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TIONESTA, PA., SEPTEMBER 1, 1875.

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Table with 2 columns: Description of ad space and Rate. Includes 'Rates of Advertising' and 'Legal notices at established rates.'

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369. I. 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...

J. B. AGNEW, Attorney at Law, - Tionesta, Pa. Office on Elm Street. May 16, 1875-1f

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 Hukill & 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-Bauch building, Elm St. Switches, Figs, Braids, Curis, &c., made from Combinga. Having settled permanently in this place, they desire the patronage of the public. Satisfaction guaranteed. 153m

NATIONAL HOTEL, TIDIOUTE, PA. W. D. BUCKLIN, - PROPRIETOR. First-Class Licensed House. Good stable connected. 13-1y

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. 46-1y

Lawrence House, TIONESTA, PA. WILLIAM LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR. This house is centrally located. Everything new and well furnished. Superior accommodations and strict attention given to guests. Vegetables and Fruits of all kinds served in their season. Sample room for Commercial Agents.

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. 4-17-1y

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. 10-3m.

Dr. J. L. Acomb, 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, 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. B. H. MAY, JNO. F. PARK, A. B. KELLY.

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 E. S. Collections solicited. 18-1y.

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. D. W. CLARK. 4-11-1y.

F. F. L. WANTED.—Everybody to know that Four-Fold Liniment is the leading Liniment for curing all kind of Pains and Stomach, and for Horses, Cattle, &c., is the most successful Liniment in the market. See circulars around bottles. Sold by all Druggists. 29-1y tom

Painting, Paper-Hanging &c.,

E. H. CHASE, of Tionesta, offers his services to those in need of PAINTING, GRAINING, CALCULATING, SIZING & VARNISHING, SIGN WRITING, PAPER HANGING, AND CARTRIDGE WORK. Work promptly attended to and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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.

NEW HARNESS A Specialty. Keeps on hand a fine assortment of Curry Combs, Brushes, Harness Oil, Whips, and Saddles. Harness of all kinds made to order and cheap as the cheapest. Remember the name and place W. WEST, North of Lawrence House, Tionesta, Pa. 14-1y

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. I am prepared to make all kinds of dresses in the latest styles, and guarantee satisfaction. Stamping for braiding and embroidery done in the best manner, with the newest patterns. All I ask is a fair trial. Residence on Water Street, in the house formerly occupied by Jacob Shriver. 14-1f

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

CENTRE STREET, near R. R. crossing. SYCAMORE STREET, near Union Depot, Oil City, Pa. 20-1f

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

Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, - - - Proprietor.



Pictures taken in all the latest styles of the art. 26-1f



L. KLEIN, (in BOVARD & 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 Repeating, Independent Seconds, Stem Winders, Duplex, Levers, Anchors and Lepines, and will make any new pieces for the same, such as Staffs, Forks, Pellets, Wheels, Pinions, Cylinders, Barrels, Arbors, 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." 14-1y



You Can Save Money By buying your PIANOS and ORGANS from the undersigned Manufacturer's Agent, for the best brands in the market. Instruments shipped direct from the Factory. CHAS. A. SHULTZ, Tuner. Look, Lock 1716, Oil City, Pa. 3-1y

FRONTIER LIFE.

Several years since, when I was quite a young man—and gray is now silvering my hair—I had occasion to visit the far West in government employ, with a party of surveyors. The nature of our errand, our numbers, and the elaborate preparations we had made against any hostile demonstrations, insured us from any molestation, save in a few rare instances; yet in that wild country it was impossible that we should remain long without witnessing many scenes not familiar in law-abiding and civilized districts. To be sure we were not beyond the pale of law—that is, there were certain officers, widely scattered, who occasionally shot down some drunken desperado, if his friends were not too numerous, but beyond such heroic acts they seldom exercise the powers they were supposed to possess. Generally, each separate community had a recognized leader, some man more muscular and reckless than his fellows, and who by virtue of these qualities had a certain number of followers, who were ready to see that his will was the ruling power in that vicinity. Of course such men were the real law-makers, and they were very seldom opposed or molested.

Such a one was Jack Dunlaw. Jack's headquarters were at the station on the Overland Mail route where we chanced to be located for a few weeks, while surveying in that vicinity, and we had a good opportunity to witness a most interesting incident in his experience, which transpired while we were there. In appearance he was formidable enough as we saw him on the morning after our arrival. Fully six feet six inches in height, with long arms and legs, slightly stooping, with a ponderous frame, immense masses of hair and beard, clothing in keeping with his general appearance, and neither over-cleanly or attractive, a bowie knife and revolver thrust into his belt as he walked about the station, Jack was certainly the man to intimidate any person of moderate nerves.

For many years he had been recognized as the leading spirit in that vicinity, and from that position he had grown independent of all restraint save his own will. He had a chosen band of followers who were ready to support him in every villainous undertaking. We were not kept in waiting before some of his peculiarities were brought to our notice.

The keeper of the station, Frank Russell, was a medium sized man, some forty years of age, who had recently come to the place, bring with him a family consisting of one daughter, his wife, and a young man who had been in his employ several years, and who was said to be the accepted lover of the daughter Cora. Stephen Ranney was his name, a very quiet, gentlemanly appearing young man, some five feet nine inches high, and weighing at a moderate estimate a hundred and fifty pounds. He seldom spoke unless addressed, when his words were brief and to the point.

On the morning following our arrival, while the chief engineer of our corps was preparing the work for the day, the remainder of the party, after examining their instruments and putting everything in readiness for service, disposed ourselves about the station to smoke and wait for orders. While wreathing ourselves in vapor, and longing for a day or two of rest, in strolled Jack Dunlaw, and demanded a dram of whiskey. The barkeeper produced the beverage, and Jack, who was already more than excited by the potations of vile liquor, which he had swallowed, turned it down with a gurgle. Just as he lowered the tin cup which served instead of a tumbler, Cora Russell entered the room looking for her father.

"Here, gal, give us a kiss!" Jack exclaimed, as he caught sight of her. Alarmed at his brutal manner, the girl turned to leave the room, but before she could do so the bully had caught and kissed her repeatedly with his liquor-fumed and tobacco stained lips.

As she broke from his grasp and escaped at length, he turned to the bar again, and with some beastly remark, threw down a coin and sauntered out, those of his admirers present laughed heartily as he left the place. As the scene progressed I sprang from my seat and took a step toward the ruffian, but a surveyor pulled me back, and with a diffidence and cowardice of which I ever since have been ashamed, I did not make a second movement.

I saw the father turn slightly pale, but he made no protest, only following his daughter from the room, and returning several minutes afterward as calm as ever. No one seemed to resent this fearful insult, which, perhaps, nowhere else in the civilized world would have been permitted to go unpunished, and in a day or two we almost ceased to

think of it, as other brutal acts on the part of Dunlaw came under our notice.

The third day after the above incidents took place we were off duty. It had threatened rain during the morning, and the day proved dark and cloudy. Shortly after noon one of our party, anxious to see some specimens of the famed rifle shooting of the West, took from his baggage a finely-mounted powder-flask, which he offered as a prize to the best shot.

There were half a dozen volunteers, and the details were speedily arranged. Three shots each were to be allowed, at one hundred and fifty paces, and the man whose three shots made the shortest string, measuring from the center of the bull's-eye, was to receive the flask.

Jack Dunlaw and Stephen Ranney were among the contestants. I had been quite curious to see how these two persons would meet, but I noticed no change in the young man's deportment. He spoke but little, and when the list was arranged for the precedence, voluntarily took the last place. Then folding his arms and leaning against the doorway, he carefully watched the trial.

Jack was one of the first to try his skill, and when three shots had been fired it was found that one of his bullets had struck within an inch of the centre, while the other two were not more than half an inch farther removed.

"Four inches!" the surveyor announced, after carefully measuring the distance of the several shots.

"Yes," growled Jack, throwing himself upon a bench; "I'll wait here till you beat that, some on yer, and when yer dew it ye kin take that ther' little powder-box."

The others fired in their several turns, and our party was quite surprised to find the shooting no more accurate. Indeed we began to look with distrust upon the wonderful stories of romance writers.

All had fired at last save Stephen Ranney, and Jack had made much the shortest string.

The young man took his place, and raised his rifle, which was considerably shorter than any of the others.

"Look here, youngster," growled Jack, with a wink to his admirers, "you'd better have a pop-gun; that wouldn't hurt anybody, and you'd be just as likely tew hit the mark as yer will with that boy's plaything."

Stephen made no reply, but placing his weapon in rest, bowed his cheek to the breach, and the next moment the sharp report rang out.

"In the edge of the bull's-eye, half an inch from the centre!" shouted the marker. "The best shot yet."

"It's an accident! He can't hit the board next time!" cried Jack.

I saw from his manner that he was getting excited and angry; but Stephen reloaded his weapon in the most unconcerned manner imaginable. As he was about to fire, Jack walked toward the target to mark the effect of the shot.

It was given as promptly as the first, and to the surprise of every one, it struck almost exactly in the centre of the bull's-eye. But without waiting to here the result, Stephen turned to reload his piece.

With a stride like that of an enraged elephant, Jack Dunlaw moved up to the side of his successful competitor.

"Don't ye dar' do that ag'in!" he hissed, between his shut jaws. "If yer do, 'twill be a hard day for yer. Now mark what I tell yer! I ain't going to fool around no upstart like you. Ye've made a lucky hit twice; now let that end it."

The young man made no answer; but I saw his cheek become a shade paler, and his hand a trifle less steady, as he rammed home the bullet. Then, with lips tightly compressed, and eye fixed upon the target, he dropped upon his knee, and leveled his rifle.

"Now don't yer make another mistake!" was Jack's last admonition accompanied by a shake of the fist so close to the young man's face that I began to feel like grasping the bully from behind and dragging him from the scene.

The third shot sped as the others had done, and then the young man sprang to his feet, dropped his rifle to the ground in a manner which showed that patience had nearly ceased to be his ruling virtue. Still I could not anticipate the scenes which were to follow.

The last bullet had struck just outside the bull's-eye, and after carefully measuring the three, Tom Tarbox, who had offered the prize, and kept the measurements, stepped up among the crowd now gathered, and said:

"Gentlemen, Mr. Stephen Ranney has made the best record, his three shots measuring but two inches; so to him I give the flask, according to agreement."

He reached forth the prize as he spoke, but before the young man could take it, Jack snatched it from the surveyor's hand and thrust it into his pocket. No one anticipated such a movement, and it was some moments before Tarbox recovered his self-possession so as to speak.

"The flask belongs to Mr. Ranney," he said. "Please let him have it."

"The flask belongs to me," retorted Jack. "His shootin' war all accidental. He only happened to hit whar he did. But then, he ken have the flask if he can git it, or you either."

Tarbox bit his lip, and looked to the other members of the party, undecided how to act. Seeing his irresolution Ranney stepped forward, and said:

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Tarbox. The flask is mine and I will see to getting it."

"You will eh?" snarled the bully. "Get away from me—out of arm's reach—or I'll smash ye like a roaster tater."

Thus speaking the giant swung his fists about, but the young man did not move. Instead he received a blow on the head which knocked away his hat, and seemed to change his whole nature to that of a young lion. With a strength and agility wholly unlooked for he dealt the giant a fearful blow full upon the nose, which knocked him to the ground, and deluged the uncomely face and beard with torrents of blood. There was a momentary struggle upon the ground after the bully fell, and then Stephen stepped back a pace or two.

In a moment the ruffian was on his feet again, and with a fearful curse he placed his hand where he expected to find a revolver. But it was gone. Then he sought for his knife, but that two was missing. The young man had taken the precaution of removing them, so that now the two stood on equal ground. But what a contrast! Nine inches in height the bully towered above his antagonist, while in actual weight he was more than twice his equal.

There was no parley or hesitation. Finding himself weaponless Jack rushed for the young man, and would have crushed him in a deadly grasp, but the young man did not wait for the process. A quick, fierce blow, falling just where the other had fallen staggered the rascal, and before he could see what had become of the man he supposed already in his grasp, a tremendous crack in the ear brought him again to the ground. Again he scrambled to his feet, and again he was knocked down by a single reverberating blow. The third time he arose, but before he could wipe the blood from his eyes sufficiently to distinguish his antagonist the hard earth again became his bed.

This time he did not rise immediately. It was patent to every one before this stage of the encounter that he was over matched for once, and at last that fact seemed to have become clear to his own mind. Drawing the flask from his pocket he cast it upon the ground muttering savagely:

"There's yer old flask! Take it if yer want it so bad!"

Stephen stepped to the spot where the coveted prize lay and picked it up, placing it beside his rifle. Then turning again to the discomfited bully, who had now risen to his feet he continued:

"Jack Dunlaw, I am not done with you yet. A few days ago you brutally insulted Cora Russell. I could have shot you dead and would have done it had I not pitied you. Now you can take your choice—go, and on your knees ask her pardon, and then quit this place forever or die where you stand! This quarrel is not of my seek, but now that you have begun it take your choice. I give you three minutes to decide."

A half-dozen watches were produced and the attention of our party was divided between their slowly moving hands and the excited group before us. At first it seemed as though Jack desired to renew the fight. He looked around upon those who had been his confederates but their sympathy had gone, and it was apparent that Stephen had in a moment become the hero of the occasion. Jack's eyes too, were nearly closed from the energetic blows he had received, and his courage, if any he had ever possessed, seemed to have gone entirely.

A nod, a watch closed and returned to the pocket of its owner, announced the expiration of the time. Now a charge of muscle or expression passed over Stephen's features as he remarked:

"The time is up, Jack Dunlaw; will you live or die?"

Jack looked around once more and plaintively asked:

"What do you say boys?"

"Do as he tells yer," replied one who had been Jack's most devoted supporter in times past.

The last hope seemed to have left

the contemptible giant. In a voice weak and wavering he said: "I'll leave, that order satisfy you."

"You will do whar I said or—?" The sentence remained unspoken. Jack Dunlaw bowed his head, and walked away to make the required apology. I did not follow, though many did. Five minutes later I saw him, the blood washed from his face, walking slowly away into the forest. We did not see him again, nor did he return to that station to my knowledge.

The favor which Jack lost was transferred to Stephen, and a fine village, which has since grown up there, bears to-day the stamp of his quiet energy and courage.

A MODERN SAMSON.

Thomas, or Tom Gardner, as he was familiarly called, was born on the river St. John, one mile above the mouth of the Mactaquack stream, in the year 1798. Viewed casually, Gardner gave no evidence of unusual power, but when stripped his muscular development was tremendous, and it is affirmed that instead of the ordinary ribs he possessed a solid bony wall on either side, and that there was no separation whatever. He stood five feet ten and a half inches, erect and full chested, and never exceeded one hundred and ninety pounds in weight.

The late Charles Low informed us that at one time he saw Gardner lift from a towboat a puncheon of corn, containing at least twelve bushels, and swinging round deposit it on the sand. In so doing, he tore the sole of his boot. On another occasion a number of men were trying to lift a stick of timber. In all the crowd only one man could raise it about two inches from the ground. Gardner told four men to sit upon it, and then lifted it so high that the men jumped off to save themselves from the fall. Mr. McKean has frequently known him in lifting to break boom poles six inches thick. He has known him also with one hand to lift by the rung of a chair itself and a man weighing nearly two hundred weight. Once in attempting to lift a very heavy man, he wrenched the rung entirely from the chair.

Gardner at one time was possessed of a balky horse with which he exercised great patience; but when patience ceased to be a virtue he would fell him to the ground with his clenched fist, striking him behind the ear. It is related of Gardner's sister that on one occasion a famous wrestler traveled all the way from Miramichi to Tom's home in order to "try a fall with him." Tom was absent, but the sister, looking contemptuously upon the intruder, declared she could throw him herself, and suiting the action to the word, in a fair trial threw him fairly three times in succession. The stranger's experience with the sister was sufficient; he never sought a future interview with the brother.

The greatest feat which Gardner was ever known to perform was on one of the wharves of St. John. Mr. McKean saw him lift and carry an anchor weighing 1,200 pounds, numbers of other witnesses standing by, some of whom are yet alive. Frequently he has been seen carrying a barrel of pork under each arm, and once he saw him shoulder a barrel of pork while standing in an ordinary brandy box. When about forty years of age Gardner removed to the United States, and never returned to his native province.

It is commonly reported and believed that he met with a sad adventure on board a Mississippi steamer. A heavy bell was on board as a portion of the freight, and the captain, a great, powerful fellow, was concerned as to how he should remove it from its place in order to make room on deck. While captain and passengers were at dinner, Tom, in the presence of the crew, to their utter amazement, lifted the bell and carried it to the opposite side of the boat. When the captain returned, he asked how that had been accomplished, and when Gardner laughingly remarked that he carried it there, the former gave him the lie, and as one word brought on another, he presently struck Tom in the face. This was too much, and for the first time in his life the strong man gave blow for blow; but one buffet was sufficient. The captain never spoke again, killed dead on the instant. Tom made his escape, went West, and has never been heard of since.—New Brunswick Reporter.

A Kansas girl says nothing makes her so mad as to have a grasshopper to crawl up and down her back just as her lover has come to the proposing point.

"My face is rugged, but I'm wealthy; will you have me?" said he. "Yes, indeed; it's knotty, but it's nice," said she.

Paln-leaf fans are becoming more popular than any other at church, as they effectually hide the most elastic yawn.

"The time is up, Jack Dunlaw; will you live or die?" Jack looked around once more and plaintively asked: "What do you say boys?" "Do as he tells yer," replied one who had been Jack's most devoted supporter in times past.

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