

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369. I. O. O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars. S. H. HASLET, N. G. J. T. DALE, Sec'y.

Samuel D. Irwin, ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AT LAW and REAL ESTATE AGENT. Legal business promptly attended to. Tionesta, Pa. 40-ly.

W. W. HARRIS, MILES W. TATE, P. T. & TATE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, also Street, TIONESTA, PA.

W. W. HARRIS, George A. Jenks, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

F. W. HARRIS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds, Hukill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 29-ly.

P. KINNEAR, M. E. SMILEY, KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, Franklin, Pa.

PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties. S. E. HARRIS, D. D. FASSETT, HARRIS & FASSETT, Attorneys at Law, Titusville Penn'a.

PRACTICE in all the Courts of Warren, Crawford, Forest and Venango Counties. PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS. J. WILKINSON, M. D., and J. E. BLAINE, M. D.

Having entered into a co-partnership, all calls, night or day, will receive immediate attention. Office at residence of Dr. Wilkison, Elm St., Tionesta, Pa. 36-ly.

Charles B. Ansart, DENTIST, Centre Street, Oil City, Pa. In Simons' Block. LAWRENCE HOUSE, W. M. LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR. This house has just been opened to the public and the furniture and fittings are all new. Guests will be well entertained at reasonable rates. It is situated on Elm St., opposite Superior Lumber Co. Store. 39-ly.

Tionesta House. M. LITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St. Tionesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek. Mr. Little 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.

Scott House, F. AGNEW, Proprietor. This hotel has been recently re-furnished and now offers superior accommodations to guests. 25-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 Tidoute, near Tidoute House.

A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery, all of the best quality, and will be sold at reasonable rates. DR. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced Physician and Drug, let from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately.

E. E. MAY, J. F. PARK, A. E. KELLY, MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS, Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts. Tionesta. Bank of Discount and Deposit. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made on all the Principal points of the U. S. Collections solicited. 18-ly.

J. T. DALE, Cashier, TIONESTA SAVINGS BANK, Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa. This Bank transacts a General Banking, Collecting and Exchange Business. Deals in the Principal Cities of the United States and Europe bought and sold. Gold and Silver Coins and Government Securities bought and sold. 7-30 Bonds converted on the most favorable terms. Interest allowed on time deposits. Mar. 4, 11.

D. W. CLARK, (COMMISSIONER'S CLERK, FOREST CO., PA.) REAL ESTATE AGENT. HOUSES and Lots for Sale and RENT. Wild Lands for Sale. I have superior facilities for ascertaining the condition of taxes and tax deeds, &c., 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. 4-11-ly. D. W. CLARK.

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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.

A. H. PARTRIDGE, DEALER IN FURNITURE, CHAMBER SUITS, SOFAS, TABLES, CHAIRS, BEDSTEDS, MATTRESSES, LOUNGES, SPRING BEDS, & C., & C., FRAMING PICTURES, A SPECIALTY. Has a large variety of Moulding of all kinds, and will frame to order all pictures brought to him in any style to suit customers. Rooms in second story of Bonner & McKay's new building, Elm St., Tionesta, Pa. 29-3m.

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Books, Newspapers and Magazines MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS. At publishers rates. 30-ly.

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, 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.

CONFECTIONARIES. L. AGNEW, at the Post Office, has opened out a choice lot of GROCERIES, CONFECTIONARIES, CANNED FRUITS, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, AND NOTIONS OF ALL KINDS. A portion of the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. L. AGNEW. 44-ly.

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL. THE GRIST MILL, at Nebraska (Lacytown), Forest county, has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted in first-class order, and is now running and doing all kinds of CUSTOM GRINDING. FLOUR, AND OATS, FEED, AND OATS, Constantly on hand, and sold at the very lowest figures. 43-6m. H. W. LEDERBUR.

LOTS FOR SALE! IN THE BOROUGH OF TIONESTA. Apply to GEO. G. SICKLES, 79, Nassau St., New York City.

MY LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

BY L. M. ALCOTT.

No one would have thought of calling him so, this ragged, barefooted, freckle-faced Jack, who spent his days carrying market baskets for the butchers, or cleaning clothes for Mrs. Quinn, selling chips or grubbing in the ash-heaps for cinders. But he was honestly earning his living, doing his duty as well as he knew how, and serving those poorer and more helpless than himself, and that is being a gentleman in the best sense of the fine word. He has no home but Mrs. Quinn's garret—and for this he paid by carrying the bundles and getting the cinders for her fire. Food and clothing he picked up as he could; and his only friend was little Nanny. Her mother had been kind to him when the death of his father left him alone in this world; and when she, too, passed away, the boy tried to show his gratitude by comforting the little girl, who thought there was no one in the world like her Jack.

Old Mrs. Quinn took care of her, waiting until she was strong enough to work for herself; but Nanny had been sick, and eat about a pale, little shadow of her former self, with a white film slowly coming over her pretty blue eyes. This was Jack's great trouble, and he couldn't whistle it away as he did his own worries; for he was a cheery lad, and when the baskets were heavy, the way long, and the weather bitter cold, his poor clothes in rags, or his stomach empty, he just whistled, and somehow things seemed to get right. But the day he carried Nanny the first dandelions, and she felt for them instead of looking at him, as she said, with such pathetic patience, in her little face, "I don't see them but I know they are pretty, and I like 'em lots." Jack felt as if the blithe spring sunshine was all spoiled, and when he tried to cheer himself up with a good whistle, his lips trembled so they wouldn't pucker.

"The poor dear's eyes could be cured, I ain't a doubt; but it would take a sight of money, and who's going to pay it?" said Mrs. Quinn, scrubbing away at her tub. "How much money?" asked Jack. "A hundred dollars, I dare say. Dr. Wilkinson's cook told me once that he done something to a lady's eyes, and asked a thousand dollars for it."

Jack sighed a long, hopeless sigh, and went away to fill the water pails, but he remembered the Doctor's name, and began to wonder how many years it would take to earn a hundred dollars. Nanny was very patient; but, by and by, Mrs. Quinn began to talk of sending her to some almshouse, for she was too poor to be burdened with the helpless child. The fear of this nearly crushed Jack's heart; and he went about with such an anxious face that it was a mercy Nanny did not see it. He was only twelve, but he had a hard load to carry just then; for the thought of his little friend, doomed to lifelong blindness for want of little money, tempted him to steal more than once, and gave him the first fierce, bitter feeling against those better off than he. When he carried nice dinners to the great houses and saw the plenty that prevailed there, he couldn't help feeling that it wasn't fair for some to have so much, and others so little. When he saw pretty children playing in the dark, or driving with their mothers, so gay, so well cared for, so tenderly loved, the boy's eyes would fill to think of poor little Nanny, with no friend in the world but himself and he was so powerless to help her.

When he one day mustered courage to ring the doctor's bell, begging to see him a minute, and the servant answered gruffly, as she shut the door, "Go along! he can't be bothered with the like of you!" Jack clinched his hands hard as he went down the steps, and said to himself, with a most unboyish tone, "I'll get the money somehow, and make him let me in!" He did get it, and in a most unexpected way; but he never forgot the desperate feeling that came to him that day, and all his life long he was very tender to people who were tempted in their time of trouble, and yielded as he was saved from doing, by what seemed an accident.

Some days after his attempt at the doctor's, as he was grubbing in a newly deposited ash-heap, with the bitter feeling very bad, and the trouble very heavy, he found a dirty old pocket-book, and put it in his bosom without stopping to examine it, for many boys and girls were scratching, like a brood of chickens, all around him, and the pickings were unusually good, so no time was to be lost. "Finding is having," was one of the laws of the ash-heap hunters; and no one thought of disputing another's right to the spoon and knives that oc-

asionally found their way into the ash-barrels; while bottles, old shoes, rags and paper were articles of traffic among them. Jack got a good basketful that day, and when the hurry was over, sat down to rest and clear the dirt off his face with an old silk duster which he had picked out of the rubbish, thinking Mrs. Quinn might wash it up for a handkerchief. But he didn't wipe his dirty face that day, for, with the rag out tumbled a pocket-book; and on opening it he saw money. Yes, a roll of bills, with two figures on all of them, three tens and one twenty. It took his breath away for a minute; then he bugged the old book tight in both hands, and rocked to and fro in a heap among the oyster shells and old, rusty tin kettles, saying to himself with tears running down his cheeks, "O Nanny! O Nanny! now I can do it!"

I don't think a basket of cinders ever traveled at such a rate before as did Mrs. Quinn's that day; for Jack tore home at a great pace, and bursting into the room waving the old duster and shouting, "Hooray! I've got it! I've got it!" It is no wonder Mrs. Quinn thought he had lost wits, for he looked like a wild boy, with his face all streaked with tears and ashes, as he danced a double shuffle till he was breathless, then showered the money in Nanny's lap, and hugged her with another Hooray, ended with a choke. When they got him quiet and heard the story, Mrs. Quinn dampened his joy by telling him the money did not belong to him, and he ought to advertise the same.

"But I want it for Nanny!" cried Jack, "and how can I find who owns it, when there are ever so many barrels emptied in that heap, and no one can tell where they come from?" "It's very likely you won't find the owner, and you can do as you please, but its honest to try, I'm thinking, for some poor girl may have lost her earnings in that way, and we wouldn't like that ourselves," said Mrs. Quinn, turning over the pocket-book and carefully searching for a clue to its owner.

Nanny looked very sober, and Jack grabbed up the money as if it was to precious to lose. But he wasn't comfortable about it, and after a hard fight with himself he consented to let Mrs. Quinn consult their policeman as to what they should do. He was a kindly man, and when he heard the story, said he'd do what was right, and if he could not find the owner, Jack could have the fifty dollars back.

How hard it was to wait, how Jack thought and dreamed of his money, day and night! How Nanny ran to the door to listen when a heavy step came up the stairs! And how wistfully the poor darkened eyes turned to the light they longed to see again. Honest John Floyd did his duty, but he didn't find the owner; so the old purse came back at last, and now Jack could keep it with clear conscience. Nanny was asleep when it happened, and as they sat counting the dingy bills, Mrs. Quinn said to the boy, "Jack, you had better keep this for your self, I doubt if its enough to do the child any good, and you need clothes and shoes, and a heap of things, let alone the books you banker after so much. It ain't likely you'll ever find another wallet. Its all luck about Nanny's eyes; and may be you are throwing away a chance you'll never have again."

Jack leaned his head on his arm, and started at the money all spread out there, and it looked so magnificent to him that it seemed as if it could buy him half the world. He did need clothes; his hearty boy's appetite did long for better food; and, oh! how splendid it would be to go and buy the books he had wanted so long—the books that would give him a taste of the knowledge that was more enticing to his wide-awake young mind than clothes and food to his poor little body. It wasn't an easy thing to do, but he was so used to making small sacrifices that the great one was less hard; and when he had brooded over the money a few minutes in thoughtful silence, his eyes went from the precious bits of paper to the dear little face in the trundle bed, and he said with a determined nod, "I'll give Nanny the chance, and work for my things, or go without them."

Mrs. Quinn was a matter-of-fact body, but her hard old face softened when he said that, and she kissed him good-night almost as gently as if she had been his mother. Next day Jack presented himself at Dr. Wilkinson's door, with the money in one hand and Nanny in the other, saying boldly to the gruff servant, "I want to see the doctor, I can pay, so you had better let me in."

I am afraid cross Thomas would have shut the door in the boy's face again if it had not been for the little blind girl, who looked up at him so imploringly that he could not resist the mute appeal. "The doctor's going out; but may be he'll see you in a minute;" and with that he led them into a room where stood a man putting on his gloves. Jack was a modest boy; but he was so afraid Nanny would lose her chance that he forgot himself, and told the little story as fast as he could—told it well, too, I fancy, for the doctor listened attentively, his eyes going from the boy's eager, flushed face to the pale patient one beside him, as if the two little figures, shabby though they were, illustrated the story better than the finest artist could have done. When Jack ended, the doctor sat Nanny on his knee, and after examining the film a minute stroked her pretty hair, and said so kindly that she nestled her little hand confidently in his, "I think I can help you, my dear. Tell me where you live, and I'll attend to it at once, for it's high time something was done."

Jack told him, adding with a manly air, as he showed the money, "I can pay you, sir, if fifty dollars is enough." "Quite enough," said the doctor, with a droll smile. "If it isn't I'll work for the rest, if you'll trust me. Please save Nanny's eyes and I'll do anything to pay you!" cried Jack, getting red in the face and choky in his earnestness. The doctor stopped smiling, and held out his hand in a grave, respectful way, as he said, "I'll trust you, my boy. We'll cure Nanny first, and you and I will settle the bill afterward."

Jack was pleased with this, it was a gentlemanly way of doing things, and he showed his satisfaction by smiling all over his face, and giving the big, white hand a hearty shake with both his rough ones. The doctor was a busy man; but he detained them sometime, for there was no children in the fine house, and it seemed pleasant to have a little girl on his knee and a bright boy to stand beside his chair; and when at last they both went away they looked as if he had given them some magic medicine, which made them forget every trouble they had ever known. Next day the good man came to give Nanny her chance. She had no doubt and very little fear, but looked up at him so confidently when all was ready, that he stooped down and kissed her softly before he touched her eyes.

"Let Jack hold my hands; then I'll be still, and not mind if it hurts me," she said. So Jack, place with anxiety, sat down before her, and held the little hands steadily in his, all through the minutes that seemed so long to him. "What do you see, my child?" inquired the doctor, when he had done something to both eyes, with a skillful hand. Nanny leaned forward with the film all gone, and answered with a little cry of joy that went to the hearts who heard it, "Jack's face! I see it! oh, I see it!" Only a freckled, round face, with wet eyes and tightly set lips; but to Nanny it was as beautiful as the face of an angel; and when she was laid with bandaged eyes to rest, it haunted all her dreams, for it was the face of the little friend who loved her best. Nanny's chance was not a failure; and when she saw the next dandelions he brought her, all the sunshine came back into the world brighter than ever for Jack. Well might it seem so; for his fifty dollars brought him many things that money seldom buys. The doctor wouldn't take it at first, but when Jack said, in a manful tone the doctor liked, although it made him smile, "It was a bargain, sir. I wish to pay my debts; and I shan't feel happy if Nanny don't have it all for her eyes. Please do! I'd rather"—then he accepted it; and Nanny did have it, not only for her eyes, but in clothes, and food, and care, many times over; for it was invested in a bank that pays good interest on every mite so given.

Jack discovered that fifty dollars was far less than most people would have had to pay, and begged earnestly to be allowed to work for the rest. The doctor agreed to this, and Jack became his errand boy, serving him with a willingness that made a pleasure of duty; soon finding that many comforts quietly got into his life; that much help was given without words; and that the days of hunger and rage, heavy burdens and dusty ash-heaps were gone by forever. The happiest hours of his days were spent in the doctor's chaise, when he made his round of visits; for while he waited, the boy studied or read, and while they drove hither and thither the doctor conversed with him, finding an eager mind as well as a tender heart and a brave spirit under the rough jacket of his little serving man. But he never called him that; for remembering the cheerfulness, self-denial, honesty and loyalty to those he

loved, shown by the boy, the good doctor proved his respect for the virtues all men should covet, wherever they are found, and always spoke of him with a smile, as "My Little Gentleman."—From Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag.

A MORNING EYE-OPENER.

Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "pastimes," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next to the hardest thing to getting him into it. There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this; so do their boys. And yet the mother seems to go at it in the right way. She opens the door and insinuatingly observes; "Johnny." There is no response. "Johnny." Still no response. Then there is a short, sharp "John," followed by a prolonged and emphatic "John," Henry," a moment later. A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made, and the mother is thus encouraged to add, "You'd better be getting down here to breakfast young man, before I go up there and give you something you will feel." This so startles him that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a soda bottle ejects its cork, and the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into the boy like electricity, and pierces the deepest recesses of his very nature. And he hops out of that bed, into his clothes, and down stairs, with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.—Danbury News.

A story is told of a French gentleman, who having lost the bulk of his property through the rascalities of friends in whom he trusted, crowned it all by the loss of his mental balance, and for the remainder of his days found his only delight in riding in omnibuses and passing fares from passengers to the driver, taking care when change was returned to add to it a sou or two from his own pocket and watch the effect of the receiver. In nine cases out of ten, as the story goes, the passenger, counting over his change and finding as he supposed that the driver had cheated himself, would look bewildered for a moment and then pocket the change with a chuckle. The special delight of the lunatic was in satisfying himself in this way that nine-tenths of his fellow men were dishonest if they only had the opportunity.

The Bangor Whig and Courier says that a nervous man in the sleeping-car on the night train from St. John, a few nights since, was awake when the train stopped at a station, and he heard the conductor call out "Jackson Brook." Jumping from his berth he seized a companion in the berth above him, dragged the unfortunate man out into the middle of the car, and strove to rush him to the door shouting at the same time: "The axle's broke! The axle's broke! We're all going to destruction!" It was some time before he was calmed down enough to understand that he had misunderstood the conductor.

Slatington, Pennsylvania, claims the biggest girl. The damsel is a daughter of Joel Neff, ten years of age, measures four feet seven inches in height, four feet four inches around the shoulders and weighs 139 pounds. She is well proportioned for one of her size, enjoys perfect health, and is as quick in her movements as any girl of her age.

A remarkable instance of the force of conscience comes from Boston. A police officer, who had a pitcher containing a pint of milk stolen from his door-step, a few mornings since, was surprised to find, soon after, that the conscience-stricken thief had returned the pitcher, with four cents to pay for the milk.

It does not pay to be a faithful dog at Rochester, N. H. A man lately left his Newfoundland dog to guard his sleigh; a boy attempted to get in, whereupon the energetic canine borrowed half a pound of flesh from his leg, only to be given up to the friends of the boy and shot.

A Georgia negro who had his skull split open by a spade last spring, fell lately from a high scaffolding and a crowd gathered around him to see him die; but he only smiled, borrowed a chew of tobacco from the coroner and passed over on the other side.

Perpetual motion has been discovered—in the tongue of a life insurance agent. A Boston drummer disputes the honor with him.