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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369. L. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock...

TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342. O. U. A. M. MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock.

OFFICE and residence opposite the Lawrence House. Office days Wednesday and Saturdays.

J. B. AGNEW, Attorney at Law, - Tionesta, Pa. Office on Elm Street.

E. L. Davis, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa. Collections made in this and adjoining counties.

MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, in Street, TIONESTA, PA.

F. W. Hays, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY Public, Reynolds Hunkill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, - - - Franklin, Pa. PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties.

R. C. & M. V. LAWSON, BARBERS and Hairdressers, Smear-tough building, Elm St. Switches, Frizzes, Braids, Curls, made from Combs. Having set permanently in this place, they desire the patronage of the public. Satisfaction guaranteed. 15 3m

NATIONAL HOTEL, TIDIOUTEL, PA. W. D. BUCKLIN, - PROPRIETOR. First-Class Licensed House. Good stable connected.

CENTRAL HOUSE, BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK. L. AGNEW, Proprietor. This is a new house, and has just been fitted up for the accommodation of the public. A portion of the patronage of the public is solicited.

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER PROPRIETOR, Opposite S. 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.

C. B. Weber's Hotel, TYLERSBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER, has possession of the new brick hotel and will be happy to entertain all his old customers, and any number of new ones. Good accommodations for guests, and excellent stabling.

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 Tidouite, near Tidouite House.

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

DR. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced Physician and Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately.

MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts. Tionesta. Bank of Discount and Deposit. Interest allowed on Time Deposits.

D. W. CLARK, (COMMISSIONER'S CLERK, FOREST CO., PA.) REAL ESTATE AGENT. HOUSES and Lots for Sale and RENT. Wild Lands for Sale.

F. F. L. WANTED.—Everybody to know that Four-Fold Liment is the leading Liment for curing all kind of Pains and Sore Throats, and for Horses, Cattle, &c., is the most successful Liment in the market. See circulars around bottles. Sold by all Druggists.

Painting, Paper-Hanging &c.,

E. H. CHASE, of Tionesta, offers his services to those in need of PAINTING, GRADING, CALCIMINING, SIZING & VARNISHING, SIGN WRITING, PAPER HANGING, AND CARRIAGE WORK.

NEW HARNESS SHOP, JUST opened next door north of the Lawrence House. The undersigned is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line in the best style and on short notice.

MRS. C. M. HEATH, DRESSMAKER, Tionesta, Pa. Mrs. Heath has recently moved to this place for the purpose of meeting a want which the ladies of the town and county have for a long time known, that of having a dressmaker of experience among them.

FRANK ROBBINS, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DEMING.) Pictures in every style of the art. Views of the oil regions for sale or taken to order.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, ELM STREET, SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S STORE. Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, - - - Proprietor.

ELGIN WATCHES, L. KLEIN, (in BOYARD & CO.'S Store, Tionesta, Pa.) PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER & JEWELER, DEALER IN Watches, Clocks, Solid and Plated Jewelry, Black Jewelry, Eye Glasses, Spectacles, Violin Strings, &c., &c.

Will examine and repair Fine English, Swiss or American Watches, such as Repeaters, Independent Seconds, Stem Winders, Duplex, Levers, Anchors and Lepines, and will make any new pieces for the same, such as Sticks, Forks, Pellets, Wheels, Pinions, Cylinders, Barrels, Arhors, and in fact any part appertaining to fine watches.

All Work Warranted. I can safely GUARANTEE that any work undertaken by me will be done in such a manner and at such prices for GOOD WORK that will give satisfaction to all who may favor me with their orders.

L. KLEIN, Author of "The Watch."

You Can Save Money By buying your PIANOS and ORGANS from the undersigned Manufacturers' Agent, for the best brands in the market. Instruments shipped direct from the Factory. CHAS. A. SHULTZ, Tuner, 31y Lock box 1718, Oil City, Pa.

A TIMELY WARNING.

"Good night papa," said a sweet, childish voice. I looked down in surprise upon the little girl that was standing beside my friend's knee; for though this was our first meeting after a separation of some years, I had supposed him to be childless.

She had entered the room so noiselessly that until she spoke, neither of us had been conscious of her presence. "Good night, my daughter," said my host, a smile of infinite tenderness softening his rather stern features, and holding out his arms as he spoke.

The child sprang quickly to the shelter of the broad breast, laying her soft cheek lovingly against his. As he held her thus, stroking as tenderly as a mother might, the shining hair that mingled with his own jetty locks, I thought that I had never seen a prettier picture.

She was in form so petite, with features almost infantile in their delicacy of outline, he so strong and stately; her complexion was exquisitely fair, and her eyes of the softest blue, while his were dark and piercing, and his face bronzed by exposure to the sun and incidental to his adventurous life.

A matronly looking woman opened the door, pausing upon the threshold as if reluctant to disturb them. As soon as my friend observed her, he arose, and blessing the child with a solemnity and tenderness I had never witnessed in him before, dismissed her.

"Not your daughter?" I said as soon as we were left alone. "No; but I could not love her better if she was. She is the most precious of all my earthly possessions, as well she might be. My darling little Kathie! she saved my life."

"What! that slender, delicate child?" "Yes; and when she was smaller and younger than she is now." "I will tell you how it was," added my friend, replying more to the eager inquiry in my eyes, rather than to anything I had said, "It is not a long story."

And pushing toward me a cut glass dish, of some quaint and curious pattern, filled with heavy clusters of grapes, my host settled himself back in his easy chair, and commenced as follows: About two years ago, important business called me to A—, in the western part of Canada. Partly because I was more accustomed to that kind of locomotion, and partly because public conveyances in that section of the country were slow and uncertain, I started on horseback.

I had been out about a fortnight on my way, and was beginning to congratulate myself that I must be near the termination of my journey. It was near sundown, and the sky began to look as if a storm was brewing. I had ridden many hours through a rude, thinly settled country, and began to look anxiously around for some human habitation. It was, therefore, with a feeling of relief, that I saw, a few rods ahead of me, what seemed to be a public house. It was so long since I had seen one that, in spite of its dark, dreary appearance, it had a pleasant look to me.

There were neither trees nor any signs of vegetation around the house, in front of which a crazy looking sign was creaking in the wind that was rising, and upon which could be seen a few letters of what was evidently once—"Entertainment for Man and Beast," now nearly effaced by the weather.

As I rode to the door, I saw a stout, middle aged man sitting upon the rude porch, cleaning a gun. "Good evening, friend," I said. "Can you tell me how far it is to the village of A—?"

The man gave me a quick, comprehensive glance, and then dropped his eyes. "It is a matter of eight miles," he replied; "just beyond Black Forest, the edge of which you can see from here."

"You had better not attempt it tonight," he added, as he saw I was hesitating as to whether I had better stop or push ahead, now that I was so near my journey's end. "There's a storm coming up; beside a good many travelers have been robbed in Black Forest lately."

"I believe I won't risk it then," I said; "For I have that about me that I should not care to lose." I recalled afterwards, the sudden brightening of the landlord's eyes as I said this, but it was so brief that it made little impression on me at the time.

Remarking that his hostler had gone away on an errand, he took charge of my horse, and taking my saddle bags in my hand, I entered the house. It consisted of a large hall, with a good sized room on either side. As soon as I stepped in my attention was arrested by a little girl, in spite of her

neglected appearance, one of the most perfectly lovely little creatures that I ever saw. I learned afterwards that she was nearly nine, but so small and delicate was she, that she looked full three years younger.

In one of the rooms was a large coarse featured woman, with a peculiar disagreeable expression of countenance, engaged in some domestic duties; the other was vacant and entering it, I took a seat upon a settee.

The little girl came and stood by the open door fixing her large earnest eyes upon me with a mournful intensity of expression that I never saw in any child before or since.

I smiled and held out my hand to her. To my surprise she came directly to me. Touched by that expression of confidence in an entire stranger, no less than by her exceeding beauty, I took her upon my lap.

"You are not my papa," she said, regarding me with the same wistful look, "but you look like him." "Where is your papa?" I asked, more for the sake of talking than because I cared to know.

The child shuddered and turned pale. Just then the landlord entered. He frowned as his eyes fell upon the child, and looked uneasy.

"You must not trouble the gentleman," he said, in a voice whose harshness was in marked contrast to the smooth, oily tones he had used in speaking to me. "Get down and go into the kitchen."

The child shrank in mortal fear, from that look; and in spite of my detaining hand, slipped quickly from my knee and left the room.

After partaking of a warm, substantial supper, I requested to be shown to my room, as I was desirous of taking an early start in the morning.

The room into which the landlord took me, was an upper one, of good size and comfortably furnished. I observed that there was only one window, and that one very small and provided with shutters.

As I was examining my knapsack, with my back to the door, I heard a faint rustle, and turning I saw the little girl I had observed below standing in the middle of the room, with an expression upon her countenance, which struck me as much as her unexpected appearance.

"Are you going to stay here tonight?" she said, in a hurried whisper. "Yes," I replied, "wouldn't you like to have me?"

"No, oh no," she said, with the same look and tone, and shuddering as she spoke. "This is a dreadful place. Don't stay! If you do, they will kill you just as they did—"

"Kathie, Kathie!" screamed the landlord's wife, "come down here this minute."

Kathie's eyes dilated with terror; turning she glided from the room as quickly and noiselessly as she had entered it.

Listening, I heard angry voices below; then a sharp cry, ending in piteous sobs, which gradually died away, as if the child was conveyed to some distant part of the house.

Filled with indignation and alarm, I opened the door, with the intention of interfering; but feeling upon second thought how useless any such attempt would be, in my present situation, I closed it and went to the window. I placed my hand upon the shutters; they were iron, and firmly fixed into the casement.

It did not take me long to decide what to do. After examining my revolver; to see if it was all right, I took my traps and descended to the bar-room.

The landlord started with an angry look when he saw me. "I have concluded to resume my journey," I said in as careless a tone as I could assume. Please bring my horse directly to the door."

"Every one to his fancy," said the man, glancing sharply at me from the corner of his eyes; "but I shouldn't want to pass through the Black Forest alone such a night as this."

"You forget my trusty friend here," I said, touching my revolver significantly as I spoke.

The villain cowered; for he saw in a moment, that I understood him. "I s'pose you know your own business best," he muttered sullenly, as he went out for my horse.

It was with a feeling of joy that I found myself again in the saddle, gloomy and lonely as was the way before me. Yet my thoughts reverted sadly to the sweet child to whose timely warning I owed so much, and I determined to obtain a search warrant and rescue her, if possible from the cruel hands of those whom I felt could have no claim on her.

I soon struck into the Black Forest, which was composed principally of fir and pine, and to whose dark foliage

it doubtless owed its name. But soon the faithful creature that had never failed me before, began to halt, and finally became so lame as to be unable to proceed further. Suspecting some treachery, I dismounted.

The sky had partially cleared, and the moon had risen, but she gave only a fitful light, and had now entirely disappeared under a cloud. But striking a match I discovered that two sharp pebbles had been skillfully inserted into the bone. I succeeded in dislodging one, but the other defied all my efforts; so tying the animal to a tree, I determined to proceed on foot.

I had hardly done so when I heard the quick sound of horses feet along the road. I stepped back in the shadow of the tree, and looked in the direction whence it proceeded.

I could just discern the outlines of two horsemen, who reined up within a few feet of the spot where I stood.

I felt that the odds were greatly against me, but I resolved to sell my life dearly.

"I shouldn't s'pose his horse could have taken him away any further," said one of them, whose voice I instantly recognized as that of my late host.

"Hut! here is his horse," said the other, as an impatient movement of the animal betrayed his proximity.

Just then the moon emerged from a cloud, revealing my form distinctly, as I stood, with one finger on the trigger, and watching for the first gleam of light, to make my aim sure.

The landlord's eyes fell directly upon me, and with a muttered curse he snatched a pistol from his belt. But he was too late; there was a sharp whistle, followed by a dull heavy sound, and throwing his hands upward, he fell forward upon his horse.

As he fell, his pistol, which was at half cock, was discharged, to all appearances mortally wounding his companion, who dropped instantly to the ground.

But it seemed that this was merely a feint, for no sooner did he see that I was off my guard than he fired. Fortunately he aimed too high, and the ball passed harmlessly over my head.

I sprang forward, and after a brief struggle, succeeded in disarming him. Then perceiving that the bone of his knee was shattered, making his escape impossible, I left him, and mounting the fine looking animal he rode, I resumed my journey.

It was past midnight when I reached A— and broad daylight when accompanied by a magistrate, a posse of constables and several of the villagers, I returned to the scene of my night's adventure.

The landlord lay just as he had fallen, his pale face turned up to the rays of the rising sun. The other villain had managed to crawl away, but was soon tracked and secured.

We then went in a body to the tavern. There was no one in the house but the old woman, who though she seemed a little startled at first by our entrance, manifested the most stolid indifference, even when told of the fate of her husband. As she was believed to be accessory to his crimes she was taken into custody.

To my surprise and astonishment, little Kathie was nowhere to be found. It was in vain that I questioned the woman, endeavoring by alternate bribes and threats to obtain some clue to her fate; she returned a sullen silence.

They had all gone, but I still lingered, thinking sadly of the dear child, whom I was constrained to fear, in saving my life, had lost her own, when I heard a faint cry.

I put my ear to the floor, whence it seemed to proceed, and it was repeated. As quick as thought I removed some straw revealing a trap door. I lifted it up, and there in a dark, damp, noisome hole, was poor little Kathie, almost faint with terror.

My joy in finding her you can well imagine; and as for her, she clung to me as we cling to the only friend we have.

The man was tried and executed, the woman turning State's evidence. He confessed upon the scaffold to the murder of a number of travelers, among whom was Kathie's father.

As soon as my little portege was able to travel, I took her with me to the States.

Though the very idea of parting with her was a painful one, a sense of duty induced me to write to her nearest male relative, an uncle residing in Ohio, stating what I had ascertained in regard to this singular Providence which had given his little niece so strong a claim upon my love and protection. But he had a large family of his own, and though he would have given a home to his brother's child, had she stood in need of it, upon learning the circumstances, very willingly relinquished her to me. She has lived with me ever since, growing

nearer and dearer to my heart every day. "So you perceive," added my friend in conclusion, "that I did not speak lightly when I said that Kathie saved my life. And I have sometimes thought," he added, his expressive eyes growing soft and misty as he spoke, "that she has done much toward making it worth the saving, for never, until I felt the clinging of her little arms around my neck did I realize the full import of those holy words, 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

And as I looked upon him, and thought of the one great sorrow that had hardened his youth, turning to bitterness the sweet spring of domestic affection, and the life he had led since, so calculated to draw out the harsher and sterner part of his nature, I thanked God for the angel He had sent to him in the form of a little lamb.

A VIRGINIA MARKSMAN.

An elderly man named Beckwith, residing in one of the peninsular counties, came to Richmond, the *Whig* says, on business. He brought with him an old-fashioned flint-lock rifle to have a stock and lock put on. On the cars he fell in conversation with a party of three gentlemen, when one of them, to test the reality of some of the extraordinary feats of marksmanship he boasted of, offered him ten dollars to repeat some of them, to which the other two added five dollars between them. The trial came off in an old field half a mile below Rocketts, and was witnessed by about a dozen persons.

The old flint-lock was fired seven times, and only once missed its aim. The old gentleman, after making two shots at small objects to one side, to get his hand steady, as he said, handed his son a potato and stationed him at fifty yards' distance, holding the potato between his thumb and forefinger. The rifle cracked, and the potato fell cloven in three or four pieces. One of the larger pieces was then thrown in the air, the marksman keeping at the same distance, and again the shot told.

An inch and a half augur was then produced, and a hole bored in the fence, behind which was fastened a piece of white paper. At a distance of sixty yards the marksman sent a ball clear through the aperture, piercing the paper. At the fourth shot from sixty yards distance, the bowl of a pipe, which the son was smoking, was crushed. At the fifth shot a copper cent was thrown into the air and hit. The sixth and seventh shots were delivered at a blackened five-cent nickel piece thrown up by the son, standing about thirty yards off. At the first attempt the shot missed. The old gentleman showed considerable mortification, and laid the blame upon a bystander who at the critical moment sneezed loudly. The next attempt, however, was an entire success. The old man declined any further trials of his skill, and when offered a sum of money to repeat his first feat of shooting a potato from his son's hand, he refused, saying he didn't care to try such experiments unless his weapon was freshly cleaned. The exhibition was the more remarkable from the fact that the marksman was an old man, at least fifty.

His eye, however, is a clear, bright gray. His appearance is that of a poor farmer. The young man showed not the least tremor of anxiety during the dangerous experiment upon himself. The old man, referring to his son, said: "Bob can shoot just as well as I can."

ALL ABOUT INTEREST.

The other day after a Detroit broker had borrowed \$200 for a citizen who was in need of money, and had taken out a good share of the greenbacks for commissions, etc., he replied to the surprised inquiries of the borrower by saying:

"Now figure it yourself. You see, you pay me \$20 for getting the money; you pay \$5 for making out the papers; you pay \$2 for swearing to them; you pay five per cent. back so that we escape the usury law; there's the revenue stamps, the insurance on property, the abstract of title, and so forth, and so forth, and here's your \$135 as straight as a bee-line. If you want \$65 more to make it up to \$200 I won't charge you but \$20 to get it!"

At Saratoga.—Delighted father, viewing the regatta in which his son is taking part: "Ah, them's the boys for you. When I was young a college student didn't know the difference between a shell and a dog-out. Sinister spectator standing near: "Yes, and now they don't know anything else!"

A Mobile man has trained an agitator as a watch dog.