

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. I. O. G. T. Meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Elm Street, TIONESTA, PA.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Oil City, Pa. Will practice in the various Courts of Forest County.

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

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

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

Practical Harness Maker and Saddler. Three doors north of Holmes House, Tionesta, Pa.

Exchange Hotel, Tionesta, Pa.

IRVINGTON, PA. W. A. Hallenback, Proprietor. This hotel is new, and is now open as a first class house.

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

ATTORNEY AT LAW and Solicitor of Patents, No. 603 French street opposite Freed House, Erie, Pa.

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.

W. P. Mercillott, Attorney at Law.

REAL ESTATE AGENT. TIONESTA, PA.

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

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

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Under whose critical supervision the volume was compiled.

NOTICE. DR. J. N. BOLARD, of Tidioute, 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.

June 6, 1871.

Subscribe 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.

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., &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. \$20,000,000 losses paid since its organization.

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, P. O. Box 594, NEW YORK, 12-14.

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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 Bushby. "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.

A Watch Story.

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.

A Horse Advertisement.

A man in Wisconsin advertises his horse for sale, and thus discourses: "Thou canst 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 canst 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." At a musical entertainment given in this city lately the continuous and soul-harrowing tones of a large brass horn in the orchestra grated harshly on the ears of those assembled, until a wag a few seats in the rear commenced chewing up small pellets of paper, which he dexterously snapped into the mouth of the instrument. This continued at intervals until nearly an entire copy of the New York Tribune was safely deposited in its cavernous depths. As the performing artist drew in a large chest full of wind for a final grand spurge, there came forth a splutter and diabolical flow of sound, suggestive of an army note, "bagging" for fodder. The blower arose, and seizing a small boy on the seat behind gave him a severe shaking, while the real culprit escaped notice.—Titusville Herald.

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 steamboat 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.

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.

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 done 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.

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Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate per line/day and Duration. Includes rates for one square (1 inch), one square (3 inches), and one square (6 inches) for various durations from one insertion to one year.

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.

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