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TIONESTA, PA., AUGUST 5, 1874.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

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One Square " three months	6 00
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Two Squares, one year	15 00
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Half " " " "	50 00
One " " " "	100 00

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

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.

W. R. DUNN, N. G.
G. W. SAWYER, Sec'y.

Dr. J. E. Blaine,
OFFICE and residence opposite the
Lawrence House. Office days Wednes-
days and Saturdays. 36-17.

W. P. Mercillott,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, cor. Elm and
Walnut Sts., Tionesta, Pa. I have
associated myself with Hon. A. B. Rich-
mond, of Mendota, Pa., in the practice of
law in Forest County. 10-1y

NEWTON PETTIS. MILES W. TATE.
PETTIS & TATE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Elm Street, TIONESTA, PA.

F. W. Hays,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY
Public, Reynolds Hukill & Co.'s
Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 39-1y

F. KINNEAR. M. B. SMILEY.
KINNEAR & SMILEY,

Attorneys at Law, Franklin, Pa.

PRACTICE in the several Courts of Ven-
ango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining
counties. 39-1y.

E. HARRIS. D. D. FASSETT.
HARRIS & FASSETT,

Attorneys at Law, Titusville Penn'a.

PRACTICE in all the Courts of Warren,
Crawford, Forest and Venango Coun-
ties. 40-1y

CENTRAL HOUSE,
BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK. L.
AGNEW, Proprietor. 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.
46-1y

LAWRENCE HOUSE,
TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAW-
RENCE, Proprietor. This house is
centrally located. Everything new and
well furnished. Superior accommo-
dations and strict attention given to
guests. Vegetables and Fruits of all kinds served
in their season. Sample room for Com-
mercial Agents. 46-1y

FOREST HOUSE,
D. BLACK PROPRIETOR. Opposite
Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just
opened. Everything new and clean, and
first class. The best of liquors kept constantly
on hand. A portion of the public patron-
age is respectfully solicited. 4-17-1y

**G. T. LATIMER Lessee, Elm St. Tio-
nosta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek.
Mr. L. has thoroughly renovated the
Tionesta House, and re-furnished it com-
pletely. All who patronize him will be
well entertained at reasonable rates. 37 1y**

Weber House.
TYLERSBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER,
Proprietor. Mr. Weber has again
taken possession of this well-known house
and will be happy to entertain all his
old customers, and any number of new ones.
Good accommodations for guests, and ex-
cellent stabling. 10-3m.

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 Tidoute, near
Tidoute 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. JNO. F. PARK. SPE. 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. 18-1y.

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, etc.,
and am therefore qualified to act intelli-
gently as agent of those living at a dis-
tance, owning lands in the County.

Office in Commissioners Room, Court
House, Tionesta, Pa.
D. W. CLARK.
4-4-1y.

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.
637 4f

The Republican Office

KEEPS constantly on hand a large as-
sortment of Blank Deeds, Mortgages,
Subpoenas, Warrants, Summons, &c. to
be sold cheap for cash.

RESTAURANT.

JACOB SMEARBAUGH has fitted up
the store-building north of Tate's law
office, for a restaurant, and will be pleased
to see his friends there. Fresh beer on
draught. Also ste., domestic wines, &c.
Cold lunches at all times, and oysters in
all styles, in their season. 13-1y

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. Partic-
ular attention given to

HORSE-SHOEING,
Give them a trial, and you will not re-
gret it. 13-1y.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

ELM STREET,
SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S
STORE.

Tionesta, Pa.,
M. CARPENTER, - - Proprietor.

It was a false pride, perhaps, but
the young man shrank from a position
under those who had once looked up to
him, and his thoughts turned wistfully
toward the Western prairies.

He expected objections from his
young and accomplished wife. But
she saw with his eyes, and was not only
willing, but eager to go and help
him make a home that should be all
their own. The purchasing of a prairie
team, some farming implements, and
the expense of building a small house,
exhausted his capital—and the young
couple commenced their married
life as many others had done, who
had not been blessed with their advan-
tages. The small dwelling contained
but three sleeping apartments, and
this fact, added to their uncertain in-
come, induced Mrs. Streeter to take
upon herself the entire care of the
household.

Two children had come in the seven
years to nestle in her bosom. But one,
a fairy child of three summers, had
slid away from them, and was now
sleeping beneath the flowers of the
prairie; and the tired wife had sighed
as she looked on the cold, folded
hands.

"She will never toil as I have done;
but oh, I wanted her so much," the
lonely mother sobbed forth.

Mr. Streeter was considered a wealthy
farmer. His acres had broadened
and his stock increased. Physically
and mentally strong, and with a gentle,
loving wife ever studying his tastes
and wishes, why should he wear out
fast?

But of her? Naturally frail, she had
been like a willow bending beneath a
burden voluntarily taken up. With
the exception of an efficient girl for a
few weeks when little Mary died, she
had performed all the labor required
in the house since she became its mis-
tress.

Newton Streeter took the memoran-
dum, glanced hastily at the neatly
written items and then stepped into
the light buggy and drove away.

But no longer might she linger, for
the sponge was waiting in the kitchen
to be kneaded, and the baby's naps
were like angel's visits. And before
the task was well over his bugle note
sounded to arms, and the fretful child
was taken up and caressed and soothed
to quietness.

She was conscious of a strange dizz-
iness. When she arose from a stooping
position her head was aching miser-
ably, and her eyes seemed burning.
What was coming over her? She must
be ill. Oh, no; she had no time for
that! And then her thoughts drifted
away to the dear old home of child-
hood, and she asked herself, for the
first time, if she had done wisely to
leave it for this life of toil and care?

It was a dangerous question for a
wife—mother, and she clasped her
child more closely to suppress in her
heart the disloyal answer.

When Mr. Streeter returned, exultant
over the dollars he had deposited
in the bank, he found no supper pre-
pared, and his wife helpless upon the
bed, with cheeks flushed with fever,
and the wailing child distracting her
with demands for care.

A physician and nurse were soon
summoned from the city, and the weary
wife enjoyed the luxury of being ill.
But convalescence soon followed;
and before leaving his patient, the old
doctor, a close observer, and a deep
thinker, took the husband aside and
asked:

"Do you know what brought this
fever on your wife, Mr. Streeter? You
have worked her nearly to death."

"You are speaking of my wife, not
my horse."

"Granted; and I say again you are
working her to death."

DR. J. N. BOLARD, of Tidoute, has
returned to his practice after an ab-
sence of four months, spent in the Hospi-
tals of New York, where he will attend
calls in his profession. The patronage of
the citizens of Forest County is most respect-
fully solicited. All he asks is a fair trial.
4f

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4f**

Mr. SMITH has fine machinery for
making all parts of a watch or clock
that may be missing or broken. He war-
rants all his work. The patronage of the
citizens of Forest County is most respect-
fully solicited. All he asks is a fair trial.
4f

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
At SUPERIOR STORE.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

A Large and Superior Stock of
Watches, DIAMONTS
Clocks,
and Jewelry,
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

M. SMITH,

NEW JEWELRY STORE
In Tionesta.

GUARANTEES
which the Companies give, and will
DELIVER THE MACHINES
In any part of Forest County, and give all
necessary instructions to learners.

Needles for all Machines, Silk and Thread
always in store.
TIDIOUTE, PA., June, 1874. 11-1f

THE PRESCRIPTION.

"I wish you would tell James when
he comes to turn the cows into the
lower lot. And if Turpin calls, tell
him I have concluded to take those
sheep—I want the merinos. And
while I am getting ready, please take
my memorandum book and note down
four harness straps, five pounds of nails,
and a gimlet, half a jockey strap, and
—and—yes, I believe that is all. I
forgot them when I made out the items
this morning." Mrs. Streeter rose
wearily, laid her sleeping babe care-
fully in its crib, and proceeded to re-
cord the articles named. She was young—
not over twenty-five—but the complex-
ion was sadly faded, and faint
lines were already marking the white
forehead, while the tired eyes told of
care and hinted strongly of an unsat-
isfied heart.

"No, she has not kept step, to follow
your own figure. Unable to keep up
with your long rapid strides, she has
fallen, faint and foot sore, by the way.
I tell you she must have rest for both
mind and body or I will not answer
for the result. And it would be bet-
ter freed away from home."

"Yes, I begin to comprehend, and
it can be found away. And (offering
his hand), I will take care, Doctor,
that you do not get a chance to ad-
minister such a dose to me?"

Mr. Streeter went back to the room
where his wife was sitting propped up
by pillows, and a gush of unutterable
tenderness welled in his heart as he
glanced at her pale face and almost
transparent hands. He sat down be-
side her and said softly:

"You don't know how glad I am
that you are better."

"Thank you. Yes, I am almost
well now—shall soon be able to be in
the kitchen. I am sure I must be sad-
ly needed there by this time."

"No you are not needed there. By
the way, would you like to have me
put the farm to rent this summer, and
you take the boy, and go back to the
old granite hills?"

"Oh, would you? May I go?" and
the voice quivered with excitement;
then wistfully, "but the expense, New-
ton. It would put us back so much."

"Yes, there it is; the old Doctor
was right," he thought. And then
aloud: "Do you know what I went
to the city for the day you were taken
ill?"

"To deposit some money for more
land, I think you said," she replied
wearily.

"Yes, but I do not need that land. I
have far more land than I can culti-
vate now. And you shall have that
money—or, at least, all you want of it—
and go home and stay all summer,
and try to get some of your bloom
back. I shall write to-day that you
are coming."

Mrs. Streeter could hardly believe
it was not one of her feverish dreams.
But it all came about in good time,
and she arrived safely at home, where
she was petted and caressed to her
heart's content.

"You are all trying to spoil me,"
she would expostulate; "I shall never
be fit for a farmer's wife any more."

And thus among loving friends,
riding, walking, and when at home,
reading music, and writing long letters
to her husband, the summer wore
swiftly away.

And now he had written that he was
coming, and she was counting the
days that must elapse ere she
could look upon his face and be clasped
to his heart. She was eager to go
now. Her holiday was over. Health
had returned, and not an instant did
she shrink from the old life.

And when the husband came and
saw the wonder one summer had
wrought, he again told himself that
the good doctor was right.

A few days were given to the old
friends, and then they turned their
faces toward their Western home.

It was evening when they arrived
and the wife looked with bewilder-
ment on the change. A handsome
front had been added to the old dwell-
ing; and before she had time to ques-
tion she was ushered into a parlor
newly furnished and already lighted.

An elegant piano stood in a recess
evidently constructed for its reception.
She turned toward her husband to
assure herself that he, too, had not
changed into something or somebody
else. But the merry twinkle in his
eye told her he was enjoying her sur-
prise, and slowly she began to realize
the whole situation. Yes, now she un-
derstood his strange reluctance to
mention what he was doing, and his
willingness to have her remain, even
after she had expressed her anxiety to
return.

"Come, I have more to show you,"
and he showed her into a large com-
modious room furnished for her own
sleeping apartment, even to her baby's
crib.

"This is for you. And now lay aside

"Really, Doctor, such language is
unpardonable."
"And yet you will pardon it. And
furthermore, by your great love for
the self-sacrificing woman we have
just left, I shall perform an operation
on your eyes that you may see even as
I see."

And then he placed the cold, hard
facts before him, from the time she
became a bride, beautiful, accomplish-
ed, to the village, up to the date of
present illness, in which domestic cares
only had haunted in her feverish
dreams. In concluding he added:

"I truly believe, as she takes up her
old burdens at once, that before the
year has passed the grave or insane
asylum will receive her."

"The strong man shuddered.
"As heaven is my witness, sir, I have
only permitted, not exacted, this sacri-
fice. She voluntarily took her place
by my side and has uncomplainingly
kept step with me."

"No, she has not kept step, to follow
your own figure. Unable to keep up
with your long rapid strides, she has
fallen, faint and foot sore, by the way.
I tell you she must have rest for both
mind and body or I will not answer
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after she had expressed her anxiety to
return.

"Come, I have more to show you,"
and he showed her into a large com-
modious room furnished for her own
sleeping apartment, even to her baby's
crib.

"This is for you. And now lay aside

your dusty garments and prepare for
tea. It must have been ready an hour
ago. I will go and see."

When he returned he found his lit-
tle wife sitting in her little rocker and
weeping silently.

"Have I wounded where I wished to
heal?" he asked reproachfully.
"Forgive me," she said smiling; "I
am a goose, but a tired wanged one,
you know. And I am so happy to be
at home in such a home that I have
no words in which to tell my happi-
ness."

He stooped to kiss the offered lips.
And thus the new life began. And
what a different life it was—busy, not
burdened. Time for the wants of the
mind as well as the body. Good help
in the kitchen all the time, and choice
reading for any leisure hour.

The farm was an unflagging source of
income, fully defraying all expenses
each year and showing a balance in
favor.

"Been improving, I see," said Dr.
Meeker, as he reined his light carriage
to the neat fence.

"Yes, Doctor. Come in; I want to
show you the improvements. Here
Mary, the Doctor wants to see you."

And as she came to greet him, rosy
with health and happiness, he nodded
his head at her husband. "Yes, that
will do," and then glancing at the
open piano, "I am going to stay just
long enough to hear one tune played.
Will you favor me?" And with the
old gallantry, fitted so awkwardly to
his brusque manners, he led her to the
instrument, and stood hat in hand
while she played. "There, thank you,
I have cut off my own supplies. No
more fees for me here, I see. Just my
luck. I never did know enough to
make my bread and butter. Goodbye,
Mr. Streeter." And again nodding to
the husband, he trotted out to his ve-
hicle and went on his way, his cheery
voice humming to his horse, perhaps
the tune he had just heard.

TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD.

Max Adler has been watching some
interesting experiments in a great de-
partment of hidden medical science, and
gives a lively description of the
results:

A recent medical experiment has ex-
cited a considerable amount of interest
in our village. My neighbor Simpson
was nearly dead with consumption.

Dr. Hopkins, in despair, concluded to
try the experiment, transfusion of blood
of which he had heard so much lately.

As no human being was willing to shed
his blood for Simpson, the doctor bled
Simpson's goat, and opening a vein in
Simpson's arm he ejected about two
quarts of blood in the patient's system.
Simpson immediately began to revive;

—but singular to relate, no sooner had
his strength returned than he jumped
out of bed, and twitching his head af-
ter the fashion of a goat, he made a
savage attempt to butt the doctor.

That medical man, after having Simp-
son's head plunged against his stomach
three or four times, took refuge in the
closet, whereupon Simpson banged his
head against the panel of the door a
couple of times, and probably would
have broken it to splinters had not his
mother-in-law entered at that moment
and diverted his attention. One well
directed blow from Simpson's head
floored her, and then while she scream-
ed for help Simpson frolicked around
over the floor, making assiduous efforts
to nibble the green flowers in the in-
grain carpet. When they called the
hired man in and tied him down on
the bed, an effort was made to inter-
view him, but the only answer he could
give to such questions as to how he felt,
and when he wanted his medicine, was
a "ba-a" precisely like that of a goat;

and then he would strain himself in an
effort to butt a hole in the head board.
The condition of the patient was so
alarming, and Mrs. Simpson was so in-
dignant that Dr. Hopkins determined
to undo the evil if possible. So he first
bled Simpson freely, and then by heav-
ily bribing Simpson's Irishman he pro-
cured fresh blood from him and in-
jected Simpson the second time. Simp-
son is now as well as ever, excepting
that he shocks his old Republican
friends by displaying an irresistible
tendency to vote the Democratic tick-
et, and makes his mother-in-law mad
by speaking a strong brogue. But he
has given up butting, and has never
indulged in it but once since, and that
was on Sunday, when one of the re-
maining corpses of goat's blood get-
ting into his brain just as he was going
into church, he butted the sexton half
way up the aisle, and only recovered
himself sufficiently to apologise just as
the enraged official was about to floor
him with a hymn book.

Our complete military strength is
reported to be 29,546 men, who are
scattered from Maine to Mexico in
small detachments. The present In-
dian trouble furnishes employment for
all these troops, but it is difficult to
concentrate them at the scene of out-
rage.

THE LIGHTNING ROD MAN.

The experiences of the itinerant
lightning rod man are as various as
his manner of bamboozling the own-
ers of property. He meets with cold
rebuffs and provoking negative replies
to his importunities to throw over
buildings what he deems necessary
safeguards, until an ordinary man
would quit the business in disgust and
retire to perpetual banishment. But
not so he; such denials as that lately
administered by General Sherman de-
light him, and he is never more pleased
than when engaging in these little ad-
venturesome experiences. But up in
Chester county, on Saturday last, one
of these itinerants met with an adven-
ture of a little different nature, which
actually did strike terror to him. All
day long he had been busily engaged
in placing several of his double pro-
tection, anti-failure, self-conducting
rods on the barn of Jerry Starr, near
Laudenberg, and finished his work only
as the darkness of evening settled
down among the hills. He had watch-
ed, with apparent unconcern the ap-
proach of that black cloud which
deluged our city with water, feeling
secure against the elements in the pro-
tection which his aforesaid lightning
rods afforded. Consequently he lingered
long upon the roof, strutting about
like a peafowl in admiration of him-
self and his achievements, and it was
not until the promontory droppings
from the cloud began to fall, that he
would consent to quit the