

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 399, L. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening at 8 o'clock in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars.

Samuel D. Irwin, ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AT LAW AND REAL ESTATE AGENTS Legal business promptly attended to.

NEWTON PRITTS, MILES W. TATE, PRITTS & TATE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Elm Street, TIONESTA, PA.

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

F. W. Hays, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY Public, Reynolds Hill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

V. R. SMILEY, KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, Franklin, Pa.

PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties.

R. HARRIS, D. D. FASSETT, HARRIS & FASSETT, Attorneys at Law, Tionesta, Pa.

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

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS, J. WILSON, M. D., and J. E. BLAIR, M. D.

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.

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

FOREST HOUSE, D. BLACK PROPRIETOR, Opposite Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened.

Scott House, FARGENDUS, P. A., E. A. Roberts, Proprietor. This house has been recently re-furnished and now offers superior accommodations to guests.

Dr. J. L. Acomb, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice, will attend all Professional Calls.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND 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 Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately.

MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS, Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts. Tionesta. Bank of Discount and Deposit.

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TIONESTA SAVINGS BANK, Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa.

This Bank transacts a General Banking, Collecting and Exchange Business. Deposits on the Principal Cities of the United States and Europe bought and sold.

Interest allowed on time deposits. Mar. 4, 17.

D. W. CLARK, (SOLICITOR-AT-LAW), FOREST CO., PA. REAL ESTATE AGENT.

HOUSES and Lots for Sale and RENT Wild 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. Apply to GEO. G. SICKLES, 70 Nassau St., New York City.

The Forest Republican.

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TIONESTA, PA., JUNE 4, 1873.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

New Boarding House.

MRS. S. S. HILLINGS 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.

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CHAMBER SUITS, SOFAS, TABLES, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, MATTRESSES, LOUNGES, SPRING BEDS, AC., AC., 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.

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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 PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS, at the lowest cash prices.

COFFEES, TEAS, SUGARS, SYRUPS, FRUITS, SPICES, HAMS, LARD, AND PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS.

CONFECTIONARIES, L. AGNEW, at the Post Office, has opened out a choice lot of GROCERIES, CONFECTIONARIES, CANNED FRUITS, TOBACCO, CIGARS, AND NOTIONS OF ALL KINDS.

NEBRASKA GIST MILL. THE GIST MILL at Nebraska (Lacytown) Forest county, has been thoroughly overhauled and repaired in first-class order, and is now running and doing all kinds of FLOUR GRINDING.

LOTS FOR SALE! Apply to GEO. G. SICKLES, 70 Nassau St., New York City.

"JONES."

[The following little story with its moral though written for the Mason, (Georgia) Telegraph, is quite too good to be enjoyed by the few mers of the Mouth alone.]

Which Jones is a county of red hills and stones, and he lived in Jones—

And he lived pretty much by getting of loans, And his mules were nothing but skin and bone,

And his boys were as fat as his corn-bread pones, And he had 'bout a thousand acres of land.

This man—and his name it was also Jones— He swore that he'd leave them old red hills and stones, For he couldn't make nothin' but 'yellowish cotton.

And little of that, and his fences were rotten, And what little corn he had, that was boughten, And he couldn't get a living from the land.

And the longer he swore the madder he got, And he rose and he walked to the stable lot, And he halloed to Tom to come here and hitch,

For to emigrate somewhere where land was rich, And to quit raising sock-burrs, thistles and sich, An wasting their time on barren land.

So him and Tom they hitched up the mules, Protasting that folks were mighty big fools, That 'ud stay in Georgia their lifetime out, Just scratching a living when all of them mout'

Get places in Texas, where cotton would sprout By the time you could plant in the land.

And he drove by a house where a man named Brown Was living, not far from the edge of the town,

And bantered Brown for to buy his place, And said that seeing as money was scarce, And seeing 'as acherbits were hard to face, Two dollars an acre would get the land.

They closed at a dollar and fifty cents, And Jones then bought him a wagon and tents, And loaded his corn, and his women, and truck,

And moved to Texas which it took His entire pile, with the best of luck, To get there and get him a little land.

But Brown moved out on the old Jones farm, And he rolled up his brooches and bared his arm, And picked all the rocks from off'n the ground,

And he rooted it up and plowed it down, And sowed his corn and wheat in the land, Five years glid by, and Brown, one day, (Who had got so fat that he wouldn't weigh)

Was a sitting down, sorter lazily, To the grandest dinner you ever did see, When one of the children jumped on his knee

And says, "Yan's Jones, which you bo't his land."

And there was Jones, standing out at the fence, And he hadn't no wagon, nor mules, nor tents, For he had left Texas afoot, and come to Georgia to see if he couldn't get some employment, and he was looking as hum-bie as if he had never owned any land.

Brown he asked him in, and he set him down to his victuals, smoking hot, And when he had filled himself and the floor, Brown looked at him sharp and rose and swore

That "whether men's land was rich or poor, There was more in the men than there was in the land."

KICKED BY CLOCK-WORK. Eliphalet Perkins was one of the cutest men in all Swamptown. He was a blacksmith, carpenter, locksmith and jeweler by trade, and also did something now and then at horse doctoring and pulling teeth.

A natural born genius was Eliphalet Perkins, and nothing short of it. Now Eliphalet took his own calibre, so to speak, and decided that he was capable of doing something—something in the inventive way that would startle the world right out of its senses.

Then he sat down deliberately to decide what he should do. It must be something excessively novel, that was certain, to commence with. What should it be?

"I've got it!" shouted Eliphalet, after a long thinking spell; "I'll make a clock work man that will walk and run like a human being, That would bring me fame, and would be a big card for a side-show at a circus or fair."

Immediately Eliphalet, his brain surcharged with the great idea, brought all the force of his inventive

powers to bear upon it. Three days and three nights he wrestled with the idea, and on the morning of the fourth he successfully evolved the notion—mentally constructed the clock-work man to its perfection.

During the ensuing six months Eliphalet Perkins worked night and day at his man. Its construction consumed two hundred pounds of wrought iron, three thousand feet of steel spring, the wheels out of seventeen old clocks, and other materials to numerous to mention. But it was done at last.

It stood complete in the back room of Eliphalet's house—for he had kept its construction rigidly secret—complete in all its wonderful parts. It worked to a charm. A keyhole in its back was the winding-up place, and when once wound up it tramped about the room like a thing of life.

Eliphalet Perkins was overjoyed. The first thing he did was to go on a grand celebratory drunk, which lasted a week. When sobered up, he prepared for an exhibition of his invention. Swamptown was flooded with handbills, and crowds applied for a preliminary sight of the wonderful thing; but the inventor steadfastly refused all applicants. The clock-work man should take the first walk at the time and place appointed, and not before nor any-where else.

The day drew near. Eliphalet clothed his man in a new suit of broadcloth, oiled his joints, and waited impatiently for the hour of his triumph.

Swamptown was crowded when the day finally came. The fame of the clock-work man had gone abroad, and people flocked in for miles around. At the appointed hour main street, where the exhibition was to take place, was almost impassable. It was with the utmost difficulty that a passage was kept clear for the expected tourist.

At length a shout went up from the crowd nearest Eliphalet's shop, as the great inventor emerged with his machine. The latter was carried into the middle of the street and faced in the direction of the proposed march of triumph.

Then the great inventor, his face suffused with a glow of triumph, carefully wound up the automaton, and pulled out the knob that was to start it.

But it didn't start. Something must be wrong. Eliphalet's heart stood still at the thought of failure. He nervously examined the vitals of the image, and they seemed to be all right.—What could the matter be? Eliphalet was almost wild. He went around to the front of it; and that instant there was a sudden whizzing sound among the wheels.

Something broke loose. Eliphalet stood with his back to it. The spectators saw the clock-work man sway and quiver, as if the machinery was running down with fearful rapidity. Then they saw its right foot suddenly projected, and, with a velocity and momentum terrible to contemplate the iron pedal struck Eliphalet behind.

Such a kick had never been known in the world's history. It lifted the recipient about four feet in the air, and when he came down it had another ready for him. The spell-bound crowd, in horrified amazement, saw the machine advance down the street, kicking the unfortunate Perkins with the precision and violence of a walking-beam.

No sooner did his feet touch the ground than the out-flying right foot of the clock-work man caught him on the same spot. Thus the infernal machine marched on and out of the village, kicking Eliphalet before it, and the awe-stricken crowd chasing it far in the rear.

"There—a-screw—loose—in—the—cussed—thing's—right—leg," jerked out Perkins, as he was bounced from their sight and hearing.

It took six miles to run the clock-work down, and every foot of that distance was twelve inches of solid agony for Perkins. When he was able to leave the house again, three months afterwards, he seized an ax and smashed the clock-work man past the possibility of reconstruction.

A WOMAN OF COURAGE. The little suburban village of Bustleton, near Philadelphia, last Friday witnessed a runaway, followed by acts of bravery and presence of mind on the part of a lady who, with her husband, says the Press, is well known to our citizens.

The stage coach from Smithfield to Frankford, in passing through Bustleton, drew up at the Bustleton hotel, kept by Mr. Robert Murray. There were three ladies and a gentleman in the coach, which was drawn by two very spirited horses, and as the driver alighted and went into the hotel for a moment he did not hitch his horses, but merely laid the reins on the seat of the carriage.

At this moment the animals took fright at the sudden emptying of a

pail of water, and at a bound they were racing down the street at head-long speed. The gentleman, who was seated at the front of the coach, made his way to the back and got out, and was flung heavily to the ground, receiving severe cuts about the head and face. Meantime, the coach with the three ladies was whirled down the street at a speed that threatened instant destruction to the coach and possibly the death of its occupants, but a lady passenger, Mrs. Bushnell, was equal to the occasion. Stooping over the seat she secured a firm hold of the lines, and taking a turn or two of the slack around her waist, put out her strength to check the speed and guide the progress of the animals. She succeeded in checking and finally turning the horses around and driving them up to the hotel, when half a score of strong arms helped the brave woman out of the carriage amidst the warmest praises of the excited crowd who witnessed the transaction.

THE WESTWARD EXODUS—ITS MAIN SPRING.

BY PROF. J. D. BUTLER.

LINCOLN, Nebraska, 1873. The West draws new settlers into its capacious bosom by its fertility, its free homesteads, and its infinite demand for labor, whether skilled or unskilled. It also drives them to take shelter under its wings by competition.

New England once raised her own bread-stuffs, but she has long ceased so to do. The produce of richer and cheaper lands competed with her farmers, till it proved more than a match for their skill and energy. Many of them then turned to manufactures, but a still larger number were hence driven west. They made their own sum of the cheap acres there, and enlisted in the ranks of the agricultural army which had vanquished them.

Thus the West is constantly acting on the East with an increasing weight, and that of a larger and longer level. Here is one secret of its rapid growth.

It is forty years since the first white families entered Iowa. But no more than one-third of its present population were born within its limits; two-thirds have come in.

Of twelve hundred thousand to-day, about one-half were born in some more eastern State. Foreign countries being further than the Atlantic slope, from the West have hitherto felt its influence less—but even they were long since driven as well as drawn to send their sons thither. The influence exerted upon them has been of the same nature with that which has brought Westward so many from our own East. Hence one-sixth of the population of Iowa has come into it from beyond the Atlantic.

Not one sixth of the population of Nebraska were born within its limits. More than twenty-five thousand homesteaders and pre-emptors have filed claims in the land-office at Lincoln, a capital not yet six years old;—and within the last three years, about three thousand settlers have bought farms on the land grant to the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad—on ten years' credit and six per cent. interest, and on contracts made since 1872, no installment of the principal due till the beginning of the fifth year—and then only one-seventh.

The Westward tidal wave was never so strong as to-day—but it will be stronger to-morrow. The stronger it grows the more strength it has to grow stronger. Nor can it fall to wax still more mighty till so many of the European millions have migrated than the density of population and the rate of wages shall have become well nigh equalized on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE PLEASURES OF HORTICULTURE. The Danbury News says: "We suppose there is a time that comes to every man when he feels he should like to have a garden. If he takes such notion he will tell his wife of it. This is the first mistake he makes, and the ground thus lost is never fully recovered. She drags her chair up to his, and lays one hand on his knee, and purses up her lips into a whistle of expectation—the vixen—and tells about her mother's garden, and how nice it is to have vegetables fresh from the vines every morning, and she will go right out and plan the things he self. And so she does. He takes his spade, and works himself into a perspiration, and she tramps round under a frightful sun-bonnet, and gets under his feet and shrieks at the worms, and loses her shoe; and makes him first vexed, and then mad, and then ferocious. After the garden is spaded he gets the seed, and finds that she has been thoughtful enough to open the papers, and empty thirteen varieties of different seeds into one dish. This leads him to step out doors where he can commuse

Rate of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., One Square, One Column, Half), and Rate. Includes rates for one insertion, one month, three months, one year, and a note for legal notices.

with nature alone for a moment. Then he takes up the seed and a line, and a line and two pegs, and starts for the garden. And then she puts on that awful bonnet, and brings out the rear with a long handled rake and a pocket full of bulbs, and patunias seed and dahlia bulbs. While he is planting the corn she stands on the cucumber hills, and rakes over the seed-pans. Then she puts the rakes handle over her shoulder, and the rakes teeth into his hair, and walks over the other beds. He don't find the squash seeds until she moves, and then he digs them out of the earth with his thumb. She plants the best seed herself, putting about two feet of earth and sod upon them. Then she takes advantage of his absorption in other matters, and puts them down in another place. The beans she conceals in the earth wherever she can find a place, and puts the bulbs in the cucumber hills. Then she tips over the seed-pans again, and apologizes and steps on two of the best tomato plants and says, 'Oh my!' which in no way resembles what she says. About this time she discovers a better place for the patunias seed, but having forgotten where she last put them, she proceeds to find them, and within an incredible brief space of time, succeeds in unearthing pretty much everything that has been put down. After confusing things so, there is no earthly possibility of ever unearthing them again, she says the sun is killing her, and goes over to the fence and stands four hours, telling the woman next door about an aunt of hers who was confined to her bed for eleven years, and had eight doctors from the city, but nothing would give her any relief, until an old lady—but you have heard it before. The next day a man comes to his office to get the pay for a patent seed sower which his wife has ordered, and he no more than gets away before the patentee of a new lawnmower comes in with an order for ten dollars, and he in turn is followed by a corn sheller man, and the miserable gardener starts for home to head off the robbers, and finds his wife at the gate with his own hat on, and just about to close a bargain with a smooth-faced individual for a two hundred dollar mowing machine, and a pearl-handled, ivory-mounted hay-cutter. He first knocks the agricultural implement agent on the head, and then drags the miserable woman into the house, and, locking the door, gives himself up to his emotions.

A SCALDING JOKE. There is a lawyer in San Francisco who, for the accommodation of his clients, has a speaking tube leading from the main entrance of his building to his office, which is just up a few flights. For several days past a smart young man named Swartz has amused himself by calling for the lawyer through the pipe, and then profanely ordering him to get out on an expedition to Tartarus. For some time this fun was taken in good part by the legal expounder of the new code until the fine humor of the joke was no longer apparent.

Accordingly, one afternoon, the disciple of Blackstone provided himself with a teakettle of water, heated to about 210 degrees Fahrenheit, and waited alongside the pipe. Pretty soon the old, familiar sound came up through the pipe. "Say, cap, how's tricks?"

"Tricks is better now—I guess he'll get well," responded the lawyer, reaching out after the teakettle.

"What's been the matter with him?"

"He got burnt."

"How?"

"I'll tell you in a minute."

"Oh, you go to Hades."

The lawyer had finished his last sentence and then let a quart of scalding water down the pipe. Swartz had his mouth over it concluding his oburgation, and when the water struck it he was somewhat surprised. Water was not apt to surprise him, but hot was an unexpected novelty.

The man who poured in water for about a minute and then looked out of the window. The smart young man was getting along the sidewalk at a pretty live gate, having evidently just got up from a sitting posture. He was trying to yell "Police," but couldn't articulate with much success. About half an hour afterward he found himself able to speak, and inquired, "Did that boiler explosion hurt anybody?"

The printers of Geneva are on a strike, and a queer one it is, they find no fault with their pay or their hours of work, but they have concluded that it is degrading to have a foreman. They want to regulate the composition room as equal partners. The Swiss Times has not been able to see things in the same light as its compositors, and hence is continuing its publication under difficulties.