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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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Rates of Advertising.

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IN THE TUNNEL.

The disastrous consequences which sometimes ensue from young people of opposite sexes being brought into proximity to each other in railway tunnels are cleverly set forth in the appended verses from the Harvard Advocate:

Riding up from Bangor, On the Pullman train, From a six week's shooting In the woods of Maine, Quite extensive whiskers, Beard, moustache & all, Sat a "student teller," Tall, and fine, and swell.

Empty seat behind him, No one at his side; To a pleasant station Now the train doth glide; Enter aged couple, Take the upper seat; Enter gentle maiden, Beautiful, petite

Bushingly she falters, "Is this seat engaged?" (See the aged couple Properly engaged.) Staunch, quite estate, Sees her "bet's" "through;" Thinks of the long tunnel-- knows what he will do.

So they sit and chatter While the engines fly, Till the "student teller," Gets one in his eye; And the gentle maiden Quickly turns about-- "May I, if you please, sir, Try to get it out?"

Happy "student teller" Feels a dainty touch; Hears a gentle whisper-- "Oes it hurt you much?" Fitz, ding, dong! a moment In the tunnel quite, And a gorgeous darkness Black as Egypt's night.

Out into the daylight Parts the Pullman train. Student's beaver ruffled Just the merest grain; Mad's hair is tumbled, And there soon appeared, Cuning little ear-ring Caught in student's beard.

Sparkin' Sunday Night. BY A BACHELOR.

We, who have seen as many as sixteen years in this vale of tears, understand to a verity the mingled joys and sorrows of our Sunday nights' courtship.

With what trepidation, half doubt, half triumph, we noted the effect of "Warren's Blacking" on our new sewed boots; or, with trembling fingers, essayed to tie the fancy neckcloth, for which our tailor had charged us such an outrageous price, unblushingly affirming that he was making a present of it at that amount!

How we palpitated the house which was the casket containing our jewel, and perhaps lost heart as we approached it, and made circuit of a block or two before coming to the door. How our heart beat tumultuously as we felt a chafing hand upon the knob and gave a pull, and heard the bell ring out in the hall!

Would she come to the door? Would she be glad to see us? No, it is the cox, who propels the mop and wrestles with the frying pan in the lower regions, and this hard-hearted fellow, supposing that we are in search of the younger brother of our divinity, announces that he is not in.

Master Ned! Ridiculous! A mere school-boy--whole months younger than we are. We flatteringly pronounce the name of our inamorata, and are admitted.

What is this female grinning at? Does she see anything wrong in our apparel? or has she the impudence to compare us in the same light with a boy like Master Ned?

Our indignation is soon lost, as we stumble into the presence of the fair one, and do wonderful things with the hat which has cost money before we consent to relinquish it to the tender mercies of the servant. We feel that the eyes of the world are upon us--that pater familias is regarding us with a placid smile, and that the partner of his joys and sorrows is "watching us."

And then when the old people have asked all the questions they can think of, and have found business in other parts of the house, and we are alone with our charmer! She has a wonderful low voice, at first, and yet she leads us on, as women will do to the end of time, until we are talking glibly enough, and have gone so far as to be seated on the sofa, when pater familias comes mooning in with an earthly question, receives his answer, and meanders out again.

We have taken her hand, when a whirlwind enters the house in the shape of Master Ned, who inflicts his presence upon us for half an hour, and is off again.

The moments fly swiftly, and we are in the seventh heaven of happiness, when again the doors open, and a solemn procession enters. Pater familias, mater familias and Ned, outwardly demure, but inwardly rejoicing, like a demon, in our discomfiture!

A Cruel Deception.

A little while ago there was a fancy fair at Brussels. The object was a charity, and the ladies who kept the stalls did some things which ladies as a rule avoid doing. It is supposed, of course, that the poor ought not to be deprived of money that can be got by any means not involving positive impropriety. In this way kisses have been sold at fairs, and in this way at Brussels a lady sold, or was supposed to have sold, part of her beautiful tresses. A gentleman passing her stall was greatly attracted by the fair saleswoman's charms, and gallantly demanded to know the price of one of the locks hanging from her chignon. Now the lady has a husband, and, thinking it right to consult him on the subject, she managed to postpone the negotiation until the next day. The husband said money for the poor ought not to be turned away, but with pious fraud, his hair being like his wife's, light brown, he cut a lock from his own head and gave it to her. Next day the enamored purchaser received this lock, and paid an extremely high price for it.

Matrimony Extraordinary.

An entertaining article entitled, "Tony Weller's Widows," appeared in the Chester (Pa.) Republican, from which the following is an extract:

Another very comfortable widow was a young lady of Washington, Pa. She became engaged to a young man named Robert in 1846. Her father, however, objected to the match with one of his clerks, and when the young lady received a tempting proposal from a wealthy suitor, the paternal influence soon effected a marriage despite the former engagement. In less than three months her husband was killed by a kick from a horse. Robert was for a second time then a suitor, but delayed the important question until fifteen months had elapsed, when, to his horror, she informed him that she was engaged. In three months thereafter she was married. Two years elapsed when the married couple removed to Syracuse, N. Y., where, among the victims of the cholera, when the pestilence swept that city, was the second husband. Robert again sought her hand, and when a year had elapsed, was on the point of making a declaration, when he received an invitation to her wedding. Her late husband's business was found in such a state that to avoid immense losses, she married the surviving partner. Shortly after, she removed with her third husband to Detroit, Mich. A few years elapsed, when herself and husband were on a steamer that was wrecked near Buffalo. The husband perished, and the wife escaped solely through the exertions of a friend who was on board. His gallantry inspired such sentiments in her breast that she married her brave preserver a few months after her third widowhood. The happy pair removed to Pittsburgh where her husband was engaged in mercantile business. Thither Robert, still cherishing his first love, followed them. One day as he was passing the husband's store he saw a terrible commotion. Rushing in, he beheld the mangled corpse of that gentleman on the floor. A tierce of rice, in being hoisted to an upper floor, had fallen through the trap, killing him instantly. Anxiously Robert inquired if any one had been sent to inform his wife, and was told that the book-keeper had just gone. Robert started for Allegheny city, where the deceased had resided, at the top of his speed. The book-keeper was just ahead of him, and, from past experience, knowing the virtue of prompt action, and apprehending that the clerk had designs on the widow, he ran for dear life, side by side. The race continued until they reached Hand street bridge, when the clerk was obliged to stop to pay the toll, while Robert, a commutator, passed over without stopping, reaching the house of the widow first. Robert told the heart-rending news, and in the same breath made a proposal of marriage. He was accepted. True to her promise, after a year of mourning, she became his wife. As all her husbands had died wealthy, Robert was comfortably fixed after all. This case is a remarkable example of what pluck and perseverance will do for a man, while at the same time it teaches a lesson on the danger of delay.

Violating the Sabbath.

A rigid Sabbatarian, who occasionally exerts in church, and fills the office of Justice of the Peace in a Western village, not long since went on a deer hunt with a party composed of five or six young hunters. By some unaccountable mistake he lost his reckoning, and, much to his mortification, he found, on reference to his papers the third day of the hunt, that it was Saturday, when he had supposed it was Sunday. He opened the morning with a prayer, and told his companions that, as a Christian and a magistrate he could not hunt that day and accordingly drew forth his pocket Bible and commenced reading.

His more worldly-minded companions thought, with the Baltimore bank man, "that there were no Sabbaths in Revolutionary times," took the dogs and started in pursuit of game. It was not long before the whole pack were in full cry, and the worthy magistrate, on looking up from the sacred volume, discovered a fine buck making for the camp. Without a minute's deliberation, he seized a loaded rifle and plugged the deer between the antlers.

"Gentlemen," said he when his friends came to the spot, "it is contrary to the laws of Mass and the revised statutes of Pennsylvania, to travel on Sunday, and for that reason I shot that fellow. Still, I have violated the Sabbath as a Christian, while I have maintained the dignity of the law as a magistrate, and acting in the latter capacity."

"If we should scare up another?" "I'd shoot theascal for traveling on Sunday."

While the new market house at the corner of Thirteenth and Walnut Sts., Louisville, was in process of erection, a bottle of whisky was sent up to a brick-mason, who, after taxing a drink, laid out a brick and placed the bottle with the rest of the beverage in the vacant place, where it still is. Half of it can be seen projecting from the hole, at once tempting and tantalizing to the toppers who pass the spot. A few feet distant a goblet is arranged in a similar way. It was the intention that these should not be removed unless perchance the building should be in danger of burning, but some thirsty soul will doubtless get hard up for a drink, and, procuring a ladder, climb up to the bottle under cover of darkness, and enjoy its contents as the reward of his daring. It would not be a slight feat, however, as the prize is placed at the height of about fifty feet. The place should be christened "Toper's Temptation."

"Woman is a delusion, madam," exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. "And man is always hugging some delusion or other," was the quick reply.

The Nose Bleed.

The following is a clip from an exchange, which is a very interesting fact to remember:

There are two arteries which supply the whole face with blood, one on each side. These branch off from the main arteries on each side of the neck, passing over the outside of the jaw-bone, about two thirds of the way back from the chin to the angle of the jaw, under the ear, and running upward toward the eye. Each of these arteries supply just one half of the face, the nose being the dividing line; the left nostril is supplied by the left artery. Now, supposing your nose bleeds by the right nostril, with the end of the forefinger feel along the outer edge of the right jaw till you feel the beating of the artery directly under your finger, the same as the pulse in your wrist. Then press the finger hard upon it, thus getting the little fellow in a tight place between your finger and the jaw-bone. The result will be that no drop of blood goes into that side of your face while the pressure continues, hence the nose instantly stops bleeding for want of blood to flow. Continue the pressure for five minutes, and the ruptured vessels in the nose will by this time probably contract so that when you let the blood into them they will not leak.

Bleeding from a cut or wound in any part of the system may be stopped by compressing the artery from which the blood flows. Acting upon a knowledge of this simple fact, should occasion require, may save the life of a dear friend.

The hotel bill of the Grand Duke Alexis at Niagara Falls, for the entertainment of the royal party and servants, nineteen persons in all, was \$1,500, or over \$75 for each person. Their tarry at the Falls was twenty-four hours long. The bill was finally cut down to \$1,000, and the Duke paid like a Prince, but the Buffalo papers declare the bill a swindle. The account at the Bill House in Buffalo for the same party for three days was \$860.

"I know what your beau's pretty white horse's name is," said a little Greenfield boy to his sister, Monday morning, "it's Danyce." "Hush, Eddie, that's a naughty word." "Well, I don't care if 'tis; that's his name, 'cos last night I was standing outside of the fence and heard him say 'Whoa, Danyce.'"

A negro waiter who had twice awakened a traveler to inform him that breakfast was ready, and a third time broke his slumbers by attempting to pull off the bedclothes, thus explained: "Mussa, if you isn't gwino to git up, I must hab de sheet anyhow, 'cass dey're waiting for de table cloth!"

An orator, in a husky voice, said: "In short, ladies and gentlemen, I can only wish I had a window in my bosom, that you might see the emotions of my heart." The newspapers all printed the speech, leaving the "u" out of window. He was taken somewhat aback when he read it.

We have finally found who that much talked of individual the "eldest inhabitant" is. An elderly chap speaking of his great knowledge of the western county, the other day, said that he had "known the Mississippi river ever since it was a small creek!" He's the man.

Miss Susannah Robertson, of Zanesville, Ohio, is over six feet in height, and not yet eighteen years of age. She only weighs one hundred and one pounds, and is commonly known as the live giraffe.

"Say, Jones! What's the matter with your eye?" "Oh! nothin, only my wife said this morning you'd better get up and light the fire. I told her to make it herself, that's all."

An Irishman calls his sweetheart "Honey," because she is "hen-loved." Cattle are dumb beasts, but by getting together in large numbers they make themselves herd.

A dandy in Broadway, wishing to be witty, accented an old man as follows: "You take all sorts of trumpery in your ear, don't you?" "Yes jump in, jump in."

The three stages of Darwinism are now said to be positive, tail; comparative, tailor; superlative, tailless!

Why is a good husband like dough? Doughn't you know? Why, it is because a woman kneads him.

A minister in an eating house gave the order: "Roast beef, well done, thou good and faithful servant."

An old lady writing to her son out West, tells him to beware of bilious saloons and bowel alleys.

Clara asked Tom "What animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain dear," was the reply.

Mexico is said to be like the earth because it has a revolution every twenty-four hours.

Dogs are represented to be the most skillful dentists. They insert natural teeth.

It costs more to avenge wrongs than to hear them.

Anecdote of Ethan Allen.

Ethan Allen once passed through the Hoosac Valley and spent the Sabbath with a friend in Williamstown, attending church with him and his family. The first and second Presidents of Williams College were squarred in their orthodoxy, having far more faith in divine wrath and justice, than in his love and mercy, and their sermons gave evidence of their obedience to belief. On this Sabbath the text of the worthy President Fitch was, "And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"

Firstly--He laid it down as a fact beyond question that not more than one in one thousand would be saved.

Secondly, thirdly, to twelfthly--He said that not one in fifty thousand could be saved.

Ethan Allen took his hat and cane and prepared to leave. His friend said, "Don't leave now."

Seventeenthly, dropped from the President's lips, who said he had come to the conclusion that of the countless millions of men, not more than one in an hundred thousand would be saved.

The old soldier had been growing uneasy under this rapidly sliding scale where the blanks so multiplied and the prizes faded from view. He grasped his hat and cane, when his friend said to him, "Don't go out; he will be through shortly. He's now up to seventeenthly."

"Oh, no matter," said Ethan Allen, "any of you are welcome to my chance if 'tis as slim as he tells of," and left the church.--Pittsfield Sun.

About every other feature that adorns the female character, delicacy stands foremost in the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction of its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spiritual kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste as from good feeling and good sense; but the high-minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike amongst women as in the society of men, which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak when required with seriousness and kindness of things at which it would be ashamed to smile or to blush.

An exchange has some remarks on the custom of standing treat, so prevalent in this country, and advises its readers to make resolution to discountenance the custom by every means in their power, without regard to the imputation of meanness which they may be assailed. It says this is one of the most senseless humbuggs of the age, and a man might as well feel obliged to ask a casual acquaintance when he meets him on a shoe shop, to select covering for his feet as to feel bound to ask him to drink when he meets him in a bar-room. Our own opinion is that the best way to settle the debate about treatment is to stop drinking.

A person looking at some skeletons the other day, asked a young doctor present where he got them. He replied, "We raised 'em."