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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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Fan Flirtation.

Amelia waved her fan with glee, And being in a playful mood, She gave the airy toy to me And bade me flirt if I could.

The pleasing toll I quick began, But jealous pangs my bosom hurt. "Madam, I cannot flirt a fan, But, with your leave, I'll fan a flirt."

IDA'S LOVER. BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

"Oh, I loved in my youth a lady fair, For her azure eyes and her golden hair."

High and clear, the sweet tender voice rang out through the bracing frosty air. It was an October morning; the woods were glorious in crimson and gold, the fields were white with frost, and the wind, cool and delicious, blew gently from the west, carrying health and strength to frames debilitated by summer's sultry heat.

"Who is that singing," called Ida Miller, from the boughs of a Chestnut tree, to her cousin Lou, seated underneath, gathering up the bright nuts as they fell.

"I don't know; it's some fellow over in the next field. He's a good singer, hope he won't come along this way. Give that bough another shake, Ida," replied Lou.

Ida did so, and the nuts came down in torrents. Deeply absorbed in gathering them into her basket, Lou Miller did not look up until her cousin called out again, in a half frightened voice.

"Lou as sure as you live, that fellow is coming directly towards us; he sees the limbs shaking, I suppose, and wants some chestnuts. He's a young man in a brown suit, with a gun on his shoulder, and oh! so good looking."

"Hush, he'll hear," said Lou. "Come down, quick, before he gets here."

"Not I," replied Ida. "I can't get down, without climbing all the way back along this slender branch. I'm going to hide in the leaves until he passes on."

"Oh, Ida, come down, he'll see you, anyhow, and a pretty figure you'll cut, perched up there like a squirrel; come down, quick," coaxed Lou.

"I won't tell you; I've got a secure resting-place, and I'm going to remain here."

Meanwhile the stranger approached and saluted Lou Miller with a graceful bow and a pleasant "good morning," which the lady returned as gracefully.

He was wonderfully good-looking; at least so thought little Ida Miller, surveying him from her airy out look. A tall erect form, brown hair, glossy and curling; frank laughing blue eyes, and handsome lips adorned by a drooping, light brown moustache. Surveying the branches overhead, his eyes caught the figure of Ida hid among the leaves. Raising his rifle to his shoulder, he said, laughing,

"Is that lawful game, or do your laws in this State forbid the shooting of such rare and beautiful birds?" Lou laughed.

"Our laws forbid it, certainly," she replied.

Poor Ida was covered with confusion when she found herself discovered, and in endeavoring to change her position, her feet slipped from the main branch, and she only saved herself from falling by grasping a slender branch with both hands. This bent with her weight, and she found herself swaying between "Heaven and earth," but fortunately only a few feet from earth. The young man caught her in his arms, and deposited her safely on solid ground.

Between fright and shame, the poor girl was speechless; she could only glance shyly at the stranger, while hot blushes dyed her face and neck.

The young man regarded Ida's rosy face with undimmed admiration. Never, he thought, had he seen any one half so lovely. Her short, curling hair, black as jet, hung in picturesque confusion over neck and forehead; her cheeks were red as June roses; while the great brown eyes above them were half filled with tears, and the scarlet lips beneath parted in a bewitching smile. Her small, but round and graceful figure, was clad in a coquettish walking-dress, revealing feet and ankles of exquisite mould and fairy-like proportions. Lou broke the embarrassing silence by bursting into a ringing laugh, in which the others joined heartily.

"You must not undertake climbing again, my girl, or you will be certain to break your neck," said Lou.

"But the chestnuts--I'd only got one branch shaken," replied Ida ruefully.

"Well, we must let the squirrels have them, I suppose."

"By no means ladies," said the stranger. "I am a good climber, and will gladly shake the tree for you, if you wish it."

"We would be much obliged to you, but the trouble would be too great."

"No trouble at all, I assure you," he said, taking off his coat; and in a moment he was gliding up the tree with the ease and agility of a squirrel. The bright nut came rattling down like a shower of hail, and soon the ground

was almost covered. To gather them up was a work of time, and I am afraid that the young man did but little good in filling the basket, for he kept up such a continued conversation that they gave but little attention to the business on hand. And I think that little Ida almost lost her tender heart as she watched his handsome face, and listened to his pleasant, musical voice. The baskets were filled at last, however, and the young ladies were ready to go home.

"Can you tell me where Dr. Miller lives?" asked the young man, throwing his rifle on his shoulder, and taking a good long look at pretty Ida.

"I ought to be able to do so, as he is my father," laughed Lou.

"Your father? Then you are my cousin, Louisa," said the stranger, in a pleased tone.

"My name is Louisa; but I don't think you can be my cousin, as I never saw you before."

"Yes you have, but you have forgotten me. I am Rafe Darrel--cousin Rafe, whom you used to play with when you were a very young lady, in short dresses. I have been in foreign countries for ten years, so of course you don't recognize me."

"But I do now. Your eyes and smile are just the same. Oh, cousin Rafe, I am so very glad to see you after all these years; and they shook hands heartily.

"Is this your sister?" asked Rafe looking at Ida, and holding out his hand.

"My cousin, Ida Miller, my father's niece, and therefore my relation to you. I have no sister."

"I hope we shall be friends, Miss Ida, if we are not cousins," said Rafe, pressing her little hand, and smiling down on her blushing face.

"Of course you will go home with us, Rafe," asked Lou, with cousinly familiarity.

"Yes, I ran down here from the city for a week's shooting, this beautiful weather, and I intend staying at your father's if you will tolerate me."

"We will be glad enough to have you there. And we must be going, for it is nearly dinner time, and this bracing air gives one an appetite."

"It does indeed. I, at least feel a strong desire to taste some of my aunt's excellent dishes."

Dr. Miller and his wife were greatly delighted to see their favorite but long absent nephew, and gave him a boisterous welcome. The doctor was a retired physician, living on an elegant farm not far from a large city. He was a jovial old man, disposed to take life easy. His daughter Louisa was his only child, but he loved his brother's orphan, little Ida, as much as he did his own child and treated her the same in every respect.

The weather continuing clear, cool, and delicious, Rafe Darrel enjoyed some fine sport among squirrel and quail, which were exceedingly plentiful in wood and field; but in spite of these attractions, he spent a large portion of his time in the house, or in walking with the young ladies. I suspect that Ida's brown eyes and cherry cheeks influenced the handsome young man a good deal.

But the course of true love never does run smooth; and ere long he discovered that he had a rival in the person of a stalwart young farmer named John Gordon, who walked in the parlor one evening, dressed in his best. Darrel saw at once by his manner, that he was little Ida's "beau." The knowledge did not please him and he retired to his room in a fit of the sulks.

"What the mischief can she see in that booby to like?" he said confidentially to his pillow. "But what difference does it make to me? Am I in love with this little country maiden? Yes I am; and would marry her to-morrow, if she would have me? Ay, there's the rub--will she have me? I believe she would learn to love me, if that confounded fellow would keep out of the way. Certainly she doesn't love him, for he's ugly as sin. I guess I had better wait a while, and see how matters go on; and if she isn't actually engaged to that fellow, I'll cut him out, by Jove, if I can."

With which consolatory reflection he went to sleep.

Another week passed without Darrel having decided whether or not he could "cut out" the young farmer. Sometimes he teased Ida about him, but she speedily got into a bad humor and vowed that she cared nothing at all for him--which Darrel, with his knowledge of woman, could not believe.

One morning, being in a particular down-hearted mood, he took his rifle and started for the woods to renew his acquaintance with the squirrels. He had not gone far ere voices were heard which he recognized as belong to Ida and her lover.

"All's fair in love and war," he said to himself, and approached as near as he dared; he crouched behind a log, and peered through the foliage at the lovers--if such they were. They were seated on a fallen tree trunk; Ida's face was averted, but Gordon's wore an expression of mingled anger and sorrow.

"You liked me well enough," he said

in a reproachful voice, "until that fellow from the city came down here. I suppose you think you'll get him now, and may-be you can; but it's my opinion you'll get no great prize, anyhow."

"You are no gentleman," retorted Ida, angrily, "in slandering an absent person. I never expect to get Mr. Darrel; but that is no reason why I should marry you."

"I didn't mean to say anything against him; I don't know anything about him; but, ah, Ida, he doesn't love you as I do. Only think how we played together as children, and how I have loved you ever since, caring nothing for any one else."

"I am sorry for you, John, if you love me as you say," replied Ida, gently, "but I can never care for you only as a friend, and it would be wrong to marry you."

"You never can love me as I love you!"

"I never can, John."

"Then good-bye," said the honest fellow, raising to his feet, and holding Ida's hands in his, while his eyes filled with tears, met hers. "I shall never trouble you any more. I am rough and ugly, I know, but I loved you truly. Will you let me kiss you once, for the first time and the last?"

"As a friend you may, John," said Ida, pitying his sorrowful face.

"As the only woman I shall ever love!" he said passionately, catching her to his breast for a moment; then released her and disappeared without another word.

Darrel pitied the poor youth sincerely, but at the same time his heart beat high with joy of renewed hope, and approaching the spot where Ida was seated, he sat down by her side. The beautiful girl blushed scarlet and would have fled, but he detained her by clasping her hands in his own.

"I met your friend, Mr. Gordon, a moment ago," said Rafe, mischievously, "and he seems to be terribly downcast about something. What is the matter with him?"

"How should I know?" replied Ida, trying to withdraw her hands.

"But he was talking with you; I heard your voices. He looked like I fancy a man would who has proposed to the woman he loved and has been rejected. Did you refuse him?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I think you treat him badly, little girl. He is a good fellow, and loves you devotedly. If you knew how you hurt his feelings, you would not treat him so."

"It seems to me you concern yourself a good deal about that man's affairs," said Ida, growing indignant and almost ready to cry, "what difference does it make to you?"

"Well, my darling, I love you so myself that I can feel for others who love you as I fear I do, hopelessly. Dear little Ida, can you ever care for me any, or must I, like poor Gordon, kiss you and depart forever?"

Ida gazed earnestly upon him for a moment; then, sobbing with joy, she threw her arms around his neck and hid her blushing, happy face on his shoulder.

"That's right, little girl," said Rafe. "Do you know when I held you in my arms under the chestnut tree, I vowed that they should be your resting place through life."

"And I loved you at first sight, too," confessed Ida, shyly.

"Even so, darling. If we do not love at first sight, we never will love at all," said Rafe, kissing her lips.

With which little bit of very doubtful philosophy we will leave them.

Smith met Brown the other day. Smith is Brown's new neighbor. And Smith said: "Mr. Brown this is your wife's birthday, I understand; won't you allow me to make her a little present?" "Certainly, Mr. Smith," said Brown; "you are very kind, but this is quite unexpected; you are quite a stranger, you know."

"Never mind," said Smith; "that's no reason why we should not be on friendly terms." And so they went into a convenient jeweler's, and Smith brought a very handsome locket for \$50, which he presented to Brown to be presented to his wife, with the congratulations of neighbor Smith. When the locket came to be paid for the generous but absent-minded Smith had forgotten his check book, but Brown was flush, and accommodated him. They parted a few blocks from the store, to which Smith returned, and was paid a commission of five dollars on the sale of the locket. He still owes Brown the principal. Mrs. Smith's birthday is next week. Brown is looking for Smith to give him something to take home to his wife.

A professor, who felt a little rheumatic, lay down on a lounge, and requested his friend W. to rub him after the movement cure style. W. beat him on the chest. "How hollow it sounds!" said K., who was looking on. "That's nothing," said W. "wait till I get to his head!"

Sir Boyle Roche was arguing for the habeas corpus suspension bill in Ireland. "It would surely be better, Mr. Speaker," said he, "to give up not only a part, but if necessary, even the whole of our constitution, to preserve the remainder."

A Wedding in a Baggage Wagon.

The St. Louis Democrat of a recent date, says: The rapidity with which marriages are dissolved is equalled only by the facility with which they are formed. A case of swift marriage occurred yesterday morning. William Calp, a young farmer of about twenty-two, living near Bunker Hill, Illinois, had won the affections of Melvina Sawyer, a beautiful milkmaid of the same neighborhood, and his parents not fancying his choice, the young people concluded to defy fate and elope. Taking the midnight train they arrived in East St. Louis, at which place they were bent on getting married, Justice Jecko was the man to put them through in the shortest possible time. They came across a baggage wagon, in charge of Wm. Muuday and H. L. Mullony, and chartered it for a trip to St. Louis. Arriving on this side of the river long before office hours, they were driven around town until six o'clock, when they halted up in front of Justice Jecko's. The Justice was enjoying the delights of a morning snooze, but on being aroused came forth in his dressing-gown and inquired what was the matter.

"Here's a couple of spring chickens that want to get spliced," answered one of the drivers of the wagon.

The Justice looked at the young man, and saw at once that he was from the rural districts. He asked him how old he was, and the bridegroom, rubbing the place where the whiskers ought to be, said he was "plenty old enough to get married." The bride had on a pair of shoes that resembled the last remains of a camp-meeting, and a bonnet that might have been brought from Paris in a balloon. Her hair was disarranged, and she looked as though she had just come out of a hurricane.

"Miss, I think you are too young to get married," suggested the Justice.

"No, I ain't; I'm nineteen--I'm old enough and big enough both."

The young couple were sworn to at their age, and the statements being satisfactory, they were told to stand up. The ceremony was over in half a minute, the baggage-wagon men acting as witnesses, and then the happy couple made a bee line for the river, intending to return at once to Bunker Hill.

The young man remarked, as he was wheeling away, that the "dickens" were a darn what the old man might say now as he had got what he came after."

The following reasons are given why the nine of diamonds is called the "curse of Scotland": In the distracted state of the country during the reign of Mary, a man, George Campbell by name, attempted to steal the crown out of Edinburgh Castle. In this he was unsuccessful, but managed to abstract nine valuable jewels, and escaped safely to a foreign shore. To escape these a heavy tax was laid upon the country, which the poor, oppressed people thought so great a grievance that they termed it the curse of Scotland; and until very recently, the card itself bore the name of George Campbell in the Highlands. Another explanation relates to the well-known massacre of Glencoe. The mandate of this cruel deed was signed by the eldest son of the Earl of Stair, who was at the time Secretary of State for Scotland. The coat of arms belonging to this family bears nine diamonds on its shield, and the people, not daring to stigmatize the master of Stair as the curse of Scotland, applied it to his armorial bearings. And still another explanation relates to the battle of Culloden, which extinguished the hopes of the Stuart party, and was at the time considered a national curse. The Duke of Cumberland, who was known to have been a gambler, is said to have carried a pack of cards in his pocket, and when he had won the famous field, he took out the nine of diamonds and wrote his account of the victory on it.

It is a striking fact that the dying never weep. The sobbing, the heart-breaking agony of the circle of friends around the death bed, calls forth no responsive tears from the dying. It is because he is insensible, and stiff in the chill of dissolution? That cannot be, for he asks for his father's hand as if to gain strength in the mortal struggle, and leans on the breast of his mother, sister, or brother, in still conscious affection. Just before expiring, he calls the loved ones, and with quivering lips says: "Kiss me!" showing that the love which he has ever borne in his heart is still fresh and warm. It must be because the dying has reached a point too deep for earthly sorrow, too transcendent for weeping. They are face to face with higher and holier things, with the Father in Heaven and His angels. There is no weeping in that blessed abode to which he is hastening.

A man who married a buxom Irish girl, nearly to the horror of his mother and sister, made the following defence: "If I married an American girl I must have an Irish girl to take care of her, and I cannot afford to support both of them."

An expensive hood--Womanhood.

A Family Remarkable for Twins.

Near Jamestown, Russel county, Kentucky, there lives one of the most remarkable of families. Mr. James Jeffries, lately attending the United States Court at Louisville, as a juror, tells the story. He says that he was married before he was seventeen years old, his wife being only five months younger than himself. They lived together seven years without children, when his wife gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl. In the fifteen years which followed nineteen children were born to the happy couple, each of the first three births being twins and each subsequent birth alternating between twins and single births until fifteen years were accomplished and nineteen children composed the family circle, seven pairs of twins being born during the time. Mr. Jeffries is only forty-five years old and is still youthful in appearance and very stout. His wife never had better health in all her life than at present, though she will not weigh a hundred pounds. Her greatest weight at any time was 110 pounds. The boy of the first twins now weighs 165 pounds, the girl 125 pounds. All the boys who are grown have made large men; the girls are of good size and all the children healthy. But five out of nineteen have died. Mr. Jeffries has ten brothers, all of whom are large men, and within the families of these eleven brothers there are thirty-seven pairs of twins, making seventy-four twin children; to say nothing of the host of single births. Five of Mr. Jeffries's children are married, notwithstanding the absence of all very locks on his head, he is the grandfather of five children.

There was a young man of Chicago, She made up her mind to let law go; This wicked old tramp Kicked over a lamp, And away on the winds went Chicago.

A man in Le Roy, New York, was recently divorced from what the residents of that place regard as a most estimable wife, and shortly afterwards married in Omaha. Last week he returned to Le Roy with his new spouse, whereupon the citizens, to the number of five hundred, armed themselves with guns and dragging a cannon to the front door of the house where the wedded pair were domiciled, kept up an incessant roar from the cannon and discharged from the guns for several hours. On the Sunday following the couple visited a church and occupied seats in the choir, but they had no sooner seated themselves than the members of the choir vacated, and the result was that the singing was done in the lower portion of the church. Threats were afterwards made to the man that if he remained in the village until Monday night he would be treated to a coat of tar and feathers. He heeded the warning and with his Omaha wife quitted the town on Monday.

A certain caravan orator at a fair, after a long yarn descriptive of what is to be seen inside, generally winds up by saying: "Step in, gentlemen, step in. Take my word for it, you will be highly delighted when you get out."

Digby, the other day, found some money in the street. "Ah!" said he, with a knowing look, "papers have been saying that money's tight, but I wouldn't have believed it, if I hadn't found it in the gutter."

Bears are to be found in immense numbers on the Alaska mainland. They are of enormous size but do not evince the ferocity of the California animal. It is a fact that contact with civilization increases the ferocity of Brain and his whole tribe.

Never chew your words. Open the mouth and let the words come out. A student once asked: "Can vircha, for-tichude, gratichude or quiechude dwell with that man who is a stranger to rectichude?"

A School teacher read: "Let your joints be girdled, and your light burning," and asked the question, "Why are we commanded to gird our loins?" One little shaver sang out, "To keep your breeches up."

After his extraordinary experience with the gentler sex, it is no wonder that Brigham Young should not fear what man can do unto him.

Balloons should be made amenable to some other law beside the law of gravitation.

Only twenty-five thousand Communists still remain to be tried.

A Maine dancet rowed eight miles in an hour and a quarter.

Hair pins to match the color of the hair are coming into vogue.

An English lady under forty has just buried her sixth husband.

The nation which produces the most marriages must be fascination.

The best agricultural fairs are farmers' daughters.

When is the wind like a newspaper? When it puffs.

The best share in a farm--The support both of them.

An expensive hood--Womanhood.