

The Forest Republican.

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TIONESTA, PA., OCTOBER 15, 1878.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Includes Rates of Advertising, Legal notices at established rates, and Unlucky Days of Matrimony.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars.

S. H. HASLET, N. G. J. T. DALE, Sec'y. Samuel D. Irwin, ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AT LAW and REAL ESTATE AGENT.

A. NEWTON PRITTS, MILLS W. TATE. PRITTS & TATE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

W. W. HARRIS, George A. Jenks, MASON & JENKS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

F. W. HAYS, ATTORNEY AT LAW and NOTARY Public, Reynolds Hunkill & Co's Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

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

DR. WILKINS, M. D., and J. E. BLAINE, M. D. Having entered into a co-partnership, all calls, night or day, will receive immediate attention.

J. H. HEIVLY, SURGEON DENTIST, in Schenck's Building, between Centre and Sycamore Sts., Oil City, Pa.

Charles E. Ansari, DENTIST, Centre Street, Oil City, Pa. in Simons' Block.

Lawrence House, TIONESTA, PA., G. G. BUTTER FIELD, PROPRIETOR.

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

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

National Hotel, TIDIOTE, PA., Benj. Elliott, proprietor.

Scott House, FAGUNDUS, PA., E. A. Roberts, Proprietor.

DR. J. L. ACOMB, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery, all of the best quality.

DR. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced Physician and Surgeon, from New York, has charge of the Store.

MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS, Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts., Tionesta.

Bank of Discount and Deposit, Interest allowed on Time Deposits.

Collections made on all the Principal points of the U. S.

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

This Bank transacts a General Banking, collecting and Exchange Business.

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J. B. LONG, MANUFACTURER of and Dealer in HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, ROBES, CURRY COMBS, BRUSHES, HORSE CLOTHING, and everything in the line.

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO BENING.) Pictures in every style of the art.

THE BOOT & SHOE STORE OF TIDIOTE, N. E. STEVENS, Proprietor.

NEW BILLIARD ROOMS! ADJOINING the Tionesta House, at the mouth of Tionesta Creek.

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.

NEW GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE IN TIONESTA, GEO. W. BOVARD & CO.

FLOUR, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, and everything necessary to the complete stock of a first-class grocery house.

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

RUBBER GOODS, RUBBER GOODS, RUBBER GOODS, AT H. G. TINKER & CO.'S

WE have an immense assortment of the above goods in every style and quality imaginable.

14 inch Two-ply Belting, 21 inch Two-ply Belting, 21 inch Three-ply Belting, 21 inch Four-ply Belting.

8 inch Four-ply Belting, 9 inch Four-ply Belting, 10 inch Four-ply Belting, 12 inch Four-ply Belting.

FIVE-PLY AND ENDLESS BELTS TO ORDER ON SHORT NOTICE. We guarantee satisfaction in every instance.

H. G. TINKER & CO. STRAUSS' We have just issued our new edition of Strauss' Waltzes.

300 Broadway, New York. Fred. Lander, a popular restaurateur in Erie, is the hero of the following historical sketch.

Item No. 1: Fred Lander found three cows yesterday afternoon. The property can be had by calling upon him and paying charges.

The local in yesterday's paper about Fred Lander's finding three cows, created a little confusion with one of the P. E. conductors.

It was at the second battle of Bull Run that a cannon ball carried off a poor soldier's leg.

"Carry me to the rear!" he cried to a tall Yankee companion, who had been fighting by his side.

"What are you carrying that thing for?" cried an officer.

"That's my leg!" returned the Yankee. "It's a man with his leg shot off."

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"That's my leg!" returned the Yankee. "It's a man with his leg shot off."

"Why, he hasn't any head!" cried the officer.

The Yankee looked at his load, and for the first time saw that what the officer said was true.

"Confound him he told me it was his leg!"

"Sam," said a darkey to his ebony brother, "how am I dat dis yaa telegraf carries de news free dem wires?"

"Well, Casar, now you s'pose dar am a big dog free miles long."

"You jess wait a minit; I see only illustratin' you stupid nigger. Now, dis yaa dog you see, jess puts his front feet on de Hoboken sho'."

"Yes," "Now, s'pose you walk on dis yaa dog's tail in New York."

"Yes," "He'll bark, won't he?" "Yes," "Now whar will dat dog bark?"

"In Hoboken, I calculate." "Dat am jess it! You walk on dat dog's tail in New York, an' he bark in Hoboken, an' dat's de way de telegraf works!"

"Yes," "dasso—dasso! You're right, by golley."

THE DANBURY HAT IN VERMONT. We are convinced now beyond any further doubts, that the science of personal fraud is rapidly gaining ground in America.

We should not dare to assert that The Danbury News Man is a fraud—everybody knows that he isn't.

A subscriber wrote to the editor of a Newark paper to ask the meaning of the phrase *Mors omnibus communis*.

The editor said it was a French sentence, intended to explain something about Morse's omnibus being of service to the community.

A gentleman addicted to scientific inquiry, has discovered that thirty-three days complete the cycle of the potato bug generation.

That chap of 138 years, who slew his 19 acres of grass before breakfast, just because of a slight "unpleasantness" which happened between him and his grandfather.

A conductor on the Fort street route was passing through the crowded car, yesterday morning, when he picked up a fifty cent shiplaster.

"What would you give," asked a conceited young man, of a venerable gentleman, sitting opposite him at the table.

A John Bull, conversing with an Indian asked him if he knew the sun never sets in the Queen's dominions.

"No," said the Indian. "Do you know the reason why?" asked John.

"Because God is afraid to trust an Englishman in the dark," was the savage's reply.

However strong a man's resolution may be, it costs him something to carry it out, now and then.

Two pairs of stairs are necessary to every newspaper office in North Carolina—one for the editor to go down as the caller comes up the other.

THE ETIQUETTE OF BOWING. An exchange says: This is so simple that one would suppose it scarcely possible that difference of opinion could exist, and yet there are some who think it a breach of politeness if one neglects to bow.

The difference between a courteous and a familiar bow should be remembered by gentlemen who wish to make a favorable impression.

A Nashville man was awakened the other night by a pain in his stomach, and thinking cholera was at hand, he clutched for a bottle of camphor.

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UNLUCKY DAYS OF MATRIMONY. We may possibly be doing a service to some of our readers by informing them (on the authority of a manuscript of the fifteenth century).

Monday for wealth; Tuesday for health; Wednesday the best of all; Thursday for crosses; Friday for losses; Saturday no luck at all.

To make a tall man short—Try to borrow five dollars of him.

There is nothing so effective in bringing a man up to the scratch as a healthy, high-spirited flea.

It was Voltaire who said: "Ideas are like beard; men only get them when they are grown up, and women never have any."

"C-c-c-can that p-p-p-parrot talk?" asked a stuttering man of a German.

A New Jersey Justice said that the word "testimony" had an 'r' in it, and the lawyer who disputed him was fined \$10 for contempt of court.

A western city thinks that it is becoming a great intellectual center because one citizen was recently arrested for stealing two encyclopedias.

"Yer can't stuff that ere down this chicken," from a young lady in Indiana, meant that she did not credit her teacher's statement that the sun is larger than the earth.

Scene in court: Judge—"Have you anything to offer to the court before sentence is passed on you?" Prisoner—"No, Judge; I had ten dollars, but my lawyers took that."

When a feller makes his arm around his gal, and she was liken dot pooty vell, then dot was Shkribture, on akound it was maken hableness come on some waist blades, don't it?"

The new laws of Nebraska impose fines for "profane swearing done by any person of the age of fourteen years and upward."

A Judge at Montgomery, Ala., recently interrupted a very flowery young orator with—"Hold on, hold on, my dear sir! Don't go any higher! You are already out of the jurisdiction of this court!"

Here is the latest description of a kiss: "Twas night. A real warm couple stood in the pale, cold moonbeams. Their lips touched, and there was a sound like a cow hauling her hoof out of the mud."

He is a true philanthropist who kicks into the gutter the banana skins and orange peels he finds on the sidewalk. But he is a truer philanthropist who also kicks into the gutter the wretch that threw them there.

The near-sighted hen that ate saw-dust, supposing it to be cornmeal, then went and laid a nest full of bureau knobs, sat on them three weeks and hatched out a complete set of parlor furniture, was a pretty fair hen.

A German Jew was eating a pork chop in a thunder storm. On hearing an unusually loud clap, he laid down his knife and fork, and observed: "Vell, did any poty er hear such a fuss about a leedle becco of bork?"

An American gives this report of his London travels: "I asked the distance. 'Well,' said my informant, 'it ain't very far. It's about five drinks and a segar off if you walk, or two drinks if you ride.' That's a way they have of measuring distances in London."

A new version of "Old Uncle Ned" has become popular in the suburbs. It runs something as follows: "Then pull up the wicket and the stake, and put by the mallet and ball; for no more croquet 'll be played this year, it's getting too late in the fall."

A few mornings ago, says a Kentucky rural paper, we weekly approached an emigrant wagon and inquired of its austere proprietor, "Whither bound?" My lord removed his quid to the larboard side of his mouth and coolly remarked: "None of your d—d business." And it wasn't either.