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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.

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

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FOREST HOUSE, Opposite Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just and successful practice.

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HOUSES and Lots for Sale and RENT. Wild Lands for Sale. I have superior facilities for ascertaining the condition of taxes and tax deeds.

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BOOKS, STATIONERY, FANCY GOODS, TWINES, TOYS, INKS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Books, Newspapers and Magazines MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS.

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.

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

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.

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL, THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Lacytown), Forest county, has been thoroughly overhauled.

CUSTOM GRINDING. FLOUR, AND OATS. Constantly on hand, and sold at the very lowest figures.

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 assortment of Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Subpoenas, Warrants, Summons, &c.

"But, Jack, You Haven't Asked Me To."

It was a cloudy afternoon in July. The early morning had been prophetic of a pleasant day; but, like a great many prophecies of the present time, had proved utterly false.

Three years passed away. Jack had studied diligently, and now for six months had been a practicing lawyer with every prospect of success.

The more he thought over it, the more he hesitated; and the more he delayed, the harder it became. At last he determined it should be done.

Just then the two young ladies came into the field of his vision. One Jack knew, the other was a stranger, and the other was the one Jack immediately began to admire.

Jack stood under the pine tree and lost his heart. But he might as well have lost it to the will-o-the-wisp, or some other fearful deception.

Just then it began to rain. Jack had his friend's umbrella. It would not do to let her get wet, so without a word Jack opened the umbrella.

"It's too bad it rains," said she, with the accent on the "to bad," just as girls always speak.

"I don't know," blundered Jack in reply. She looked at him curiously and said, "Well," in a self-interrogatory way, as though she might have said, "What sort of an oddity are you?"

"And mine is Clio Staley." "And—and I'm studying law here in town." "And I am stopping here for the summer with papa. I should be happy to receive a call from you."

The next day Jack thought it all over. The one moment he called himself a fool, the next chuckled over the action, and decided, with all the acumen of a country judge, toward which position he had aspirations, that he was rather "cute," and if cute,

why he, the perpetrator, must be somewhat sharp. Now he was inclined to feel sorry and ashamed over it; then, with an appeal to the principal heathen deity in his vocabulary, Jack expressed himself as "duced glad" it happened.

Clio met him as usual with a pleasant smile. Jack tried to smile, but it ebbed off over his countenance, and was lost in his "solemn expression."

"I've got so now I can support myself, and—"

Jack felt that somehow she was sporting with him, and flashed up. "You never heard that I didn't support myself, did you?"

"But then? You know, Clio, that ever since I was fifteen—"

"That's a very desirable situation for any young man I am sure," said Clio; and then she laughed that same low, rippling laugh he loved so.

"But, Jack"—he turned—"you haven't asked me to."

"Haven't asked, you to?" Jack caught the look in her eyes. The next moment she was in his arms, and her arms were round his neck.

"Darling I have loved you ever since the first day in the grove. How long have you cared for me?" "Since I saw you standing so lonely and looking so down-hearted under the pine tree."

I think after that reply Jack kissed her. I know I should had I been he.

The other day I visited Jack and his wife. In the yard in front of their home I saw a small pine tree, which they tend with the greatest care. I asked Jack where he found it.

COVILLE COUNTS HIS SHINGLES

There are men who dispute what they do not understand. Mr. Coville is such a man. When he heard a carpenter say that there were so many shingles on the roof of his house because the roof contained so many square feet, Coville doubted the figures.

He squeezed through the scuttle—Coville weighs 230—and then sat down on the roof and worked his way carefully and deliberately towards the gutter.

He sat there until after dark and thought. It would have been an excellent opportunity to have counted the shingles, but he neglected to use it.

"I'm right glad to hear it," said Clio.

"I've got so now I can support myself, and—"

"But then? You know, Clio, that ever since I was fifteen—"

"That's a very desirable situation for any young man I am sure," said Clio; and then she laughed that same low, rippling laugh he loved so.

"But, Jack"—he turned—"you haven't asked me to."

There is a Miss Fay, a missionary, traveling in the West, who can take care of herself under all circumstances. The other day while passing along a very narrow sidewalk in Chicago, she saw before her a great lot of a fellow who had "made a back" for "leap-frog," and not wishing to step into the muddy street she made a short run and took the leap in regular boy style, landing some distance beyond the human obstruction. This done she moved gracefully away.

HOW ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND GENERAL SHIELDS DIDN'T FIGHT A DUEL.

Strange enough, the murder of Mansfield T. Walworth by his son recalls the story of Abraham Lincoln's duel. The mother of Frank Walworth is the daughter of John J. Hardin, who saved Mr. Lincoln from the remorse that would have overshadowed his life if he had killed General Shields.

The hostile meeting between Mr. Lincoln and General Shields was brought about in this way: A witty young lady wrote a communication for one of the Springfield papers, in which there were several passages which the General chose to consider as personally offensive.

General Shields knew better than to come fooling about Mr. Lincoln with his cane. He was at that time a great long armed, muscular fellow, good-natured but resolute, and when the occasion demanded he could deal such blows with his fists as made his antagonist think that rail-splitting was his pastime.

This put a new face on the matter. General Shields knew better than to come fooling about Mr. Lincoln with his cane. He was at that time a great long armed, muscular fellow, good-natured but resolute.

The time and place of meeting were agreed upon. Mr. Lincoln went to the ground early with his second, and there being some bushes in the plot selected for the fight, he set to work to clear them away with his hatchet.

While he was engaged at this the other gentlemen came on the field, and they were so struck with the ludicrous scene that they could not refrain from laughter.

Colonel Hardin, although a peace-maker on this occasion, was a man of great courage and chivalrous bearing. At the breaking out of the Mexican war he was put in command of the First Illinois Volunteers, and died on the battle-field of Buena Vista, as already stated.

The editor of the Record, and Arizona paper, has now on his table two invitations to act as second in a duel, an invite to an Indian hunting raid, a pair of bearskin pants presented by a hunter, a 3 pound nugget of silver, a free pass on a stage route, two lottery tickets, 3 Apache scalps, a call to act as postmaster and Justice of the peace, and 27 dollars worth of fy-ro checks.

A girl presenting herself for a situation at a house where "no Irish need apply" in answer to the question where she came from, said: Sure couldn't ye persuade by me accint that it's Frinch I am.