

**BUSINESS DIRECTORY.**

S. NEWTON PETTIS. MILES W. TATE.

PETTIS & TATE,

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4th Street, TIONESTA, PA.

Isaac Ash,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Oil City, Pa.

Will practice in the various Courts of Forest County. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

16 ly

W. W. Mason,

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Mason & Jenks,

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

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

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Attorneys at Law, Titusville Penn'a.

ACTING in all the Courts of Warren, Crawford, Forest and Venango Counties.

49-ly

W. P. Mercillott,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW

Tionesta, Pa. Office on Elm Street.

The professional services of the Hon. S. P. Johnson can be secured through me if desired in any business entrusted to me in Forest Co. Collections promptly attended to. Also Real Estate Agent.

Tionesta House.

M. ITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St., Tionesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek.

Mr. Ittel has thoroughly renovated the Tionesta House and re-furnished it completely. All who patronize him will be well entertained at reasonable rates. 29 ly

FOREST HOUSE,

D. BLACK PROPRIETOR, Opposite Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened. Everything new and clean and fresh. The best of liquors kept constantly on hand. A portion of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. 4-17-ly

Holmes House,

TIONESTA, PA., opposite the Depot.

C. D. Mable, Proprietor. Good Stabling connected with the house. 6

Syracuse House,

TIDIOUFE, PA., J. & D. MAGEE, Proprietors.

The house has been thoroughly refitted and is now in the first-class order, with the best of accommodations. Any information concerning Oil Territory at this point will be cheerfully furnished. 4-ly

J. & D. MAGEE,

Exchange Hotel,

LOWER TIDIOUFE, PA., D. S. RAMSDELL & SON, 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. 4-ly

4-ly

National Hotel,

IRVINGTON, PA., W. A. Hallenbeck, 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. 4-ly

Dr. J. L. Acomb,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice, will attend all Professional Calls. Office in his Drug and Grocery Store, located in Tidioufe, near Tidioufe House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND

A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Candles, 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. 4-ly

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

LLOYD & SON,

WATER STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

HAVE JUST OPENED an extensive Stock of

FLOUR AND FEED,

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

Which they offer to the public at rates as low as can be obtained by any other establishment in town. Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. 40-3m.

LLOYD & SON.

SENT FREE!

of postage on receipt of 75 cents, and exclusive territory granted on the

PICTORIAL HOME BIBLE.

Contains over 300 illustrations. Is a complete Library of Biblical Knowledge. Excellent others. In English and German. Wm. Flint & Co., Phila., Pa. 27-4t

THE

BOOT AND SHOE

STORE.

IF YOU WANT a perfect fit and a good workmanship, go to

H. L. McCANCE'S,

39 CENTRE STREET, OIL CITY, PA.

Satisfaction guaranteed. 2-23-4t

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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.

VOL. V. NO. 18.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1872.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

**D. W. CLARK,**

(COMMISSIONER'S CLERK, FOREST CO., PA.)

**REAL ESTATE AGENT.**

HOUSES and Lots for Sale and RENT.

Will Land for Sale.

I have superior facilities for ascertaining the condition of taxes and tax deeds, etc., and am therefore qualified to act intelligently as agent of those living at a distance, owning lands in the County.

Office in Commissioners Room, Court House, Tionesta, Pa. 4-41-ly.

D. W. CLARK,

HOW DITHRIDGE, Proprietor.

E. D. DITHRIDGE, Tionesta.

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.

Jos. Y. Saul,

PRACTICAL Harness Maker and Saddler.

Three doors north of Holmes House, Tionesta, Pa. All work is warranted.

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 DITHRIDGE'S. Take no other.

DITHRIDGE & SON,

25-ly. Pittsburgh, Pa.

New Boarding House.

MRS. S. S. HULINGS 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

JONES HOUSE,

CLARION, PENN'A.

S. S. JONES - - - Proprietor.

NEW

GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE

IN TIONESTA.

GEO. W. BOVARD & CO.

HAVE just brought on a complete and carefully selected stock of

FLOUR,

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

and everything necessary to the complete stock of a first-class Grocery House, which they have opened out at their establishment on Elm St., first door north of M. E. Church.

COFFEES, TEAS, SUGARS,

SYRUPS, FRUITS,

HAMS, SPICES, LARD,

AND PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

at the lowest cash prices. Goods warranted to be of the best quality. Call and examine, and we believe we can suit you.

GEO. W. BOVARD & CO.

Jan. 9, '72.

A MIRACLE!

Mr. Samuel Bell, of W. E. Schmeitz & Co., Wholesale Boot and Shoe Manufacturers, 31 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., has been afflicted with chronic rheumatism for thirty years, from his right hip to his foot, having to use a crutch and a cane, at times so painful as to utterly incapacitate him from attending to his business. Having tried every remedy known, without effect, except Gilliland's Pain Killer, he was finally induced to try it. A second application enabled him to lay aside his crutch, and a third effected a permanent cure. Mr. Bell is a popular and well-known citizen, is a living monument of the efficacy of that great medical discovery, Gilliland's Pain Killer. The afflicted should ask their grocer to buy it for them, and test its wonderful power. Mr. Gilliland, we understand, wants a respectable agent in every town and county for it. The principal office is at 72 Third Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. 31-4t

But the very queerest thing of all was, that Bill had no tall, dark, rufous rival, with a scrawling visage and black whiskers, who flew at him with a drawn dagger and a horse-pistol in each hand, and a muttered curse upon his lips, and cried wildly for "Revenge." He had said "Death!" and "Villain, thou diest!" No any. There was another fellow in love with Mollie, to be sure, but he was a weak-eyed young man, who had sandy hair and wore spectacles and a choker collar, and always looked scared when you hollared at him. So, when he saw that Bill had the best of the girl's affections, he looked all serene and said: "Go in, Billy, if you hanker for her," and as Bill was a trifle on the hanker, he sailed in.

So William, who see had no trouble at all--and you couldn't get up an agonizing novel about him if you tried. He didn't have any urgent business that called him to a foreign land, and so had to bid her a fond good-bye, and swear always to be true, and then go away and forget her, and fall in love with a dark-eyed Italian girl, picking grapes in a vineyard, with a square towel folded on her head, while the physician's skill, and grew paler, and at last, when the June roses were in bloom, lying gently down to die, while through the open window floated in the balmy odor of jessamine and honey suckle. And William didn't

**THE HIGH PRESSURE NOVEL--A TAKE OFF.**

Once upon a time there was a fair young maiden, whose name was Mary, although they called her Moll, for short. She wasn't a tall, dark-eyed maiden, with clear, transparent skin, and lips like cherries, and cheeks suffused with blushes. She didn't have glossy black hair, sweeping back in wavy tresses from her queenly brow, and her form wasn't a bit like Hebe's. No, there was none of those things--on the contrary, she was short and thin, and had red hair and freckles, and she also sported snaggle teeth and wore pads, but still she was a right nice girl, and there was a young man who fell in love with her, and his name was Bill, although his friends called him William when they wanted to hurt his feelings, for he didn't like it much. He wasn't fine looking, and had neither curly brown hair nor a moustache. Not much Bill laid himself out on soap-locks, and wore a gaiter that he had dyed twice a week.

Now this Bill was in love with Mary, but did he go and make a deliberate ass of himself? Did he, I say, go into a grove with her, and in the soft moonlight, by the streamlet that murmured sweetly by, and with the tender zephyr sighing through the foliage fall down on his knees, seize her jeweled hand and breathe his deep affection in the tender accents of fond attachment, and swear "by yon bright orb above us, always to be true?" Did he, I say? You can just bet he didn't. You can lay out your whole revenge safely on that. William knew too much about the price of pants to go flopping around on the wet grass with his good clothes on; besides he never cared anything about streamlets or any kind of cold water, except to mix with his gin. No, sir, but this William met her at the alley gate, and says: "Say, Moll, old gal, s'posed we get hitched?"

But how did Mary behave? Did she go dropping to sleep over on the bricks in a dead faint, or did she hide her gentle head on his shirt bosom to conceal her blushes? No, she didn't, and she didn't say, "I'm ever thine, my own love, dear William!" Oh, my, no. She looked right in his yellow eyes, and says: "I'm in, Billy; I'm the gal for these sort of things. Go in!"

Now, the old man wasn't wealthy, for he sold soap-fat for a living, and so he didn't think Bill was nosing around after his stamps, so when Bill asked him, he neither ordered him fiercely away nor did the dewy moisture gather in his eagle eye as he passed his hemstitched handkerchief over there and said: "Bless you, my children, bless you!" Oh no, nothing of the sort. He just blew his old red nose in his handanna and told Bill to take her, along, for he was glad to get rid of her, he was, and William would be the same mighty soon, for she was awful rough on victuals, and always broke plates when she got mad.

So, you see, there really was no necessity for William to come at midnight's solemn hour, in a cab, and throw a rope-ladder up to her window, and whistle three times on his fingers, and then go up, hand over hand, and bring her down in one hand and her trunk in the other, and a band-box and an umbrella under each arm, and a whole lot of bundles; and then get into the cab and fly to some distant shore. That's the way it would have been in a novel; but Bill said he wasn't on that lay, and so he just went out in the yard, and out of pure joy he skinned the cat three or four times on the grape-vine arbor, and then went and got in his butcher cart and drove Mary right down to the magistrate to get the job done for a quarter--for he said he was some on low prices, he was.

During the New York draft riot of 1863, a howitzer, truly shot, was planted on the Tribune stairway, and men stationed beside it, ready to fire it off upon the first attempt of the mob to storm the building. What a fortunate thing that the attempt was not made! It is fearful to contemplate what a large number of Greeley votes might have gone down before that howitzer!

"How do you like the looks of the varmint?" asked an Arkansian fellow of a down-easter, who was gazing with distended eyes at an alligator, which was lying with open jaws on the banks of the Mississippi. "Wa'al," responded the Yankee, recovering his mental equipoise, "he a'n't what we'd call a han'some critter, but he has a deal of openness when he smiles."

An excellent old deacon, who 'having won an old turkey at a charity raffle, did not like to tell his severe orthodox wife how he came by it, quietly remarked as he handed her the fowl, that the Shakers gave it to him.

The difference in nature was well illustrated at the depot this morning. Two sisters met. "O, my dear sister," said one, exhausted, as they embraced, "You've been eating onions," said the other, calmly and fearlessly.

**A Poor Boy's Victory.**

An appointment to the United States Naval Academy having been place within the gift of Colonel Wm. B. Roberts, member of Congress from New York city, he determined to award it to the applicant who should, in a competitive examination, prove himself to be best qualified therefor. This examination recently took place in the hall of the Board of Education in New York city. Twenty-six boys were present, thirteen from the public and thirteen from the private schools of the Fifth Congressional district. Sixteen of the number were rejected by Dr. Skiff, the medical examiner. The examination was conducted by Superintendent Kiddle and his assistant, Mr. Harrison. Matter John O'Keefe, aged fifteen years, of 107 Washington street, stood first in the order of merit and is to be the nominee. His parents are in very humble circumstances, his father, Timothy O'Keefe, being an ordinary dock laborer. The announcement of the decision of the committee was received with applause, as the appearance of the lad denoted his condition in life. He was heartily congratulated by all present, but by none with so much pride and emotion as his principal teacher, Mr. Duffy. Master O'Keefe, it was remarked by all present, bore a striking resemblance to ex-President Lincoln. A subscription is to be immediately started in the First Ward for the purpose of securing his necessary outfit.

The following is said to be an authentic anecdote of a well-known artist. This son of genius, one of the greatest portrait-painters of his day, was at times such a votary of the bottle that his friends began to fear that he would be utterly ruined in body and mind. After one of his periodical "sprees," several of his friends determined, if possible, to arrest him in his downward course, and so went over to his studio, carrying in a pocket a big rat, for purp--es which will be seen. E. sat painting lazily, returning to his work after he had greeted his visitors. They took him to task roundly for his dissipation, declaring that his health was utterly ruined, and that very soon he would be driven into "snakes," otherwise called *delirium tremens*. They pressed the topic, when finally he rose in a passion, and as he did so the rat was slipped loose, and went flying among the half-finished pictures. E. gave chase with a cane, calling loudly for assistance, knowing that if the animal was not caught it would work mischief with his canvases. No-hearing the others move he looked round with astonishment, and shuddered visibly as he saw them looking at him with faces full of sadness and pity. They tried to get him to sit down, saying that he'd "get over it pretty soon"; but he shook them off, and went silently back to his painting. After a few touches he stopped and turned round, with an attempt to laugh that was inexpressibly painful, and broke out: "That was a good joke I had on you fellows. I did not see a rat."

The last remaining brilliancy of the empire has been eclipsed by the sale of the Empress Eugenie's diamonds at London. There were no less than one hundred and fourteen lots of these gems, including almost every variety of beautiful handiwork imaginable. The jewels were, of course, of the most elegant and expensive description. There were diamonds without end in the wonderful combination with other precious stones. One group was made to represent a rosebud and leaves, and another a bunch of forget-me-nots, formed of pearls encrusted minutely with diamonds. The enraptured spectators found themselves dazzled successively by brooches in the form of a double pink, sprays of flowers and leaves, pendants of brilliant, pearl drops as large as a sparrow's egg, magnificent emerald, oval shaped gems, formerly belonging to the Empress Josephine, grotesque ornaments laped like a guitar or a tortoise, diamond snuff boxes, and above all, the exquisite necklace of forty-one choice pearls, matched in size and splendor, which has employed the most herculean endeavors of admiring scribes on many a State occasion under the old regime. Lace parasols and fans of miraculous beauty complete this glowing and yet sad record of the glories of departed power.

A novelty in the way of "hops" has been introduced in Boston. A hall at the South End is now open every Friday evening for "shirt and pants dancing parties," and the attendance is confined to those of the middle class who are disposed to behave themselves. There is nothing allowed that would be considered improper in any hall in the city, and the proprietor takes sensible ground that if ladies consider themselves dressed in "shirt waists" there is no reason why "gents" should not appear in the same cool apparel.

A young lady in Plattsburg asked her mamma, "How long does the honey moon last?" to which the practical mother replied, "Until you ask your husband for money."

**A Middle-Sized Boy's Composition on Girls.**

Girls are the most unaccountable things in the world--except women. Like the wicked flea, when you have them they ain't there. I can cipher clear over to improper fractions, and the teacher says I do it frstrate; but I can't cipher out a girl, proper or improper, and you can't either. The only rule in arithmetic that hits their case is the double rule of two. They are as full of Old Nick as their skins can hold, and they would die if they couldn't torment somebody. When they try to be mean they are as mean as pusley, though they ain't as mean as they let on, except sometimes, and then they are a good deal meaner. The only way to get along with a girl when she comes at you with her nonsense is to give her tit for tat, and that will flummux her, and when you get her flummuxed she is as nice as a pin. A girl can sow more wild oats in a day than a boy can in a year, but girls get their wild oats sowed after a while, which boys never do, and then they settle down as calm and placid as a mud puddle. But I like girls first rate, and I guess the boys all do. I don't care how many tricks they play on me--and they don't care either. The hoity-toities girls in the world can't always boil over like a glass of soda. By and by they will get into the traces with somebody they like, and pull as steady as an old stage horse. So let them wave, I say; they will pay for it some day, sewing on buttons and trying to make a decent man of the fellow they have spiced on to, and ten chances to one if they don't get the worst of it.

One of the Candidates.

A gentleman traveling through Indiana in the early days of that now powerful and vigorously growing State, stopped at a log cabin and asked and obtained entertainment for a man and horse. During the conversation after supper the stranger said:

"I am traveling through your country to obtain information about its resources and products."

"Well, stranger," observed the host, "you have stopped at the right place. I am a candidate for the Legislature, and I reckon I know as much as the next man."

"Ah, indeed? Well, I am unfortunate. What is the population of your county?"

"Corn, wheat, oats, and such like truck."

"You misunderstand me. I want to know the population of the county."

"Oh, to be sure, I did misunderstand. Well, there's oak, dogwood and some elms mostly with vines running up."

What spectacle more pleasing does the earth afford than a happy woman, contented in her sphere, ready at all times to benefit her little world by her exertions, and transforming the briars and thorns of life into roses of Paradise by the magic of her touch? There are those who are thus happy, because they cannot help it; no misfortunes dampen their sweet smiles, and they diffuse a cheerful glow around them, as they pursue the even tenor of their way. They have the secret of contentment, whose value is above the philosopher's stone; for without seeking the baser exchange of gold which buys some sort of pleasure, they convert everything they touch into joy. What their condition is makes no difference. They may be rich or poor, high or low, admired or forsaken by the fickle world; but the sparkling fountain bubbles up in their hearts and makes them radiantly beautiful. Though they live in a log cabin, they make it shine with a lustre that kings and queens may covet, and they make wealth a fountain of blessings to the children