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Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates (e.g., One Square, One Column) and corresponding prices.

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.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, F. W. HAYS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds Hukill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

HARRIS & FASSETT, Attorneys at Law, Titusville, Penna.

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

CENTRAL HOUSE, BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, L. AGNEW, Proprietor.

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

G. T. LATIMER Lessee, Elm St. Tionesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek.

C. B. Weber's Hotel, TYLERSBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER, has possession of the new brick hotel.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice.

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 Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store.

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

Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made on all the Principal points of the U. S.

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.

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

THE FOREST REPUBLICAN OFFICE. KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment 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.

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.

HORSE-SHOEING, Give them a trial, and you will not regret it.

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

Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.



PAPABALDWIN Has opened a SEWING MACHINE DEPOT.

In his BOOT and SHOE STORE, And in connection with his other business he has constantly in store the

GROVER & BAKER, DOMESTIC, VICTOR, WILSON SHUTTLE, WHITNEY, HOWE, BLEES, WHEELER & WILSON, HOME SHUTTLE, and will

FURNISH TO ORDER any Sewing Machine in the market, at list prices, with all the

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.

NEW JEWELRY STORE In Tionesta.

M. SMITH, WATCHMAKER & JEWELER, At SUPERIOR STORE.

ALL WORK WARRANTED. A Large and Superior Stock of

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

MR. SMITH has fine machinery for making all parts of a watch or clock that may be missing or broken.

NOTICE. DR. J. N. BOLARD, of Tidioute, has returned to his practice after an absence of four months.

Office in Eureka Drug Store, 2d door above the bank, Tidioute, Pa.

CONRAD'S LOVES.

A great, strapping, muscular fellow was Conrad Midburger and he was admitted to be the best dancer and swordsman in the village.

The village itself had a look of having been finished long ago; but a "reader of men" might have looked at Conrad, if he saw him there and said:

"But that fellow's only half done yet. He doesn't half understand himself. Pity there's nothing in this sleepy valley to wake him up."

If, however, the process of waking up was to imply any sort of shaking, there had been little enough of that in the life which Conrad had thus far led.

The greatest events of the outside world had been only as ripples on the ocean, sending hardly a stir of their uproar into the little land-locked cove of the old doll village.

Gottlieb Midburger, Conrad's father, with his old cronies and partner, Franz Hoferdahl, had made and mended watches in the same dingy and time-worn shop where their fathers had filed and hammered before them;

and one life was as like another and about as unvarying as the ticking of the fatigued time-pieces behind the cobwebs in the shop-window.

Just now, however, as if the course of Nature were being disturbed, various ripples were beginning to come. Rumors there were, for instance, that the king, "God preserve him!" was preparing to fight a war with somebody and that all young heroes like Conrad Midburger would soon be needed for the army.

Stranger still and utterly unaccountable, considering his time of life, old Franz Hoferdahl had caught the emigration fever and made up his steadfast mind to join the great German tide that sets perpetually toward the shores of America.

Already he had sold whatever he had to sell, except his big pipe, his flute and his daughter Christine, for these he intended taking with him to the Western Eden.

"Perhaps," thought the villagers, "it's not so strange for old Franz as for some of us. He's been lonely since his wife died and then he was a great traveler in his younger days."

That was true enough, for Franz Hoferdahl had been to Berlin and America could not be so very much beyond.

The old man had sold his share in the shop to his friend Gottlieb and had made as good bargains as he could for his house and movables; but none of his anxious neighbors knew exactly how much of ready cash he took with him when he and his weeping Christine set out upon their long pilgrimage.

Christine wept, indeed, as if she meant to ruin her pretty blue eyes entirely; for the little old village had been very dear to her and her mother's grave was there. If there were other reasons for her sorrow, Christine kept them to herself; albeit she may have wondered why one person, at least, had not asked her a question or so concerning them.

As for Conrad Midburger, he had said good-by, with all the rest, to his father's old friend and to the tearful Christine; and he had rubbed his great black eyes, afterward, in a way that looked as if the whole thing was a good deal of a dream to him.

If it was, there was no help for it since Christine and her father were far enough away before he woke up.

Nevertheless, when Conrad missed, day after day, the accustomed form of old Franz in the shop, as well as the cheery voice of Christine Hoferdahl calling her father home to dinner, the expression of his face would change, at times, and one would almost have said he was beginning to think.

Not quite so much as that, perhaps—at least, not yet; but pretty soon Conrad's eyes took note of a growing difference in the ways and seeming of old Gottlieb Midburger himself.

Just what it was would have been heard to say; but, by degrees, the old man came to neglect his pipe and then his glass of beer and then his work, and finally, he took to his bed and died, and the neighbors said, almost with one accord, that "Franz Hoferdahl had broken his old friend's heart by going away."

"Broken his heart!" said Conrad to himself. "But he did not break mine! And I have a heart, too—I can feel it beat. And I loved old Franz and I loved my father very much, and I feel as if I could cry all day, if I were not so very big a man."

The strongest evidence that Conrad had a heart, however, was yet to come. As the days went by, after his father's death, the shop and everything in it and about it became utterly distasteful to him. Day after day he sat

down by the bench and tried to work, but the very ticking of the watches was insufferably oppressive, while again and again he started up and dropped his file or his hammer in renewed astonishment at the continued absence of these two old men.

"If only Christine would come," he said to himself, "and call old Franz home to dinner!"

But she did not come and the silence and loneliness grew more and more irksome; and so when, by-and-by, a good customer opportunely made his appearance, Conrad Midburger almost gladly closed with his offer to purchase the shop and the house.

He said, too, everything else that his father had left him, except the old man's pipe and sword, and the medal his father before him had won in the old wars with the French.

Neither did Conrad, any more than Franz Hoferdahl, tell any of his neighbors how great or how small was the golden store he found himself possessed of; but the Midburgers had been a careful, saving and close-mouthed race for generations.

And when the sales were all completed and the transfers duly made, and Conrad stood in the moonlight, one fine Spring evening, and gazed at the home that was no longer his, he said to himself:

"I think I could almost break my heart now, after all, for I did love that house and loved the shop; but I could not stay there with the empty places. There were too many voices there that did not speak. That was it. But what shall I do now?"

Conrad's question was answered for him by the great French emperor and by the king; for Napoleon had determined, in his old age, that he must fight the Germans, and so a great many quiet people had to march away from their homes to be shot at, without the wisest man in the village being able to give them a good reason.

It was a sad thing for many, but Conrad Midburger felt as if he was almost glad to go. He was sure he loved his "Vaterland" in every bone of his body, and, if the king called for him, he was ready. Still, as they marched away from the sleepy old village, Conrad said to himself:

"There are the old house and the shop, and the church steeple, and the trees, and the graves in the churchyard. I did not know my heart was so big, for I'm sure I love about everything I can see."

He could not see any thing very clearly just then, however, for his eyes were strangely dim. No doubt the sun was in them and the glint and glitter of the bayonets; but, if anyone had looked in the young man's face, he might have said:

"It is a very thoughtful face and there are lines of strength beginning to show in it."

And then there followed swift marching, comfortable camping, all kinds of severe and trying soldier-work, and a good deal of very hard fighting. Whatever the newspapers and reports might say about it, Conrad Midburger and his comrades learned that the Frenchmen were brave fellows and that the glory of beating them was never very cheaply won.

Being big and strong and brave, a good swordsman and every day growing more and more intelligent, Conrad himself won glory—that is three or four slight wounds, a medal, promotion from the ranks, the compliments of his commanding officer and the envy of his comrades.

Being a man of property, of respectable parentage, of fair education, Conrad might have looked forward to almost anything attainable in the German army by a man of less than noble blood, if the war had not been so very brief and if the crops to which he belonged had not been among the first to be ordered home. Before a great while he found himself almost his own master again, although still within the scope and control of army regulations, for no German of Conrad's age is ever beyond them and he said to himself: "Well, I loved the army, I almost loved fighting. I know I could love glory with all my heart. I know I am ten times as much a soldier as that little white-mustached ape of a baron that commanded my company. That is it. I think I could love a country where there were no barons. Let me see. I think my heart must have been growing a good deal during this war. There is more room in it than I knew of and yet it is always full. I think there are some things in it that I never saw there in the old times. I will go and take a look at the little village first, and the house and shop, and I will listen again to see if I can hear Christine call her father home to dinner. Then, if I don't hear her, what then? Well I think I will just ask my heart about it."

Now, all this time, old Franz Hoferdahl and his daughter had known very little of what had taken place in the

village they left behind them. They had found their pilgrimage long and weary enough, and they had reached a resting-place at last they had written home to their old neighbors, as all Germans do, but little information had come back to them. They knew that old Gottlieb Midburger was dead and that Conrad had given up the home and the shop, and that he had gone to the great war with the French and that was nearly all.

Franz Hoferdahl had not landed on the shores of the New World a pauper in anything but youth and strength, and he found friends readily enough to take the place of the old ones as far as might be, and, after he had got over his first daze and bewilderment, and become somewhat accustomed to the racking changes in all his habits and ways of life, he tried to settle down as a man of property and substance, and he was happy.

"I think I could do it. I would give a good deal just to see the old fellow lay down his pipe and look into a dirty watch."

Christine said very little, but her bright American home became dreary enough at times, when she shut her eyes and let her thoughts go back to the old sleepy German village. She read all the accounts of the great war, too, wondering if any of her old neighbors had been in this battle or that, and she listened very silently when her father said:

"If Conrad Midburger was in any of that fighting, I'll be bound he behaved himself well. There's good blood in the Midburgers and Conrad is a fine boy."

"He must be a man by this time," said Christine.

And then she thought what a very tall, fine-looking man he must be and how well he would appear in his uniform.

But when, after a while, there was news of peace and they heard that the army was going home to be disbanded, old Franz Hoferdahl grew strangely thoughtful and Christine tried all in vain to arouse him, or amuse him, until one Autumn morning, he said to her:

"All the other old soldiers are going home. I think it is pretty near time for me to go too."

"To Germany, father!" exclaimed Christine, with a sudden light in her eyes. "O father!"

"No, Christine," solemnly replied the old man; "Germany is not the only fatherland. I am a very old soldier and I think this is my last campaign."

Christine understood him then, but all in a dreamy and unreal sort of way, until, a few weeks later, she found herself sitting alone in the house, while the chilling wind that whistled by the windows was freighted with the first white harbingers of the Winter. It seemed a cold, forlorn and empty sort of a world to Christine and, when she tried to think of the village where she was born, that, too, seemed empty and deserted and she imagined the old shop shut up and the snow-flakes beating against the spider-webbed windows.

The door-bell rang, but Christine did not hear it, nor did she know the servant had admitted anybody, until she was conscious of a heavy step, almost beside her and a deep, clear voice, full of manly strength, but that trembled in a thrilling musical way, said to her:

"Christine! Christine!" She looked up then in the face—a scarred and war-bronzed face—of a tall, erect, noble-looking man, who wore a medal of honor on his breast and whose large, dark, penetrating eyes were absolutely radiant as they looked down into her own.

"Christine," he said again, "do you understand me? I have come."

"He had come!" she thought, for one brief, burning moment, and it seemed as if light and life, and happiness and strength, and the old German home itself, had come with him. She now had an odd, quick fancy that the door of the old shop opened and the sun began to shine, and she could see the two old men at their work, but she rose and threw her arms around his neck, and only said, between her sobs, "O Conrad, I'm so happy! so glad you have come!"

It was a sober day and a sober meeting, after all, but, some hours later, as they sat by the grate in the parlor, where the fire burned warm and cheerily, while the first merry snow-flakes of the opening winter flitted softly by the windows and they exchanged stories of all that had happened to them, Conrad said to her:

"Ah, Christine, I did not know myself when you went away. I did not know I had a heart, but I soon began to find it out. I found that it was a great, big heart, too, with wonderful things in it. One love after another seemed to wake up and speak to me,

to tell me it was there, until at last the biggest love of all came to life and it grew and grew till it crowded out all the others and filled up everything, and then I had to come across the ocean to find you. But who would have dreamed that you had kept anything for me, waiting all this time for me to come? I was terribly afraid about that."

"Oh, I don't know," said Christine. "I don't understand it at all. All the while it has seemed as if I were only waiting—waiting—and that, if I waited long enough, you would surely come."

"And here I am," said Conrad, "only I think there is a good deal more of me, somehow, than in those dear old sleepy days at home.—William O. Stoddard, in Appleton's Journal.

"SHE'S COMING IN."

A resident of New Haven has given up steamboat travel. Not long ago, having occasion to visit New York, he started for the steamer's landing, with a carpet sack in one hand and a cane in the other, in what he supposed to be ample time. But when he came within sight of the wharf he observed the boat apparently swinging away from her moorings, and amid the shouts and jeers of the bystanders he broke into a frantic run for the landing. The boat was eight or ten feet from the wharf when he reached the place where he had hoped to find a gang plank, but nothing daunted and trusting to the momentum acquired during the run, he leaped into the air and gained the vessel's deck. Not without accident however. The carpet-bag struck one passenger so violently in the stomach that he doubled up like a jack-knife, and absorbed a whole flask of brandy in getting straightened out, while the care struck another man in the face with sufficient force to induce him to get down on his knees to look for his hat. When he had recovered it, the man who had occasioned all this commotion said to him, in a tone of mingled apology and self-congratulation: "Well, I made it!" "Yes, you did," said the sore-headed passenger, "but, you old fool, this boat ain't going out, she's coming in!"

A member of the Saginaw county bar was recently in one of our thriving interior towns on professional business. In the office of the hotel he was accosted by a very agreeable gentleman, evidently of the genus drummer, who wanted to know "where he was from." "From Detroit," the next question was: "For what house are you traveling?" "My own." "You are! May I ask your name?" "You may." Pause—enjoyable to the lawyer, embarrassing to the other. "Well (desperately,) what is your name?" "Jones." "What line are you selling" (impatiently)? "Brains" (coolly). The drummer saw his opportunity, and looking at the other from head to foot, he said slowly: "Well, you appear to carry a d-d small line of samples." Blackstone says he owes that drummer one.

Spilkins returning home from the lodge about 2 a. m., called his spouse's attention to the fact that he had just discovered another comet, visible just over the eaves of his opposite neighbor's house. Mrs. S. vouchsafed a contemptuous glance in the direction indicated, and saw the glaring eyes and moon-illuminated tail of a prowling tom cat. "Ah, Roderick," she murmured, "has it come to this? To bed with you, at once, sir."

A young lady at Norristown put a piece of wedding cake under her pillow, and went to bed with the happy belief that she would dream of seeing her future husband. That evening, however, she had eaten two plates of ice cream, about a pint of strawberries, several sweet cakes, and two large pickles, and she now says she would rather remain single all her life than marry the man she saw in her dream.

A man tried to smuggle a wagon load of tobacco across the Belgian frontier recently, by driving at full speed, but the custom house soldier brought down the horse with his rifle. There were \$600 worth of tobacco in the wagon, and the horse was in armor and so armed with knives about the bridle that one could not have stopped him by hand without being out to pieces.

"Oh gracious, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Marrofat to Mrs. Quoggs, raising her hands and speaking in a very excited tone. "She was so ill when her bonnet came home that she couldn't get up; but, dear sakes, Jane, that didn't matter nothing, for she just put the hat on, and lay with her head out the front window the whole afternoon."

A gentleman, on presenting a lace collar to his adored one, said, carefully: "Do not let any one else rumple it." "No, dear," she replied, "I'll take it off."