

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. R. DUNN, W. C. T. M. W. TATE, W. S.

PETTIS & TATE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Elm 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. W. Mason, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

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Holmes House, TIONESTA, PA., opposite the Depot. C. D. Madigan, Proprietor. Good Stabling connected with the house.

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Dr. J. L. Acomb, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice, will attend all Professional Calls. Office in his Drug and Grocery Store, located in Tidioute, near Tidioute House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery, and fine Groceries, all of the best quality, and will be sold at reasonable rates.

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This Bank transacts a General Banking, Collecting and Exchange Business. Drafts on the Principal Cities of the United States and Europe bought and sold. Gold and Silver Coin and Government Securities bought and sold. 7-30 Bonds converted on the most favorable terms.

Interest allowed on time deposits. Mar. 4, 1871. NOTICE. DR. J. N. BOLLARD, 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 Europa Drug Store, 3d door above the bank, Tidioute, Pa. 467

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12-75.

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. 19.

TIONESTA, PA., TUESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1871.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description and Price. Includes One Square (1 inch.) one insertion \$1.00, One Square one month \$3.00, One Square three months \$5.00, One Square one year \$10.00, Two Squares one year \$15.00, Quarter Col. \$3.00, Half \$5.00, One \$10.00.

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.

Foreign Items.

Ducrot, the prominent French general, was formerly a dancing master. The Gaulois is now the French daily newspaper of the largest circulation.

General Bourbaki is insane, and is now an inmate of the lunatic asylum at Charenton.

All the journeymen shoemakers in Germany have been on a strike for some time past.

George Sand was a nurse in the Paris hospitals during the insurrection of the Communists.

La Situation, Napoleon's London organ, will suspend publication on the first of July next.

Minnie Hauck, the American cantatrice, has been engaged for life at Royal Opera in Berlin.

Alexandre Dumas, Jr., has purchased a house at Seville, and will permanently reside in that city.

Dr. Von Schweitzer, the leader of the German socialists, and a prominent German dramatist, is dead.

The Roman Countess di Gianotta has turned Protestant, and has been excommunicated by the Pope.

The Crown-Prince of Austria saved, the other day, his father's life during a hunt in the mountains of the Tyrol.

Dollinger, the celebrated Bavarian adversary of the infallibility dogma, is one of the leading vegetarians in Germany.

Wrolewski, one of the leaders of the Parisian Communists, was formerly the court pianist of the Emperor of Brazil.

Paul Feval's death was caused by the shock he received upon hearing that his son had fallen in front of Fort Vanves.

All of the valuable historical documents of Adolphe Thiers were saved at the destruction of his house by the Communists.

Archbishop Darboy was greatly disliked by the Empress Eugenie, and but for her influence would have been created a cardinal.

The Archduchess Sophia, the mother of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, has ordered a statue of her ill-fated son in Carrarian marble.

At a horticultural fair held in Berlin, the Crown-Princess Victoria received the first prize for strawberries raised on her farm near Potsdam.

Prince Bismarck has recently told several depositions that were sent to him, that he was getting old, and that his health was by no means good.

The Queen of England has at last consented to eat mutton chops at breakfast; she having steadily refused them since the death of the Prince Consort.

Megy, the Communist chief of the Parisian police, obtained his notoriety by shooting, during the second empire, a policeman who entered his house for the purpose of arresting him.

Hoff, the German "malt extract" seller, spends every year three hundred thousand dollars for advertising. He is worth two million dollars, which he made in the last twenty years.

Bishop Ketteler, of Mayence, now the great leader of the infallibilists in Germany, was formerly an officer of hussars, and still bears in his face the marks of a sabre-duel which he fought about twenty years ago.

The receipt which Carl Schurz gave in November 1850, for the money he used for the purpose of delivering Professor Gottfried Kinkel from the Penitentiary of Spandau, near Berlin, was recently sold in the latter city for \$75.

The Marquis de Gallifet, whose love-affairs made him so notorious during the second empire, and who was the sent by Marshal Forey to present the keys of the city of Mexico to the Emperor Napoleon III., is now assistant adjutant general of Marshal MacMahon.

Colonel Theodore Stoffet, Napoleon's confidential military agent, whose reports from Berlin previous to the breaking out of the war have attracted so much attention, has committed suicide at Verviers, in Belgium. He took a dose of Paris green, and died in great suffering.

A curious fact is, that about thirty thousand foreigners served in the army of the Parisian Commune. According to the Gaulois, eighteen thousand of them were Garibaldians; seven thousand English and Irish Fenians; twelve hundred Greeks; six hundred Americans; and six hundred Germans, Spaniards, and others.

The commissioners charged with the duty of examining the educational institutions of Rome have reported that those institutions were in a condition that could hardly be equalled in any civilized country. The Roman University had no library at all, and among its professors were few who could write Italian correctly.

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FOR THE MILLIONS!

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Subscribe for the Forest Republican \$2 per year.

Josh Billings on Flize.

I hate a fli. A fli has got no manners. He ain't no gentleman. He's an intruder, don't send no card, nor ax an introduction, nor don't knock at the front door, and niver, niver thinks uv takin off his hat.

Fust you know he is in bed with you and up yure nose—the what he wants there is a mystery—and he invites yure self to breakfast and sets down in yure butter without brushin his pants.

He helps himself to sugar, and meat, and merrases, and bread, and preserves, anything, and don't wait for no invitashun. He's got a good appetite, and jist as soon eat one thing as another.

Tain't no use to challenge him for takin liberties; he keeps up a hostile correspondence with you, whether or not, and shoots himself at you like a bullet, and he niver misses, niver.

He'll kiss your wife 20 times a day, and ziz zoo, and ridicule you if you say a word, and he'd ruther you'd slap at him than not; he's a dodger of the dodgrinist kind. Every time you elap, you don't slap him, but slap yourself, and he zizzes and pints the hind leg of skorn at you, till he aggravates you to distractshun.

He glories in lightin every pop on the exact spot where you druv him from, wich proves the intention to tease you. Don't tell me he ain't got no mind; he knows what he is after. He's got sense, and too much uv it to he never went to skool a day in his life, ixcept in a supidish.

It's a mean milligant, owdashus premeditated cuss. His mother niver paddled him with a slipper. His morals wuz neglected, and he lacks a good deal uv humility mitley. He ain't bashful a bit, and I doubt if he blushes oftin.

In fact, he was never fetched up a tall. He was born full-grown, he don't git old—uther things git old, but he never gets old—and he is imperfect—and mischievous to the day of his death.

He droopz in cold weather, and you kin mash him outo a window pain, and you've jist put yure finger in it. He comes agin next year, and a heep more with him. Tain't no use.

One fli to a family might do for amusement, but the good uv so many flize I be dogon of I hin see, kin you? I has that much about flize, and I has notish how oftin they stop in thar deviltry to comb thar heads and scratch thar nose with thar fourlegs, and gouge thar arm-pits under thar wings, and the tops uv thar wings with thar legs.

And my kandid opinion is har, that flize is lowzy, they eches all the time, is miserabal, and that makes 'em bad tempered, and want to make uther peepil miserabal too.

Ef that aint the flossy of flize, I give up. Altho a fli don't send in a card, he always leaves one, and I don't like it. Tain't pretty, if 'tis round. He kant make a cross mark, only a dot, and he is always dotting where thar aint no 'i's. Thars no end to his periods, but he never cums to a full stop. Sieh handritin is disagreeabul.

He's an artist, but his fresco and his and his wall paperin I dont admire. Thars too much sameness in his patterns. His spes is the only spes that don't help the eyes. You kant see throum un and you don't want to.

I hate a fli. Darn a fli.

Under the head of Color vs. Brains this statement is made: "The son of a well known New Haven politician, whose name begins with B, is a Freshman of Yale, and was seated at recitation near the colored student, Bouchet, whereupon the B. senior wrote to one of the Professors, asking, as a personal favor, that he would change the young man's seat, as it was distasteful to him to sit near a negro. The Professor wrote back that at present the students were arranged in alphabetical order, and it was not in his power to grant the favor, but next term the desired change would be brought about, for scholarship then being the criterion, Mr. Bouchet will be in the first division, and your son in the fourth."

The comment of a colored preacher on the text: "It is more blessed to give than to receive" is inimitable for its point as well as eloquence: "I've known many a church to die 'cause it didn't give enough, but I never knowed a church to die 'cause it gave too much. Dey don't die dat way. Breder, has any of you knowed a church to die 'cause it gave too much? If you do jist let me know and I'll make a pilgrimage to that church, and I'll climb by de soft light ob de moon, up de moss covered roof; and I'll stand dar, and lift my hands to Heaven and say, "Blessed are de dead dat die in de Lord!"

"Prisoner, why did you follow this man, and beat and kick him so shamefully?" "I am sorry, your honor; I was a little drunk, and I thought it was my wife."

Kicked by a Mule.

Jake Johnson had a mule. There was nothing remarkable in the mere fact of his being the possessor of such an animal, but there was something peculiar about the mule. He—the animal—could kick higher, hit harder, on the slightest provocation, and act uglier than any mule on record.

One morning riding his property to market, Jake met Jim Boggs, against whom he had an old but concealed grudge. He knew Boggs' weakness lay in bragging and betting; therefore, he saluted him accordingly.

"How are you, Jim? Fine morning?" "Hearty squire," replied Jim. "Fine weather. Nice mule that you have. Will he do to bet on?"

"Bet on? Guess he will that. I tell you Jim Boggs, he's the best mule in this country. Paid \$500 for him."

"Great smash? Is that so?" ejaculated Jim. "Solid truth, every word of it. Tell you confidentially, Jim, I'm taking him down for betting purposes. I bet he can kick a fly off from any man without its hurting him."

"Now, look here, squire," says Jim. "I am not a betting character, but I'll bet you something on that myself."

"Jim there's no use; don't bet, I don't want to win your money."

"Don't be alarmed, squire, I'll take such bets as them every time."

"Well, if you are determined to bet, I will risk a small stake—say five dollars."

"All right, squire, you're my man. But who'll he kick the fly-off? There is no one here but you and I. You try it."

"No," says Johnson; "I have to be by the mule's head to order him."

"Oh! yass," says Jim. "Then probably I'm the man. Wall, I'll do it; but you are to bet ten against my five, if I risk it."

"All right," quoth the squire. "Now there is a fly on your shoulder. Stand still." And Johnson adjusted the mule.

"What, Jerry," said he. The mule raised his heels with such velocity and force that Boggs rose in the air like a bird, and alighted on all-fours in a muddy ditch, bang up against a rail fence.

Rising, in a towering rage, he exclaimed: "Yass, that is smart! I knew your darned mule couldn't do it. You had that all put up. I wouldn't be kicked like that for fifty dollars. You can jist fork over them are stakes for it any way."

"Not so fast, Jim; Jerry did jist what I said he could; that is, kick a fly off a man without its hurting him. You see the mule is not injured by the operation. However, if you are not satisfied, we will try it again, as often as you wish."

"The deuce take you," growled Jim. "I'd rather have a barn fall on me at once than have that critter kick me again. Keep the stakes, but don't say anything about it."

And Boggs trudged on in bitterness of soul, murmuring to himself, "Sold, by thunder! and kicked by a mule!"

Lady—who is canvassing for a choir at the village church—"I hope, Mrs. Giles, you will persuade your husband to join us. I am told he has a very sonorous voice." Mrs. Giles—"A snorous voice, marm? Ah! you should hear it a comin' out of his nose when he's asleep."

A dyspeptic and melancholic young professional man once bewailed his prospects to a friend, and said he "didn't see how he should ever get through the world." "Did you ever know any one to stop on the way?" was the grave and consoling reply.

"Now, Ichabod," said an aged New Hampshire matron to her son, who was about to sail for the Black Sea, "don't you go in swimming in that sea you're agoin' to, 'cause I don't want you to come home a blackamoor, if negroes are allowed to vote."

A lady was examining an applicant for the office of "maid of all work," when she interrogated her as follows: "Well, Mary, can you scour tin ware with alacrity?" "No, ma'am," replied Mary. "I always scour them with sand."

"Won't you take h'rf of this poor apple?" said a pretty damsel. "No, I thank you. I would prefer a better half." Eliza blushed, and referred the young man to her papa.

A California politician says that the path of rectitude has been travelled so little in that State, of late years, that it has all run to grass.

An old lady in Maine thinks a compass would be the best sewing machine, because she's heard it has a needle with thirty-two points.

The gentleman whose countenance fell on hearing of the loss of his property, is beginning to pick a bit, and hopes soon to put a good face on it.

Story of False Teeth.

Says a Vermont correspondent: Among the drollest things in traveling, are the scraps of conversation one catches unavoidably. Just listen with one to the following, between two stylish looking girls sitting opposite me while waiting for the train at White River Junction: "Yes I'll admit he's nice looking, but he has false teeth!"

—smiling and showing her own mouth full of natural pearls—"Well what if he has? False teeth are better than none, but is it they keep in the place they are destined for. Ha! ha!"—laughing musically—that reminds me, did I ever tell you cousin Kate's adventure when she was stopping with us when papa kept the N—hotel? There was an insurance agent boarding at the house—a tremendous flirt, although he had a wife and half a dozen children down in the country, and a tremendous bore as agents always are, trying to make themselves so familiar and agreeable that they are a positive nuisance. Kate, you know, is very pretty and he got sight of her as she went out and in, and was determined to make her acquaintance; but it was never quite convenient for papa to bring him in and introduce him so we kept clear of him for some time, but at last he managed to find out our breakfast hour, and used to come in at the same time for his own, instead of eating with the rest of the boarders. We were terribly annoyed, but could not very well help ourselves, and so laid it all to Kate, and had what fun out of it we could. One morning he came in and took a seat by Kate, as usual, and commenced talk, and bless me! how he would talk! All he had to do was to open his mouth, and he opened it a littler wider than common as he said, "Good morning ah. How do you find yourself this morning, Miss Kate-ah!" And out went his full upper set of false teeth smack into Kate's coffee. Can you imagine it? It took me so entirely by surprise that I didn't think of the proprieties at all, but screamed with laughter. Kate tried to be her own proper dignified self, but my merriment was contagious. Mamma had an errand in the china closet, and papa business in the office immediately. You never saw any one so crest-fallen. He took a spoon and fished out his property awkwardly enough, and left room; we were never troubled with his company again.

A woman on the track waving her apron violently in the air! The engines her jist as he is about rounding a curve! The train is stopped in its swift rush toward destruction, and the rescued passengers learn that—she is the engineer's wife, and that she wants to remind him to bring her a pound of butter from town and some new socks for the baby.

A Troy paper gives the following sad result of the lack of a street sprinkler: "Miss Smith sailed forth in the morning with a beautiful pearl and rose complexion. By noon she was as brown as an Egyptian mummy—the gentle rain had cut ravines and gutters in her cheeks, and made a war map round her mouth."

"I shall die happy," said the expiring husband to the wife, who was weeping most dutifully by the bed side, "if you promise me not to marry that object of my increasing jealousy, your cousin John."

"Make yourself quite easy about that, I am engaged to his brother," said the expectant widow.

A wealthy gentleman who owns a country seat recently lost his wife, who fell into a river which flows through his estate. He announced the narrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulations. One of them, an old bachelor, wrote as follows: "I always told you that river was too shallow."

"Why is it" said a teacher to a scapegrace, who had caused her much trouble by bad conduct, "you behaved so well when you first came to school, and are so disobedient now?" "Because," said young hopeful, looking up into the teacher's face, "I wasn't much acquainted then."

A Chicago man presented his wife with a block of wood in token of his admiration.—She receive it on the forehead, and was so overcome by gratitude that she fainted away. The generous husband has also given \$25 to the police justice.

Some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated.

"This world is all a fleeting show," said a priest to a culprit on the gallows. "Yes," was the prompt reply, "but if you have no objection I'd like very much to see the show a little longer."

How does a pitcher of water differ from a man throwing his wife over a bridge? One is water in the pitcher, and the other is pitch her in the water.

The Duke of Montpensier, a Spanish journal says, "is as bold as a plover, vain as a noble, rich as a king."

Rather Snug.

We now proceed to fulfill our promise to bring home to the Tammany Ring, and more particularly to Connolly and Mayor Hall, a clear case of *swindling*. That is the proper word to describe the transaction, and is indeed the only word, and therefore we have no hesitation in using it. If Mayor Hall and Controller Connolly object to being branded as thieves and swindlers, as we once more brand them now, they can sue us for libel, and we will prove our charges in a court of law. What is more we will prove our charge by means of Controller Connolly's own books. It will not do for Hall to try and sneak out by saying that he is "used to newspaper attacks." We do not attack him now on political grounds, or in wild language—but we call him a thief because we can prove him to be one.—N. Y. Times.

"Certainly"—If small girls are waifs, are large ones wafers? "Certainly," says sweet sixteen; "at least the boys have the habit of applying them to their lips in sealing their vows."

An Elmira editor, speaking of the marriage of a brother quill, says: "It is sad, however, this parting with old friends. One by one they drop off and double up."

"I see him on his winding way," said Mrs. Toddles, as she saw Mr. Toddles corkscrewing his way home, just as the evening star showed its silver eye in the firmament.

"Off she gone," said a lady, speaking of the train as it was starting. "You have mistaken the gender, madam," a gentleman said: "this is a mail train."

"Did you say that I lied, sir?" "I did." "You used the word lied?" "I did." "There is no doubt about that?" "None in the least." "What a pity!"

An Omaha paper advises the people not to make such a fuss about the shooting of one constable, as there are over forty candidates for the position.

"Rarer than the Phoenix," says De Quincy, "is the virtuous man who will consent to lose a good anecdote because it is a lie."

"You want nothing, do you?" said Pat. "Bedad! an' if it's nothing you want, you'll find it in the jug where the whiskey was!"

Why does a coat get larger when taken out of a carpet-bag? Because when you take it out you'll find it increases.

Whatever Midas touched turned into gold. In these days, touch a man with gold and he'll turn into anything.

A writer on school discipline says: "Without a liberal use of the rod it is impossible to make boys smart."

"Will you have me, Sarah?" said a young man to a modest girl. "No, John, but you can have me, if you will."

A man who has repeatedly tried them says that all the short cuts to fortune are horribly overcrowded.

Mr