

The Forest Republican.
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W. R. DUNN,
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lected quarterly. Temporary advertise-
ments must be paid for in advance.
Job work, Cash on delivery.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE
No. 369,
L. O. 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. LAIMER, Sec'y.

ATIONESTA 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. FOXES, R. S.

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. 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.

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-
rono, Crawford, Forest, and adjoin-
ing counties.

CENTRAL HOUSE,
BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, L.
BONNER, Proprietor. This is a new
and has just been fitted up for the
accommodation of the public. A portion
of the patronage of the public is solicited.

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-
mmercial Agents.

FOREST HOUSE,
S. A. VARNER PROPRIETOR. Opposite
Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just
opened. Everything new and clean and
well furnished. The best of liquors kept constantly
on hand. A portion of the public patronage
is respectfully solicited.

M. ITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St. Tio-
nesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek.
Mr. Iittel has thoroughly renovated his
restaurant, and re-furnished it com-
pletely. All who patronize him will be
well entertained at reasonable rates.

Empire Hotel,
TIONESTA, PA. H. EWALD, Proprietor.
This house is centrally located,
has been thoroughly refitted and now
has as good a table and beds as any Ho-
tel in the oil regions. Transient only.

C. E. Weber's Hotel,
TYLERSBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER,
has possession of the new brick hotel
and will be happy to entertain all his
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. Office in his Drug and
Grocery Store, located in Tidouate, near
Tidouate House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND
A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors
Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints,
Oil, 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.

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.
4-11-74.

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.
M. ITTEL, Proprietor.

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. Partic-
ular attention given to

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

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
221y 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,
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.

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 brid-
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
Shirer.

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.
NYCOM STREET, near Union De-
pot, OIL CITY, Pa.

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. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, N. Y.,
for their Eighty-page Pamphlet, showing
cost of advertising.

PIN-MONEY.

There were people enough to envy
Millicent Haughton when she was
married to Radcliffe Gates. She was
only a district school teacher, at so
much a month, without home or par-
ents. He was a wealthy banker, who
seemed to have nothing on earth to do
but to indulge his whims and caprices
to their utmost bent, and the world in
general announced his dictum that
Milly Haughton "had done uncon-
monly well for herself."

But Milly did not look happy upon
that golden July morning, with the
sunshine streaming through the oriel
window of the great breakfast room
at Gates place and scattering little
drops of gold and crimson and glow-
ing purple on the mossy ground of the
stone colored carpet.

She was dressed in a loose, white
cambric wrapper, lapped and buttoned
with blue, and a single pearl arrow
upheld the shining masses of her lovely
auburn hair. Her eyes were deep,
liquid hazel; her complexion as soft
and radiant as the dimpled side of an
early peach; and the little kid slip-
pered foot that patted the velvet otto-
man beneath was as perfect and taper-
ing as a sculptor could have wished it.

Mr. Gates from his side of the dam-
ask draped table, eyed her with the
complacent gaze of proprietorship.
She was his wife. He liked her to
look well, just as he wanted his horses
properly groomed and his conservatory
plants kept in order; and he troubled
himself very little about the shadows on
her brow.

"I'm in earnest, Radcliffe!" she
said, with emphasis.
"So, I suppose, Mrs. Gates," and
the husband, leisurely folding his pa-
per—a sign that the news within was
thoroughly exhausted; "so I supposed.
But it isn't at all worth while to allow
yourself to get excited. When I say
a thing, Mrs. Gates, I generally mean
it. And I repeat it, if you need
money for any sensible and necessary
purpose I shall be most willing and
happy to accommodate you."

Millicent bit her full, red lower lip
and drummed impatiently on the table
with her ten restless fingers. "And I
am to come meekly imploring you for
every five-cent piece I happen to
want?"

"Yes, Mrs. Gates, if you prefer to
put the matter in that light."

"Radcliffe," she coaxed, suddenly
changing her tone, "do give me an al-
lowance—I don't care how little! Don't
subject me to the humiliation of
pleading for a little money half a doz-
en times a day. You are rich."

"Exactly, my dear," nodded the
Benedict, "and that's the way I made
my fortune, by looking personally af-
ter every penny, and I mean to keep it
up."

"But think how I was mortified yester-
day when Mrs. Armour came to
ask me if I could subscribe fifty cents
toward buying a hand carriage for our
washerwoman's lame child—only fifty
cents—and I had to say, 'Must ask my
husband to give me the money when
he returns from the city,' for I had not
even fifty cents of my own."

"All very right—all very proper!"
said Mr. Gates, playing with the h
rope of gold that hung across his
chest in the guise of a watch chain.

"Other ladies are are not kept pen-
niless."

"That rests entirely between them
and their husbands, Mr. Gates."
"I will not endure it," cried Milly,
starting to her feet, with cheeks dyed
scarlet and indignantly glittering eyes.
Mr. Gates leaned back in his chair
with provoking complacency.

"I will have money!" said Milly de-
fiantly.

"How are you going to get it my
dear?" retorted her spouse, with an
aggravating smile playing around the
corners of his mouth. "You have
nothing of your own—absolutely
nothing. The money is all mine, and
I mean to keep it."

Milly sat down again, twisted her
pocket handkerchief around and
around. She was not prepared with an
immediate answer.

"And now Mrs. Gates," said the
banker, after a moment or two of over-
whelming silence, "if you'll be good
enough to stitch that button on my
glove, I'll go down town. I have al-
ready wasted too much time."

So the verbal passage-at-arms ended
and Milly felt that so far she was
worsted.

"It's so provoking of Radcliffe!"
she murmured. "I've half a mind to
go out to service, or dressmaking, or
something—for I must have money of
my own, and I will!"

Just then a servant knocked at the
door with a basket and a note.

"An old lady in a Shaker bonnet
and a one-horse wagon left it," said
the girl, with a scarcely disguised tit-
ter. "She wouldn't come in, although
I invited her."

Mrs. Gates opened the note. It ran,
in a stiff, old-fashioned calligraphy, as
if the pen were an unpointed imple-
ment in the writer's hand:

DEAR MILLY—The strawberries in
the south meadow lot are just ripe,
where you used to pick 'em when you
were a little girl; so Pénélope picked
a lot, and we made bold to send them
to you, for the sake of old times, as
Aunt Araminta is going to the city to-
morrow. We hope you will like them.
Affectionately, your friend,
MARIA ANN PEABODY.

The tears sparkled in the bride's
eyes. For an instant it seemed to her
as if she were a merry child again,
strawberries in the golden rain of a
July sunshine, with the scent of wild
roses in the air and the gurgle of the
trout stream close by, and, as she lifted
the lid of the great basket of crim-
son, luscious fruit and inhaled the deli-
cious perfume, a sudden idea darted
into her head.

"Now I will have money of my
own!" she cried out, "money that I
will earn myself, and thus be independ-
ent!"

Half an hour afterward Mrs. Gates
came downstairs, to the infinite amaze-
ment of Rachel, the chambermaid, and
Louisa, the parlor maid, in a brown
gingham dress, a white pique sun bon-
net and a basket on her arm.

"Won't you have the carriage,
ma'am?" asked the latter, as Mrs.
Gates beckoned to a passing omnibus.

"No, I won't," said the banker's
lady.

And within the city limits she
alighted and began work in good ear-
nest.

"Strawberries! who'll buy my wild
strawberries?" rang out her clear,
shrill voice as she walked along light-
ly balancing the weight on her arm,
and enjoying the impromptu mas-
querade as only a spirited woman can.

Mrs. Prowler bought four quarts for
preserving at twenty-five cents per
quart.

"Wild berries have such a flavor,"
said the old lady reflectively; "and
'tain't often you get 'em here in the
city. I suppose you don't come round
reg'lar, young woman?"

"No, I don't ma'am."
"Because you might get some good
customers," said Mrs. Prowler.

Miss Senitha Hall, who keeps
boarders, purchased two quarts; Mrs.
Captain Barbury took one; and then
Millicent jumped on the cars and rode
wearily down town.

"I've got \$1.75 of my own, at all
events," said she to herself.

"Strawberries! Nice, ripe, wild
strawberries! buy my strawberries!"
Her sweet voice resounded through
the halls of the great marble building,
on whose first floor the great bank was
situated.

It chanced to be a dull interval of
business just then, and the cashier
looked up with a yawn.

"I say, Billy James," said he to the
youngest clerk, "I have an idea that a
few strawberries wouldn't go badly.
Call in the woman?"

Billy, nothing loth, slipped off his
stool with a peep behind his ear, and
scampered out into the hall.

So Milly sold another quart.

As she was giving change for the
cashier's dollar bill, the president him-
self came in, bustling and brisk as
usual.

"Eh? What? How?" barked out
Mr. Radcliffe Gates. "Strawberries?
Well, I don't care if I take a few my-
self. Here, young woman, how do you
sell them?"

Milly pushed back her sun bonnet
and executed a sweeping courtesy.

"Twenty-five cents a quart, sir, if
you please," purred she with much hu-
mility.

The president dropped his paper of
strawberries on the floor.

"Mrs. Gates!" he ejaculated.
"The same, sir," said Millicent.
"May I venture to inquire—"
"Oh, yes!" said Milly, "you may in-
quire as much as you please. I need-
ed a little money, and I am earning
it. See how much I have already;"
and she triumphantly displayed her
roll of crumpled stamps. "The straw-
berries were all my own, sent to me
this morning by old Mrs. Peabody,
and I'm selling them to get an income
of my own."

Mr. Radcliffe Gates looked uneasily
around at the crowd of gaping clerks.

"James," said he, "call me a hack.
My dear, let me take you home."

"Not until I have sold the rest of
my strawberries," saucily retorted the
young wife.

"I'll take 'em—at any price!" im-
patiently exclaimed the banker.

"Cash down?"
"Yes; anything, everything—only
come out of this crowd."

So Mr. and Mrs. Gates went home;
and that evening the banker agreed to
make his wife a regular allowance of
so much per week, to be paid down
every Monday morning at the break-
fast table.

"But we'll have no more selling
strawberries," said Mr. Gates nervously.

"To be sure not," said Milly. "All
I wanted was a little money of my
own."

And Mr. Radcliffe Gates respected his
wife all the more because she had con-
quered him in a fair battle.

TEN YEARS AGO.

On the 13th of October, 1863, the
Provost Marshal of Williamsburg,
Lieutenant W. W. Disoway, was shot
dead by a soldier named James Boyle,
whom he had ordered under arrest for
disorderly conduct. The murderer
was immediately seized, ironed, and
pending his trial, confined in Fort
Magruder, an extensive cart-track
about a mile below the town of Wil-
liamsburg.

About this time word was brought
to the headquarters of the Union army
that Richmond was practically de-
fenseless. The regular troops, it was
said, had all been sent to the front,
and only a few home guards kept
watch over the city.

An attack was immediately deter-
mined on, and the scattered troops
were drawn together for that purpose.
A brigade of infantry, three batteries
of artillery and four regiments of cav-
alry comprised the expedition. They
were moved cautiously, and rendez-
voused in the woods on the road lead-
ing from Yorktown to Williamsburg.
Then they pushed on, a general order
having been read to the troops inform-
ing them that they were to move on to
Richmond.

There were the strongest reasons for
believing that by being cautious, bold
and expeditious the cavalry could en-
ter Richmond, liberate the prisoners
confined in Libby and Castle Thunder,
capture President Davis and the offi-
cers of his government, seize the treas-
ury, destroy the vast deposit of sup-
plies, burn the bridges across the
James, and otherwise weaken the de-
fenses of the city. Certain officers and
squadrons were assigned to perform
certain portions of the work of de-
struction, and Capitol square designat-
ed as the general rendezvous, when the
work should have been thoroughly
accomplished. On the 24 or 25 of
February, the murderer Boyle, whose
trial had been for some reason delay-
ed, escaped in the night from his prison
at Fort Magruder, through the com-
placency of one of his guards. Search
was immediately made in all direc-
tions, and every possible effort made
for his recapture. But all exertions
were fruitless.

In the meantime the expedition was
pushing on to the point of its destina-
tion. To divert the enemy's attention
General Sedgwick's corps had been
thrown across the Rapidan and had
engaged a large portion of Lee's ar-
my, and the "raiders" were unmoles-
ted. At daylight on the morning of
the 7th of February the infantry
reached Baltimore Cross Roads, where
they made a brief halt for rest. At
the same time, however, the extreme
cavalry advance had reached Bottom
Bridge, within thirteen miles of Rich-
mond. It was intensely dark when
they reached there, and a careful re-
connaissance showing that the bridge
had been stripped of its planking it was
resolved to wait until daylight. The
strictest orders were issued against light-
ing fires or making unnecessary noise,
and pickets were thrown out in all
directions. The condition of the bridge
caused the more sagacious officers no
little uneasiness. They saw in it an
evidence that the expedition had been
discovered, in which event surprise
was impossible and success doubtful.

The army rested on their arms as pa-
tiently as possible, waiting and watch-
ing for the first shimmering of dawn,
full of confidence and hope. But alas!
by the dim light of the coming
day the outer pickets discerned a long
line of shadowy figures filing down
the road, on the opposite bank of the
stream, and taking position to oppose
the passage of the bridge. An old
earthwork, which had been thrown up
by McClellan during the Richmond
campaign of the year previous, soon
shielded them from view, and, as no
enemy could be seen through the mists
which hung over the little valley, when
the balance of the army came up the

reported discovery of the pickets was
not believed.

The brigade was speedily mounted
and put in motion. But scarcely had
the advance guard crossed the brow
of the little hill and commenced the
descent toward the ruined bridge, when
a puff of white smoke was observed
beyond the stream, instantly followed
by the deafening boom of a gun and
the wild shriek of a shell. That canon
shot destroyed in an instant all
hope of surprising Richmond; and
being too weak a numbers to hope for
a successful assault, the expedition
was reluctantly abandoned, and the
troops, weary, disappointed and dis-
heartened, returned leisurely to Wil-
liamsburg.

For a long time it was a matter of
profound wonder how the secret of the
expedition was carried to Richmond.
Men of high rank were suspected, and
more than one staff officer was drop-
ped from the rolls because of a sus-
picion that he might have imparted
the information so valuable. At last,
however, the facts came out; and here-
in is the really curious part of this
chapter on the history of our late war.
Boyle, the escaped murderer, had ob-
tained his liberty just as the expedi-
tion was collecting. From the guard
who convicted at his escape he had
learned the prevalent rumors of a con-
templated dash on Richmond. In his
flight which was toward the threatened
city, he gained vague information, and
reached Richmond soon enough to
give timely alarm, and strong detach-
ments from Lee's army were hurried
forward to defeat the movement. By
such a singular circumstance was
Richmond saved. Boyle enlisted in
the Southern service, but of his subse-
quent life nothing is known. It is
possible that he yet lives, and may
learn from this paper the injury he in-
flicted upon the country he betrayed.

AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

"Have you got some of that kind of
ysters what hate been spoiled?"
"Spiled oysters! Yes, we have a
few cans left over from last week that
I think will fit you."

"How you sold 'em a dozen?"
"Oh, I'll sell 'em right; you may
have all you want for a nickel."

"Well, den, mine goat fret, will you
be so kind to bring me four dozen for
dat damaged lot?"

The oysters were brought, and the
customer put them quietly down into
the pit of his stomach, and, having
finished the job, he said to the restaur-
ateur:

"Now, my very kind fren, you have
got some good oysters, ain't it?"
"You're mighty right, I have!"
"Well, I takes a hole dozen raw and
some pickles."

The oysters were in turn served and quick-
ly put down on top of those gone be-
fore. But the restaurateur was
troubled, and when the patron came
to settle the bill said to him:

"Look here, pard, I don't like to be
inquisitive, but blowed if I wouldn't
like ter know why you have took a
fancy to so many spiled oysters and so
few good ones?"

"Well," replied the man, "you have
been a goat fret to me, and so I told
you something. You see, it was dis
way. Now, I have got a tape-worm,
my kind fren, you understand, and
every time dat is the way I hate to do.
You see dat last hole dozen was for
me unspiled; but dat damaged lot,
den, was for de tape-worm. You know
dat I ain't dot kind of a Comodore
Vanderbilt what I can afford to preak
no mine white piness to feed a tam
tape-worm on goat oysters."

Skates, sonny? Why yes, bless your
heart, you shall have a pair of ten-
inch club skates for your feet, and a
pair of six inchers for your hands, and
a couple of hand sleds for your knees,
a hard rubber cap, and a bushel of ex-
cellior to upholster your trousers'
basement. Let your course be on-
ward and upward, my son, and when
you drag your tired, hungry frame
homeward, Bridget shall have quail
on toast ready for you, warm from the
oven, and your little sister shall yield
her place at the register. Be an hon-
or to your family name. Hence, get
the to the frozen lake. How different
'twas in "those days" when we were
young. It was hard to get a pair, even
of odd skates; in order yet to get them
fastened on tight, and fardient of all to
limp home with an ache in every
silent point, only to hear a "Good
enough for you!"

A sweet little boy, only eight years
old—bless his little heart—walked in
to the scene of a teachers' examina-
tion at Oswego, last week, and howled
out, "Anne your feller is down to the
house!"

Hoops are still in fashion in Du-
buque. A couple recently barreled up
his scolding wife, and then rolled her
around the shop until she burst out in
furies, and promised to reform.