

Forest Republican.
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W. R. DUNN.
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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.
J. H. FONES, R. S.

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

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

W. P. Mercillotti,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, cor. Elm and
Walnut Sts., Tionesta, Pa. I have
associated myself with Hon. E. B. Rich-
mond, of Meadville, Pa., in the practice of
law in Forest County.

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

KINNEAR & SMILEY,
Attorneys at Law, Franklin, Pa.
PRACTICE in the several Courts of Ve-
nango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoin-
ing counties.

CENTRAL HOUSE,
BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK. L.
BARKER, 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 LAW-
RENCE, 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 Com-
mercial Agents.

FOREST HOUSE,
S. A. VARNER 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.

Tionesta House,
G. T. LATIMER Lessee, Elm St. Tio-
nosta, 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 ly

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.

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.
Good accommodations for guests, and ex-
cellent 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. Offices 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 Drug, 1st 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 intelli-
gently as agent of those living at a dis-
tance, owning lands in the County.
Office in Commissioners Room, Court
House, Tionesta, Pa.
4-1-1y. 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.

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

This firm is prepared to do all work in
the line, and will warrant everything done
at their shops to give satisfaction. Partic-
ular attention given to

HORSE-SHOEING,
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.
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, Roberts Building,
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 DEMING.)
Pictures in every style of the art. Views
of the oil regions for sale or taken to order.
CENTRE STREET, near R. R. crossing.
SYCAMORE 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.

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.

ADVERTISERS send 25 cents to Geo.
A. P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, N. Y.,
for their Eighty-page Pamphlet, showing
cost of advertising. 18-4c

INCIDENT OF BULL RUN.

The editor of the Terre Haute Daily
Journal relates the following anecdote
of the late Joseph Glenn, of Cincin-
nati:

When General McDowell marched
from Arlington Heights to fight the
first battle of Bull Run, "Joe Glenn,"
was then in Washington, and hired a
horse and accompanied the army as
correspondent of the Cincinnati Ga-
zette. On the day of the battle, Glenn
rode along with Sobenck's brigade,
and remained where it held position,
close by the stone bridge, during all
the day of the fight. When the battle
was ending, and the head of the panic
came dashing along the Warrenton
road, Glenn started to mount his horse
and fell back on Centreville, but the
horse had been swept away by the cur-
rent of horses, men and wagons, and
poor Glenn had to make a foot journey
to that village. This he did in his pec-
uliar leisurely way, and having quite
an aversion for fast traveling, took his
time for it. He went slow and the
panic went fast, and before he had
reached Centreville that terrible exhi-
bition of human passion and individ-
ual demoralization passed him. In
the rear of the panic all was calmness
and peace. Over the hills east of Cen-
treville, and heading straight for
Washington, dashed on the wild havoc
of men, horses, wagons, and artillery.
Glenn entered Centreville just at dusk,
considerably tired and leg weary. He
went to the little tavern where he had
taken his breakfast the morning be-
fore, called for something to eat, took
a candle, went to his room, and wrote
a letter for the Cincinnati Gazette.

This occupied him until twelve o'clock
that night, and having finished it, he
retired to bed and slept sweetly until
morning. In the morning early he
took his letter, went to the landlord,
and asked him to send it at once to
Washington, so that it could go the
next day to Cincinnati. The land-
lord looked at him in astonishment
and said, "They have all gone to
Washington. There is not a Federal
soldier or Yankee in town. They are
all running north, pursued by the Con-
federates, and are by this time on the
other side of the Potomac." Glenn
was puzzled. He was the last of the
Northern army in Centreville. He
had written his letter and slept sound-
ly surrounded by soldiers who would
have been but too glad to get his scalp,
or to have taken prisoner the corres-
pondent of the Cincinnati Gazette.

Had the landlord known who his guest
was he would have turned him over to
the Confederates at once. Glenn took
in the situation at a glance, and walk-
ed out of the tavern to the hills east
of Centreville. There he saw nothing
but Confederate soldiers and the Con-
federate flag. The thing to be done
was to get away from there, so Glenn
struck for Washington by the most
direct route. The day was a dismal
and rainy one, but the correspondent
of the Gazette made good time, and
arrived in Washington about daylight
next morning.

As soon as he arrived he began to
inquire for his horse. Ten thousand
loose and riderless horses had run
back to Washington, or been captured
by the enemy. No man who had lost
a horse in that miscellaneous retreat
back to the capital ever dreamed of
getting it again. Joseph Glenn, how-
ever, had notions of his own, and he
concluded to advertise for his horse in
the city papers. He did so, and his
friends all laughed at him for it. But
"Joe" had confidence in the virtue of
printer's ink, and the second day after
the advertisement appeared a soldier
rode up to his boarding house and in-
quired for him. Going to the door
the soldier told him that he supposed
it was his horse, as it suited the descrip-
tion in his advertisement, and pointing
to the hitching post, there stood
Glenn's horse, saddle, saddle-bags and
all. "Joe" was delighted, paid the
soldier handsomely, took possession of
the horse, and turned the laugh on his
friends.

Who would ever have thought of
stopping at Centreville and writing a
letter at such a time and with such
surroundings? Who would have
thought of advertising for a horse, lost
in such a terrible retreat as was made
by the Federal Army at the battle of
Bull Run? And who would have pos-
sessed the luck to get the horse, ex-
cept our old classmate, old friend, but
now deceased, Joseph Glenn?

"I want you all to understand that
there is to be no levity on the stage
to-night," said the manager of a city
theater to the supernumeraries, as the
curtain was run up. "What's a levity,
Bill?" asked one supernumerary
of another. "Oh," said the other, "I
don't know. Suppose it's a cross
'tween a farce and a comedy!"

Builders in Paris utilize old sardine
boxes by filling them with mortar and
using them as bricks to build houses
with.

THE WALKING CURE.

He has passed Atlanta, Ga., and
gone to Topeka, Kansas—DeMahler—
a man who has traveled around the
world and all over it on foot. He
walks for pleasure. Sometimes a wagon
on the road accosts him with
"Stranger, want a lift?" He always
replies, "No; rather walk," and some
miles on he passes the home of the
wagoner, who by this time has his wife
and children out to look at the man
who would rather walk than ride. De
Mahler goes trudging on like the
Wandering Jew. He has put 40,000
miles behind him since 1862, and has
acquired such a momentum now that
he can't stop. He must walk to be
happy. Of course he stops sometimes
for rest and refreshment and sleep, but
'tis only a halt. An Atlanta editor
took De Mahler to his house and got
some particulars of his walks in life
out of him.

De Mahler is a Virginian. He has
estates that yield him such an income
as enables to go where he pleases and
enjoy himself in his own way. He
was wounded in the beginning of the
war, and when his wounds healed he
was bent nearly double and was total-
ly unable to walk. He was rolled up
almost like that being which turns
itself into a ball and wheels from
place to place. He went to Paris to
get straightened out. The surgeons
operated upon him; but, after a fair
trial, they couldn't make his head and
feet stay at their respective ends of
the man. At length they told him that
nothing could effectually cure him but
walking, persistent walking. He re-
solved to try it. He told his doctor
that he was going to walk out of Paris
and leave France on foot. His doc-
tor told him he was crazy. He, how-
ever, commenced the journey, and
made only 104 yards from his lodg-
ings the first day, with the aid of stick.
The doctor attended him two weeks
on his trip, that is, until he got out of
Paris. He had then begun to improve
and was filled with a glorious hope.
He put his whole soul into his walk.

In a month he was on the sunny slopes
of the Pyrenees and had begun to
straighten up like a man. He walked
on, and on, and on. At length he
was entirely cured and strode with a
firm tread. Thus he walked along
the world and across it, and became
intensely interested in his travels. He
sailed across the seas, but walked the
decks of vessels in order to keep his
foot in. On land he seemed to walk
as naturally as the winds blow and
the streams flow, and now he can't
stop. He makes pencil sketches of
the best scenes and remembers every
place he has been in and the name of
somebody he met and talked to. He
is thoroughly cured of his war wounds,
but many lazy people might think
that the cure is worse than the original
infirmity.

A well known sporting character
being on his deathbed was attended by
a friendly divine of somewhat nervous
temperament, who, to console him, ex-
pressed a conviction that he and his
patient would meet hereafter as winged
angels. "Are you sure of that?" in-
quired the dying man. "Quite sure,"
replied his adviser. "Then I'll fly
you for a sovereign," replied the incor-
rigible gambler. An enthusiast of
this sort seems, according to a local
paper, to have greatly distinguished
himself, on the occasion of a fire which
lately broke out at the cotton-sampling
office of a firm in Liverpool. While
the conflagration was at its height, and
the burning cotton was being thrown
out of the windows upon the flags be-
low, a number of brokers stood in the
street discussing the sum which the
waste would realize. One among them
offered to bet a guinea that the burnt
cotton would fetch £15, and, as this
was apparently far beyond its value,
he found no difficulty in finding per-
sons willing to take the bet. This he
did till twenty people had accepted the
wager for a guinea each; he after-
wards went to the sale and bought the
cotton for £16, which he then sold for
£12, sustaining a loss of £4 upon the
purchase, but pocketing sixteen guineas,
as the balance of his profits on the
transaction.

Ben Cox has a big farm and a big
lot of fine hens. The owls have been
"going for" Ben's hens. Ben got a
pole, split it at one end, and inserted
a sharp scythe blade for the owls to
light upon when they come for hens.
Ben put it up the other night to try it.
The next morning he went out and
gathered about a gallon of owl toes,
and he doesn't miss any more hens
either.

A youth who attended a Scotch re-
vival meeting for the fun of the thing,
ironically inquired of the minister
"whether he could work a miracle or
not." The young man's curiosity was
fully satisfied by the minister kicking
him out of the church, with the maledic-
tion, "We cannot work miracles,
but we can cast out devils!"

TIT FOR TAT.

A correspondent says: I was clerk
in a clothing importing house in Maid-
en Lane. Platt came on twice a year
to buy goods, and we boys always used
to anticipate his coming with great
joy, as did our employers, and with
the added reason to them that he was
always a generous buyer and excellent
pay. After his purchases came the
fun, to which his jewsharp always
largely contributed. He was the only
one I ever heard that really made
music on the jewsharp. One season when
he came he told us he had been newly
fitted up his store, and among other
things putting in polished mohogany
counters, or, as he expressed it, "spli-
spleen-did-did coun-counters. N-noth-
ing like them in Cin-cin-na-ti." One day
a fellow came in from the
country to see about having some city
clothes made; and lounging and
gawking about, leaning against the
counters, etc., at last took out his jack-
knife and began whittling the edges.
Platt soon saw what he was doing, and
caught up his shears, and quietly slip-
ped round behind the man and cut off
the whole tail of his coat (they wore
swallow-tailed coats in those days),
and then said to him, with an expletive
not necessary to repeat, "You m-
mend my c-c-counter and I'll m-
mend your c-c-coat."

Harvest is now over and reapers and
mowers should be put under shelter.
They are costly affairs to be left out
in the weather, as we frequently see
them. Sun and rain will soon rust
and shrink and warp them into com-
paratively worthless affairs. Rust not
only destroys, but it causes unneces-
sary friction, and hence requires greater
power to move the machine. Clean
all parts of the metal work effectually
and grease them with tallow. Shellac
varnish is a good protection against
rust. Clean off nuts and screws and
grease them thoroughly before replac-
ing them. This will prevent future
trouble if a bolt or nut needs remov-
ing. Nearly every one has some ex-
perience with rusted screws, nuts and
bolts. A little grease now may save
hours of time hereafter, besides a world
of vexation. Plows, hoes, rakes,
scythes, and all other tools, should
be put away in good order, and where
you can put your hand on them when
you want them. We know men who
lose enough every year to pay their
taxes by neglecting to take care of
tools.

When Professor Donaldson on his
recent balloon trip in Philadelphia,
with six ladies in a basket, was at an
elevation of 10,650 feet, or nearly two
miles above the earth, one of the lad-
ies with more enthusiasm than pru-
dence, secretly cut loose a bag of bal-
last weighing sixty pounds. To those
acquainted with aerial navigation the
result needs no explanation. Imper-
ceptibly and without the slightest
evidence of rapid movement—except
the peculiar buzzing sensation in the
ears—the balloon went up until the
barometer showed an ascent of 3,000
in three minutes, making the total
elevation of 13,650 feet, and but 950
less than the elevation the instrument
was made to register. Donaldson,
ever on the alert, discovered the situa-
tion even before consulting the barom-
eter and for the first time during the
trip pulled the valve cord. The gas
rushed out with a noise which, at that
elevation sounded like steam, and the
balloon descended rapidly.

A well dressed man in Chicago at-
tracted considerable attention the other
day by sitting upon the edge of the
sidewalk for some time with his head
down, as if in deep meditation. At
last a sympathetic stranger approached
him and said, "Friend, you seem to be
in trouble; can I assist you in any
way?" The man sprang to his feet,
and taking off his hat, parted his hair
carefully, and said, "Stranger, do you
see that cut? My wife did it this
morning with a flat iron, and then
sent me down town to buy her a new
bonnet, and I have been sitting here
for an hour trying to decide whether I
will buy it or not, and blame me,
stranger, if I haven't almost decided
to get it."

A shrewish wife, being very ill,
called her husband to come and sit by
her bedside. "This is a sad world, my
dear," said the wife plaintively.
"Very," considered the man. "Were
it not for you I should love to quit it."
"Oh, my dear," eagerly responded the
husband, "how could you think I
would interfere with your happiness?
Go, by all means!" The lady got
well.

Mr. Martin, of Boston, got a di-
vorce from his wife, and on the same
day married another woman. The
next day a judge set aside the divorce
as illegal, and the second marriage
was consequently void. Thus Mr.
Martin has a wife that he can't get
rid of, and wants one that he can't
have.

The Dubuque Times relates that the
other night a prominent citizen being
aroused by the fire bells rushed to the
door of his house in his night clothes
to see where the fire was. The door
was provided with a night lock, and
when he closed it, it fastened itself,
and there he was out in the night, with
no way to get back. His wife was out
of town, the servants were off to a
dance, the son was down to the fire.
Several desperate jerks of the bell
and frantic pounding on the door—the
more frantic by the thought that his
property on Main street might be
burning or endangered—failed to
bring a response. Notwithstanding
his cool attire, sweat dropped from
every pore. Just as he had reached
that nearly crazed condition which
would render him unaccountable for
any act, one of the servants came
rushing home. The woman, shocked
at finding her master in so slightly
clad a condition, put her hands over
her eyes, gave a slight shriek, and
started quickly away. "Come back
here, confound you. Let me in!"
fairly hissed the master. But the woman,
now frightened, ran, and then
there was a foot race, and a lively flutter
the ghostly garment kept up, as a
cadence to the swift-flying feet of the
man. Just as the man had been
brought to a sudden stop by a painful
bruise of his foot, and was nursing it
with curses loud and deep, his son put
in an appearance with a key.

Ohio is very indignant at the sen-
tence of her latest defaulter. He em-
bezzled ninety thousand dollars, and
his punishment is a fine of sixty thou-
sand dollars, and one year in the Ohio
Penitentiary. This gives him a salary
of thirty thousand dollars a year,
which is fair these times.

The gallant secretary of a life in-
surance company, being in command
of a platoon during the late unpleas-
antness, struck up the gun of one of
his men about to fire on a staff officer
with the exclamation, "Don't shoot at
him, we've got a policy on him!"

The burglars' plan of binding and
gagging bank cashiers and forcing
them to give up the keys of the vaults
may be easily frustrated. Many banks
are now furnished with keys which
may be taken apart and the pieces en-
trusted at night to several persons.

Telegraphy is death on verbosity.
In Texas they simmer it down to vol-
els. Specimen: A man in a certain
neighborhood, who had lost a valuable
mare, received, per wire, the following
dispatch—"Mare here. Come get her.
Thief hung."

A correspondent writes from a Swiss
town: "I was much amused on looking
over a visitors' book at the inn to find
that under the head 'occupation,' two
German girls had written: 'Looking
for a husband.'"

A Black Crook ballet-girl fell on
the footlights in a San Francisco the-
atre one night recently, but escaped in-
jury from the fact that there was nothing
of any consequence on her to take
fire.

A horse-car conductor of this city
who for several months past has been
stopping on a salary of \$2.25 per day,
expects to break ground for the erec-
tion of a row of brownstone fronts in
South Brooklyn shortly.

An attempt was to have been made
last week to get up another woman's
crusade in Cleveland, but three or
four of the leaders were disappointed
about their Fall bonnets, and the affair
didn't come off.

An inquiring man thrust his fingers
into a horse's mouth to see how many
teeth he had. The horse closed his
mouth to see how many fingers the
man had. The curiosity of each was
fully satisfied.

"Is that your offspring, madam?"
asked a Missouri judge of a woman
who had hold of a stub-nosed boy's
hand. "No, sir," she replied, "this is
my oldest boy."

A San Juan miner who has been
prospecting in southwestern Colorado
has found a whole forest of petrified
trees, with petrified birds sitting on
the limbs singing petrified songs.

It doesn't look well, to say the least,
for a Kansas church member to have
to draw out his revolver in order to
get at his two cents for the contribu-
tion box.

If you wake up in the night in an
Italian hotel and shoot a burglar, the
chances are that you can't see the land-
lord next morning and that his wife is
a widow.

In the case of a Kansas man being
struck by lightning the coroner's jury
rendered a verdict: "He was killed by
the Lord, but the Lord is all right."

Twenty-one girls of Kenosha, Wis.,
have "Resolved, that if the young
men won't come and see us, we will go
and see them."