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The Forest Republican.

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Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates (e.g., One Square, One Column) and corresponding prices.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars.

TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342, O. U. A. M. MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock.

OFFICE and residence opposite the Lawrence House, Office days Wednesdays and Saturdays.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA. Collections made in this and adjoining counties.

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

F. W. HAYS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds, McKill & Co.'s Block, Second St., Oil City, Pa.

KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, Franklin, Pa.

BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, J. 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 up and wall furnished. Superior accommodations and strict attention given to guests.

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

TIONESTA HOUSE, M. ITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St. Tionesta, Pa. at the mouth of the creek, Mr. Ittel has thoroughly renovated the Tionesta House, and re-furnished it completely.

TIDOUTE, PA. H. EWALD, PROPRIETOR. This house is centrally located, has been thoroughly refitted and now boasts as good stable and beds as any in the oil regions.

C. B. WEBER'S HOTEL, TYLENSBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER, Proprietor. Has possession of the new brick hotel 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. Office in his Drug and Grocery Store, located in Tionesta, near Tidoute 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 Surgeon 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.

D. W. CLARK, 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 distance, owning lands in the County.

NEW BILLIARD ROOMS! ADJOINING the Tionesta House, at the mouth of Tionesta Creek. The tables and room are new, and everything kept in order.

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. The patronage of the citizens of Forest County is most respectfully solicited.

JOE WORK neatly executed at this office at reasonable rates.

Restaurant, S. C. JOHNSTON has opened a restaurant in the Davis Building, between Mahlo'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. 21-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 country have for a long time known.

TIME TRIED AND FIRE TESTED! THE ORIGINAL AETNA INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DEWING.) 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.

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.

JOE WORK neatly executed at this office at reasonable rates.

The Bachelor's Surprise.

A chill December evening with the rain and snow forming a disagreeable sort of conglomeration on the sidewalks.

"What other things!" demanded Mr. Barkdale.

"Oh, yes, sir, and the other things!" "What other things?" demanded Mr. Barkdale.

"But Mrs. Heman pursed up her lips, 'I wasn't to tell, sir please.'"

"Rather an eccentric old lady," thought Markdale, pushing past her to the third story front room.

"Velvet paper on the walls, gilt paneling, red carpet and a Sleepy Hollow chair," thought Mr. Barkdale.

"Now for a cigar," thought he. But the brown layered weed was yet in his hand.

"Don't be alarmed," said the tallest and prettiest of the bevy, "It's only a surprise."

"A very agreeable one, I am sure," said our friend, recovering in some degree his presence of mind.

"The's no mistake, I hope," said a yellow tressed blond. "Your name is Nott Greenfield?"

"No mistake at all, I assure you," said Mr. Barkdale. "Of course it is Nott Greenfield. Sit down, ladies."

"And he pushed forward the Sleepy Hollow chair, a camp stool and two rheumatic reception chairs, which were all the accommodations presented by his apartment."

But instead of excepting his courtesy, the girls all fluttered out again, giggling and in a second, before he could realize this strange condition of affairs, they were back again.

"You needn't think we are doing all this for you, sir," she said.

"Oh," said Mr. Barkdale, bashfully, "I—I hadn't any such impression."

"It's all right, a surprise designed for Kate's cousin."

"And how do you suppose we found it all out?" demanded the tall girl with the black eyes and scarlet feather in her hat.

"I haven't the least idea."

"We found your letter to Kate and we girls read it, and we resolved to take you and her by surprise. She is to be here in half an hour. Barbara—that is Barbara Morris, in the blue merino dress—pretends that she has moved here, and Kate is to come and spend the evening with her. Won't it be a joke?"

"Stupendous," said our hero, gradually beginning to comprehend that he was mistaken for some one else.

"What will Kate say when she sees you here?" ejaculated another maiden merrily.

"Ah, what, indeed," said Mr. Barkdale, wondering in what words he could best explain matters. "Very considerate of you, I am sure."

"She's the sweetest girl in St. Louis," exclaimed the tall damsel, enthusiastically. "I am one of her dearest friends. We worked our sewing machine side by side at Madame Grillard's. Hasn't she ever written you about Alice Moore?"

"I—I don't just at this moment recall that she has."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," said Alice, "just sit down and be a good boy while we arrange the table. Ain't those roses beautiful? My goodness gracious, how astonished Kate will be!"

"She can't be more so than I am," said Mr. Barkdale, sinking into the Sleepy Hollow chair and passing his handkerchief vaguely across his forehead.

"Well it's a matter of fate; I can't tell how I am to explain myself; and yet, perhaps I ought to explain. Ladies—"

"Hush-sh-sh-sh," cried the six pretty girls all in a hissing chorus, "Kate's coming; Bessie has brought her. Hush-sh! Don't say a word Mr. Greenfield." The golden haired girl's hand was clasped promptly over his mouth.

Alice Moore grasped his arm spasmodically, and the other four danced a sort of bewitching little war dance about him, while a seventh girl entered—a pretty Madonna faced little creature like a dove.

"Come and kiss him, Kate," cried all the others, "Now don't be ridiculous, for we shan't take any notice. Here he is."

"Kiss who?" cried Kate, standing still and staring all around her. "Girls, what on earth do you mean?"

"You provoking thing! said Barbara, stamping her little foot. "Do you suppose we are all fools? Why, of course we know all about him. It's Mr. Greenfield—your cousin, Kate—the young M. D."

Kate looked around in bewilderment. "Where?"

"Why, here?"

"Nothing of the sort!" said Miss Kate demurely.

Our hero stood up, feeling himself growing uncomfortably warm and red.

"Ladies," he said, "there is some mistake here. I said at the outset that my name was not Greenfield."

"There!" cried all the girls at once. "There!" echoed Kate defiantly. "Didn't we tell you?" cried the girls.

"Didn't I tell you?" retorted Kate. "Be kind enough to let us know what your name is."

THE PAINTER'S MANTLE.

On the fifteenth day of January, 1875, a gentleman arrived in Florence and went to lodge at the Sun Inn.

Having with him only one trunk, the innkeeper thought he could not be very rich, and gave him for this reason a room in the top of the house, No. 40.

At that time it was not necessary to give one's name at an inn, and those who wished to preserve their incognito gave to their friends the number of their room and the name of the inn where they lodged.

This gentleman did so.

At the end of the first week the landlord presented his bill; but great was his astonishment when the unknown told him he had no money, that he expected some every day from home, begging him to rest easy, and assuring that as soon as the money arrived he should be paid.

The innkeeper went away not very well satisfied, because this stranger ordered the most exquisite dinners, the most recherche viands, the most expensive wines of France and Germany—and the landlord, being very miserly and suspicious of his money.

At the end of the second week he made his guest another visit, and presenting his bill, met with the same response; then he looked around the room and saw a magnificent mantle hanging on the wall, all lined with rich fur—a mantle which might be worth five hundred silver florins.

The innkeeper, delighted with his discovery, saluted the gentleman, and descended the stairs, saying to himself, "If he does not pay me at the end of another week, I will make him leave me this mantle in pledge for what he owes me."

Some days passed, when there arrived an express with a letter for the gentleman in No. 40.

The landlord, sure that it contained a remittance, ran to give it himself to the stranger, who took the letter, and seeing the seal, exclaimed, "Oh! the imperial arms!" then opened the letter, and having read it, said: "It is an order to go at once to Bologna, where the Emperor of Germany is staying at present, who wishes to see me. A carriage will come for me in a little while, because the journey will be at the Emperor's expense."

"But, sir, before you go, pay me my bill, which amounts to 150 florins."

"You know very well, caro mio, that since I came to your inn, I have received no letter but this one; therefore I have not yet received my money, and not having received it, I cannot pay you. I am an honest man; I do not wish to defraud you, and I will send you the money from Bologna."

"Sir, if you have no money, as you say, to pay me, it does not matter; leave me in pledge this mantle (pointing to one hanging on the wall), and as soon as you have paid your bill, I will take care to have it to Bologna, or to whatever other city your lordship may happen to be in."

"How! have you the heart to let me go away in this cold weather without my cloak?"

"Ah! sir, I do not know you—and I give credit to no one."

"Inhuman wretch, without pity—"

Here he was interrupted by the porter of the inn, who entered, telling the gentleman that a carriage had come for him.

"Very well," he replied, "take my trunk and I will go."

The landlord accompanied him to the gate, saying: "A pleasant journey, sir; we understand each other, and I will remember my promise."

Eager to examine more closely the rich cloak, he mounted at once to the chamber of the unknown, and went up to the wall to take down the cloak, when, oh! horror! he discovered that it was painted.

"Ah! the thief! the villain! a man who deserves hanging!" he began to shout, and made such an uproar that all the strangers in the inn came out of the rooms to see what had caused such a noise.

"Ah! gentlemen, see—a painted mantle! The man who had this room, and who has just gone, not having money enough to pay his bill, was to leave me in pledge his magnificent cloak, worth more than 500 florins. Instead, the villain has put it in his trunk, and left me this; and more than this, he had the effrontery to mock me, reproaching me with being without human feeling, without a heart."

One of the strangers, who was an amateur painter, said to the landlord: "You are an ingrate, an ignorant fool. You possess a treasure in this most beautiful picture. You were born lucky. This mantle will make your fortune. Charge a price of admission for each person who wishes to see it, and in a short time you will have in your strong box many times the value of your reckoning."

The innkeeper, surprised at this praise of the picture from his guest, and reflecting that it was possible that

LETTER FROM MARK TWAIN.

Mr. Samuel L. Clemens has consented to lecture in Hartford for the benefit of the poor. Following is his letter:

HARTFORD, February 20, 1875. GENTLEMEN:—I accede to your request with pleasure. Many months ago I permanently quitted the platform any more unless driven there by a lack of bread.

By the spirit of that remark I am debarred from delivering this proposed lecture, and so I fall back upon the platform for this final time because I am confronted by a lack of bread—among Father Hawley's flock. Most people lie by the spirit and the letter too, but I am not one of that kind, for I have been very carefully brought up. I wish to impose upon you the condition that the expenses of this enterprise shall be paid out of four or five private pockets, (mine to be one of them), to the end that all of the money that comes into the door shall go to Father Hawley's needy ones, unimpaired by taxes on its journey.

I am glad to know that you are going to put the tickets at \$1; for what we are after is money for people who stand sorely in need of bread and meat, and so the object justifies the price. As this will probably be the last time I shall ever have the opportunity of hearing sound wisdom and pure truth delivered from the platform, I wish to buy a ticket to this lecture, and I herewith send money for the purchase. I am aware that I could get in for nothing, and still be acting in a measure honorably; but when I run my lecture over in my mind and realize what a very banana of priceless information it is, I find I cannot conscientiously accept of a free pass.

Respectfully, MARK TWAIN.

A young man, in New York, recently picked up an envelope containing \$70,000 worth of bonds, which he very properly returned to their owners, a firm of bankers. The latter had just had circulars printed, offering \$1,000 reward for the missing bonds, but they promptly cut down the reward to \$100 when they were so unexpectedly put into possession of their property.

The only member of the historic Washington family residing on the Pacific coast is said to be a young citizen of San Francisco, named Curtis Dodge, who is a great-great nephew of George Washington on both his father's and his mother's side.

"You just ought to have been over to our house last night!" shouted one small boy to another on the Campus Martius, yesterday. "Why—making pictures?" inquired the other. "Naut much! Humph! No, sir; our folks went away, and we had pop corn, two kinds of sweetened water, milk and camphor, drew the dog around in the table cloth, and the hired girl told us eight ghost stories."

A school in Vermont is presided over by a cross-eyed teacher. A few days ago he called out: "That boy that I am looking at will step out on the floor." Immediately twenty-seven lads walked out in front of the astonished pedagogue.

Scene in a court room. Seedy individual arraigned for theft. Question by the Judge—Did you steal the complainant's coat? Seedy individual—I decline to gratify the morbid curiosity of the public by answering that interrogatory.

Two rival eel-fishermen in Maine, recently set fire to each other's huts, whereupon a local paper mentions it under the head of "A Paris Commune in America—The Two-celeries Again in a Blaze."