

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MEETS every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars.

MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock.

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OFFICE and residence opposite the Lawrence House, Office days Wednesday and Saturday.

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

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

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

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

PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties.

CENTRAL HOUSE, BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, J. AGNEW, Proprietor.

Lawrence House, TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAWRENCE, Proprietor.

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER PROPRIETOR, Opposite S. Court House, Tionesta, Pa.

Tionesta House, M. ITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St. Tionesta, Pa.

TIDOUTE, PA. H. EWALD, PROPRIETOR. This house is centrally located.

C. B. Weber's Hotel, TYLERBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER, has possession of the new brick hotel.

DR. J. L. Acomb, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery, all of the best quality.

DR. CHAN, O. DAY, an experienced Physician and Drug, 1st from New York, has charge of the Store.

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. D. W. CLARK, 4-11-17.

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.

The Forest Republican.

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TIONESTA, PA., MARCH 10, 1875.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Includes 'One Square (1 inch), one insertion - \$1.00', 'One Square - one month - .50', etc.

Restaurant,

S. C. JOHNSTON has opened a restaurant in the Davis Building, between Mable's house and the Universalist church.

BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP.

THE undersigned have opened a first-class Blacksmith and Wagon Shop, in the Roberts shop, opposite the Rural House.

Horseshoeing a Specialty

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

NEW HARNESS SHOP.

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

A Specialty. Keep on hand a fine assortment of Curry Combs, Brushes, Harness Oil, Whips and Saddles.

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.

TIME TRIED AND FIRE TESTED! THE ORIGINAL

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN.

ASSETS Dec. 31, 1873, \$5,735,925.79.

MILES W. TATE, Sub Agent, Tionesta, Pa.

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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 Depot, Oil City, Pa. 20-17

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

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

Pictures taken in all the latest styles of the art. 26-17

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.

SUBSCRIBE for the Forest Republican. It will pay.

JOHN AND I.

"Come, John," said I, cheerfully, "it really is time to go; if you stay any longer I shall be afraid to come down and lock the door after you."

My visitor arose—a proceeding that always reminded me of the genius emerging from the copper vessel, as he measured six feet three—and stood looking reproachfully down upon me.

"You are in a great hurry to get rid of me," he replied.

Now, I didn't agree with him, for he had made his usual call of two hours and a half; having, in country phrase, taken to "sitting up" with me so literally that I was frequently at my wit's ends to suppress the yawn that I knew would bring a troop rushing after it.

He was a fine, manly looking fellow, this John Cranford, old for his age—which was the rather boyish period of twenty-two—and every way worthy of being loved.

Not long after this the Cranfords concluded to go to housekeeping, and Mrs. Shellgrove was in her glory.

"It is really magnificent," said she, lengthening out each syllable. "Brother, has such perfect taste; and he is actually furnishing the library, Miss Edna, after your suggestion. You see, we look upon you quite as one of the family."

"That is very good of you," I replied, shortly; "but I certainly have no expectation of ever belonging to it."

Mrs. Shellgrove laughed as though I had perpetrated an excellent joke. "Young ladies always deny these things, of course; but John tells a different story."

I rattled the cups and saucers angrily; and my thoughts floated off, not to John, but to John's father, sitting lonely in the library furnished after my suggestion.

Wasn't it after all, my duty to marry the family generally?

The house was finished and moved into, and John spent his evenings with me. I used to get dreadfully tired of him. He was really too devoted to be at all interesting, and I had reached that state of feeling that, if summarily ordered to take my choice between him and the gallows, I would have prepared myself for hanging with a sort of cheerful alacrity.

I locked the door upon John on the evening in question, when I had finally gotten rid of him, with these feelings in full force; and I meditated while undressing on some desperate move that should bring matters to a crisis.

But the boy had become roused at last. He too had reflected in the watches of the night; and next day I received quite a dignified letter from him, telling me that business called him from the city for two or three weeks, and that possibly upon his return I might appreciate his devotion better. I felt inexpressibly relieved. It appeared to me the most sensible move that John had made in the whole course of our acquaintance, and I began to breathe with more freedom.

Time flew, however, and the three weeks lengthened to six without John's return. He wrote to me, but his letters became somewhat constrained; and I scarcely knew what to make of him. If he would only give me up, I thought; but I felt sure we would hold me to that weak promise of mine, that I should either become Edna Cranford or remain Edna Carrington.

"Mr. Cranford was announced one evening, and I entered the parlor fully prepared for an overdose of John, but found myself confronted by his father.

He looked very grave, and instantly I imagined all sorts of things, and reproached myself for my coldness. "John is well?" I gasped finally.

"Quite well," was the reply, in such kind tones that I felt sure there was something wrong.

What it was, I cared not, but poured forth my feelings impetuously to my astonished visitor.

"He must not come here again!" I exclaimed. "I do not wish to see him. Tell him so, Mr. Cranford! tell him that I had rather remain Edna Carrington as he made me promise, than to become Edna Cranford."

"And he made you promise this?" was the reply. "The selfish fellow! But, Edna, what am I to do without the little girl I have been expecting? I am very lonely—so lonely that I do not see how I can give her up."

I glanced at him, and the room seemed swimming round—everything was dreadfully unreal. I tried to sit down, and was carried tenderly to the sofa.

"Shall I be Edna Carrington or Edna Cranford?" he whispered. "You need not break your promise to John."

"Edna Cranford," I replied, feeling that I had left the world entirely, and was in another sphere of existence.

family were ready to receive me with open arms—a prospect that I did not find at all alluring. They seemed to have set their hearts upon me as a person peculiarly fitted to train John in the way he should go.

Everything, I was told, depended on his getting the right kind of a wife.

A special interview with Mr. Cranford, at his particular request, touched me considerably.

"I hope," said he, "that you will not refuse my boy, Miss Edna. He had set his heart so fully upon you, and you are everything that I could desire in a daughter, I want some one to pet. I feel sadly lonely at times, and I am sure that you would just fill the vacant niche."

I drew my hand away from his caress, and almost felt like hating John Cranford. Life with him would be one of ease and luxury; but I decided that I would rather keep boarders.

Not long after this the Cranfords concluded to go to housekeeping, and Mrs. Shellgrove was in her glory. She always came to luncheon now in her bonnet, and gave us minute details of all about the house in the last twenty-four hours.

"It is really magnificent," said she, lengthening out each syllable. "Brother, has such perfect taste; and he is actually furnishing the library, Miss Edna, after your suggestion. You see, we look upon you quite as one of the family."

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"Shall I be Edna Carrington or Edna Cranford?" he whispered. "You need not break your promise to John."

"Edna Cranford," I replied, feeling that I had left the world entirely, and was in another sphere of existence.

If the thought crossed my mind that Mr. Cranford had rather cheerfully supplanted his son, the proceeding was fully justified during the visit which I soon received from that young gentleman. I tried to make it plain to him that I did him no wrong, as I had never professed to love him, although not at all sure that I wouldn't receive the shaking threatened on a previous occasion; and I endeavored to be as tender as possible, for I felt really sorry for him.

To my great surprise, John laughed. "And I'm not a villain, after all. What do you think of her Edna?"

He produced an ivory type in a rich velvet case—a pretty, little blue-eyed simpton; she looked like what seventeen.

"Rose," he continued—"Rose Darling; the name suits her, doesn't it? She was staying at uncle's in Maryland—that's where I've been visiting, you know—and she's such a dear little confiding thing that a fellow couldn't help falling in love with her. And she thinks no end of me, you see—says she's quite afraid of me, and all that."

John knew that I wasn't a bit afraid of him; but I felt an elderly, sisterly sort of interest in his happiness, and had never liked him so well as at that moment. And this was the dreadful news that his father had come to break to me, when his narrative was nipped in the bud by my revelations, and the interview ended in a far more satisfactory manner than either of us had anticipated. So I kept my promise to John after all, and as Miss Rose kept hers, he is now a steady, married man, and a very agreeable son-in-law.—Harper's Magazine.

THE STRANGEST OF DUELS.

Perhaps the most remarkable duel ever fought took place in 1803. It was peculiarly French in its tone, and could hardly have occurred under any other than a French state of society.

M. le Grandpre and M. le Pique had a quarrel, arising out of jealousy concerning a lady. They agreed to fight a duel to settle their respective claims, and in order that the heat of angry passion should not interfere with the polished elegance of the proceeding, they postponed the duel for a month, the lady agreeing to bestow her hand on the survivor of the two, if the other was killed; at all events, this was inferred by the two men, if not actually expressed. The duellists were to fight in the air. Two balloons were constructed exactly alike. On the day denoted, Le Grandpre and his second entered the car of one balloon Le Pique and his second that of the other; it was in the garden of the Tuilleries, amid an immense concourse of spectators. The gentlemen were to fire, not at each other, but at each other's balloons, in order to bring them down by the escape of gas; and, as pistols might hardly have served this purpose, each aeronaut took a blunderbuss in his car. At the given signal the ropes that retain the cars were cut, and the balloons ascended. The wind was moderate, and kept the balloons at about their original distance of eighty yards apart. When half a mile above the surface of the earth a preconcerted signal for firing was given. M. le Pique fired but missed. M. le Grandpre fired and sent a ball through Le Pique's balloon. The balloon collapsed, the car descended with frightful rapidity, and Le Pique and his second were dashed to pieces. Le Grandpre continued his ascent triumphantly, and terminated his aerial voyage successfully.

FACTS OF THE BIBLE.

A prisoner condemned to solitary confinement, obtained a copy of the Bible, and by three years' careful study obtained the following facts:

The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters 772,602 words, 21,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books.

The word "and" occurs 46,277 times.

The word Lord occurs 1,855 times. The word Reverend occurs but once which is in the 9th verse of the 11th Psalm.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters in the alphabet except the letter J.

The 28th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

The 19th chapter II Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike.

The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther.

The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John.

The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike.

Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike.

There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

"How beautiful it worked!" exclaimed a Nevada widow who had just been to see her husband hanged.

FROM THE RING TO THE PULPIT.

A "converted" prize-fighter known as "Bendigo," has recently attracted much attention in London, as speaker at religious meetings. He is now 62 years old, having spent nearly a quarter of a century of his life in the "ring."

He enjoys the distinction of having "whipped Tom Paddock," and of having fought twenty-one matched fights up to 40th year, every one of which he won. He now holds in his possession three belts, including the champion's, and several prizes and testimonials in the shape of silver cups, etc.

In addition to his success as a fighter, he has become famous as a skillful fisherman, and his record shows that he has served twenty-eight terms in jail, for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. He is said to resemble in aspect "an English country squire who has lived a life of unbroken serenity," and he bears only a few of the marks that usually distinguish men of his calling. He boasts that in all of his battles he never received a black eye, but admits a broken thumb, a broken finger, the loss of a tooth and part of one ear, a broken knee-cap, and a blow that flattened the bridge of his nose. He is a broad-shouldered man, light of foot, and exceedingly "active with his arms."

As he tells his story, he was the youngest of a family of 27 children, all of whom are now dead, save himself. He was early in life forced to exert himself to secure the necessities of life. He does not think he "took to fighting" because he liked it, but he had a mother to support and could get a living easier in this way than in any other. His mother encouraged him, and he easily fell into the business. Before engaging in a fight it was his custom to get on his knees and say, "Let me win this fight, so that I may have the money to keep my old mother out of the work-house." This he meant as a prayer to his dead father, who he believed could help him win. He began life in Nottingham, where most of his exploits were performed. He was the most notorious man in the town, and a frequent line in the papers was "Bendigo in trouble again." His account of his last term in Nottingham jail and of his conversion is rather striking. While in prison, he attended the regular religious service every Sunday, and first had his attention attracted by the minister's account "of the set-to between David and Goliath."

He became so absorbed in hearing how "David the little un floored the great giant and killed him," that he forgot where he was, and shouted out, "Bravo! I'm glad the little un won." When he got to his cell he began to think seriously about what he had heard, and could not avoid the conclusion that "somebody must have helped David to lick the giant." Bendigo is not an orator; he cannot even read, but his meetings have been largely attended, especially by persons of his own class, who listen with wrapped attention to his story of his conversion and his evidently sincere exhortation. The meetings have been held at the Cabman's Mission hall, the Seven Dials, and at other places in notorious neighborhoods in London. Many who have heard him have been impressed with his earnestness, his honest purpose, and his simplicity and power of speech. He announces his willingness to spend the rest of his days on the platform, persuading men to embrace religion. His proper name is William Thompson. He is now at work upon his primer, trying to learn his A B C's.—N. Y. Tribune.

The most persecuted man in the world lives at Oakland, Cal. He is paying tiler at the Union Savings Bank. A young man deposited \$250 at the bank about a month ago. Every day since he made that deposit he has presented himself like clock work with his deposit book, and drawn out six bits or a dollar. He generally goes an hour before the bank opens, so as to be on hand. The tiler has used up three books making entries, and has offered to give the young man \$20 to draw out the balance. His offer was probably rejected, as the young man was seen the other morning at the usual hour waiting for the bank to open.

The will of an old man who died recently in Brussels tells how he once found a valuable diamond in Asia, which he concealed in a cut in the calf of his leg, where he had made an intentional wound. The apparent misfortune procured his release from the mine, and he was made immensely rich by the sale of the gem, which is now one of Russia's crown diamonds.

Of course a woman doesn't want her plants to freeze, but still one can't blame a man for raising a row when he hops out of bed in the morning and finds a geranium plant in each trower's leg.