

TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR.
No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.
Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.
Marriages and Death notices inserted gratis.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

**TIONESTA LODGE, NO. 477,
I. O. G. T.**
Meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.
W. E. LATHY, W. C. T.
M. A. TATE, W. S.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
21st Street, TIONESTA, PA.

Isaac Ash,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Oil City, Pa.
Will practice in the various Courts of Forest County. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

W. E. Lathy,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHIEF, Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa. Will practice in Clarion, Venango and Warren Counties. Office on Elm Street, two doors above Lawrence's grocery store.

W. W. Mason,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

C. W. Gillman,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Holmes House,
Tionesta, Pa., opposite the Depot.
C. D. Mable, Proprietor. Good Stable connected with the house.

John J. Smith,
DRACIFICAL Harness Maker and Saddler, Three doors north of Holmes House, Tionesta, Pa. All work is warranted.

Syracuse House,
Tionesta, Pa., J. & D. MAGER, Proprietors. This house has been thoroughly refitted and is now in the first-class order, with the best of accommodations. Any information concerning Oil Territory at this point will be cheerfully furnished.

Exchange Hotel,
LOWER TIONESTA, Pa., D. S. RAMS-DELL & SON Prop's. This house having been refitted is now the most desirable stopping place in Tionesta. A good Billiard Room attached.

National Hotel,
TRININGTON, Pa., W. A. Hattenbark, Proprietor. This hotel is new, and now open as a first-class house, situated at the junction of the Oil Creek & Allegheny River and Philadelphia & Erie Railroads. It is the best of accommodations. Any information concerning Oil Territory at this point will be cheerfully furnished.

NEW ENGINES. The undersigned have for sale and will receive orders for the following: Engines, Boilers, Pumps, etc. We are now sending to this market their 12-Horse Power Engine with 14-Horse Power Boiler peculiarly adapted to deep wells.

ONE HALF THE REGULAR RATES
Our stock consists in part, of the following goods:
Shawls, Blankets, Quilts, Cottons, Ginghams, Dress Goods, Table Linens, Towels, Hosiery, Gloves, Aprons, Corsets, etc., etc. Silver-Plated Ware, Spoons, Plated on Nickel Silver, Dessert Forks, Five-Bottle Plated Castors, Britannia Ware, Glass Ware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, in great variety.

ONE DOLLAR FOR EACH ARTICLE.
In every order amounting to over \$50, accompanied by the cash, the agent may retain \$2; and in every order over \$100, \$4.00 may be retained to pay EXPRESS CHARGES.

COMMISSION TO AGENTS.
For an order of \$50 from a club of thirty we will pay the Agent as commission 33 yards bleached of brown sheeting, good dress pattern, all wool pants pattern, or \$3.50 in cash.

SEND MONEY BY REGISTERED LETTER.
For further particulars send for catalogues. Address:
Geo. A. Plummer & Co.,
(Successor to Harris & Plummer),
30 and 40 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

THE TIONESTA SAVINGS BANK,
Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa.

INSURANCE
CO. OF NORTH AMERICA,
No. 232 Walnut St. Phila.
Incorporated 1794. Charter Perpetual
MARINE, INLAND & FIRE INSURANCE

Assess Jan 1, 1869, \$2,418,823.39
\$20,000,000 losses paid since its organization.
Wm. H. Ruel, Central Agent,
Harrisburg, Pa.

MILES W. TATE, Agent in Tionesta, Forest County, Pa.

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us to the end, dare do our duty as we understand it."--LINCOLN.

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J. W. ROWLAND, ALEX. McNEVILL,
J. W. ROWLAND & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS
AND DEALERS IN
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
And Agents for the Celebrated Grover & Baker Sewing Machines.
LIBERTY STREET, NEAR DOE FRANKLIN, PENN'A.

WALLIS' IMPROVED MAGIC BALM!
W. H. PERKINS & CO., Sole Proprietors, Franklin, Pa.

JONES HOUSE,
CLARION, PENN'A.
S. S. JONES - Proprietor.

STILL AHEAD.
OUR GREAT BOSTON DOLLAR STORE!

We want good reliable agents in every part of the country. By employing your time to form clubs and sending us orders, you can obtain the most liberal commissions either in Cash or Merchandise, and all goods sent by us will be as represented and we guarantee satisfaction to every one dealing with our house.

ONE HALF THE REGULAR RATES
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Shawls, Blankets, Quilts, Cottons, Ginghams, Dress Goods, Table Linens, Towels, Hosiery, Gloves, Aprons, Corsets, etc., etc. Silver-Plated Ware, Spoons, Plated on Nickel Silver, Dessert Forks, Five-Bottle Plated Castors, Britannia Ware, Glass Ware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, in great variety.

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How We Get the War News.

The press dispatches from Europe to New York during the last four weeks numbered 100,000 words. New York has been better posted on the issue of the war each day, than London, Paris or Berlin. These dispatches have almost wholly been sent by a single cable, full one-third of the whole to a single daily paper, and with marvellous rapidity and accuracy. Familiar as we are with the work of the telegraph, its has been a marvel to us. To hundreds of thousands of minds, the whole process is and has been a deep enigma. Here is a man sitting in a dark room at Heart's Content. The ocean cable terminates here. A fine wire attached thereto is made to surround two small cores of soft iron. As the electric wave, produced by a few pieces of copper and zinc at Valentia, passed through the wire, these cores became magnetic enough to move the slightest object. A looking-glass, half an inch in diameter, is fixed on a bar of iron one-tenth of an inch square and a half an inch long. On this tiny glass a lamp is made to glare so that its light is reflected on a tablet on the wall. The language of the cable is denoted by the shifting of this reflected light from side to side.—Letter by letter is thus expressed in this fitting idiom in utter silence on the wall. There is no record made by the machine except as the patient watcher calls out to a comrade the translated flashes as they come, and which he records. It seems like a miracle of patience. There is something of awe creeps over us we see the evidence of a human touch 3,000 miles away swaying that tide of light.

By such a delicate process as this, and after being repeated from line to line five times before its ultimate copy is in New York, have the late great battles been recorded in daily papers with great particularity, and sent throughout the Union. Nothing like it has ever before been accomplished. The enterprise of the New York Press has eclipsed that of wealthiest and ablest presses in Europe. It is characteristic of the nation to do its work frankly and well.

"The Ruling Passion Strong in Death."

The New York Star, in an article on betting, relates the following: A distinguished physician was called to attend an inveterate bettor, who was attacked with a sudden and dangerous illness. After a careful diagnosis, the doctor assured him that his condition was extremely critical, and his recovery very doubtful. Thereat the patient rallied somewhat, and the following colloquy ensued:

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars, doctor, that I don't die."
"My dear sir, you may not, but I think it proper to advise you that, in my opinion, you will."
"Well, doctor, if I die will I go to heaven?"
"I hope so, sir."
"Will I be an angel?"
"Yes, sir."
"Will I have wings?"
"I presume so, sir."
"Well, now, doctor, when you die will you go to heaven and be an angel?"
"I trust so, sir."
"And will you have wings?"
"Yes, I suppose I will."
"Well, then, doctor, I'll bet you a hundred dollars that I'll outlive you."

A Juvenile Sharper.

A few days ago a well-dressed lad, of pleasing address, and bearing surface indications, at least, of honesty, went to the residences of many of our prominent citizens, and inquiring invariably for the lady of the house, in a susceptible manner would tell how a number of young men had earnestly resolved on reforming—had forsaken

drinking and smoking and other evil practices—making up their minds jointly to live and endeavor, if possible, to get to be somebody. To encourage and strengthen this purpose, the man said they were trying to get a little money to rent and furnish a room where they might meet at night and read good books and study, instead of spending their time idly and wickedly in saloons, billiard rooms and on the street. The story told in apparently honest, straight-forward manner, which appealed strongly to the heart and purse of the ladies—acquaintances or friends of the ladies approached—as having been called upon and giving five or ten dollars in behalf of so good and commendable an object. Several ladies were thus interviewed by this "modern Saul," of Elmiria, and considerable money given him. All at once he suddenly disappeared. It turns out that intent on his pious work of reformation he visited the residence of a citizen in the Fourth Ward and the lady not being at home he "reformed" a gold watch from a table and both he and it are now missing. We presume he wanted that watch to get him in early at night to those nice pleasant rooms which were being fitted up (in a horn) to which he and his dear companions, tired of other wicked ways, might quietly retire far from the haunts of temptation to read and to pray!—Elmira Gazette.

THREE MONTHS' REPENTANCE.

The steamer S—, commanded by Captain S—, exploded several years ago with a terrible effect, and burned to the water's edge. Captain S— was blown into the air alighting near a floating cotton bale on which he floated uninjured, but was much blackened and muddled.

Arriving at a village several miles below, to which news of the disaster had preceded him, he was welcomed by the editor of the village newspaper, with whom he was well acquainted, and eager for an item of news.

"I say, is the S— blown up?"
"Yes."
"Was Captain S— killed?"
"No, I am Captain."
"The thunder you are! How high were you blown?"
"High enough to think of every mean thing I ever did in my life before I came down."
The editor started on a run for his office. The paper was about going to press, and, not wishing to omit the item of intelligence for the next issue, wrote as follows:

"The steamer S— has burst her boiler, as we learn from Captain S—, who says he was up long enough to think of every mean thing he ever did in his life before he lit. We suppose he was up about three months."

There are many noble examples of what girls often perform, when poverty holds its meagre mantle over them, of which the following is an instance:

A Cincinnati press states that three years ago a poor orphan girl applied and was admitted to set type for that paper. She worked two years, during which time she earned, besides her board, about \$200; and availing herself of the facilities which the printing office affords, acquiring a good education. She is now an associate editor of a popular paper, and is engaged to be married to one of the smartest lawyers in Ohio. Such a girl is bound to shine and eclipse tens of thousands who are educated in the lap of luxury, and taught all the 'accomplishments' of the boarding school.

—Such a wife will be a jewel to her husband, an ornament to society and an honor to her sex and her country.

A SHOCKING DUEL WITH KNIVES.

—About sundown on Friday evening two young men of Alexandria, in order to settle a difficulty that had arisen between them, armed themselves with knives, and accompanied by some of their respective friends, repaired to the grounds around Lockaber, across the canal locks, where having doffed their coats, they fought according to the rules in force in Western Texas previous to the war. After a prolonged conflict during which both were cut and slashed to an extent that satisfied their friends, they were separated and carried to surgeons to have their wounds dressed. Neither of them was mortally hurt.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Reviewing the history of its State, a newspaper in Virginia recalls a case in which that insidious kind of evidence which is styled "circumstantial," failed to rob a man of his life only to leave the remaining years of that life a prey to something more cruel than death. In the summer of 1807, about four years after her marriage, the wife of John Sigans, a young man residing in Taylor county, was missing from her home one morning; nor could any trace of her be found, or any reasonable explanation of her absence devised. She had retired to slumber, as usual, with her husband and infant, on the preceding night; and her husband, according to his own steadfast assertion, awoke in the morning to find himself and the babe sole occupants of the couch. Being unable to offer any kind of help towards the clearing up of the mystery, Sigans presently became an object of ominous suspicion, and upon the testimony of a neighbor named Current, was taken before a magistrate for examination. The "witness" testified that on the night of the alleged disappearance he had been aroused from his sleep by the firing of a gun in or near Sigans' house, followed by a sound like a female cry. He also testified that he "believed" a murder had been committed, and a woman's body buried under a heap of stones near his neighbor's house! This last piece of testimony went for nothing, as the minutest search failed to reveal any hidden corpse; but that about the gun firing, though insufficient to hold the accused in any legal bond, deepened the suspicion of the public against him.

The unhappy man, despite his protest of innocence, was shunned from that day forth by all his former friends and neighbors; and even his relatives, taking his child to their own care, trained the little one to judge and despise his father as his mother's murderer. The boy, as he grew up to manhood, actually persecuted his parent until the latter died of a broken heart, and then seemed to share the relief avowed by his other kindred at their riddance from one who had been a horror and disgrace to them. In fact, for no less than forty years, Current's testimony was accepted as establishing the moral certainty of John Sigans' guilt, really inconsequent as that testimony had been; but at the end of nearly half a century from the night of the wife's disappearance, after Sigans and Current had both passed away, Mrs. Sigans herself re-appeared in her old home! She confessed, says the *Grand Sentinel*, that she had never been over one hundred miles away; had fled by night from the side of her unsuspecting, sleeping husband, to the protection of another; had changed her name, and wished to be as one dead to those she had deserted. The "gun" heard by Current must have been the noise she made in falling upon the stoop of her home as she fled; and the "female cry" her involuntary exclamation of pain and terror. Thus, upon the strength of purely circumstantial evidence, and that so trifling, an innocent and cruelly wronged man had been placed under a ban of excommunication from all that is merciful in life, and persecuted into a dishonored grave by the hatred of his own child.

A Polite Elephant.

A young Burman Lord had married a second time. On the morning of the wedding day in the morning, the new bride surrounded by a swarm of followers, wished to take the air under the verandah, a kind of covered gallery which reaches around the dwellings of persons of rank. The favorite elephant of the master—that which the young lord usually rode—was walking at this instant, under the care of the keeper, in a palisaded enclosure, in the centre of which the habitation was situated. Having noticed the presence of women, what did the creature do? He approached the verandah, leant delicately against a barrier of bamboo which enclosed a pleasure garden, picked the most delicate flower with the finger of his trunk, then shook his ears, gave an expressive cry, and showed significant attention in his gentle eyes, after which, raising his head and trunk gracefully, he lifted the flower to the level of the balustrade. One of the women stretched out her hand; the elephant drew back his trunk. The same movement being renewed several times, the master then wished to take the flower the elephant did not draw back his trunk, but he did not let the flower go. Upon this the queen of the fete advanced her hand tremblingly, and the extempore courier then gave her his offering gallantly. — Judge if he were not respected

How it Feels to be Shot in Battle—Experiences of a Soldier.

"There! a blow in the breast, a tearing in the body, a fall with a loud cry and terrible pain; there I lay, one of the victims of the bloody day. My first sensation was anger at the blow, my second an expectation of seeing myself explode, for judging by the sound of the ball I believed I had a grenade in my body; then came the pain, and with it helplessness and falling. Oh, how frightful are those first moments! Where was I hit? how was I wounded? I could not stir, saw the battalion disappear from sight, and myself alone on the ground amid the fearful howling and whistling of balls, which were incessantly striking the earth around me. With difficulty I could turn my head a little, and saw behind me two soldiers attending on a third, who was lying on the ground.

"Of what happened I can give no account, except that I called for help several times as well as I could, for the pain and burning thirst had the upper hand. At last both of them ran up to me, and with joy I recognized the doctor and hospital attendant of my company. 'Where are you wounded?' is the first question. I could only point. My dress was quickly opened, and in the middle of the breast a bloody wound was found, which the doctor hastily bound. The balls still constantly whizzed round us; one struck the doctor's helmet, and immediately I felt a violent blow in the left arm.

"Another wound! With difficulty I was turned round, to look for the outlet of the bullet, but it was still in the body, near the spine. At last it was out out. 'Is the wound dangerous?' I asked. 'I hope not.' 'Pray tell me the truth.' 'Not very dangerous, it is to be hoped, and as he emphasized 'very' my hopes melted. They were going away. 'The wound in the arm, doctor.' This, fortunately, was looked for in vain; the ball had merely caused a blue spot and had sunk into the ground harmlessly. I extended my hand to the doctor and thanked him, as also the attendants, whom I commissioned to send word to my family.

"Carelessly it whizzed and howled around me. The doctor had carefully laid me on my cloak, with my helmet firmly on my head, in order, in some measure, to protect me from the leaden hail. Thus I lay alone with my own thoughts, amid the most terrible fire, perhaps for an hour and a half. All my thoughts, as far as pain and increasing weakness allowed, were fixed on my family. Gradually I got accustomed to the danger which surrounded me, and only when too much sand from the striking bullets was thrown on my body did I remember my little enviable position. * * * At last, after long, long waiting, the sanitary detachment came to me."—*North German Gazette.*

None of Your Business.

Two young ladies, very gracefully dressed, were lately riding in a bus. One of them, whose features were more remarkable for an excessive prominence of nose than anything else, exhibited to the other a likeness of herself, which she said had just been taken, and they were engaged in discussing its merits when an elderly lady got into the bus. She was evidently one of those inquisitive yet good-natured souls who take a deal of innocent liberty in the world without thinking any harm. After riding a short distance, she held out her hand and said to the lady with the picture.

"Please let me look at it."
Her modest request was met with an indignant frown, and the reply, as the case was returned to the lady's pocket: "It's none of your business!"
The old lady settled in her seat very complacently, when the companion of the one with the picture, asked:

"What do you wish to do with it?"
"Oh, nothing," replied the old lady; "I only wanted to see how successfully the artist has put such a nose on so small a plate!"
The lady with likeness covered her face with her veil, and dropped the subject during the remainder of the drive.

A peddler walked into a New York broker's office and offered pens for sale. "You've come to steal a coat, and not to sell pens," said the broker, as he thrust him out.

The following Saturday the peddler appeared in all the glories of his Sabbath clothes. "Now, sir," he asked with an air of triumph, "do I look as though I came to steal a coat?"
"No," replied the broker, "you look as though you'd stolen one."
The peddler didn't wait.

—A genial rector of a village parish in Minnesota found it difficult to get his salary promptly. Lately it was much behind. Going to one of his delinquent parishioners in the hardware trade, he looked over his stock of corkscrews very fastidiously, seeking a large one of peculiar strength and size. To the inquiry, "What do you want of such a thing, any how?" the answer came, "My dear sir, I want a cork-screw that can draw my salary!"
The payments are now coming more promptly.

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (1 inch), one insertion	10 00
One Square " " one month	3 00
One Square " " three months	8 00
One Square " " one year	10 00
Two Squares, one year	15 00
Quarter Col.	20 00
Half " "	30 00
One " "	100 00

Business Cards, not exceeding one inch in length, \$10 per year.
Legal notices at established rates.
These rates are low, and no deviation will be made, or discrimination among patrons. The rates offered are such, as will make it to the advantage of men doing business in the limits of the circulation of the paper to advertise liberally.