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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. BEAINE, C.
 J. H. FONES, R. S.

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. A. B. Rich-
 mond, of Meadville, Pa., in the practice of
 law in Forest County. 10-ly

F. W. HAYS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY
A Public, Reynolds, Hukill & Co's
Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 30-ly

KINNEAR & SMILEY,
 Attorneys at Law, - - - Franklin, Pa.
PRACTICE in the several Courts of Va-
 rangia, Crawford, Forest, and Adir-
 tag counties. 20-ly

CENTRAL HOUSE,
BONNER & AGNEW BLDG. L.
B. 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.
 45-ly

Lawrence House,
TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAW-
RENCE, Proprietor. This house is
 centrally located. Everything new and
 well furnished. Superior accommo-
 dations 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. VAERNER, Proprietor. Opposite
 S. Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just
 opened. Everything new and clean and
 fresh. The cost of liquors kept constantly
 on hand. A portion of the public patron-
 age is respectfully solicited. 4-17-ly

Empire Hotel,
TIONESTA, 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,
 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. 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 Tidouste, near
 Tidouste House.

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

HAY, 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-ly.

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 dis-
 tance, owning lands in the County.
 Office in Commissioners' Room, Court
 House, Tionesta, Pa.
 4-17-ly. **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. TITEL, 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-SHOING,
 Give them a trial, and you will not re-
 gret it. 18-ly.

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
 22-ly **L. SPEARS & H. W. ROBERTS.**

NEW HARNESS SHOP.
 JUST opened in the Roberts Building op-
 posite the Rural House. The under-
 signed 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 pin-o
 W. WEST, Roberts Building,
 22-ly 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-ly

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
 manner, with the newest patterns. All I ask
 is a fair trial. Residence on Water Street,
 in the house formerly occupied by Jacob
 Shaver. 14-ly

Frank Robbins,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
 (SUCCESSOR TO DEMING.)
 Pictures in every style of the art. Views
 of the oil regions for sale or taken to or-
 der.
 CENTRE STREET, near R. R. crossing.
 SYCAMORE STREET, near Union De-
 pot, Oil City, Pa. 20-ly

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. 25-ly

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-ly

ADVERTISERS send 25 cents to Geo.
 A. P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, N. Y.,
 for their Eighty-page Pamphlet, showing
 cost of advertising. 13-4

A WOMAN'S REVELATION.

My husband came tenderly to my
 side.
 "Are you going out this evening,
 love?"
 "Of course I am."
 I looked down complacently at my
 dress of pink crape, dew-dropped over
 with crystal, and the trails of pink
 azaleas that caught up its folds here
 and there. A diamond bracelet en-
 circled one round white arm, and a
 little cross blazed fitfully at my throat.
 I had never looked better, and I felt
 a sort of girlish pride as my eye met
 the fairy reflection in the mirror.
 "Come, Gerald, make haste!—why
 you haven't begun to dress yet!"

Where were my wifely instincts that
 I did not see the haggard, drawn look
 in his features—the fevered light in
 his eyes?
 "I can't go to-night, Madeline—I
 am not well enough."
 "You are never well enough to
 oblige me, Gerald. I am tired of be-
 ing put off with such excuses."

He made no answer, but dropped his
 head in his hand on the table be-
 fore him.
 "Oh, come, Gerald," I urged petulant-
 ly. "It is so awkward for me to go
 alone, always."

He shook his head listlessly.
 "I thought perhaps you would be
 willing to remain at home with me,
 Madeline."
 "Men are so selfish," I said plain-
 tively, "and I am all dressed. Claudia
 took half an hour for my hair. I dare
 say you'll be a great deal quieter with-
 out me—that is, if you are determined
 not to go."

No answer again.
 "Well, if you choose to be sullen,
 I can't help it," I said lightly, as I
 turned and went out of the room, ad-
 justing my silver bouquet-holder, the
 tuberose and heliotropes seeming to
 distill incense at every motion.

Was I heartless and cruel? Had I
 ceased to love my husband? From the
 bottom of my heart I believed that I
 loved him as truly and tenderly as
 ever wife did, but I had been so spoil-
 ed and petted all my brief, selfish life
 that the better instincts were, so to
 speak, entombed alive.

I went to the party and had my fill
 of adulation and homage, as usual.
 The hours seemed to glide away, shod
 with roses and winged with music and
 rich perfume; and it was not until,
 wearied with dancing, I sought a mo-
 mentary refuge in the half-lighted ten-
 room that I heard words awakening
 me, as it were, from a dream. "Gerald
 Clea?" I could not be mistaken in the
 name—it was scarcely common-place
 enough for that. They were talking—
 two or three business-like looking gen-
 tlemen—in the hall without, and I
 could catch, now and then, a fugitive
 word or phrase.

"Fine, enterprising young fellow!—
 great pity!—totally ruined, so Bees
 and McMorken say!—reckless extrava-
 gance of his wife!"

All these vague fragments I heard,
 and then some one said—
 "And what is going to do now?"
 "What can he do? I am sorry; yet
 he should have calculated his income
 and his expenses better." "Or in wife
 should. Deuce take these women—they
 are at the bottom of all a man's
 troubles."

And they laughed! Oh, how could
 they! I had yet to learn how easy it is
 in this world to bear other people's
 troubles.

I rose hurriedly up, with my heart
 beating tumultuously beneath the
 pink azaleas, and went back to the
 lighted corridors. Albany Moore was
 waiting to claim my hand for the next
 redowa.

"Are you ill, Mrs. Clea? How pale
 you look!"
 "I—I am not very well. I wish you
 would have my carriage called, Mr.
 Moore." For now I felt that home
 was the place for me.

Hurried by some unaccountable im-
 pulse, I sprang out the moment the
 carriage wheels touched the curbstone,
 and rushed up to my husband's room.
 The door was locked, but I could see
 a light shining under the threshold. I
 knocked wildly and persistently.
 "Gerald! Gerald! For Heaven's
 sake let me in!"

Something fell on the marble hearth-
 stone within, making a metallic clink,
 and my husband opened the door a lit-
 tle way. I had never seen him look
 so pale before or so rigid yet so deter-
 mined.

"Who are you?" he demanded wild-
 ly. "why can't you leave me in peace?"
 "It's I, Gerald—your Madeline—
 your own little wife."
 And I caught from his hand the pis-
 tol he was striving to conceal in his
 breast—its mate lay on the mantle-
 and flung it out of the window.
 "Gerald, would you have left me?"
 "I would have escaped!" he cried,
 still half-delirious at all appearances.
 "Debt—disgrace—misery—her re-

proaches—I would have escaped from
 all!"

His head fell like that of a weary
 child on my shoulder. I drew him
 gently to a sofa, and soothed him with
 a thousand murmured words, a thou-
 sand mute caresses; for had it not been
 all my fault? And through all the
 long weeks of fear that followed I
 nursed him with unwavering care and
 devotion. I had but one thought—
 one desire—to redeem myself in his
 estimation; to prove to him that I was
 more and higher than the mere but-
 tery of fashion I had hitherto shown
 myself? Well, the March winds had
 howled themselves into the mountain
 fastnesses; the bright April raindrops
 were dried on the bough and spray—
 and now the apple-blossoms were toss-
 ing their fragrant billows of pinky
 bloom in the deep blue air of latter
 May. Where were we now? It was a
 picturesque little cottage just out of
 the city, furnished very like a magni-
 ficent baby house. Gerald sat in a
 cushioned easy-chair on the piazza,
 just where he could glance through the
 window at me working a batch of bi-
 scuits, with my sleeves rolled up above
 my elbows, and the "gold-thread" hair-
 netly confined in a silken net.

"What an industrious fairy it is,"
 he said, smiling sadly.
 "Well, you see I like it! It's a great
 deal better than those sonatas on the
 piano!"

"Who would ever have thought you
 would make such a notable housekeep-
 er?"
 I laughed gleefully—I had a child's
 delight in being praised.

"Are you not going to Miss Delan-
 cy's croquet party?" he pursued.
 "No—what do I care for croquet
 parties? I'm going to finish your
 shirts, and you'll read aloud to me."
 "Madeline, I want you to answer me
 one question."
 "What is it?"

I had safely deposited my pan of
 biscuits in the oven by this time, and
 was dusting the flour off my hands.
 "What have you done with your
 diamonds?"
 "I sold them long ago; they paid
 several heavy bills, besides settling
 half a year's rent here."

"But Madeline, you were so
 proud of your diamonds."
 "I was once—now they would be
 the bitterest reproaches my eyes could
 meet. O, Gerald! had I been less
 vain and thoughtless and extrava-
 gant—"

I checked myself and a robin sing-
 ing in the perfumed depths of apple-
 blossoms above the piazza, took up the
 current of sound.
 "That's right little red-breast," said
 my husband, half-jokingly, "talk her
 down! She has forgotten that our past
 is dead, and that we have turned over
 a new page in the book of existence.
 Madeline, do you know how I feel
 sometimes when I sit and look at
 you?"

"No!"
 "Well, I feel like a widower who
 was married again."
 My heart gave a little superstitious
 jump.

"Like a widower who was married
 again, Gerald?"
 "Yes, I can remember my first wife
 —a brilliant, thoughtless child—with-
 out an idea beyond the gratification of
 present whims—a spoiled plaything! Well,
 that little Madeline has vanished
 away into the past somewhere; she
 has gone away to return no more, and
 in her stead I behold my second wife,
 a thoughtful, tender woman, whose
 watchful love surrounds me like an at-
 mosphere, whose character grows
 more noble, and develops itself into
 new depth and beauty every day!"

I was kneeling by his side now, with
 my cheek upon his arm and my eyes
 looking into his.
 "And which do you love best, Ger-
 ald, the first or the second wife?"
 "I think the trials and vicissitudes
 through which we have just passed are
 welcome indeed; since they have
 brought me, as their harvest fruits, the
 priceless treasure of my second wife."

That was what Gerald answered me,
 the sweetest words that ever fell upon
 my ear.

The Emperor of China has set a
 good example in the encouragement of
 spinsters. According to a Shanghai
 journal, he has recently decreed that
 special honors be paid to two old maids,
 one of whom lately died after a life of
 devotion to the memory of her betroth-
 ed, while the other, who is still living,
 declined in her youthful days to make
 a most tempting match on the ground
 that she could not leave her parents.

A Michigan paper says: "Young
 man, if you are looking for a wife come
 to Michigan, the noble Peninsula State,
 and we'll put you on the track of a
 young lady who can husk her fifty
 bushels of corn per day, yoke oxen,
 drive horses, teach school and saw with
 a cross-cut saw. She wants to be loved
 for herself alone."

HE DIDN'T WANT ANY.

The other day a well-dressed stran-
 ger, carrying a hand valise, called into
 a life insurance office and inquired if
 the agent was in. The agent came
 forward, rubbing his hands, and the
 stranger asked:
 "Do you take life insurance risks
 here?"

"Yes, sir; glad to see you sir—sit
 down, sir," replied the agent.
 "What do you think of life insur-
 ance, anyway?" inquired the stranger
 as he sat down and took off his hat.
 "It's a national blessing sir—an in-
 stitution which is looked upon with
 sovereign favor by every enlightened
 man and woman in America."

"That's what I've thought," answered
 the man. "Does your company pay
 its losses promptly?"
 "Yes, sir—yes, sir. If you were in-
 sured with me, and you should die to-
 night, I'd hand your wife a check
 within a week."

"Couldn't ask for anything better
 than that."
 "No, sir—no, sir. The motto of our
 company is: 'Prompt pay and honora-
 ble dealing.'"

"How much will a \$5,000 policy
 cost?" inquired the stranger after a
 long pause.
 "You are—let's see—say thirty-five.
 A policy on you would cost \$110 the
 first year."

"That's reasonable enough."
 "Yes, that's what we call low, but
 ours is a strong company, does a safe
 business, and invests in only first-class
 securities. If you are thinking of
 taking out a policy let me tell you
 that ours is the best and safest, and
 even the agents of rival companies
 will admit the truth of what I say."

"And when I die will my wife get
 her money without any trouble?"
 "I'll guarantee that, my dear sir."
 "And I'll get a dividend every
 year?"

"Yes, this is a mutual company, and
 part of the profit comes back to the
 policy holders."
 "And it won't cost me but \$110 for
 a policy of \$5,000?"

"That's the figure, and it's as low as
 you can get safe insurance anywhere.
 Let me write you out a policy. You'll
 never regret it."

"Them's the blanks, I s'pose?" said
 the stranger, pointing to the desk.
 "Yes," replied the agent, as he haul-
 ed one up to him and took up his pen.
 "What do you say—shall I fill out
 an application?"

"No I guess I won't take any to-day,"
 replied the stranger as he unlocked
 his valise, "but if you want something
 that will take that wart off your nose
 inside of a week I've got it right here!
 It's good for corns, bunions, the tooth-
 ache, earache, sprain—"

He was placing his little bottle on
 the table, when the agent reached over
 and took him by the shoulder and
 hoarsely whispered:
 "Mister man, if you don't want to
 become a corpse you won't be two min-
 utes getting out of here! And he
 wasn't.—Detroit Free Press.

HOW HE GOT SERVED.

A smart citizen of New York, wish-
 ing to recuperate after prodigious ef-
 forts on Wall street, paid a visit to
 Saratoga Springs. It was the height
 of the season. Hotels crammed with
 guests; waiters insufficient in number,
 and therefore not obliging. The New
 Yorker seized upon a likely man.

"Look here, you fellow, do you see
 this five dollar note? Well, if you
 take care of me while I am down here,
 I guess you'll see it again."
 The waiter bowed, rubbed his hands,
 and otherwise displayed his apprecia-
 tion of the bargain. At breakfast and
 at dinner the citizen had the best of
 the entrees, and the quickest supply of
 liquor. His clothes were brushed, his
 boots shined, his wink anticipated, his
 oaths admired. At the end of ten
 days the cab was at the door, with
 baggage packed therein, and the citi-
 zen stood ready to "make tracks" for
 Wall street. As he entered the ve-
 hicle, his eye lighted on the waiter to
 whose devotion he was indebted for a
 pleasant holiday.

"Hallo, I guess you're the man I
 showed that five dollar note to. Well,
 I told you if you took care of me, you
 should see it again. You did take
 care of me and"—producing the note
 —"here's that very same note; and
 now I advise you to take a pretty good
 stare at it, for it'll be a tarnation-long
 time before you see it again. Wake
 up, coachman, else we might miss the
 train."

"My real number is six, but my
 hand will bear squeezing," is what he
 said to the young man at the glove-
 counter. And the great thick-headed
 lunatic got her a pair of five-and-a-
 half gloves without finding out how
 much squeezing her hand would bear.
 We would have worked at that job an
 hour but she should have had an exact
 fit.

DISCIPLINING A CRIMINAL.

A convict at the Illinois State Pris-
 on announced, on being assigned his
 allotted task, that he had not come
 there to work. The keeper in charge
 of his division was puzzled, and let
 him alone for a little while. A man
 of quite another caliber, hearing of
 the disturbance, asked that the con-
 vict might be assigned to his gang.
 This was done, and the convict was
 given his work and shown how to do
 it. He sat down on a bench and
 cracked jokes with his new pals. The
 foreman of his room came back and
 said:

"Why are you not at work?"
 "Because I did not come here to
 work!"
 The foreman did not rant and swear.
 He said: "You had better go to
 work."

The convict said:
 "What'll you do if I don't?"
 "Kill you," said the foreman, quiet-
 ly.

The answer was unexpected and ef-
 fective. The man asked:
 "How can you do that?"
 The foreman still in a tone of one
 imparting information, with no shade
 of anger or menace, said:

"I will give you punishments that
 will wear you out and end in your
 death. Everybody works here."
 The ruffian thought the matter over
 for an instant, and said:
 "I guess I will work. How does
 this thing go?"

A New Orleans Judge, riding in the
 cars recently from a single glance at
 the countenance of a lady by his side
 imagined he knew her, and ventured
 to remark that the day was pleasant.
 She only answered:
 "Yes."

"Why do you wear a veil?"
 "I attract attention."
 "It is the province of gentlemen to
 admire," replied the gallant man of
 law.

"Not when they are married."
 "But I am not."
 "Indeed."
 "Oh, no, I'm a bachelor."

The lady quietly removed her veil,
 disclosed to the astonished magistrate
 the face of his mother-in-law.
 He has been a raving maniac ever
 since.

The opinions of country doctors all
 over the State have, during the past
 year, been obtained by the Massachu-
 setts Board of Health, with a view to
 determine the effect of occupation on
 longevity. It appears that a table
 collated for 28 years shows the aver-
 age age of farmers at death to be 65.13
 years—figures far in advance of any
 other callings, and greatly exceeding
 the lifetime of active mechanics, not
 in shops, who, averaging 52.62 years,
 appear next on the list. The opinions
 of the physicians consulted also show
 that the farmers' chances of long life
 are somewhat greater than those of
 any other class. As regards general
 health, there appear to be divided
 views, the large majority of doctors,
 however, holding that farmers and their
 families enjoy better health than most
 people, while a respectable minority
 advocate the reverse.

A youthful-looking countryman
 paid his first visit to Baltimore a few
 days ago, and invited a lady acquaint-
 ance to visit a theatre with him. The
 lady accepted the invitation, and the
 young man following the crowd, walk-
 ed up to the ticket-office, laid down a
 fifty-cent note for his ticket, and turn-
 ing to his companion, said to her,
 "The price is fifty cents." The lady
 happened to have her portmanteau with
 her, and appreciating the situation,
 drew from it a fifty-cent note, and
 her gallant companion passed it in
 with his money, and obtaining