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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE, NO. 477. I. O. O. F. Meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

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Attorney at Law, W. W. Mason, Attorney at Law, Office on Elm Street.

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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. IV. NO. 1. TIONESTA, PA., TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1871. \$2 PER ANNUM.

Table with 2 columns: Rate of Advertising, Description of ad (e.g., One Square 1 inch, One Square 2 inch).

GREAT EXCITEMENT!

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

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

PROVISIONS, EVER BROUGHT TO THIS MARKET.

BOOTHS & SHOES! FOR THE MILLIONS!

which we are determined to sell regardless of price.

HARDWARE AND House Furnishing Goods, Iron, Nails, Machine tools, Agricultural Implements, &c., &c., which we offer at greatly reduced prices.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!! of all kinds, PARLOR SUITS, CHAMBER SETS, LOUNGES, WHATNOTS, SPRING BEDS, MATTRESSES, LOOKING GLASSES, &c., &c., &c.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE BERRYHILL OF POETRY AND SONG.

SEASON OF 1870-71. MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS.

Important Improvements. Patent June 21st and August 23rd, 1870.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., have the pleasure of announcing important improvements in their Cabinet Organs.

The same Double Reed, \$65. Five Octave Double Reed Organs, Five Stops, with Knee Swell and Tremulant, in elegant case with several of the Mason and Hamlin Improvements, \$125.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TARMAGE. The most Popular Preacher in America.

CRUMBS SWEEP UP. BY REV. T. DE WITT TARMAGE.

A Wild Cat Story of Western Hunting.

Several years ago, when the West was a comparatively new country, an individual presented himself at the door of a log grocery, in the settlement of which we write, and asked if there was a judge in the place.

"Well, Judge, you see the facts of the case is this: I was travelin' along with a pardner down here a piece, an' he showed me a silver dollar which he had. Well, I wanted the money, and he wasn't lookin' I popped him under the ear with my pistol. Then I took his silver and tobacco and cum along alone; but I got to thinkin' the matter over, and I don't think I did just the right thing by my pardner.

The judge told the stranger to make himself comfortable at the hotel until he could send some men down the road to investigate the matter, and if they found the body he would call a jury and try the stranger, as was desired.

The stranger appeared immediately, shook hands with the judge and jury, invited the court to take a drink, and appeared grateful and satisfied with the proceedings.

The trial proceeded socially, and the tenderhearted jury brought in a verdict of guilty of manslaughter in the first degree. A look of anxiety which the stranger had worn up to this time, faded from his face as he stood up to receive his sentence.

"Judge, I hate to be particular and fussy," said the stranger, "but havin' the ager 'n fever, the chills come on at 10 o'clock in the mornin', an' if you could have me swing off before that I should feel obliged."

"Of course," said the judge, "we always respect a party's feelings. No trouble at all. Come round at 9 o'clock, and may be we'll get through before church time."

Sunday morning at 9 o'clock the stranger came out of the hotel and proceeded to the grocery. There he met a deputation of citizens, one of whom threw a larrikin over the lamb of a tree, and, as soon as the stranger had taken a chew of tobacco and shaken hands all round, they hurried him up.

A certain professor was noted for having a certain set illustrations, from which he could not well deviate without running the risk of a blunder.

Mr. Smith, addressing a young man whose chance of passing was very slender, "what can you say of prussic acid? It is powerful or otherwise?"

"It is rather powerful," said the student, dubiously.

"Rather powerful!" said the professor, indignantly. "Put a drop on your tongue and it will kill a dog."

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Kiss My Wife or Fight.

There are a few married men who are not averse to seeing their wives kissed, but a correspondent relates the particulars of a case in which a newly-wedded Benedict felt himself insulted because his wife was not kissed.

The bridegroom was a stalwart young rustic, who was known as a formidable operator in a "free fight." His bride was a beautiful and blooming country girl, only sixteen years of age, and the twain were at a party where a number of young folks of both sexes were enjoying themselves in the good old-fashioned style.

Rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and in a tone of voice that at once secured marked attention, said:

"Gentlemen, I have been nothing how things have been working here for some time, and I ain't satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss, but--"

"What is the matter, John?" inquired half a dozen voices. "Have we done anything to offend you?"

"Yes, you have; all of you have hurt my feelings, and I have got just this to say about it. Here's every girl in the room has been kissed nigh a dozen times apiece, and there's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of 'em, has not had a single one to-night; and I just tell you now, if she don't get as many kisses the rest of the night as any other girl in the room, the man that slights her has got to lick--that's all. Now go ahead with your plays."

Seeing is Believing.

A notorious scamp was once brought before an Onondaga justice of the peace. He was accused of having "come the strap game" over a native.

"You see, judge, the quarter under the strap?"

"What?" interrupted the dignified functionary, "do you mean to say there is a quarter under there?"

"No such thing," said the justice. "I'll go you a dollar on it," exclaimed the prisoner.

"Agreed!" said the justice. With accustomed adroitness the strap was withdrawn, when lo! there was the quarter.

"Well," said the astonished Shallow, "I should not have believed it if I had not seen it with my own eyes. Here is your dollar, and you are fined five dollars for gambling, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided."

The elongated countenance of the gambler required no additional evidence to testify his appreciation of "the sell."

It is no mark of a gentleman to sweat. The most worthless and vile, the refuse of mankind, the drunkard and prostitute swear, as well as the best dressed and educated gentlemen.

Bavaria was eaten up by pauperism and beggary, in town and country. This had long been the despair of her ministers of state and religion.

How Count Rumford Freed Bavaria of Beggars. BY EDMUND QUINCY.

Bavaria was eaten up by pauperism and beggary, in town and country. This had long been the despair of her ministers of state and religion.

The following letter, addressed to a gentleman of Harrisburg speaks for itself: HARRISBURG, PA., March 7, 1871.

DEAR SIR: We have just organized Summer county. We have 600 inhabitants in Summer county. There are 550 bachelors in Summer county.

Long engagement, writes a young lady, "are going out of fashion, young men being at last convinced of the stupidity of making matrimonial engagements until they are in a position to fulfill their promise at once."

The ex-Emperor Napoleon says that his return to France is only a question of time, and that sooner or later he will be restored to power.

Legislating on Hoops.

In the Canadian House of Assembly, some time since, they had quite a spirited debate on the bill to prohibit crinolines, introduced by Mr. Aikens. We publish a few of the most brilliant passages.

Mr. Drummond was an ardent admirer of hoops from childhood. He was born with a love of hoops. When he was a child of tender growth he used to trundle his hoop, all unconscious of the fate that was in store for him.

Mr. Brown complained that it was impossible now to choose a wife, since her defects were so hidden by hoops and enveloped in crinolines that the naked--

Speaker--Order. Mr. Brown--Mr. Speaker. Speaker--The honorable gentleman is out of order.

Mr. Brown--But, Mr. Speaker, the naked-- Speaker--Hold your tongue, sir.

Mr. Brown--The naked-- Speaker--Upon my soul, Brown, silence, or I'll have you arrested.

Mr. Brown--Permit me to explain, Mr. Speaker. When I said the naked Speaker (yelling)--Clear the galleries of ladies, Mr. Sergeant.

Mr. Brown--In the name of the seventeen grains and fifteen mites, Mr. Speaker, let me apologize. I only meant to say that hoops and crinolines had reached to such a rotundity that it was impossible to arrive at the naked--

Speaker (frantically)--Death and blue devils! Stop, or I'll brain you with the mace. Consider the impropriety of it.

Mr. Brown (wildly)--Truth! truth! truth! Naked truth was what he was going to say.

Mr. Dunbar Ross understood his honorable friend to say that the people friend to say that the people could not pass along the streets without being assaulted by highwaymen.

Mr. Talbot objected to such unparliamentary language. Mr. Ross protested against interruption. He was going to say dam--

Mr. Cameron--The honorable member should not swear in that dreadful manner. Mr. Ross--Wasn't doing anything of kind, but would be tempted to do so if not allowed to finish his sentence--but such a dam--[order, order!]-a dam--[contusion]-he would repeat it--a dam--[tremendous uproar].

Mr. Wright stood up and moved, amid the wildest confusion, that Mr. Ross be expelled from the House for such awful language.

Mr. Ross (black in the face) exclaimed that damaging statements were all that he meant to say when he was interrupted by a fool--

Mr. Talbot--Who's a fool? Mr. Ross--Foolish ass-- Mr. Cameron--Who's an ass? Mr. Ross--Foolish assertions of profanity.

More of the Rural New-Yorker, was sitting in his office, one afternoon, some years ago, when a former friend came in and said: "Mr. Moore, I like your paper, but times are so hard I cannot pay for it."

"Is that so, friend Jones? I'm very sorry to hear that you are so poor; if you are so hard run I will give you my paper."

"Oh, no! I can't take it as a gift." "Well, then, let's see how we can fix it. You raise chickens, I believe."

"Yes, a few, but they don't bring anything, hardly." "Don't they? Neither does my paper cost anything, hardly. I will continue your paper, and when your go home you may select from your lot one chicken and call her mine. Take good care of her and bring me the proceeds, whether in eggs or chickens, and we will call it square."

"All right, brother Moore," and the old fellow chuckled at what he thought a capital bargain. He kept the contract strictly, and at the end of the year found that he had paid about four prices for his paper. He often tells the joke on himself, and says he never had the face to say he was too poor to take a paper since that day."

The following is told of a young society gentleman, who graduated from Harvard; at the examination of physics he was asked: "Mr. ---, what planets were known to the ancients?" he responded, "There were Venus and Jupiter, and," after a pause, "I think the Earth, but I am not quite certain."

An Arkansas man, sentenced to be hanged, is in a bad way. The neighboring carpenter refused to build the gallows, and the Sheriff don't know how. The prisoner is carpenter himself, and the Sheriff has tried several times to have him build it, but he says "he'll be hanged if he will."

Sixteen Reasons.

A writer in one of our exchanges gives the following plain and forcible reasons for abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. It is a view sanctioned both by religion and common sense:

1. Because ale, porter, gin, rum, brandy, etc., all contain a spirit which is calculated to derange the human system.

2. Because none of these drinks, as an habitual beverage, are ever useful, but always injurious to persons in health, and many professing Christians, both young and old, have been ruined by them.

3. Because drunkenness is a besetting sin, and leads to illness, quarrelling, swearing, fighting, stealing, adultery, murder, and almost every other sin, and finally to eternal misery.

4. Because drinking produces poverty, bankruptcy, destruction of property, loss of reason, disease and premature death.

5. Because a great deal of valuable time, labor and capital, are worse than wasted upon making, vending and using these drinks.

6. Because over seventy millions of money, being more than the whole revenue are annually expended upon them in the United Kingdom, which ought to be laid out in food and manufactures.

7. Because nearly six millions of bushels of good grain are annually destroyed in this Christian land to make these liquors, while the markets are high and many of the poor are starving.

8. Because intemperance obstructs the progress of civilization, education, the religion of Jesus, and every useful reform.

9. Because abstinence is sure and safe, but drinking moderately is dangerous, and has led to all the drunkenness in the world.

10. Because I find I cannot effectually warn the drunkard, or set him example, unless I am myself an entire abstainer.

11. Because I like to join those who are exerting themselves to promote the temporal and spiritual reformation and happiness of man.

12. Because it is important to set a safe example of perfect sobriety to our children, friends and associates.

13. Because it is our Christian duty to deny ourselves even of lawful things to promote the happiness of others.

14. Because, while millions in time and eternity have repented of drinking, not one has ever repented of abstaining.

15. Because, while no blessing is pronounced upon drinking, God's approval is frequently recorded in favor of abstinence. (See Jer. xxxv; Luke i, 15; Rom. xiv, 21; Prov. xx, 1.)

16. Because I should be ashamed to touch, taste, handle, or keep in my house, the article which is filling the land with dissipation, vice, poverty, misery, lamentation and woe.

Too Poor.

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A Practical Joke.

The Congressionalist has an anecdote: A few days ago two young men went from Massachusetts to Hartford to make a visit. They were excellent in every way, and carried little religious cards in their pockets with suitable mottoes, in order to sow seed by the wayside. They were very anxious to see Dr. Bushnell, and yet did not feel bold enough to call on the great man.

The relative whom they were visiting, was engaged in one of the banks, and told them that the doctor was in the habit of dropping in there pretty often; and that in fact, he must come in soon, as there was some money awaiting him. One morning while the two were in the bank, thinking that perhaps the Doctor might happen in an elderly man with a felt hat, put on rather slovenly, a grayish black suit, a big oak walking stick, and the air of a well-to-do and bluff, outspoken farmer came in as though he belonged there, and received a thick roll of greenbacks from the cashier. They had that vile "smell which money much handled puts, and the old gentleman (it was Dr. Bushnell) began in his sharp way to jerk out something about this "filthy currency," and to stigmatize it with terms a good deal more forcible than elegant. The young men looked at the elderly one with a good deal of commiseration, and overhearing their religious cards, picked out one, and approaching him, put it into his hand. It contained the words, "Are your thoughts pure?" What the doctor thought can hardly be imagined, but we can conjecture what the young men thought, when their friend came out from behind the counter, unconscious of what had passed, and introduced them to the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of whose piety they had heard so much, and whom they so greatly desired to see. History drops the veil on the scene at just this point.

Gunpowder.

When gunpowder was first discovered to possess a projectile power, its military application was confined to a kind of mortar or bombard, intended as a substitute for the enormous battering machines then usually constructed.

The commencement of the fifteenth century was the time of their origin in the field; for though the more modern author, Villani, asserts that they were used at the battle of Cressy, the more accurate Froissart is entirely silent about them. Billius, a noble and learned Milanese, who lived at the time, speaks in his history of hand-guns as first used at the siege of Lucca in 1430. The Florentines had artillery which discharged large stones by means of gunpowder. "But the Lucchese," says Billius, "besides darts and arrows, invented a new kind of weapon; in their hands they held a kind of club, about a cubit and a half in length; to this were attached iron tubes, which, being filled with sulphur and nitre, by the force of fire emitted iron balls. The blow, if it struck, was certain destruction; neither armour nor shields were sufficient protection, for often two or three deep, if fired upon, would be transpierced by a single ball."

"A Large Contract." A pretty good story is told of him self (says the Boston Traveler) by a season ticket holder on the Boston and Maine Railroad--a wide-awake, jolly, generous, joke-loving gentleman, Democratic in his politics and liberal in his religion. Riding in a horse car a short time since, with the Catholic priest of his village, who has been active in trying to induce his flock to become temperate, he familiarly addressed him in language something as follows: "Father--you are doing a pretty good work just now--I don't know but you are doing as much good as all the other clergymen in town." The priest quietly replied that he was doing what he could to improve his people. "I'll tell you what it is," continued the gentleman, "I have been thinking about attending your church, but was afraid it would cost too much to get all my sins pardoned." "Oh," said the priest, "we can manage your case; when we have a very large contract we make a liberal discount!" The laughster that followed this response only closed when the car reached the end of their route. And the captain laughs over the story as he repeats it until this day.

An optical illusion.--A chandler having had some candles stolen, a person bid him be of good cheer, "for, in a short time," said he, "they will all come to light."

Ladies want to be employed as post-office clerks. One of their strangest recommendations is that they will secure greater regularity in the arrival of males.

A young man being asked why the hair on the top of his head was so thin, exclaimed, "The girls pulled it out pulling me in at the window."

A fence in Detroit bears the inscription: "For sore eyes or piles, read the Tribune."