

# The Forest Republican.

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 Job work, Cash on Delivery.

### 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 Wednesdays 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 Meadville, Pa., in the practice of law in Forest County.

MILES W. TATE,  
**FRETTIS & TATE,**  
 ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
 21st Street, TIONESTA, PA.

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

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

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

D. D. FASSETT,  
**HARRIS & FASSETT,**  
 Attorneys at Law, Tionesta Penn'a.

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

**CENTRAL HOUSE,**  
 BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK. L. A. 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.

Lawrence House,  
**TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAWRENCE,** 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 Commercial Agents.

**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.

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. All who patronize him will be well entertained at reasonable rates.

Empire Hotel.  
**TIDOUTE, 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.

C. B. Weber's Hotel,  
**TYNENSBURG, 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 excellent stabling.

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 Tidoute, near Tidoute 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.

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.  
 D. W. CLARK.  
 4-41-ly.

**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.  
 637 H

### 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 wyes &c. Cold lunches at all times, and orders 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.

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

### Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.

They were at his instant interrupted by a pure and lovely voice singing a gay song, and, looking up, the two men saw the subject of their conversation busy gathering a bunch of wild flowers.

"Why, Jeanette, when one speaks of the angels their song is heard," exclaimed the old man.

"Were you speaking of me, Father Simon?" she inquired, artlessly.

"Who else could occupy my thoughts?"

"Come, tell me what you were saying," continued the girl, as she culled the last daisy in her path.

"Well, we were contending a point; namely, the question of who you will marry. One of us says it will be Pierre."

"Yes? And the other?"

"That your choice will fall upon Claude."

"Which of us is right, Jeanette?" inquired Andre.

"Who knows?" she replied, with a merry laugh, as, placing the flowers in her apron, she ran on before, singing the second verse of the song their coming had interrupted.

"Did you see how she smiled when you mentioned Pierre?" inquired Father Simon.

"Notwithstanding, I still adhere to the belief that she will marry Claude. Shall we bet?" said Andre.

"As you will. Suppose we say a good dinner?"

And so it was arranged, as they shook hands and turned towards the village.

Jeanette, the subject of their dispute, was an orphan; her mother had died in giving her birth, and her father had sacrificed his life in the effort to save some friends from the flames of a burning village.

"Should I die," he said to those surrounding him, "I bequeath you my child."

The poor fellow, by his bravery, succeeded not only in saving his friends, but in arresting the flames; he, however, fell a victim. The families saved from ruin accepted the legacy. The curate educated the little girl, and it was agreed that she should pass one month of each year with twelve of the families who were best able to extend hospitality. When she had reached her fifteenth year, it was determined that a dot or marriage portion should be given her. The poor could contribute only eggs, chickens, and other matters, while those on whom fortune had smiled gave liberally.

Jeanette talked and laughed with Claude and Pierre, but no one could discover that she evinced any preference.

It might have been a matter of some surprise that she had three decided aspirants, had the reason not been easily explained.

One night, two years before the story opened, Jeanette was suddenly seized with illness; the physician was many miles off and the night so fearfully stormy and dark that it was almost impossible to leave the house. Regardless of all risks, Jean started at once, but had gone but a short distance when his usual ill-luck befell him; his horse stumbled and threw him, thus dislocating his ankle. Pierre then set out, and Claude attended the sick girl.

Early in the morning Jeanette revived, and was pronounced out of danger. Poor Jean, notwithstanding his own intolerable suffering, had remained at the foot of her bed during the entire night. On learning that the danger was passed, he fainted. On the following day Jeanette vowed to marry

### HE HAS BUT ME.

ry one of the three who had evinced such friendship for her.

Some days after a ball was given to celebrate her recovery. She looked the very picture of happiness and beauty, and was, of course, attended by her three lovers.

Towards the close of the entertainment the trio, by appointment, met in a secluded spot, having decided to come to some determination regarding their hopes of becoming the husband of Jeanette.

"This must end," said Pierre, "for we all love the girl."

"True," responded Claude. Jean was silent and sad.

"Have you nothing to say?"

"Yes," replied Jean; "I have a proposition to make."

"What is it?"

"Jeanette, you know, can marry but one of us."

"No one will be fool enough to dispute that fact," said Claude.

"There are two too many in the field; let us fight, and whoever is victorious shall claim her as fairly his."

"I have something else to suggest," said Pierre. "Let us play for her, and the game decide her choice. Are you both willing?"

"The result will be the same to me, no matter what we do," replied Boileau; "as, no matter what course is taken, I must lose. I, however, prefer a fight, because I have the chance of being killed, which is preferable to life without the woman I love."

"Well, let us draw; fate shall decide," replied Claude.

A cent was thrown into the air, and the decision made that they should fight.

The following day the three rivals met in the cemetery, the place appointed for the combat. The proper preliminaries were observed, and the battle about to commence in good earnest, when Jeanette suddenly appeared.

Her cheeks were pale and stained with tears. "I know all," she said, "and there must be an end to this strife."

"And so there will be, if you will let us alone for about an hour," exclaimed Pierre, provoked at the interruption.

"Hold your tongue. When I choose to have the matter end it will do so, and not until then," responded Jeanette. "How could you give me so much trouble? So you were going to fight, and perhaps kill each other, in order to gain my favor? Foolish fellows, not to remember that had one of you been spared, he would have been hateful to me, owing to the loss of the others."

"I did not think of that," said Pierre.

"Woman-like, I would have dearly loved the dead or wounded," continued Jeanette, "and your trouble, if victorious, would have been for nothing but a frown."

Jean sighed, and regretted silently not to be either dead or wounded.

"The matter can be amicably settled," added the young girl; but first I must receive your promise to do just as I bid you."

A unanimous promise was instantly given, and Jeanette reamed:

"I love you all now as though you were my brothers; but the day in all probability will come, when I will choose one of you for my husband. In order to decide the question, you must each leave the village and remain away three years. On your return, you will tell me in what manner you occupied your time during your absence. He who loves me best and merits me the most, I will accept—will marry. Now let us shake hands and part."

And so it was arranged. The understanding being concluded, the three faithful subjects conducted their queen to her cottage, and there bade farewell.

It was a bright summer morning when the friends set out on their journey, determined to abide by the promise faithfully pledged.

The curate, who had known them from their birth, celebrated mass for the benefit of their souls; and the whole village bade them God-speed.

After the departure of the three young men, Jeanette lived as she had always done, rising with the sun, singing with the birds, gathering the sweetest flowers, doing good to all, particularly the poor, and toiling faithfully to add to her little store. At times the shadow of a faint cloud would gather upon her fresh young face, and she seemed absorbed by some secret thought.

"She is thinking of Pierre," murmured old Father Simon, her neighbor; but sometimes Andre contested the point, deeming Claude the subject of her thoughts. No one mentioned poor Jean, or if they did, it was to quote his usual ill-luck and want of success.

Jeanette danced less and prayed more frequently. Her friends found her in church kneeling before the image of the Virgin, and the altar sa-

cred to the Blessed Mother was always adorned with flowers, which were the young girl's peace-offering. The three years had almost expired, and the travelers were hourly expected.

"I am sure Pierre has become a great man," said old Simon.

"And Claude a millionaire," responded his friend Andre.

One day, quite in the middle of summer, three travelers stopped at the only inn the village contained. The first arrived in a carriage, the second on horseback, and the third on foot. The first was followed by a servant, the second wore the uniform of a "chasseur d'Afrique," and sported epaulettes and a cross, but as to the third, he appeared poor, and his garments were threadbare. They were the three old friends, Claude, Pierre, and Jean. The news of their arrival soon spread, and the population, en masse, turned out to welcome them. Claude's carriage was much admired. Pierre's uniform pronounced magnificent. As to Jean, no one paid him the slightest attention, for it was easy to see that travel had been to him of small profit.

Jeanette arrived, as rosy as a cherry, and looking more beautiful than ever.

"The three years have now elapsed," said Pierre, "and we have returned, hoping you have not forgotten your promise, dearest Jeanette."

"I remember, and will keep my word," responded the girl.

Jean raised his eyes timidly, looking at Jeanette and then upon Pierre, who seemed radiant with the hope of conquest.

"All must promise to bear no enmity towards the one I choose," said Jeanette.

"Good! I promise for myself and the rest," replied Pierre, twisting his moustache confidently.

"I must now hear the experience of each," resumed Jeanette. "You Claude, shall commence."

"When I left the village," said Claude, "I had but a few hundred francs. Fortune, however, favored me. I speculated and soon doubled my capital; before the expiration of the first year I had increased it immensely; and, to make a long story short, I am master of a large fortune, which I now lay at your feet. I could have married my partner's daughter; girls have smiled upon me by the score; I have seldom been weak—generally faithful to all my vows and now present you my fortune and myself."

"Bravo, Claude!" exclaimed Andre, "I always bet on you."

"And you, Pierre, what have you done?" inquired Father Simon.

"Well, about five leagues from the village I met a detachment of soldiers," said Pierre. "They were on their way to join the regiment in Africa. You know I always like fighting, so I volunteered. In every battle I felt that Jeanette was beside me and spurred me on to glory. I received three balls and several sabrecuts, but my captain called me brave, and I was earnest. In a word, I toiled on in the service, and finally won the reward of this cross and these epaulettes. I am now a lieutenant. My sabre, my cross, and epaulettes, I offer Jeanette, and if she will accept them, I promise her to become a general."

"Of course you will, my boy," exclaimed old Simon, throwing his cap into the air with delight.

"Jean, have you nothing to tell?" questioned Jeanette.

"My story is neither long nor cheerful," replied the young man, sadly. "I was not happy before I left this village, neither have I been so since. At first I tried to work; invested the little I possessed in commercial pursuit, and soon lost nearly all I possessed; the little that remained I put into a purse and retraced my steps; since then I have remained near enough to Jeanette to see her often in secret. I am now teaching a school of young children. I have nothing to offer, consequently ask for nothing."

When they had all finished, Jeanette said she would like the night to reflect, before deciding.

The next day the village appeared like a great festival. All were abroad, dressed in their best attire, and each face was radiant with smiles. A meeting-place had been arranged, and at the appointed hour Jeanette approached dressed as a bride, and accompanied by the curate. She looked very lovely, and a murmur of admiration and love was heard from the many friends who had assembled to learn her decision.

"My child, you have decided?" inquired the priest, and his voice trembled as though with fear. Jeanette raised her eyes, and all were silent; her face was pale, but illumined by a look of deep feeling. Her three lovers stood before her. Pierre, serious, dignified, but confident; Claude, grave and self-possessed; Jean, sad and thoughtful.

With a calm, firm step, and extended

ed hand, the young girl advanced towards Boileau, who became pale as death.

"Do not fear," she said. "Take my hand; it is yours, for nothing had the power to draw you away from me—not even hope."

Boileau caught her proffered hands with his own, and covered them with tears and kisses.

"You, Claude," she continued, "have your wealth, and Pierre his glory, while Jean—he has but me."

### THE THIEF'S VICTORY.

A good many years ago, one of the most notorious thieves in the United States, had a confidential conversation with a gentleman who is now one of our most efficient detectives, and expressed a desire to reform. "Why do you wish so much to live on the square?" asked the gentleman. "Because," replied the thief, "I have a wife and children to whom I am very much attached; they have no idea of the mode in which I make my living; the children are growing up, and are beginning to wonder why I leave home so often and what I do; and if I am ever to reform, now is the time." The gentleman warmly approved the idea, and to further it, loaned the man several hundred dollars with which to begin an honest business. The reformed man at once broke off all his old associations, lived a perfectly honest life, would have no dishonest persons call on him, devoted himself for years closely to business, raised his family respectably, did a good many acts of unostentatious charity, and died not long since esteemed by all who knew him. His children are doing well and highly respectable. The money advanced was long since repaid.

Mr. Higgins was a very punctual man in all his transactions through life. He amassed a large property by untiring industry and punctuality, and at the advanced age of ninety years was resting quietly upon his bed, and waiting calmly to be called away. He had deliberately made every arrangement for his decease and burial. His pulse grew fainter, and the light of life seemed just flickering in the socket, when one of his sons observed:

"Father, you will have but a day or two; is it not well to name your heirs?"

"To be sure my son," said the dying man; "it is well thought of, and I will do it now."

He gave a list of six, the usual number, and sank back exhausted upon his pillow. A gleam of thought passed over his withered face like a ray of light, and he rallied once more.

"My son, read me that list. Is the name of Mr. Higgins there?"

"It is, my father."

"Then strike it off!" said he, emphatically, "for he was never anywhere in season, and he might hinder the procession a whole hour."

At dark a respectably dressed man applied at the station for lodgings, saying that he had lost \$320 during the day. "Robbed?" queried the sergeant. "No; not exactly." "On the street?" "No; not exactly." "Been gambling?" "No; not exactly." The sergeant kept pumping him, and the man finally said, "I'll tell you—twas over at the races. You see, I was just fool enough to think I knew all about a race horse, when the truth is, I don't know a race horse from a lame turkey buzzard, hang me!"

An Essex (Conn.) man made a toy boat about five inches long and an inch and a half wide, with all the rigging, and having attached to it a small American flag, suspended it with a hair from his own head by a nail in the ceiling of his shop, twenty years ago, and there it has hung all this time in spite of the jar of the shop.

Don't be stubborn unless you are sure you can afford it. Right in the midst of the late panic, an Iowa man chose to be perversely obstinate. His daughter wanted a \$90 silk dress, and he wouldn't get it, and he lost \$60 by the operation. She took cold poison, and the funeral expenses were \$150.

In England a poor curate, unable to live on his salary, supported himself by repairing watches. This was reported to the Bishop as a disgrace to the cloth. "This must be put a stop to," said the Bishop, indignantly, and he stopped it by giving the curate a place worth \$2,000 a year.

A fellow who hid under a sofa at an informal Boston missionary meeting says that the thirty-five ladies spoke twice of the down-trodden heathen, and more than a hundred times of a new kind of hair dye.

An English writer accounts for the remarkable honesty that prevails in Iceland on the ground that there is nothing on the island worth stealing except the geysers, and they cannot be carried away.

### NOTICE.

DR. J. N. BOLARD, of Tidoute, 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, Tidoute, Pa.