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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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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. PL. V. NO. 38. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1872. \$2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising. One Square (1 inch), one insertion - \$1.00. One Square, one month - 3.00. One Square, three months - 6.00. One Square, one year - 12.00. Two Squares, one year - 15.00. Quarter Col. - 30.00. Half - 50.00. One - 100.00. Business Cards, not exceeding one inch in length, \$10 per year. 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 doing business in the limits of the circulation of the paper to advertise liberally.

D. W. CLARK, (CUSTOMER'S CLERK, FOREST CO., PA.) REAL ESTATE AGENT. Houses and Lots for Sale and RENT. Wild Lands for Sale. Superior facilities for ascertaining the value of taxes and tax deeds, &c., and are therefore qualified to act intelligently and to the advantage of a disinterested party in the County. Office Commissioners Room, Court House, Tionesta, Pa. 4-11 D. W. CLARK.

THUPERIOR LUMBER CO., MANUFACTURERS OF Pine, Lath, Shingles &c. Tionesta Creek, Forest Co., Pa. Yard office cor. 22d & Rail Road Sts., PITTSBURGH, PA. Jos. Y. Saul, PRACAL, Rooms Makor and Sad-dle, doors north of Holmes House, Tionesta, Pa. All work is warranted.

Wm. F. Ivers, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, will attend to all business in that line promptly, at reasonable rates. Address, 9-5th, W. W. LLEWIS, Newmarket, Clarion Co., Pa. EDWARD BIRGE, R. D. BIRGE, FORT IT GLASS WORKS. Published A. D. 1872.

DITIDGE & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF Dithrie's xx Flint Glass PLENT OVAL LAM CHIMNEYS. AND Silver Glass Reflectors. These chimneys do not break by heat. Ask for DITHRIE'S. Take no other. 25-1y. DITHRIDGE & SON, PITTSBURGH, PA.

New Barding House. MRS. S. S. HINES has built a large addition to her house, and is now prepared to accommodate a number of permanent boarders. All transient ones who may favor her with their patronage, will find a comfortable and pleasant place to stay. Reference on Elm St., opposite S. Hackett's, 25-1y.

JONES HOUSE, CLARION, PENN'A. S. E. JONES - Proprietor. NEW GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE IN TIONESTA.

GEO. W. BOYARD & CO. HAVE JUST BROUGHT ON A COMPLETE AND EXCLUSIVELY SELECTED STOCK OF FLOUR, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, AND EVERYTHING NECESSARY TO THE COMPLETE STOCK OF A FIRST-CLASS GROCERY STORE, which they have opened out of their establishment on Elm St., first door north of M. L. Church.

CONFECTIONARIES. JAS. MCKAY, at the Post Office, has opened out a choice lot of CONFECTIONARIES, CANNED FRUITS, TOBACCO, CIGARS, AND NOTIONS OF ALL KINDS. A portion of the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. 40-17 JAS. M. MCKAY.

A MIRACLE! Mr. Samuel Bell, of W. E. Schmeitz & Co., Wholesale Boot and Shoe Manufacturers, 21 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, and 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, and is a living monument of the efficacy of that great medical discovery, Gilliland's Pain Killer. The afflicted should ask their grocer or drug list for it, and try its wonderful power. Mr. Gilliland, we understand, wants a respectable agent in every town and country for it. The principal office is at 72 Third Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MARK TWAIN'S SAD EXPERIENCE IN ENGLAND. In Turkey the malefactor is visited with the bastinado; in Russia he dies with the slow administration of the knout. In either country the criminal is more fortunate than the unlucky foreigner who has subjected himself to unstarved hospitality among the English. The punishment of the London lurches is as much more baneful than the Stamboul bastinado as it appears at first more seductive. The symptoms of the patient in either case hardly fall short of the horrible. In one case the face turns black immediately, in the other the liver grows black finally. Poor Mark Twain, under the latter ordeal, is seen by his friends in London to be growing rapidly thinner and paler. Day after day he drags himself still an hour later in the afternoon from his bed at the Langham, where efforts at sleep have ceased to restore his relaxing energies. But for Americans to understand the full severity of the sentence to which their countryman has been condemned in England, it is only necessary to comprehend a single one of its two hundred constituent elements, an English dinner. The true London dinner consists of from twelve to twenty courses, the half of which are substantial meats, fish, fowls and game, bread and interpolated with puddings, soups and entrees. They follow a vista of sweet puddings and sodden sweets, cakes, custards and meringues whose consumption points toward death and the hours of midnight. And still the ponderous feast is not over. There remain pies of green nuts and over-nourished fruits, insidious entrees of late dessert with foreign flavor, and lastly that inevitable, fatal comestible, et-wine the goal of every British dinner, and whose very look and odor are suggestions of the grave--a Still-ton cheese! But the London dinner is not mostly a thing of eating. After all has been said, it is an affair to be drunk rather than masticated, its succeeding courses appearing to be introduced mainly for the object of clearing the palate for a fresh flavor of wine. A delicate Hock is placed beside the plate of microscope, but finely flavored, English oysters that fleety the meal, souther or Moselle succeed to the Hock, with the fish that follows the oysters. Moselle and Sauterne give way to the substantial sherry and Hungarian in the third course. The sherry is carried forward with a red Burgundy to accompany the piece de resistance, or the heavy roast of English sirloin that breaks the first shock of appetite in the process of dining. Chateau Yquem or white Tokay attempts the feat that replaces the roast. Game is introduced with elard and champagne. A succulent dish is supported by a glass of Madeira. The Madeira contrasted with Greek wine, a bottle of Manzaniha is deftly introduced to brace the flagging stimulant of the Tonicus. With the dessert appear the massive Southern wine--Port and Spanish, with the heavy English favorite, sherry, has not once disappeared from the table. The black wines are carried through the dessert and fruits; Bordeaux is sipped with the cheese, after which the guests drink all round liqueur, Chateau or Maraschine for better digestion, and the ladies retiring, after the English fashion, the cloth is drawn, Cognac and whisky introduced, and the regular drinking of an English dinner party begins.

ABOUT CIGARS. It has always been, and probably ever will be, the common belief that the best cigars are made in Cuba, and this is true in a certain measure. Previous to the year 1820 the manufacture of cigars on that island was monopolized by the Government, but since then it has been thrown open to all and owing to the incessant demands made upon the Cuban market there is hardly any real competition among the manufacturers. The Cuban brands seem, however, to bring somewhat higher prices than those of any other house, the best cigars from that manufactory occasionally selling for fifty cents in Havana, or twenty-five cents at wholesale. Besides the immense quantity sold for exportation, over fourteen hundred million cigars are annually smoked on the Island of Cuba. The cigar manufactory is a Government monopoly in the Philippine Islands. The best tobacco is raised in the northern portion of the Island of Luzon, and is cultivated under the immediate supervision of Spanish officials and agents who buy it directly from the planters. There are three large manufactories. The largest is at Manila, and employs seven thousand women and twelve hundred men, all of whom are paid by the piece to insure greater expedition and better work. The other two average about four thousand hands each.

Nearly one hundred and twenty five million cigars, and a proportionately large number of cheroots and cigar-ettes, are annually exported from the Philippine Islands. The colonies affording better opportunities and more advantages for the culture and preparation of the value leaf, but few manufactories have been established in Spain itself. Yet those that have been started have nearly all continued in successful operation, and the one at Seville has gained a world-wide reputation. In France, the tobacco manufactory in and its branches has long been one of the principal sources of internal revenue. As early as 1674 the monopoly of the tobacco trade was sold for six years to Jean Breton for the sum of 700,000 livres, or about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The French cigars are mostly of a superior quality, and are so skillfully shaped and delicately manipulated that none but experienced connoisseurs can detect the difference from the genuine Paragays or Vuelta Abajo, whose superiority is mainly due to their peculiar flavor and a superior combination. Immense quantities of cigars and cigar-ettes are manufactured in Bremen and Hamburg, with very inferior or damaged leaves, and are shipped to all parts of the world, to be supposed of at extremely low rates.

Bremen takes the lead in this branch of trade, more than 4,000 persons being actively engaged in it, and the yearly exportation from this city alone numbering over 3,000,000. To support this enormous and massive catering and drinking one would suppose that the English would find it convenient to import a quantity of reclining, like the old Romans, at their meals. The inference is as absurd as the fancy of an Anglo-Saxon in a classic position. An Englishman is never staidier than when he rises from five hours of dining. He appears to carry off his tons of food and gallons of wine as lightly as if they were a biscuit and a cup of tea. And as the marvelous proclivity that follows the ordinary English dinner, the aristocratic Londoner appears simply as a porous membrane through which liquids disappear with the simplicity of the condense process in nature--or rather her cognac and whisky sink into his organization as gracefully as if the British stomach were the proper receptacle and destiny of the alcohols.

The upper class English are undoubtedly the best diners and the best wine drinkers in the world; and there appears to be a disposition in the moist, unsteady atmosphere of the English climate that atones for its indigestibility by allowing an opportunity to exist nowhere else. The climate is a soaking one literally. An American arriving in England finds that he can sell one-third to his ratio of the Britons beverages with out apprehension. But the stomach of Crassus would not suffice Mark Twain to enjoy even a moiety of the substantial good will which he is finding among his English friends. British hospitality has always had something deadly about it. Whether in a park room, country house or city club, it pours out its administrations to the flesh with a meagling intent to kill. Twain is already complaining that his London dinners have long ceased to digest, but continue to stratify, while his friendly entertainers, appreciating that he may recover from their first shock--"No man dies of dinners," they say--and live to reach his friends, are preparing for him the coup de grace of a fox hunt.--London Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.

THE OLD STORY. There is a good deal more talk among the old bachelors this winter, about not being able to get married, than ever before. There is an old bachelor at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, whose income is \$20,000 a year, and still he says he can't afford to get married. He's a proud blooded fellow, and now, he says, as a single man, he can have the best of horses, best rooms, and best box at the opera, "but," he continued, "I should get married, I would have to scrimp myself or overdraw my income." "How is that?" I asked. "Well, now, come into the parlor and I'll show you. You see ladies are extravagant nowadays. They dress so much more than they do in Europe. I mean, the women wear rich diamonds like the women of Florence and Milan, but they wear rich dresses, lace, shawls, and furs. Now, I'm proud, and I would not want my wife to be outdressed, so I have to keep out of the marriage business." "Do you see that lady there?" he said, pointing to a fashionable caller. "Yes." "Well, she has on a \$100 panned, wadded, polished brown gown grain dress, and I wear a \$60 coat. She wears a \$1,200 emerald hair shawl and a \$500 set of sable, while I wear a \$70 overcoat. She wears a \$70 bonnet, while I wear an \$8 hat. She wears \$200 of point applique and point applique, while I wear a \$6 shirt. Her shoes cost \$15, and mine cost \$12. Her ordinary morning jewelry, which is changed every year, not counting diamonds, cost \$400, mine cost \$50." "Well, how does it foot up?" "Why, the clothes she has on cost \$2,285, and mine cost \$206, and that is only one of her dozen outfits, while I only have--say three. The fact is," I said my friend, growing earnest, "I couldn't begin to live in a brown stone front with that woman and keep up appearance to match carriages, church, dinners, opera and seaside for \$20,000. I'd have to become a second rate man, and live in an eighteen foot house, or withdraw over to Second Avenue, and that'll be -- if I do!" and he slung his first down slam into a nice silk hat in the excess of his earnestness.--N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

HOW A DIVORCE WAS OBTAINED IN JAMESTOWN. The courtroom of Justice Perrier was today the scene of a Scandinavian matter, a Swedish woman, Mrs. John Peter Nelson, and her husband, John Peter Nelson, being the actors. Translated, the occasion of the meeting was very simply and worked up by the Swedish learning American tricks too rapidly. He had his wife had been working in Travelling, and accumulated in several years about \$500 in cash. This was in possession of the man, and he had come to the conclusion that he would desert his wife and take the money with him and go to the old country. The plot was his intention, and the two came to Jamestown. Here she got a warrant for his arrest, to compel him to look over one half the money. After a long search he was found in the cellar of a brother Swede and brought before Justice Perrier. He was followed by an anxious crowd, and finally his friends convinced him that he had better settle the matter. He offered her \$50. She got mad at the offer--she had more money than that when they were married. An hour was spent in talk, which was very interesting to one who did not understand the language. He then offered her \$100. This amount would not compensate his loss. Another hour was spent in talk, when he commenced bidding for her love--in order to find out how much she loved him, and whether it would pay him to give her the slip. \$125--no go, \$150--she passed. \$175--how could she? \$200--she wept. \$210--she applied her handkerchief to her face, and allow that she was weeping. \$225--that was just the price she valued her husband and she told her husband to "shell out"--and we understood it. He shellied, and she gave him her receipt for compensation for broken heart, misplaced confidence, etc., and so forth, and also informed him that he would go to sea and would get the other way.

We offer this plan to friends in the same boat. But don't offer but the pile to start on.--Jamestown Journal

Another survivor of the company on the ill-fated Missouri has come out of the depths. This man floated on the bottom of a capsize boat for three days; then righted her; then, seven days out, landed on a barren sand-heap. The story is one of great hard-ship and marvelous escape from death by sea and starvation.

The dramatic critics of New York have raved over Miss Neilson and her Juliette, only to discover she has a strapping great husband who looks very closely after her.

When a man becomes insane and kills a man out West, the inhabitants of that section turn out en masse and go temporarily insane long enough to kill the murderer.

HOW A MISSING LETTER WAS RECOVERED. A certain hardware firm in Providence expected a remittance which failed to come to hand. Complaint was made to the post office, as there was positive proof that the letter containing the remittance had been mailed in due form. Search was made, but to no effect, and the postmaster at Boston, in whose office the letter had been mailed, was convinced that a theft had been perpetrated somewhere en route. He sent out special agents and detectives, but to no purpose. A year elapsed and a new agent was appointed, and on his first visit to Providence was asked to make diligent inquiry to discover some clue to the lost letter. The agent transacted the his other business, and went to call upon the hardware merchants to inquire if they had heard anything of the lost letter. They had not, and while discussing its singular disappearance, a severe rain and wind storm came up, and when he left to go to the depot the agent gladly accepted the loan of an old overcoat found hanging in a closet in the hardware store, and an umbrella; a porter accompanied him to the depot to bring back the borrowed articles. Taking off the overcoat at the depot the agent's hand felt something in the pocket, and knowing it was an old spare coat belonging to the hardware store, and its employees in general, and to no one in particular, he put his hand in and drew out several unopened letters, and among them the one so long sought. Returning at once to the hardware merchants, to whom the letters were addressed, the mystery was at last explained. One of the firm recollected receiving the mail about the time he had expected the important letter, and that when he wished to read his letters he could find none of them. He also remembered that he had at that time worn that very overcoat.

"UP IN A BALLOON." The travelers in a balloon which recently started from Boston, say that the bottom of the mean in-shoof places was distinctly visible to them while passing over the sea, and that the abundant growth of seaweed caused the vessels to appear as if sailing in a field of grass.--Ez.

The fact related in this extract is one of the most puzzling, and yet one of the best authenticated phenomena of optics, and so far as we have heard, has never met with a complete solution of its relation to any known principle of science. It looks incredible that men a mile above a stream, should see through it to the bottom more distinctly than men floating on its surface. Yet they can do it. We have seen many accounts by accounts of their astonishment at perceiving, from a great elevation, the bottom of rivers and arms of the sea as if the water were removed when they had never seen them from the banks, or from vessels moving over them. Another queer effect to the beholder of riding in a balloon, is the sensation, not of rising from the earth, but of the earth dropping away. This is a part of the effect that impresses the account with the consciousness of an inevitable delusion that the world below him is not round, but hollow, a huge cup over the center of which he is floating. This is easily explained, though probably as puzzling to the first observer as the effect of elevation in uncovering the bottoms of bodies of water. Below the balloon there is a very easily perceivable and appreciable distance to the earth. But the horizon is so far off that the arc of the earth does not seem to rise above its level. It appears to rise, too. The angle formed by a line from the surface to it, which is measured by the distance below the balloon--or its "sine"--is so small that the two lines are, to the eye, parallel.--Indianapolis News.

Mark Twain was a passenger on the steamship Batavia, which rescued the crew of a wrecked vessel, whereupon Mark, with the rest of his fellow-passengers, recommended their Captain to the Royal Humane Society as a fit subject for a medal. M. Twain: "If I have been of any service toward rescuing those nine shipwrecked human beings by standing around the deck in a furious storm, without an umbrella, keep an eye on things and seeing that they were done right, and yelling when ever a cheer seemed to be the important thing, I am glad, and I am satisfied. I ask no reward. I would do it again under the same circumstances."

A faithful brother in one of our churches prayed Sunday for the absent members "who were prostrated on beds of sickness and chairs of wretchedness."

The reason an arch-bishop gave for being late at school Monday was that the boy in the next house was going to have a dressing down with a bed cord, and he wanted to hear him howl.

A man in Pittsburgh, Pa., who committed suicide, is advertised for identification as follows: "Deceased was a moustache, five feet seven inches long."

TOO LATE FOR EXPLANATION. Lord Mark Kerr, who distinguished himself at the battle of Foreney, was a good but eccentric officer, and a terrible duelist. His debut was remarkable. He was a lad of spirit. His father, the Marquis of Lothian, who he brought him to London to join his regiment--the Coldstream Guards--requested the Colonel, who was his particular friend, to watch over him, and see that he submitted to no improper liberties, and to instruct him in the way he should go, in case he had the misfortune to be insulted.

These were the days of hard drinking "prodigious swearing," and brutal manners. This scion of nobility soon became a bit of a mess, a stop-pog to hang practical jokes on, until at last a captain of a year's standing threw a glass of wine in his face. He still said nothing, but wiped his face with his handkerchief, and took no further notice of the insult he had received.

The Colonel thought it was high time to interfere, and invited him to breakfast *tele-atele*, in the morning at 9 o'clock. Lord Mark arrived punctually, ate his breakfast with perfect composure, and spoke but little. At length the commanding officer broke ground.

"Lord Mark," said he, "I must speak to you on rather a delicate subject, but, as your father's friend, I am compelled to waive ceremony. Captain L-----, yesterday morning, publicly passed an affront on you, which both your honor and the credit of your regiment require you to notice."

"What do you think, sir, I ought to do?" inquired Lord Mark. "Call on him for an explanation," rejoined the Colonel. "It is, I fear, too late for that," replied the young ensign, "I shot him at eight this morning, and if you take the trouble to look out of the front window, you will see him on a shunter."

EMBARRASSED SITUATION. Needham took his dog along with him one day to watch his clothes while he went in swimming. Needham bathed for an hour, and the dog meanwhile went to sleep on Needham's garments. When Needham came out the dog did not recognize him in his nude condition and refused to let him come near the garments. Every time Needham would grab for a suspender or a sock the dog would bite a mouthful out of his arm or leg, and whenever Needham would make a dive for a boot or an undershirt that animal would seize him by the calf and shake him. So Needham stood there in the sun pretty nearly roasted, and he spent the afternoon dodging in and out the water to avoid the Dorens societies and female students at the boarding-school, and the factory girls coming down the road. At last, when the dog went to sleep Needham crept behind him, caught him suddenly by the tail, and flung him across the stream. Before the dog could swim back, Needham got most of his clothes upon his bleeding body and limbs, and the dog came sliding up to him, looking as if he expected to be rewarded for his extraordinary vigilance, and yet they say that the dog is man's most faithful friend!

It is the popular idea that the notes of a broken bank are worthless, and an enterprising firm in New York have taken advantage of that belief by advertising to redeem, at a very heavy discount, of course, the bills of such banks. By reference to the national banking law it will be seen that each national bank is compelled to deposit Government bonds with the Treasury of the United States sufficient to redeem their currency in the event of a failure. Any note, therefore, on these broken banks is good, and worth even a premium, for, theoretically at least, under the law, only a certain amount is allowed to a certain section, and upon the failure of a bank, other parties desiring to go in to the banking business in that section must gather together its notes, have them redeemed by the U. S. Treasury, and apply for a charter to establish another bank in the same locality. The premium is offered from the fact that men want the banking privileges.

The Washington papers, of all others, observe a place at the indentured lump that women wear. This is the sort of *toes* they feel their yearning readers on: "Mrs. Admiral Duhlgren will gather around her the fashionables of Washington this winter, at her residence, corner Fourteenth and L streets. Lieutenant Vinton Goddard, a young lieutenant much liked here, will be with his mother for the present, and, if rumor is true, he will marry a Washington belle next January."

Victor Hugo is of opinion that it was the beauty of the eye of Eugene de Montijo which kept the Bonapartes so long in the Tuilleries; which reminds us of what that other Frenchman, Pascal, said--that had the nose of Cleopatra been a little shorter, it would have changed the history of the world.