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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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Attorney at Law. Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

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FOREST HOUSE, D. BLACK PROPRIETOR. Opposite Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened. Everything new and clean and fresh. The best of liquors kept constantly on hand. A portion of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. 4-17-ly

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SUBSCRIBE for the Forest Republican. It will pay.

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. 23.

TIONESTA, PA., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1871.

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Table with 2 columns: Rates of Advertising and Business Cards. Includes rates for one square, one column, and various other advertising options.

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Civility.

The fact that 'civility costs nothing' is probably the secret of its unpopularity. A thing that every one can have, few think worth having.

Men of industry, of integrity, of respectable intellectual gifts, are met at every turn; but your purely civil man is *rarus avis*. We are not speaking of people in their social relations, but in their intercourse with the outside world. Many men, who are every-thing that is genial and courteous in the home circle, become cold, brusque or irritable the moment they enter their counting-rooms, offices, places of business, or labor, or whatever else it may be. The playful, indulgent *pater familias* of half an hour before, suddenly changes into a surly ogre, who snaps up his little palefaced clerk as he would make a supplementary breakfast of him. Under such a master it is no wonder that the clerk in turn finds it impossible to be civil to any stranger whom the chance of business may throw in his way.

As a general thing clerks in mercantile houses do not stand in need of ungracious examples. Much dealing with complicated accounts seem to sour the disposition. Fractions beget fractiousness. If you desire a fine healthy specimen of irritability, take an ancient book-keeper at the time he is making out his balance sheet, and ask him the slightest question not connected with his calculations. But for all people engaged in strictly sedentary occupations one should make a generous allowance.

Men who hold positions which bring them into contact with the public, and place the public to a certain extent at their mercy, have no right to be anything but civil. The ticket-master at the railroad station has no right to snub you because you do not happen to know on which track your train is. The conductor has no right to regard you with a look of disdain mingled with commiseration when you ask him the name of the next station. You were not born on the road, and if your interrogation convinces him that you are a natural idiot, he ought to respect your misfortune, and not berate it to the other passengers. The hackman who gloomily awaits you at the terminus of the journey has a right to hustle you as if you were a part of your baggage. The hotel clerk the natural humility of whose disposition lies buried under that monumental diamond pin, has no right to treat you as an inferior. Yet who that has traveled has not met all these forms of incivility? This, to be sure, is only one side of the story. The traveler is almost as likely to be exasperating as the employee of the road or the clerk of the hotel. But then the traveler is not paid for being civil, and the other gentlemen are.

It costs so little and is worth so much! A young clerk with civility ahead has a stock of goods of his own. Regarded as mere policy, it is the next best thing to honesty; and, like honesty, it is good for its own sweet self. An uncivil man is necessarily a discontented man—a discontented man we beg leave to add a new sentiment to the copy-book of the period: Be civil, and you will be happy.

At a recent spiritual sitting in this city there was present a woman mourning the loss of her consort; and, as the manifestations began to respond, the spirit of the departed Beneficent appeared upon the scene. Of course the widow was now anxious to engage in conversation with the absent one, and the following dialogue ensued: "Widow—'Are you in the spirit-world?' The Lamented—'I am.' Widow—'How long have you been there?' The Lamented—'Of some time.' Widow—'Don't you want to come back and be with your lonely wife?' The Lamented—'Not if I know myself! It's hot enough here.'

"Maria," said a lady to a colored chamber-maid, "that's the third silk dress you have worn since you have come to me; pray how many do you own?" "Only seven, missis; but I've savin' my wages to buy another!" "Seven! what use are seven silk dresses to you? why, I don't own so many as that." "Spect not, missis," said the smiling darkey, "you doesn't need 'em so much as I does. You see, you quality folks everybody knows is quality; but we bettermost kind of cullud possums has to dress smart to distinguish ourselves from common niggers."

The Lowell Courier tells this story of a feline act of affection which occurred at St. John's Hospital, in that city. "A hen was sitting on a nest of duck's eggs, and just before the ducklings should have appeared she died. A maternal tabby belonging to the establishment, who is cheek by jowl with the poultry, at once took the old hen's place, and sat out the time of incubation as faithfully as though she had been a 'side judge,' bringing out a fine brood of ducks.

Hammerfest, Norway, is the most northern town of Europe where a newspaper is published. It is a weekly, and is entitled *Finnmarksposten*.

A Young Wife's Experience.

I was hurrying around the house this morning, doing up my extra Saturday work as quickly as possible, that I might sit down with Henry, who was kept home by the violent storm; when suddenly I heard Henry call me from the sitting room. I found him looking as if I had never seen him before, and Aunt Minerva rather abashed. Henry drew me down on the lounge by his side, and, putting his arm around me, said, "Now, Aunt Minerva, please repeat what you have just said to me."

She tried to speak, but the words refused to come. She was such a picture of confusion that I really felt sorry for her. At length, finding that she could not or would not speak, Henry turned to me, and said, "Annie, Aunt Minerva has been telling me that you are so extravagant in your cooking, and in some other ways, that you will soon exhaust my means. And this is not the first time she has complained of you in this underhanded way. I have never replied, thinking that she would perceive from my manner that I would not attend to such talk; but the last time it occurred, I resolved that the next time I would call you in directly."

And then, turning to Aunt Minerva, he went on: "Whatever fault you have to find with Annie hereafter, must be done in her presence. She and I are both young, and make no professions of perfection. We are faulty, and are striving together against our defects. But I have confidence in Annie's judgment, and do not think she will go far astray in housekeeping matters. She may feel that I have the most entire confidence in her in every respect, and that I will never allow any one to even attempt to prejudice me against her."

At this stage of our first domestic storm, Aunt Minerva summoned courage to say: "Well, I must say you are making a great fuss about a little matter of advice." Henry replied, "It is not a little matter of advice; the saddest case I ever knew of estrangement between husband and wife was brought about by just such interference as yours. I knew of it when quite a boy, and the circumstances made a very deep impression on my mind. The husband and wife were good people, and truly attached to each other; but the husband had a sister of whom he was very fond, and at length gave heed to her jealous whisperings in regard to his wife. For many years they were unhappy. A time of reconciliation and better understanding came, and the wife had some years of comparative rest and happiness before her death, dimmed to a great extent, however, by the recollection of the undeserved misery which she had endured for so many years. Annie cannot, of course, expect to spend a life free from trials, but, God helping me, she shall never suffer from want of confidence and love in me."

This scene has drawn Henry and myself very near to each other; and it has made me very sorry for poor, discontented, short-sighted Aunt Minerva. —Herald of Health.

A lecturer on the "moral sentiments" in Philadelphia remarked that the "dearest ship in the world was friendship," when a young man rose from among the congregation and stated that he knew another—a dearer ship still—and that was courtship. The young man had once been a defendant for a breach of promise of marriage.

Several members of the Forty-first Congress are still prowling around Washington in search of something to do. They are willing to do almost anything for a living. At any rate it would seem so from the fact that one of them, it is said, has applied for the situation of husband to Anna Dickinson.

At a certain hotel in Ohio a large mirror is placed at the entrance of the dining-hall, which is so constructed that you see yourself a thin, cadaverous, hungry person, but when you come out from the table, and look again in the glass, your body is distended in the extremity of corpulence.

A naughty little boy, blubbering because his mother wouldn't let him go down to the river on the Sabbath, upon being admonished, said: "I didn't want to go a swimmin' with 'em, ma. I only wanted to go down and see the bad little boys drown for going a swimmin' on Sunday."

Why are women like churches? Firstly, because there is no living without one; secondly, because there is many a spire to them; thirdly, because they are objects of adoration; and lastly, but by no means leastly, because they have a loud clapper in their upper story.

A Dutchman married a second wife in about a week after the death number one. The Sabbath following the bride asked her lord to take her riding, and was duly "cut up" with the following response: "You think I ride out with another woman so soon after the death of mine frau? No, no!"

Water Commissioner Beyer, for two years, is a resident of Oakland and a leading man in white lead manufactures.

Judging by Appearances.

Some years ago there arrived at the Cataract House, Niagara Falls, an odd looking man, whose appearance and deportment were quite in contrast with the crowds of well-dressed and polished figures which adorned that celebrated resort. He seemed to have just sprung from the woods; his dress, which was made of leather, stood dreadfully in need of repair, apparently not having felt the touch of a needle for many a long month. A worn-out blanket, that might have served for a bed, was buckled to his shoulders; a large knife hung on one side, balanced by a long rusty tin box on the other, and his beard uncropped, tangled and coarse, fell down upon his bosom as if to counterpoise the weight of the thick dark locks that supported themselves on his back and shoulders. This being, strange to the spectators, seemingly half civilized, half savage, pushed his steps into the sitting-room, unstrapped his little burden, quietly looked around for the landlord and modestly asked for breakfast. The host at first drew back with evident repugnance to receive this uncouth form among genteel visitors, but a few words whispered in his ear satisfied him, and the stranger took his place in the company, some shrugging their shoulders, some staring, some laughing outright. Yet there was more in that one man than in the whole company. He had been entertained with distinction at the tables of princes; learned societies, had bowed down to welcome his presence; kings had been complimented when he spoke to them. In short, he was one whose fame will be growing brighter when the fashionables who laughed at him, and much greater than they, shall have been forgotten. From every hill-top and deep shadowy grove, the birds, those blossoms of the air, will sing his name. The little wren will pipe it with her matin hymn; the oriole carol it from the slender grasses of the meadow; the turtle dove roll it through the secret forests; the man-yoiced mocking bird pour it along the air, and the imperial eagle, the bird of Washington, as he sits far upon the blue mountains, will scream it to the tempest and to the stars. He was John J. Audubon, ornithologist.

In New York the question of the legality of Sunday marriages is exciting considerable attention in legal as well as clerical minds. There seems to be about an equal division of both parties in this important matter. It is a legal civil contract, and that legal civil contracts are illegal if made on the Sabbath, it is void if performed on this day. An interesting test case is now pending in Rochester, N. Y. A millionaire died there recently, and will ed all his property to the children of his second wife, disinheriting two of his own children. The marriage was performed on Sunday. It is not clear how this will work if the decision be against Sunday marriages, but some lawyers believe that in such a case the will could and would be broken. If the court decides that marriages are invalid if performed on this day, no doubt many more interesting and pointed cases will arise. Lawyers will grow fat on contested rights of property, while in ordinary divorce they would not pay their rent. But no decent court will decide against the legality of pure marriage.

A farmer in Northampton county, while plowing last week, exhumed the skeleton of a gigantic man. It had evidently lain in the earth for many years, and it is believed to have belonged to some member of an ancient tribe of Indians. The farmer has advertised it in all the papers, but up to this time the owner has not called to claim it. If this should meet his eye, he is requested to call at once and remove the bones. Men ought to be very careful how they leave their skeletons around in this manner, even if they don't feel as if they wanted them in hot weather. It would be very unpleasant, for instance, if somebody had stolen portions of this Indian's framework, and he had been carried down in a pillowcase to hear the minstrels, and had seen the end man who plays the bones up there rattling his Indian ribs together in the interval between the contumdrums. No aboriginal warrior with any self-respect could wish to suffer such mortification as that.

There is a woman in Snyder county who is too much of a utilitarian to be regarded with sentimental admiration. When her husband died it seems that she had him buried without his shins, which were extracted and sent around to be worked up into knife-handles and suspender buttons, so that she could go to housekeeping properly when she married the second time. It really seems as if some women must have an object around which to cluster their sweet and tender memories of the past. There is a love that lives beyond the grave, and finds joy even in bone-buttons and knife-handles.

In Boston, founding hospitals are styled "Refuges for anonymous humanity;" in Chicago, "kitchens for children born on the European plan."

The Humbug of Early Rising.

All this talk about early rising is moonshine. The habit of turning out of bed in the middle of the night suits some people; let them enjoy it. But it is only folly to lay down a general rule upon the subject. Some men are fit for nothing all day after they have risen early every morning. Their energies are deadened, their imaginations are heavy, their spirits are depressed. It is said you can work so well in the morning. Some people can, but others can work best at night; others again, in the afternoon. Long trial and experiment form the only conclusive tests upon these points. As for getting up early because Professor Gammon has written letters to the papers proving the necessity of it, let no one be goose enough to do it. We all know the model man, aged eighty: "I invariably rise at 5; I work three hours, take a light breakfast—namely, a cracker and a pinch of salt—work five hours more; never smoke, never drink anything but barley-water, eat no dinner, and go to bed at 6 in the evening." If anybody finds that donkeyed sort of life suits him, by all means let him continue it. But few people would care to live to eighty on those terms. If a man can not get all withered and crumpled up on easier conditions than those, it is almost as well that he should depart before he is a nuisance to himself and a bore to everybody else. School boys and young people generally, ought to get up early, for it is found that nine-tenths of them can stand it, and it does them good. But let no man torture himself with the thought that he could have been twice as good a man as he is if he had risen every morning at daylight. The habit would kill half of us in less than five years.—N. Y. Times.

The other day we heard of a school teacher who killed herself for love of a boy thirteen years old, and now comes an account of a man in Mississippi, who blew out his brains because his laundress left his shirt buttoned at the collar and sent it to him in that outrageous condition. Poor old Mr. Hopkins, tottering on the verge of ninety years, got his head into the body of the shirt and his arms into the sleeves, and thus struggled for awhile against fate and buttons. He became frightfully enraged, cursed and foamed at the mouth, and at last, when the linen gave way, rushed for his gun, seated himself on the edge of his bed, placed the stock of the weapon so that he could pull the trigger with his toe, and blew his head off. Can that laundress be said to be morally responsible for his act?

Tapioca is recommended as a cheap and more nutritious article of food than even potatoes and rice. The cultivation of the manioc plant in India, from the root of which tapioca is made as starch is from potatoes, is rapidly extending. Its advantages are that it grows in almost any soil, requiring but little labor, and, after the first month, but little moisture. It is very productive, and is easily prepared for consumption. The Indian government have taken measures to test the merits of the plant, but as the food it yields is almost exclusively of the starchy or fat-producing character, and contributes little or nothing to the formation of muscle, it is difficult to see what benefit would be derived from increasing its use.

A writer in one of our city papers believes that boiler explosions are caused somehow or other by electricity, and, to prove the truthfulness of his theory, he asks us to observe there are never any such explosions while the aurora borealis shines. We do not profess to understand how the aurora borealis induces the boilers to hold in, but one thing is certain; that if this man's ideas are correct, congress ought either to make arrangements for a perpetual aurora borealis, or else compel men who have boilers never to use them excepting when there is an aurora around.

The following anecdote was given at the Edwards Reunion, in illustration of the absentmindedness of the great Jonathan Edwards: At one time he rode after the cows, and a little boy very respectfully bowed and opened the gate for him. "Whose boy are you, my little man?" "Noan Clark's boy, sir." On his return with the cows the same boy appeared and opened the gate for him. Edwards thanked the little fellow, and asked: "Whose boy are you?" "The same man's boy I was a quarter of an hour ago, sir."

A few days ago a young gentleman and lady from the rural districts visited Somerset, Pa., to get married. The young couple entered the town on this festive occasion astride of one horse. They dismounted, had their horse fed, partook of a sumptuous repast consisting of crackers, were then united in the holy bonds of matrimony by a justice of the peace, when they again mounted their steed and wended their way to their mountain home amid the cheers of the populace.

Evening papers are called vespertilian organs in Chicago.

How Much did he Lose.

A New York gentleman at dinner on board a Cunard steamer laid a wager with the captain that he could not give him a correct answer, within a minute, to the following question: "A Yankee rushed into a bootmaker's store in Broadway, 'Here, look sharp!' cried he, 'just off for California—ship sail in half an hour—want a pair of boots—look alive!' Down tumbled the boots off the shelves, from which he was soon fitted. 'How much?' 'Five dollars.' 'Give me change for this fifty dollar bill—sharp—quick.' The bootmaker, not having change, rushed to a money-changer. 'Quick, give me change for this fifty dollar bill—passenger just off to California!' And in a few minutes away ran the Yankee with his boots and his change—about to California, of course. In about an hour afterwards the money-changer came down to the bootmaker. 'Halloo! see,' quoth he, 'this is a bad bill; pay me down fifty dollars at once'—which the poor fellow, much disgusted, had to do. Now, how much did the bootmaker lose?

A new style of torpedo has been introduced in Philadelphia, to be sold with other harmless fireworks, which is one of the best arrangements for preventing a superfluity of children ever thought of. It is the size, shape and color of a sugar-plum, and being mistaken for such by a small boy, the other day, came very near blowing the top of his head off, and left, as it was, an impression which will disfigure him for life.

A well-known officer in Auld Reekie was celebrated for his cunning and wit. His mother having died in Edinburgh, he hired a hearse and carried her to the family burial place in the Highlands. He returned, it is said, with the hearse full of smuggled whisky, and being asked about it by a friend, he said, "Wy, man, there's no ham done. I only took away the body and brought back the spirit."

Last week there was a report that at Newport a French Count had eloped with the wife of a New York gentleman. The news went to New York, and within twenty-four hours, it is said over one hundred desperate individuals came on suddenly, to see their wives at that fashionable watering place. What an exhibition of conjugal confidence.

A schoolmaster who asked asked a small pupil of what the surface of the earth consists of, and was answered "land and water," varied the question slightly that the fact might impress on the boy's mind, and asked, "What, then, do land and water make?"—to which came the immediate response, "Mud."

The Lord Chancellor of Great Britain was made the medium of a Sunday School presentation to the Princess Louise, recently. The present was a Bible, given by the Sunday School children of the United Kingdom, and on its acceptance the princess made a charming little speech.

A gentleman of Connecticut, who is something of a sportsman, went to sleep in church on one of the late warm Sundays, dreamed he was hunting rabbits. During an eloquent passage in the sermon he espied in his dream a rabbit, and started the congregation by shouting "There he goes."

One Sunday recently a minister in Iowa advised the sisters to mortify Satan by giving their jewelry to the Church on the next Sabbath evening. The result was a galvanized watch and three brass finger-rings. "They are a mean set of sinners," said the parson.

"It's a despr't thing," said old Joe Smykers; "a despr't thing! That 'ere young couple who've been billin' and cooin', and makin' eyes at one another for a month, have now gone to the minister and got a permit to see if they can't keep it up for a lifetime!"

An anecdote is told of a young lady of Harrisburg, who was recently on a riding excursion. The horse commenced kicking, when she, in the most simple manner, requested her companion to get out and hold the horse's leg, or he might injure the vehicle.

The Memphis Appeal says: "As the cool weather may be expected in a few weeks preparations are being made for a vigorous religious campaign in our churches this Fall." For the sake of Memphis, we ask for cool weather.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Charlotte Cushman, Fanny Fern, Colonel Higginson, James Parton, and other literary people have joined hands in a picnic club which meets once a week at Newport.

"I say, Jones, that's a shocking bad hat of yours. Why do you wear such a hideous thing?" "Because, my dear fellow, Mrs. Jones declares she will not go out of the house with me till I get a better one."

A Dubuque husband cut off his wife's hair when she was asleep, and purchased a jug of whisky with it.

An unpoetical youth described his fiancée's hair as frizzled in front, and fringed and scrambled at the back.