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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.



TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I.O. of O. F

MERTS every Friday evening, at 8
o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied
by the Good Templars
W. R. DUNN, N. G.
W. SAWYER, Sec. 27-tf. G. W. SAWYER, Sec y.

Dr. J. E. Blaine,

OFFICE and residence opposite the Lawrence House. Office days Wednesdays and Saturdays.

W. P. Mercilliott,

A TTORNEY AT LAW, cor. Elm and Walnut Sta., Tionesta, Pa. I have associated myself with Hon. A. B. Richmond, of Meadville, Pa., in the practice of law in Forest County.

S, NEWTON PETTIS.

MILES W. TATEL

PETTIS & TATE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA.

F. W. Hays, A TTORNEY AT LAW, and Notaby Public, Reynolds Hukill & Co.'s Block, Sences St., Oil City, Pa. 39-ly

KINNEAR & SMILEY,

Attorneys at Law, . . . Franklin, Pa. PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties. R. HARRIN,

HARRIS & FASSETT,

storneys at Law, Titusville Penn'a. DRACTICE in all the Courts of Warren, Crawford, Forest and Venango Coun

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A DJOINING the Tionesta House, at the mouth of Tionesta Croek. 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 6 37 tf G. T. LATIMER, Lessee.

The Forest Republican.

VOL. VII. NO. 25.

TIONESTA, PA., SEPTEMBER 23, 1874.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

RESTAURANT.

TACOB 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.

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NOTICE.

DR. J. N. BOLARD, 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 calls in his profession. calls in his profession.
Office in Eureka Drug Store, 3d door above the bank, Tidioute, Pa. 49tf

FINDING A HOME.

Philip Bartol was an odd genius, as we shall see before we have done with him. Well for him that he possessed fortitude and persistence. He asked no man's advice touching the manner

of life he should pursue.

At the age of two-and-twenty Philip Bartol came home from sea with his mind made up that he would go to sea no more, at least for the present. Not as most youths study did Philip

He did not cast about for the greatest sum of present comforts and joys.

What kind of old age would he like

and after long and serious study he concluded what he would like for the surroundings of his advancing years, and he also planned what he would do toward the desired end.

Despite the bronze upon his skin and the garb of toil that clothed him, Philip was a handsome man. He was tall and strong, full and perfect in every manly point, erect and firm, with a magnificent head upon his broad shoulders, and a face in which the dauntless light of honor and courage enhanced an otherwise classic beauty. "Where now, Philip?" asked a friend who had observed his prepara-

"Into the country, Tom, in search of

And on the next day Philip went away. It was on an evening in June that Philip Bartol arrived in the quiet village of Ashford, and here sought for work. He found it upon the farm of a worthy man who was glad enough to secure the services of so able and

deacon of the village church. His dwelling was in the village, his broad acres stretching away over the hills and vales beyond,

ed he sang. Saturday evening came, and the church choir met at the deacou's house for practice.

Would not Philip join them? Without pride Philip felt that his voice would be a help to them, and he

never been heard in Ashford before Heaven makes our native leaders, and we recognize and adopt them. Philip Bartol could not sing in that choir good graces of the honest people of

pure only. Such a voice is not only attractive, but is an index to the in-

Philip looked at the owner of the

had been an appreciative listener, inother singers, and thus Philip found sunny face was Clara Palmer, the daughter of the village physician. When they resumed their places for

choir, or in chorus, know how the share his humble home? weaker lean upon the strong—how He found her and as the timid depend upon the leading of question.

she first heard this strong, true voice for him and to love him always. lean upon it. She leaned upon its prompt and bold rythm, and upon its rich and exact harmony. She felt that she was singing better than she had ever sung before, and others may have thought the same.
"Oh," cried Nettie Blake, when a

pause came in the singing, "why can't we sing the 'Anthem of the Redeemed?" Mr. Bartol and Clara can sing the duet, I am sure."

The idea was caught up eagerly by others, and Philip consented to try it. The duet is one of the most beautiful compositions ever put into church mu-In the solitudes of his chamber, at an obscure tavern, he sat and pondered. The mental picture he drew was ment. The organist was a lady, and he asked her if she could play it. She said she could try. She tried and blundered. Philip sat down and played it for her. She caught the inspiration and succeeded upon the next

And then came the trial with Clara. She had tried it often, but never satis-And Philip Bartol went out and fied herself. Now, however, she had a bought him a knapsack, into which he guide sure and reliable. With her own surpassing voice and ear it was easy to keep time and tune with Philip

And thus Philip Bartol became ac-quainted with Clara Palmer, and the first great heart-throb of pure, deep joy he had ever felt he felt when he covered that the beautiful girl looked up to him tenderly and confidingly. There is a wonderous power in music for reaching down into the human heart and awakening the tenderer soulborne instincts.

On the last of August the religious society of Ashford held a picnic, and Philip invited Clara to go with him.

At this pienie a party was upset upon the lake, and two children would have been drowned had not Philip Bartol plunged into the deep water

and saved them. Philip came forth drenched and dripping from the lake, but he came forth, a hero, and the blessings which were showered upon him by the parents and friends of those whom he had saved more than compensated him.

"I must be a sorry sight," he said, as he stood dripping before Clara. "It was a noble baptism," she answered him. And she took his hand, and there

And then he was ten thousand times repaid. The cool days of autumn came, and

were tears with her smiles.

one evening Philip Bartol sought Dr. Palmer in his private study.

The doctor was a plain, practical man, upright and large he rted.

Philip stated his business fairly and straightforwardly.

He wished to know if he might offer himself to Clara. . "I have found her all I can ever hope to gain in a wife," he said, "and I love her truly and well. She is my and not lead it. Of course he sat first and only love. I am an orphan, among the choir on the Sabbath and sir, and of relatives near and dear I thus he leaped at a bound into the have none living. My name has nevor been dish humble toil may be dishonor. Of property I have managed to lay up enough to purchase a good farm; or at least, I could nearly pay for it. I have a good education which I may turn to account in the future. Touching my antecedents, sir, I have requested Deacon Larrabe to correspond

with parties in the city with whom he is acquainted, and for the result I refer you to him." The good doctor was really troubled. "This is not entirely unexpected," he said. "I saw the Deacon to-day, and he teld me what he had done at your desire. Upon that point I am satisfied. But, sir, I am very poor-poorer than you think. Fven my home is mortgaged, and I cannot say that the horse which I drive is mine. My labors here have been rather more of love than profit. Such labors feed the heart but do not aid to material

subsistance. over her shoulders, sweeping back from her frank, handsome brow, with not a particle of ornamentation save only premise you this: If you will the wave and the gloss which nature had given them.

At the first recess the deacon, who provide at least a comfortable home to troduced his new acquisition to the start with. It has been my darling aim to find a home for myself-a home that the girl with the sweet voice and where love and blessing should crown my life. With your sweet-minded child for my partner I believe that findin' me blanket."

home will be mine."

was all his own-he had known it for months. But would she consent to

He found her and asked her the The great joy of life was hers when

"Will you buy a farm in Ashford?" Clara asked one day as they were

planning for the future. "Do you think you would like the life on a farm, Clara?"

"Any life with you, darling. Oh, Philip, you don't know how I love you, and how sweet it will be to help you bear the burden of life."

Tears of joy rolled down Philip's cheeks as he held the dear one to his bosom.

"When we are married we will de cide upon our future home. I shall wish you to select it."

Clara's hands a large scaled envelope. "It is for you to give to your father,'

"Shall I give it to him now?" she asked. "If you look at the superscription you will see that the present is hardly

the proper time." She looked and read: "For Dr. Amos Palmer, as a slight

token of love and devotion from his daughter Clara Bartol." She blushed and trembled, but she was very happy.
"Is it poetry?" she asked, feeling

the crumbling paper within the en-"No, sweet love, is it prose." In time the company were assem-bled, and Philip and Clara knelt be-

fore the aged clergyman. When the ceremony was completed, and the happy pair had been duly saluted and congratulated, Clara remembered the envelope, and she carried it

and gave to her father. "Clara! what is that?" he cried. "Open the envelope," whispered Clara, "Philip says it is prose. I want to see. He says it is my gift. Oh, I hope it will please you."

The doctor tore open the envelope,

and the enclosed papers were revealed. First was the mortgage deed upon his estate, cancelled. Next were half a dozen promissory notes given to dif-ferent individuals at different times, with the name of "Amos Palmer" at the bottom; and the word "paid" had been written across their faces in red ink. Last was another envelope in which was found a check for \$5,000.

Just then Philip came up. Clara caught him by the arm and the old man stood pale and trembling, as the poor fisherman might have done when he first saw the genii emerging

the bottle. "My dear father," said Philip with a smile, at the same time winding his arm around Clara and drawing her close to his bosom, "when I told you that I was an orphan with no near relatives living, I did not tell you all my misfortunes-or fortune if you please so to call it-of having had landed upon my youthful shoulders an estate, which, when I returned from India, I found had grown to immense proportions. Do you wonder that I felt anxious? Do you wonder that I felt a strong desire that the woman who was to make and bless home should sepa rate me from my outer fortune? At all events I think I have done wisely and well. I think I have done the best thing I ever did. What think you,

darling?" "Philip!" "No tears now, my precious wife. We will have your blessing tather?"

The old physician struggled up from his state of bewilderment and caught Philip by the hand. Then he took the hand of his daughter, and he held the two together.

"Bless you, my children! Heaven bless and keep you forever! Philip, but I do not fear to say that you have gained a true and faithful heart. Such a daughter as she has been to me cannot make other than a royal and devoted wife. Ay, Philip Bartol had done wisely well. He had gained the chief joy of

knew that the true heart of his wife was not to fail him while life should endure. An Irishman found a government blanket recently, and rolling it up put it under his arm and walked off, say-"Yis, that's moine-U for Patrick, and S for M'Carty; be me sowl,

but this learnin' is foine thing, as my

his home for the coming time, and he

fayther would say; for if I hadn't an edication I wouldn't have been after Here is a discription of a mean church, which has a moral in it: "After the old pastor died the deacons went about for a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar minister, and you can get about as much minister for that price as you can get psalm tunes out of a file."

A Down East gentleman showed considerable alarm the other evening when he discovered his wife had loaned the family Bible. When he returned from the house where the Bible was, he brought with him \$1,000, which he

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Madame de Stael's daughter, the Baroness de Broglie, was an extraor-dinary beauty. Her charms made such an impression on Prince Talleyrand that in contemplating them he was often deficient in his attentions to her highly gifted mother. One day, being with a party of pleasure on the water, she determined to confound him, and put this question: "If our vessel was to be wrecked by a storm, which would you strive to save firstme or my daughter?" "Madam," instantly replied Talleyrand, "with the many talents and acquirements you possess, it would be an affront to you And the morning of the wedding at to suppose that you cannot swim: I length arrived. Before the invited should therefore deem it my duty to guests had assembled Philip placed in save the Baroness first."

A Frenchman went into a store at Quechee, Vt., the other day, and asked for a bottle of liniment, the name of which the clerk didn't clearly understand, but a bottle of oinment was handed to him, and he was asked if that was the kind he desired. "Oui, oui!" replied the Frenchman, "she be it, she be it!" The next day the doctor was called to attend the family where the ointment had been carried, when it was discovered that it had been freely used in seasoning pies, in the place of extract of lemon for which the the man had been sent to the store.

A noted pearl-diver of Atlantic City is making arrangements for a hazardous undertaking. He proposes to test the virtue of a newly-invented life-preserver by being carried from New York in a steamer to a distance of not less than two hundred miles from land, and there left to the mercy of the waves until he shall meet a passing vessel. He will carry with him rations for a week; also signal-lights and flags, all being stowed away in a rubber bag about two feet square. He is confident of success; but the undertaking looks, to common minds, like a hazardous one.

The Lewiston (Me) Gazette tells of a lady in that city who, finding no needles in the cushion where she us-ually kept them, concluded to investigate the interior of the aushion, which had been in use sixteen years. She thought a few, a very few, of the thou-sands of needles which had penetrated the bran might have gone through the covering, though no amount of pinching and squeezing revealed their presence there. She accordingly dissected the cushion, and found a mine of over four hundred needles, all in a good state of preservation.

While Mr. Lewis Barlow, of New-port, Mass., was fishing, lately, back of Fort Walcott, he noticed a huge swordfish coming in the direction of his boat, and before he could prepare for the emergency the fish ran his sword through the bow of the boat and made a hole about a foot long. The boat immediately filled with water, and Mr. Barlow's situation was anything but pleasant. Fortunately a man was passing who rescued him and towed his boat to the shore.

"Mother," said little Ned one morning after having fallen out of bed, "I think I know why I fell out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near where I got in." Musing a little while, as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added, "No, that wan't the reason; it was because I slept too near where I fell

"Your Honor," said a prisoner to a Paris judge, "my lawyer is not here, and I request a delay of the case for eight days." "But," said the judge, "you were caught in the act of theft. what can any lawyer say for you?"
"That is just what I should like to hear," said the prisoner, and the court laughed, but sentenced him to a year. An old hard-shelled Baptist preach-

er, over in Boyle county Kentucky, once said that he had been trying "nigh onto forty year to get rich and serve the Lord at the same time; but he had found such a course mighty hard steddin'." The remark of a little eight year old was in accordance with the wish of

many people. "Mother," said he, "I wish I was built like a hen coop, out

of laths and then the breeze could blow right through me." A rather peculiar man is Judge Keith, of Virginia, who, after issuing warrants for the recent arrest of Mosby and Payne for dueling, mounted his horse and rode out to see the en-

A person was boasting that he was from a high family. "Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen some of the family so high that their feet could not touch the ground."

a newspaper man reported to have lost \$4,000. He would like to have him in a museum.

The hardest thing to deal with-An old pack of cards.

Barnum has written to Chicago for

Bartol study.

to arrive at? That was the question in his mind,

placed a change of clothing, and then, in a stout, homely garb—such a garb casy to as toilers wear—he was ready to set Bartol. forth.

home." "A home?" "Yes, a home. That's what I am going to try to find."

honest an appearing laborer.

The farmer was a Mr. Larrabe, and

Philip worked well, and as he work-

joined them cheerfully.

A help indeed! Such a voice had

that country town. On that Saturday evening, in the deacon's parlor, Philip heard a sound that startled him. It was a female voice, as clear as a flute and as soft and sweet as the dulcimer of a mocking bird. In its lowest and highest strains there was not a harsh cadence. It was sweet and pure, and sweet and

ner being. voice and he was not disappointed. She was a girl just bursting into perfect womanhood, perhaps twenty years of age, healthful and glowing, her form exactly such as Philip would have chosen for his model of female perfection, and her dress simple and neat. Her face was a sunlit scene of loveliness-never so happy as when she was singing with her friends-and the rich, brown ringlets floated down

singing again, Philip took a place in the center. These people were notentiated in the center. These people were notentiated. The doctor could not find it in his heart to say may, and he told the youth that he might go and seek this new singer, and they sought at once to make proper use of it.

And thus Philip Bartol found him-

self by the side of Clara Palmer. Those of you who have sung in a

the sure and confident. As naturally

as water runs down hill and as soft she heard it; and she answered it up- he brought with him \$1,000, whice clouds float in the air, did Clara, when on his bosom heart to heart—to live had placed in it for safe keeping.