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THE HARE AND THE HEDGE-HOG.

This story is a tough one to tell, youngsters, but true it is for all that! for my grandfather, from whom I have it, used always to say when he told it: "True must it be, my son, otherwise one could not tell it so at all!"

"Twas on a pleasant Sunday morning towards harvest time, just as the buckwheat blossomed. The sun had gone brightly up into heaven; the morning wind swept warm over the stubble; the larks sang in the air; the bees hummed in the buckwheat; the good folk went in Sunday gear to church, and all creatures were happy and the hedge-hog also.

The hedge-hog stood before the door with his arms folded, peeped out into the morning air, and chirruped a little song to himself, just as good and just as bad as a hedge-hog is wont to sing on a pleasant Sunday morning. And as he was singing to himself, in a cheery little voice, all at once it came into his head he might just as well, while his wife was washing and dressing the children, take a little walk into the field to see how his turnips were standing.

Now the turnips were close to his house, and he used to eat them with his family, so that he looked upon them as his own. No sooner said than done. The hedge-hog shut the house door to after him, and took his way to the field. He had not gone very far from the house, and was about to turn, just by the thorn bush which stands there before the field, near the turnip patch, when he met the hare, who had gone out on a similar business, namely, to look after his cabbages. When the hedge-hog caught sight of the hare, he bid him a friendly "good morning!"

"That's what I do think," said the hare. "That depends upon the trial," quote the hedge-hog, "I bet that if we run a race together, I beat thee hollow."

"That's quite laughable, thou with thy crooked legs," said the hare, "but I've nothing against it if thou art so bent upon it. What's the bet?" "A golden louis d'or and a bottle of brandy!" said the hedge-hog. "Done," said the hare, "fall in and then it may come off at once."

"Nay, there's no such hurry," said the hedge-hog, "I'm still quite hungry; I'll go home and get a bit of breakfast first; within a half an hour I'll be here again on the spot."

With this the hedge-hog went his way, for the hare was also content. On the way the hedge-hog thought to himself: "The hare trusts his long legs, but I'll fetch him for all that; he's a fine gentleman to be sure, but still he's only a stupid fellow, and pay he shall!"

Now when the hedge-hog came to his house, he said to his wife, "Wife, dress thyself in my gear, quickly; thou must go with me to the field."

"What's all this about?" said the wife. "I've bet the hare a golden louis d'or and a bottle of brandy that I beat him in a race, and thou must be by."

"O my God, husband!" began the hedge-hog's wife to cry, "art thou foolish? How canst thou wish to run a race with the hare?" "Hold thy mouth, wife," said the hedge-hog, "that's my business; don't meddle with men's affairs. March! dress thyself in my clothes, and then come along."

What could the hedge-hog's wife do? She had to follow whether she would or no. When they were on the way together, the hedge-hog said to his wife: "Now listen to what I have to say. See'st thou, on the long acre yonder will be run our race. The hare runs in one furrow and I in another, and we begin to run from up there. Now thou hast nothing else to do than to take thy place in the furrow, and when the hare comes up on the other side thou must call out to him, 'I'm here already!'"

With this they had reached the field; the hedge-hog showed his wife her place and went up the furrow. When he got to the upper end the hare was already there. "Can we start?" said the hare.

"Yes, indeed!" said the hedge-hog.

"To it then!" and with that each placed himself in the furrow, and the hare counted one, two, three! and away he went like a storm-wind down the field. But the hedge-hog ran about three steps, and then ducked down in the furrow and sat still.

When the hare, on the full bound, came to the lower end of the field, the hedge-hog's wife called out to him, "I'm here already!" The hare started, and wondered not a little; he thought no otherwise than that it was the hedge-hog himself that ran out to meet him, for, as every one knows, the hedge-hog's wife looks just like her husband.

But the hare thought: There's something wrong about all this! Another race! At it again! And away he went like a storm-wind, so that his ears lay flat on his head. But the hedge-hog's wife stayed quietly in her place: When the hare came to the upper end the hedge-hog called out to him, "I'm here already."

But the hare, beside himself with rage, cried, "Another race! At it again!" "I'm quite willing," answered the hedge-hog "just as often as thou likest."

So the hare ran three and seventy times, and the hedge-hog held out to the very end with him. Every time the hare came either below or above, the hedge-hog or his wife said, "I'm here already."

But the four and seventieth time the hare came no more to the end. In the middle of the field he fell to the earth and lay dead upon the spot. So the hedge-hog took the louis d'or and the bottle of brandy he had won, called his wife out of the furrow, and both went home together; and if they have not died they are living still.

So happened it that on the Buxtehude heath the hedge-hog ran the hare to death, and since that time no hare has ever dreamed of running a race with a Buxtehude hedge-hog.

But the moral of this story is, first, that no one, however high and mighty he may think himself, shall let it happen to him to make merry over an humble man, even if he be a hedge-hog; and secondly, that it is advisable, when one marries, that he take a wife out of his own condition, and who looks just like himself.

He therefore that is a hedge-hog, must take to it that his wife is also a hog; and so forth.

The Alta Californian tells about a man who is burying his vices: "He looks like an undertaker; but its so easy to stop these foolish practices, you know. The only trouble he has suffered in abstaining has been First, restlessness and a desire to chew something; second, a sort of mental thirst that seems unquenchable; third, an insane idea of two things at once, and never feeling satisfied or at rest; fourth, sleepless nights, waking up every fifteen minutes and thinking each time that he has overslept himself; fifth, a desire to tell every one he sees that he has quit smoking and "smiling"—this is done to brace up his failing courage and commit himself and his pride to the work to self conquest; sixth, he imagines he used to smoke a whole box of cigars a day and brags of his former power; while insinuating his present fortitude; seventh, he is now suffering from a tempting voice, which says: "If you take up smoking again, you could restify yourself to the moderate use of the weed; why should you persecute yourself, and thereby acknowledge that you can't smoke in moderation? Your will is certainly strong enough to resist and excess in future!"

He is in a bad state of colic now. If he gives in, he will be smoking ten cigars a day within a week. But it's so easy for him to quit smoking, if he only makes up his mind to do so!"

A few days since a farmer in Madison township quarrelled with his wife and left home. He returned in a short time and the quarrel was resumed and continued to such an extent that he expressed a desire to be out of the world. His wife intimated that nothing would please her better and offered to do her part if the rifle was only loaded. He went into the house, got the rifle and ammunition and loaded it in the presence of his wife, but was very careful when she was not looking to slip the ball down his sleeve. After the gun had been capped he handed it to her and went into the yard, she followed as far as the door, when she took deliberate aim and fired. The husband dropped in the grass, to all appearance dead, and laid there a short time before his wife came to him. It did not take her long to discover that he was "playing possum," and grasping an ax handle, she attacked him so fiercely that but for the interference of some of the children, she would have crushed his skull. It is needless to add that their will be a divorce.—South Bend Tribune.

A GOOD DOG STORY.

It does not make any difference whether your name is Keyser or not; if you want to buy a dog there is one for sale cheap on a canal-boat now braving the billows somewhere east of Frankfort. The captain of the boat is an Oswego man, and it is but one short week since he spliced his main-brace and let out the reefs in his driver, and got three sheets in the wind, and made all necessary preparations for a prosperous voyage.

His wife sang "Write me a Letter, Love," in the cabin; his children played on deck; his steeds aired their frames on the tow-path, his hand was on the rudder, and his mate was recovering from his farewell attack of delirium tremens in the forward cabin. The captain gazed proudly around him, and could think of nothing necessary to complete his happiness; but his wife, wiser than he, thought they needed a dog—a nice Newfoundland—to play with the children, fish them out when they fell in the canal, and watch the deck-hands when the captain was off after groceries.

Coming through Utica yesterday, the captain bought a nice Newfoundland dog. He got him at a bargain; in fact, he got him for nothing, so to speak, because the man who owned the dog was not around at the time the bargain was made. The captain had the dog, but still he was not happy. The dog had a way of barking at passing crafts, and so drew upon his captain's boat frequent showers of coal and wood, and he would dive down the steep steps into the canal, suddenly, and upset the captain's wife. Once he lit on the table and spoiled a pound of butter, and he was altogether too playful.

Yesterday the captain, who is a pious man, tied up, and put out his plank just east of this city, and started with his children to go to the park and to observe the day after the manner of this vicinity. The dog started, and as soon as he got on shore he began to caper and wag his tail, and so wagged one of the children flat on his blessed back. The baby yelled and the captain made some tender remarks as he set it on its feet, and some other remarks as he shook his fist at the dog. The dog misunderstood the man, and came running back, full of fun, and made a jump to lick his face. He missed the man, but he knocked the other child into the canal, and the father, without waiting to make any remarks, jumped in after it. The dog, being to the water born, knew just what to do, and he went caving on to get a good head-way, barking to himself at every jump, and just as the man got to the top of the water with his darling child, the dog took a flying leap of about twenty feet and struck on top of the man. The water that man spouted around was boiling hot with the oaths he sputtered with it, and his wife pranced around on the deck of the boat, and flung a pole to the old man, which the dog promptly dragged and pulled ashore, and that captain was nearly drowned before he trod the sod again.

The dog is an intelligent animal—very intelligent, indeed; and just as soon as he saw that mariner's face he knew that something was wrong; so he slunk up the plank on board. The captain gathered what loose granite and lumber he could in a hurried and earnest search, and marched up the plank, the grimmest figure of Neptune ever done in Mohawk Valley mud. As soon as he got on board he opened a hot fire on the dog, and that sagacious brute went yelping through the forward hatch and struck the bunk, where the mate lay musing about the devil. When the mate saw the dog he thought the evil one had come for him him sure enough, and he braced himself for the last fight, so that when the captain jumped down in pursuit of the dog there was a mutual misunderstanding all around. The captain's wife looked down and tried to explain, but there was a confused whirlpool of bunk boards, and hair, and bedding, and legs and arms, with an occasional infusion of dog, that it seemed idle to waste her breath in talking to such a circus.

To-day the bow of that fated craft cuts the waters solemnly, and at the helm stands the wreck of that captain, fastened together with strips of plaster, and smelling of liniment, and ever and anon he surrenders the rudder to his wife, while he goes forward to hammer a dejected dog which is for sale, or to listen to the ravings of the manic confided under the forward hatch.—Utica Herald.

A woman used to buy peaches when they were sixty cents a quarter of a peck; when her husband remonstrated with her for her extravagance, she would burst into tears and say that she was not extravagant, because when she bought those peaches she intended to put them in the refrigerator and keep them until they got

A GOOD JOKE.

Old Gov. L., of Vermont, was of the most inveterate jokers of the early times, in which he figured. An anecdote is told of him, which has never been related in print, and never can be perhaps with much effect; but we will try it.

One fall, as he was returning from the Legislature, on horseback, as usual at that day, he was hailed from a house by a garrulous old maid, who had often annoyed him with questions respecting public affairs.

"Well, Governor," said she, coming out towards the road, "what new laws have you passed at Montpelier, this time?" "Well, one rather singular one among the rest," he replied. "Dew tell! Now what is it, governor?" asked the excited querist.

"Why, that the woman in each town who has the smallest mouth, shall be warranted a husband." "Why, what?" said she, drawing her mouth to the smallest compass, "what a queer, curious lot that is." "Yes, but we have passed another that beats that; the woman that has the largest mouth is to have two husbands."

"Why, what!" exclaimed the old maid, instantly relaxing her mouth, and stretching it wider at every syllable, "what a remarkable law that is; when does it come in force, governor?" At this, the governor put spurs to his horse, and vanished.

A Frenchman, an Englishman and an American were conversing on the industries of their several countries, and were rather inclined to color their descriptions. When the conversation turned to the manufacture of ship-havers, the Frenchman said he would cap the climax by describing a rope which he had seen in his country. A piece twenty feet long was raised on end, where it stood straight as a pole. To which the Englishman remarked: "If you call that the cap of the climax, I will put a plume on that cap. In Birmingham, they made a rope so stiff I raised a piece on end twenty feet long and then climbed it." The American, too, had seen something of ropes. "Stranger," said he, "allow me to color the tip of that plume of yours. In old Connecticut, where I was born and had my brought up, I took twenty feet of rope made there, and set it up endwise; I then climbed the rope and pulled it from the bottom as I went up; I then let go one end, which flew straight up another twenty feet, and I climbed that; I climbed forty feet on that twenty foot rope."

There are persons now living in Benton who remember old Billy B., of whom it might be said he furnished an example of the "ruling passion strong unto death." When very ill, and friends were expecting an early demise, his nephew and a man hired for the occasion had butchered a steer which had been fattened; and when the job was completed the nephew entered the sick room, where a few friends were assembled, when to the astonishment of all the old man opened his eyes, and turning slightly, said, in a full voice, drawing out the words: "What have you been doing?" "Killing the steer," was the reply. "What did you do with the hide?" "Left it in the barn; going to sell it by-and-by."

"Let the boys drag it around the yard a couple of times; it will make it weigh heavier." And the good old man was gathered unto his fathers.

Science and nature combined have wrought a curious result in the mouth of a Brooklyn gentleman. While engaged in the pastime of friendly boxing, he received a pat in the face which broke off one of his teeth. Of course he was sorry for the accident, but concluded it was irreparable. But friends urged him to consult the dentist, and after a day or two he followed their advice. The broken piece, a large bit, was bound in its proper place, and though the patient was forced to eat cautiously and talk little for some time, the two parts finally united so perfectly that no flaw in the tooth could be detected.

The other day, on a train from Lawrence to Boston, on reaching Wakefield, the conductor shouted, "change cars." A lady who was sitting in one of the cars got up and went out. Shortly before reaching Boston the lady asked the conductor, if the train had not yet reached Wakefield. The conductor said it had, and asked her if she did not hear him shout "change cars." She said, "Yes, I was in that car," pointing to the next car attached, "and came into this one." She went back on the next train.

A little boy being asked who God Friday was, informed the querist that he had better go home and read his