

No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE, NO. 477, I. O. G. T. Meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Isaac Ash, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OHIO CITY, Pa. Will practice in the various Courts of Forest County.

W. E. Lathy, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN BANKRUPTCY, Tionesta, Pa.

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

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

N. B. Smiley, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Petroleum Centre, Pa. Will practice in the several Courts of Forest County.

Holmes House, TIONESTA, Pa., opposite the Depot. C. D. Mahle, Proprietor. Good stable connected with the house.

Jos. Y. Saul, PRACTICAL Harness Maker and Saddler. Three doors north of Holmes House, Tionesta, Pa. All work is warranted.

Syracuse House, TIDIOUTE, Pa., J. & D. Magee, Proprietors. This hotel is now thoroughly refitted and is now in the first-class order.

Exchange Hotel, TIDIOUTE, Pa., D. S. Ramsdell & Son Prop's. This house having been refitted is now the most desirable stopping place in Tidioute.

National Hotel, IRVINGTON, Pa., W. A. Hallenback, Proprietor. This hotel is new, and is as open as a first class house.

NEW ENGINES. The undersigned have for sale and will receive orders for the above Engine. Messrs. Tift Sons & Co. are now sending to this market their 12-Horse Power Engine with 14-Horse Power Roller peculiarly adapted to deep wells.

John K. Hallor, ATTORNEY AT LAW and solicitor of Patents, No. 565 French street (opposite Reed House) Erie, Pa. Will practice in the several State Courts and the United States Courts.

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

H. R. Burgess, an experienced Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately.

W. F. Merrellitt, Attorney at Law. REAL ESTATE AGENT. TIONESTA, PA.

JOHN A. DALE, PRES. OHN A. PROPER, VICE PRES. A. H. STEELE, CASHR. TIONESTA SAVINGS BANK, Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa.

This Bank transacts a General Banking, Collecting and Exchange Business. Drafts on the Principal Cities of the United States and Europe bought and sold.

DR. J. N. BOLDARD, of Tidioute, has returned to his practice after an absence of four months, spent in the Hospitals of New York, where he will attend calls in his profession.

Office in Eureka Drug Store, 3d door above the bank, Tidioute, Pa. 401f. \$10 MADE FROM 50 CENTS. Something urgently needed by everybody.

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.

VOL. III. NO. 50.

TIONESTA, PA., TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1871.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. One Square (1 inch) one insertion... 5 00. One Square " one month... 5 00. One Square " three months... 15 00. One Square " one year... 50 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.

Not Much of a Sportsman.

The gentleman mentioned in the following anecdote might have served as an original for Dickens' Mr. Winkle: Once, when Mr. Buxton, a well-known professor was also one of the visitors.

A New Orleans paper tells of a printer who, when his fellow workman went out to drink beer, during the working hours, put in the bank the exact amount which he would have spent if he had gone out to drink.

A diabolical outrage was perpetrated on the convicts of the Michigan State Prison the other day, by an inhuman warden, who introduced an organ-grinder within the walls, and set him at work with his infernal machine to torture the inmates while they were at dinner.

Mr. Snooks was asked the other day how he could account for nature's forming him so ugly. "Nature was not to blame," said he. "When I was two months old I was considered the handsomest child in the neighborhood, but my nurse swapped me away for another boy, just to please a friend of hers, whose child was rather homely looking."

A country editor, in New Hampshire, has had presented to him, for allowance in a lawsuit, a bill which reads: "To doing your chores, such as drawing water chopping wood, and feeding cattle the weeks you lay drunk, \$21."

A lady teacher in one of the public schools of a town in Wisconsin has laid aside her ferule and adopted the method of kissing her pupils into obedience. The larger boys, it is said, are particularly unruly, and require daily correction.

Great complaint comes from the West about Anna Dickinson. One report says that she was so engrossed with a young lawyer in Bay City, Michigan a few nights since that next morning she overslept herself, missed the train and her lecture at a neighboring city.

A Youngstown couple were divorced at the last term of the Mahoning county, Ohio, court, after having lived together twenty-eight years. Last week they mutually agreed that single life was not "very blessed," and were accordingly remarried.

A New Hampshire man when asked to give his consent to the marriage of his daughter, turned with a beaming countenance to the applicant and answered frankly: "Yes, yes; and don't you know some likely young man who will take the other?"

A dutiful son in Detroit has killed 67 of his neighbors' cats to get money to buy his mother a set of false teeth. He has made a quiet neighborhood where was a howling wilderness, and the old woman can eat heartily.

A St. Louis paper published an account of a suicide of a steamer captain, including his last words, which the captain says are incorrect.

A roasted onion bound upon the pulse on the wrist will stop the most inveterate toothache in a few minutes.—Ex.

We are told there is nothing made in vain. But how about a pretty young girl? Isn't she maiden vain?

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at the Store of D. S. KNOX, & CO., Elm St., ionesta, Pa.

We are in daily receipt of the largest and MOST COMPLETE stock of

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The handsomest and cheapest work extant. It has so... in it of the best for every one—for the old, the middle-aged and the young—and must become universally popular.

WM. CULLEN BRYANT. Bage chance for best agents. The only book of its kind ever sold by subscription. Send at once for circulars, &c., to GEO. MACLEAN, Publisher, 36-47 719 Sanson St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SEASON OF 1870-71.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS.

Important Improvements.

Patent June 21st and August 23d, 1870. REDUCTION OF PRICES.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., have the pleasure of announcing important improvements in their Cabinet Organs, for which Patents were granted them in June and August last. These are not merely superficial attachments, but enhance the substantial excellence of the instruments.

They are so superior by increased facilities a large new manufactory, they hope hereafter to supply all orders promptly.

The Cabinet Organs made by this Company are of such universal reputation, not only throughout America, but also in Europe, that few will need assurance of their superiority.

They now offer Four Octave Cabinet Organs, in quite plain cases, but equal according to their capacity to anything they make for \$50 each.

The same, Double Reed Organs, Five Stops, with Knee swell and Tremulant, in elegant case with several of the Mason and Hamlin improvements, \$125. The same Extra with new Vox Humana, Automatic Swell etc., \$150. Five Octaves, three sets Reeds, seven stops with Euphone; a splendid instrument, \$225.

A new illustrated catalogue with full information, and reduced prices, is now ready, and will be sent free, with a testimonial circular, presenting a great mass of evidence as to the superiority of these instruments, to any one sending his address to MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., 154 Tremont Street, Boston, or 596 Broadway, N. Y.

4.00 P. M. Freight and Accommodation daily.

CRUMBS SWEEP UP.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE. The most Popular Preacher in America. Agents wanted everywhere, male or female, to sell this great work, is better than Mark Twain, and no trouble to sell. Big Profits. Send for terms and illustrated 12 page circular, Evans, Stoddard & Co., Publishers, No. 749 Sanson St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CHUMS.

Tom Baker and I were better friends than most twin brothers are, yet we were not a kin to each other any more than you or I. We hunted together, we fished together, we roomed together, we slept together, we ate together, and I am ashamed to say that once in a while we drank together a bottle of port or sherry.

Tom and I were loafers, yes, regular built loafers. We had nothing to do and didn't like to do that any oftener than we could help it. Some folks don't like loafers. Well I never liked but one and that was Tom Baker. I loved him. He was my partner in everything, my other self, my shadow. You know I'm not much account for anything; my brother, neither was Tom. We had been to California together and got enough gold to live off the interest, and that's how it happened that we always had good duds on and kept ourselves spruce like.

I own up that Tom played poker a good deal in California, and as for me, I took a game or two of seven-up. But that's been a long time ago, and needn't be mentioned at all.

Tom and I was just of an age to the day—just of one size, and somewhat alike in the face. Don't know but Tom was rather the best looking of the two; likely he was.

Two's the time we've been in danger together, Tom and I, and it so happened that he saved my life twice or three times. O, well, we are all wrapped up in each other, bound together by cords of that kind of affection that breaks but with breaking hearts. Strange how two great rough men should love one another as Tom and I did.

We had our bachelor quarters over Beckman Bank, just opposite Mrs. Malone's boarding-house. Our windows were a little higher from the ground than those of the boarding-house, and it so happened that we often sat smoking, with our feet elevated, looking over at the lady boarders and making remarks about them. I remember that one of them was a slim old maid, of whom Tom never tried talking about, in his dry old way, often reminding me that she looked like a yard of calico wrapped around a bundle of fishing rods. But this doesn't belong to my story; I'm always getting off the subject.

One day Tom sat at one window and I at the other. I recollect that we had got a fresh box of cigars that day, good ones as ever I set teeth on. Tom was gazing dreamily through his smoke out across the street, and I was gazing just as dreamily at Tom. It was an August morning, hot as fire, and not a breath of air that would stir a feather. We had off our coats and vests, our shirt sleeves rolled up and our collars thrown open. All was still down in the street. O, it was red hot out of doors, and still a heating.

Suddenly Tom started a little. I thought he had burned his finger, for he was knocking the ashes from his cigar, but slowly a look of wonder spread over his big, good-humored face. His eyes dilated pleasantly, he stroked his beard and smiled, gazing steadily across the little sea of smoke rolling off before him.

"Look, Ned, look!" said he in a half whisper, motioning with his hand very highly in the direction he was looking.

I turned and saw, over in one of Mrs. Malone's windows, the loveliest girl that ever did live. Yes, sir, I stick to it, she was sweeter and more beautiful than anybody's angel; twice as pretty as two angels, Tom used to say; but Tom would joke, you know.

"A new boarder, I reckon," said I, feeling a curious shiver of admiration go over me from toe to crown.

"So pose so," added Tom. "Isn't she a neat one, though?"

I thought she was, and so said to Tom. But the girl happened to let her great hazel eyes wander over to our windows, and seeing us, she disappeared like a jack-of-lantern.

"Crackee-ee!" cried Tom. "What a bird she is! Must ha' got away from some menagerie, Ned."

"Come straight from heaven, more like," said I.

"Bah! got out your banjo, and sing me a solo. None of your sentimentals to me," and Tom lit a fresh cigar.

I sang "Kiss me Trough the Garden Fence," Tom joined his splendid baritone to the chorus. Just as we were ending the song and the accompaniment was swelling, rich and loud, on the final "D" chord, I saw the girl again stand close to the window, as if listening to our music.

"There she is again, the little witch!" I half whispered to Tom.

"Well, she's not going to hurt anybody," he answered, "let's sing 'Little Nell,' for her benefit."

So we sang the song and several others. Finally, our little beauty disappeared entirely, and we saw her no more that evening.

I'm afraid you can't fully understand just how matters stood betwixt Tom and me. We'd ha' died for each other; that's it, and no doubt of it. Tom would joke. He was better on a joke than I was; though, for that matter, I wasn't slow. I have never seen

Tom's equal for friendship. He'd ha' cut his head off to do me a favor, so he would.

Well, after that we saw our girl at the window most every day. I own that I watched her constantly. As for Tom, he whistled, and grunted, and grunted, and made as if he didn't care whether he saw her or not. I stood it just as long as I could; and finally I stepped over to Mrs. Malone's, one evening, and managed to get an introduction to Miss Victorine Saunders—the young lady's name, sir; pretty name, too.

I don't think it would be prudent to try to describe my feelings when for the first time I too a seat face to face with that wee fairy of a girl. My heart just galloped about loose in my breast. Once it got into my throat and staid there some time just a rolling over and over. I think my face must have changed color fifty times a minute.

Can't remember what I said nor what she said, but I had a pleasant sort of a time the hour I staid. Miss Saunders was a niece of Mrs. Malone. She was a chatty little thing with the most expressive face in the world, but roguish, bless my life! Why, sir, her eyes just danced in her head.

"Call again, Mr. Duncan," she said, as she rose to bid me good evening. I left that house feeling lighter than cork and sweeter than sugar. Music hummed in my ears—joy leaped through my veins. On the steps that led to our rooms, I met Tom. I looked right straight into his eyes and there I saw just a little bit of a cloud, just a faint gleam of displeasure. We ran up stairs side by side, our feet spitting sharply on the steps. When we reached our room Tom sat down and hauled out a newspaper to which for half an hour he paid strict attention. I got out my banjo and sang—"Kiss me Quick."

Presently Tom leaned back in his chair and laughed loud and long, then he read aloud the anecdote that had so tickled him. For my part I didn't think it very funny at all.

Next morning I proposed a fishing. Tom said he had a big headache, so I went alone, leaving him smelling vigorously of a camphor bottle. In all my life I had never before known him to have the headache.

Pshaw such a fishing as I had. Not a nibble did I get. The brook bubbled lazily, and the wind hummed sleepily away up in the white sycamore trees. A little bit of a bird with yellow wings and a red throat sat on a swinging branch and sang, "Chip-a-ree, Victorine!" all the time, and a tiny nest was hard by, just chuck full of young ones.

I staid by the brook an hour, thinking how happy it would be to have a nest like that little bird, with some one to sing around like a bee around a flower. Then I wound up my line and walked toward town, while fainter and fainter grew the voice of the red throat, "Chip-a-ree, Victorine!"

When I reached the foot of the stairway to our attic, I glanced over toward Mrs. Malone's. Some one came out of the door. It was Tom. I saw by the smile on his face that his headache was not so severe as it had been.

I ran up to my room, put away my fishing rod, and was singing "Bury me under a pile of straw," when Tom came in. I did not look up, but just picked away at those strings with might and might and main, the banjo fairly talking.

"Umph!" said Tom, taking a cigar and raking a match on the wall. "Catch any fish?"

"No," said I, "did you?"

Tom sucked away at his cigar as if he did not hear me.

"How's your headache?" I added.

He looked at me sharply for a second. Then wagging his head dolorously, he replied:

"Did ache awfully. Like to a bust-ee."

Well, time ran on slowly and deliciously; but somehow I didn't enjoy it just as I ought to. Tom and I played a funny game. It was laughable. Whenever my back was turned Tom was over at Mrs. Malone's. When Tom's back was turned I was there.

Now, then, I loved Tom. I'd a died for him. Good old Tom, I'll never have another such a friend. No, his like's not to be found at all.

Well, day by day Tom went over to talk to her. Day after day she grew sweeter and prettier, day after day Tom's face grew sallow, and day after day my face grew thinner.

Down in my heart I pitied Tom, and just as deeply I pitied myself. Sometimes the good spirit in my heart plead with me to give way and let Tom have Victorine, but how could I? He had saved my life more than once, but what was life before I saw her.

Filled with conflicting emotions, I sat one evening alone in our room. Tom, I knew, was over at Mrs. Malone's. Stronger than ever my good spirit was arguing with me. I was thinking how happy Tom and I had been together since our boyhood. Must I make him wretched now?

While I was thinking Tom came in. His face was yellow as saffron.

"Ned," said he, taking my hand in both his, "I have been talking with Victorine, and I have told her that she must not think of me any more. For your sake, Ned, I have done this.

Go to her, Ned, and may you and she be happy?"

Tom's voice was hollow and strange like.

My heart leaped into my mouth. I couldn't say a word. I just wrung Tom's hand like fury. I loved him more than ever—noble, generous Tom!

I hardly knew anything till I was knocking at Mrs. Malone's door. Victorine opened it herself, and it was her own sweet voice that said "come in."

As I followed that little fairy into the parlor, something said to me, "Tom Tom; poor Tom!"

Suddenly a resolve entered my breast, I would be generous. I would plead for him.

I own that my voice shook as I began.

"Miss Victorine," said I, "you have just had a conversation with my partner, my friend."

"Yes, sir."

"Will you let me plead for him?" I faltered.

"It's useless," she replied rather coldly.

"Then," said I, passionately, catching up her pretty little white hand, "let me plead for myself!"

"She snatched away her hand, and stood bolt upright on the floor.

"Sir," said she, "you and your friend must be crazy! I have treated you civilly, nothing more. I love neither of you, and have given you no reason to think I do. I told your friend this, and asked him to tell you so. Good evening." So saying she sailed out of the room like a rose leaf in the wind.

I stood up in the middle of the floor awhile; then I bolted out and went over to our room, thinking a good deal as I went.

"Tom! Tom!" said I rushing into the room.

I was answered by as hateful a snore as ever I heard. There lay Tom on the bed fast asleep with his boots on, and his mouth open. Near him sat a chair, and on the chair sat a bottle, and on the bottle were the words: "Ho, for Pike's Peak!" That bottle had the smell of brandy.

Strange, there wasn't a drop left for me.

An Editor's Shirt.

Editor's have a first-rate time in Texas. The ladies of a town out there have given to the editor of the paper, an embroidered shirt which contains a pictorial history of Texas, including the war with Mexico, and the meeting of the first Legislature, and also pictures of the State, all worked in red wools. The editor never wore a shirt in his life, and he thought this was a flag for temperance procession which was to come off the next week. So he made a little speech of thanks, in which he said he would fling it out forever to the breezes of heaven, that they might kiss his folds, and that until his hands palsied it should never be trailed in the dust—never.

The ladies didn't understand him, and when he talked about its trailing, they blushed and said they were sorry they made it too long. But a committeeman took the editor aside and explained. The next day he appeared in the office with that shirt mounted over his coat, and wrote four columns of explanation for his paper. The shirt is much admired by the boys of all ages of the town, and whenever the editor goes out for a walk, they follow him in regiments, studying the history of Texas and the fine arts on the back of it.

When we acknowledge that drunkenness is a disease, let us not forget that it is also a sin. No man is forced to become a drunkard; he drinks to excess with his eyes open, with his hands free, with his conscience unbridling him, until he drowns it in the bowl. His voluntary surrenders his reason, his character, his judgment, his health, his character and his conscience on the altar of appetite; and is not that a sin? He knows that his habits of indulgence will disqualify him for the performance of the duties of child, husband, parent and citizen, and while they denude him above the dumb beast, they intensify and quicken all the animal and brutal instincts of degraded humanity; and is not that a sin?

The Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin tells a pathetic little story about a pigeon which became fastened by a long string hanging from its leg to a telegraph wire on Main street, in that city. Two or three cruel boys wanted to throw stones at it, but a kind gentleman, telling them not to hurt the poor bird, got a ladder and carefully unbound the string and put the frightened, fluttering little creature tenderly into his bosom while he descended. The next evening he remarked that it had made a much nicer pie than he expected.

Miss Laura Ream overhears such remarks as these at a Chicago social gathering: "Look how elegantly Mrs. T. is dressed. It is the first time she has been out since her divorce. There is Mrs. L., too, and the case in the papers so lately. Would you have believed it?"

Sleep, Fainting, Apoplexy.

When a man is asleep, his pulse beats and his lungs play, but he is without sense, and you can easily wake him up.

If a person faints, he too, is without sense, but he has no pulse and does not breathe.

Apoplexy is between the two; the heart beats, the lungs play as in sleep, and there is no sense, as in fainting, but you cannot shake the man back to life.

In sleep, the face is natural; in a fainting fit, it has the pallor of death; in apoplexy, it is swollen, turgid, and fairly lived.

If a man is asleep let him alone; nature will awake him up as soon as he has got sleep enough.

When a person faints, all that is needed is to lay him down flat on the floor and he will "come to" in double-quick time. He fainted because the heart missed a beat, failed for an instant, failed for only once to send the proper amount of blood to the brain.

If you place the patient in a horizontal position, lay him on his back, it does not require much force of the heart to send the blood on a level to the head; but if you set a man up, the blood has to be shot upwards to the head, and this requires much more force; yet in nine cases out of ten, if a person faints and falls to the floor, the first thing done is to run to him and set him up, or place him on a chair.

In apoplexy, as there is too much blood in the head, every one can see that the best position is to set a man up, and the blood naturally tends downward, much so as water will come out of a bottle when turned upside down, if the cork is out.

If, then, a man is merely asleep, let him alone, for the face is natural; if a man has fainted, lay him flat on his back, for his face is deadly pale; if a man is apoplectic, set him in a chair, because the face is turgid, swollen, livid, with its excess of blood.

The Bachelor Juror.

A gentleman who rather given to story telling relates the following:

When I was a young man I spent several years in the South, residing for a while at Port Hudson on the Mississippi river. A great deal of litigation was going on there about that time, and it was not always an easy matter to obtain a jury. One day I was summoned to act in that capacity, and repaired to court to get excused.

On my name being called I informed his honor, the judge, that I was not a freeholder, and therefore not qualified to serve.

"I am stopping for the time being at Port Hudson,"

"You board at the hotel" I presume?"

"I take my meals, but I have rooms in another part of the town, where I lodge."

"So you keep bachelor's hall."

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you lived in that manner?"

"About six months."

"I think you are qualified, gravely remarked the judge; 'for I have