

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XVII. NO. 1.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1884.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00; One Square, one inch, three months... \$3.00; One Square, one inch, one year... \$10.00; Two Squares, one year... \$15.00; Quarter Column, one year... \$5.00; Half Column, one year... \$8.00; One Column, one year... \$10.00.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

OUT OF LOVE AND OUT OF DEBT.

Of happy men the hapless yet Is he that's out of love and debt, Who owes no kiss to womankind, Who has no duns to cross his mind; With heart and thought and conscience free Where is the man more blest than he! "Out of love and out of debt," Motto none will ever regret.

OUTJUGGLED.

"Now, turn your tongue loose, Mac, and tell us a good story; some wild yarn. We don't want any fancy stuff, but a real adventure, something exciting, out of your knock-about experiences on the frontier." It was during our hunting trip up Red river into Texas and the "Nations" territory. We had camped that night in the shelter of the bluffs, and had a roaring camp-fire burning; for a blustering "norther" had come down on us. Mac had figured as a traveling magician.

"I swelled out my muscles with all my might; you know how the trick's done; but, gentlemen, before they got half done I knew I was cornered." "I saw it in that old black villain's wrinkled, scowling face and in his murderous, snaky little eyes. He was one of their medicine-men, probably the greatest of the tribe. The old brute was jealous of me; and, knowing there was nothing any more supernatural about my tricks than about his own hee-dyuns juggling, he'd made up his mind to corral me in one of my own performances. "Well, gentlemen, that rope was passed round my wrists in a twinkling, and drawn so tight that I winked hard with the pain, and I felt the veins swell almost to bursting. "From my wrists they passed the rope tight around my waist, then took a half hitch round my neck and knotted it under my arms. Then they went for my legs with the other end of the rope, and tied my ankles (I'd taken off my boots) so tight that my feet ached before they'd finished knotting. "I laid there and never opened my mouth; I wouldn't even let myself think till they pulled the curtains on me. When they got through, I told 'em to draw the curtain and shut me in so that I might set my medicine at work upon the ropes. I saw the old medicine-man grin as I gave the order. He shoved the young fellow off the staging and pulled the curtains to, leaving himself inside. Then I heard a surprised grunt all over the house, and I began to think. "I let my muscles relax and shrunk up like a turtle; but my knots shrunk with me, and I found myself helpless as a baby; and there was that old grinning wretch bending over me with his snaky black eyes just glittering in triumph! "Guess you've got me, old man," said I; "what are you going to do about it?" "He bent lower over me, and made a hissing noise with his mouth, a noise that sounded exactly like the buzz of a rattlesnake's tail. Everything and everybody in the room was as still as a tomb-stone. I couldn't hear a breath outside. All at once that wretch stopped his hissing, and with a quick movement jerked my head up between his knees, jammed something between my jaws, whipped a red scarf out from under his blanket, and passed it around my head and mouth—gagged me, in fact, tight as a double-sinched bucker. "I've given my last show on this earth," I thought. Then the old villain backed down off the platform and slipped out from under the curtain. "There was a general grunt of curiosity and astonishment outside; and a heap of admiration for their old juggler was mixed up with their racket. "Silence!" growled the old wretch in Comanche. "Silence! I have breathed upon the bad medicine-man of the whites. If I had not done so, his vile, poisonous breath would have slain every warrior in the room. At midnight every one of you would have died. Just as the moon rose above the tree-tops, your spirits would have left your bodies. Your squaws and your children would have been given to their crawling snakes the Creeks and the Choctaws in the East." "Of course I'm only trying to give you the substance of what he said. I don't understand their jargon only well enough to get their general meaning. When the old man ceased speaking the crowd just got up and shrieked the awfullest blood-curdling yells you ever dreamed of! for a minute I thought my time had come, and that I should be torn to pieces by the screeching mob; but the old man shook his medicine-rattle at 'em and down they set again, quiet as you please. "Listen!" he said. "Go home now, my children, to your tepees and sleep; come not here till morning, when you'll find the bad medicine of the whites harmless as the water of the Coder. He shall not hurt you. Go and leave me with the medicine-dog; for I must breathe again upon him, and my breath will take away all his charms and all his magic. He shall catch no more bullets in his teeth. Go, my children, for my breath is sacred and can be of no good until all the members of my tribe are in their lodges." "And do you believe it, they all got up and skipped out of there, every mother's son of 'em! There I was left alone with the hee-dyuns old beast. I had worked desputly all the time he was talking, trying to draw my hands from the rope. I loosened one of 'em just a trifle, enough to know that in half an hour of hard work I could bring my wrist through, by peeling all the skin off with it. Well, when they'd gone and the last sound of 'em died away, the old juggler stuck his face inside. "I go now," says he, "I go to my tepee to prepare my medicines against the medicine of the white dog. When I come again the white man's magic shall all be mine; he will tell me all his medicines." Then he came inside, felt of all my knots, made himself sure of 'em, and then went out and left me. "So that's your game, is it?" thought I, and I began to take hope at once. I hadn't time to think over the situation; I just worked like a beaver, with the sweat pouring off me like rain off a slicker. "It was a struggle for life; for of course I hadn't a doubt but the medicine-man meant to kill me, whether I told him any of my tricks or not. He would smother me like a cat in a sack, and pretend to his tribe that his breath had killed the medicine man of the whites, when he would possess himself of my trinkets and be the greatest man that ever trod a Comanche town. "Well, he was gone longer than I had any reason to hope for; and after a time I wrenched my right hand through the loop that held it. And I peeled it, too, peeled it horribly. But after that the work was easy; I got my arm loose, got

my jackknife out of my pocket, managed to open the big blade with the stiff, swelled fingers of my other hand. Then I cut and slashed for a minute, tore the bandage off my mouth, and spit out a deer's-horn charm. I was nearly smothered with my efforts; for of course I couldn't breathe through my mouth till I got the scarf off; but I soon gained my breath and set up a free man. "Then I began to think and to act. My right hand was just streaming with blood, and an idea struck me. I smeared it all over my face, till it was perfectly red with blood. Then I got up and fished a white sheet out of one of my chests, a piece of white 'factory' that I'd used in some of my tricks. I put that around me, turned down the lantern and the other light inside the curtains, got out my six-shooter, then leaped back against the wall and waited. "I was nearly half an hour yet before I heard the old heathen coming. He stole in, soft as a cat, and slid along up the curtains. I always carry three lamps with me. Two of them were burning in the room; but he seemed puzzled about the light behind the curtain. Presently he opened a crack and peered in. What do you think I saw? The horriblest face ever a human being wore! The cheeks painted a bluish green, half-moons of ghastly yellow under the eyes, a jet-black ring about the ugly, grinning mouth, and three blood-red stripes across the forehead; while the little black eyes shone with a fierce, beastly glitter that couldn't be described. "He'd got himself up in a more fearful shape than I had. He was going to scare me; but he didn't succeed—not any! "He gave a surprised 'whoop' as he looked on the floor; there was nothing there but a bloody spot. I'd cleared away the ropes and tossed 'em one side. Then he looked up and I stepped forward, jerked the curtains one side, and exhibited my gut-up to him. With a sharp yell he threw up both his hands, and there came over his debauched face the ghastliest look of fright it's ever been my fortune to behold. I wish I could have painted it; I should 'be famous to-day. "But I didn't give him any time to recover; I jumped for him, and struck out as I jumped. He went his length on that platform like a beef-ox. Then I grabbed the pieces of rope, and before he came to himself enough to realize what the movement meant, I had him tied, yes, and had that old deer's-horn charm between his jaws, bound there with his own red scarf, tighter than wax! "I'd bound him with limp muscles, and he was there to stay! He came to himself in a minute and glared at me frightfully. "Ha; ha! says I. 'You'll breathe on the white dog, will you—you! Lay there and learn to let the medicine of the white man alone!' "But I didn't waste time palavering at him. I hustled my things out of there, hitched onto my cart, and skipped out and away; and, gentlemen, I never went fooling round any Comanche village again."—Youth's Companion.

The Origin of the Postoffice.

The English Illustrated Magazine says that the postoffice is an example of the mode in which things change while names remain. It was originally the office which arranged the posts or places at which, on the great roads, relays of horses and men could be obtained for the rapid forwarding of government dispatches. There was a chief postmaster of England many years before any system of conveyance of private letters by the crown was established. Such letters were conveyed either by carriers, who used the same horses throughout their whole journey, or by relays of horses maintained by private individuals, that is, by private post. The scheme of carrying the correspondence of the public by means of crown messengers originated in connection with foreign trade. A postoffice for letters to foreign parts was established "for the benefit of the English merchants" in the reign of James I., but the extension of the system to inland letters was left to the succeeding reign. James I., by a proclamation issued in 1635, may be said to have founded the present postoffice. By this proclamation he commanded his "postmaster of England for foreign parts to settle a running post or two, to run night and day between Edinburgh and London, to go thither and come back again in six days, and to take with them all such letters as shall be directed to any post town in or near that road." Neighboring towns, such as Lincoln and Hull, were to be linked on to this main route, and posts on similar principles were directed to be established on other great roads, such as those to Chester and Holyhead, to Exeter and Plymouth. So far no monopoly was claimed, but two years afterward a second proclamation forbade the carriage of letters by any messengers except those of the king's postmaster-general, and thus the present system was inaugurated. The monopoly thus claimed, though no doubt devised by the king to enhance the royal power and to bring money into the exchequer, was adopted by Cromwell and his parliament, one main advantage in their eyes being that the carriage of correspondence by the government would afford "the best means to discover and prevent any dangerous and wicked designs against the commonwealth." The opportunity of an extensive violation of letters, especially if they proceeded from suspected royalists, was no doubt an attractive bait; and it is rather amusing to notice how the tables were thus turned on the monarchial party by means of one of the sovereign's own acts of aggression. However, from one motive or another royalists and parliamentarians agreed in the establishment of a state post, and the institution has come down without a break from the day of Charles I. to our own.

THE SECRET SERVICE CORPS.

OPERATIONS OF OFFICIALS WHO HUNT COUNTERFEITERS.

A Book Which Contains the Histories and Photographs of 2,500 Criminals—Anecdotes and Curiosities. A Washington correspondent of the Boston Traveler visited the headquarters of the Secret Service officials in the United States treasury building. Mr. Knight, one of the officials, said: "The operations of the corps of secret service detectives extend all over the country. There is not a city or hamlet in the United States which is not liable to receive a visit from one or more of the forty men who are constantly on the watch to suppress the counterfeiting of the coin and paper money. The movements of our officers are, of course, from the very nature and danger of the work in which they are engaged, kept in the strictest secrecy. They wear no badge, nor do they even carry a document showing that they are in any way connected with the service. Oftentimes months and months are taken in the detection of a single case, and when a man has been convicted of counterfeiting, or of passing counterfeit money, he never is out from under the reach of our eyes. To show how successful we have been in suppressing counterfeiters, I can tell you that we have not seen a new issue of bad money for over two years and a half. In that safe which you see there are \$1,000,000 in counterfeit money and about \$200,000 in bad coin. This sample book, in which you see pasted bank and national notes, with the word "bad" punched out in each, contains \$25,000, and we have here the histories and photographs of 2,500 criminals, perhaps ten per cent. of whom are women. William E. Brockway is the most notable person in the collection. He is called the "king of counterfeiters," and occupies the first place in this album. Next to him are his two pals, Doyle, who passed the money, and Charles F. Smith, the most expert engraver of "crooked" work in the country. In all their operations Brockway furnished the money, laid out the plans, and was the brains of the gang. Doyle passed the "stuff," and Smith was the engraver. Doyle is now serving a twelve years' sentence in the Illinois State prison. Brockway was captured some weeks ago on the charge of counterfeiting some railroad bonds, samples of which we have here in this office, and Smith is living with his family in Brooklyn, N. Y. Smith engraved the famous plate from which the \$1,000 seven-thirty bond of the issue of 1865 was printed, and \$30,000 worth of it were actually redeemed at the treasury department before it was discovered to be a counterfeit. The impression was so good that the experts were unable to determine whether the bonds were genuine or counterfeit, and the matter was only decided when the government issue bearing the duplicate numbers came back for redemption. Smith also engraved what is known as the Hamilton \$50 greenback, and the \$100 note on different banks, which are the finest known of these series. Several years ago a very shrewd dodge was played by one of Smith's confederates on R. H. White & Co., of Boston. A woman entered their store and looked at some very expensive shawls. Finally she made up her mind to take one, and tendered a \$1,000 bill in payment. The clerk took the money to the cashier, who sent it to the bank to find out whether it was genuine or not. The answer came that the bill was good beyond the shadow of a doubt. Then the clerk said that the shawl would be sent to the woman's address, but she proceeded to get very angry, and said that if they could not take her money without question that she would go elsewhere, and she flounced out of the store in great rage. About an hour afterward she returned, and told the clerk that she had visited several other large firms, but that she had been unable to find a shawl which suited her as well as the one she left in their establishment. She said she would take it with her, and tendered a \$1,000 bill in payment. The shawl was valued at \$200, and the woman took it away with her, together with \$800 in change. The bill first tendered was genuine, the second was a counterfeit, and the firm was just \$1,000 out of pocket. Smith engraved the plate from which this counterfeit note was printed, and it was so nearly perfect that only a minute examination would have caused detection. Smith also engraved the plate from which the \$1,000 six per cent. bonds were printed, but we captured the entire issue on Doyle in Chicago, amounting in all to \$204,000. A curious thing about his arrest by our detectives was the fact that they took him, suspecting that he had the old counterfeit \$100 bills in his possession, when, imagine their surprise, they found a new bond. It will be several years before we shall have to look after Mr. Doyle again. Next to Smith, the best engraver of counterfeit money is Charles Ulrich, who served a term of nine years in one of our Northern prisons. He is now in Germany. George White is another expert of note. He stands accredited with the best counterfeit \$5 bank note ever issued and but few people are able to detect them. The counterfeit is on the Merchants' national bank of New Bedford, Mass. Here is a picture of George Albert Mason, a noted counterfeiter who came from England to this country and engaged in this business. He was arrested, tried, convicted and served six years in prison, but he is now at liberty and has used the government for \$50,000 for false imprisonment. His papers are in the hands of British Minister West, but I wouldn't care to gamble that he will recover anything. Now I wish to call your attention to two curious facts. Counterfeiting runs in families, and without exception the men engaged in it are all

poor. For instance, take the Ballard family. Thomas, Benjamin, George and John, four brothers, all in our clutches, together with an aunt. There is one brother out of jail, but we are satisfied that he is an honest man. Thomas Ballard is a wonderful fellow. He is the only person, so far as we know, who has succeeded in imitating the fiber paper upon which the genuine notes and bonds are printed. At present he is serving a thirty years' sentence as a reward for his discovery. He is a chemist of no ordinary attainments, and he invented a process by which he was able to take a genuine \$2 or \$1 bill, and completely remove all the traces of ink from its surface. Then, with a counterfeit plate of a higher denomination, he would print upon the genuine paper, and thus raise the note. Speaking about raising notes, here is a check on the Third national bank of New York, which was raised from \$451 to \$26,968, and paid, in 1876. The perpetrators worked off with chemicals all that was written in the check except the signature, and I regret to say that we have never been able to discover who did it. Here are three steel plates which were engraved by Ulrich for a \$5 issue. The engraving is done on soft steel, and when completed the plate is hardened. To give you some idea of the amount of labor it takes to engrave these plates I can only say that we have evidence that Ulrich was fifteen months completing them. Perhaps the greatest curiosities in our entire collection are the bills which made their appearance about four years ago, executed with a pen entirely by hand. At first we thought that it must take a great amount of time for the rascol to turn out one of those bills, but now we think that he produces about one a week. The denominations are fifties, twenties and tens, and they are turned into the treasury for redemption from all parts of the union. Elephants of the Past and Present. "There were white elephants in this country, running wild once," says an elephant authority. "How so? Merely because white elephants occur wherever other elephants do, and 5,000 years ago, more or less, this country had its herds that roamed over the land just as buffaloes do now. There's not a State that their remains haven't been found in. Here in New Jersey they have been found, seven or eight in the same bog, where they had probably rushed in fear. The positions in which they were found showed that they struggled hard to get out. In Connecticut, near New Britain, a skeleton was discovered some time ago that was three feet higher than Jumbo. Another has been found on the mountains in Vermont, and the finest skeleton was unearthed in Newburgh and placed in the museum at Boston. According to Professor Dana, its measurements are: Height, eleven feet; length to the base of the tail, seventeen feet; tusks, twelve feet long, two and a half feet being inserted in the sockets. When alive the height must have been twelve or thirteen feet, and the length, adding seven feet for the tusks, twenty-four or twenty-five feet. "In the State museum at Albany you will find a fine elephant that outjumps Jumbo. People have tried to prove that it was buried by a showman, but the skeleton was taken from an ancient pot hole by Professor James Hall, the eminent State geologist, and before it was discovered there was blasting, and several thousand loads of rock and gravel were taken out. Nearly all the timber found in the hole had been gnawed by beavers, and as this was at Cohoes, where the beavers are rather scarce to-day. It is natural to suppose that the great elephant dropped in a good many years ago. "There were a good many different kinds of elephants in those days, all of gigantic size. The mammoth was as large as any, and roamed over our Northern shores, several other kinds finding their way as far down as Mississippi. One elephant had legs ten feet long, and a body twice the size of Jumbo's, and its tusks turned down instead of up. It probably lived in the water and hauled itself out by using these weapons as hooks. In India at this time there were eight or ten different kinds, from giants with very small heads and tusks fourteen feet long, going down to a very sharp point, to others that were mere pigmies, and had long hair. These lived high up in the mountains, and have a modern representative. The very smallest lived at Malta, and were scarcely over three feet in height. "Among the hairy elephants there were black, others were gray, grizzly white, red, yellow, etc. All this is known, as pieces of their hair and hide have been found. The elephants are going fast. There are only two kinds left—the African and Asiatic—and in fifty years, if Africa and Asia are opened up as they promise to be, they will be entirely wiped out of existence."—New York Sun.

Sugar in Tobacco.

That tobacco, as ordinarily prepared by some of the manufacturers, is frequently sweetened with molasses, honey, licorice, etc., is not doubted, but we think it will be a surprise to most people to learn that a considerable percentage of sugar is a natural constituent of tobacco. Yet such has been demonstrated to be the fact by Professor Atfield, F. R. S. Eight samples were obtained from planters in different parts of Virginia, Kentucky and North Carolina which gave, to 100 parts of leaf, from 5.57 to 9.60 parts of tobacco sugar, and from 8.23 to 12.50 parts of total saccharoid matter. In tobacco grown in unfavorable conditions, or without sufficient heat, the amount of sugar is often but a mere trace, while for light-colored or bright Virginia leaf it will average about ten per cent.—Scientific American.

SUNLIGHT ALL THE WAY.

"Good-bye, Jennie, the road is long, And the moon is hard to cross; But well you know there is danger In the bog and the marshy moss. So, keep in the foot-path, Jennie, Let nothing tempt you to stray; Then you'll get safely over it, For there's sunlight all the way— Sunlight all the way; So, never you fear, Keep a good heart, dear, For there is sunlight all the way." The child went off with a blessing And a kiss of mother-love; The maidens were down at her feet, And the lark was singing above. On, on in the narrow foot-path— Nothing could tempt her to stray; So the moon was passed at nightfall— There had been sunlight all the way; Sunlight all the way; And she, smiling, said, As her bed was spread, "I had sunlight all the way." And I, who followed the maiden, Kept thinking as I went, Over the perilous seas of life What unweary feet are bent. If they could only keep the foot-path, And not in the marshes stray, Then they would reach the end of life 'Ere the night could shroud the day, They'd have sunshine all the way; But the marsh is wide, And they turn aside, And the night falls on the day. Far better to keep the narrow path, Nor turn to the left or right; For if we loiter at the morning, What shall we do when the night Falls back on our lonely journey, And we mourn our vain delay! Then steadily onward, friends, and we Shall have sunlight all the way— Sunlight all the way, Till the journey's o'er, And we reach the shore Of a never-ending day. —Harper's Weekly.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A bad cold—Cold hash. Down trodden—Shoe leather. Cold and stiff—The ice crop. The crow is the great American corn remover.—Statesman. "How can a woman tell?" asked a romancer. She can't help telling.—Hoosier. Women will never be as well paid for lecturing as men, simply because they have done so much of it for nothing. Leap-year parties are popular in some sections. At these gatherings the girls yell "mouse!" and the young men jump on chairs and shriek.—Detroit Free Press. "No, Adela, book-agents have not what is known as second wind. Prize-fighters have; but book agents have not. They do not need it. They never lose their first wind."—Pack. "What is this big corner in pork I hear about?" asked Laura, across the cheery tea-table. "The big corner in pork," replied Tom, who is a big, rough, coarse man, "is the ham."—Hawkeye. "Hello, Jones, what time is it?" asked a Fort Wayne man of another, yesterday. "It's just time that you paid the \$5 you owe me." "Is it, indeed; I didn't think it was so late as that."—Hoosier. It is sad to contemplate the expression that settles half an inch deep over a man's face when he finds that his wife has been using his best and sharpest razor to whittle kindling and slice cold ham with.—Rose's Toadskin. "Is your wife acquainted with the dead languages?" asked the professor of a New-man man. "May be she is," was the reply, "but the language she uses is entirely too warm to have been dead very long."—Newman Independent. In the spring the summer poet Dreams of birds and blossoms glad; In the spring the dier's throat Sweeps the bonnets of the shade. In the spring the pale arbutus Makes the wood a fragrant mat; In the spring the airy maiden Dreams about her Easter hat. —Pack. According to Burdette, the fellow who comes home at 2 A. M., and can't tell the key-hole from the tram and can't pick his night-key out from his pocket full of toothpicks, is the man who complains about the vexatious and delaying "dead-lock in the house." SEE REFERRED HIM TO HIS PA. Her fairy form, Her modest face, Her charming air, Enchanted all The lads in town, And each one loved James Brown. She oft was called The village pride, And for her love I long had sighed. I said I'd know No joy in life, till she'd Consent to be my wife. She blushed quite red and said "Oh, la," and then referred me to Her pal. His manner was both rude and rough, and when he spoke his tones Were gruff. I asked him in accents bland to give me his daughter's hand, For answer he gave me his foot encased Within this cowhide boot! —Somerville Journal. Representative Lamb, of Indiana, is said to be the handsomest man in Washington. There are 34,000 deaf mutes in the United States, or one out of every 1,500 people. Englishmen are making huge purchases of timber lands in North America and in the Southern and Western States.