

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE
No. 369,
I. O. O. F.
MEET every Friday evening, at 8
o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied
by the Good Templars.
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.

W. P. 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. 10-1y

P. NEWTON PATTIS. MILES W. TATE.

PETTIS & TATE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
15th Street, TIONESTA, PA.

F. W. Mays,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY
Public, Reynolds Hukill & Co.'s
Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 29-1y

F. KINNEAR. F. R. SMILEY.

KINNEAR & SMILEY,
Attorneys at Law, - - - Franklin, Pa.
PRACTICE in the several Courts of Ven-
ango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining
counties. 30-1y

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. 49-1y

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.
40-1y

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 Agent.

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. 27-1y

Empire Hotel.
TIDIOUTE, PA. H. EWALD, Proprietor.
This house is centrally located,
has been thoroughly refitted and now
boasts as good a table and beds as any
Hotel in the oil regions. Transient only \$2.00
per day. 22-60

C. B. Weber's Hotel,
TYLERSBURGH, 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 excel-
lent stabling. 19-3m.

Dr. J. L. Acornb,
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 Tidioute,
near Tidioute 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.

M. B. MAY. JNO. F. PARK. A. R. 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, &c.,
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.
4-1-1y. D. W. CLARK.

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

G. T. LATIMER, Lessee.

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 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. Par-
ticular 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.

Pictures taken in all the latest styles
at the art. 26-1y

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,
BLEEK,
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. 11-1y

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.
44

NOTICE.
DR. J. N. BOLLARD, of Tidioute, has
returned to his practice after an ab-
sence of four months, spent in the Hospi-
tals of New York, where he will attend
cases in his profession.
Office in Eureka Drug Store, 3d door
above the bank, Tidioute, Pa. 49-1y

The Forest Republican.

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (1 In. x 1 In.)	one insertion	\$1.00
One Square	" one month	3.00
One Square	" three months	6.00
One Square	" one year	10.00
Two Squares, one year		15.00
Quarter Col.	"	20.00
Half	"	30.00
One	"	40.00

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.

A WASHINGTON ROMANCE.

The wedding was that of Mr. Con-
ger, member of Congress from Michi-
gan, with Mrs. Sibley, widow of Major
Sibley, United States Army. She was
Miss Humphries, daughter of Judge
Humphries of the Supreme Court of the
State of Ohio, and twenty-seven
years ago was affianced to Mr. Conger,
then a handsome, blooming youth.
They quarrelled and parted. In six
months the quarrel was forgotten, and
they were again engaged. She was
pretty, a belle, and a flirt. Her flirt-
ing propensities did not please Mr.
Conger, and he was reconciled with her.
Being a high-spirited girl, she again
broke the engagement, telling him she
would never marry him.

He left the State. She married and
he married. Major Sibley lived twelve
years. There were no children, and
at his death she went abroad. Mrs.
Conger lived a few years, and left
three children. In October, weary of
European life, Mrs. Sibley determined
to return to her home in Cincinnati.
Arriving in New York, it occurred to
her to come to Washington for a few
weeks. Oh, woman how mysterious
are thy ways! One day, time hanging
wearily on her hands, she wandered (?)
to Congress; of course, never dream-
ing that in this august body sat her
affinity! An hour passed; she debates
were prosy and tedious. So, gathering
her wraps about her, she prepared to
leave the gallery, when there was a
tap on her shoulder. Turning, who
did she behold but the lover of her
youth!

After commonplace greetings in an
agitated voice, she made the inquiry,
"I suppose your family is with you?"
"Did you not know that my wife was
dead?" With tragic start she averred
she did not. They chatted some time,
and on leaving she said, "I am at the
Arlington, you come and see me?"
Hesitation on his part, blushes on hers,
and then in a low voice replied Con-
ger, "I will come if you take back
what you said to me twenty-five years
ago." "I will," she answered, and she
wilted.

The engagement was very brief, and
the happy twain were united last Sat-
urday morning at 11 o'clock. The
bride wore a pearl-colored satin bro-
cade, with diamond ornaments, and
looked very well, albeit she could not
look sentimental, for she is not very
young, and weighs about one hundred
and ninety-five pounds.—Cincinnati
Commercial.

A one-legged soldier, a Mormon,
recently asked Brigham Young to
supply, by a miracle, the missing
limb, but the apostle, not to be caught
made this reply: "I can in an instant
produce a new leg in place of the old
one, but then you see if I do it will
cause great inconvenience to you in
heaven; after your exaltation to glory
the original leg will come back to the
spiritualized body, mine also being of
divine origin becomes immortal, and,
in this case, observe how very awk-
ward a three-legged angel from Utah
would appear among the inhabitants
of the eternal world."

A young butcher, who was courting
a girl with matrimonial intentions,
asked her if she could make lard. She
replied that she could "try." His
proposal was not interlarded with un-
necessary words, and her answer "re-
nders" a wedding trousseau necessary.
The young butcher will "dress to kill,"
of course.

Probably nothing diminishes a woman's
chances for salvation so much as
to be kept in the house by a sick
child, while another woman is hang-
ing over the garden fence, waiting to
talk with her about the Beecher scandal.

Susie Liberty, of Ia Crosse, Wis.,
has thirteen lovers, and every one of
them exclaims: "Give me Liberty or
give me death!" And she's a red
headed girl at that.

The log cabin which Mr. Lincoln
made when sixteen years old, stands
in seven different counties in Illinois,
and they haven't got through counting
yet.

A wealthy young English widow
whose passion is for small feet offers to
marry the man who is over five feet
tall and can wear her shoe—No. 3.

A New York company will insure
poodle dogs, but won't take a cent's
risk on babies. They know which re-
ceives the most care.

A Yankee editor has recently got
up a remedy for hard times. It con-
sists of ten hours' labor, well worked
up.

Newspaper readers do not like to
read indifferent poetry by little girls
—unless the little girls are their own.

Better try to kindle your fire with
a powder can, well filled, than with
the contents of your kerosene can.

Deep waters make a still noise. So
do deep men.

OLD MAGGIE AND THE BURGLARS.

"You are not afraid, Maggie?"
"Me afraid!" said Maggie. "I'd no
fear born in me. As for the house,
its the strongest fastened ever I was in.
You say yourself there's no lock a
burglar can force, and I'm not one to
let traps or the like in of my free
will. God knows the place will be
safe enough when you come back—as
safe as though there were a regiment
of soldiers in it; and I'll have all
bright for your new wife, Mr. Archi-
bald."

She called her master Mr. Archi-
bald still, this old woman; but she
was the only one who still used his
christian name. He was an elderly
man, himself, and had few intimate
friends, hospitality not being one of
his virtues. He was rich and there
was much that was valuable in the
house, more ready money, too, than
most men kept about them; but then
it was as secure as a bank vault—pat-
ent locks and burglar alarms that first
sent a bullet into any that sought to
enter by stealth, and then rang a bell
to wake the household, were attached
to every door, and a furious watch dog
that lived on raw meat was in the
back garden. The Van Nott mansion
could have withstood a siege at a mo-
ment's notice.

Mr. Van Nott was a money dealer.
He had ways and means of accumulat-
ing property which were mysterious to
his neighbors, and they were suspi-
cious that the little back parlor, sac-
red to business, had even such lesser
dealings as the loan of money on gold
watches, cashmere shawls and dia-
monds of genteel distress. Two or
three mortgages that he had bought
up had been rather cruelly foreclosed;
and he was a hard landlord, and a bad
person to loan money to altogether.
On the whole, he was disliked in the
place, and rich as he was, would have
found it hard to get a wife to his
liking among his neighbors at Oakham.
However, having resolved to marry
again—there had been a Mrs. Van
Nott years before—he had sought out
a wealthy widow of saving disposition,
who lived on a small farm some miles
out of town, and having already dis-
inherited her daughter for espousing
an estimable man of small means, and
turned her only son out of doors for
equally prudent reasons, was not likely
to bring any troublesome generosity
into his household, and had offered
himself to her, and had been ac-
cepted. And now, though both their
economical souls revolted against it,
custom decreed a wedding of some
sort, and a honeymoon trip somewhere,
and they decided to do it as cheaply
as possible. For this brief time Mr.
Van Nott must leave his business and
it was upon the eve of his departure
that he had held the above conversa-
tion with his old servant, standing
with his portmanteau in his hand re-
garding her gravely.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I presume it is
all safe enough. And I'll speak to
the night watchman, and give him a
dollar to look at this house. Well,
good-bye, Maggie, make things as neat
as possible, for if they look dirty my
wife may think the furniture old, and
want something new for the parlor."
And Mr. Van Nott departed.

"Yes," said old Maggie, "no
doubt she'll have fine, extravagant
ways. Poor master! What a pity he
should marry, after all—but old fools
are the worst fools. A young thing of
eight and forty, when he has a sensi-
ble servant, sixty, last January, that
knows what belongs to good house-
keeping. If he wanted to marry why
didn't he ask me? I'd not have gone
gallivanting and spending. Ah, well,
he'll suffer, not I." And Maggie
trotted away once more to begin her
dusting and sweeping.

She had said truly that there was
no fear born with her, but as the night
drew on she began to feel somewhat
lonely. Her master's presence was
strangely missed out of the great
house, and there was something ghostly
in the look of his empty chair when
she peeped into his little back office.
"If I was superstitious," she said to
herself, "I should think something
dreadful was going to happen. I feel
chilly up and down my back, and I
keep thinking of funerals. I'll make
myself a cup of tea, and see I can't
get over it."

And accordingly old Maggie shut
herself into the snug kitchen, and
lighting two candles, drew a pot of
the strongest young hyson, and putting
her feet close to the cooking stove, she
began to feel much more comfortable.
The clock ticked away on the man-
tle, the hands pointing to half-past
eight.

"I'm going to bed at nine," said
Maggie. I've worked well to-day.
Much thanks I'll get for it, I doubt.
Hark! What's that?"
It was a sound outside the door—a
slow, solemn grating of wheels. Then
feet trod the pavement, and the bell
rang faintly.

"A carriage!" cried Maggie. "Has
he changed his mind and brought her
home at once? But that can't be—he's
not married yet." And then taking
one of the candles she trotted to the
door, but not before the bell had rang
again.
"Who's that?" she cried, holding
the door slightly ajar.
"A stranger," said a voice, "one
who has something particular to say
to you."
"You'll have to wait for to-morrow,"
said Maggie. "You can't come in to-
night."
"My good woman," said the stran-
ger, "you are Margaret Black?"
"That's my name."
"Mr. Van Nott's housekeeper two
and twenty years?"
"Yes."
"My good woman if you are attach-
ed to your master I have very bad
news for you."
"Gracious Lord!" cried Maggie,
but she did not open the door much
wider—only enough to thrust her head
out. "Don't scare me, mister. What
is it?"
"The worst you can think of," said
the man. "Mr. Van Nott traveled on
the — railroad. There's been an
accident."
"Preserve us?" cried Maggie, letting
the door fall back, "and him on his
way to the wedding. He's hurt badly,
then?"
"He's dead," said the man. "Dead,
and we've brought him home."
Maggie sat down on a chair and be-
gan to cry.

"We've done what we could," said
the man. "The lady he was to marry,
and his friends, will be down to-mor-
row. Meanwhile my instructions are
that you shall watch with him, and al-
low no stragglers to enter the house.
There are valuable things here, I'm
told; and Mr. Van Nott's lawyer must
take possession of them and seal them
up before strangers have access to the
rooms."
"Oh, dear, dear," cried old Maggie.
"That it should come to this. Yes;
I'll watch alone, I'm not afraid, but—
oh, dear!"

Then she shrunk back, and let two
men carry a horrible coffin into the
front parlor.
They came out with their hats off,
and the other man, held his also in
his hand.
"I regret to leave you all alone in
the house," he said.
"I don't mind that," said old Mag-
gie, "but it's terrible, terrible."
"If you'd like me to stay," said the
man.
"No," said Maggie. "I've no fear of
living or dead folks. You can go."
Then she locked the door and went
into the parlor, and putting the can-
dle on the mantle, looked at the coffin
through her tears.

"You're fixed quite handy," she
said coolly. "No need of laying you
out if I fire, and I can aim first-rate,
especially when I'm afraid of ghosts
as I be now."
The head bobbed down again. Mag-
gie re-centered herself. She knew this
could not last long—that there must
be a conflict before long. It was as
she supposed. A moment more and
the coffin was empty, and a ferocious
young fellow sat on its edge and thus
addressed her:
"We meant to do it all quiet," he
said, "and I don't want to frighten old
women. Just put them down."
"I'm not frightened," said Maggie.
"I'm coming to take them things
away from you," said the man.
"Come," said Maggie.

He advanced one step. She took
aim and he dodged, but a bullet went
through his left arm, and it dropped
by his side.
Furious with pain, he dashed toward
her. She fired again and this time
wounded him in the right shoulder.
Faint and quite helpless, he staggered
against the wall.
"There you've done it, old woman,"
he said. "Open the door and let me
out. My game is up."
"Mine isn't," said old Maggie. "Get
into your coffin again, or this time I'll
shoot you through the heart."
The burglar looked piteously at her,
but he saw no mercy in her face. He
went back to the coffin and lay down
in it. Blood dripped from his wounds,
and he was growing pale. Maggie did
not want to see him die before her
eyes, but she dared not call aid. To
leave the house before daylight would
be to meet the man's companions, and
risk her own life. There was nothing
for it but to play the surgeon her-
self, and in a little while she had stop-
ped the blood and saved the burglar's
life. More than this—she brought a
cup of tea, and fed him with it as if
he had been a baby. Nothing, how-
ever, could induce her to let him out
of his coffin.

About one or two o'clock, she heard
steps outside, and knew that the other
burglars were near, but her stout heart
never quailed. She trusted in the bars
and bolts and they did not betray her.
The daylight found her sitting quietly
beside her wounded burglar, and
the milk man, bright and early, was
the ambassador who summoned the
officers of justice.

When the bridal party returned
next day the house was neat and tidy,
and she led the news in laconic fashion.
"Frightened!" she said, in answer
to the sympathetic ejaculations of her
new mistress. "Frightened! Oh, no.
Fear wasn't born in me."

There is an old goat owned in
Detroit which has received a great
deal of training from the boys. Last
Fourth of July they discovered that if
they stuck a fire-cracker in the end of
a cane and held it at William, he
would lower his head and go for them;
and they had practiced the trick so
much that the goat will tackle any
human being who points a stick at
him. A few days ago he was loafing
near the corner of Third and Lewis
streets, when a corpulent citizen came
up and stopped to talk with a friend.
They happened to speak of sidewalks,
when the corpulent citizen pointed his
cane just to the left of the goat, and
said,—

"That's the worst piece of sidewalk
in this town."
The goat had been eyeing the cane,
and the moment it came up he lower-
ed his head, made six or eight jumps,
and his head struck the corpulent citi-
zen just on "the belt." The man went
over into a mass of old tin, dilapidated
butter-kegs and abandoned hoopskirts,
and the goat turned a somersault the
other way, while slim citizen threw
stones at a boy seated on a doorstep,
who was laughing tears as big as
chestnuts, and crying out,—
"Oh, it's 'nuff to kill a feller!"

When the Rev. Mr. Hallock was
settled in Painfield it was his custom
to collect his own salary, for which
every voter in the town was assessed.
Calling upon Mr. D., the blacksmith,
one day, he said: "I have a small bill
against you?" "And for what?" said
Mr. D. "For preaching." "I have
heard none of your preaching." "The
fault is your own," said Mr. H., "the
doors have been open, and you might
have come in." Not long after, as
Mr. H. was one day passing the black-
smith shop, Mr. D., hailing him said:
"I have a small bill against you."
"And for what?" said Mr. H. "For
shoeing your horse?" "I have had no
horse shod here," said Rev. H. "The
fault is your own," replied Mr. D., "the
doors have been open, and you might
have come in." Mr. H. paid the bill.

When a fellow talks too long, and
there are signs of a coming funeral,
it is the correct thing to hand him a
card, upon which is inscribed, "Hire
a hall."

Again the head lifted. This time
Maggie sprang to her feet.