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This firm is prepared to do all work in its line, and will warrant everything done at their shops to give satisfaction. Particular attention given to HORSE-SHOING.

PHOTOGRAPH ALLERY, 212 Water Street, OVER HILBRONNER & CO.'S STORE, Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.

Picture taken in all the latest styles. ELGIN WATCHES, TIDIOUTE, PA. Dealer in Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, etc.

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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.

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GEO. W. BOVARD & CO. Jan. 9, '72.

A DUEL AT SEA.

It was a fearful night at sea, and the wild winds howled in fury, and the mad waves lashed themselves into a tumultuous chaos, as if the tempest and the occasion were rivals, each striving to prove the greatest power of destruction.

Yet through the long, anxious hours of the stormy night the brave schooner Idie Waif nobly braved the fury of the gale, her officers hoping against hope almost, that she would be able to survive the terrible dangers through which she was struggling.

A month before, she had sailed upon her voyage to New York from a South American port, and among her passengers was her owner Robert Graham, of the wealthy firm of Graham & Co., accompanied by his wife and daughter Corinne, a lovely maiden of eighteen, accomplished, pure in thought, and as innocent as a child.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham idolized their only child, and when the father found that he had to visit South America on business for the firm, Corinne at once begged to accompany him, and, yielding to her entreaty, a few days after found the mother and daughter comfortably "at home," in the commodious cabin of the Idie Waif, a large three masted schooner, ably commanded and with an efficient crew.

The captain of the Idie Waif was a man of about thirty-five, and of stern nature. He had a man-of-war manner with his crew, which he had acquired when an officer in the English navy, from which, it had been said, he was dismissed in disgrace, for allowing a slayer, when it was certain, had he not been bribed, he could have captured the craft trading in human flesh.

At any rate, he was an able commander, and the five years he had been in the service of Graham & Co., Captain Hart Woodruff had proved himself most trustworthy in every respect.

The first mate of the Idie Waif was a young man of twenty-five, who had become an officer of the schooner while she was in South America, in place of the mate, who had resigned to accept the captaincy of a vessel offered him.

Gervaise Wilde had offered to take the place of the resigned officer, but he frankly told Graham he could offer no testimonials as to his character and ability; that he was an American—a Marylander—had been for seven years an officer in the United States Navy, from which he had resigned in a foreign port, for reasons he did not care to mention.

Mr. Graham gazed into the strangely handsome face of the man before him, beheld the dark, fearless eye for moment, and then glancing at the slight but elegant figure, replied: "I will trust you, Mr. Wilde. Go aboard the schooner as soon as possible."

The Idie Waif sailed upon her homeward bound voyage, and it was evident to all on board that no better seaman than Gervaise Wilde ever trod a vessel's deck; and yet between him and the captain there was a certain restraint. From the first of the home trip Hart Woodruff had treated his first officer with an overbearing manner noticeable to all, and which the mate received with cold and indifferent politeness.

Corinne Graham narrowly watched the two officers, and her woman's eye soon read the secret cause of the captain's feeling toward his mate. It was jealousy; for Hart Woodruff had from the first loved the maiden, and seeing that she accepted the polite and gentlemanly attention of Gervaise with a feeling of pleasure, he determined to rid himself of a man he believed his rival.

On sailed the noble vessel until when nearing the waters of the gulf, a terrible storm burst upon her, and increasing toward night, threatened her with destruction.

Bravely did the crew stand at their posts, and twice during the night did Gervaise ascend the rigging, when his ears he had listened, and securely furl some sail that the wind had torn from its fastenings.

Mr. Graham, with his wife and Corinne, had ascended to the deck, and were grouped together anxiously watching the black storm and raging ocean, while at the same time they could not but admire the cool manner of Gervaise, added to his daring manner of springing at once to every post of danger, and the comparison drawn between the captain and his mate redounded to the latter's credit.

All that human skill and courage could do to save the schooner proved useless, for she was dismasted, became a wreck, and leaking in many places, it was found that she could no longer hold out against the storm, which, though abating at daylight, was still raging.

"There is but one course, Mr. Graham. The boats, excepting one are

washed away, the schooner can remain only a few hours afloat, so I will at once set about building a raft which can hold all of us," said Gervaise turning to Mr. Graham.

"We are all in your hands, sir; but what says the captain?"

"I say," and Hart Woodruff stepped forward, "the mate is mistaken, and the schooner will float many days. And yet I would expose Mrs. and Miss Graham to so I propose, that you, sir, with your wife and daughter, accompanied by myself and four of the crew, take the life-boat. In two days, at least, we can reach some of the Caribbean Islands. While Mr. Wilde, with the remainder of the crew, can remain with the vessel, which, under jury masts, can be run into the nearest port."

"A good plan, perhaps, captain, but as I agree with Wilde regarding the ability of the schooner to keep afloat many hours, I think we had better trust to the raft."

A frown passed over the captain's brow, which was not unnoticed, at Mr. Graham's words, but he added: "The schooner will not sink, sir; the pumps will keep her up."

"Captain, I do not wish to shrink from any duty devolved on me, so I will abide by the decision of the men. Call them and ask them if the schooner can be kept above water for half a day," said Gervaise.

"Here, my men," called out Mr. Graham, "come hither a moment and give us your opinion. How long can we keep our heads above water by remaining on this vessel?"

"A few hours, sir, perhaps half a day," rejoined the man, and as if satisfied with their answer, Mr. Graham said: "Mr. Wilde, commence the raft at once; and captain, please see that our baggage and all valuables are brought on deck, with sufficient provisions to last us two weeks."

Six hours after a large and stout raft was built which was capable of sustaining three times the number on the schooner, and upon it Gervaise had securely bound the caboose, to serve as apartments for the ladies, and otherwise protect the centre of the raft in such a way as to keep the baggage and provisions secure.

All being in readiness, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, with Corinne, got on board, and were followed by the captain, mate and crew, and the bulwarks amidships having been cut away, they waited the coming of a wave to wash them off the schooner, which was sinking rapidly to a watery grave.

Soon it came—a huge, foam-capped mountain of water, and the raft was lifted on its shoulders and borne off upon the ocean, while the ill-fated schooner was buried by the same large wave, never more to reappear.

Eight days the huge raft drifted about on the mighty deep, and no success coming, the larger part of the crew arose in mutiny, and seizing the life-boat which had been brought along, took the greater part of the provisions and deserted their companions in distress; but their desertion was not a bloodless one, for three of their number fell dead beneath the unerring aim of Gervaise Wilde's pistol, for he stoutly resisted them to the last.

Five more days passed, and then starvation stared the shipwrecked crew in the face, for the provisions and water left them by the deserters had all been consumed.

Then it was that the captain, Hart Woodruff, and the remaining four men of the crew became troublesome, and seeing that Gervaise alone could be trusted, Mr. Graham, with his wife and daughter placed their only hope in him; and his noble conduct won their admiration and Corinne's love.

Another day passed, and night settled again upon the ocean, but a full moon arising made the sea silvery with its light. Suddenly Hart Woodruff started up from forward on the raft, and accompanied by four seamen, came aft toward Gervaise Wilde, who, seeing their hostile advance, wheeled and said sternly: "Back! back, I say! all of you or I'll send a bullet into your midst."

The men hesitated, and Hart Woodruff exclaimed: "Gervaise Wilde, you are the one I seek. You have stolen from me the love of that girl, and I intend to slay you, and your vile flesh shall be our food until succor shall reach us. We are starving, and yet I would enjoy a love feast along with your body, for Corinne Graham is mine, mine, mine."

A thrill of horror ran through those that heard him, but the mate's firm eyes never quailed, and there was no tremor in his voice as he replied: "Could the sacrifice of myself save Miss Graham and her parents, it would be freely given; but it cannot, and if you advance upon me your life shall pay the forfeit. You and I Captain Woodruff, I fear cannot live to-

gether upon this raft, so let there not be unnecessary bloodshed; you are armed; the moon is bright; so take your stand yonder on one side of the raft, while I stand here. Let Mr. Graham give the word, and then let the best man win."

"Ha, ha, ha! gladly I accept," laughed Hart in a tone that made his hearers feel that his reason had left him, and in vain did Mr. and Mrs. Graham and Corinne plead with Gervaise not to expose his life thus, but he was determined, saying: "It is the only course, sir. The men are wrought up by hunger to a pitch that makes them ready for blood shed, and as the captain is armed we would have no rest for him; so give the word, please."

"But you may be slain, Gervaise," and Corinne turned her loving gaze full upon the young man, whose face brightened as he said: "Never fear, my aim is only to true; Captain, are you ready? Mr. Graham give the word, please."

The raft rolled lazily upon the ocean and the moon shone brightly upon the strange scene, with Mrs. Graham and Corinne crouching down in the window of the caboose by which Mr. Graham stood; while the four seamen, eagerly expectant, were grouped together forward, watching with staring eyes their captain and his mate, as they stood only twelve feet apart, calmly waiting the word to fire—words that must be the death knell to one of them, perhaps both.

"Are you both ready?" suddenly asked Mr. Graham.

"Yes," came the replies. "Fire!" and with the word the pistols flashed, and with a shriek hardly human, Hart Woodruff fell back into the ocean, which became his grave.

"Mr. Wilde, are you hurt?" exclaimed Mr. Graham, as he ran forward.

"Not at all. Men, forward there and remember, if one of you comes aft I will shoot him down like a dog."

"Aye aye, sir," answered the men thoroughly cowed, and then one of them suddenly cried out: "Sail, oh!"

With a glad cry, all on the raft greeted the appearance of a large steamer coming directly down toward them, and upon which they soon were warmly welcomed by the captain and passengers.

A week more and the shipwrecked party landed in New York, and then Gervaise became the guest of the Grahams—aye, more, he soon after led to the altar the lovely Corinne and heiress, Corinne Graham, for he proved to the old merchant that his reason for resigning from the navy was a disagreement with his commanding officer, for which his good sense afterwards showed him he was to blame.

THE LOVELIEST OF HER SEX. A Western correspondent writes as follows: I also conversed with a lovely squaw. If she was the loveliest of her sex, Lord Cornwallis help the rest. Her knapsack differed somewhat from John Brown's. It was a little warrior about two feet in length. His mother grew up to have a beau, and he'll have a bow before he grows up. She wore for a redingote an old army overcoat, and her diamond necklace was a string of tomato cans. Indians don't have dictionaries. There is only one word in their language—it's an ugly word. It's "ugh."

"The pale face greets the valley rose and gives her a cordial welcome," handing her my whisky flask for a cordial welcome. She drank the whole of it, chewed the cork, and said "Ugh," I said, "Do the winds of the valley too roughly deal with you, fair daughter of the mountain?" Says she, "Ugh."

Says I, "Shall I be favored with your hand for the lappers, and do you prefer lemon or vanilla?" Says she, "Ugh." Says I, "Do you think it better to be immolated on the altar of your country than to die of a shad bite on board of a fishing smack?" Says she, "Ugh." I asked her how she voted. She said "Ugh."

A cold-blooded exchange tells of an incident which occurred in Reading the other day. A prim spinster, who still had "hopes," was reading the daily paper, when her eyes caught sight of the head-line "Last day for proposal." With a shriek that came within an ace of rending the skies she toppled off her chair, knocked over her toilet table, and destroyed the box in which she kept her blushes. She kicked around the floor at an amazing rate, and brought every body in the building to the room. Her sigh of relief upon being told that the article referred to proposal for furnishing coal is likened to the noise of a steamboat blowing off steam.

Six black foxes were caught in Cumberland county, Nova Scotia, last fall. These animals are very rare, and their skins sell at fabulous prices.

UNEXPECTED WISDOM.

How should a woman fasten her stockings so as not to interfere with the circulation of the blood, or spoil the shape of the leg—let us see—of the "boni soit qui mal y pense." After the most careful research, as far as our limited facilities would allow, we arise from our humble explorations, and humbly tender the following suggestions:

Wear them short; and let the tops bubble over the shoe in the form of lace, a la beer mug.

If you have 'em long, put mucilage inside and stick 'em to you.

Have them long enough to tie about the waist, and use the top for a panier. Edge the tops with steel and fasten a loadstone to your corset.

Fasten a strap to each stocking, extend them gracefully up each side of the body and attach with blue ribbons, to the earrings.

Pin them in some other article of clothing in the immediate vicinity. Fasten them to a nail and go bare-footed.

Attach a small balloon to each stocking. Make them out of material that will draw up.

If you are thirty-five and unmarried make a hole near the top of each stocking and button it to your knee cap.

These are all the methods that suggest themselves to us at present, and of the number some one or more may be deemed worthy of adoption. We have taken a sudden and lively interest in the matter, and shall not rest until the needed reform is brought about. Woman's limbs shall not be hampered, and knotted and deformed, if we have enough inventive faculty to bring about the new and healthful ways of wearing the stockings, and we think we have. We shall continue our investigations into this subject. What the women of this country most need is not suffrage, but symmetry; not rights, but rationality; not a place in legislative halls, but a place to fasten their stockings.—Cincinnati Commercial.

The following dialogue between a highfalutin lawyer, and a plain witness is a good hit at the fashion of big crooked words: "Did the defendant knock the plaintiff down with malice prepense?" "No, sir; he knocked him down with a flat iron."

"You misunderstand me, my friend; I wish to know whether he attacked him with any intent?" "Oh, no sir; it was outside the tent."

"No, no; I wish to know if it was a preconcerted affair?" "No, sir; it was not a free concert affair, it was at a circus."

A new plan is to be tried with Michigan convicts. The striped garments are to be abolished. The prisoners are to be allowed to correspond with their friends. Those who are uneducated are to be taught; and, when liberated, each man is to receive a suit of clothes, and whatever he has earned by over-work.

The Teachers' Association in Worcester spent an afternoon in listening to an essay, "Are the pupils of our public schools overworked?" and a discussion thereon. The opinion seemed very decided that late hours, foolish dressing, bad ventilation, &c., had more to do with the poor health of pupils than hard study.

A man was recently lodged on some petty charge in the jail at Dallas, Oregon. The first night after his incarceration he escaped, and went eight miles on foot to find a man to go his bail. The following morning he returned to Dallas with his bond all signed, and was released on bail.

Said a professor in a college to a notorious laggard who was once, for a wonder, promptly in his place at morning payers, at the appointed time. "I marked you, sir, as punctual, this morning. What is your excuse?" "S-s-sick, sir, and couldn't sleep," was the reply.

Retributive justice sometimes follows faster than we could expect. An evil-minded Brooklyn boy propelled a snow ball at his aunt lately, and, dodging into a neighboring area, sat down on a scuttles full of hot ashes.

A French gentleman, learning the English to some purpose, replied thus to the salutations: "How do you do, monsieur?" "Do you?" "How do you find yourself?" "I never loses myself." "But how do you feel?" "Smooth, you just feel me."

George Washington could not tell a lie, and the Boston papers followed his example by not issuing a paper on his birthday.

An exchange contains an obituary notice of a gentleman who accumulated a large fortune and thirteen children.