

No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notices will be taken of anonymous communications. Marriages and Death notices inserted gratis.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE, NO. 477.

I. O. G. T.

Meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

W. R. DUNN, W. C. 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, OH City, Pa. Will practice in the various Courts of Forest County. All business entrusted to us care will receive prompt attention.

W. W. Mason,

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

C. W. Gilliam,

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.

W. F. Mercilliot,

Attorney at Law.

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

TIONESTA, PA.

CLARK & FASSETT,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

WARREN AND TIDOUTE, PA.

THE UNDERSIGNED having associated themselves together in the practice of law, offer their professional services to the public. Business promptly attended to in all the courts of Warren, Forest and adjoining counties.

JUNIOR S. CLARK, D. D. FASSETT, TIONESTA, PA.

M. IFFEL, Proprietor, Elm St., Tionesta, Pa. This hotel is NEW, and is now open as a first class house, situated at the junction of the Oil Creek & Allegheny River 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.

FOREST HOUSE,

Opposite the Depot, C. D. Mather, Proprietor. Good table and connected with the house.

Syracuse House,

TIDOUTE, Pa., J. & D. MAGEE, Proprietors. This hotel is NEW, and is now open as a first class house, situated at the junction of the Oil Creek & Allegheny River 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.

Exchange Hotel,

LOWER TIDOUTE, Pa., D. S. RAMSDELL & SON, Proprietors. This house having been refitted is now the most desirable stopping place in Tidoute. A good Billiard Room attached.

National Hotel,

TRININGTON, Pa., W. A. Hallenback, Proprietor. This hotel is NEW, and is now open as a first class house, situated at the junction of the Oil Creek & Allegheny River 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.

De. 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 Tidoute, near Tidoute House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND

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

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

SLOAN & VAN GISEN.

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.

JOHN A. DALE, PRES'T.

OHNA. PROPER, VICE PRES'T. 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 contracted on the most favorable terms.

Interest allowed on time deposits.

Mar. 4, 1877.

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. 36.

TIONESTA, PA., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1871.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Includes One Square (1 inch), one insertion, one month, three months, one year, and Business Cards.

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 men of business in the limits of the circulation of the paper to advertise liberally.

THE SUPERIOR LUMBER CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Pine Lumber, Lath, Shingles &c.

Mills on Tionesta Creek, Forest Co., Pa.

Yards & Office cor. 22d & Rail Road Sts.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

EDWARD DITHRIDGE, E. D. DITHRIDGE

FORT PITT GLASS WORKS.

Established A. D. 1827.

DITHRIDGE & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Dithridge's xx Flint Glass

PATENT OVAL

LAMP CHIMNEYS.

AND

Silvered Glass Reflectors.

These chimneys do not break by heat.

Ask for DITHRIDGES. Take no other.

25-ly. DITHRIDGE & SON, Pittsburgh, Pa.

New Boarding House.

MRS. S. S. HELLINGS has built a large addition to her house, and is now prepared to accommodate a number of permanent boarders, and all transient ones who may favor her with their patronage. A good stable has recently been built to accommodate the horses of guests. Charges reasonable. Residence on Elm St., opposite S. Haslet's store.

25-ly.

Practical Harness Maker and Saddler. Three doors north of Holmes House, Tionesta, Pa. All work is warranted.

NOTICE.

D. R. J. N. BOLARD, of Tidoute, has returned to his practice after an absence of four months, spent in the Hospitals of New York, where he will attend calls in his profession.

Office in Eureka Drug Store, 3d door above the bank, Tidoute, Pa. 4047

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

at

BOOTHS & SHOES!

FOR THE

MILLIONS!

which we are determined to sell regardless of prices.

HARDWARE

AND

FURNITURE!

of all kinds,

PARLOR SUITS,

CHAMBER SETS,

LOUNGES,

WHATNOTS,

SPRING BEDS,

MATRESSES,

LOOKING GLASS-

ES, &c., &c., &c.

In ENDLESS VARIETY. Call and see.

7-4f D. S. KNOX, & CO.

WANTED—Men and Women seeking a good paying business to sell our illustrated, historical, biographical, religious and agricultural works. Send stamp for full particulars how you can make \$100 to \$500 per month. E. R. THREAT, Publisher, 520 Broadway, N. Y. 24-16

California Incident in 1849.

Spindle was a new arrival. The camp, with customary propriety, had dubbed him thus, because he was so slim. On the same principle, his awkwardness soon gave him notoriety. Nor this only; like One-eyed Tom, Spindles had made one of the happiest hits of the day. Young, passionate, elated beyond degree with the splendor of his prospects, it was no surprise that he should court the favor of the pale-faced gamblers, who were the aristocrats of the camp. It was no wonder that they should discover his weakness and determine to "silt" him. Play? No, no; Spindle did not play; he only came in to watch the game; it was tiresome, sitting there in the tent, alone. "Try it; double your stake on a 'full,'" said a pleasant-faced fellow, who was just raking in a hundred slugs or more. Spindle was inclined to listen. "Tell you what you do," said the gambler counting; "go me halves for an hour, and see how you come out." Spindle did so. At the end of the hour he had won "stake" of several thousand dollars. Spindle was fascinated. "I will double this to-morrow night," said he mentally, as he left the gamblers' tent. He doubled it. "This must be tripled," said Spindle, as he sought the tent again, two nights afterward. It was tripled. "Spindle means to break, or be broken," said the bystanders, one night, about a week after his original venture. "Look at the dust he is betting." He is, indeed, betting heavily. The rattlesnake has charmed him. Bet after bet, till the winnings of the week have left him, but after bet, till his earnings are also gone—till the last "slug" is up, he has but a simple "sight" for it. Woe to him, for he wins! The tide is flooding again, and Spindle is even. "Safe, safe," he remarks, betting a hundred "slugs" as a "blind," on the strength of his confidence. One by one the cards go round to the players. Spindle does not look at his, but gathers them under his hand on the table. "I see your 'blind,' and go you a hundred better." It was "Eagle-nose" who spoke—"Eagle-nose, the lucky," Spindle looks at his cards. He has a first-class hand—four queens and a king; four aces only will beat him. Eagle-nose can have but three of these, for he saw one of them on the bottom of the pack, as the gambler laid the cards on the table; the gambler meant that he should see it. "I see your bet, and raise you a hundred better," responded Spindle. Eagle-nose is uncertain. He looks wistfully at the gold, furtively at his antagonist, and very carefully at the cards in his hand. "He winks, he winks," says Spindle to himself. "I thought he was 'bluffing.'" Spindle does not see the smile on the face of the hyacinth-back of the gambler, or he would think differently. Rising from the rough stool on which he sits, Eagle-nose steps back in the tent, and opens a strong wooden chest. Two bags of dust are taken from it, and the gambler staggers under the heavy load, as he brings it toward the table. Spindle sees a \$10,000 mark on each of them. "Bet you them 'ere things," says Eagle-nose, as he lays the two bags with the other gold. It is now Spindle's turn to hesitate. Can it be that he has the other ace? No, he will not think it; but what shall he do? He has not money enough on hand to "call" him. He does not wish to do this; it would be cowardly. "Ha!" says Spindle, "I have it now; will bet my claim and the few thousand I have left, against his pile, if it only be large enough." This to himself. Then to Eagle-nose, "What's your pile?" "There are five more bags in the chest," said the gambler, quietly; "what do you do?" "Bet my claim against your pile," said Spindle, intensely excited. The bet was taken. Spindle threw his cards the table, with a half paralyzed motion, and a face whiter than the tent above him—four queens and a king. Eagle-nose filed his off, one by one—three aces, a king and an ace. Not a word was said by either; Spindle could not have spoken, and Eagle-nose had no reason for so doing. A few minutes afterward, the ruined miner staggered blindly to the door of the tent, and passed out into the moonlight, and the game went on as ever.

Half an hour later, Spindle sat in his tent alone. Before him was the picture of a fair, sweet face, that had won his love but a few years back. Nobody sees him weep, while he watches the play of light in its eloquent eyes. You could step in, and step heavily, too, without startling him. He is lost in reproachful thought, leading down to despair. All that he had hoped to do has vanished. Last night rich in gold; to-night, bankrupt. Why should he live? He can hear the roar of the Yuba, as it tumbles over the cliff only a mile above him. He steps out into the open air; the cataract glimmers in the distance, and the sound of its waters soothes and fascinates him. Nobody will miss him; why should he hesitate? He moves toward it with eager bound and determined purpose. Up the rocky hill—up, up, up, till he stands on the edge of the precipice, far above the fall he look at the white tents in the distance; hate is blazoned on every one of them. He looks at

The Chime of Bells.

Rev. Dr. Adams, in his beautiful book on "Thanksgiving Memories," gives us the following incident: "In the Cathedral of Limerick there hangs a chime of bells which was cast in Italy by an enthusiast in his trade, who fixed his home near the monastery where they were first hung, that he might daily enjoy their sweet and solemn music. In some political revolution the bells were taken away to a distant land, and their maker himself became a refugee and exile. His wanderings brought him, after many years, to Ireland. On a calm and beautiful evening, as the vessel which bore him floated on the placid bosom of the Shannon, suddenly the evening chimes pealed from the cathedral towers. His practiced ear caught the sweet sound, and he knew his lost treasure were found. His early home, his old friends, his beloved native land, all the best associations of his life were in those sounds. He hid himself back in the boat, crossed his arms across his breast, and listened to the music. The boat reached the wharf, but still he lay there, silent and motionless. They spoke to him, but he did not answer. They went to him, but his spirit had fled. The tide of memories that came vibrating through his heart at that well-known chime, had snapped its strings!"

And so, sometimes, in after life, when the feet of wayward man have strayed far away from the home of his youth, and his heart has wandered far from his father's God, some memory of the past, like the sweet, sad melody of the evening chime, may wake long-slumbering echoes and stir long-sealed fountains; and a father's counsels and a mother's prayers will come up again from the sacred burial places of the past, with wondrous power to melt and win the wayward heart.

The most popular female writer of America, whose great novel struck a chord of universal sympathy throughout the civilized world, has habits of composition peculiarly her own, and unlike those belonging to any author of whom we have record. She composes, so to speak, over her writings, and makes very little difference to her whether there is a crowd of people about her or whether she is alone during the composition of her books. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was wholly prepared for the press in a little wooden house in Maine, from week to week, while the story was coming out in a Washington newspaper. Most of it was written by the evening lamp on a pine table, about which the children of the family were gathered together, conning their various lessons for the next day. Amid the busy hum of earnest voices, constantly asking questions of the mother, intent on her world-renowned task, Mrs. Stowe wrote together those thrilling chapters which were destined to find readers in so many languages throughout the globe. No work of similar importance, as far as we know, was ever written so much that seemed hostile to literary composition.—Jas. T. Field.

"WHISKEY HAS USED HIM UP."—There is scarcely a community or neighborhood from Maine to Oregon where this saying is not used almost every day in the year, and altogether too truly. A subject of this kind is to be found in almost every town. The merchant has failed and whiskey has done it. The lawyer with brilliant talent and a large business has fallen below the range of respectability and confidence; whiskey was the cause. The politician with bright prospects before him has played out, and the account is charged to whiskey. The judge of talent, age and respectability is the subject of private and neighborhood talk. His enemies point with derision, and his friends hang their heads in shame, and whiskey has done it. That kind hearted and hard working man has become a pest in society and trouble to his family; whiskey has beat him. Whiskey will beat any man living, and that is just what it is made for.

It is impossible to predict the extreme prices to which timber may advance before the present generation passes away. We have a statement from an English paper of prices realized for thirty oak trees sold at auction in Burgley Park, as follows: One tree brought \$360, another \$310, a third \$324; the whole thirty brought \$4,500, averaging \$150 each. These must have been large trees, but smaller trees are proportionately valuable. There is but little doubt that within a century or less timber will be as scarce in America as it is now in Europe, and it is not probable that a sufficient substitute will ever be found to occupy its place in the industries of mankind. Therefore plant trees, and plant the right sort, especially those most required in building.

A Louisville lady who wanted to marry another man, but couldn't wait for a divorce, sent her husband down cellar with a kerosene lamp for a pitcher of cider. When he got the cider drawn she yelled "murder," he dropped the lamp, and she—was a bewitching young widow.

Why Workmen Leave England.

Morris Phillips, Esq., of the Home Journal, writing from England, mentions the following: "In the railroad station at Holyhead, on the Welsh coast, I was witness to a scene painful to any one who believes all men are born free and equal. The mail service, between Dublin and London, only carries first and second class passengers. One of the splendid sea-going boats that cross the Irish channel took us safely, and, strange to say, pleasantly to Holyhead, where the train 'made up' for London. It was Sunday, and only the first-class refreshment room was open. Into this nearly all the passengers hurried for a sandwich, cup of coffee, or a glass of wine, for we had started on our journey at six A. M.; it was then eleven o'clock and we should not stop anywhere for refreshments until we reached the magnificent station and pretty town of Crewe, at two P. M. Among us there were three respectable-looking but poorly-dressed members of the working classes, who stepped up to the bar, asked politely for a glass of ale, and met with a flat refusal. The pert and pretty barmaid answered that she would be pleased to serve them, but it was against the rules to deliver anything to workmen; they expostulated with her; then applied to the proprietor of the restaurant; remarked that 'they were hungry and thirsty; said the third-class refreshment-room was not open,' and asked 'if their money was not as good other people's?' But argument was unavailing. The barmaid was polite but firm; her employer supported her, and the working men left the saloon unrefreshed and dejected. Here were three honest-looking, sober, well-behaved men, refused meat and drink because they were not arrayed in purple and fine linen. An American present proposed to obtain and convey to the men outside the refreshment-room some ale and sandwiches; but before the excellent idea could be carried out, the whistle warned us to take our seats in the 'carriages.'"

What was his Other Name.

As Artemus Ward was once traveling in the cars, dreading to be bored, and feeling miserable, a man approached him, sat down and said: "Did you hear the last thing on Horace Greeley?" "Greeley? Greeley?" said Artemus. "Horace Greeley? Who is he?" "The man was quiet about five minutes. Pretty soon he said: 'George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England; do you think they will put him in a bastille?'" "Train, Train, George Francis Train," said Artemus solemnly, "I never heard of him."

This ignorance kept the man quiet for fifteen minutes, then he said: "What do you think about General Grant's chances for the Presidency?" "Grant, Grant! hang it man," said Artemus, "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw."

The man was furious; he walked up the car, but at last came back and said: "You confounded ignoramus, did you ever hear of Adam?" Artemus looked up and said: "What was his other name?"

The greatest American preachers wrote their sermons, especially the sermons which shaped the thought of their times and made ineffaceable impressions on the minds of their hearers. Extemporaneous sermons are for immediate but not lasting influence. Edwards, Alexander, Channing, and the elder Beecher, wrote the sermons by which their are remembered, and by which their ideas lived after they had ceased to preach. Henry Ward, the younger, sometimes wrote and read his sermons, sometimes extemporized. The written sermons made the deepest impression. Thackeray says: "Beware of too much talk. O persons! if a man is to give an account of every idle word he utters, for what a number of such loud nothings, windy, emphatic tropes and metaphors, spoken not for God's glory but for the preacher's will many a cushion-thumper have to answer."—Religious Mag.

X., who is given to exaggeration, made a statement one evening at the table which was so fabulous that he felt himself that he had gone a little too far. Turning to one of the guests who seemed to be smiling slightly, he said: "You don't believe that?" "Oh, yes," replied the other, "I believe it because you say it, but I should not have believed it if I had said it myself."

Garters.

Some New England lady—Mrs. Daniels, we believe—another of those ladies who lack sufficient rotundity of limbs, but our Virginia women are not deficient in any of the necessary adjuncts that go to make up the mould of form, and can keep their garters up and stockings up without resorting to any new inventions. What will the Yankees ask us to surround next? The garter is an old and cherished institution; and, although the elastic invention with the buckle has been adopted by many city belles, the free-born and unconventional country girls still stick to twine and tape and other strings—some even using as a tie the primitive wisp of straw. We will have none of this new-fashioned hip-attachment gearing. We are true to our ancient ties. It is a direct assault upon our civilization—a blow aimed at our gartered rights—and we will resent it while we have a leg to stand on. Ladies, be true to your stockings. Unfurl the banner of the garter, and inscribe upon it that grand motto of the grandest order of knighthood ever established—"Honi soit qui mal y pense!"—and there is not a man, young or old, in Virginia, but rally round the flag, and shed his last drop in defense of the garter rights of women, and cry: "Down with the Yankee hypocrisy!"—Richmond Enquirer.

Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands with not even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart and pretty good head-piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold, tough muscles than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better than houses or lands.

It is better than land estate to have had the right kind of father and mother.

Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies, or to develop good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the proportion of faculties to start with.

The man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition. The hardest thing to get along with in this life is a man's own self.

A cross, selfish fellow, a timid, care-burdened man; these are all born deformed on the inside. Their feet may not limp, but their thoughts do.

A physician called to prescribe for a somewhat illiterate old lady, and as cod liver oil, in his opinion, was the remedy for her complaint, he wrote a prescription for the apothecary to put up, with the Latin formula, "Ole. Jec. Ass," being an abbreviation of Oleum Jecoris Asselli, or in plain English, cod liver oil. The medicine was procured, taken, and in a few weeks the lady completely recovered her health. A neighbor paid her a visit after her recovery, and, expressing surprise at her improved condition, inquired the secret of so rapid a restoration. "Why," said the old lady, lifting both hands in grateful enthusiasm, "it was that beautiful medicine, the Oil of Jackass, that brought me on my feet again!"

California's latest curiosity is a roneer with two sets of legs, one on his back. When he is weary of standing in his natural position, it is gracefully asserted, he turns assomarsult, and walks off upside down; and when he takes a drink he immediately turns over, so as to swallow it the more easily. But it is in a free fight that he shows to the greatest advantage; for he is a terrible fighter, and when thus diverting himself looks like a revolving wheel, turning somersaults incessantly and kicking in every direction.

Princess Dora d'Istria is called the most learned woman in the world. She can speak fifteen languages with one hand tied behind her back, has written several novels in single or double harness, is an honorary member of ten learned societies in the Key of G, and can warble beautifully on the bass drum, and yet she is not happy, though mirabile dictu she is quite good looking.

The Maysville, Ky., Bulletin says: "Our neighbors of the tobacco-growing region have made good crops this season, and realized good prices for the same. The regular dealers have made large sums also. We are informed by a manufacturer that his profit in thirty days amounted to \$18,000. We hear of other parties who have been equally fortunate."

"Do you publish matrimonial notices for the patrons of your paper?" said a gentlemanly looking youth, stepping into our office the other morning. "Certainly, sir." "Well, then, I'll go and get married; for I don't see any other way of getting my name in the paper, since you have rejected all my poetical affusions."

A second-hand clothier publicly announces that he has "left off clothing of every description."

Ten poor men can sleep tranquilly on a mat; but two kings are not able to live at peace in a quarter of the world.

At a recent burglars' convention in Vermont, it was resolved that it was "expedient" to use chloroform on victims.

What is the difference between a farmer and a bottle of whiskey? One husbands the corn, and the other corns the husband.

A fool in a high station is like a man on the top of a high mountain, everything appears small to him, and he appears small to everybody.

A tailor has just invented a new fashioned coat; it has neither seam nor opening. To get into it you have to crawl out of your trousers.

A widow has remarked, that when a man loses his wife, it is his first duty to cry over the loss—then it becomes a habit, and at last a pleasure.

Chicago is itself again. The first divorce since the fire has been recorded, and the parties' name is Chaffee. The great fire didn't burn up that chaff, eh?

A victim of Greeley's handwriting says: "If Horace had written that inscription on the wall in Babylon, Belshazzar would have been a good deal more scared than he was."

An old edition of Morse's geography says, "Albany has four hundred dwelling houses, and two thousand four hundred inhabitants, all standing with their gable ends to the street."

A friend, travelling in Florida, says of the mosquitoes: "Let a man go to sleep with his head in a cast iron kettle, and their bills will make a watering pot of it before morning."

A person being asked what a ghost said to him, which he pretended to have seen, replied, "How should I know what he said? I am not skilled in any of the dead languages."

Josh Billings says that when you commence a courting expedition, it is the best way to court the girl's mother a little in the start, as she knows all about it, and will know what you are good for.

An Irishman meeting another asked him what had become of Patrick O'Murphy. "Arrah, now, my dear honey," answered he, "Patty was condemned to be hanged, but he saved his life by lying in prison!"

The Boston Post says that a man in Troy left a boarding house just because a rat bit off his ear. When people get to be that particular about trifles, they ought