

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, BONKER & 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.

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The Forest Republican.

VOL. VII. NO. 47.

TIONESTA, PA., MARCH 10, 1875.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. One Square (1 inch), one insertion - \$1 00; One Square, one month - 3 00; One Square, three months - 6 00; One Square, one year - 10 00; Two Squares, one year - 15 00; Quarter Col. - 30 00; Half - 40 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.

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, \$5,735,025.79.

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

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 Depot, Oil City, Pa. 20-4f

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

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

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



Pictures taken in all the latest styles the art. 26-4f

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.

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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.

He was seven years his senior; and when instead of letting the worm of concealment prey on his damask cheek he ventured to tell his love for my mature self, I remorselessly seized an English prayer book, and pointed sternly to the clause, "A man may not marry his grandmother."

That was three years ago; and I added, encouragingly, "Beside, John, you are a child, and don't know your own mind."

"If a man of nineteen doesn't know his own mind," remonstrated my lover, "I would like to know who should. But I will wait for you seven years, if you say so—fourteen, as Jacob did for Rachel."

"You forget," I replied, laughing at his way of mending matters, "that woman does not, like wine, improve with age. But seriously, John, this is absurd; you are a nice boy, and I like you—but my feelings towards you are more like those of a mother than a wife."

The boy's eyes flashed indignantly; and, before I could divine his intention, he had lifted me from the spot where I stood, and carried me infant fashion to the sofa at the other end of the room.

"I could almost find it in my heart to shake you!" he muttered, as he sat me down with emphasis.

This was rather like the courtship of William of Normandy, and matters promised to be quite exciting.

"Don't do that again," said I, with dignity, when I recovered my breath.

"Will you marry me?" asked John, somewhat threateningly.

"The great, handsome fellow," I thought, as he paced the floor restlessly; "why couldn't he fall in love with some girl of fifteen, instead of setting his affections on an old maid like me? I don't want the boy on my hands, and I won't have him!"

"As to your being twenty-six," pursued John, in answer to my thought; "you say it down in the family bible, and I suppose it must be so; but I don't care if you're forty. You look like a girl of sixteen, and you are the only woman I shall ever love."

Oh, John, John! at least five millions of men have said the same thing before in every language. Nevertheless, when you fairly break down and cry, I am disgracedly soft-hearted—and weakly promise then and there that I will either keep my own name or take yours.

For love is a very dog in the manger, and John looked radiant at this concession. It was a comfort to know that if he could not gather the flower himself, no one else would. A sort of family shipwreck had washed John to my threshold. Our own household was sadly broken up, and I found myself comparatively young in years with a half invalid father, a large house, and very little money.

What more natural than to take boarders? And among the first were Mr. Cranford, and his son, and sister, who had just been wrecked themselves by the death of the wife and mother in a foreign land one of those sudden, unexpected deaths that leave the survivors in a dazed condition, because it is so difficult to imagine the gay wordling who has been called hence in another state of being.

Mr. Cranford was one of my admirations from the first. Tall, pale, with dark hair and eyes, he reminded me of Dante, only that he was handsomer; and he had such a general air of knowing (without the least pedantry, however) that I was quite afraid of him.

He was evidently wrapped up in John, and patient with his sister—which was asking quite enough of Christian charity under the sun for Mrs. Shellgrove was an unmitigated nuisance. Such a talker! babbling of her own and her brother's affairs with equal indiscretion, and treating the father as though he were an incapable infant.

They staid with us three years, and during that time I was fairly persecuted about John. Mrs. Shellgrove wrote me a letter on the subject, in which she informed me that the whole 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."

"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."

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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