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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.



TIONESTA LODGE

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. 27-4f.

TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342,

MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, J. T. DALE, C. 31,

Dr. J. E. Blaine, OFFICE and residence opposite the Lawrence House, Office days Wednesdays and Saturdays, 36-tf.

A TTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa. Collections made in this and adjoining countles.

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TIONESTA, PA.

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KINNBAR & SMILEY,

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4-17-1y

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NEW BILLIARD ROOMS!

A DJOINING the Tionesta House, at the mouth of Tionesta Creek. The tables A mouth of Tionesta Crock. The tables and room are new, and everything kept in order. To lovers of the game a covidation is extended to come and play the new room.

Che Forest Republican.

VOL. VII. NO. 48.

TIONESTA, PA., MARCH 17, 1875.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Restaurant,

S. C. JOHNSTON has opened a restau-Mabio's house and the Universalist church. Oysters served up in all styles, or for sale by the car. Confections, Cigars, Tobacco &c., for sale. A share of the public pat-ronage is solicited.

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THE undersigned have opened a first-class Blacksmith and Wagen Shop, in the Roberts shop, opposite the Rural House. All work in either line promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed. Horseshoeing a Specialty

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H. C. HARLIN,

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MES. C. M. BIEATH,

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 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 braiding 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 necupied by Jacob in the house formerly necupied by Jacob in the house formerly occupied by Jacob Shriver.

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M. ITTEL, Proprietor. JOB WORK gently executed at this office

The Bachelor's Surprise.

A chill December evening with the rain and snow forming a disagreeable sort of conglomeration on the sidewalks, the gaslights at the corner flickering sullenly through the mist, and the wind taking one viciously as one came round the corner. Not a pleasant evening to assume possession of a new home; but necessity knows no law, and Mr. Barkdale put up his night key into the red brick house in the middle of the block, sincerely hoping that his new landlady would have common sense enough to light a

"Is it you sir?" Mrs. Heman quote beamingly. "There is a good fire, and it's all right." --

's all right," -- "All right, eh?" said the bachelor feeling the blue tip of his frosty nose to see whether it had escaped being frozen off entirely. "Well, I'm glad to hear of that. Have the trunks

"Oh, yes, air, and the other things!" "What other things!" demanded Mr. Barkdale. But Mrs. Heman pursed up her lips, "I wasu't to tell, sir please."

"Rather an eccentric old lady," thought Markdale, pushing past her to the third story front room, which he had solemnly engaged the day before. It had been rather a dark and dingy little den by the light of the coral shine of a well filled grate, it wore quite another and brighter as-

"Velvet paper on the walls, gilt paneling, red carpet and a Sleepy Hollow chair," thought Mr. Barkdale, glancing round. "Not so uncomforta-ble after all. When I get my things unpacked, it will seem quite home-

He set his valise down in a corner, deliberately opened it, took out a pair of slippers and invested his tired feet therein. Next he laid off his over-

"Now for a cigar," thought he. But the brown layered weed was ret in his hand, when there was a bustle and a flutter, and a whisper, and a merry noise on the landing outside, and the door flew open as if by magic, to admit half a dozen

blooming, laughing girls. Mr. Barkdale dropped his cigar and bachelor. Is it not Greenfield, and it peror's expense." retreated a step or two.
"Don't be alarmed," said the tallest

and prettiest of the bevy, "It's only a "A very agrecable one, I am sure,"

said our friend, recovering in some de-gree 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 not 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. sy, the girls all fluttered out again, cake and the flowers and everything giggling and in a second, before he could realize this strange condition of Barkdale courteously. "Because the strange they were back again, bearing surprise has come to the wrong place benches and a table cloth, dishes, boquets and a pyramid of maccaronies, piled up plates of sandwitches, a frosted cake and a mysterious some-

thing like unto an ice oream freezer. The golden tressed girl clapped her

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

'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 Bachara 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?"

"Stupendus," 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 "Ah, what, indeed," said Mr. Barkwondering 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, enthusinstically. "I am one of her dearest friends. We worked our sewing machine side by side at Madame Grilliard's. Hasu't she over written you about Alice Moure?"

"I-I don't just at this moment re-

"Oh, well, it Joesn't matter," said Nott Greenfield promises to follow the Alice, "just sit down and be a good example as soon as he gets his diploma. and reflecting that it was possible that in a Blaze."

boy while we arrange the table. Ain't those roses beautiful? My goodness gracious, how astonished Kate will

1.00x . 9

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

"Hush-sh-sh-sh." oried 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, whils 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-

Kate looked around in bewilder-

ment. "Where?"

"Why, here?" "Nothing of the sort!" said Miss

Kate demurely.
Our hero stood up, teeling himself growing uncomfortably warm and red.
"Ladies," he said, "there is some mistake here. I said at the outset Some days passed, when there are that my name was not Greenfield."

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

"Didn't I tell you?" retorted Kate. "Be kind enough to let us know what you name is sir." "Cephas Barkdale!" said the wretch-

ed victim of misunderstanding. "But," said Miss Moore, "you said it was Nott Greenfield." "Of course I did!" said the puzzled

never will be unless I have it changed by an act of Legislature." "Oh-h-h!" cried the girls. "Dear, dear to be sure! And we thought you were Kate's lover-and his name is

N-o-t-t Nott -Nott Greenfield." "Do hold your tongues, you ridiculous things!" said Kate half vexed and half laughing. "What will Barkdale think of us?"

"I think you are very nice," said "Sir, if you have no money, as you

Mr. Barkdale, gallantly. "Miss Barbara had in the meantime

taken a slip of paper out of her pocket. She uttered a hysterical shrick "It's all my fault!" she exclaimed. will take care to have it to Bologna, "It was No. 39 instead of No. 35, and the tail of the horrid figures turned ship may happen to be in." But instead of excepting his courte- the wrong end up, that's all, and the "Stop, ladies, if you please, said Mr. my cloak?" arkdale courteously. "Because the "Ah! sir. is no reason why the right person should not enjoy it. Allow me to give up this room to your use this evening.

I will just step across the street and send Mr. Nott Greenfield over. "But you must return with him,"-

said the girls. And Mr. Barkdale was not allowed

to part until he promised. Mr. Nott Greenfield, a good looking medical student-who had the 'sky parlor, directly opposite, came promptly on mention of the name of Kate Killford, and did the polite thing in introducing Mr. Barkdale, and Barkdale ate of the sandwichs, and enjoyed the cake and cream, and coaxed Miss Barbara to pin a little pink rose bud in the buttonhole of his coat, and

enjoyed himself prodigiously. "I'd like to be surprised like this every night in the year," said he. "O, you greedy creature!" said Miss

Barbara. "But there was one time I seriously I was to kiss Kate."

"Dear, dear," said Barbara, ironically, "that would have been dreadful wouldn't it?"

"But the awkwardness of the thing." "I dare say you nover kissed a pretty girl," pouted the blonde. "I never did, but will now if you say so," said the bachelor.

"But I don't say so, said Barbara, coloring and laughing. "Behave your Mr. Barkdale went home with the fair Barbara, and they grew to be very great friends, and—where is the use trying to conceal how it all ended? with all the six surprisers for brides value of your reckoning, maids, Kate Killford included. Mr. The inukeeper, surprisers

THE PAINTER'S MANTLE.

On the fifteenth day of January, 1526, a gentleman arrived in Florence and went to lodge at the Sun Inu. Having with him only one trunk, the iunkeeper 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 ian, 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 or dered the most-exquisit dinners, the most recherche viands, the most expensive wines of France and Germanyand the landlord, being very miserly and suspicious feared for his money. At the end of the second week he

made his guest another visit, and pre-senting his bill, met with the same re-sponse; then he looked around the room and saw a magnificent mautle 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 stries, 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

Some days passed, when there are rived 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 Em-

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

"You know very well, care mie, 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

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,

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

"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

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

The landlord accompanied him to

for him.

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 clonk,

when, oh! horror! he discovered that

it was painted. "Ah! the thief! the villian! a man who deserves banging!" he began to small boy to another on the Campus shout, and made such an uproar that Martius, yesterdy. "Why-making all the strangers in the inn came out pictures?" inquired the other. "Naut

"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 floring Instead, the village is a second in the table cloth, and the hired girl and the property of 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 Transport 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." meditated throwing myself out of the and who has just gone, not having window," said he, "when you told me money enough to pay his bill, was to Instead, the villain has put it in his trunk, and left me this; and more than this, he had the effrontry 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 ignorest 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

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (1 Inch.) one Inertion - \$4.50 One Square "one month - 3 co One Square "three months - 6 co One Square one ments one square one one square one one square one one of the square of the squ

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.

he might in that way gain some profit, followed the advice.

The next day the report of this strange adventure had spread through all Florence; and the curiosity was so great not only in the city, but in all the country around, that our landlord in a very little time had pocketed eight hundred silver florins.

But when, a few days after, it became known that this wonderful painted mantie was a pleasantry of Titan, who had painted it as a trick on his innkeeper, not only the Florentines came to see it, but people came from all parts to admire a work of this distinguished painter, whom Charles V. had that year summoned to Bologna to paint his portrait and undertake other important works.

Our fortunate innkeeper found himself, in a short time, possessor of a considerable sum, and wrote a letter of

apology to the great artist. Titan replied that he was surprised to hear that any painting of his had procured so fabulous a sum, but knowing that any handlord had not deserved it by his cupidity and avarice, he left it to him only on one condition, that if some poor artist should come to his inn, he would not present his bill at end of every week.

LETTER FROM MARK TWAIN.

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

HARTPORD, February 20, 1875. a lack of bread. By the spirit of that remark I am debarred from delivering this proposed fecture, 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 Haw-ley's needy ones, unimpaired by taxes on its journey. I am glad to kown 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 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 bonanza 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 ap 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 cit-

izen 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 jist ought to have been over to our house last night?" shouted one

over by a cross-cycd 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 aston-

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

Two rival cel-fishermen in Maine, re-They were married at the year's end, in your strong box many times the cently set fire to each other's huts, value of your reckoning."

The inukeeper, surprised at this under the head of "A Paris Commune praise of the picture from his guest, in America—The Two celeries Again