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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. 36-1f.

W. F. Mercillotti,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, cor. Elm and
 Walnut Sts., Tionesta, Pa. I have
 associated myself with Hon. A. B. Rich-
 mond, of Meadville, Pa., in the practice of
 law in Forest County. 16-1y

V. NEWTON FRITTS, MILES W. TATE,
PETTIS & TATE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
 Elm Street, TIONESTA, PA.

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

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

PRACTICE in the several Courts of Ven-
 ango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining
 counties. 16-1y

R. 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. 49-1f

CENTRAL HOUSE,
BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK. 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 accommodations
 and strict attention given to guests.
 Vegetables and Fruits of all kinds served
 in their season. Sample room for Com-
 mercial Agents. 4-17-1y

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. 4-17-1y

TIONESTA HOUSE,
**G. T. LATIMER Lessee, Elm St. Tio-
 nesta, 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

C. B. Weber's Hotel,
TYLENSBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER,
 has possession of the new brick hotel
 and will be happy to entertain all his old
 customers, and any number of new ones.
 Good accommodations for guests, and ex-
 cellent stabling. 19-3m.

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 Tidouite, near
 Tidouite House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND
 A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors,
 Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints,
 Oil, 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.

R. E. MAY, JES. 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. 15-1y.
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. 4-41-ly.

D. W. CLARK,
 CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

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.
 637 1/2 G. T. LATIMER, Lessee.

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. 1f.

RESTAURANT.

JACOB SMERBAUGH 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 ale, 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. 15-1y.

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

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



Pictures taken in all the latest styles
 the art. 25-1f

PAPA BALDWIN
 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,
 BLESER,
 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. 11-1f

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. 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.
 41f

NOTICE.

DR. J. N. BOLARD, of Tidouite, 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.
 Office in Rureka Drug Store, 34 door
 above the bank, Tidouite, Pa. 49f

CONRAD'S LOVES.

A great, strapping, muscular fellow
 was Conrad Midburger and he was ad-
 mitted to be the best dancer and
 swordsman in the village. His com-
 plexion was darker than that of most
 of his neighbors, for there was a tra-
 dition of Magyar blood in the family
 and his face was by no means lacking
 in intelligence, of a merry and peace-
 ful sort.

The village itself had a look of hav-
 ing 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 him-
 self. 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 storms on the
 ocean, sending hardly a ripple of their
 uproar into the little land-locked cove
 of the old doll village.

Gottlieb Midburger, Conrad's father,
 with his old crony 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 fatfaced 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 pre-
 paring 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 unaccount-
 able, considering his time of life, old
 Franz Hoferdahl had caught the emi-
 gration fever and made up his stead-
 fast 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 en-
 tirely; 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 con-
 cerning 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 distaste-
 ful 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 re-
 newed 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 Midbur-
 ger 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 Ho-
 ferdahl, 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 care-
 ful, saving and close-mouthed race for
 generations.

And when the sales were all com-
 pleted 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 de-
 termined, 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, with-
 out 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 al-
 most 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, Con-
 rad said to himself:

"There are the old house and the
 shop, and the church steeple, and the
 trees, and the graves in the church-
 yard. I did not know my heart was
 so big, for I'm sure I love about every-
 thing 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 any one
 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 march-
 ing, comfortable camping, all kinds of
 severe and trying soldier-work, and a
 good deal of very hard fighting. What-
 ever the newspapers and reports might
 say about it, Conrad Midburger and
 his comrades learned that the Fran-
 chmen 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 grow-
 ing more and more intelligent, Con-
 rad himself won glory—that is three
 or four slight wounds, a medal, prom-
 otion from the ranks, the compli-
 ments of his commanding officer and
 the envy of his comrades.

Being a man of property, of respect-
 able parentage, of fair education,
 Conrad might have looked forward to
 almost anything attainable in the Ger-
 man army by a man of less than no-
 ble 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 sol-
 dier as that little white-mustached ape
 of a baron that commanded my com-
 pany. 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 Ho-
 ferdahl 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 sub-
 stance, and he was happy.

"If only old Gottlieb Midburger
 were with me," he said to Christine,
 "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 neigh-
 bors 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 be-
 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 uni-
 form.

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, un-
 til one Autumn morning, he said to
 her:

"All the other old soldiers are go-
 ing 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 sol-
 dier and I think this is my last cam-
 paign."

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 happi-
 ness and strength, and the old Ger-
 man 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 meet-
 ing, after all, but, some hours later, as
 they sat by the grate in the parlor,
 where the fire burned warm and cheer-
 ily, while the first merry snow-flakes
 of the opening winter flitted softly by
 the windows and they exchanged sto-
 ries of all that had happened to them,
 Conrad said to her:

"Ah, Christine, I did not know my-
 self 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 any-
 thing 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 land-
 ing. 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 vio-
 letly in the stomach that he doubled
 up like a jack-knife, and absorbed a
 whole flask of brandy in getting
 straightened out, while the crew 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 occa-
 sioned 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 thriv-
 ing interior towns on professional busi-
 ness. In the office of the hotel he
 was accosted by a very agreeable gen-
 tleman, evidently of the genus drum-
 mer, 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