

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY W. R. DUNN. OFFICE IN ROBINSON & BORNERS BUILDING, ELM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

The Forest Republican.

VOL. VI. NO. 22.

TIONESTA, PA., SEPTEMBER 3, 1873.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate type (e.g., One Square, One Column) and Price (e.g., \$1.50, \$3.00).

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Advertisement for TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. O. F. Meetings every Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

Advertisement for Samuel D. Irwin, Attorney, Counsellor at Law and Real Estate Agent.

Advertisement for F. W. Hays, Attorney at Law and Notary Public.

Advertisement for KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law.

Advertisement for HARRIS & FASSETT, Attorneys at Law.

Advertisement for J. H. Heivly, Surgeon Dentist.

Advertisement for TIONESTA, PA., G. BUTTERFIELD, Proprietor.

Advertisement for M. ITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St. Tionesta, Pa.

Advertisement for FOREST HOUSE, BLACK PROPRIETOR.

Advertisement for National Hotel, TIDOUPE, PA.

Advertisement for D. W. CLARK, REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Advertisement for New Boarding House, Mrs. S. S. HULLINGS.

Advertisement for ORNSTON & HOSEY, CENTRE STREET, OIL CITY, PA.

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

Advertisement for Books, Newspapers and Magazines, MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS.

Advertisement for NEW GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE IN TIONESTA.

Advertisement for GEO. W. BOVARD & CO., HAVE just brought on a complete and carefully selected stock of FLOUR, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS.

Advertisement for 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.

Advertisement for NEBRASKA GRIST MILL, THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Lacytown).

Advertisement for CUSTOM GRINDING, FEED, AND OATS, Constantly on hand.

Advertisement for LOTS FOR SALE! IN THE BOROUGH OF TIONESTA.

Advertisement for TIONESTA SAVINGS BANK, This Bank transacts a General Banking.

Advertisement for THE REPUBLICAN OFFICE, KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Blank Deeds.

DELICATE TEXTILE FABRICS.

Those who have read that charming romance by Sir Walter Scott, 'The Tallman,' cannot fail to remember the vivid pictures which he gives us of the state of the arts among the Saracens.

Although these facts find a distant record only in the pages of romance, they are said to be fully vouched for by contemporary historians.

But by far the most wonderful attempts to rival the work of these Eastern artists was that made by an officer of engineers residing in Munich.

Way down South, in the days before the names of Hoe and Bullock had become household words, a paper was printed on a Ramage machine.

All ways of earning his bread are alike becoming to an honest man, whether it be to split wood or sit at the helm of a state.

A FRONTIER EDITOR.

A Bismark, Dakota Territory, 'correspondent' writes: I was escorted around Bismark the evening of my arrival by Mr. Lounsberry.

'Four thousand dollars before I shall issue a number of my paper.' 'Don't you feel a little nervous about the prospect here?'

It was even touching to see this most banished of all newspaper men—who must have loved society like all our tribe—acquainted already with every male being in Bismark.

The Flushing, Long Island Times tells this: The wife of a prominent judge in this county, while riding home by rail recently, was approached by the conductor for her ticket.

An experienced husband in Lafayette sent two switches home to his wife, from which she was to make a selection, but before doing it he changed the tags.

After Mr. Casey had finished reading the 'Declaration,' on the Fourth, at Mound City, Illinois, a man rose and moved that the speech be published, as it was one of the best speeches he had ever 'hearn' in his life.

DIFFERENT STYLES OF DANCING.

The fashion of dancing is not at all cosmopolitan—not even national. In Saratoga the different styles make a medley.

If you see a 200 pound man and woman perspiring around with their pompous bodies tossed lightly and springily in air, arms swaying, keeping good time, and making grand Perisian salaams for a bow in the Lancers, you can set them down as belonging to the old Tweed-Fisk-Leland-American Club school.

If you see two heated young people tripping fast away ahead of the music, taking short steps, and jerking through a square dance as if the house was on fire and the set must be completed before any one could take to the fire-escapes, you can set them down as from the plantation districts of the South or the rural districts of Pennsylvania and the West.

If you see a black-eyed youth with long hair, and a young lady with liquid black eyes, and she has her two hands on the young man's shoulders at full length, and she stands directly in front of him, and they both go hopping around like Siamese twins with wire springs under them, you can wager they are from Louisville, Memphis, or Little Rock.

If you see a young fellow grasp a young lady firmly around the waist, seize her wrist, stick her hand out like the bowsprit of a Sound yacht, and both hum up their backs like a pair of mad cats on a door-yard fence, and then go sliding slam-bang against people, over people, through people, up and down the room, sidewise, backward, and up and down like a saw-mill gate, you can bet on them having learned their dancing from the Morris-town, Riverdale, and Yorkers' societies.

If you see a couple sliding gently and slowly and lazily through the Lancers, just half as fast as the time, but keeping step with the music, quietly sauntering through the 'grand chain,' too languid to whirl partners, talking sweetly all the time, as if they were strolling in a graveyard, you can rest assured that they are from New York, and from the most fashionable section between Madison square and the Park.

If you see a fellow clasp a girl meltingly in his arms, squeeze her hand warmly, hold her swelling bosom to his, and they both go floating down the room locked in each other's embrace, looking like one person, his feet only now and then protruding from a profusion of illusion and lace and so on, rely upon it you can set the two down as belonging to the intense Boston school. It is the melting Harvard jacket-race embrace.

The negro and mule, writes a friend in Clinton Louisiana, are inseparable companions in the Southern cotton fields, and like the Hiawathian string and bow, useless each without the other. The lazy indifference and careless cruelty of the one, and wonderful powers of endurance of severe labor, bad treatment and neglect of the other, complete the compatibility of the two races necessary for the production of four millions of bales.

The negro and mule, writes a friend in Clinton Louisiana, are inseparable companions in the Southern cotton fields, and like the Hiawathian string and bow, useless each without the other. The lazy indifference and careless cruelty of the one, and wonderful powers of endurance of severe labor, bad treatment and neglect of the other, complete the compatibility of the two races necessary for the production of four millions of bales.

A Georgia college has conferred the degree of L. L. D. upon Alexander H. Stephens, late Vice President of the Confederacy. A local paper describing the interesting scene, says: 'This sudden announcement was like an elastic shock upon the audience; a momentary pause, a breathless silence, was succeeded by a universal and prolonged shout of applause.'

If a man must be robbed by highwaymen, Iowa is the place to have it done. A pair of these gentry who were robbing a farmer, the other day, held an umbrella over his head to keep the sun off while they went through him, and offered him a sip of good brandy when they had finished the job.

An inexperienced young man went gunning with a party of old Nimrods the other day, and now he says he knows what is meant by 'the huntsman's mellow horn.' It holds about a quart, he says, and the huntsman becomes pretty 'mellow' after inspecting the 'horn' several times.

The Kansas Grangers have resolved to lynch the next orator that begins his address to them with 'I'm not a farmer, but have always taken a profound interest in the truly noble and predominant pursuit of agriculture.'

A boy being asked what name was given to residents of the United States, promptly answered, 'Tax-payers.'

A WICKED BOY.

They say that the chief astronomer at the Washington Observatory was dreadfully sold a few days ago. A wicked boy, whose Sunday school experience seems only to have made him more depraved, caught a fire-fly, and stuck it, with the aid of some mucilage, in the centre of the largest lens in the telescope. That night, when the astronomer went to work, he perceived a blaze of light apparently in the heavens, and what amazed him more was that it would give a couple of spurts and then die out, only to burst forth in a second or two.

BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE.

A curious story of the bringing to life of a man who had committed suicide by hanging at Val-de-Grace, Canton, Frisburg, is told by the Confidante. On the first diagnosis the doctors affirmed that asphyxiation was complete; the body gave not the slightest sign of life, it being blue and rigid. One of the physicians present, however, would not leave the corpse without making a final experiment on it. He uncovered the breast, and attempted for some time to induce respiration by artificial means but without result. He then applied the pole of an electric battery to the passage of the pneumo-gastric nerves, and caused a strong current to pass at intervals of four seconds.

A DESPISABLE MULE.

The negro and mule, writes a friend in Clinton Louisiana, are inseparable companions in the Southern cotton fields, and like the Hiawathian string and bow, useless each without the other. The lazy indifference and careless cruelty of the one, and wonderful powers of endurance of severe labor, bad treatment and neglect of the other, complete the compatibility of the two races necessary for the production of four millions of bales.