

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE, NO. 477.

I. O. G. T.

Meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

W. R. DUNN, W. G. T.

M. W. TATE, W. S.

NEWTON PETTIS, MILES W. TATE.

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.

16-ly

W. W. Mason,

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

C. W. Gillilan,

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

N. B. Smiley,

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

35-ly

W. P. Mercillett,

Attorney at Law.

AND

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

TIONESTA, PA.

27-ly

John K. Hallock,

ATTORNEY AT LAW and Solicitor of Patents, No. 555 French street opposite Reed House) Erie, Pa. Will practice in the several State Courts and the United States Courts. Special attention given to soliciting patents for inventors; inventions, re-issues and extension of patents carefully attended to. References: Hon. James Campbell, Clarion; Hon. John S. McLaughlin, Franklin; H. E. & A. H. Richmond, Meadville; W. E. Lathy, Tionesta.

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Tionesta House.

M. LITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St., Tionesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek. Mr. Littel has thoroughly renovated the Tionesta House, and re-furnished it completely. All who patronize him will be well entertained at reasonable rates. 29-ly

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

Holmes House,

TIONESTA, PA., opposite the Depot. C. D. Mahle, Proprietor. Good Stabling connected with the house. 11

Syracuse House,

TIDIOUFT, PA., J. & D. MAGEE, Proprietors. The house has been thoroughly refitted and is now in the first-class order, with the best of accommodations. Any information concerning Oil Territory at this point will be cheerfully furnished. 1-ly

J. & D. MAGEE,

Exchange Hotel,

LOWER TIDIOUFT, Pa., D. S. RAMSBERG & SON Prop's. This house having been refitted is now the most desirable stopping place in Tidouft. A good Billiard Room attached. 4-ly

National Hotel,

IRVINGTON, PA. W. A. Hallenbach, Proprietor. This hotel is new, and is now open as a first class house, situated at the junction of the Oil Creek & Allegheny rivers and Philadelphia & Erie Railroad, opposite the Depot. Parties having to lay over trains will find this the most convenient hotel in town, with first-class accommodations and reasonable charges. 11

NEW

JEWELRY STORE.

R. E. MORRIS,

Late of Brady's Bend, has located in Tionesta, and is prepared to do all kinds of work in the line of repairing

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c.,

In good style and warranted to give satisfaction. Watches, Jewelry, &c., will be left in care of D. S. KNOX, who will be responsible for their safe return. 13-ly

R. E. MORRIS,

SLOAN & VAN GIESEN.

BLACKSMITHS

AND

WAGON-MAKERS.

Corner of Church and Elm Streets,

TIONESTA, PA.

This firm is prepared to do all work in its line, and will warrant everything done at their shops to give satisfaction. Particular attention given to

HORSE-SHOEING,

Give them a trial, and you will not regret it. 13-ly.

JOHN A. DALE, PREST.

OHNA. PROPER, VICE-PREST. A. H. STEELE, CASH.

TIONESTA

SAVINGS BANK,

Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa.

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 Coins and Government Securities bought and sold. 7-30 Bonds converted on the most favorable terms. Interest allowed on time deposits. Mar. 4, 1871.

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.

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TIONESTA, PA., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1871.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description and Price. Includes One Square (1 inch), one insertion; One Square, one month; One Square, three months; One Square, one year; Two Squares, one year; Quarter Col.; Half; One; 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 merchant business in the limits of the circulation of the paper to advertise liberally.

A Keen Reply.

Legal bullies who ask women impertinent questions in the witness-box ought to get their deserts, as did the solicitor-general in the celebrated Tichborne case, in England. The witness was a governess who had formerly been employed in the Tichborne family. Solicitor-general asked her to be regarded as beings who are made to be snubbed and insulted. So the solicitor-general snubbed and insulted this one, while she was testifying to the identity of the claimant to the Tichborne estate with the young heir as she knew him twenty years before. At last she had a chance at him which she did not hesitate to improve. "Was the young man always polite to ladies?" asked the solicitor-general. "He was, indeed, polite toward ladies," replied the governess; and with a well-understood emphasis she added, "gentlemen, I believe, always are so." The court-room burst into a loud laugh, and the solicitor-general turned red in the face.

CLIPPOGRAMS.

Genuine beer is as hard to find as pure ale or porter. Not only are malt and hop beers largely adulterated but so are made without malt or hops. Sugar, honey, molasses and liquor are used for malt; alum, opium, gentian, quassia, aloes, cocculus indicus, amara, tobacco, and unox for hops; saltpeter, Jalap, salt, maranta, green copperas, marble dust, oyster-shells egg-shells, sulphate of lime, barbershops, shavings, nut-galls, potash, soda, &c., to prevent souring. The beautiful cauliflower head often comes from green vitriol, alum and salt. The smack of age, and the tingle to the palate often comes from vitriol. Take your ale, beer and porter if you will but remember its strength or intoxicating qualities may be due to the deadly cocculus indicus, foxglove, henbane, nuxtom, and opium, nuxvomica, and the narcotic power to opium, tobacco and grains of paradise, smack your lips at the tingle of lime and pepper, and exult in the foam of copperas and lime. Is there not death in the beer-mug?--Dr. E. G. Dalton.

When girls are taught at the mother's knee, at the home fireside, in school and in society, that it is disgraceful for them to be loafers as it is for their brothers, we shall have girls demanding and getting that thoroughness of mental and technical training which is needed in the successful pursuit of any employment, and not before. We shall have a standard then for scholarship, and women will look upon education as something better than mental ruffles and furbelows, or as a mere means of enabling them to support themselves in general independence until they can marry, and we shall hear no more of lack of employment for women.

The idea of conveying messages under the sea, says Mr. J. Holmes, in a recent article on telegraphy, was first conceived by Sir C. Wheatstone, in the year 1840. For his experiment he chose Swansea Bay, in South Wales, and there, stationed in an open boat, and with the help of a light-house keeper, he practically set in operation the first submarine telegraph cable in the world, consisting merely of a conducting wire insulated with hemp and a resinous compound. From the results of that trial has proceeded the great submarine telegraph system now extending over so large a portion of the globe.

A machine has now been perfected which may be applied to cooling the air of theatres, halls, and all public or private dwellings. One of these machines will either produce two hundred pounds of ice per hour, or will furnish in the same space of time thirty thousand cubic feet of air cooled to a temperature of thirty degrees Fahrenheit. It is probable that in a few years we will turn on from the same registers the cool air in summer and hot air in winter. The application of such an apparatus to the pipes of a heater would be extremely simple, and furnish just what we want when the heater is off duty.

An Irishman named William, and one Samuel, a Jew, were partners in the ownership and management of a large and valuable rancho, not many miles from Virginia City. Samuel was upholding his Irish partner for his queer management of some particular business. William could endure it no longer, and retorted: "Now, Sam, you had better dry up about my Irish blunders, for you Jews have nothing to brag of; there you were for forty years bringing your folks through the wilderness, when any good smart Yankee would have done it in four days." Sam subsided, and peace was restored.

We are informed, says the St. Marys Gazette, that ground has been broken for the Elk and McKean railroad, and it is to be speedily pushed to completion. Our citizens will hail this with joy, since it is to give our coal bed a new opening and give employment to many men. This new road will remedy some little inconvenience now experienced for a want of cars for the transportation of coal, and our miners will have steady employment.

Do Not Give Up.

A gentleman traveling in the northern part of Ireland heard the voices of children, and paused to listen. Finding the sounds proceeding from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near; and, as the door was open, he entered, and listened to the words the boys were spelling. One little fellow stood apart and dispirited. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman. "Oh, he's good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There's nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school." The gentleman was surprised at this answer. He saw that the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid boys were nearly crushed. He said a few kind words to him, and then placing his hand on the brow of the little fellow who stood apart, he said: "One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Do not give up; but try, my boy, try!" The soul of the boy roused. His dormant intellect awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that moment he became studious and ambitious to excel. And he did become a fine scholar and the author of a well known commentary on the bible--a great and good man, beloved and honored. It was Dr. Adam Clark.

The secret of his success is worth knowing: "Don't give up; but try, my boy, try!"

The Philosopher's Stone.

The eccentric but brilliant John Randolph once rose suddenly up in his seat in the House of Representatives, and screamed out, at the top of his shrill voice: "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It is--Pay as you go!" John Randolph dropped many rich gems from his mouth, but never a richer one than that. "Pay as you go," and you need not dodge sheriffs and constables. "Pay as you go," and you can walk the streets with an erect back and manly front, and have no fear of those you meet. You won't have to cross the street to avoid a dun, or look intently in a shop window, in order not to see a creditor. "Pay as you go," and you can snap your fingers at the world, and when you laugh, it will be a hearty, honest one, and not like the laugh of the poor debtor, who looks around as though he was in doubt whether the laugh was not the property of his creditors, and not included in articles "exempted from attachment." "Pay as you go," and you will meet smiling faces at home--happy, cherry-checked, smiling children--a contented wife--a cheerful hearth-stone. John Randolph was right. It is the philosopher's stone.

A Good Woman.

A good woman never grows old. Years may go over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman, we never think of her age--she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed upon her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor--in the church, the devout worshipper and exemplary Christian. Who does not love and respect the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy, who has been the friend of man and God--whose whole life has been a scene of kindness and love, a devotion of love and religion? We repeat, such a woman can not grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion and folly; let her love truth and virtue; and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets, ever fresh and new.

The Duluth Herald says the people of Duluth "intend to wake that city one of the largest manufacturing and transshipping depots in the world." This is the right kind of talk, and we hope it will not result in talk only. The city doubtless possesses many advantages as a manufacturing point for certain kinds of machinery, and it only requires the aid and countenance of the people there to induce capitalists to embark in manufacturing.

It is related of a member of the Boston bar that once meeting in the dog days the estimable son of a father of rather equivocal reputation, in an absent minded moment he amazed him by inquiring how the old gentleman stood the heat. The old gentleman had been dead two months.

The Stockton Herald says: During the delivery of her speech last night Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon said, "I am an American citizen and over twenty-one years of age." To this a crusty and probably disgusted benedict retorted: "You bet you are!" The subject was electrical.

A Story of General Thomas.

Among the stories told of the late General Thomas, is one of an incident which occurred when he and his chief of staff, General Garfield, were inspecting the fortifications of Chattanooga in 1864. They heard a shout, "Hello, Mister! I want to speak to you;" and General Thomas found that he was the person addressed, by an uncouth, backwoods, East Tennessean. He stopped, and the dialogue which ensued was as follows: "Mister, I want to get a furlough." "On what grounds do you want a furlough, my man?" "I want to go home and see my wife." "How long since you saw your wife?" "Ever since I enlisted, nigh on to three months." "Three months!" good naturedly exclaimed General Thomas. "Why, my good man, I haven't seen my wife for three years." The East Tennessean stopped waiting for a moment, and stared incredulously; at length he said: "Well, you see, me and my wife ain't that kind." Even General Thomas' grimness was not proof against the laughter which he rode away to conceal, leaving the astonished soldier without an answer. We give it as told by Gen. Garfield.

Finge Marks.

A short time since, a gentleman employed a mason to do some work for him, and, among other things, to "thin whitewash" the walls of one of his chambers. The thin whitening is almost colorless until dried. The gentleman was much surprised on the next morning after the chamber was finished, to find on the drawer of the bureau standing in his room, white finger marks. Opening the drawer he found the same on the articles in it, and on a pocket-book. An examination revealed the same marks on the contents of a bag. This proved clearly that the mason, with his wet hands, had opened the drawer and searched the bag which contained no money, and then closed the drawer without once thinking that any one would know it. The "thin whitening" which happened to be on his hand, did not show at first, and probably he had no idea that twelve hours drying would reveal his wickedness. Beware of evil thoughts and deeds! They will leave their finger marks which will one day be revealed. They may be almost, if not quite invisible at first. But even if they should not be seen during any of your days on earth, yet there is a day coming in which all sins will be made manifest.

A Precocious Swindler.

The Boston Journal says: The officers of one of our south stations are much exercised as to what they shall do with a young girl of about six years of age, who, by her smartness, bids fair to achieve somewhat of a local reputation even before she reaches her teens. She is almost daily to be found straying about the streets, hearing the appearance of a lost child, her forlorn looks and appeals gaining her sympathy, and obtaining the aid of passers by. She frequents the horse cars, riding upon the conductor, in taking the fares, finds her without scrip or tickets, and she is either put off or else a policeman takes her to the station house, and she is sent home, only to be found on her travels the next day. A few days ago the "little fraud" was in clover. When the Old Fell-w lodes who dined in Boylston hall marched into the building she accompanied them, and one of the brethren, thinking her lost, out of sympathy secured her a seat at the table, and after she had eaten all she wished, he, at her request, stepped aside to procure a lobster. After the repast he carried her to a neighboring police station, and was then made aware that he had been duped by a mere child. The parents of the child take little interest in her welfare.

The bugles have rung true in Cincinnati, and the war over the Sabbath question is momentarily suspended in order to enable the citizens to deal with another question, which many of them find more pressing. That proud evidence of the city's prosperity, the smoke, has all of a sudden been voted a nuisance, and a committee of the council has been charged with the duty of devising a plan for abating it. We confess to some curiosity as to the effect which a purification of the atmosphere will have upon the Cincinnati mind and morals. Reasoning a priori, we should expect it to be very salutary indeed.

Jokes on Horace Greeley are fashionable just now. This is the latest: "This is the 200th application in a week. Go to Halifax, I can't hire every idle fool." That is what they say Mr. Greeley wrote to a man who asked him for a situation. The receiver couldn't make it out, so he took it down to the Tribune counting-room, and the cashier, supposing it to be an order for \$200, paid him that sum.

Monestier pair--to Bessie.

She can't wear them, but they'll remind her more of my feet, as they really are, if they are not worn. Little Emmie must have my big trunk. Put her name on the end. And the preserves are for John. You must keep back! I'm going to fire! Be firm. Keep my room always exactly as it is.

Bang! and Euphemia sat down with great suddenness.

I sprang upon the bank, and, seeing she was safe, rushed into the bushes.

"Call me if he resists," said Euphemia, and then she sank against a tree.

When I returned, Euphemia was herself again.

"Oh! lead me to him!" she cried, her eyes sparkling. "Did you give him the coup de grace? Let me cut off his brush to put in my hat--that is, if bears have brushes."

"I don't know about bears," said I, "but if I were you, Euphemia, I wouldn't want to stick a heifer's tail in my new straw hat."

"A what?" said she turning pale.

I had no idea that Euphemia was such a good shot. That heifer cost me \$23, and the people would allow nothing for the hide. I do not think Euphemia desires to remain much longer in Sugar Valley. Philadelphia Post.

How to Revenge an Inaict.

Mr. Editor--I am eighteen years old, and I have a little sweetheart sixteen years old. I called upon her the other evening, and at nine o'clock her father brought in a piece of bread and butter for each of us, with sugar on it, and said I need not go home until I had eaten it. I felt insulted, and left without eating a mouthful. Did I do right? GEORGE.

Yours is a sad case, George, and one that calls for deeper reflection than we are capable of giving it. We do not think it would have been to have "riled the old man up;" he might have raised your hopes with his boot. If your sweetheart really loves you, it would have been better to have accepted the "lunch" and after eating the sugar off from the bread and butter chucked the latter under the sofa; it would have made a grease spot on the carpet and you would thus have your revenge. But come to think of it, what in thunder do you sit up as late as nine o'clock for? We always used to leave at eight o'clock and listen outside until the old folks were snoring; then take off our boots and go back and see the night out. Try this once and if you don't get caught at it, let us hear from you. If you do get caught at it, nobody will ever hear from you again. There is nothing so conducive to restlessness on the part of a parent as to know their only daughter is sitting up with a greenhorn when she ought to be asleep dreaming of tomorrow's washing. That's so.--Titusville Herald.

Men's Rights.

Burleigh tells this story in the Boston Journal:

Coming up in the cars quite an amusing incident occurred. The palace cars used custom. The common cars are few and crowded, and those who would be comfortable are compelled to pay extra and have a seat in the palace saloon. Several gentlemen stood. A lady took a whole seat to herself, and piled up her baggage on the spot where wary gentlemen would be glad to repose. The lady left her seat for a moment and went to the rear. A gentleman at once went for it--piled the bags on the seat the lady occupied and sat down. All watched the operation. Soon the lady came on with a quick step. She came to a halt and said, "Sir, you have my seat." "I think not; your luggage is on your seat." "I have had the seat all the way from Albany." "Yes ma'am, and I have stood all the way from Albany, and intend to ride the rest of the way to Rutland." Not an inch did the woman budge; she held her ground full ten minutes. The intruder was quietly reading--the only one in the car that was not absorbed in the affair. The silence was painful. At last the woman gave way. In a huff she seized her bundles, made for the palace car, and paid for all the room she occupied. Her exit was attended with a short, sharp cheer, and the audience recovered.

The zeal of new converts is proverbial. The Canadians now in New York have suddenly become so delighted with the United States, and are so enthusiastic for annexation, that they propose to celebrate the anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbia--an event which our own citizens do not commemorate. The Canadians, it is explained, do this to show their gratitude to the people of the United States for desiring to absorb the Dominion. The desire exists to any remarkable degree, the Canadians alone have discovered it.

A man in Maine plugged his maple trees on Sunday, so the sap couldn't run, considering it was a violation of the Sunday law; and, besides that, he wanted to go a fishing.

Deer Hunting.

We should not have stayed in Sugar Valley so long--for the days are beginning to be cool, and the nights are already foggy--had not Euphemia been so intent upon going on a deer hunt. Her desire for the chase became so great that at last she even overlooked the danger of the bears. "A bullet will kill a bear, I suppose," said she. And on being told that such a thing was certainly possible, she determined to go.

We went.

One path lay up the side of the mountains, over an old, and almost disused road, and, after the first mile or so, Euphemia found it a hard path.

She would not let me carry her rifle--a short breech-loader--for she asserted that she knew it was the proper thing for hunters to bear their own weapons, and, in course of time, she found it very heavy. From one shoulder to another she shifted it, and remarked to me that she hoped she would find some of Mrs. Horner's slave in the box when she got back, for her skin was rubbed off in some places, she knew.

"If I had better let me carry our rifle," said I, "and not think so much about appearances. For my part, I consider a woman with a rifle on her shoulders to be about as strange a sight as any one would want to see. In the olden time when women did hunt they had bows and arrows, and it was rather pleasing than otherwise to carry them."

"Butter," said she, "bows and arrows, indeed! I suppose the next thing will be that you'll want me to go hunting in a chariot with a sickle stuck into the swingle tree like the Romans."

"At the end of the axel tree, my dear, they put the scythes in the ancient chariots," said I.

"Well, it makes no difference. Those old-fashioned things are all absurd. I wish I could see a herd of deer on top of those rocks," said she, pointing her rifle at a little eminence, as if she was practicing taking sight. (I knew very well that she only did it to relieve her shoulders.) "I think I could hit a few of them."

"A few!" I exclaimed. "I don't believe you could hit one--at least, not the first time you tried."

"That would not discourage me," she cried, with the spirit of a true hunter sparkling in her eyes. "If I missed, do you know what I would do?"

"What?" said I.

"Pick the flint, and try again."

"What nonsense you are talking, Euphemia! Your gun has no flint, and, so, of course, you could not pick it."

"Do you mean to tell me," said she, stopping short in the road, "that you let me come away out here with a gun that has no flint?"

"Of course I did. No guns have flints now-a-days. They have percussion caps instead."

"Yes, I knew they had caps," she said more mildly, "but I thought they had flints too--somewhere inside of them--"

It was about half an hour after this conversation, and Euphemia was carrying her rifle under her arm in a way that made me tremble for my life.

When we came to a spot where the road branched, as I did not know which was the main track, I told Euphemia to wait a few minutes while I went forward to investigate.

When I returned I could not see Euphemia, but directly I descried her on the top of a low bank, a short distance up the other road. As I walked towards her I saw that she was leveling her gun at something, which was over the bank and invisible to me.

Accordingly I approached her with noiseless steps. When I reached the bank she was still taking aim, and I whispered to her:

"Euphy, what is it? A deer?"

She turned to me, and in a low, hollow voice said:

"No. It is a bear!"

I put my hands on the bank to scramble up, but she waved me back.

"Not one inch forward," she said, "or your rashness will destroy us both. Keep your charge in reserve. Be ready with your rifle if I miss him. If you come up here I shall scream, and we are lost."

"Hear me, Euphy," I whispered, trembling with excitement, "Come down and let me up there. Mine is the post of danger."

"No, it isn't," said she, in that solemn undertone. "It used to be, but not in these days. Don't make a fuss. I'm going to fire as soon as I see the white of his eyes--and he is turning around now. If he rushes on us, remember the Norwegians! Hold your knife out in front of you, and let him run on that! If I have time, I will step aside, and let him bring me down on it. If it should happen that I should--should--perish, when he springs, I want you to remember what I tell you now. My gold ear-rings--not the ones with balls, but the chased set--are for Lulie. Tell her to think of me when she wears them. My large braids I would like Mary to have. It always was too dark for me, and would suit her hair. Send my new boots--the

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 Tidouft, near Tidouft House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND

A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oil Cutlery, and fine Groceries, all of the best quality, and will be sold at reasonable rates.

H. R. BURGESS, an experienced Druggist from New York, has charge of the store. All prescriptions put up accurately.

Tift Sons & Co.'s

NEW ENGINES. The undersigned have for sale and will receive orders for the above Engine. Messrs. Tift Sons & Co. are now sending to this market their 12-Horse Power Engine with 14-Horse Power Boiler peculiarly adapted to deep wells.

Offices at Duncan & Chalfant's, dealers in Well Fixtures, Hardware, &c., Main St., next door to Chase House, Pleasantville, and at Mansion House, Titusville, Pa.