

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice 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, MILAN W. TATE, PETTIS & TATE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, 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.

W. W. Mason, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa. C. W. Gillilan, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Franklin, Pennsylvania Co., Pa.

N. B. Smiley, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Petroleum Centre, Pa. Will practice in the several Courts of Forest County. 35-ly

W. P. Mercillott, Attorney at Law. REAL ESTATE AGENT. TIONESTA, PA.

CLARK & FASSETT, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, WARREN AND TIDOUPE, 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.

JULIUS CLARK, D. D. FASSETT, Tionesta, Pa. M. HETEL, Proprietor, Elm St., Tionesta, Pa. Mr. Hetel has thoroughly renovated the Tionesta House, and re-furnished it completely. All who patronize him will be well entertained at reasonable rates. 20 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. E. Mahle, Proprietor. Good Stabling connected with the house. 16

Syracuse House, TIDOUPE, PA., J. & D. MAGEE, Proprietors. This 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. J. & D. MAGEE, -ly

Exchange Hotel, LOWER TIDOUPE, PA., D. S. RAMSEY & SON Prop's. This house having been refitted is now the most desirable stopping place in Tidoupe. A good Billiard Room attached. 4-ly

National Hotel, EVININGTON, 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 rivers and Philadelphia & Erie Railroads, 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. 16

Dr. J. L. Acornby, 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 Tidoupe, near Tidoupe House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, 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. 16

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. 38. TIONESTA, PA. MONDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1871. \$2 PER ANNUM.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad space and Rate. Includes 'Rates of Advertising', 'Legal notices at established rates', and 'Business Cards, not exceeding one inch in length, \$10 per year.'

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.

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.

New Boarding House. Mrs. S. S. HULLINGS 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. Hackett's store. 25-ly

NOTICE. DR. J. N. BOLARD, of Tidoupe, 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, Tidoupe, Pa. 46-ly

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.

MILLIONS! which we are determined to sell regardless of prices. H. R. BURGESS, an experienced Druggist from New York, has charge of the store. All prescriptions put up accurately. 16

HARDWARE AND FURNITURE. Sloan & Van Giesen, BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON-MAKERS. Corner of Church and Elm Streets, TIONESTA, PA.

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 funds converted on the most favorable terms. Interest allowed on time deposits. MAR. 4, 1871.

THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY. BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS. Good arable? Yes, sir; and if you can look at it in the way of scenery, it's as pretty a piece of land as you'll find in Kent County. That stretch now ahead. By the way, there was a queer thing happened on the track just there, three years ago come Thanksgiving—as queer as ever came in my way since I've been rail-roading. It occurred in this way: I'll have time to tell it I reckon. We have to switch off for the express at the next station, and lay by awhile.

This branch road, you see, was built for the local peach business. I was put on as conductor of the first train that was run. By George! how the engine woke the country up! The Delawareans are genuine Southerners—lazy and hospitable. They were hospitable to the very train, in a way commercial people couldn't understand! It wasn't a matter of business; it was a home affair to them, like their church or their darkeys; something to chuckle and gossip over, and boast about. The stations used to be crowded with young fellows in flashy neckties, and their sweethearts, nice, modest little girls, loaded with cheap finery, who had made up parties and come down from the interior to see the train go by. Every old farmer on the route thought he owned the engine (the General Jackson it was), and knew each separate car as well as he did his own bulls and sheep. They'd treat their wives to a few miles' ride as you town people would run over to Europe with yours.

Of course, sir, I was at home here on the road in two weeks. Everybody called me Dick. There were scores of places where I could drop in for an odd meal. I began to doubt whether they were my uncles and cousins or not. Besides, a man here, after fifty, has no other business but loafing. All the old fellows got free passes over the road, and forsook their corners by the tavern fire for the baggage car. There they smoked day after day, and told queer stories of their neighbors' families for the benefit of anybody who chose to listen. I knew all the gossip by heart directly. It was just when the peaches were in bloom, too, when I went on the road, and I soon was punching open buds with my thumb-nail, and talking learnedly of Early Blush and Morris White with the rest. Its a curious sight to see that pink flush above the early spring mud, from one end of the State to the other, and to think that the crop is the matter of life and death to the people.

The peaches had come and gone, though, when one day, about a month before Thanksgiving, an old fellow came on board with his family, who had a pass for two down to St. George's. I saw at a glance he was one of my usual deadhead squad. A thin, wiry old man, white-headed, but as active as a boy of sixteen, and with the true Delawarean knack of finding friends and showing himself friendly. He was a reporter on some Philadelphia penny paper, and had his note-book out every minute, pumping me about the Wilmington whipping-post, Sloan's fish-breeding experiment, and the condition of the freed negroes. "Makes items, makes items," said he. "Pushes the paper wonderfully into local circulation." He had been a doctor or lawyer, I forget which, in New York, and was starved out, he told me, and so took up journalism. He did not impress me as a man of ability; and besides, the poor old fellow was worn out. It was high time for him to lie by and loaf with the others in the baggage-car. "Newspaper work," he said, "pays handsomely, compared to my own profession. We get on quite comfortably on my salary; quite comfortably."

I noticed, however, that both he and his women folks were thin and shabbily dressed. I did not pay much attention to the woman, but there was a boy, Dan, the old man's grandson—a little chap of four that I took an odd fancy to from the first. He had a homely face, but I think one of the most honest and lovable I ever saw. Tanner—that was the old man's name—told me that he had brought his wife and daughter down to keep Thanksgiving in this village, where

he had years before. "We were all jolly and cheerfuller then than now," he said, "and I thought, may be the old place would do me back some of the old feeling. There are other ways of keeping the feasts than stuffing the stomach, you know." I thought to myself it would be as well if the old man had his share of rejoicing. Tier, cheerful and chirrupy as he was, looked meager and graw fat on a dollar a week, which I found was his salary. He hired a horse for me. There it is—that one bey of a hill. The sort of a way in it, a horse to run on Friday evenings, with them over Saturday, which is the newspaper men's Sunday, as you know, I grew to be very friendly. I fell to be habit of watching with him, who always came out on the point to wait for him, his mother holding the hand. I used to wonder at the poor little widow ever let her child day or night, and once I remember thinking what she would do if her child should die. One has those queer idle fancies, you know. But Dan's was one of those women who seem to have no life outside of the one or two people they love.

Well! Thanksgiving eve came, and Tanner was aboard going home, but I had no time to talk to him, as the train was crowded with people who had been up in Wilmington laying in supplies of the holiday. Even the passenger-cars were heaped with baskets and bundles. Tanner had his little package, too—something for Dan. I saw him peeping into it with his eyes twinkling once or twice. I remember how pleased he was when I brought him a monster turkey for Mrs. Tanner. The old lady, although she had only seen me on the train as it whisked by, had taken an anxious interest in a sore throat I had, and sent me a bottle of myrrh tea by the old gentleman. I don't know whether it was because I had come from a part of the country where they never keep Thanksgiving, or because of the horror that followed, but I remember that afternoon as one of the brightest and cheerfuller of my life. The air was cold and crisp. There was a red mist over the hills; in the cars and stations there was nothing but good humor and friendly good wishes. I don't think much of serious things, yet it seemed to me that day the people came with one accord nearer to God because of Thanksgiving. One old gentleman on board had the same idea, I suppose; for, as I sat down behind him to rest my change, I saw him watching the passenger-cars and houses we passed with an amused smile, and, turning to his companion, he said: "There's something very wholesome in the effect of these holidays, Colonel. They awaken men to a sense of dependence and gratitude, as a year's sermons can not do."

The other was so long in replying that I looked up at him. "When a man has a home or home ties to give thanks for, the holiday is useful, no doubt." It was so queer and cold an answer that I felt a curiosity about the man. He went back to his newspaper (which was an English one, I noticed), and began to talk immediately about the duties on silks and linens. I soon found that he was largely interested in both; had traveled over a good part of the world, traded in China and Japan, and, as I guessed, successfully. He had the air of a man accustomed to command, and to a life of ease. He was a middle-aged, stoutly-built man, with a clean shaven, powerful face, and shrewd, pleasant eyes. I noticed through all his conversation he tried to avoid seeing the happy groups of people who were incessantly getting on or off the train; and once, when a child in passing pulled at his cane, he turned his back roughly on it. Yet I had a fancy—I don't know why—that the people and Thanksgiving mattered more to him than any of us.

His friend said to him presently, "You are not well, Colonel!" "Never was better. But the truth is, Venn, this country is all familiar to me, and anything which recalls old times makes me nervous and irritable. It's a weakness which I will outgrow probably. If you will excuse me I'll go forward." He saw me just then, and, touching

his hat, asked leave to ride on the engine, in order to see the scenery. Now the rules of the road were slipshod enough, but that was a thing that I never allowed. However I had taken a curious interest in the man, and I liked his courteous manner so I nodded and went before him through the baggage car, and over the tender to see him safely across. To my surprise, Joe Fenton, our engineer, met him as a private in his regiment during the war. They shook hands again and again, and Fenton was in such a hurry to tell that he was married and the father of twins, that he stammered. The Colonel laughed pleased. He was a different man from the one I had seen on the car. I waited a moment to point out Brock's model farm to him, when Joe said: "You used to come down to these parts for fishing often, I remember, Colonel!" "Yes."

"Where is your good lady now, sir; and the child? He was as peart a youngster as I ever knowed." The gentleman replied but by gesture with his hand. "What, both?" gasped Joe. "Both?" The Colonel did not speak for a minute, and then he said quietly: "My wife was with me in China. She sailed with the child for home on the 1st. I was to follow six months later. The Petrel went down. There she was saved."

Joe nodded; but presently he put on his hand and smoothed the other man's sleeve. It was just such a thing as a woman would do. The Colonel added hastily, as if afraid he would betray any emotion, "I'm on my West now, in search of my father, who has left New England. People easily lost sight of in America." "That's a fact," said Joe, and then he and I began to talk about the engine, glad to get to her. We had no right to make with a grief like that.

I went back on to the cars again, until we came to that half-mile beyond Tanner's house, when I stepped back to the engine, and in uneasy feeling somehow about leaving the man there. We had let time and were going at full speed, when Joe gave a horrible oath, and at the same moment something fluttered down on to the track from the bank not twenty yards ahead. The next I saw that it was a child, that it was Dan laughing, and running with both hands out, to meet us. You know, sir, how long a minute like that lasts. I had time to hear Joe's mad whistle for down breaks shrieking out through the hills, and to think it was the yell of a devil, and to thank God that Tanner was in the back of the train, and could not see what we would have to see, and yet it was all but a breath of time.

It was too late. The engine did not slacken and the child was hurrying toward it. Then I saw its mother above the bank, running down the field. She had missed Dan, and would be in eight before. I remember Joe's lips were white. Yet he said as cool as could be, "It would be dead, I reckon; but—if a man could swing himself down from the cow-catcher—" I pushed forward, but the Colonel held me back. "I've nothing to lose," he said, and as swift as a cat he passed round the ledge, and threw himself headlong on the track in front. I shut my eyes. The engine and the whole train thundered on, slackened at last, and stopped. I remember how slowly I climbed down and looked over to a field. I did not know what I would find into on the track or see.

The people poured out of the train. In the clay lay the Colonel like one dead—clear of the track, sir. He held the child alive and unharmed, still clutched in both hands. He was only stunned, and came to in a minute, and stood up; but he did not seem to see the train, or the crowd of men about him; nothing but the boy, over whose face he was passing his hand. "God Almighty!" he cried. "It's my Dan!" Then I saw the child's mother down on the ground with both arms about her husband's knees, and poor old Tanner, pale as a ghost, pulling at his

sleeve, and crying, "Jack! Jack!" I saw how it was in a flash, and motioned Joe to whistle warning, and shouted, "All aboard, gentlemen. Ten minutes late!" Though I'd have given the world just to wring the old man's hand. It was not a rejoicing for us to take part in.

Though I've got no better friends than the Colonel and his father, Joe and I go there by invitation as often as Thanksgiving comes round. No one ever speaks of that day, but it is never out of remembrance. Yonder is their house—stone—beyond the bridge. Want to see Joe, eh? He's on the engine, sir. Passengers not allowed on the engine. St. George's! Tickets!—

The Amazons. According to a very ancient tradition, the Amazons were a nation of women, who suffered no men to remain among them, but marched to battle under the command of their queen, and formed for a long time a formidable state. They held occasional intercourse with the men of the neighboring states. If boys were born to them, they either sent them to their fathers, or killed them. But they brought up the girls for war, and burned off their right breasts, that they might not be prevented from bending the bow. From this custom they received the name Amazon, that is, "breastless." Such is the ordinary tale; the origin of which is perhaps to be accounted for by supposing that vague reports, exaggerated and poetically embellished, had reached the Greeks of the peculiar way in which the women of various Caucasian districts lived, performing military duties which elsewhere devolved on husbands, and also of the numerous examples of female heroism which travelers inform us, still distinguish the women of that region. In later times, however, the word Amazon has been supposed to have some connection with the Cretan word "Maza," signifying the moon, as if the myth of the Amazon had taken its origin in the worship of the moon, which prevailed on the borders of Asia. The nations of Amazon have been mentioned by the ancients. First, the Asiatic Amazons, from whom the others branched off. These dwelt on the shores of the Black Sea, and among the mountains of the Caucasus, especially in the neighborhood of the modern Trebizond, on the river Termion, (now Termid). They are said to have, at one time subdued the whole of Asia, and to have built Smyrna, Ephesus, Cumee, and other cities. Their queen, Hippolyte, or, according to others, Antiane, was killed by Hercules, as the ninth of the labors imposed on him by Eurysthes consisted in taking from her the shoulder belt bestowed on her by Mars. On one of their expeditions, the Amazons crossed to Attica, in the time of Theseus. They also marched under the command of their queen, Penthesilea, to assist Priam against the Greeks. They even appear upon the scene in the time of Alexander the Great, when their queen, Thalestris, paid him a visit, in order to become a mother by the conqueror of Asia. Second, the Scythian Amazons, who, in after times married among the neighboring Scythians, and withdrew further into Saranata. Third, the African Amazons, who, under the command of their queen, Myrina, subdued the Gorgons and Atlantes, marched through Egypt and Arabia, and founded their capital on the Lake Tritonis, but were then annihilated by Hercules.

Eighteen copies of the first edition of the Bible ever printed are still in existence. They were printed in Metz between the years 1440 and 1445. Mr. James Lenox, of New York, owns one of the copies, having purchased it at a cost of three thousand two hundred dollars. The long street-costumes are made fashionable by those who have large shaped feet and ugly ankles. A woman with a pretty foot thinks it really wicked as well as extravagant to drag a handsome silk dress over dusty streets and muddy crossings. And she is right. A woman rights woman said in a lecture, that the only decent thing about Adam was a rib and that went to make something better.

Couldn't Understand it. The Hartford Courant says: During the Grand Duke Alexis' walk through the Bridgeport carriage factory the other day, he pointed to several workmen and inquired of Governor Jewell, "Are these men what you call the common people?" The Governor replied that they were a fair specimen of the working classes in this country. "But do you mean to say that these get into official position?" further asked the imperial son. "Perhaps not any of these men," rejoined Governor Jewell; "but men of their class do; they are educated men, most of them—that is they can all probably read and write, and most of them take and read the newspapers." "Do you know of any cases where such men have actually been elected to office?" again queried the curious Alexis. "O, certainly," the Governor said; "I myself, worked in the shop as a tanner till I was twenty years of age; and the announcement seemed to puzzle the Duke a good deal. Here was the Governor of a State, as well dressed and as well appearing as himself, who had actually worked in a shop, and this man was welcoming him in behalf of a hundred thousand voters; it was more of an enigma than he had ciphered on previously; but as he goes through the country he will ascertain, upon inquiring, that very many of the public men here have come direct from the workshop. In Massachusetts, where he is now visiting, Governor Claflin was a shoemaker, Senator Wilson was a cobler also, and Gen. Banks was a machinist.

The bridge now in process of erection across the Mississippi, at St. Louis, is one of the wonders of the age. It is to be a tubular, cast steel, arch bridge, supported by the abutments and two piers; the latter are 515 feet apart, and 497 feet from its nearest abutments, making the span between 500 feet each. Its greatest span is the same as that of the Kuffenburg bridge over the Leek, an arm of the Rhine, in Holland. Telford's suspension bridge across the Menar Straits has a span of 370 feet. The Victoria tubular iron bridge of Montreal exceeds this greatly in length, being 6,000 feet (11 miles), but it rests upon twenty four piers, and its spans are mainly only 275 feet. The suspension bridge at Niagara spans 821 feet, and is 245 feet above the water. The East river bridge will span 1,000 feet, at a height midway of 130 feet.

A woman who lost her husband in the late war, had an offer of marriage from a man who had lost his wife by a decree of the court. The answer the widow gave him was: "The Lord parted me and my husband, but your own devilish actions parted you and your wife, and if you want another you must go to the devil for one, for I won't have you."

"I needed my friends," said an eccentric old man, "by hanging a piece of stair-carpet out of my first-floor window, with a constable's announcement affixed. It had the desired effect. I saw saw who were my friends. It was like firing a gun at a pigeon-house. They forsook the building at the first report."

A venerable deacon evidently absorbed in the political campaign, selected the eighteenth chapter of Luke for reading at family prayers, and innocently read it: Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one being a Pharisee and the other a Republican. Two young ladies and an Irishman were conversing on age, when one of them put the home question: "Which one of us do you think is the elder, Mr. H—?" "Sure," replied the gallant Hebronian, "you both look younger than the other."