

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY W. R. DUNN. OFFICE IN ROBINSON & BONNER'S BUILDING, 12M STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

The Forest Republican.

VOL. VII. NO. 24.

TIONESTA, PA., SEPTEMBER 16 1874.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description (e.g., One Square 1 inch, one insertion) and Price (\$1.50, 3.00, etc.).

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly.

COOLEY'S CONUNDRUM.

Cooley's memory is exceedingly treacherous, and it often gets him into trouble. The other night he was at a tea party at Smith's and while the party sat around the supper-table, Cooley suddenly concluded he could eject a conundrum he had heard somewhere, and so in an interval of silence, he said:

"I've got a pretty good conundrum I'd like to have you guess. Can anybody tell me why a druggist who keeps his bottles down stairs is like a certain kind of musician?"

Everybody at once began to guess the answer, and Cooley sat there for a moment, smiling. Presently, however, he thought he would get the answer ready in order to give it, and to his intense alarm found he had forgotten it.

He began to feel warm. He thought the subject over with all his might, and he nearly had the answer several times, but it always eluded him. Then he became warmer, and the perspiration began to stand out upon his forehead.

The company gave it up one after the other, and as they did so each one asked Cooley what the answer was.

Cooley smiled a phasty kind of a smile, as if he was keeping it back to torment them; but the singular behavior attracted the attention of everybody, and the more they looked at him the redder he got and the more profuse became the perspiration.

"Come, Mr. Cooley," said the host, "we are all waiting for the answer."

"Out with it, Cooley," said another. "Cooley, we can't be happy until we have the answer to that conundrum," remarked a third.

Cooley would have given millions at that moment to have been hidden in the bowels of the Mammoth Cave, out of sight. At last he exclaimed:

"The-ah-the-ah fact is, that ah-the affair that is the conundrum-the whole thing, your honor, is a joke. There is no answer to it, your honor."

Then everybody said they didn't see anything very amusing about jokes of such a character, and Smith frowned, while Cooley heard the man next him say to his neighbor that the man (Cooley) must be drunk.

Then Cooley rose suddenly from the table, and bolted out through the front door.

About two hours afterward, while he was in bed, he all at once remembered the answer, and he instantly arose and went to Smith's. After ringing the door-bell for half an hour, old Smith put his head out of the window.

"I know it now!" shouted Cooley—"I know it! It's because he has a vial-in-cellar."

"Go to thunder!" ejaculated Smith, as he shut the window with a slam and went back to bed.

And now the Cooley's don't speak to the Smith's, and old Cooley carries the answers to his conundrums written on his shirt-cuffs when he goes into company, so as to be certain that he will have them when they are wanted.

"Don't ask the Lord to keep your garments unspotted." He isn't renovating old clothes.

"Don't linger where your 'love lies dreaming.' Wake her up and tell her to get breakfast.

"Don't turn up your nose at light things. Think of bread and taxation.

"Don't insult a poor man. His muscles may be well developed.

"Don't put on airs in your new clothes. Remember that your tailor is suffering.

"Don't stand still and point the way to heaven. Spiritual guide boards save but few sinners.

"Don't ask your pastor to preach without notes. How else can he pay his provision bills?

"Don't fret. The world will move on as usual after you are gone.

"Don't write long obituaries. Save some of your kind words for the living.

"Don't depend wholly on Spaulding's prepared glue. It will not mend a broken promise.

Confirmed old toper soliloquizes: "They say whisky is a curse. And they say brandy is a curse. And they say tobacco is another curse. Well, I wish all curses would come home to roost, and roost low, at that, so as I could pull 'em down whenever I wanted 'em."

A Milwaukee writer is severe:—Notes of the storm still come in. A visitor from Louisville was struck by the wind, and as he flew up Wisconsin street with his ears unfurled, a gentleman remarked, "I know that the wind would fetch the circus tent."

"I've got 'em," shouted a Mississippi boatman, recently, when first the comet broke upon his sight. "Snakes I've had before, and the stars have got tails on 'em. I'm a dead man!"

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.

Dr. J. E. Blaine, OFFICE and residence opposite the Lawrence House. Office days Wednesdays and Saturdays.

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

NEWTON PETTIS, MILES W. TATE, PETTIS & TATE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Main Street, TIONESTA, PA.

F. W. Hays, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds Hill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

F. KINNEAR, E. BEMBLEY, 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. J. 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, etc., 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. D. W. CLARK, 4-11-1y.

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, 6-17-1y.

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.

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. Particular attention given to

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

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

Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.

Pictures taken in all the latest styles the art.

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, 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.

TIDOUPE, 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 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 calls in his profession.

Office in Eureka Drug Store, 3d door above the bank, Tidoupe, Pa. 4-17-1y

REBECCA, THE DRUMMER.

A STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning when the ship first appeared. At once there was the greatest excitement in the village. It was a British war ship. What would she do? Would she tack about the bay to pick up stray coasters as prizes, or would she land soldiers to burn the town? In either event there would be trouble enough.

Those were sad days, those old war times in 1812. The sight of a British war ship in Boston Bay was not pleasant. We were poor then, and had no monitors to go out and sink the enemy or drive him off. Our navy was small and, though we afterward had the victory and sent the troublesome ships away, never to return, at that time they often came near enough, and the good people in the village of Scituate Harbor were in great distress over the strange ship that had appeared in the mouth of the harbor.

It was a fishing place in those days, and the harbor was full of smacks and boats of all kinds. The soldiers could easily enter the harbor and burn up everything and no one could prevent them. There were men enough to make a good fight, but they were poorly armed and had nothing but fowling-pieces and shot-guns, while the soldiers had muskets and cannon.

The tide was down during the morning, so that there was no danger for a few hours; and all the people went out on the cliffs and beaches to watch the ship and see what would happen next.

On the end of a low sandy spit that makes one side of the harbor stood the little, white tower known as Scituate Light. In the house, behind the light, lived the keeper's family consisting of himself, wife and several boys and girls. At the time the ship appeared the keeper was away, and there was no one at home, save Mrs. Bates, the eldest daughter, Rebecca, about fourteen years old, two of the little boys, and a young girl named Sarah Winsor, who was visiting Rebecca.

Rebecca had been the first to discover the ship, while she was up in the light-house tower polishing the reflector. She at once descended the steep stairs and sent off the little boys to the village to give the alarm.

For an hour or two the ship tacked and stood off to sea, and then tacked again and made for the shore. Men, women and children watched her with anxious interest. Then the tide turned and began to flow into the harbor. The boats, aground on the flats, floated, and those in deep water swung around at their moorings. Now the soldiers would probably land. If the people meant to save anything it was time to be stirring. Boats were hastily put out from the wharf, and such clothing, nets and other valuables as could be handled were brought ashore, loaded into hay carts and carried away.

It was of no use to resist. The soldiers of course, were well armed, and if the people made a stand among the houses that would not prevent the enemy from destroying the shipping.

About two o'clock the tide reached the high water mark, and, to the dismay of the people, the ship let go her anchor, swung her yards round, and lay quiet about half a mile from the first cliff. They were going to land to burn the town. With their glasses the people could see the boats lowered to take the soldiers ashore.

Ah! then there was confusion and uproar. Every horse in the village was put into some kind of team, and the women and children hurried off to the woods behind the town. The men would stay and offer as brave a resistance as possible. Their guns were light and poor, but they could use the old fish houses as a fort, and perhaps make a brave fight of it. If worse came to worse, they could at least retreat and take to the shelter of the woods.

It was a splendid sight. Five large boats, manned by sailors, and filled with soldiers in gay red coats. How their guns glittered in the sun! The oars all moved together in regular order, and the officers in their fine uniforms stood up to direct the expedition. It was a courageous company come with a war ship and cannon to fight helpless fishermen.

So Rebecca Bates and Sarah Winsor thought, as they sat up in the light-house tower looking down on the procession of boats as it went past the point and entered the harbor.

"Oh! if I were only a man!" cried Rebecca.

"What would you do? See what a lot of them; and look at their guns!"

"I don't care. I'd fight. I'd use father's old shot-gun—anything. Think of uncle's new boat and the sloop!"

"Yes; and all the boats."

"It's too bad; isn't it?"

"Yes, and to think we must sit here

and see it all and not lift a finger to help."

"Don't you think there will be a fight?"

"I don't know. Uncle and father are in the village, and they will do all they can."

"See how still it is in town. There's not a man to be seen."

"Oh, they are hiding till the soldiers get nearer. Then we will hear the shots and the drum."

"The drum! How can they? It's here. Father brought it home to mend it last night."

"Did he? Oh, then let's—"

"See the first boat has reached the sloop. Oh! oh! They are going to burn her."

"Isn't it mean?"

"It's too bad!—too—"

"Where's that drum?"

"It's in the kitchen."

"I've a great mind to go down and beat it."

"What good would that do?"

"Scare 'em."

"They'd see it was only two girls, and they would laugh and go on burning just the same."

"No. We could hide behind the sand hills and the bushes. Come let's—"

"Oh, look! look! The sloop's afire!"

"Come, I can't stay and see it any more. The cowardly Britishers, to burn the boats! Why don't they go up to the town and fight like—"

"Come, let's get the drum. It'll do no harm; and perhaps—"

"Well, let's. There's the fire, too, we might take that with us."

"Yes; and well—"

No time for further talk. Down the steep stairs of the tower rushed these two young patriots, bent on doing what they could for their country. They burst into the kitchen like a whirlwind, with rosy cheeks and flying hair. Mrs. Bates sat sorrowfully gazing out of the window at the scene of destruction going on in the harbor and praying for her country, and that the dreadful war might soon be over. She could not help. Son and husband were shouldering their poor old guns in the town, and there was nothing to do but wait and pray.

Not so the two girls. They meant to do something, and in a fever of excitement they got the drum and took the fire from the bureau drawer. Mrs. Bates, intent on the scene outside, did not heed them; and they slipped out by the back door unnoticed.

They must be careful or the soldiers would see them. They went round back of the house to the north and toward the outside beach, and then turned and plowed through the deep sand just above high water-mark. They must keep out of sight of the boats, and of the ship also. Luckily, she was anchored to the south of the light; and as the beach curved to the west they soon left her out of sight. Then they took to the water side, and with the drum between them ran as fast as they could toward the main land. Presently they reached the low heaps of sand that showed where the spit joined the fields and woods.

Panting and excited, they tightened up the drum and tried the fire softly. "You take the fire and I'll drum."

"All right; but we mustn't stand still. We must march along the shore toward the light."

"Won't they see us?"

"No; we'll walk next the water on the outside beach."

"Oh, yes; and they'll think it's soldiers going down to the Point to head 'em off."

"Just so. Come, begin! One, two—"

Drum! Drum!! Drum!!!

"Forward—march!"

"Ha! Ha!"

The fire stopped.

"Don't laugh. You'll spoil everything, and I can't pucker my lips."

Drum! Drum!! Drum!!!

Squeak! Squeak!! Squeak!!!

The men in town heard it and were amazed beyond measure. Had the soldiers arrived from Boston? What did it mean? Who were coming?

Louder and louder on the breeze came the roll of a sturdy drum and the sound of a brave fire. The soldiers in the boats heard the noise and paused in their work of destruction. The officers ordered everybody into the boats in the greatest of haste. The people were rising! They were coming down the point with cannons to head them off! They would all be captured and perhaps hung by the dreadful Americans!

How the drum rolled! The fire changed its tune. It played "Yankee Doodle"—that horrid tune! Hark! the men were cheering in the town; there were thousands of them in the woods along the shore!

In grim silence marched the two girls—plodding over sharp stones, splashing through the puddles—Rebecca beating the old drum with might and main, Sarah blowing the fire with shrill determination.

How the Britishers scrambled into their boats! One of the brave officers was nearly left behind on the burning sloop. Another fell overboard and wet his good clothes, in his haste to escape from the American army marching down the beach a thousand strong! No fancy rowing now, but desperate haste to get out of the place and escape to the ship.

How the people yelled and cheered on the shore! Fifty men or more jumped into boats to prepare for the chase. Ringing shots began to crack over the water.

Louder and louder rolled the terrible drum. Sharp and clear rang out the cruel fire.

Nearly exhausted, half dead with fatigue, the girls toiled on—tearful, laughing, ready to drop on the wet sand, and still beating and blowing with fiery courage.

The boats swept swiftly out of the harbor on the outgoing tide. The fishermen came up with the burning boats. Part stopped to put out the fires and the rest pursued the flying enemy with such shots as they could get at them. In the midst of it all the sun went down.

The red-coats did not return a shot. They expected every moment to see a thousand men open on them at short range from the beach, and they reserved their powder.

Out of the harbor they went in confusion and dismay. The ship weighed anchor and ran out her big guns, but did not fire a shot. Darkness fell down on the scene as the boat reached the ship. Then she sent a round shot toward the light. It fell short, and threw a large fountain of white water into the air.

The girls saw it, and, dropping their drum and fire sat down on the beach and laughed till they cried. That night the ship sailed away. The great American army of two had arrived, and they thought it wise to retreat in time.

Rebecca is still living, old and feeble in body, but brave in spirit and strong in patriotism. She told this story herself to the writer, and it is true.

A WIFE'S SARCASTIC.

Hannah Jane Wood writes from Reynoldsville to the Watkins (N. Y.) Express in regard to a card which recently appeared in that paper, representing her as having left her husband's bed and board, and warning the people not to trust her on that bereaved gentleman's account. Hannah says:

"First, as to the bed, we had none except the one my father gave me, and upon which I have allowed him to lodge his poor drunken, worthless carcass already quite too long; and as to board, he has not furnished enough for the last two years to pay for his salt. He talk of board! why, the children have always assisted me in buying bread to keep his poor soul and drunken body together. He caution people not to trust me! It would have been more fitting that I should have posted him; but that would have been superfluous, as no one who knows him would have trusted him, or possibly we could have kept the family together longer than we did."

"One thing and only one—in his publication is true, and that is that I have left the miserable man. When, by the use of whisky, the once Milton Wood transformed himself into everything contemptible and vulgar, forgetting every pledge of earlier life—forgetting his obligations to me and his children—forgetting himself, and at last forgetting God, and still, not sated with havoc, he pursues me with the malevolence of a drunken fiend—leave him I did. Oh, liquor! How many homes hast thou made desolate? How many broken hearted wives and homeless children hast thou cast upon the cold charities of an unfeeling world? Oh, thou mighty transformer of intellectual man into everything devilish! But I am trespassing too much upon your space, and will close, wishing Mr. Wood all the health, happiness and comfort he can expect to flow from his drunken carcass."

It Milton Wood is not now extinguished he certainly has given to the world what was the matter of Hannah. For a scathing and eloquent exposition of the sufferings of a drunkard's wife, Hannah Jane's advertisement cannot well be paralleled.

Small, ragged, barefooted boy to gallus colored gent with a valise—"Say, boss, shall I carry your satchel for you?" Colored gent to small boy—"No, go way dare; I see gittin' a quarter for carryin' dis down myself."

"All's well that ends well," so says the late W. Shakespeare, but it don't end well when a bunch of five ends in your face with a 200 pound man behind them.

An Irishman was once asked if he had ever seen a red blackberry. "To be sure I have," said Pat; "all blackberries are red when they are green."