

TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR. No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369. I. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, at 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. T. DALE, C. T. M. CLARK, R. S.

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

E. L. Davis, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa. Collections made in this and adjoining counties.

MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa. Collections made in this and adjoining counties.

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

KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, Franklin, Pa. PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties.

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

LAWRENCE HOUSE, TIONESTA, PA. WILLIAM LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR. This house is centrally located. Everything new and well furnished.

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER PROPRIETOR. Opposite Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened. Everything new and clean and fresh.

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 hotel in the oil regions.

C. B. Weber's Hotel, TYLESBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER, Proprietor. This house is centrally located, and will be happy to entertain all his old customers, and any number of new ones.

Dr. J. L. Acomb, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice, will attend all Professional Calls.

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.

MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts. Tionesta. Bank of Discount and Deposit. Interest allowed on Time Deposits.

D. W. CLARK, REAL ESTATE AGENT. HOUSES and Lots for Sale and RENT. Will Lands for Sale.

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The Forest Republican.

VOL. VII. NO. 46. TIONESTA, PA., MARCH 3, 1875. \$2 PER ANNUM.

RESTAURANT.

S. C. JOHNSTON has opened a restaurant in the Davis Building, between Main and Second streets. Oysters served up in all styles, for sale by the can. Confections, Cigars, Tobacco, &c., for sale. A share of the public patronage is solicited.

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. JUST opened in the Roberts Building opposite the Rural House. The undersigned is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line in the best style and on short notice.

NEW HARNESS SHOP.

A Specialty. Keep on hand a fine assortment of Curly Combs, Brushes, Harness Oil, Whips and Saddles. Harness of all kinds made to order and cheap as the cheapest. Remember the name and place.

H. C. HARLIN, Merchant Tailor.

IN The Lawrence Building, over Superior 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.

TIME TRIED AND FIRE TESTED!

THE ORIGINAL AETNA INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN. ASSETS Dec. 31, 1873, \$5,735,925.79.

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER.

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

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 warrants all his work.

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PIONEER FUN.

From one of Olive Harper's reminiscences, in the St. Louis Globe, we clip the following good stories:

In one of the mining camps of California, in the good old days, happened one comical incident, which was not altogether a joke, at least to the recipient.

There was a hotel in this camp, and it was kept then, as now, by the genial landlord named Sperry. There was a young Englishman very ill at the hotel, of brain fever and Sperry took the best care of him.

He was quite delirious and very ill altogether and the doctor had enjoined upon Sperry that the medicine must be given regularly or the patient would succumb.

There was one other odd character in the same camp, who went by the name of Colonel Lovelace, though where he won this title I do not know.

One night he came in, and Mr. Sperry, being weary of watching, asked Lovelace to sit up, and at precisely four o'clock gave the sick man the medicine.

Sperry was very sleepy, but just before he went to bed, said: "You will be sure not to fail!"

"Certain," said the colonel. "He is delirious, and he will tell you he is not ill, and don't need the medicine, and don't want it; but no matter how he fights against it, you must give it to him, and make him take it."

"Trust me," said the colonel; and so Mr. Sperry went off to bed, and soon fell asleep certain that the big colonel would not forget.

Soon after he had gone, the colonel turned to one of the men in the bar-room and said: "There! Sperry never told me where that fellow is."

Another man said: "He is in No. 4. It is that cranky little Englishman that came up on the stage to-night, with the curly hair, the billed shirt and stove-pipe hat."

"Why, he must have been taken very suddenly." "Well, he was," said the man, and he got up and went out.

At four o'clock Lovelace carefully mixed up the dose in a spoon, with molasses, and taking up the lamp in one hand and the spoon in the other, went stumbling up stairs, waking half the people in the house.

He entered the room which, he supposed, contained the sick man, and set the lamp down on the table, took a match from his pocket, and commenced stirring up the medicine.

The young fellow who had excited the envy of the roughly-dressed miners by his stove-pipe hat and faultless attire and curly hair, awoke, seeing the light and a burly man standing over him thus in the middle of the night, and naturally a little uneasy, he raised up in bed saying:

"Now, then, who are you? and what do you want here?" "Be quiet," said the colonel, in his very gentlest accents, which, however, resembled those of a wild bull. "Be quiet, I'm not going to hurt you."

"But what do you want in here?" "O, nothing; rest easy. I've got a little medicine here for you to take." Still stirring the dose, and advancing to the bed.

The little fellow edged over to the back part, as he said: "But, my friend, I don't want any medicine."

"Yes, you do; and this is not bad to take, stirred up with molasses. Come, now, take it, like a good fellow, and you'll be all right in the morning."

"But I tell you I ain't ill; I won't take your medicine; you want to poison me; I am not ill at all. Now get out of here you bloody ruffian, you!"

"I knew you would say that," said the colonel. "Now come over here and take it, and with that he took the poor young fellow by the curling hair, pulled him over to the forehead of the bed, and forced the medicine down his throat."

The uproar brought in half the boarders, who enjoyed the thing thoroughly. The young fellow who took the forced dose is a jeweler there now; but the other one, for whom it was intended, has slept long under the madrons tree that stands over his grave.

Dr. Jones attended the sick in the camp for a long time. He had left college to travel to California in his earlier days, and, unfortunately for humanity, before he completed his medical education. He doctored, as he said, "promiscuously"; that is, he only knew the names of ten different kinds of medicine, and he gave them in succession, so that if one did not cure the other would.

"But," he would add, with a long sigh, "most of them died before he had a chance to cure them, and before he had given them half the medicines."

ranged a practical joke the entire neighborhood heard it before it came off, if it were possible, or had not been gotten up on too short notice. But in any case it was told of immediately after it was consummated. Some of them were not remarkable for refinement or delicacy but all were remarkable for originality and drollery.

It was astonishing to what an extent their love of this sort of amusement led them to exercise their bodies as well as brains. One time, in one mining camp in California, a doctor Jones took it into his head to visit the schoolmaster regularly every night, with three friends, to read over a peach basket full of sheriff's reports which he had come across by some means.

He was "one of them" so he knew there was no use of rebellion, but he studied vengeance. They would sit around the basket of records and smoke and drink an occasional glass of whiskey, and dispute for the privilege of reading them. Finally, one or the other of them would get hold of a portion, and commence reading in a sort of sing-song way, very exasperating to the nerves of the teacher, who, of course, could not sleep.

Occasionally the amusement was varied by a song and chorus and a jig or dance. For three weeks this was kept up and the teacher suffered. It was moonlight but after the moon had shut herself up for repairs in the unknown regions, this teacher spent two days arranging his plan. The second night, the crowd, augmented by four more (all alive now and prominent lawyers) entered the yard. It was dark there, and they found a great many barrel hoops in the yard, and large stones to hit their shins and stub their toes against.

They advanced, and all stood on the porch ready to enter, when the roof of the porch suddenly gave way, and let fourteen barrels of water down upon them. In their haste to get out, they stepped down and into a ditch full of water, and from there they tumbled and stumbled over the stones, every one now and then getting a rap on the shins from stepping on a hoop.

The records were undisturbed after that and the teacher slept in peace. He had worked two days to arrange that trap.

In Oakland near San Francisco, a German had a vegetable garden which he was very proud of, for in '51 vegetables were scarce. He planted a fine lot of melons, and raised a luxuriant crop, which were every one stolen the night before they were to be picked.

One member of the Legislature in California, several lawyers and doctors assisted that night at a soiree or "swarry," as Sam Wellar says where melons were the salient point of attraction.

The next year, Dr. Ed. Gibbons, of Oakland, raised a fine crop of melons, and he went down town one evening, and boasted of his fine melons, and promised all the "boys" a feast out of the second crop. He had sold these he said.

He went home as usual, on his old white horse, and whistling to himself. The next morning there were no melons in the patch, and a lot of lawyers and judges sat silently around the door of the principal saloon and smoked furiously. And in the backyard lay a lot of Chinese pumpkins—which exactly resemble water-melons on the outside, but not in taste—and in several rooms lay muddy and torn clothes.

The doctor came riding down later in the day, and, dismounting, asked the boys in to drink. They did so lugubriously. As they had their glasses in their hands, the doctor said: "Well, boys, how do you like pumpkin raw?"

They looked at him a moment, and then one said: "Doctor, how long since you planned this 'rig'?"

"Just one year ago, when I was helping you eat Bogge's watermelons." "Boys, let's liquor. Doctor, here's to you." And they drank in silence.

PERPETUAL PASTE.

Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of warm water; when cold stir in as much flour as will make it like thick cream; beat up all the lumps, then stir in as much powdered rosin as will lay on a dime, then throw in 14 dozen cloves to give pleasant odor and prevent souring. Have on the fire a tea cup full of boiling water, pour the flour mixture into it, stirring well; in a few minutes it will be as thick as mush, then pour it into an earthen or china vessel, let it cool, cover and put in a cool place. When needed for use take out a portion and soften down with warm water. Paste thus made will last twelve months, and is better than gum.

A Williamsburgh woman has an artificial jaw. Did she wear the other one out?

THE FOOL AND THE HIGHWAYMAN.

Never heard of Redmond O'Hanlon, the Irish highway robber? Well, that's surprising. Your English Turpin and French Davals could not hold a candle to our highwayman. But for all his shrewdness he met his match for once, and I'll tell you how it was.

Redmond was a fine, strapping, gentlemanly fellow, and a devoted admirer of the ladies—as where is the Irishman that is not? And what is more, a friend to the poor; as you will admit when I tell you that his demands for cash were only made on persons who could afford to meet them, and that he delighted in forcing contributions from those who had the name of a hard landlord to their tenants.

There was one of this class whom Redmond never lost an opportunity of taxing, for that was the polite name he gave to his own robberies. Every quarter day this gentleman, or one of his servants—sometimes more than one used to take a journey of six or seven miles to collect his rents, and as regular as clock work, there was Redmond O'Hanlon, with some stout companion, if necessary, to waylay the collector as he returned home. Every means was used to elude him, but to no purpose. He had spies everywhere, and contrived to get the exact information he needed in advance.

So one quarter day, when the gentleman's servants asked him about going for the rents, he swore at O'Hanlon, and said he didn't see the use of collecting money to hand over to him.

Now this gentleman had on his estate a boy called "Jerry the Fool," who had run the house and made fun for the family. He had a great conceit of himself, and when he heard what the master said, he immediately asked to be allowed to go after the rents for once, and declared he would know the way to bring them home safe. Of course he was laughed at, but when he represented that no harm would come from trying, as he couldn't do worse than all who had gone before him, the master agreed to honor him. Upon that, Jerry made a few preparations as he thought suitable, chose the worst horse in the stable—an old hack, half blind and three quarters lame—and started on his enterprise. Nothing occurred on the way. His collected a considerable amount of money, carefully deposited it about his person, and started homeward. Toward evening, as he was quietly jogging along on the old hack, and was just entering a long lane with high hedges on both sides, a tall, fine looking man rode up to him on a handsome roan mare.

"God save you, my man," says he. "God save your honor," replies Jerry.

"What's your name, my man?" asked the gentleman. "Jerry the Fool, and I aint ashamed of it. What's yours?"

The gentleman took no notice of the question. After a while he says, "That's a fine animal you're riding, Jerry?"

"Faix, I'm glad your honor likes it," said Jerry; "but it isn't myself that'd care to take a lease on his life. But he'd serve my turn any way, for it's not in hurry I'm traveling. I have only been to the village beyond to collect the master's rent for him."

"Surely he's not such a fool as to trust you with the job?" "Arrah, why not?" asked Jerry in surprise.

"Why, don't you know that Redmond O'Hanlon's on this road?" "Redmond O'Hanlon, is it?" said Jerry. "Ogh! That much for Redmond O'Hanlon," says he snapping his fingers. "Faix; Jerry the Fool is a match for him, any day in the week, and Sunday into the bargain."

The stranger laughed, and then rode on in silence till they came to a lonely part of the road, when he drew a brace of pistols, and told Jerry to hand over all the money he had about him, or he'd try if he had any brains by sending a couple of bullets through his head.

"Meal's murder!" roars Jerry in a tone of fright. "You don't mean to say your honor's Redmond O'Hanlon?"

"I do, indeed. So, hand over, my man, and look sharp about it." "But, faix, it's kill entirely by the master I'll be if I go home without the rent."

"What's that to me?" said O'Hanlon. "Anahow," said Jerry, "I must show them that I had a murdering fight for it. Perhaps your honor wouldn't mind firing a shot through my old beaver?" O'Hanlon did so, laughing at the trick.

"And now through the breast of my coat and bless you." This was done. "How just one in the skirt of it, and good luck to your honor."

"But I've discharged both my pistols and don't want the bother of loading them again for you."

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. One Square (1 inch), one insertion - \$1.50. One Square, one month - 3 00. One Square, three months - 6 00. One Square, one year - 16 00. Two Squares, one year - 13 00. Quarter Col. - 30 00. Half - 50 00. One - 100 00.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

"Faix, and I should dearly like to have a shot in the skirts; it would show I fought desperate. Are you sure your honor hasn't another pistol in your pocket that ye would mind firing for a poor boy's sake?"

"Confound you! to be sure I haven't. Hand over the money or I'll beat you to a jelly with my horsewhip."

"Well," says Jerry, after a good deal of fumbling, "I suppose after considering the trouble I've had collecting these rents, your honor won't mind going over the hedge after them?"

And he threw out a sack apparently well filled with coins. Half laughing half angry, the highwayman—first aiming at Jerry with his whip, which he avoided by ducking—climbed over the hedge and no sooner had he done so than Jerry slipped off the old hack and mounted O'Hanlon's horse.

"Bad scan to you, Redmond O'Hanlon!" he bawled. "Didn't I tell you that Jerry, the Fool, was a match for a dozen of you? It's a sack of brass buttons you've gone over the hedge after, you thief of the world?"

And touching the fine mare with the spur he galloped off, singing at the top of his voice the old melody, "Go to the mischief and shake yourself!" O'Hanlon couldn't pursue him on the hack; the cute fool made him discharge his pistols. There was nothing to do but to walk away cursing his own stupidity; and ever after if any one wanted to provoke him they had only to "ask him when he had seen Jerry, the Fool, last."

USELESS WORRY.

Life has great troubles in store for all of us; and few live to be men and women without knowing terrible grief. But, fortunately, these intense moments cannot fill all the years. Time helps us to forget at least, the sorest of the pain. To every one would come some joy but for the little worries that happen with the passing hours—cares about money and the cost of things, small quarrels, petty jealousies, false shame, and an awful dread of what "they" will think if we take a little comfort, and dress and eat to suit ourselves, and know people we like whether they are "genteel" or not, and say what we mean, instead of what is expected.

Worries eat the life away. They gnaw and bite wrinkles into the face, and bring gray hairs on the head, and half the time they are not only absolutely needless but absurd. Why in the name of all that is sensible, can we not wait until the draught of sorrow is forced to our lips, and not sip needlessly at the cup of gall and wormwood?

If every man could say to himself, "small worries shall most certainly not lengthen my face," if every woman could refuse to fret over such trifles as impudent cooks, and napsies with untimely holes in them, more of us would live out the three-score and ten years allotted to us by Heaven, and we should all certainly be much better company while we lasted.

There were two of them. She with bent head and parted lips, was listening intently. He, with face flushed and voice vibrating, was saying, "In all this wide world, darling, there is no being so dear—" And then Mr. Holcomb's clerk started a quarter of a ton of snow from the roof, and a man looking like an allegory of winter, was dancing out in the street, shaking his fist upward, and screaming at the top of his voice, "Come down here, you ugly viper, and I'll kick your god-darned head in, god darn you!"—Danbury News.

Rev. Mr. Haweis, of Marylebone, London, believes in the dignity of labor. He said in a recent sermon: "If aught should happen to prevent me from retaining charge of this congregation I should take to literature. If I found myself unfit for literature I should trade. If I had not sufficient capital to trade I should black boots." As his Majesty, Louis Philippe once blacked boots, the rector would have a royal example.

"Mrs. Samuel Revolver Colt is going to found an orphan asylum." If the asylum is intended for the orphans her revolvers have made, we should like to know where she is going to find a vacant lot large enough for it.

An uncle left eleven silver spoons to his nephew in his will, adding, "he knows the reason why I have not left him the whole dozen."

Five hundred and seventy-five pounds were made one flesh, recently, at Washington, Iowa. He weighed 300 and she 275 pounds.

The Kellogg company have made more money this season than was ever made in a single season of opera before.

The best preparation to keep a lady's hand "free from chaps" is a report that she has no motor.