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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars.

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

J. B. AGNEW, W. E. LATHY, Attorneys 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, Tionesta, Pa. Office on Elm Street.

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

KINNEAR & SHILEY, 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, Smead's Court House, Elm St., Tionesta, Pa.

NATIONAL HOTEL, TIDIOUTE, PA. W. D. HUCKLIN, 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.

Lawrence House, TIONESTA, PA. WILLIAM LAWRENCE, Proprietor. This house is centrally located. Everything new and well furnished.

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

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.

Dr. J. L. Acomb, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery, all of the best quality.

DR. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced Physician and Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store.

MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts., Tionesta. Bank of Discount and Deposit.

D. W. CLARK, (COMMISSIONER'S CLERK, FOREST CO., PA.) REAL ESTATE AGENT. Houses and Lots for Sale and Rent.

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.

F. F. L. WANTED.—Everybody to know that Four-Fold Liniment is the leading Liniment for curing all kinds of Pains and Sore Throats.

JOB WORK of all kinds done at this office on short notice.

Painting, Paper-Hanging &c.,

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

W. C. COBURN, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON offers his services to the people of Forest Co.

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.

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DENING.) Pictures in every style of the art.

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 Repeating, Independent Seconds, Stom 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 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."

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL. THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Lacytown), Forest county, has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted in first-class order.

CUSTOM GRINDING. FLOUR, AND OATS. FEED, Constantly on hand, and sold at the very lowest figures.

H. W. LEDEBUR.

EDWARD BROWN, STOKER.

"Polly," I says, one day after my convalescence, and we were taking a bit of a walk in the churchyard, "ain't this heavenly?"

"And you feel better?" says she, laying her hand on mine. "Better!" I says, taking a long draught of the soft, sweet-scented air, and filling my chest; "better, old girl! I feel as if I were growing backwards into a boy."

"And you fifty last week?" she says. "Yes," I says, smiling, "and you forty-seven next week."

"And then we sat thinking for a bit. "Polly," I says at last, as I sat there drinking in that soft breeze, and feeling it give me strength, "it's worth being ill to feel as I do."

"For you see I'd been very bad, else I dare say I'm not the man to go hanging about churchyards and watching funerals; I'm a stoker, and my work lies in steamers trading to the East. I'd come home from my last voyage bad with fever, caught out in one of those nasty, hot, bad smelling ports—been carried home to die, as my mates thought; and it was being like this, and getting better, that had set me thinking so seriously, and made me so quiet; not that I was ever a noisy sort of man, as any one who knows me will say."

"Well, my man," he says, "your symptoms are of a very grave nature. You see the fever had undermined you before you came home, and unless—" "All right, doctor," I says; "I understand; you mean that unless you can get a new plate in the boiler, she won't stand another voyage."

"O, come! we won't look upon it as a hopeless case," he says; "there's always hope;" and after a little more talk, he shook hands and went away.

"Polly, my dear," I says, "I just want a few words with the doctor," and she put her apron up to her eyes and went out, closing the door after her very softly, while the doctor looked at me so curious like, and waited for me to speak.

"Doctor," I says, "you've about given me up. There, don't shake your head, for I know. Now don't you think I'm afraid to die, for I don't believe I am, but look here; there's seven children down stairs, and if I leave my wife a widow with the few pounds I've been able to save, what's to become of them? Can't you pull me through?"

"My dear fellow," he says, honestly, "I've done everything I can for your case."

"That's what you think, doctor, I says, "but look here; I've been at sea thirty years, and in seven wrecks. It's been like dodging death with me a score of times. Why, I pulled my wife there regularly out of the hands of death, and I'm not going to give up now. I've been—" "Stop, stop," he says gently. "You're exciting yourself."

"I'll go and send something that will quiet you," he said, rising. "Thanky, doctor," I says, smiling to myself. "And now look here, I'm not going to give up till the last; and when that last comes, and the ship's going down, why I shall have a try if I can't swim to safety. If that fails, and I can really feel that it is to be, why, I hope I shall go down into the great deep calmly, like a hopeful man; praying that something above will forgive me all I've done amiss, and stretch out His fatherly hand to my little ones."

He went away and I dropped asleep, worn out with my exertion. When I woke, Polly was standing by the bedside watching me, with a bottle and glass on the little table.

As soon as she saw my eyes open, she shook up the stuff, and poured it into a wine glass. "Is that what the doctor sent?" I says. "Yes, dear, you were to take it directly."

"Then I shan't take it," I says. "He's give me up, and that stuff's only to keep me quiet. Polly, you go and make me some beef tea, and make it strong."

She was horrified, poor old girl, and was about to beg of me to take hold of the rotten life-belt he'd sent me, when I held out my shaking hand for it, took the glass, and let it tilt over—there was only about a couple of teaspoonfuls in it, and the stuff fell on the carpet.

I saw the tears come in her eyes, but she said nothing—only put down the glass, and ran out to make the beef tea.

The doctor didn't come till late next day, and I was lying very still and drowsy, half asleep like, but awake enough to hear him whisper to Polly, "Sinking fast;" and I heard her give such a heart-broken sob that as the next great wave came on the sea where I was floating, I struck out with all my might, rose over it, and floated gently down the other side.

For the next four days—putting it as a drowning man striving for his life like a true-hearted fellow—it was like great foaming waves coming to wash over me, but the shore, still in sight, and me trying hard to reach it.

And it was a grim, hard fight; a dozen times I could have given up, folded my arms, and said good-bye to the dear old watching face safe on shore; but a look at that always cheered me, and I fought on again and again, till at last the sea seemed to go down, and in utter weariness, I turned on my back to float restfully with the tide bearing me shoreward, till I touched the sands, crept up them, and fell down worn out, to sleep in the warm sun—safe!

That's a curious way of putting it, you may say, but it seems natural to me to mix it up with the things of sea-going life, and the manner in which I've seen so many fight hard for their lives. It is just like striving in the midst of a storm to me, and when at last I did fall into a deep sleep, I felt surprised-like to find myself lying in my own bed, with Polly watching me; and when I stretched out my hand, and took hers, she let loose that which she had kept hidden from me before, and, falling on her knees by my bedside, she sobbed for very joy.

"As much beef-tea and brandy as you can get him to take," the doctor says, that afternoon; and it wasn't long before I got from slops to solids, and then was sent, as I told you, into the country to get strong, while the doctor got no end of praise for the cure he had made.

I never said a word though, even to Polly, for he did his best; but I don't think any medicine would have cured me then.

I was saying a little while back that I pulled my wife regularly out of the hands of death, and of course that was when we were both quite young, though for the matter of that I don't feel much different and can't well see the change. That was in one of the Cape steamers when I first took to stoking. They were little ram-shackle sort of boats in those days, and how it was more weren't lost puzzles me. It was more due to the weather than the make or fitting of the ships, I can

tell you, that they used to find their way safe to port; and yet the passengers, poor things, knowing no better, used to take passage, ay, and make a voyage too from which they never got back.

Well, I was working on board a steamer as they used to call the Equator, and heavy laden and with about twenty passengers on board, we started down channel with all well, till we got right down off the west coast of Africa, when there came one of the heaviest storms I was ever in. Even for a well found steamer, such as they can build to-day, it would have been a hard fight; but with our poor shabby wooden tub, it was a hopeless case from the first.

Our skipper made a brave fight of it though, and tried hard to make for one of the ports; but, bless you, what can a man do when, after ten days' knocking about, the coals run out, and the fires that have been kept going with wood and oil, and everything that can be thrust into the furnaces, are drowned; when the paddle-wheels are only in the way, every bit of sail set is blown clean out of the bolt-ropes, and at last the ship begins to drift fast for a lee shore?

There was our case, and every hour the sea seemed to get higher, and the wind more fierce, while I heard from more than one man how fast the water was going below.

My mate and I didn't want any telling though. We'd been driven up out of the stoke-hole like a pair of drowned rats, and I came on deck to find the bulwarks ripped away, and the sea every now and then leaping aboard, and washing the lumber about in all directions.

The skipper was behaving very well, and he kept us all at the pumps, turn and turn in spells, but we might as well have tried to pump the sea dry; and when, with the water gaining fast, we told him what we thought, he owned as it was no use, and we gave up.

We'd all been at it, crew and passengers, about forty of us altogether, including the women—five of them they were, and they were all on deck, lashed in a sheltered place, close to the poop. And very pitiful it was to see them fighting hard at first and clinging to the side, but only to grow weaker, half-drowned as they were; and I saw two sink down at last, and hang drooping-like from their lashings, dead, for not a soul could do them a turn.

I was holding on by the shrouds when the mate got to the skipper's side, and I saw in his blank face what he was telling him. Of course we couldn't hear his words in such a storm, but we didn't want to, for his lips said plainly enough: "She's sinking!"

Next moment there was a rush made for the boats, and two of the passengers cut loose a couple of the women; place was made for them before the first boat was too full, and she was lowered down, cast off, and a big wave carried her clear of the steamer. I saw her for a moment on the top of the ridge, and then she plunged down the other side out of our sight—and that of everybody else; for how long she lived, who can say? She never was picked up or heard of again.

Then as I crept, hand-over-hand, to the girl's side, whipped out my knife and was cutting her loose, while her weak arms clung to me, I felt a horrible feeling of despair come over me, for the boat was leaving us, and I knew what a coward I was at heart, as I had to fight with myself so as not to leave the girl to her fate, and leap overboard to swim for my life. I got the better of it, though—went down on my knees so as not to see the boat, and got the poor, trembling, clinging creature loose.

"Now, my lass," I says, "quick!" and I raised her up; "hold on by the side while I make fast a rope around you."

And then I stood up to hail the boat—the boat as warn't there, for in those brief moments she must have capsized, and we were alone on the sinking steamer, which now lay in the trough of the sea.

As soon as I got over the horror of the feeling, a sort of stony despair came over me, but when I saw that little pale, appealing face at my side, looking to me for help, that brought the manhood back, and in saying encouraging things to her I did myself good.

My first idea was to make something that would float us, but I gave that up directly, for I could feel that I was helpless, and getting the poor girl more into shelter, I took a bit of tobacco in a sort of stolid way, and sat down with a cork life-buoy over my arm—one which I had cut loose from where it had hung forgotten behind the wheel.

But I never used it, for the storm went down fast, and the steamer floated still, water-logged, for three days, when we were picked up by a passing vessel, half-starved, but hoping. And during that time my companion had told me that she was the attendant of one of the lady passengers on board, and at last, when we parted, she kissed my hand, and called me her hero, who had saved her life—poor grimy me, you know.

We warn't long, though, before we met again, for a somehow we'd settled that we'd write, and in twelve months after Mary was back in England and my wife. That's why I said I took her like out of the hands of death, though in a selfish sort of way, being far, you know, from perfect. But what I say, speaking as Edward Brown, stoker, is this: Make a good fight of it, no matter how black things may look, and leave the rest to Him.

CAPITAL AND EXPERIENCE. The Drawer was chatting a few weeks ago on the piazza of the United States Hotel, at Saratoga, with a bright German gentleman, retired from business, who related the following little anecdote:

"Going down to New York the other night on the boat," said he, "I got into conversation with a German acquaintance and asked him what he doing."

"Vell," he replied, "shoot now I am doing nodings, but I have made arrangements to go into pizness."

"Glad to hear it. What are you going into?" "Into bardnership mit a man." "Do you put in much capital?" "No, I doesn't put in no gabit!" "Don't want to risk it, eh?" "No, but I puts in de experience." "And he puts in the capital?" "Yes, dot is it. We goes into pizness for dree year; he puts in de gabit, I puts in de experience. In dree year I will have de gabit, and he will have de experience!"