

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. O. F. MEETS 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 Law Office House. Office days Wednesday and Saturdays.

W. P. Mercillotti, ATTORNEY AT LAW, cor. Elm and Walnut Sts., Tionesta, Pa. I have associated myself with Hon. A. B. Richmond, of Mendota, Pa., in the practice of law in Forest County.

MILES W. TATE, P. NEWTON PETTIS. PETTIS & TATE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, 414 1/2 Street, TIONESTA, PA.

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

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

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

R. HARRIS, D. D. FASSETT, HARRIS & FASSETT, Attorneys at Law, Titusville Penn'a.

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

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.

LAWRENCE HOUSE, TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR. This house is centrally located. Everything new and well furnished.

FOREST HOUSE, D. BLACK PROPRIETOR. Opposite Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened. Everything new and clean and fresh.

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.

Empire Hotel, TIDOUPE, 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.

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.

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 Tidoupe, near Tidoupe 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.

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 intelligently as agent of those living at a distance, owning lands in the County.

Office in Commissioners Room, Court House, Tionesta, Pa. 4-11-ly. 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.

To lovers of the game a cordial invitation is extended to come and play in the new rooms. 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.

WM. F. BLUM, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON-MAKER. Corner of Church and Elm Streets, TIONESTA, PA.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY. ELM STREET, SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S STORE. Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.

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, BLES, 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. TIDOUPE, PA., June, 1874. 11-4t 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 warrants all his work. The patronage of the citizens of Forest County is most respectfully solicited. All he asks is a fair trial.

NOTICE. DR. J. N. BOLARD, of Tidoupe, has returned to his practice after an absence of four months, spent in the Hospitals of New York, where he will attend to his profession. Office in Eureka Drug Store, 3d floor above the bank, Tidoupe, Pa. 49t

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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.

A WASHINGTON ROMANCE.

The wedding was that of Mr. Conger, member of Congress from Michigan, 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 flirting propensities did not please Mr. Conger, and he remonstrated 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 dreaming 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 Conger, "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 Saturday morning at 11 o'clock. The bride wore a pearl-colored satin brocade, 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 awkward 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 unnecessary words, and her answer "renders" 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 hanging over the garden fence, waiting to talk with her about the Beecher scandal.

Susie Liberty, of La 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 receives the most care.

A Yankee editor has recently got up a remedy for hard times. It consists 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 stoniest 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. Archibald."

She called her master Mr. Archibald 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—patent 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 moment's notice.

Mr. Van Nott was a money dealer. He had ways and means of accumulating property which were mysterious to his neighbors, and they were suspicious that the little back parlor, sacred to business, had even such lesser dealings as the loan of money on gold watches, cashmere shawls and diamonds 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 disinherited 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 accepted. 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 conversation with his old servant, standing with his portmanteau in his hand regarding 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, 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 sensible 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 galling 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 mantle, 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 stranger, "you are Margaret Black?"

"That's my name."

"Mr. Van Nott's housekeeper two and twenty years?"

"Yes."

"My good woman if you are attached 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 began to cry.

"We've done what we could," said the man. "The lady he was to marry, and his friends, will be down to-morrow. Meanwhile my instructions are that you shall watch with him, and allow no strangers 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 Maggie, "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 candle on the mantle, looked at the coffin through her tears.

"He was good to me," she said; "poor Mr. Archibald! And this comes of wanting to get married at this time of life, and galling on railroads. I wonder whether he is changed much. I'll take a look," and Maggie crossed the room and lifted the lid over the face of the enclosed body.

"I'll take a look," she said to herself again. "I'm not afraid of dead folks."

In a minute more Maggie dropped the lid again, and retreated, shaking from head to foot. She had seen, within the coffin a face with its eyes shut, and with bandages about the head, and the ghastly features of a clown in a circus, minus the red mouth.

But it was a living face, well chalked and not her master's; and Maggie knew at once that she had been well humbugged—that this story of her master's death was a lie, and that a burglar lay within the coffin ready to spring upon her, or perhaps kill her at any moment.

She could, of course, open the door and try to escape; but the accomplices of the man were doubtless outside. It was a long way to the nearest house, and, even if they did not kill her, they would execute their purpose and rob the place before she returned.

"Master looks natural," said Maggie aloud, and tried to collect her thoughts.

Mr. Van Nott's revolvers were in the next room, she knew, loaded, six shots in each. Maggie could use his pistols. She had aimed at troublesome cats with great success more than once. If she could secure these pistols she felt safe.

"Poor, dear master," she sobbed, and edged toward the back room.

"Poor, dear master," she lifted the desk lid. She had them safe.

She glided back to the front parlor and sat down on a chair. She turned up her sleeves and grasped a pistol in each hand, and she watched the coffin quietly. In half an hour the lid stirred. A cautious hand crept up the side. A wiry eye peeped out. It fell on the armed figure, and closed again.

"You'd better," said Maggie to herself. Again the head lifted. This time Maggie sprang to her feet.

"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. Maggie re-entred 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 herself, and in a little while she had stopped 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, however, 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, she had 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 lowered his head, made six or eight jumps, and his head struck the corpulent citizen just on "the belt." The man went over into a mass of old tin, dilapidated butter-kegs and abandoned hoop-skirts, 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 blacksmith 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."