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 No. 369,
I. O. of O. F.
 MEETS every Friday evening, at 8
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 S. H. HASLET, N. G.
 J. T. DALE, Sec'y.

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ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AT LAW
 AND REAL ESTATE AGENT. Legal
 business promptly attended to. Tionesta,
 Pa. 40-ly.

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PETTIS & TATE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
 Main Street, TIONESTA, PA.

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 George A. Jenks,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on Elm
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PRACTICE in the several Courts of Ven-
 ango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining
 counties. 29-ly.

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 Attorneys at Law, Titusville Penn'a.

PRACTICE in all the Courts of Warren,
 Crawford, Forest and Venango Coun-
 ties. 49-ly

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.
 4-41-ly. D. W. CLARK.

New Boarding House.

MRS. S. S. HULLINGS has built a large
 addition to her house, and is now pre-
 pared to accommodate a number of perma-
 nent boarders, and all transient ones who
 may favor her with their patronage. A
 good stable has recently been built to ac-
 commodate the horses of guests. Charges
 reasonable. Residence on Elm St., oppo-
 site S. Haslet's store. 23-ly

ORNSTON & HOSEY,

CENTRE STREET, OIL CITY, PA.

BOOKS,

STATIONERY,

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TOYS, INKS,

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MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS

At publishers rates. 39-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 establish-
 ment on Elm St., first door north of M. E.
 Church.

COFFEES, TEAS, SUGARS,
 SYRUPS, FRUITS,
 HAMS, SPICES, LARD,
AND PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,
 at the lowest cash prices. Goods warrant-
 ed to be of the best quality. Call and ex-
 amine, 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 (Lacy-
 town), Forest county, has been thor-
 oughly overhauled and refitted in first-
 class order, and is now running and doing
 all kinds of

CUSTOM GRINDING,

FLOUR, AND OATS,

Constantly on hand, and sold at the very
 lowest figures.
 H. W. LEDEBUR.
 48-6m

LOTS FOR SALE!

IN THE

BOROUGH OF TIONESTA.

Apply to GEO. G. SICKLES,
 79, Nassau St., New York City.

The Republican Office

KEEPS constantly on hand a large as-
 sortment of Blank Deeds, Mortgages,
 Subpoenas, Warrants, Summons, &c., to
 be sold cheap for cash. 4f.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

A gentleman who resides in the
 suburbs of this city has a neighbor who
 maintains, to the annoyance of his
 friends, an irrepressible whiffet dog.
 This dog not only receives daily the
 verbal execration of the vicinity, but
 is made the target of sundry more tan-
 gible missiles. As the dog objects to
 any person entering any house within
 sight, and takes the range of all the
 lawns, it is not to be wondered at that
 people hurl at him whatever missile
 may first come to hand. It is remark-
 able, however that none of these hand-
 grenades ever happen to hit their ob-
 ject; and it is not surprising, under
 the circumstances, that the dog recog-
 nizes nobody as "Sir Oracle," but barks
 on in perfect impunity.

It so happened, a few days since,
 that a strange dog, on a reconnoiter-
 ing tour, appeared upon the scene.
 The gentleman's family, conceiving
 that any more dogs, under the circum-
 stances, were superfluous, drove out the
 new intruder. He escaped to the
 street with tail depressed and head
 down, evidently demoralized. The
 first-mentioned dog nuisance saw the
 situation at once, immediately repaired
 to the street, and commenced a confer-
 ence with the faint-hearted stranger.
 Soon the tail was lifted and the head
 was erect. The two dogs rallied, form-
 ed in line, and trotting defiantly back
 to the place whence the strange dog
 had been ejected, charged boldly and
 vociferously at the porch where a mem-
 ber of the family was still standing.
 It was too much. The assailants were
 welcomed with screams of laughter
 which the family could not repress,
 and the dogs, feeling that they had
 only made themselves ridiculous, sneak-
 ed off, evidently ashamed of them-
 selves.

This little incident may be classed
 among trifles. But such trifles are of
 the class of things which, as the man
 in the comedy says, "no fellow can
 find out." Men can decipher and in-
 terpret the inscriptions on the remains
 of Nineveh, and reconstruct a language
 from them, but nobody can explain
 how animals communicate their ideas
 to each other. And yet they obviously
 do, for they act in concert, after re-
 ceiving information from each other.
 And it is not only the larger animals
 who do this, but insects. The beetle,
 dignified with the name of "sacred,"
 from its appearance in Egyptian hiero-
 glyphic symbols, shows the same
 wonderful sagacity to-day that it did
 when Moses floated in the Nile, though
 its modern name is less stately. The
 creature envelops its egg in a ball
 about the size of a walnut, and rolls
 the ball to its place of security.
 This is arduous work and is
 equal to many a human piece of en-
 gineering. A recent writer on natu-
 ral history gives his observations upon
 a feat performed by these insects,
 which we can readily believe, having
 observed the like. A ball in the pro-
 gress of removal fell into a hole, from
 which the beetle in charge of transpor-
 tation could not raise it. The in-
 sect disappeared and in a few moments
 returned with a working party of three
 or four, who soon relieved the "master
 of transportation" of his dilemma. The
 ball was lifted out, the laboring beetle
 went on her way, keeping it rolling,
 and the others separated to return to
 their occupations, whatever they were.

The writer of this article once watch-
 ed a party of wasps, who, in dragging
 the carcass of a large insect, had to
 cross a railroad. They got over one
 rail easy enough, from the outside but
 to get over the next puzzled them.
 The perpendicular iron was a serious
 difficulty, but the smooth corner of the
 face of the rail was worse. After many
 ineffectual attempts, scouting parties
 were sent out, and in a few moments
 the "base was changed," the carcass
 was dragged along to a practicable
 crossing, and the party, plunder and
 all, got safely over, just before a train
 came thundering along.

A good lady, who cared nothing
 about the insect world, except as to
 the means of exterminating the trouble-
 some little enemies who devastated her
 store-room, pronounced the conversa-
 tion of two naturalists as "disgusting."
 She said it did nothing at all the
 "whole livelong evening but talk about
 beetles and bugs and such nasty
 things." Perhaps the general popular
 feeling is not essentially different from
 that of the pattern housekeeper, though
 not so bluntly expressed. Yet the
 study of the wonderful works of these
 despised creatures, and the results of
 the performance of their functions in
 the places assigned to them, at once
 elevate our reverence for the power
 and wisdom of the Creator, and show
 what great events on the earth and its
 inhabitants may grow from the opera-
 tions of an insect. Islands have had
 their beginning in coral reefs, and a
 naturalist remarks that the shore line
 of a continent may date its change
 from the creeping of a periwinkle over
 a rock.—*Phila. Ledger.*

**GRACE GREENWOOD CRITICIZES SUSAN
 B. ANTHONY'S CASE.**

It isn't necessary to endorse the doc-
 trines of Grace Greenwood in order to
 enjoy her letters; and the narrow-
 minded man who fails to read them
 because he doesn't believe in woman
 suffrage or the possibility of discover-
 ing the North pole, is merely punish-
 ing himself. In some late "Washing-
 ton Notes" she discusses the case of
 Miss Anthony with great good humor
 and yet with much force. "The ark,"
 she says, "of the holy political cove-
 nant resting here—the sacred mules
 that draw it being stabled in the capitol
 for half a year at a time—the woman
 who laid unsanctified hands upon
 it, is naturally regarded with peculiar
 horror." "Certainly," she says again,
 "do not want to get into your political
 preserves by any quibble or dodge. I
 want my right there freely granted
 and guaranteed, and will be politely
 treated when I come, or I won't stay."
 The promised land of justice and equal-
 ity is not to be reached by a short cut.
 I fear we have a large part of the forty
 years of struggle and zigzagging before
 us yet. I am pretty sure that our
 Moses has not appeared. I think he
 will be a woman. She notes the fact
 that Judge Hunt peremptorily ordered
 the jury to bring the defendant in guilty,
 and she says:

Now, could not twelve honest, intel-
 ligent jurymen be trusted to defend
 their birthright against one woman?
 Why such zeal, such more than Roman
 sternness? Again in the train of the
 inspectors of elections, why were both
 judge and jurymen so merciful? No
 verdict of guilty was ordered, and the
 council of twelve who had seen fit to
 punish Miss Anthony by a fine of \$100
 and costs, merely mulcted in the mod-
 est sum of twenty-five dollars each. Of
 fenceless defendant sinning against
 light. Was it that they considered in
 their manly clemency the fact that
 women have superior facilities for
 earning money; or, did they give heed
 to the old, old excuse, "The woman
 tempted me, and I did register?" It
 surely is strange that such severe pen-
 alties should be visited on the woman,
 for a first and only indiscretion in the
 suffrage line, when a man may rise up
 on election morning and go forth, vot-
 ing and to vote. If he be of an excita-
 ble and mercurial nature, one of the
 sort of citizens which sweet Ireland
 empties on us by the county, he may
 sportively fit about among the polls,
 from ward to ward of the metropolis,
 and no man say him nay, he may even
 travel hilariously from city to city
 with free passes and free drinks—who
 treats Miss Anthony?—making festive
 calls, and dropping ballots for cards,
 and no disturbance comes of it—he is
 neither fined nor confined. So, it would
 seem "a little voting is a dangerous
 thing." Say what you will, the whole
 question of woman's status in the state
 and the church, in society and in the
 family, is full of absurd contradic-
 tions and monstrous anomalies. We
 are so responsible, yet irrespons-
 ible—we are idols, we are idiots—
 we are everything, we are nothing.
 We are the caryatides, bearing up
 the temple of liberty we are never allowed
 to enter. We may plot against a gov-
 ernment and hang for it; but if we
 help to found and sustain a govern-
 ment by patriotic effort and devotion,
 by toil and hardship, by courage, loy-
 alty and faith; by the sacrifice of those
 nearest and dearest to us, and then
 venture to clutch at the crumbs that
 fall from the table where our Masters
 Jonathan, Patrick, Haas and Sambo
 sit at the feast, you arrest us, imprison
 us, try us, and then add insult to insult
 by calling us old, ugly and fanatical.

And she defends Miss Anthony per-
 sonally:
 If anything can make me think
 meanly of my young brothers of the
 press, it is the way they pelt and pester
 Susan B. Anthony. For shame, boys!
 Never a one of you will make the
 man she is. Even some of our
 Washington editors turn aside from
 the fair game Providence, in its in-
 scrutable wisdom, has provided for
 them in the Board of Public Works,
 to vent their virtuous indignation and
 manly scorn of the woman they are
 determined shall stand in perpetual
 pillory in the market place of this
 great, free Republic.

For herself, and indeed for a good
 many others, she is hopeful:
 I hope I am not given to boasting,
 but I venture to say that, given the
 franchise—given a million or two dol-
 lars—troops of political friends, of the
 sort whose devotion is not measured by
 scruples, but by drams—given, above
 all, a pliant and unprejudiced Legis-
 lature, and some fine morning, I will
 walk into the United States Senate
 and present my credentials with a can-
 did and a Kansas air. I think I shall
 prefer a seat by that good woman's
 right man, Mr. Frelinghuysen. He is
 aristocratic, but he is evangelical. I
 will vote with Buckingham, and will

listen with Abijah Gilbert; and if, at
 any time, I shall not be good, they
 may take me and shake me, and set me
 down hard by Bogy or Brownlow.

We don't believe there has been a
 spicier Washington letter, and it was
 written in the dull season, too.

STOCK RAISING IN NEBRASKA.

BY PROF. J. D. BUTLER.

LINCOLN, Nebraska, 1873.

About the 20th of March, I took
 the train from here for Chicago, 542
 miles. Leaving this city at two on one
 afternoon, I should ordinarily have
 reached that Queen of the Great Lakes
 at three o'clock on the next afternoon.
 But on arriving at the Missouri I
 found it impossible to cross, for accord-
 ing to the local phrase it was "gorged
 with ice." It was as if a glacier had
 rushed down from an Alpine ravine
 and blocked up the track along a Swiss
 valley. Such an iceberg had not been
 seen there before during this season,
 and it was next day swept down the
 river.

Meantime, however, several cars
 filled with cattle and hogs for Chicago
 were sent back 25 miles to Ashland to
 spend the night in the yard where they
 had been kept through the winter. I
 went with them in order to inspect the
 Nebraska style of stock fattening.
 One yard I visited is on a neck of
 land between two rivers, one fresh and
 one salt, so that no salt is needed for
 the stock. The only shelter was a
 close fence four feet high on one side,
 and hay cribs on another, which broke
 the force of the wind. Though the
 winter had been the severest ever
 known, the cattle were in good condi-
 tion, and none of them had died. They
 had no covering whatever overhead.

The food of the stock was mainly
 Indian corn, each ear cut into three
 pieces, and shoveled from a wagon in-
 to huge troughs scattered here and
 there in the yard. Wild hay in the
 side cribs was always within reach and
 some of the corn, cobs and all, was
 ground in a horse mill into coarse meal.

The hay cost only the cutting, being
 free on what in England would be
 called "commons." The corn was partly
 raised close at hand, ninety bushels
 and upward on a single acre—and
 partly bought at 15 cents a bushel.
 The cattle were Texas—had been
 driven last year 1,200 miles from the
 far southwest. The first cost was \$12
 per head—and \$6 more for driving to
 the yard. Five dollars more will pay
 passage to Chicago. The last lot of a
 hundred sent from this yard sold for
 four and a half cents, or more than
 fifty dollars for each beef.

No business is growing faster in Ne-
 braska than stock-raising. None will
 pay better. Indian corn is too bulky
 for distant transport. It needs a con-
 denser. What it needs it finds in cat-
 tle and hogs. Hog-skin and cowhide
 make the best bags—bags that hold
 ten times more than canvas bags of the
 same size.

Ashland is a new town on the "Bur-
 lington Route" from the Mississippi to
 Fort Kearney, and twenty-five miles
 west of Plattsmouth. In that land-
 district over 25,000 homesteaders and
 pre-emptors have filed claims at the
 United States office in Lincoln, and
 about 30,000 have bought B. & M.
 Railroad land on ten years' credit and
 six per cent. interest. On land con-
 tracts since 1872 nothing of the prin-
 cipal is payable till the end of four
 years.

LUMBERING EXTRAORDINARY.

The *Eagle*, printed at Grand Rap-
 ids, Michigan, learns from Mr. Cook,
 of the firm of Pardee, Cook & Co., one
 of the heaviest lumbering firms on the
 continent, who has an office in that
 city, that an offshoot of that firm, to be
 known as Pardee, Cook & Blanchard,
 propose to try an experiment, which
 will undoubtedly be watched with
 much interest by all lumbermen.

An extensive dock frontage on the
 Calumet river, in the suburbs of Chi-
 cago, has been purchased, on which a
 mill is to be built, which, when com-
 pleted, will have a sawing capacity of
 20,000,000 feet of lumber per year.
 This mill is to be furnished with logs
 cut on the Great Sauble river, in Mich-
 igan. The firm or firms directly and
 indirectly interested in the project own
 32,000 acres of pine lands on that riv-
 er, on which it is thought from 250,-
 000,000 to 300,000,000 feet of good
 pine is standing, and perhaps more.
 These logs are to be rafted to Chicago,
 or to the mill on the Calumet, drawn
 by tugs. The rafting will be done in
 the summer time, beginning in May
 and closing about the first of Septem-
 ber.

Messrs. Pardee, Cook & Blanchard
 are confident, notwithstanding the dis-
 asters that have befallen all attempts
 to raft lumber and square timber heretofore,
 that they will have no trouble
 in floating logs. One hint in connec-
 tion with this scheme. Old Prob. will

furnish them, as he does all mankind,
 with hints of approaching storms, and
 their experiment will not be so purely
 a matter of chance as has been the case
 in times past in similar efforts.

They anticipate handsome profits
 from their venture. It is believed the
 towage will not be more expensive than
 the freights on lumber; perhaps not so
 much.

The slabs and edgings, technically
 the "off haul," which at Muskegon,
 Grand Haven and other lumbering
 points on the western shores, are al-
 most worthless, are in demand in Chi-
 cago, and it is thought will sell for
 enough nearly or quite to pay for the
 sawing of the lumber, an item of some
 magnitude, as lumbermen will agree.
 And they will be able to devote their
 attention to "bill stuff," and will thus
 cut their logs to the best possible ad-
 vantage and will save the waste of the
 saw kerf to a great extent.

THE WAY NICK BOWERS WAS CAUGHT.

Nick Bowers was a member of the
 original Christy Minstrels, and, in his
 day, was the greatest "middle man in-
 terrogator" known in the profession.
 Nick used to tell, with great merriment,
 an incident of his boyhood. To pre-
 serve the flavor of the relation, we
 will record it in Nick's own language,
 and only regret that we can not ac-
 company it with his inimitable gestic-
 ulation:

"My old man," said Nick, "as a gen-
 eral thing, was a pretty steady old
 gent, but once in a while he would get
 oblivious, and water was not the cause
 of it. I recollect a certain holiday was
 approaching, and I had been skinning
 around to get a little money to have a
 time with on that day; but the fates
 and purses were against me. It was
 but two days prior to the anticipated
 holiday, and I hadn't nary a red. Re-
 member this, boys, when I add that on
 the same afternoon I came into the
 house, when lo! there on the floor, to-
 tally overcome by his libations, lay my
 respected daddy, and beside him lay
 six shining half-dollars, which had
 rolled from his pocket. Boys, I've
 been an honest man all my life, but
 once, when I was a boy, I committed
 a theft. I hooked one of those half-
 dollars. Thinks I to myself, the old
 man's been on a jamboree, and won't
 know how much he spent, and will
 never miss it. But mark you, the next
 morning I and my two brothers were
 summoned into our father's presence.
 The old man's face lowered. I thought
 of the half-dollar and knew that a
 storm was brewing.

"Boys," he said, "last night when I
 came home I had six half-dollars. One
 of 'em's gone. Your mother didn't
 take it. There's been no one else in
 the house. Which one of you took it?"

We all protested our innocence.

"Boys," said the old man, "that
 half-dollar never walked off, and I'm
 going to find out which one of you took
 it."

Turning around, he took down from
 the wall an old flint-lock blunderbuss.
 This he deliberately loaded with pow-
 der and buckshot in our presence;
 then fastened it upon the table, and
 cocked it, took a seat behind it, hold-
 ing the string in his hand, and in sol-
 emn tones addressed us thusly:

"Boys, I'm going to discover the
 thief and punish him at the same time.
 You must each of you blow into the
 muzzle of that gun. When the guilty
 one blows, off goes his head. Now
 then, you have a chance; will you own
 up or blow up?"

"Ben," said the old man to my oldest
 brother, "have you got that half-
 dollar?"

"No, sir."

"Take a blow."

Ben did so in safety.

"Nick" (eh, boys, I tell you the
 chills began to crawl down my back)
 "got that half-dollar?"

"No, sir," said I with a defiant swag-
 ger.

"Blow in that gun."

I walked up bravely, gave a blow—
 dodged!

"Nick!" said the old man in a voice
 of thunder, "where is that half-dol-
 lar?"

He had me. The truth dodged out
 of me. Said I, "Out in the barn, pap."

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

J. WINANS, 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. Win-
 ans, Elm St., Tionesta, Pa. 36-ly

Charles B. Ansart,
DENTIST, Centre Street, Oil City, Pa.
 In Simons' Block.

Lawrence House,
WM. 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. Is situated on Elm St.,
 opposite Superior Lumber Co. Store. 39-ly

Tionesta House.
M. ITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St. Tio-
 nesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek.
 Mr. Ittel has thoroughly renovated the
 Tionesta House, and re-furnished it com-
 pletely. All who patronize him will be
 well entertained at reasonable rates. 29-ly

FOREST HOUSE,
D. BLACK, PROPRIETOR. Opposite
 Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just
 opened. Everything new and clean and
 fresh. The