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W. R. DUNN.
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The Forest Republican.

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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.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE
 No. 369,
I. O. of O. F.
 MEETS every Friday evening, at 7
 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied
 by the Good Templars.
 J. T. DALE, N. G.
 G. T. LATIMER, Sec'y.

TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342,
O. U. A. M.
 MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room,
 every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock.
 J. E. BLAINE, C.

MILES W. TATE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Elm Street, TIONESTA, PA.

W. P. Mercillott,
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. 19-1y

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

KINNEAR & SMILEY,
 Attorneys at Law, - - - Franklin, Pa.

PRACTICE in the several Courts of Ve-
 nango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoin-
 ing counties. 29-1y.

CENTRAL HOUSE,
BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK. 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.
 45-1y

LAWRENCE HOUSE,
TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAW-
RENCE, PROPRIETOR. This house is
 centrally located. Everything new and
 well furnished. Superior accommoda-
 tions and strict attention given to guests.
 Vegetables and Fruits of all kinds served
 in their season. Sample room for Com-
 mercial Agents.

FOREST HOUSE,
S. A. YARNER PROPRIETOR. Opposite
 S. 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 patron-
 age 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. 37-1y

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 Ho-
 tel in the oil regions. Transient only \$2.00
 per day. 22-6m

C. B. Weber's Hotel,
TYLERSBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER,
 Proprietor. This is a brick hotel
 and will be happy to entertain all his
 old customers, and any number of new ones.
 Good accommodations for guests, and ex-
 cellent stabling. 10-3m.

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.

M. H. MAY, JRO. P. PARK, & B. 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.
 4-41-1y. 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. To lovers of the game a cordial
 invitation is extended to come and play
 in the new room.
 G. T. LATIMER, Lessee.
 6-37-1y.

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 shop to give satisfaction. Partic-
 ular attention given to

HORSE-SHOING,
 Give them a trial, and you will not re-
 gret it. 13-1y.

BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP.
 The undersigned have opened a first-
 class Blacksmith and Wagon Shop, in
 the Roberts shop, opposite the Rural
 House. All work in either line promptly
 attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Horseshoeing a Specialty
 21y L. SPEARS & H. W. ROBERTS.

NEW HARNESS SHOP.
 JUST opened in the Roberts Building op-
 posite the Rural House. The undersig-
 ned is prepared to do all kinds of work
 in his line in the best style and on short
 notice.

NEW HARNESS
 A Specialty. Keep on hand a fine assort-
 ment of Curry Combs, Brushes, Harness
 Oil, Whips and Saddles. Harness of all
 kinds made to order and cheap as the
 cheapest. Remember the name and place.
 W. WEST, Robert Building,
 22-1y Opposite Rural House, Tionesta.

H. C. HARLIN,
Merchant Tailor,
 IN The Lawrence Building, over Super-
 ior Lumber Co. Store. The best stock
 kept constantly on hand, and made up
 in the best manner and newest styles. 19-1y

MRS. C. M. HEATH,
DRESSMAKER, Tionesta, Pa.

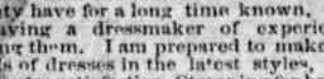
MRS. HEATH has recently moved to
 this place for the purpose of meeting
 a want which the ladies of the town and
 county have for a long time known, that
 of having a dressmaker of experience
 among them. I am prepared to make all
 kinds of dresses in the latest styles, and
 guarantee satisfaction. Stamping for braid-
 ing and embroidery done in the best man-
 ner, with the newest patterns. All I ask
 is a fair trial. Residence on Water Street,
 in the house formerly occupied by Jacob
 Shriver. 14-1y

Frank Robbins,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
 (SUCCESSOR TO DENING.)
 Pictures in every style of the art. Views
 of the oil regions for sale or taken to order.

CENTRE STREET, near R. R. crossing.
NYCAMORE STREET, near Union De-
 pot, Oil City, Pa. 20-1y

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

Tionesta, Pa.,
M. CARPENTER, - - - Proprietor.



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

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.
 4-1y

ADVERTISERS send 25 cents to Geo.
 P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, N. Y.,
 for their Eighty-page Pamphlet, showing
 cost of advertising. 13-41

DEAD LETTERS.

A short space of two days and his
 vacation would commence. Two weeks!
 But two weeks were two years of fun,
 two centuries of rest, compared to the con-
 stant drag, drag, in that lonely busi-
 ness which took up all his day hours
 in work, and all his night hours in
 dreams. Two weeks away from the
 constant reading of letters which were
 written for other-eyes than his! How
 he ever got into the Dead Letter Office
 he couldn't say, and how he ever staid
 there without growing wild to the ex-
 tent of pulling out all his hair and
 ramming pens into his brown eyes, he
 couldn't for the life of Nim tell. He
 had staid on two years, and was much
 honored, in a small way, as a skillful
 clerk in the department. He couldn't
 tell why again. In fact, his career
 was a series of "couldn't-tell-whys,"
 which, however, were the eggs to the
 wheels which kept his life agoing.
 Casual Observer might have told why
 he was considered one of the best
 clerks in the department, and said
 Observer might have remarked that it
 was because he—There! I've got just
 so far without using a name, and I
 hoped I'd get clear through the story
 without committing myself; but it's
 no use. These pronouns are terribly
 exacting things, and I shall have to
 get a name for the "he" before the
 fast dash, or I shall be unable to pro-
 ceed any further. Well, Tom will do,
 won't it? Tom's name, and there are
 lots of Toms in Washington, and sev-
 eral Toms in the Dead Letter Office.
 Now, then, we'll take another start
 with Tom and the Observer.

I say that the Observer would have
 remarked that it (go back a few lines
 for the explanation of the "it") was
 because Tom had a very tender heart
 in his possession. A sad thing to have
 a tender heart when you're dealing
 with persons, they say. Tom thought it
 was sadder when dealing with letters.
 He would choke fifty times each day
 while reading some earnest, heart-felt
 epistle which, despite the love and
 fidelity a mother's hand had buried in
 the lines, had miscarried, nor would
 ever reach a dear son's eyes. Or per-
 haps it was a father's strong call—
 strong in tears and strong in love—
 which would never bring back to the
 home-fold a straying daughter.

The letters Tom read with a heart-
 ache, which spread like neuralgia, and
 somehow filled his whole body with an
 untold pain, were by the thousand a
 year; but his interest in the sad cases
 was never flagging, and he always
 made a good push to have the letters
 which came from loving hands for-
 loved ones take one more chance of
 reaching their destination. If Tom's
 successes had each been a block of
 granite, the Washington Monument
 would have been completed over ele-
 ven months ago.

Tom was to have two weeks vaca-
 tion—two weeks, commencing in two
 days. He wasn't often idle; but this
 morning he held one of a batch of let-
 ters—epistolary corpses—and sat
 thinking of any thing but his work.
 Where should he go in vacation?
 There was no mother or brother, or
 sister waiting for him to come home.
 There were no kisses of welcome wait-
 ing for him among green hills, or by
 pleasant, shining waters. Where should
 he go? Heigho! He couldn't make up
 his mind. With a shake, like a cat
 awaking, he came back to his work
 and gazed on the one letter from many
 in a pile before him he had semi-con-
 sciously taken up. The direction of
 the letter was as follows:

Miss Clara F. Dennett,
St. Albans,
Vermont.

The post-mark bore the name of
 Providence, Rhode Island, and date
 of July 20. On the other side of the
 envelope was a pretty monogram of
 three letters, F. H. W. or W. H. F.,
 or H. W. F., or some combination,
 Tom could decide which. So he open-
 ed the letter and read:

"CLARA,—My heart is nigh break-
 ing. May I not come back? I was
 wholly wrong; but my love for you
 made me unreasonably exacting and
 unwilling to yield. Forgive me, for
 Heaven's sake, and say I may come
 to you. I will wait for one week more
 in Providence to hear from you. Do
 write."
FRANK.

No date and no signature. "Just
 like a man in love!" said Tom. "The
 only thing settled is that the first let-
 ter of that monogram is an F, a blue
 F. That doesn't amount to any thing.
 I don't know the second letter—I
 mean which it is." Somehow he was
 led to put the letter one side instead
 of throwing it in the waste receptacle.
 He thought he'd like to look at that
 monogram once more, it was such a
 pretty one.

Five, six, seven, eight, nine more
 letters read, and nothing in the shape
 of business yet. Number ten! Num-

ber ten was a small, delicate hand,
 directed as follows:
Mr. Frank H. Wendell,
St. Albans,
Vermont.

This letter bore date of July 21, and
 post-mark Fitchburg, Massachusetts.
 Tom had quite forgotten for the mo-
 ment the other St. Albans letter, but
 of a sudden he cried to himself, "Hol-
 lo! St. Albans is full of business to-
 day!"

"MY DEAR FRANK,—I only hope
 you have gone back to St. Albans, for
 Heaven alone knows how else this
 may reach you. I take my only
 chance, it seems to me, left for happi-
 ness. I must write since my heart
 will not let me sit longer and feed on
 my own sorrow without breaking.
 Dear, since you went away from me
 on that sad, sad night, not one mo-
 ment of peace, no day when a song
 was pleasant to hear, no day when I
 could sit silently glad, has come to
 me. Only longing for you I was proud,
 and angry that you could not trust
 me; and though I could easily have
 explained, I would not. I, for that
 short half hour, believed I could bear
 everything, since I bore harsh words
 (as they then seemed). Now I know
 I was wrong. Darling, will you not
 write to me?—just one word to you
 forgive me, and, if you can, say you
 still love me? Shall I never see you
 again? Dear heart, I was never any
 thing but true to you, and that I can
 show you if you will come to me or
 let me write to you. Will you not
 write to me? Just one letter, and I
 will bless you each day I live, if God
 makes me live a thousand years.

"Always being, I am still, only
 yours,
"CLARA F. DENNETT,
Wallace St., Fitchburg.

"P. S.—I am with my cousin, pass-
 ing the summer, and, unless I hear
 from you, trust I may never return to
 St. Albans."

"By Jove!" said Tom, "here are
 two which go together. Where's the
 other letter? Yes! As I'm a poor lone-
 ly mortal, I've got the two in a heap,
 and now I must deal them a new
 hand." (Tom was rather given to
 playing cards; therefore his language.)
 So he put the two aside, and left them
 in a closer union as letters than they
 had been as beings. If Tom had been
 a mesmerist or a believer in mesmer-
 ism, he would have probably wondered
 if the joining of those two letters
 would have any influence on the day's
 life of the two writers. As he wasn't,
 he didn't; i. e., wasn't a mesmerist or
 a believer, he didn't wonder; he only
 commenced to form a plan for his
 vacation. The commencing ended half
 an hour after his day's work was over.

"I'm going to Providence day after
 to-morrow, Mrs. Wilkins," said Tom,
 that evening, to his landlady.

"On business, Mr. Tom?" (Of
 course she didn't say "Mr. Tom," but
 it will do just as well.)

"No'm; it's my vacation."
 "I hope you'll have a nice time."
 "My trust is in Providence," said
 Tom, a little irreverently, but he
 couldn't resist the pun. "And I've al-
 ways wanted a clam-bake, and they
 do say there's no spot on the earth for
 a clam-bake life the little back-yard
 they call Rhode Island."

Day after to-morrow became to-day,
 and Tom started.

Ere long Tom has smoked a whole
 cigar, and got several miles on his
 way to ward Providence, Rhode Is-
 land. A quest he calls it; an attempt
 to find out Frank H. Wendell, and
 then to re introduce him to Clara F.
 Dennett. He lived with these two all
 his journey. Clara had blue eyes and
 fair hair, he was confident; Frank
 wore a slight mustache and was rather
 thin, he was certain; and so he built
 up two imaginary persons, and even
 found himself foolishly trying to fit
 his imaginations on two fellow travel-
 ers.

Providence at last. Hotel a few
 moments after. Tea after dressing.
 Plenty of time, thought Tom; and he
 didn't go out that night. There was
 no harm in a brief perusal of the City
 Directory, however; and so Tom stood
 at the hotel counter and monopolized
 the Directory chained to the marble.
 "W-a-s-W-e-u-W-e-n-d-Wen-
 dell. Here it is," said Tom, mutter-
 ing to himself. There were a few
 Wendells, but no Frank or Francis
 H., not even a simple Frank or Fran-
 cis.

"Do you know a Frank Wendell?"
 queried Tom of the hotel clerk.
 No, he didn't, that clerk answered,
 after he had got through staring at
 Tom.

"Who'd be likely to know a young
 man about the city?" again asked
 Tom.

Well (second long stare), the clerk
 thought he (the clerk) would, and he'd
 never heard of Frank Wendell or any
 other Wendell, except an old man
 who sometimes came round to buy
 bottles of the hotel. That wasn't the
 one the gentleman meant, was it?
 Tom thought not.

Tom was manifestly brought up
 standing. So he went to bed.

Next morning he had another look
 at the letters. The delicately written
 one gave him no clue for the present.
 Certainly the other didn't. Tom put
 them both on the mantel-piece and
 turned to brush his hair at the mirror
 (a two-by-one and a half bit of a lock-
 ing-glass). While Tom's auburn locks
 were being "fixed" a nice little gust of
 wind "unfixed" them; but at last his
 hair was dressed. Tom turned to take
 the letters and—"Confound it, if they
 haven't tumbled into the pitcher of
 water!" There was such a receptacle
 on the table under the mantle-piece.
 "Now I must dry them, I suppose.
 Just my cursed luck!" He took them
 on to dry land, the shipwrecked let-
 ters, and patted them gently with a
 towel. The monogram letter had been
 cut open at one end, but the water had
 loosened the flap, and it easily turned
 back.

"Mean 'stickum' they put on these
 envelopes," said Tom; and then he
 paused to read the maker's name. On
 the edge of the envelope in raised let-
 ters was the following, "W. A. John-
 son, 51 Blank Street." "By the blood
 of all the Howards!" cried Tom,
 "I've got it. If my friend, my dear
 friend, new found, Johnson doesn't
 know for whom he made that mono-
 gram, he'd better sell out and go into
 the fish trade. Peradventure I call at
 51 Blank Street to-day."

Tom did call.

Mr. Johnson was in?

"Yes," said a nice girl who waited
 on Tom, and he'd be down in a mo-
 ment.

Johnson came, and Tom asked him
 a question or two. Johnson said, in
 substance:

"I made that monogram for Mr.
 Wendell some time since, and he was
 then living with an uncle—I think he
 told me at (consulting an old order
 book) "No. 17 So-and-so Street. At
 any rate, there's where the paper was
 sent."

Tom immediately ordered a mono-
 gram for himself out of pure gratitude.
 He then called at No. 17. Mr. Wen-
 dell had been staying there, but had
 left three days before for Boston.
 Servant didn't know whereabouts in
 Boston. She would inquire of misses.
 Coming back servant said misses
 thought at Tremont House, if he
 hadn't gone to New York.

"On the way to Fitchburg," sen-
 tentiously said Tom, and took the next
 train for Boston.

Mr. Wendell was stopping there,
 said the clerk of the Tremont House.
 "Here! show the gentleman to No.
 85."

No one in, 803 3701

Tom waited around an hour, walk-
 ed over the burned district, and came
 back. Mr. Wendell had returned and
 was in his room. Tom went to No.
 85, and knocked.

"Come in!" and in he went, to find
 a young man with a full beard, tall,
 and quite stout.

"So much for my fancy," said Tom
 to himself. "She'll be fat and a brun-
 nette."

"This is Mr. Wendell?" queried
 Tom.

"Yes, Sir," was the reply. "Excuse
 my continuing my toilette."

"Mr. Frank Wendell?" asked Tom,
 to make certain.

"Yes, sir; Frank Wendell."
 Then Tom went to the very bottom
 of the matter, and said:

"I come from a friend of yours—
 Miss Dennett (how Wendell blushed,
 and then turned pale!); she's also a
 particular friend of mine (though she
 don't know it," said Tom, sotto voce);
 and she would like very much, if you
 can spare the time, to have you call
 on her. She's living at Fitchburg,
 and—"

"For God's sake, when does the
 next train start?" and Wendell was
 rushing down stairs, and grabbing a
 "Dial" railroad sheet in less than
 four seconds. Time enough there was,
 and a little bag was soon packed.
 Tom thought he'd go down to Fitch-
 burg too to see the thing out; and
 they went down together. They went
 over to Wallace Street, and hit the
 house after three trials. Tom would
 wait in the hall he thought. Tom
 heard one scream, two kisses, a rush,
 and several other things too numerous
 to mention, and was on the point of
 crawling out of the front door when
 the heavy hand of Wendell was laid
 on his shoulder.

"Come in and explain this thing.
 She says she never heard of you be-
 fore!"

"No more has she?" said Tom,
 laughing; and seating himself on the
 sofa, he explained the whole affair.

"I'm not, certain; but I believe Cla-
 ra kissed him. At all events, few days
 after he went back to Washington a
 happy fellow, having made others so
 happy."

That was a year ago nearly. Casual
 Observer told me a day or two since
 that Tom had received cards to the

wedding of F. H. Wendell and Clara
 F. Dennett, to come off a week from
 next Monday, and also that Tom had
 been corresponding for some time with
 Miss Emma Dennett, a sister of Clara's.
 Furthermore, Casual said, "If you
 want to hear two people rave in praise
 of another fellow, you should hear Miss
 Dennett and Mr. Wendell talk about
 Tom."

SHOWING THE BOYS HOW TO SHOOT.

Recently, at a saloon on the Divide,
 some men were discussing the shooting
 affray which occurred during the
 morning between the two brothers-in-
 law, Fallman and Smith. It was
 agreed on all hands that it was shock-
 ing bad shooting—a discredit to the
 country. At last a Pioche man ban-
 tered a Comstock man, whom he knew
 to be a good shot with a pistol, to go
 out in the back yard with him and do
 some shooting, just to show the "boys"
 how it should be done. In the saloon
 was a box of eggs, and what the
 Piocher proposed was that each shoot
 two eggs off the bare head of the other
 at the distance of ten paces, the one
 missing to treat the crowd. The Com-
 stocker was bound not to be bluffed by
 a man from the other end of the State,
 so to the back yard all hands adjourned.
 Each man used his own six-shoot-
 er. The Comstocker first "busted"
 his egg on top of the Piocher's head,
 which exploit was loudly applauded
 by all present. It was then the Pio-
 cher's turn to shoot, and an egg was
 produced to be placed upon the head
 of the Comstocker, but when he re-
 moved his hat there was a great laugh,
 for the top of his head was as smooth
 as a billiard ball. For full ten min-
 utes all hands tried in vain to make
 an egg stand on his head. It couldn't
 be done. The Piocher then taunted
 the Comstocker with having gone into
 the arrangement knowing that he was
 safe. The latter told him to set up
 an egg and it was all right—he was
 there. The Piocher went into the sa-
 loon, and a moment after came out
 with a small handful of flour, which
 he daubed upon the bald head of the
 Comstocker, and then triumphantly
 planted in it his egg, fell back ten
 paces, and then knocked it off. The
 Comstocker then told him to set up
 his second egg and shoot at it, as he
 didn't want to have his head chalked
 twice during the game. This was done
 and the wreck of a second egg stream-
 ed over the Comstocker's pate. The