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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.



TIONESTA LODO No. 369.

MEETS every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied the Good Templars.
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Che Forest Republican.

VOL. V. NO. 45.

TIONESTA, PA., FEBRUARY 19, 1873.

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AGNEW, at the Post Office, has opened out a choice lot of

CROCERIES, CONFECTIONARIES, CANNED FRUITS,

TOBACCOS, CIGARS, AND

NOTIONS OF ALL KINDS.

A portion of the putronage of the public is respectfully solicited specifully solicited. L. AGNEW.

SIAN BAR.

"When is he expected?" "They said he was coming in ta-

night's stage."
"Yes, I guess he was in the depart-

ment.

The doctor's wife was an authority on all matters in Russian Bar, and on this last sensation-the coming of a schoolmaster-she freely enlightened ber neighbor, Mrs. Blunt, a plump widow, whose miner husband had died a few months before. There was not much to gossip about in that quiet village. The arrival and departure of the stage brought the people to their doors three times a week, and if a stranger was noticed, envoys were immediately despatched to the hotel to learn his name and business and the probable length of his stay. But now Russian Bar was to have a new schoolmaster, and the folks wondered much if he would have any trouble with Sam Seymour, the butcher's boy; or Ike Walker, and unruly spirit, who had knocked down and pummelled the last preceptor who undertook to teach him school discipline. The trustees were powerless in these matters, and declared that if a schoolmaster was not able to "get away" with the boys in the square, stand up fight, he might as well pack his traps and leave. Russian Bar.

On the evening of the expected ar-rival, Seymour and Walker, the leading spirits of the mutinous school boys, met at a pool, from which they were both trying to coux a few speekled trout for supper.

"Have you heard what the new chap is like, Sam?" said Ike, as he impaled a wriggle worm on his hook.
"No; have you?"

"Father told Jake, the barkeeper, that he was very young." "And small?

"Guess he won't stay long in town,

"I guess not, Sam. School ain't good for us, such fine weather as this.' The worthies sat and fished in silence for some time and then Ike produced a bunch of eigarettes and passed them to his friend. At last finding that the fish would not bite, they shouldered their poles and straggled up towards the village, pausing for a moment to stone a Chinaman's rooster which had strayed too far from the

protecting wash house. Philip Houghton was a schoolmas ter from necessity, and not taste. Like many who have been educated as gentlemen in one sense of the word, that is without the acquaintance with any special pursuit that might be turned to good account of the struggle for bread, he found himself adrift in California, with nothing to fall back on. Seeing an advertisement in a paper for a competent teacher to take charge of the school at Russian Bar, he answered it and was accepted at a venture. Putting his few movables together -a pair of old foils and set of well-worn boxing gloves, Houghton was an accomplished bexer and fencer -he bought his ticket for Russian Bar.

He found the stage driver a communicative, pleasant fellow, who, at his request, described the characteristics of his future home. Indeed, his description of the class of boys whom Houghton was to take charge of was not very encouraging. "You'll find them a hard lot," said he, "and they're

all on the muscle, too." "What is about the weight of my oldest?" asked Houghton, good hu-moredly. "You see, if I have got to

exercise something more than moral sunsion, I want to get posted on the physique of my men. "Well, Sam Seymour is about the

"And what is about the size of the redoubtable Ike?" "Well, I guess he tops you by half

"O, I expect we'll get along well enough tegether," said Houghton; "and I suppose this is the first glimpse of Russian Bar," he added, as a turn

in the road brought them in view of that picturesque village. The stage bowled along the smooth road and past the great white oak under whose friendly branches the teamsters were accustomed to make their noon time halt.

"I'll set you down at the hotel," said the driver.

"There's Perkins, the proprietor; that fat man smoking on the stoop."
Houghton confessed to himself that the prospect before him was anything but a prepossessing one. He was not of a very combative nature, though he liked a little danger for the exciteone of the hardest hitters in his col-

The folks were all at their doors

TENEYCK & VANDERSAAL SCHOOL MASTER OF RUS. street, and the slender good-looking the door. Saymour confused and young man by the driver was measured and canvassed before the worthy had passed the mail to the doctor, who, with his medical avocations, also found time to "run" the postoffice.

The doctor's wife was at her window, and after a long survey of the schoolmaster, bastened to communicate her opinions to Mrs. Blunt. Meanwhile Houghton washed off the red dust of the road, and took his seat at the supper table. The driver had introduced him to about a dozen of the leading citizens during the few minutes that intervened between their arrival and the evening meal.

"How do you like our town, Mr. Houghton?" asked the landlord, graciously, as he helped his new guest to a cut of steak.

"Well, it seems a pretty place." "When you get acquainted you'll find yourself pleasantly situated, but you'll have a hard time with the boys.

cheerfully. After supper the landlord remarked

thought he'd be able to 'make the

riffle with the boys." When Houghten arose next mornfresh breeze, odorous with the perfume that, after all, a residence in a remote Francisco. He smiled as he unpacked his foils and boxing-gloves, a little, sadly, too, for they were linked with many pleasing associations of his un-

der graduate days.
"Well," he soliloquised, as he straightened his arm and looked at socks, on the verandali. the firmly developed muscles, "I ought to be able to hold my own in a stand up fight with these troublesome pupils long before the thought of settling at and this afternoon everybedy will of mine. This is my day of trial, Russian Bar. Seymour and Walker turn out to inaugurate the new cemehowever, and before noon we shall probably have had our battle out."

The school house, a raw, unfinished rickely wooden gate that led into the cess. school lot, he found a group of some twenty boys already assembled. Among them were Ike Walker and Sam Seymour. The latter's sister a pretty girl for the Russian Bar school house was both sexes.

nearest boy, and asked him to open the door. With a look at the others, and a half grin he obeyed.

"Now, boys, muster in," said Houghton, cheerfully, to the boys. They all passed in-Seymour and Walker last. The latter took a good look at the schoolmaster as he went by. When they were seated, Hough-

ton stood at his lesk and laid a heavy ruler on the books before him. "Now, boys," he said, "I hope we shall get along pleasantly together. You treat me fairly and you shall have no reason to complain, I promise you. Silence and obedience is what I require, and a strict attention

to the matter of our instruction," Giving them a portion of the grammer to prepare for recitation, he walked up and down the room, occasionally standing at the windows, but appearing to keep no surveilance en the boys. Suddenly the crack of a match was heard, followed by a general titter.

Houghton turned quietly from the window, and saw a blue smoke from a cigarette arrising from where Seymour sat.

"What is your name, boy?" he ask ed in a stern tone.

"My name is Seymour," replied the mutineer, insolently.

'And you are smoking?" "I guess so." "Leave the room."

"What?"

"Come here."

"I guess not." There was a dead silence in the chool-room now, and Houghton felt that the hour of trial was at hand." "Seymour," he said very quietly.

Seymour, putting his hands in his pockets, sauntered from his desk, stood within a yard of the schoolmaster, and looked sneeringly in his face.

"Leave the room," said Houghton again in a lower voice.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

amazed, staggered down to the brook te wash his face and reflect on the wonderful force of that slight arm. And Houghton, turning to his school without a word of comment on the scene, commenced the recitations, Walker was mum. Seymeur's fate had appalled him, and in fact the entire mutinous spirit of the scholars of Russian Bar was in a fair way of be-

ing totally subdued. When the trustees heard of the affair, they unanimously commended the schoolmaster's pluck.

"I tell you what, boys," said Perkins to a crowd who were carnestly engaged at a game of old sledge in his bar-room, "that Houghton knows a thing or two about managing boys. He'll fix 'om off, or my name's not Parkins."

down in the world, but showing no "So they all tell me. Anyhow, I offensive superiority in his intercourse am not unprepared," said Houghton with them. The Doctor's wife pronounced him to be the hest New Yorker she had ever met, and the gossips confidentially to the Doctor "that the insinunted that Mrs. Blunt, the widyoung man had grit in him, and he ow, was setting her cap for him.

Gipsy Lane, the daughter of a leading man in Russian Bar, and made wealthy by a saw mill, which all day ing, and opened his window to the long grouned and screamed some distance down the river, did not express of the climbing honeysuckles, he felt her opinions as to Houghton's merits, but in the summer evenings, when the village, even with a parcel of rough schoolmaster, rod in band, wandering boys to take care of, was preferable to along the stream, and throwing his schoolmaster, rod in band, wandering the dusty, unfamiliar streets of San line across the mill-dam Gipsy was seldom far away. Lane, a hearty old fellow frequently asked Houghton to spend the ovening with him, and told his adventures in early California to a patient listener, while

Mrs. Lane, when Gipsy was a baby, was laid to rest in Lone Mountain, pils the young master had, and were looking frame building, stood hard by excursions. In fact, all agreed in dethe river at about half a mile from claring that the educational depart a disease he brought from Missouri. town. When Houghton opened the ment in the village was a thriving suc-

One pleasant evening in June, Gipsy Lane, twirling her straw hat thoughtfully picked her way across the broad fields that lay between her house and of sixteen, was leaning against the the mill. The stream was a winding fence with a half dozen of her friends, one, and as she placed her tiny foot on the first stepping stone, she saw a straw arranged for the accommodation of hat on the grass which she knew well,

"How is Miss Lane this evening?" Houghton handed the key to the asked Houghton, lazily, from beneath a manzanita bush, where he had been enjaying a book and a pipe.
"Well, thank you. How is Mr.
Houghton?" replied Gipsy, shyly.

"Warm, but not uncomfortable. Are you going to the mill?" "Yes, have a letter that has just come for father."

"May I accompany you?"

"Certainly, if you choose."

Houghton put on his hat and helped Gipsy across the brook. "I had a letter from New York a few days ago," said he, after they had left the first bend of the river behind. "A pleasant one?"

"Well, although in one sense it brought good news, still I can hardly call it a pleasant letter.' They talked on, and Gipsy swung her hat pensively, longing with a woman's curiosity, to hear more about

the New York letter. "I'm going to leave Russian Bar," said Houghton abruptly. "Indeed, how soon?"

"I don't know, yet; possibly within a week. The hat was swayed from side to side

with increased onergy. "Do you care much, Miss Lane?" This was said with earnest look into the hazel eyes that were kept steadily bent on the brown parched grass be-

twen their feet. "Yes, of course, we shall all be sorry to loose you," returned Gipsy evasively.

"If I come back in a few months with something for my future wife, shall I see this ring on her finger? whispered Houghton capturing the little hand that held the hat, and

Gipsy said nothing; but her eyes turned for a moment on the school- of age, is now heir to the phantom master's earest face, and in the next | Bonaparte throne. moment her soft cheek was resting on his shoulder.

The little arm straightened like a to wish Philip Houghton god speed stay there long all alone. flash of lightning, and the rebel mea- on the morning he took his place by sured his length on the floor whilst the the driver who one year before had blood gushed from his nostrils. In a set down at Perkin's Hotel. They ment; but a game of fistcuff with a moment he sprang to his feet and knew he was on his way to New York, dirty, mutinous boy had neither glory rushed furiously at the schoolmaster, and that he had been left some money, nor humor for a man that had been but went down again like a reed be- and the goasips more than he suspected fore that well-aimed blow. The sec- that there was something between stock broker and a critic? None; be and time he fell, Houghton stooped Gipsy Lane and their favorite. At cause, neither having anything of their The folks were all at their doors down and lifted him up as if he had all events her eyes were red for a own, they live on the property of when the stage clattered up the single been a child, fairly flung him outside week after his departure.

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (1 inch.) one inertion - One Square one month - One Square three months - three month one year -Quarter Col. Half "One " Legal notices at established rates

Marriage and death notices, gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertise ments must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

Winter had come and the river was swellen and rapid, and many a loft; tree from the rine forest had found its way to the Russian Bar. One de licious morning, crisp and cold, after a rain the stage passed by the large white oak and splashed with much halted before Perkin's Hotel. It had been all night on the way, for the roads

wers very heavy.

The worthy of that excellent house was in the act of tossing his first cock-tail, when a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and Philip Houghton shouted:

"Perkins, old boy, how are you?" The landlord returned the shake of the hand, dived behind the bar and had a second cocktall mixked in a moment. "And new," said he, as he

pledged the ex-schoolmaster, "when

will the wedding take place?" Six weeks afterwards the old mill was hung with evergreen wreaths, and a grand festival was held at Russian Bar. Gipsy Lane was a lovely bride, and when Houghton took charge of the mill and invested all his New York money in the village and was admitted to practice in the courts -everything seemed to take a fresh start. Through all, his warmest and most devoted friend was Sam Seymour, once the terror of Russian Bar schoolmasters, and now the holder of that

important position.

A resident of Denison, Texas, writes as follows: "This is the liveliest town in these parts. Only six months old, it has been built up by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway, which has its terminus here. The Houston and Texas Central will be along soon, and then there will be rail communication from St. Louis to Galveston. We have 5,000 inhabitants, and we have Gipsy dutifully mended her father's hotels, stores, churches, grog shops, two parsonages, one gambling house, and a town hall. We have been wanting a graveyard. Yesterday a man died, were the best and most industrous pu- tery. We thought we should have to import a corpse to start it, but this happy when accompanying him on his fellow happened to die and save us the expense. Another one is sick of and the dector says we had better hold the other chap a day or so, and make one job of it. Don't think we'll do it though, as we want the graveyard started anyhow."

> When Dickens wrote his American Notes, just thirty years ago, he alluded to the melancholy condition of the convicts of the Philadelphia penitentiary, where the punishment is solitary confinement. He alluded particularly to the case of Charles Langheimer, who was never permitted to see anything but the stone walls of his dungeon; and he believed that he could not exist in the cell more than five or six years, and entered a prediction to that effect in the Notes. Dickens is dead, and Charles Langheimer still inhabits the cell in which Dickens left him. He is seventy years old, well and hearty, has spent more than half his life in solitary confinement, and says he prefers that mede of life to any other.

A Scotch builder was at work not long age on a high chimney. When he decided to decend, he found that his rope had fallen to the ground, and was a hundred feet below him. Friends did what they could to help him, but could not get a rope near him, and he was in a fair way to die of his superiority when a brillant idea struck him. He took off a stocking that his wife had knitted for him, unraveled it, and lewered the yarn to the ground; then he drew up a string, then a rope, and in a few minutes he was rejoicing to be on a level with his fellow men.

-The futility of attempting to thwart the designs of Providence by passing laws against the carcless handling of firearms has been impressibly illustrated in Michigan in the case of an old lady who was shot through the head last week by a gun which fell of its own accord from the wall of an adjoining room.

An enterprising citizen of New York, offers for the absurdly low price of one million dollars cash, to tear down one of the pyramids, bring slipping a pearl ring on the delicate it to New York, and set it up again. Napoleon-Eugene-Louis-Jean-Joseph

Bob says he can't drink liquour, it Russian Bar, to a man turned out goes right to his head. A wag sug-

Benaparte, now nearly seventeen years

A boy writing a composition on "Extremes," remarked that "we should endeavor to avoid extremes, especially those of wasps and bees."

What is the difference between a