

No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country.

Marriages and Death notices inserted gratis.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE, NO. 477.

MUSIC every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Elm Street, TIONESTA, PA.

Isaac Ash, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Oil City, Pa.

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

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

N. B. Smiley, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Petroleum Centre, Pa.

Holmes House, TIONESTA, PA., opposite the Depot.

Jos. Y. Saul, PRACTICAL Harness Maker and Saddler.

Syracuse House, TIDOUITE, PA., J. & D. MAGEE, Proprietors.

Exchange Hotel, TIDOUITE, PA., D. S. RAMBO, Proprietor.

National Hotel, IRVINGTON, PA., W. A. Hattenback, Proprietor.

NEW ENGINES, The undersigned have for sale and will receive orders for the above Engine.

THIRTEEN AND SOLETTOR, JOHN K. MALLOCK, Attorney at Law and Solicitor of the Peace.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery, and fine Groceries.

H. R. BURGESS, an experienced Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store.

W. P. Merrillott, Attorney at Law.

REAL ESTATE AGENT, TIONESTA, PA.

JOHN A. DALE, PREST. SONS, PROPER, VICE, A. H. STEELE, CASH.

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

This Bank transacts a General Banking, Collecting and Exchange Business.

DR. J. N. BOLARD, of Tidouite, has returned to his practice after an absence of four months.

WANTED-AGENTS FOR Triumphs of Enterprise, BY JAMES PARTON.

A New Book, 700 octavo pages, well illustrated, interesting, and very instructive.

Subscriptions for the Forest Republican.

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. 20.

TIONESTA, PA., TUESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1871.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Table with 2 columns: Rates of Advertising. One Square (1 inch), one insertion... 75¢. One Square, one month... 3.00. One Square, three months... 6.00. One Square, one year... 12.00. Two Squares, one year... 20.00. Quarter Col... 10.00. Half... 20.00. One... 100.00. Business Cards, not exceeding one inch in length, \$10 per year.

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 PROVISIONS.

EVER BROUGHT TO THIS MARKET

BOOTS & 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 GLASS, ES, &c., &c., &c., ENDLESS VARIETY. Call and see.

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

MARINE, INLAND & FIRE INSURANCE Assets Jan. 1, 1869, \$3,348,323.99.

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

REDUCTION OF PRICES TO CONFORM TO REDUCTION OF DUTIES GREAT SAVING TO CONSUMERS.

BY GETTING UP CLUBS. Club Form will accompany it, containing full directions-making a large saving to consumer-and remunerative club organizers.

The Great American Tea Company, 33 VESSEY STREET, N. Y. P. O. Box 594.

500 VOLUMES IN ONE. AGENTS WANTED FOR The Library of Poetry and Song.

Being Choice Selections from the Best Poets, English, Scotch, Irish and American. With an Introduction by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Under whose critical supervision the volume was compiled. The handsome and cheapest subscription book extant. Over 800 pages, beautifully printed, elegantly illustrated, handsomely bound. A Library of over 500 volumes in one book, whose contents, of no ephemeral nature or interest, will never grow old or stale. It can be, and will be, read and re-read with pleasure by old and young, as long as its leaves hold together.

A perfect surprise. Scarcely anything all a favorite, or all worthy of place here, is neglected. It is a book for every household. -N. Y. Mail.

We know of no similar collection in the English language which, in its completeness and fidelity of selection and arrangement, can at all compare with it. -N. Y. Times.

Terms liberal. Selling very rapidly. Send for Circular and Terms to J. B. FORD & CO., 27 Park Place, N. Y.

June 6, 1871. SUBSCRIBE for the Forest Republican at \$12 per year.

A Watch Story.

"Notes and Queries" has the following legend of the Black Country: "Early in the present century, when Bilston, England, was a long, straggling village, with one main street, which formed a part of the mail-road from London Chester and Holyhead, the Bull's Head (advertised for sale Lady-day, 1870) was the principal inn of the place, and a well-known hostelry on the old Irish route. It was naturally, and almost as a matter of course, the house at which the town worthies were wont to meet, drink good, wholesome, home-brewed ale, out of the Staffordshire black glazed pots, smoke their long Broseley pipes, and talk over the politics of the day, the little-tattle of the neighborhood. One bright summer's eve, while thus pleasantly engaged in the modest smoking room (coffee rooms had not yet come into existence), a gentleman rises up to the door, followed by his servant with the saddle bag. There is, of course, great curiosity amongst the assembled guests to know who the stranger may be; and from the communicative valet they soon learn that he is an Irish officer en route to London. They become immediately desirous of his company among themselves, both for society and news' sake; but the gentleman unobscurely keeps his own room up stairs. So that at last, driven to desperation, and perchance somewhat pot-valiant, one of the company, Mr. Edward Woolley, of Stonefields, a screw maker (i.e., of iron screws for wood), sends up the servant with his chronometer to ask the Irishman if he can tell what time it is by an English watch. Great anxiety ensues as to the result. Presently the servant returns with his master's compliments, and he will be down directly with the watch and an answer. A great shuffling of feet is heard overhead; and by and by appears Milesus, followed by his body guard, bearing a tray with the watch and a brace of pistols on it. He announces that he is come to challenge the owner of the watch, and hopes he will have the "decency" to claim it, and take up one of the pistols. (To the servant, "Take the watch round, John!")—"Is it yours, sir?" The old doctor, Moss, was the first thus addressed; and amongst others present were Messrs. Price and Bushroy. "No sir!" was the invariable answer from each put to this crucial test. At length it comes to the owner, "is the watch yours, sir?"—"No, sir!"—"Well, then, John, since no one will own the watch, put it in your pocket; and as we do not appear to have fallen among 'jinnlemen,' bring out the horses, and we'll ride on another stage." The tale, of course, soon got abroad, and at the end of his career, poor Woolley, or rather "Ooley," as he was more generally called, was accosted with "What's o'clock, Mr. 'Ooley?" Only within a year or two of his death, while riding along quietly in his carriage, a young archer thus annoyed him, and in getting out to make a dash after him, poor "Ooley" was upset and grievously injured. So that he had good cause long to remember the loss of his "family turnip," and his prestige of Quixotic combativeness.

A Tale of the Tiger.

The wickedness of Saratoga and Long Branch has been so thoroughly explained and commented upon that it is refreshing to learn of the existence of compensating influences which sometimes counteract the gilded enticements of those places. The story is of a husband and wife at Long Branch, the former going to nightly visits to the lair of Chamberlain's tiger, and the latter affectionately solicitous of his welfare in the encounter with that royal beast. Wisely refraining from certain lectures, the wife undertook a more audacious and effective means of reform. Attributing herself in her husband's best broadcloth and tightest pair of dress boots this "woman who dared" followed her dissipated lord to his evening haunt, and when he was awaiting the turn of the cards after coppering the ace, blew a cloud of smoke across the table into his face to attract his attention and calmly put ten dollars on the king. The story concludes with the rapid and terrified exit of the husband, followed by his successful wife, and the extraction of a promise, on the way home, of future abstinence from the green table. If this tale is to be credited, we no longer wonder at the determination of Mr. Morrissey to vigorously exclude ladies from his temple of play, for a few such wives would break the bank before the season is over.

New Sequel.

A one-armed horseman recently traveling through Missouri stopped at a blacksmith shop to have his horse shod. The smith noticed the empty sleeve, and asked him if he lost his arm in the war. He replied, with a sigh, that he did, and even more, going on to relate how he had left his home to enlist in the Southern army, and at the close of the war, in going back, he found that his wife, who thought him dead, had moved away, and he had since been unable to obtain a trace of her. "What is your name?" said the blacksmith. When the answer was "J. M. Waldrup," he suddenly released the hoof over which he had been bending, and without looking at the ex-soldier, cried, "Follow me into the house" and hurriedly led the way. Amazed as he was at the conduct, Waldrup mechanically obeyed the unexpected bidding, and before he could pause to think, was in the presence of a comely matron, about whose sewing chair three happy children were playing. She was the blacksmith's wife, the mother of his little ones; yet, as she arose to see whom the smith had brought in, and caught sight of the stranger's face, one wild shriek proclaimed the instantaneous recognition, and she fainted. In the belief that Waldrup was dead, she had married the blacksmith of Cedar City in the very year of the soldier's parole, and now could only confess her dread mistake, and call alternately upon either husband and her God for pardon. After the first agitation of the singular reunion had partially subsided, the two men returned to the smithy and talked the matter over as sensibly and coolly as their respective feelings permitted. Devotedly as he loved the woman, the honest blacksmith admitted the other's stronger right to her, and generously consented that she herself should decide between them. After a long session of tears and self-reproach, she elected to go with whom she had loved the first; but declared, with bitter lamentations, that she could not leave her children. The smith raising his head from his breast, on which it had dropped in the first despondency of his great affliction, eyed her wistfully for a moment, and then said, "You shall take them, my dear!" "When the steambot St. Luke stopped at the landing, some hours later, Waldrup went aboard with his still weeping and thickly-veiled wife, and the blacksmith followed with the children. The boat's bell rang for the starting, and the dread separation was at hand. The crew, the passengers, the captain—all who witnessed it were affected to tears by the touching scene. With great drops rolling down his tawny cheeks, the smith kissed his children, one after another, and in a choking voice bade their mother an eternal good-by. The two men gazed wistfully into each other's faces, shook hands long and earnestly, and then the blacksmith, by a strong effort of iron will, released the hand of Waldrup and walked quickly to the shore. He never turned his face again toward the boat, which soon passed out of sight around a merciful bend of the river, but strode on, with head bowed down, to the home whither the voices of wife and children should welcome him no more. -Springfield Republican.

What American Girls Say About Kissing.

The varied emotion excited by young ladies in leading cities along the line from Boston to St. Louis, as kisses are caught or stolen from their sweet lips, are expressed in the following manner: A Boston girl says, with an assumption of indignation, "Sir, I declare such a liberty as that is beyond all bounds of propriety and gentlemanly manner; I—," she is stopped by another which is not resisted very badly. The New York girl says: "Indeed, Mr. Brown, your conduct is a little familiar, if not ardent. I've half a mind to ask what you take me for." The reply of Brown is that he takes her for something nice and sweet, and sweet, and a sharp rapid smacking ensues. The Buffalo girl says with marked positiveness of manners, but with equal insincerity, "Wretch, thief, put that right back I would not lose it for the world." She not only don't lose it, but gets as she wants, double principal and interest. The Philadelphia girl says: "So you think that's dreadful smart; you wouldn't have done it if I had been looking, no indeed;" but she makes it a point not to look. The Baltimore girl says: "Repeat it if you dare, sir," and exposes her face that it may be done easily and often. The Washington girl remarks: "You've been gone and done it have you? now cipher out how much better you feel, and calculate when you'll get another chance." The Chicago girl says: "Confound your impudence! Do you take me for a New Yorker? I'd have you know there's a spice of danger in that little matter." The only danger she apprehends is that you won't cut and come again. The Cincinnati girl says: "Did you ever, no I never—you men are perfect monsters." Affects tears and indignation, but it is assuaged by a duplicate of the old dose. The Louisville girl: "You've done it sure and well. If there is any more of the same sort please help yourself. If you can stand it I can." The Detroit girl says: "Mien Jerusalem; what a naughty, funny man. Better you look out how you take one, two, four more, before mine mother comes." The St. Louis girl says: "Oh, go along with your nonsense; you ought to be ashamed of yourself." She exposes her face, and it is done again several times. -Boston Post.

A Negro Fire-Eater.

They have down in Maryland a man whom they style the African Fire King. He gave an exhibition of his "powers" recently in a physician's office in the presence of about twenty persons, and one of them describes the results thus: He first heated a shovel red hot, and applied it to the bottom of one of his feet. I made no impression on him what-ever. He next heated a shovel red hot and licked it repeatedly with his tongue. It did not even dry the saliva in his mouth. He then put his hand in a hot stove and took therefrom a red hot anthracite coal, and offered it to the spectators, who declined to accept the present. His hand was not even scorched. He then called out to know if there were any "unbelievers" present. To his astonishment we announced ourselves still "unbelievers." He then put a shovel in the stove, and partially filled it with shot; when the shot had got pretty hot he stirred them with his naked fingers till the lead had melted. He then took the shovel in his right hand and poured the hot melted lead in his left hand, and then poured the burning solution into his mouth, kept it there till it cooled and spit it out in a lump. We then expressed ourselves entirely satisfied. He said that was only a twenty dollar performance; if they would make him up fifty dollars he would show something worth seeing.

A Michigan man who was recently buried in a well thirty feet from the surface of the ground, by its caving in on him, was rescued after nearly eight hours torture.

He attributes his escape to three large stones, which lodged just over his head, and prevented a large amount of dirt and stones from falling upon and suffocating him. He experienced no difficulty in breathing, but suffered greatly from the cold. His legs were wedged in with stone, and he found himself unable to move. He heard plainly persons at work above and their conversation, how the news should be forwarded to his friends and even what arrangements should be made for his funeral. The crying of women and children, and the fears expressed, were distinctly heard, yet he was unable to attract the attention of his rescuers. He suffered the keenest mental tortures, fearing that when the workmen should approach him the earth and stones would loosen and precipitate upon him, with instant death. Finally he succeeded in making himself heard, and directed the progress of the excavators.

The value of a good cigar, said Bismarck as he proceeded to light an excellent Havana, is best understood when it is the last you possess and there is no chance of getting another.

At Kounggratz I had only one cigar left in my pocket, which I carefully guarded during the whole battle as a miser does his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it. I painted in glowing colors in my mind the happy hour when I should enjoy it after the victory. But I had miscalculated my chances. And what was the cause of my miscalculation. A poor dragoon. He lay helpless, with both arms crushed, murmuring for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets and found I had only gold, and that would be of no use to him. But, stay—I still had my treasured cigar! I lighted this for him and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen this poor fellow's grateful smile! I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one I did not smoke.

Anecdote of Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln was very fond of a game of chess, and frequently spent the evening with Judge Treat, a near neighbor in that pastime. Upon one occasion, when little Tad was along, the quiet of the game and the loneliness of the room became too trying to his restless nature, and he interrupted the game repeatedly with "Let's go home, father." "Sit down, Tad, sit down," said Mr. Lincoln. The child kept quiet a few minutes, but soon broke the silence again. "Presently, my son, presently," said the father. Tad waited as long as he could command his temper; then, starting up in a fit of impatience, he tilted the board, throwing the pieces on the floor and bringing the game to an abrupt termination. Mr. Lincoln made a stride or two with his long legs, overtook the door, gave him a partial turn-over, and raised his broad palm. "Tad," said he, "you little villain, I'm going to give you a good whipping"—then, pausing, lowering his arm, and letting the child go, he added, "that is, if you ever do it again." -Springfield Republican.

A Horse Advertisement.

A man in Wisconsin advertises his horse for sale, and thus discourses: "You can't trust thy labor to him, for the furrow; he will harrow the valleys after thee. He will gather thy seed in the barn. His strength is terrible, in which he rejoiceth. He paweth the valley, and waxeth proud in his speed. He moweth at fear, neither turneth his back from the hobbogbin. Lo! how he moveth his tail like a cedar; his sinews are as cable. His bones are like strong pieces of bass, yet, like bars of iron. He catcheth like an ox; behold, he drinketh up a river; and trusteth that he can draw up Jordan in his mouth. Who can open the door of his face? Yet thou can't approach him with a bridle. His teeth are terrible round about. I will not conceal his parts, nor his comely propoitions. He is gentle, he is kind. And his tail sticks out behind. I want to sell him for something I can day my debts with.

It appears that the colossal guns of Mont Valerien, and of other forts about Paris, were finally and effectually destroyed, at a comparatively small cost, by means of the new litho-fracteur.

The operation was conducted with complete success by an officer of engineers, Van Forster, assisted by the foreman of the dynamite and litho-fracteur manufactory at Deutz, who happened to be serving at the time as a private in the German army. In the performance of this operation it was found sufficient to discharge four or five pounds of the powder, placed on the top of the gun, to break and crack it in such a way as to render it useless for further military purposes. For similar cannon, not more than about two hundred pounds were found necessary to effect the object. In the case of two guns of very great size and weight only fractures were formed the whole length of the bore, but sufficient to destroy the value of the cannon.

A very direct young Boston clergyman, while out sailing the other day, was saluted by two ladies in a Jory, who waved their handkerchiefs at him.

Being near enough to see that they were strangers, he straightway rowed away. Subsequently he learned from the friends of the ladies that they had become too tired to row further, and wished to obtain assistance from him. Doctor Croakam was a very punctual man. When his wife died he went to her funeral. As the earth fell on her coffin everybody around cried. All he did was to take out his watch, look at the time, and say—"Well, we've got her under, and it's just twenty minutes past two!"

Somewhere near Louisville there lives a sensible husband, who was a soldier in the late war, in which he learned that cowardice is the better part of valor.

His wife has borne him no children, a sad thing, which bothers him not a little. Both man and wife have fiery tempers which break out about once a month, in a war of words. Then, falling to reduce his wife in the unequal strife, the soldier shoulders his tent trunks, frying-pan and provisions, goes away to the woods and camps out. Not many days pass ere the woman goes in search of her lord, who, as soon as she sees her coming whistles and sings, and pretends that the green wood is the place for him, and in it he could live forever. Then the wife bursts into tears, he remains obdurate for a while, but finally succumbs; they then rush into each other's arms, then disentangle themselves and rush back home, he bearing the tent and she the frying-pan.

The Chicago Times likens Chicago to the man who earned a dollar, or just as much as and no more than it cost him to live.

He might live six working days, but the seventh, the Sabbath, he must work or cease to live. The Times says: "Now, every man who has capital invested in Chicago, is in exactly the same situation. The average profit, time does not exceed five and a half per cent. per annum; and five and a half per cent. per annum is exactly what government, of one kind or another, takes away, in the shape of taxes, from all capital invested in Chicago."

I gave her a rose and gave her a ring and I asked her to marry me; but she sent them all back, insensible thing and said she'd had no notion of me.

I told her I'd oceans of money and goods, tried to frighten her with a growl; but she answered that she wasn't brought up in the woods to be scared by the screech of an owl. I called her a beggar, and everything bad; I slighted her features and form; till at length I succeeded in getting her mad, and she raged like a sea in a storm. And then, in a moment I turned and I smiled, and called her my angel and all; she fell in my arms like a wearisome child and exclaimed: "We will marry this fall."

Western papers seem to vie with each other in telling the biggest snake stories.

An Arkansas paper notes the killing of a snake 100 feet long and 23 inches in circumference. Then a Missouri paper comes along with a snake 26 feet long 36 inches in circumference. But not to be outdone, the Kansas Statesman put in its claim for the snake championship by giving an account of a snake 85 feet long and 48 inches around the body, covered with scales like fish, and having a yellowish, sulphurous tint and smell. But now comes along a Chicago paper, and says they have a snake 1,400 feet long and 200 feet round the tip of the tail, and asks, as a mathematical problem, how much it will measure round the waist.