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

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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

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

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

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 Counties of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties.

B. C. & H. V. LAWSON, BARBERS and Hairdressers, Smearbaugh building, Elm St. Switches, Frizzes, Braids, Curles, &c., made from Combs...

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

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

LAWRENCE HOUSE, TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR. This house is centrally located. Everything new and well furnished.

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER PROPRIETOR. Opposite S. Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened. Everything new and clean and fresh.

C. B. WEBER'S HOTEL, TYLENSBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER, has possession of the new brick hotel and will be happy to entertain all his old customers...

DR. J. L. ACOMB, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice, will attend all Professional Calls.

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 Liniment is the leading Liniment for curing all kind of Pains and Sore Throats, and for Horses, Cattle, &c.

Painting, Paper-Hanging &c.,

E. H. CHASE, of Tionesta, offers his services to those in need of PAINTING, GRAINING, CALCUMINING, 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.

NEW HARNESS A Specialty. Keeps on hand a fine assortment of Curry Combs, Brushes, Harness Oil, Whips, and Saddles.

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.

CENTRE STREET, near R. R. crossing. SYCAMORE STREET, near Union Depot, Oil City, Pa.

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

ELGIN WATCHES. PICTURES TAKEN IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES OF THE ART.



L. KLEIN, 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, Steam Wonders, 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 pertaining 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."

By buying your PIANOS and ORGANS from the undersigned Manufacturers' Agent, for the best brands in the market.

CHAS. A. SHULTZ, Tuner, 31-y Lock Box 1716, Oil City, Pa.

YOUNG MAN, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice, will attend all Professional Calls.

THE MONEY I HAVE RECEIVED TO DAY will enable me to complete my home; then Sarah will be my wife, and we shall live on the farm such a happy life," he mused.

A long, dark patch of forest loomed ahead, through which the prairie road ran, and not until he had entered its dark shadows, did the horseman arouse from his blissful reverie.

"What if I should be attacked?" thought he; "I have nothing to de-

fer me, and enough money to make it a good haul for such gentry. Huh! I don't believe there is any danger!"

And two dark forms sprang into the road, seized his horse, and the steely glitter of pistols leveled at him, within a few feet of his breast, startled him.

Like a flash, his good right arm struck the weapon from the hand of the robber, and fell heavily upon the shoulder of the fellow; and with a sudden jerk of the powerful arm he was hauled over the saddle-bow, while old Hero, in response to a dig of the spur, sprang away, jerking the other robber off his feet, and causing his bullet to speed wide of its intended victim.

On through the gloomy woods, and out again upon the open prairie, dashed the horse with his double burden, while the robber struggled like a child in the powerful grasp of his captor.

A closing of the fingers over his neck soon reduced him to quiet; and, held in this manner, he rode an unwilling captive, and, at last, the lights of Oberville appeared, and soon they were in the village.

KIDNAPPING A ROBBER.

The post-office at Oberville, a small western town in the United States, was a very important place. The worthy postmaster kept a country store, where he dispensed goods of every description.

The district was comparatively new, and formed one of those prairie villages that spring into existence miles away from other towns, and are a sort of nucleus or trading post for a large extent of country.

But on the particular Saturday afternoon of which we wish to speak, trade had slackened earlier than usual, and the proprietor and his men were enjoying a breathing time, and chatting with several rough-looking fellows, who had gathered about the stoves, many of them being strangers, for a stranger attracted but little notice in that community of new comers.

"Here comes Charley Gilbert, the very man I want to see?" remarked Harmon, as a horseman dashed up to the store and dismounted.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered young Hercules; and the large bay horse he rode looked well adapted to carrying such a weight, and exhibited due equine pride in serving his young master.

"You are just the person I wanted to see Charley!" said Mr. Harmon. "Singular," said Gilbert. "I should think you would rather not see me, as you know the object of my call.

"Well, I am an exception in this instance, for I am anxious to get rid of the amount I owe you. Fact is, there have been burglars about and they tried to break into my store last night, but were frightened away; so I prefer you would hold this money against more successful attempts of the kind."

And Mr. Harmon proceeded to count out a large roll of notes, which Gilbert placed carefully in his pocket. "Now, Charlie," said neighbor Hill, one of the party seated around the stove; "you had better keep a look-out, 'cause some one might stop you to-night before you return from Cran-

The allusion to Cranton brought a slight blush to Charley's cheeks, for it was well-known that he was on his usual Saturday evening visit to a certain young school-mistress, who dwelt in the neighboring settlement.

"How do you know I am going to Cranton?" asked Charley. "Well, I only suppose so, 'cause I've heard said you do that way about this time o' the week;" and Hill winked to the crowd, who laughed; and Charley Gilbert, not wishing to discuss the subject further, left the store, and mounting old Hero, was soon out of sight.

"Mighty fine chap, that Gilbert is," resumed Hill to his fellow loungers; "been in the army and won his way, an' now he has got his allotment of land out here, an' will soon have one of the finest farms in this country."

The short autumn day came to a close, and it was long after dark ere Gilbert reached his destination, and received his usual hearty welcome from Sarah Denton.

Saturday nights were the bright spots in her dull life as a school-mistress, and were sure to bring her Charley. Old Hero had carried his master over the road so often, that he knew what was required of him, and needed no urging.

It was late when Charley took his leave of his sweetheart. "Now, do be careful," were her last words, "for you know there might be danger on the road, so many robberies have been committed lately."

"Never fear, Sarah; Old Hero will take me home safely." And, with a good-by kiss, he mounted and rode away.

The night was dark—no light except the stars that sparkled crisply from a clear sky. But, had it been ever so dark, it would have made no difference to Charley. His thoughts were of the sweet girl he had just left, and, paying no attention to his horse, he rode slowly along, intent upon plans for the future.

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"Hilloo!" cried Gilbert. A head appeared at the door, and a voice answered, "Hilloo! Who's there?"

"It's me, John, and I have got something nice here; come help me in with it," answered Charley.

"It's Gilbert," said John, addressing his fellow-shopman. "What's that you've got, Charley? a saddle of venison?" asked John as he approached. "Better than that, John. It is a real live little deer. Come and lift him down, but hold him fast," said Gilbert.

The astonished shopmen gathered about, and Charley told them of his adventure. Soon the robber was released from his unpleasant position on the saddle and taken into the store, where his captor followed.

Here he was safely bound. "I think I have seen this fellow before," remarked John, as he took a survey of the captive. "He is the stranger that was sitting at the stove here when Mr. Harmon paid your money, Charley."

"Let's search him, and see what sort of plunder he has about him," suggested one of the shopmen. The prisoner's pockets revealed a small flask of liquor, and a savage-looking dirk knife.

"Hilloo, what's this?" exclaimed Gilbert, picking up a piece of paper that fell on the floor, and opening it, read:—"One thousand dollars reward for the capture of one William Larkin, the supposed leader of a gang of robbers and horse-stealers. He is a short, slim man, about five feet six inches in height, dark hair, heavy black eyebrows, and moustache, and peculiar-looking, small black eyes."

"Answers the description to a T," broke in John. "Aha! William Larkin, or Curly Bill! I've heard of him. Charley, you're in luck! This fellow is a prize, indeed!" added one of the assistants.

"Yes; this placard is from the sheriff of St. Joe, and is dated only a week ago," said Charley, after finishing the reading. "Gentlemen," said the robber, "you have got the original Curly Bill, and when you deliver me up, you will get that reward. I am in your power; but these strings are bound around my wrists most unmercifully tight,—with a grimace of pain. "Can't you afford to make 'em easier?"

"Yes, let them out a little, Jones," said John, addressing his fellow-assistant. "Make them safe, but not too tight, and I will watch the bird meanwhile."

So Jones proceeded cautiously to rearrange the bonds on the wrists of the prisoner, while the others gathered around him. With a sudden jerk of prodigious strength, Curly Bill got his bonds free, dashed his fist into the face of John, and sprang to the door, which had not been locked.

So sudden was his movement, that ere the rest of the group could comprehend the scene, he was clear of the store, and as Gilbert reached the door, he saw the robber spring into the saddle on old Hero's back, and dash away.

Pursuit was not to be thought of; but Gilbert placed his fingers to his mouth, and gave a shrill whistle; hearing which, old Hero, despite the urging of his rider, wheeled suddenly, and at the same wild gallop, started back to his master.

in so doing, his foot caught in the stirrup, and he was dragged helplessly over the hard road. Fortunately for the poor victim of this mishap, the distance was not great, or the result might have been far more serious.

How often is it that the merest trifling accident contributes to the ends of justice! Villains may successfully carry on their work for years, and in their fancied security forget the fate that must eventually overtake them—a slip, an accident, and the law claims her own.

Gilbert hastened to secure his horse, and the insensible form of Curly Bill was again carried into the store, where an examination revealed a broken head and a fractured leg, which would detain their prisoner as effectually as a shackle and chain.

In a few days the sheriff came up from St. Joseph, and took charge of the maimed man, and through his confession, many of his gang of desperadoes were taken or killed, and the country freed of their presence.

Charley Gilbert received his well-earned reward, and the money enabled him to complete his house handsomely and stock the farm, over which Sarah Gilbert presides as mistress.

A CONTENTED FARMER.

Once upon a time, Frederick, King of Prussia, summoned "Old Fritz," took a ride, and espied an old farmer plowing his acre by the wayside, and cheerily sing his melody.

"You are well-off, old man," said the king. "Does the acre belong to you, on which you so industriously labor?" "No sir," replied the old farmer, who knew not that it was the king; "I am not so rich as that; I plow by the day for wages."

"How much do you get?" asked the king. "Eight grochen (about twenty cents) a day," said the farmer. "That is not much," said the king, "can you get along with this?" "Get along and have something to spare."

"How is that?" The farmer smiled and said—"Well, if I must tell you, two grochen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my old debts, two I lend away, and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," replied the king. "Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home who kept me when I was weak and needed help; and now that they are weak and need help, I keep them. This my debt toward which I pay two grochen a day. The third pair of grochen, which I lend away, I spend for my children, that they may receive Christian instruction. This will come handy to my wife and me when we get old. With the last two grochen I maintain two sick sisters, whom I would not be compelled to keep; this I give for the Lord's sake."

"The king, well pleased with his answer said—"Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?" "Never," said the farmer. "In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is a riddle which I cannot unravel," said the farmer. "Then I will do it for you," replied the king. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting him fifty brand-new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming: "The coin is genuine, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster. I bid you adieu."

It requires nice discrimination to justly draw the lines of demarkation between firmness and bigotry, prudence and meanness, bravery and arrogance, fearlessness and recklessness, caution and cowardice, dignity and indifference. When a low nature, or an ignorant nature, has suddenly become rich, he only widens the channel and stream of his wickedness or folly.

When a gambler wins he does not buy a library, nor build a college, but he doubles his stakes and plays again, because the gain of money did not bring him an increase of character. An English satirist sang, years ago, that when an epicure finds his fortune doubled he immediately doubles the quantity and expensiveness of his food. His sudden riches have marked out no new path. All he can do is to intensify the old life.

Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man": Mess-age, lugg-age, saus-age, ramp-age, marri-age, parent-age, and dot-age. "As between a cucumber and a water-melon," says a Western editor, "Give us brandy and water."

EATING FRUIT.

The American Agriculturist says: We hardly know how to account for the popular impression that still prevails in many rural districts, that the free use of fruit is unfriendly to health.

It has much to do with the scarcity of fruit gardens and orchards in the country. As a matter of fact, cities and villages are much better supplied with fruit the year round than the surrounding country. There are hundreds of farms, even in the oldest parts of the land, where there is no orchard and the only fruit is gathered from seedling apple trees grown in the fence corners.

The wants of cities are supplied not so much from the proper farmer districts as from a few men in their suburbs, who make a business of growing fruit for market. The farmers who raise a good variety of small fruit for the supply of their own families, are still the exception.

The villager, with his quarter or half acre lot, will have his patch of strawberries, his row of currants and raspberries, his grape vines and pear trees, and talk intelligently of the varieties of these fruits. His table is well supplied with these luxuries for at least half a year, but there is a lamentable dearth of good fruit upon the farm from the want of conviction that it pays.

It does pay in personal comfort and health, if nothing else. The medical faculty will bear testimony to the good influence of ripe fruit upon the animal economy. They regulate the system better than anything else, and forestall many of the diseases to which we are liable in the summer and fall.

A quaint old gentleman of our acquaintance often remarks that apples are the only pills he takes. He takes these every day in the year when they can be found in the market, and fills up the interval between the old and new crop with other fruits. He has hardly seen a sick day in forty years, and pays no doctor's bill. We want more good fruit, especially upon our farms, and the habit of eating fruit at our meals. This is just one of the matters in which farmers' wives can exert an influence.

Many a good man would set out fruit trees and bushes if he were only reminded of it at the right time. One right time will be this autumn—at least in all but the very coldest part of the country. A few dollars invested then will bring abundant returns in from one to five years.

It is more intimately connected with good morals than our philosophers think. With good digestion it is quite easy to fulfill the law of love.

A CLERK'S STORY.

"When I used to tend store the old man came around one day, and says he, 'Boys, the one who sells the most between now and Christmas gets a vest pattern for a present.' Maybe we did not work for that vest pattern. I tell you there was some tall stories told in praise of goods, about that time; but the tallest talker and the one who had the most cheek of any of us, was a certain Jonah Gures, who roomed with me. He could talk a dollar out of a man's pocket when the man only intended to spend a six-pence, and the women—Lord bless you—they just handed over their pocket-books to him and let 'em lay out what he liked for them. One night Jonah woke me up with, 'By Jove, old fellow, if you think that ere's got cotton in it I'll bring down the sheep it was cut from, and make him own his wool. 'Twont wear out either; wore a pair of pants of that stuff for five years, and they are as good now as the day I first put them on. Take it at thirty cents and I'll say you didn't owe me anything. Eh—too dear? Well, call it twenty-eight cents. What d'ye say? All right. It's a bargain.' I could feel Jonah's hand playing about the bed clothes for an instant; then rip, tear, went something or another, and I hid my head under the blankets, perfectly convulsed with laughter, and perfectly sure that Jonah had torn the best sheet from top to bottom. When I awoke next morning, I found my night shirt split from the bottom to the collar band.

The London Medical Record says: "It has long been noted in this country that in those districts where the use of oatmeal (in place of wheat flour) prevails, we find children and adults with the best developed teeth and jaws; and so well recognized is the influence of oatmeal upon the teeth that many practitioners order its use as an article of daily diet for children in cases where dentition is likely to be retarded or imperfect."

A sailor sometimes realizes that his barque is worse than his bight (See Webster's Dictionary.) A harder subject to deal with than even an old deck of cards, is a man who don't advertise.