot about the string, and he and Jones went to bed. About midnight Jones' dog while prowling around the room got the string tangled about his leg, and in struggling to reach the window he slowly dragged the bed-clothes off the brigadier next door. That gentleman awoke, and after howling at his wife for removing the blankets, went to sleep again. Presently Jones' dog saw a rat and darted for it. Off came the covers again. Then the man of war was mad. He roused his wife and scolded her vigorously. She protested her innocence, and while she was speaking, Jones' dog heard another dog outside, and hurried to the window to bark. The covers were again removed. Then the brigadier fumbled about until he found the cord. Then he loaded up his revolvers, drew his sword, and dared Jones and Brown to open that door and come out into the entry. They peeped at him over the transom, observed his warlike preparations, glanced at the string and the dog, packed their carpet-bags, slid down the water-spout outside, and went home in the five o'clock train. The manner in which that battle-scarred veteran roared around the hotel during the day was said to have been frightful; and when rumors came that Brown and Jones had gone to another place in the neighborhood, he spent the day trying to hire a howitzer with which to annihilate them. He is calmer now, but Brown and Jones will not visit Cape May this season until the General leaves.

FARMING AND FARMERS' PROSPECTS IN NEBRASKA. BY A GEORGIAN OBSERVER.

Mr. Samuel A. Echols, of Georgia, who has spent some time in Nebraska, (in which State the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company has considerable land for sale,) and who proposes to locate in the State, describes farming and farm prospects in Nebraska, in a letter printed in the Atlanta (Ga.) Herald. His observations are worth reading. Mr. Echols says:

The most level and highly cultivated garden in our State (Georgia) is in no better condition for cultivation than millions of acres in Nebraska, after the first, or sod plowing. The soil is of a rich alluvial character, dark colored, easily worked, of great depth and of inexhaustible fertility. There is no need of commercial fertilizers to stimulate it to productiveness, nor doses of costly chemicals to supply "plant food" for corn, wheat or grasses.

The cost of cultivating is light. The plowing of corn is usually done with two-horse sulky cultivators, with which one man and team can plow from six to eight acres per day. One hand can, and does, cultivate from fifty to sixty acres in corn which will yield on almost any land here, from thirty to fifty bushels per acre. Instances are numerous where eighty bushels per acre are made. Corn and small grain are, as a rule, seeded, and the latter harvested, by machinery. When a farmer is unable to buy a corn planter, grain drill, cultivator or reaper, he will, perhaps, find one or more new settlers in the same fix, and the two or more clubbing together purchase the machine, and all have the use of it until each is able to buy for himself.

A very little while is required for any farmer to be independent who will only attend to his business. He raises at home his corn, oats, wheat, barley, rye, hay, cattle, hogs, turkeys, chickens, butter, eggs, fruit and vegetables. His expenses are light. It costs comparatively little to feed his live stock, as they can graze upon the farm the greater part of the year, and the labor is the only cost of saving, in Summer, an ample supply of as fine hay as grows anywhere, for Winter feeding.

I visited a farm on which the owner of it, with a young son and one hired man, cultivated last year, one hundred and twenty acres in corn and one hundred in wheat, besides taking care of one hundred head of cattle. The surplus of the corn and wheat crop was marketed, and netted the farmer more than \$3,000.

It is pleasant to go among the farmers and note their contentment and thriftiness. There are men comfortably situated upon farms of their own, and out of debt, who three or four years since came to the State with absolutely no means whatever. Such men had to "rough it" for the first year or two; but there are hundreds of just such instances, and will be many more. Still I would not advise any one to come to Nebraska to farm with less than \$500. This is sufficient to give any industrious man a hold upon eighty or one hundred and sixty acres of land, room to live in and some sort of a team to work with. But a man coming to Nebraska with \$1,000 need know very little hardships; and any one with much over that amount with no hardships at all.

BEN SPINNER'S VACATION.

If there is a thing which at first I thought I would be glad of, and am now dreadful sorry for, it is because school is out for keeps till the next term. It is most unusually the way that when school don't keep there is plenty of work studied up for me to have to do. That's the way it fits me every time. It's my kind of bad luck to be raised to have industrious ways. My father is everlastingly telling me idleness is the parent of vice or some of that sort of disabled English language that I don't want to hear, and that I must keep busy at work at something, and not gad about with other indolent boys and race the streets from morning till night perpetual.

Last vacation they put me into the garden, where they said I could obtain some habits that would do me good when I became grown up into a useful citizen. Well, to have to be a useful citizen is all very fine silk, but if I could only have my own way only just once I would rather be a pennut boy on the railroad. But they have got me in the same hardships which I was into last summer, only it is rougher because there is more of it. If they think it's proper for me to have to bug the potatoes, and weed the onions, and roobarb, and raise up

a lot of garden trash for to go to seed and waste, why then I suppose it's all right if I could only see it, but when a boy has studied diligent all winter I don't think it's exactly the fair thing to keep him too tenacious at work in vacation. Anyhow, that's my opinion, which I throw in. There ain't a very great deal of real pleasure in bugging potatoes where the bugs is about a barrel full to the acre, and when a boy has to bend his back down to pull up weeds which grow clean through and climb on the other side, it's a kind of a miserable occupation which I would like to get half a good chance to slip out of. To have to wade into the garden early when the dew is on in your bare feet, and get smart weed up your trousers leg, is a worse thing than the Erie Siphilis, and the fever and ague; but when you have to do it there is no use for to try to shirk out. I went back on the job once, but I never want back on it twice, because once was enough. I was roped in and coaxed by some boys to go off on the commons to play ball for a whole day. Late in the evening, when I came in home the back way, and desperate hungry, the governor gave me an abundance of stars and stripes, which I have got them yet, and could show 'em if I was only in a swimming. I found out that it is a bad habit for a boy to get into, to shake his work without permission, and it's the best way always to obey orders if it ain't about breaks your back. But I have got awful sick of this vacation business, and if I can find a school next year which will keep in the year round, it's the one that I want to go to. That's what kind of a harpin I am.

Rules for the Forest County Republican Primary Election.

1. The candidates for the several offices shall have their names announced in one or more of the county papers at least three weeks previous to the Primary Meetings, stating the office, and subject to the action of the party at the said primary meetings.

2. The voters belonging to the Republican party in each township or borough, shall meet on a day to be designated by the County Committee, at the usual place of holding spring elections, at 2 o'clock, P. M., and proceed to elect one person for Judge, and two persons for Clerks, who shall form a Board of Election to receive votes and determine who are the proper persons to vote, and who shall hold the polls open until 6 o'clock P. M. After the polls are opened, the candidates announced shall be ballotted for; the name of each person voting shall be written on a list at the time of voting, no person being allowed to vote more than once for each office.

3. After the polls are closed the board shall proceed to count the votes that each candidate has received, and make out the returns accordingly, to be certified by the Judge and attested by the Clerks.

4. The Judge (or one of the Clerks appointed by the Judge) of the respective election districts, shall meet at the Court House, in Tionesta, on the Tuesday following the Primary Meetings at 2 o'clock P. M., having the returns and a list of voters, and the person having the highest number of votes for any office, shall be declared the regular nominee of the Republican party.

5. Any two or more persons having an equal number of votes for the same office the Judges shall proceed to ballot for a choice, the person having the highest number to be the nominee.

6. The Return Judges shall be competent to reject by a majority, the returns from any district where there is evidence of fraud, either in the returns or otherwise, and shall reject them where there is evidence of three or more persons voting at the primary meetings who are not Republicans.

7. The Return Judges shall appoint Conferees—Representative, Senatorial and Congressional—whose acceptance of said appointment shall be a pledge to support the person who may receive the largest number of votes cast for that office in the county.

8. The Return Judges may at any time change the mode and manner of selecting candidates as they may be instructed by the people at their primary meetings, due notice being given by the County Committee.

9. The Chairman of the County Committee shall be required to issue a call in pursuance of the action of the County Committee.