

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY W. R. DUNN. OFFICE IN ROBINSON & BONNER'S BUILDING, 12th STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

The Forest Republican.

VOL. VII. NO. 50.

TIONESTA, PA., MARCH 31, 1875.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates and prices. Includes 'Rates of Advertising' and 'Legal notices at established rates.'

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. of 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.

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

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 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.

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.

EMPIRE HOTEL, TIDOUTE, PA. H. E. WALD, PROPRIETOR.

C. B. Weber's Hotel, TYLESBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER, Proprietor.

Dr. J. L. Acomby, 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, etc.

MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS, Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts., Tionesta.

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, &c.

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, &c.

D. W. CLARK, COMMISSIONER'S CLERK, FOREST CO., PA. REAL ESTATE AGENT.

NEW BILLIARD ROOMS! ADJOINING the Tionesta House, at the mouth of Tionesta Creek.

Restaurant.

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

BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP. TIME undersigned have opened a first-class Blacksmith and Wagon Shop.

Horseshoeing a Specialty. 21y I. SPEARS & H. W. ROBERTS.

NEW HARNESS SHOP. JUST opened in the Roberts Building opposite the Rural House.

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

H. C. HARLIN, Merchant Tailor. IN THE Lawrence Building, over Superior Lumber Co. Store.

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. AETNA INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DEMING.) Pictures in every style of the art.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY. 12th 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.

JOB WORK neatly executed at this office at reasonable rates.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

"You are really going to hang up that sprig of mistletoe, Winifred?" said the stately Gertrude Ponsoby.

"I certainly am, Queen Gertrude. Have you any objection?" asked Winifred, demurely, looking up in the face of her elder sister.

"I do—well—I do think it is rather—what shall I say?—childish, unless it is somewhat too fast for our style of guests," replied the first speaker.

"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.

H. C. HARLIN, Merchant Tailor. IN THE Lawrence Building, over Superior Lumber Co. Store.

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. AETNA INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DEMING.) Pictures in every style of the art.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY. 12th 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.

JOB WORK neatly executed at this office at reasonable rates.

Gertrude's eyes quickly saw the words, "Te Miss Ponsoby—from L. St. A."

"There, Queen Gertrude, I hope you are happy now!" said Winifred, gaily. "But make haste down stairs! I only hope the mistletoe will not spoil all!" she added, demurely, as she danced out of the room.

Gertrude soon followed. The slip of paper had disappeared when the maid entered to clean the rooms immediately afterwards.

Louis St. Aubyn did not appear till an unusually late hour, and Gertrude's card was filled up far more closely than she wished in his absence.

Poor Gertrude fancied that he looked cold and formal; perhaps her own manner was somewhat piqued and annoyed; for he went off, and at the end of the quadrille he was not visible.

She did not even know her, and could only suppose some of their guests had brought an unexpected visitor in their party.

But a strange gloom came over her, and she stole away as the guests were resting and taking some refreshment, and hid herself in a small back apartment, which opened into the dining-room, where the celebrated mistletoe bough was hanging from the centre chandelier.

She heard voices approaching and as she drew back to listen, she could just perceive the figures of Louis St. Aubyn and the beautiful girl in whom he had before seemed so much interested.

"It is the dining-room; surely you must not come here, said a remarkable weak voice.

"Oh, yes; I may take such a liberty here. I am privileged, I believe, and it is so long since I have seen you, and we have such heart-touching matters to discuss—have we not, Ada, my belle."

And Louis gave an arch smile, and bending down, whispered something that brought the color to the girl's fair cheeks.

Gertrude dared scarcely breathe; her very heart was choked and swelled with grief, and shame, and indignation pride.

Louis spoke once more, and her ears were strained to listen to the words.

"Yes, Ada, we can, I trust, both be happy now; but this is scarcely the time to enter on all that I have to say. We must return; and I want to find Gertrude for the next dance. Hist!—by Jove!—what a sprig of mistletoe! Just the very thing for the occasion!" And drawing the fair Ada under the branch, he pressed a kiss on her lips.

She laughed—blushed—and with a half arch, half reproving tap on his arm with her fan, they went off together in the direction of the ball room.

Poor Gertrude! She sat cold and sick, as if stricken by sudden illness. She never had guessed, never confessed the extent of her love for Louis St. Aubyn till now.

And to hear such words, when actually wearing on her brow his volunteered gift, when she could recall such numberless looks and words, and even gestures, that could scarcely be interpreted as aught but the indention of honorable love.

It was a terrible blow, and one that fell most hardly on a singularly proud and deep nature.

She had committed herself. She had given even Winifred the insight into her mind. What could she do? Where could she hide herself till she had crushed down the agony, and taught herself to wear a mask that could not but deceive her nearest and dearest?

She felt that her very face must be wan and haggard, her voice constrained. She must wait till the first shock was over, and then, brave all, and suffer torture like a Spartan or a Sago Indian.

So with dry, tearless eyes and cold hand, which mocked the burning brow it supported, she rested on a small couch in the recess, and listened mechanically to the music and the dancing, and only wondered when the advent of the party to supper might rick her discovery, and cause a search for the missing daughter of the house.

She closed her aching eyes in utter weariness. Life seemed so dark to her now. How could she ever trust any one

more, even if this deep pain was conquered?

The music and the tread of feet sounded as if the crowd had actually gone frantic. How could any one be so happy, so gay, and so so miserable?

Gertrude never knew how the minutes passed by till they certainly lengthened into an hour.

A kind of dull apathy stole over her, a consciousness of pain that yet she scarcely realized.

And when at last a gentle hand touched her, and a voice said softly and doubtfully, "Gertrude—dear Gertrude, what is this?" she started as if from a deep slumber.

"Mr. St. Aubyn! This is extraordinary!" she said, gaspingly. "What could bring you here—in my private retreat?"

"I came to find you, Gertrude; your mother is anxious about you. She fears you are ill, to have left the dancers so long."

"I am quite well. I will go to—mamma," she murmured. "I am not wanted. Please to leave me, Mr. St. Aubyn."

"Not wanted? Not by me!—and you have not danced with me yet, Gertrude!" he said, reproachfully.

"You must excuse me. No doubt you would only be missed elsewhere—where you ought to be," she said, irritated at his seeming treachery.

He stood for a moment in wondering silence. Then, to her excessive annoyance he gave a slight but irresistible laugh.

"Can it be?—I am so happy?—are you, indeed, resenting a perhaps, natural mistake?" he said, a bright flash of triumph illuminating his features.

Gertrude's eyes were downcast, and a dawn of suspicion that she might have been too hasty came on her mind.

"Perhaps you may have been here when I brought my cousin here for air, and for a few moments' talk after her absence," he said with an arch smile, "and to exchange mutual confidences, dear Gertrude?"

"I—I really do not know—it is no affair of mine," she said, reddening and trying to rise and pass him; but he stood right before her.

"No Gertrude, not till you have heard the explanation which is due to you, after all I have said in manner, if not in words," he said, firmly. "The simple truth is, that my cousin, Adelaide Fance, who has been as a sister to me since boyhood, has just unexpectedly returned with her mother to our house, and I knew that I might venture to bring them to your party, even at the last moment. She has been betrothed most happily in her absence, and I was exchanging congratulations with her on her real and my wished-for happiness, when we strolled in here, and, I believe, enacted a foolish piece of sentiment into the bargain," he added, with a glance at the mistletoe.

Gertrude was now coloring to the very tips of her fair fingers and roots of her hair. What a terrible goose she had been, and what a confession she had tacitly made!

"Gertrude," he resumed, drawing her more daintily towards him, "can you not guess what was the happiness I hope for, that I wished Adelaide to sympathize in? Will you not tell me whether it is to be mine—whether you can love me, and whether this dear hand is to be given for life, as well for the dance, to Louis St. Aubyn, your true lover?"

She certainly did not speak; but then the said hand told a great deal instead of the lips.

And when they went in to supper, Adelaide Fance's dark gray eye looked significantly at her cousin and his companion when they passed near the mistletoe bough.

But Louis did not take advantage of its privilege. Perhaps he scarcely acknowledged its necessity in his present happy case.

Three months after, Gertrude and Adelaide were married, on the same day to the lovers of their choice; and some twelve months after, when Winifred followed their example, Mrs. Fance and Mrs. Ponsoby agreed to share the home of the latter, now left desolate. But, so long as she lived, Gertrude preserved the memorable branch of mistletoe.—Household Mag.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Lord Macaulay, when a young and unknown man, was visiting Rome, and one night he went to see the lyceum by moonlight.

While alone under the dark arches, where it is as black as night, all of a sudden a man in a large cloak brushed past him rather rudely, as Macaulay thought, and passed on into the darkness.

Macaulay's first impulse was to clap his hand to his watch-pocket; and sure enough he found that his watch was not there.

He looked after the man, who he doubted not had stolen his watch as he brushed past him, and peering into the darkness, could just distinguish the outline of a figure moving away.

Macaulay rushed after him, overtook him, and, seizing him by the collar, demanded his watch. Macaulay could speak very little Italian, and understood none when spoken; so he was obliged to limit his attack on the thief to a violent shaking him by the collar, and an angry repetition of the demand, "Orologio! Orologio!"

Whereupon the detected thief drew forth the watch and handed it to his captor. Macaulay, satisfied with his prowess in having thus recaptured his property, and not caring for the trouble of pursuing the matter any further, turned on his heel as he pocketed the watch, and saw nothing more of the man.

But, when he returned to his apartment at night, his landlady met him at the door, holding out something in her hand, saying: "Oh, sir, you left your watch on the table, so I thought it better to take care of it. Here it is." "Good gracious! What is this, then? What is the meaning of it?" stammered Macaulay, drawing from his pocket the watch he had so gallantly recovered in the Coliseum.

It was a watch he had never seen before. The truth was plain—he had been the thief! The poor man he had so violently shaken and apostrophised in the darkness and solitude of the Coliseum arches had been terrified into surrendering his own watch to the resolute ruffian who, as he conceived, had pursued him to rob him.

The next morning Macaulay, not a little crest-fallen, hastened to the office of the questor with the watch, and told his story. "Ah, I see," said the questor, "you had better leave the watch with me. I will make your excuses to the owner of it; he has already been here to denounce you."

DRIVING NAILS.

Every farmer who has occasion to drive a nail in seasoned oak posts knows its liability to bend or break. If the point be moistened in the mouth it will surely drive more kindly.

Oil is better; but then it is inconvenient to dip each separately into it. Another point is that boards become loose eventually from the rusting of nails, which, communicating to the wood, causes not only an enlargement of the nail hole but the wearing away of the nail itself, rendering the building shaky or insecure.

This may be prevented by heating any rough grease until it smokes, and then pouring over the nails to be used. The grease will penetrate the pores of the iron, and cause the nails to last without rusting for an indefinite period.

Besides this, no difficulty will then be experienced in driving them in the hardest of wood. The reason is that the coating of grease prevents contact by air, and consequently oxidation. Oxygen is the great destroyer of iron, and moisture the inducing cause.

Anything which is kept dry the effect is measurably the same. Paint on buildings prevents the contact of air and moisture. If the whole fence cannot be painted, the heads, at least, of the nails therein should be touched.—Newark Builder.

A grocer stepped out of his door yesterday just as a boy had filled his pockets with apples from a barrel. He shouted: "Here! you have been stealing apples. Police! police!" "Don't holler that way!" replied the boy, as he put the apples back. "Bill bet me that my pocket wouldn't hold three old soakers, and I was just trying to see. I'm open to such bets every day in the week."

"Why is it," asks an exchange, "that nearly every Senator's wife in Washington is a handsome woman?" It is simply because nearly every Senator's wife who is not a handsome woman is left at home.

An Oakland young lady entered a drug store lately and wanted to see the papers for a week back, and the intelligent clerk showed her a roll of sticking plaster.