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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. of O. F.
MEETS every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS!
I have been admitted to practice as an Attorney in the Pension Office at Washington, D. C.

MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Oil City, Pa.

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

MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS
Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts., Tionesta.

WILLIAMS & CO., TAXIDERMISTS.
BIRDS and Animals stuffed and mounted to order.

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL.
THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Laurel) Forest county, has been thoroughly renovated.

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

EMPLOYMENT, Male and female, salary or commission. We pay agents an salary of \$10 a week and exp. free.

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.

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Pictures in every style and size. Views of the oil regions for sale or taken to order.

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M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.
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Pictures taken in all the latest styles.

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Oil Well Supplies, i. e.
Subing, Casings, Sucker Rods,

THE LARGEST FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT IN THE OIL REGIONS!
MILES SMITH, Dealer in
CABINET AND UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE!

FRANKLIN, PENN'A.
Consisting of
Parlor, Office and Chamber Furniture,

Also, agent for Venango county for the Celebrated Manhattan Spring Bed and Combination Mattress, manufactured and sold at my Furniture Warehouse, 13th Street, near Liberty, Oil and see sample bed.

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

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

OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE CENTEN'L EXHIBITION
It sells faster than any other book. One Agent sold 34 copies in one day.

What Became of Her.

In a little village church in a small American country place, a small congregation gathered together one Sunday to hear the old minister preach one of his old sermons.

Sometimes in summer there would be strange boarders from the city in church; but now it was winter, and every one wondered to see a tall old woman in a great plaid, old-world-looking cloak, and a fur hood and a deep cap border, come into church, and seat herself in a back pew.

"It's a shame. People ought to be more Christian-like in their conduct. I'll go and help her out."

There was a Sunday train to a large city, and a man kept watch at the station all the day. He, seeing fewer passengers on Sunday than at any other time, had noticed them all.

The old woman in the plaid cloak had come to the station, but Miss Redwood was not with her.

A young man spoke to the old lady — nay, she had his arm — but he might have been a stranger who was assisting her. No one could tell.

The old people had been very cruel to her about Thomas; now they shod bitter and unavailing tears. How much better would it have been to let Annie marry and have her still with them!

The old grandfathers shook hands for the first time for years. The families were reconciled; but Annie was gone, and Thomas was gone, and what was the use?

"If only I knew what became of my girl," sighed Mrs. Redwood. "Ah, yes, and if I knew my boy was alive," said Mrs. Benton.

They were all very sad, but good country people never stray away from church for that.

Sunday after Sunday they met with their sad faces, and the black garments they had put on.

And a year passed; and it was the day Annie had disappeared; and they had all gone as usual, and were going homeward.

Mrs. Redwood was in tears. "I think of Annie all day to-day," she said. "Oh! it is more than I can bear. Who was that old woman? What did she do with my girl?"

At the Throttle.

Have you ever thought as you entered a railroad car, how absolutely and completely your life was in the hands of one man? Has it ever occurred to you as you reclined, in a soft-cushioned seat in apparent security,

Your correspondent had a brief conversation in the cab of a locomotive, in which an unusually intelligent and trustworthy member of the guild of engineers recounted a little of the true inwardness of his calling.

"It is as well," said he, smiling thoughtfully, "that the travelling public don't know how the majority of railroads are managed and what risks the passengers often run. Why, to save a little money they often fail to employ more than half the number of engineers absolutely needed for safety.

"A happy one, I hope, sir," said the woman, tossing off her bonnet and throwing away her cloak; and before them stood a tall young man — Thomas Benton, and no other, who said:

For the past two years there has dwelt in Eureka, Nev., a young man who, although following the occupation of a restaurant waiter, attracted attention on account of his superior learning and intelligence.

He spoke five different languages with fluency, was well posted in all matters of a scientific character, possessed an intimate acquaintance with current literature, and was at no loss in reference to the entanglements and mysteries of the European war question.

When over he could get hold of a sympathetic listener, he would dwell learnedly on the Russian policy, and explain in detail the probable moves on the political chess-board.

He was educated at the University of Kharkov, and after completing his studies entered the army, where, by family standing and influence, he rapidly rose to the rank of colonel.

His prospects were very bright until one unfortunate day when he became embroiled in a quarrel with a brother officer. A duel was the result, and the count killed his antagonist. As the code was prohibited, and infractions of the law in that respect are rigidly punished, Colonel Huhn fled the country, and for the past three years has been a wanderer in foreign lands.

At his contact, disowned him, and he finally brought up in Eureka and engaged in the humble occupation of a waiter. When the European complication arose he opened a correspondence with the Russian government and his family.

The latter recalled their displeasure, and secured his pardon by the government. He has not only been pardoned, but restored to his rank of colonel in the Chasseurs of the Grenadiers.

A few days ago he received official notice of the fact, and also a letter from the consul at San Francisco, who had received orders to provide the count with funds and transportation home. He will join his corps in the field, and the next that we hear of him may be through dispatches received from the seat of war in the East.

"Never marry for wealth," says a contemporary, "but remember that it is just as easy to love a girl who has a brick house with a mansard roof and a silver-plated door bell as one who hasn't any thing but an Auburn head and an amiable disposition."

When a boy was asked, "What was the text this morning?" he replied: "It was something in hatchets." "In hatchets? No it was in acts." "Well, I knew it was something that would cut," said the boy very triumphantly.

A Waiter turns out to be a Nobleman.

"Dangerous? Well, rather so; for if there is any post in the world where a man should be excessively wide awake, vigilant, incessantly watching ahead of him with an unflinching steadiness and with good eyes, too, with his hand always on the lever, prepared to check the flying speed with which he is dashing along, it is when he is in the cab of a locomotive engine.

I don't know any work that requires a man to know what he is about and to see what he is about so much as running the engine of an express train. The engineer not only must watch his engine and keep her up to her work, but he must watch the steam gauge, watch the time, watch the signals, watch the track, watch the crossings and watch his surroundings.

To sum up in one word, an engineer must be alertness personified. Dangerous? You might as well ask if it would be dangerous for a man to fall asleep sitting on a keg of powder with a lighted slow match attached to it.

"It is a common thing for an engineer, after having come in from a long trip, to be ordered out again immediately, although he knows and the company knows that he is not fit for further work without a rest, and that to fall asleep at his post is to endanger the lives of hundreds of persons.

Yet he dare not refuse or he will lose his place. Suppose, under such circumstances, an accident occurs. Isn't the company immediately relieved from all responsibility in the eyes of the newspapers and the public if they show that the engineer failed to see a signal?

Who is to know that the reason the engine driver failed to see the signal or the switch was because he fell asleep from overwork, and that he was compelled to run while physically unable to do so in safety?

"This is the cause of a good many railroad accidents, but I can tell you of a still more frequent one. It is the employment by certain railroad managers of half taught botches as engineers, or men who are not of sober habits and cannot get into the Brotherhood of Engineers (our trade society), and who will, therefore, work very cheaply."

"Why is this permitted?" "I will tell you. In every State in the Union, so far as I know, there is a law compelling the engineers who attend to stationary boilers to pass an examination, at which they must show themselves qualified and receive a license before they are permitted to work. You would be liable to severe punishment if you employ an unlicensed engineer to run the boiler of your printing office. This law is of course an eminently proper one, and in New York city, for instance, there is a bureau of the police department whose exclusive duties are to see to its enforcement.

A similar United States statute compels the engineers of marine or steamboat engines to pass a still stricter examination. But no such law is on the statute books of any State in the Union as regards locomotive engineers, whose duties are even more delicate and dangerous than

their brethren who run factory or other stationary engines. Whenever any bill requiring the railroad companies to employ only competent men has been likely to pass a Legislature the railroad lobbyists have defeated it. You will find no statute in this country to prevent the railroads from putting in charge of the train you intrust your life to the veriest botch or drunkard that can be found. If the newspapers want to do a good work, let them demand and secure the passage of such a statute as will oblige the companies to employ at least this simple requisite to safety.

"Do not the best managed roads now find it pays best to employ good competent men?" "Some of the companies are beginning to find it out, but the majority of them take on all the men they can pick up who will work cheaper than a skilled engineer."

"Is not traveling at night always more dangerous than by daylight?" "Not always. Under some circumstances I suppose it might be. But I would rather take my engine over the road at night. I have run a night express for years and prefer it to anything else. An engine always works better at night, for some reason. They say it is so with all machinery. I know it is always so with a locomotive. An engineer who is familiar with his road knows just as well where he is at night as when he can see. I can tell by the sound of the wheels on the track about where I am on the road. I can see a danger signal far off at night than in daylight. I tell you, sir, there is always danger in our business, and there ought to be a law forbidding the companies employing any man to run an engine who has not passed an examination and received a license. The newspapers can make 'em add they ought to do it."

A Gambler's Remarkable Escape.
A well known correspondent, being detained at Milan, Tennessee, recently, made the acquaintance of Geo. H. Devol, the gambler. He is a gentleman looking person of forty-seven, dark sandy hair, light sandy whiskers, beginning to show the silver; a quick, piercing gray eye, ruddy complexion, is of good address, and a sweet talker.

While operating on the Shortline road, near Lagrange, he won about \$1,800 and five gold watches, and ended the game just as the train was leaving Lagrange on its way to Cincinnati. The victims squealed terribly, and proposed to have their treasure or blood. They marshaled their forces and drew their revolvers. Devol skipped into the rear coach, locking the door as he went. He then went to the rear platform, and, although the train was running at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, selected a clear spot and jumped. He rolled over at a lively rate, but picked himself up unhurt, though his late friends fired a volley at him from their revolvers.

He cut across the country and struck the railroad at Lexington junction, and went back to Louisville.

"The closest place I was ever in my life," said Devol, "was in '60. I was coming up the river from New Orleans in the steamer Fairchild, and had won a great deal of money. The boat landed at Napoleon, and about twenty-five of those killers there, who, in those days, did not think any more of killing a man than they did a rat, got aboard. I opened out and won a good deal of money and four or five watches. Everything went along smoothly enough until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when they began to get drunk. One of them said: 'Where is that blasted gambler; I am going to kill him!' 'I'm with you,' said another. 'I, too,' said another.

And the whole party rushed to their state-rooms and got their pistols. I slipped up and got between the pilot-house and the roof. They now searched the boat from stem to stern, but did not once think of looking under the pilot-house. I whispered to the pilot that when he came to a bluff bank to throw her stern in and give me the word, and I would run and jump off. At about six o'clock he gave me the word, and I ran and jumped. I was weighted down with the watches and gold I had won, and the distance was more than I thought, and I missed the bank and stuck tight, waist-deep, in soft mud at the water's edge. The killers saw me, and as the boat swung out they opened fire. I could not move, and the bullets whistled past my ear and spattered mud and water all over my face."

It seems very funny, but the chiropodists are not members of the Corn Exchange, and take little interest in the fluctuations of the corn market.

When does a footman reply when no question has been asked? When he answers the bell.