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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369. I. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars.

JAS. WOODINGTON, N. G. A. B. KELLY, Sec'y.

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

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

George A. Jenks, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

F. W. Hays, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Reynolds Hukill & Co.'s Block, Geneva St., Oil City, Pa. 32-ly.

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

PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties. 29-ly.

HARRIS & FASSETT, Attorneys at Law, Tionesta, Pa.

PRACTICE in all the Courts of Warren, Crawford, Forest and Venango Counties. 48-ly.

J. H. Hevily, SURGEON DENTIST, in Schonblom's Building, between Centre and Spanglers Sts., Oil City, Pa.

ALL operations done in a careful manner and warranted. Chloroform and ether administered when required if the case will permit. 15-ly.

CENTRAL HOUSE, BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, W. A. HILGARD, Lessee. This is a new house, and has just been fitted up for the accommodation of the public. A portion of the patronage of the public is solicited. 46-ly.

LAWRENCE HOUSE, TIONESTA, PA., G. BUTTERFIELD, Proprietor. This house is centrally located. Everything new and well furnished. Superior accommodations and strict attention given to guests. Vegetables and Fruits of all kinds served in their season. Sample room for Commercial Agents.

FOREST HOUSE, D. BLACK PROPRIETOR. Opposite Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened. Everything new and clean and fresh. The best of liquors kept constantly on hand. A portion of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. 4-17-ly.

TIONESTA HOUSE, G. T. LATIMER, Lessee, Elm St. Tionesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek, Mr. L. has thoroughly renovated the Tionesta House, and re-furnished it completely. All who patronize him will be well entertained at reasonable rates. 37-ly.

NATIONAL HOTEL, TIDIOUTE, PA., Benj. Elliott, proprietor. This house has been newly furnished and is kept in good style. Guests will be made comfortable here at reasonable rates. 9-ly.

Dr. J. L. Acomb, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice, will attend all Professional Calls. Office in his Drug and Grocery Store, located in Tidouthe, near Tidouthe House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery, all of the best quality, and will be sold at reasonable rates.

DR. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced Physician and Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately.

H. H. MAY, JEO. F. PARK, A. B. KELLY, 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. Collections solicited. 18-ly.

NEW BILLIARD ROOMS! ADJOINING the Tionesta House, at the mouth of Tionesta Creek. The tables and room are new, and everything kept in order. To lovers of the game a cordial invitation is extended to come and play in the new room.

G. T. LATIMER, Lessee, 437-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.

The Forest Republican.

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Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. One Square (1 inch) one insertion - \$1.00; One Square one month - \$3.00; One Square three months - \$4.00; One Square one year - \$10.00; Two Squares one year - \$15.00; Quarter Col. - \$3.00; Half - \$5.00; One - \$10.00.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

ANOTHER DAUGHTER.

Gillingham was in Williamsport the other day, and while attending to his business there he had a strong premonition that something was the matter at home; so in order to satisfy himself, he determined to run down to Philadelphia on the next train. In the meantime, his mother-in-law sent him a dispatch to this effect: "Another daughter has just arrived. Hannah is poorly. Come home at once."

The lines were down, however, and, meanwhile, Gillingham arrived home and found his wife doing pretty well and the nurse rambling around with an infant a day old. After staying twenty-four hours, and finding that everybody was tolerably comfortable, he returned to Williamsport without anything being said about the dispatch, his mother-in-law supposing that of course he had received it. The day after his arrival the lines were fixed, and that night he received a dispatch from the telegraph office dated that very day and conveying the following intelligence: "Another daughter has just arrived. Hannah is poorly. Come home at once."

Gillingham was amazed and bewildered. He couldn't understand it. Daughters appeared to him to be getting entirely too thick. He walked the floor of his room in agony all night trying to get the hang of the thing, and the more he considered the subject, the more he became alarmed at the extraordinary occurrence. He took the early train for the city, and during the journey was in a condition of frantic bewilderment. When he arrived he jumped in a cab, drove furiously to the house, and scared his mother-in-law into convulsions by rushing in a frenzy and demanding what on earth had happened. But he was greatly relieved to find that there were no twins in the nursery, and to learn how the mistake occurred. But he is looking now for the telegraph operator who changed the date of that dispatch. Gillingham is anxious to meet him. He wants to see him about something.

At a concert in Buffalo a small boy tumbled off his seat. This was interpreted "fire!" and the audience made a frantic rush for the doors and windows. Women and children were trampled under foot, and many leaped from the windows, a distance of fourteen feet. After a general alarm of fire had been sounded, a committee was appointed to go and wake the boy up.

An artist who painted a portrait for a gentleman noted for his frequent libations, invited the gentleman's friends to see it. One of them, who was rather near sighted, approached it rather too closely, and the artist, in alarm, exclaimed: "Don't touch it, it ain't dry!" "No use looking at it, then," replied the old gentleman; "it can't be my friend."

A guardian of the peace in New York made his first essay, as a "mounted policeman," one day last week, by grasping the horse's tail and attempting to climb up that way. The surgeon subsequently remarked that no horse ever had a finer opportunity, or took advantage of it with such infinite scorn of the consequences.

The Savannah News says a negro was buried alive in a well at Butler recently. His friends dug down to him in about four hours, and found him alive and well. He said that he never wanted to sneeze so bad in his life, but was afraid he would jar down some more dirt.

A naughty little boy, blubbering because his mother would not let him go down to the river on the Sabbath, upon being demoralized, said, "I didn't want to go a swimmin' with 'em, ma; I only wanted to go down and see the bad little boys draw for goin' a swimmin' on a Sunday."

"I see," said a young lady, "that some printers advertise blank declarations for sale; I wish I could get one." "Why?" asked the mother, "because, ma, Mr. G— is too modest to ask me to marry him; and, perhaps, if I should fill up a blank declaration he would sign it."

An epicure in Vermont writes to his local newspaper that having indulged freely in the eating of frogs, his hands are now covered with what his doctor calls "tumorous enlargements of the vascular papilla and indurations of the surrounding epidermis"—that is, warts.

The people of Minnesota are trying to solve the fuel question. A commission is to be appointed to show farmers how to prepare and use peat.

"A Good Man Gone to Roost," was a head-line in a Western paper's obituary. That proof-reader was admonished.

SHEER POVERTY.

In Reading bread, meat and clothing are distributed at the station house to the deserving poor. A few mornings since a thin clad and sorrowful looking woman approached the bread pile over which Chief Cullen presided. She carried a basket on her arm, and as she extended it to receive her allowance of charity's goods she put on a look of sorrow that would have melted the heart of an anchorite. The Eagle says the quick eye of Chief Cullen took in her situation at a glance, and looking her in the face, he inquired: "What is your name?" The woman answered in the German language, and gave her name as Fleckner. "How many brick houses have you?" "Only one," was the answer. "How many building lots do you own?" "Fourteen," was the reply. "How many pounds of pork did you kill last fall?" She answered slowly, "About six hundred."

"How many hogs have you now at home in the pen?" was the next thunderbolt. "Only two," answered the needy female. "How much money have you in bank?" said the Chief. "Only a little now," said poor Mrs. Fleckner. Chief Cullen gently took the poor woman by the arm and kindly escorted her out of the apartment. Several minutes afterward she appeared again and had a doleful story to tell. She said that it was not fair to refuse her bread, when her other night neighbors had been supplied and bounteously at that. She stated that one of her neighbors had thirty-six loaves of bread in the house that she had procured at the station house. Mrs. Fleckner then narrated the sorrowful fact that she had a large family of two children and that her coal was entirely consumed. She said that the weather had been so bad as not to permit her gathering any for several days. She wiped the tears from her eyes and said that a poor woman should not be refused bread when she had nothing to eat at home. Chief Cullen replied that she was to be pitied indeed; but as long as there were people applying for help who did not own their own houses, fourteen building lots, six hundred pounds of pork, two hogs, and a little money in bank, she would have to take a back seat no matter what her condition was. The poor woman went home without bread and everybody around said it served her perfectly right.

At a very successful seance in Cincinnati the other night, a man burst into tears when the medium described very accurately a tall, blue eyed spirit standing by him, with light side whiskers, and his hair parted in the middle. "Do you know him?" inquired a man at his side, in a sympathetic whisper. "Know him? I guess I do," replied the unhappy man, wiping his eyes. "He was engaged to my wife. If he hadn't died he would have been her husband instead of me. Oh, George, George?" he murmured, in a voice choked with emotion, "why did you peg out?"

In Cooperstown they tell a story of an English joker who once visited Fenimore Cooper. Cooper was then the most conspicuous man in the little town. One day, while Mr. Cooper was dining with the Englishman, he poured out some native wine—wine from grapes raised in his own garden. Taking up a glass and looking through it with pride, Cooper remarked, "Now, Mr. Stebbins, I call this good, honest wine." "Yes, Mr. Cooper, I agree with you, it is honest wine—poor, but honest." Mr. Cooper went on telling his "Injun" stories.

North Adams has a tailor long known for his keen, pungent wit. Not long since a well-known clergyman called at his shop with a pair of pantaloons, and asked him: if they could be repaired. The knight of the shears unrolled them, held them up in a most artistic manner, carefully examined them, and replied, "Yes, yes; the knees are the best part of them." The reverend gentleman saw the joke, smiled blandly and gracefully bowed himself out.

Wm. M. Everts tells this good story: A few summers since at the urgent request of one of his younger daughters, he sent up to his country place in Vermont a donkey for her use. She had read about donkeys, but was not familiar with their peculiar vocalism. The animal's strange noises inspired her with the profoundest pity for his evident distress. So she wrote to her father: "Dear papa, I do wish you would come up here soon; my donkey is lonesome."

We are told that three hundred years ago ladies combed their hair just as they do to-day. This won't do in a civilized land and among an observing people. Three hundred years ago ladies used to comb their hair on their heads—now they hang it over the back of a chair to comb it.

TOM HIGBY'S MULE.

"Charlie, tell us a story! This from a knot of good fellows gathered in the office at the close of our day's labor. 'Well, boys, I can't think of anything else to-night, but some pranks we used to play in the old Second Ohio, lying near Nashville, Tenn., waiting for old Hood to give us something to do. Company A had a Second Lieutenant named Tom Higby, as mean a cuss as ever tyrannized over a set of men. Tom became possessed of a mule somehow, but nobody knew, although he said he had bought him. Talk about your mules! That mule, for straight out cussedness, could beat all creation. No use talking, he could outkick a Kickapoo Indian, and give him five in the game. I tell you, boys, that mule could kick a fly off a mouse's ear and never scratch the mouse. Tom was the only man in the regiment that could get within forty rods of him and not get kicked all to pieces. Tom Higby was the all-freddest stigmatist man in the brigade, but he was always generous about lending that mule. He'd say, 'Oh, yes, boys, take the mule and welcome. Certainly, go get him. He's in the corral. Use him as much as you want to. Don't mind his playfulness. Yes, take him.' Then he would put his hands in his pockets and walk off with the air of a man who had done something magnanimous. But he was just as certain that the boys wouldn't use that mule, as he was that he would not lend them a dollar, and you had a dead sure thing on it that you couldn't borrow a dime from Tom, no how.

"It was one of the diversions of the camp to get a greenhorn to borrow Tom's mule. We would all go down to the corral to see him get the mule, or the mule get him, which was certain to be the case. That mule wouldn't stand fooling. He would extend the hind hoof of friendship to a fellow quicker than greened lightning, and he would laugh just as plain as any mule could to see greeny gather himself up and git for the fence.

"Well, one day Lieutenant Van Horne picked up a daikie servant somewhere, and the boys thought from some remarks they had heard that there was fun ahead. Van never believed that story of Higby's about buying the mule. The darkey had not been in camp but a short time, until he got into a muss and kicked the cook of company C badly, and got a reputation. He was as homely a contraband as could be found in the State, and his name was 'Pete Brownlow, Massa Brownlow's boy.' In a day or two the boys concluded it would be a good thing to give the mule a shy at Pete. Van was nothing loth to see the fun, so he sent Pete with his compliments to Lieut. Higby, and would he please lend Lieut. Van Horne his mule?"

Pete went over, grinning from ear to ear, and making his best bow, addressed Tom, 'Massa Higby, sarvint, sir, Massa Warmhorn wants for to borrow dat ar mule of yours, and pervents his compliments to Massa Higlebun, and says dat how as dat mule is a mighty harness critter, an' he'd use him good.' 'Oh, yes, certainly, my ace of spades, certainly. Tell Lieut. Van that I am only too happy to have it in my power to oblige him. Have the mule? Certainly. Just go get him, Ebony. Take him at any time. Don't need to ask me. Just take him any time you want him.'

"Pete backed out grinning worse than ever, and in a few moments was moving toward the corral with a bridle he had borrowed from the quartermaster. We all followed to see the fun. Old Satan (that's what we called the mule) saw him coming, and took in the situation at once. He commenced to work one ear back and forth, a sure sign he was awake, and to slowly move his artillery end around in Pete's direction. But Pete had been there before and knew which end of a mule was loose. So he commenced a right oblique to flank the mule. Satan waited until Pete was about to lay hands upon him, when he swung around on a pivot, lashed up and let fly with both batteries at Pete. But if Satan was sly so was Pete. With one spring he had Satan around the neck, and then there was fun. Pete got the mule by the ear and the mule got Pete by the seat of the breeches, and they had it up and tuck. At last Pete succeeded in backing the mule into the corner and after a struggle got the bridle on him.

In a jiffy Pete was on his back and then there was some tall bucking and biting. Did you ever see a mule buck? No! Well, he just gets all four feet off the ground together and when he lights humps up his back kind of sudden like. Pete wrapped his long legs around the mule and stuck to him, and, encouraged by the cheers of the boys, one of whom tossed him a club, he finally conquered that mule. If you ever saw a proud nigger, Pete was one. His eyes stuck out like cotton balls

Dr. J. E. Blaine, OFFICE and residence opposite the Lawrence House. Office days Wednesdays and Saturdays. 38-ly.

F. WENK, Has established a new and complete LIVERY STABLE in the barn in the rear of the Lawrence House and is prepared to furnish rigs of all kinds on short notice. Orders left at the Lawrence House will receive prompt attention. 38-ly.

THE BOOT & SHOE STORE OF TIDIOUTE N. E. STEVENS, Proprietor. Parties in want of FINE Boots and Shoes will always find a good assortment at Stevens'. When you call, just say "From Tionesta" and you will be liberally dealt with. 6-6m N. E. STEVENS.

FINE GROCERIES, CHOICE CIGARS, TOBACCO, CANNED FRUITS, STATIONERY, AND NOTIONS, for sale at J. B. Agnew's Store Room, in Bonner & Agnew's Block.

ALSO, FRESH OYSTERS, by the can or served to order. 29-ly.

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DEMING.) Pictures in every style of the art. Views of the oil regions for sale or taken to order.

CENTRE STREET, near R. R. crossing. SYCAMORE STREET, near Union Depot, Oil City, Pa. 20-ly.

LOTS FOR SALE! IN THE BOROUGH OF TIONESTA.

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

WM. F. BLUM, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON-MAKER. Corner of Church and Elm Streets, TIONESTA, PA. 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-SHOEING. Give them a trial, and you will not regret it. 18-ly.

PHOTOGRAPHALLERY. Water Street.

OVER HILBRONNER & CO.'S STORE, Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, - - - Proprietor.

Pictures taken in all the latest styles of the art. 25-ly.

E. KLEIN, TIDIOUTE, PA. Dealer in Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, etc. All repairing in this line neatly done and warranted. Particular attention paid to the repairing of Watches.

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 establishment on Elm St., first door north of M. E. Church.

COFFEES, TEAS, SUGARS, SYRUPS, FRUITS, SPICES, LARD, HAMS, AND PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS, at the lowest cash prices. Goods warranted to be of the best quality. Call and examine, and we believe we can suit you. GEO. W. BOVARD & CO. Jan. 9, '72.