

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. T. DALE, N. G. G. T. LATIMER, Sec'y.

TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342. O. U. A. M. MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock. J. T. DALE, O. P. P. M. CLARK, R. S.

OFFICE and residence opposite the Lawrence House. Office days Wednesdays and Saturdays. 36-4f. E. L. Davis.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa. Collections made in this and adjoining counties. 40-ly

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

F. W. Hays, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY Public, Reynolds Hukill & Co's Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 39-ly

F. KIRKBRIDE, F. B. SMILEY, KIRKBRIDE & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, - - - Franklin, Pa.

PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties. 39-ly.

CENTRAL HOUSE, BONNER & ANNEW BLOCK. L. ANNEW, Proprietor. This is a new house, and has just been fitted up for the accommodation of the public. A portion of the patronage of the public is solicited. 40-ly

Lawrence House, TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR. This house is centrally located. Everything new and well furnished. Superior accommodations and strict attention given to guests. Vegetables and Fruits of all kinds served in their season. Sample room for Commercial Agents. 40-ly

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER PROPRIETOR. Opposite S. Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened. Everything new and clean and fresh. The best of liquors kept constantly on hand. A portion of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. 4-17-ly

Tionesta House, MITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St. Tionesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek. Mr. Mittel has thoroughly renovated the Tionesta House, and re-furnished it completely. All who patronize him will be well entertained at reasonable rates. 37-ly

Empire Hotel, TIDOUPE, PA. H. EWALD, PROPRIETOR. This house is centrally located, has been thoroughly refitted and now boasts as good a table and beds as any Hotel in the oil regions. Transient only \$2.00 per day. 23-60

C. R. Weber's Hotel, TYLERBURGH, PA. C. R. 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. Good accommodations for guests, and excellent stabling. 10-3m.

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 Tidoupe, near Tidoupe House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery, all of the best quality, and will be sold at reasonable rates.

DR. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced Physician and Druggist 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. Collections made on all the Principal points of the U. S. Collections solicited. 18-ly.

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, 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. 4-4-ly. D. W. CLARK.

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. MITTEL, Proprietor.

The Forest Republican.

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TIONESTA, PA., APRIL 14, 1875.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

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

Restaurant.

S. C. JOHNSTON has opened a restaurant in the Davis Building, between Mabie's house and the Universalist church. Oysters served up in all styles, or for sale by the can. Confections, Cigars, Tobacco &c., for sale. A share of the public patronage is solicited. 40f

BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP.

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

Horseshoeing a Specialty 22 1/2 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. Harness of all kinds made to order and cheap as the cheapest. Remember the name and place. W. WEST, Roberts Building, Opposite Rural House, Tionesta. 22-ly

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. 19-ly

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, 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 occupied by Jacob Shriver. 14f

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.

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 of 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. He warrants all his work. The patronage of the citizens of Forest County is most respectfully solicited. All he asks is a fair trial. 4f

JOE WORK neatly executed at this office at reasonable rates.

A BEAR-CATCHING GOVERNOR.

An enthusiastic correspondent of the San Francisco Alta gives the subjoined description of an encounter with a grizzly bear, in which California's new governor (Pacheco) figured prominently:

Governor Pacheco has, among his accomplishments—and they are many—one possessed, we believe, by no other governor in the United States. He can lasso, and get away with a wild, grizzly bear; and we saw him do it in May, 1852, on the Rancho de los Ocos (Bear Rancho) in San Louis Obispo, then the residence of Governor Pacheco's mother. Away up in the mountains, among the wild oaks, the grizzlies take their morning naps, after their nightly prowling about in search of any stray calf, pig, or other small game. Early one morning the enormous print of a grizzly's foot was seen in the earth close by the dwelling by the governor's mother, and in a few minutes Romualdo and two or three others were in the saddle and off for the mountains. When the tall wild oats, half way up the mountain, were reached, the party had not ridden more than two minutes among the tall, dry whip, when the horses suddenly started, snorting loudly, and instantly a huge grizzly stood erect with a terrific presence, high above the dry, wild oats. He looked just like a gigantic negro, with shaggy, fur overcoat, his eyes gleaming fiercely, his cruel teeth and red mouth unpleasantly conspicuous. Each man and every horse for the instant seemed petrified—as if, while every nerve and every muscle, and every sense was at its utmost tension, they had suddenly looked upon the Medusa. In a second's time, Pacheco spurred forward, swinging his lasso. The bear commenced snorting wildly, and few professional boxers can fend off as these creatures will. But Pacheco's lasso shot out like an arrow, and clasped about the huge fore-foot, when the horse (who saw every movement, and was just as wide-awake as Pacheco,) sprang the other way, and the lasso being fast to the ground, when two other men, quick as lightning, had thrown their lassos, and caught the hind-foot; then another ride caught the loose fore-foot, and the four horses took their positions like cavalry animals trained by some noiseless signal, and slowly marched down the mountain's side, two horses in the van and two in the rear, dragging Ursula Major down the grassy descent, the rear horses keeping just tautline enough to prevent the bear from getting any use of his terrible hind claws. Nahl has painted some of these California lassoing scenes, that have been as near justice to such exciting tableaux as could be done by the painter's art, but nothing could portray the intensity of excitement and action brought forth at such a moment. Pacheco was at that time twenty-one years old, and the handsomest man we ever looked upon.

"I guess that panther in the wilderness was not more than he." When he first realized the sudden presence of the terrible enemy and stood erect in his stirrups, his face gleaming with the glory of youth, fearlessness, and excitement—his great black eyes sparkling, his white teeth tightly pressed upon his nether lip, perfectly still for a second, he was a most glorious object. In no longer time than the sight of this could be just taken in he sprang forward, his long, dark hair tossed wildly for a moment, and then he had captured the bear, as related.

The captors slowly took their prisoner down to the house, where a long, heavy piece of timber lay upon the grass. Fastening the bear's hind feet to the timber with a strong lasso, the fore-feet to a strong, deep driven stake, they stepped away to a respectful distance, their eyes upon the ferocious creature, and their hands upon their saddle-pommels. We walked up close to the bear to take a careful look at him. All cried out "Cuidado!" "Take care."

"Why, he's all secure," we said. "Yes, but look out." "You don't think he could get loose!" "Perhaps not, but you'd better keep away!" And we did.

The bear lay with his head between his huge paws, covering his eyes, save occasionally when he would furtively lift his eyes, like a sulky child, to look at his captors; then covering his eyes again, remain a moment and steal another look. Soon he gave heavy sighs, and some one said, "He is dying!" We expressed surprise to learn that the bear was wounded.

"He is not wounded," they replied, "but his heart breaks—he dies of rage." And in a few moments he had breathed his last, and was dragged away some distance from the house and left.

Pacheco pointed to the sky. We looked and saw a hundred carrion crows, whose watchful eyes had seen the feat long before it was half way

down the mountain side; and before we were a hundred yards from the dead bear, its body was completely hidden by the sable, flapping wings of the hungry undertakers.

AN INCIDENT OF PARIS LIFE.

Lucy Hooper sends the following to the Philadelphia Press:

"Let me mention a little incident which created much merriment in a certain set here lately. It appears that there is a pretty little creature who has bestowed upon herself the cognomen of Diane de Bagatelle, with whom a well known young viscount is madly in love. Mlle. Diane is a very romantic young lady, with a taste for the plays and novels of the younger Dumas, and especially for the 'Dame aux Camelias.' So she was not surprised when one day the card of the Count de X—, the father of the viscount in question, was handed to her, and an elegant elderly gentleman, faultlessly dressed and with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor at his buttonhole, was ushered into her boudoir.

"My son loves Mademoiselle," began the Count, without further preface. "I know it," sighed Diane. "He has—"

"A sister?" exclaimed the lady, remembering the interview between Marguerite Gautier and the elder Duval. "No, not a sister, but a cousin—his cousin Blanche, to whom he has been betrothed for years. She pines and weeps, and you, Mademoiselle, you and your fatal charms are the cause."

"Alas!" said Diane, feeling herself Ducho and Blanche Pierson rolled into one in real earnest. "Your sensibility does you honor. Will you break with my son once and forever? And if two hundred thousand francs—"

"Two hundred thousand francs?" "I will draw you a check at once." "Sir," exclaimed the lady, "you have not made an appeal to a callous heart. I will make the sacrifice; I will give up Henri. You said, I think, two hundred thousand?"

"I did. Blessings on you, my child!" exclaimed the Count, fervently. "Write the letter I shall dictate, and the check shall be yours." "So down Diane sat and penned the following epistle:

"Dear Henri, I love you no more. In fact I never have loved you; I love another. Farewell forever, DIANE." "The Count took the letter, inspected it carefully, and placed it in his pocket-book, from which he then drew a check for the amount named, which he placed in the lady's eager hands.

"Allow me, my child, to raise to my lips the gentle hand that has just saved my son!" A kiss and a tear fell on the dainty hand together; it was then released, and the aged nobleman departed. He had not been long gone when Mlle. Diane discovered that her diamond ring, which was valued at 10,000 francs, had disappeared from her finger, and further investigations proved that her silverware and other articles of value had also vanished. The pretended Count was no other than a swindler of the very worst type. The worst of the affair was that the scamp actually mailed the letter of Mlle. Diane to the viscount, so that the lady found herself minus an adorer as well as her valuables."

"Well, my son," said a Detroit father to his eight year old son the other night, "what have you done today that may be set down as a good deed?" "Gave a poor boy five cents," replied the hopeful.

"Ah, ha! that was charity, and charity is always right. He was an orphan boy, was he?" "I didn't stop to ask," replied the boy; "I gave him the money for licking a boy who spit in my dinner basket."

Alcibiades had a shrewd way of diverting attention from his vices. He once paid seventy mims (about \$1,400) for a dog of remarkable size and beauty, and generally admired for his tail. He cut the tail off, and when his friends scolded him and said that everybody was vexed about the dog and abusing him, he answered, with a laugh: "That is what I want; I wish them to talk about this, that they may say nothing worse of me."

A widow who had just lost her husband was weeping bitterly for the dear departed. A friend tried to console her. "Oh, no," said the fair mourner, "let me have my cry out. After that I shan't think anything about it."

Smart boy that seven-year-old in Maine. His name is Frank Foster, he has attended school since December, and meanwhile has saved and piled ten cords of stove-wood. Pass him around.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER NAVIGATION.

There used to be an excellent pilot on the river, a Mr. X., who was a somnambulist. It was said that if his mind was troubled about a bad piece of river he was pretty sure to get up and walk in his sleep and do strange things. He was once fellow pilot for a trip or two with George E—, on a great New Orleans passenger packet. Late one night the boat was approaching Helena, Ark.; the water was low, and the crossing above the town in a very bad condition. X. had seen the crossing since E— had, and as the night was particularly drizzly, sullen, and dark, E— was considering whether he had not better have X. called to assist in running the place, when the door opened and X. walked in.

"Let me take her, Mr. E—; I've seen this place since you have, and it is so crooked that I reckon I can run it myself easier than I could tell you how to do it."

"It is kind of you and I swear I am willing. I haven't got another drop of perspiration left in me. I have been spinning around and around the wheel like a squirrel. It is so dark I can't tell which way she is swinging till she is coming around like a whirl-gig."

So E— took a seat on the bench, panting and breathless. X— assumed the wheel, without saying anything, steadied the waltzing steamer with a turn or two, and then stood at ease, coaxing her a little to this side and then to that, as gently as if the time had been noonday. When E— observed this marvel of steering, he wished he had not confessed! He stared and wondered, and finally said:

"Well, I thought I knew how to steer a steamboat, but that was another mistake of mine."

X said nothing, but went serenely on with his work. He rang for leads; he rang to slow down the stream; he worked the boat carefully and neatly into invisible marks, then stood at the centre of the wheel and peered out boldly into the blackness, fore and aft, to verify his position; as the leads shoaled more and more, he stopped the engines entirely, and the dead silence and suspense of "drifting" followed; when the shoalest water was struck he cracked on the steam, carried her handsomely, over, and then began to work her warily into the next system of shoal marks; the same patient, heedful use of leads and engines followed; the boat slipped through without touching bottom, and entered upon the third and last intricacy of the crossing; imperceptibly she moved through the gloom, crept by inches into her shoals, drifted tediously till the shoalest water was cried, and then under a tremendous head of steam, went swinging over the reef and away into deep water and safety!

E— let his long pent breath pour out in a long, relieving sigh, and said: "That's the sweetest piece of piloting that was ever done on the Mississippi river! I wouldn't have believed it could be done, if I hadn't seen it."

There was no reply, and he added: "Just hold her five minutes longer, partner, and let me run down and get a cup of coffee."

A minute later E— was biting into a pie down in the "texas," and comforting himself with coffee. Just then the night watchman happened in, and was about to happen out again, when he noticed E— and exclaimed:

"Who is at the wheel, sir?" "X—."

"Dart for the pilot house quicker than lightning!"

The next moment both men were flying up the pilot house companion way three steps at a jump! Nobody there! The great steamer was whistling down the middle of the river at her own sweet will! The watchman shot out of the place again; E— seized the wheel, set an engine back with power, and held his breath while the boat reluctantly swung away from a "towhead" which she was about to knock into the middle of the Gulf of Mexico!

By and by the watchman came back and said:

"Didn't that lunatic tell you he was asleep when he first came up here?" "No."

"Well, he was. I found him walking along on the top of the railings, just as unconcerned as another man would walk a pavement; and I put him to bed. Now just this minute there he was again, away astern, going through that sort of tight-rope deviltry the same as before."

"Well, I think I'll stay by, next time he has one of those fits. But I hope he'll have them often. You just ought to have seen him take this boat through Helena crossing. I never saw anything so gaudy before. And

if he can do such gold-leaf, kid-glove diamond-breadpin piloting when he is sound asleep, what couldn't he do if he was dead?"—Mark Twain.

THE SPARE BED.

When I go to the country to visit my relatives, writes M. Quad, the spare bed rises up before my imagination days before I start, and I shiver as I remember how cold and grave-like the sheet are. I put off the visit as long as possible, solely on account of that spare bed. I don't like to tell them that I had rather sleep on a picket fence than to enter that spare room and creep into that spare bed, and so they know nothing of my sufferings.

The spare bed is always as near a mile and a half from the rest of the beds as it can be located. It's either up-stair at the head of the hall, or off the parlor. The parlor curtains have not been raised for weeks; everything is as grim as an old maid's bonnet, and the bed is as square and true as if it had been made up to a carpenter's rule.

No matter whether it be summer or winter, the bed is like ice, and it sinks down in a way to make one shiver. The sheets are slippery clean, the pillow-slips rustle like shrouds, and one dare not stretch his leg down for fear of kicking against a tomb-stone.

One sinks down until he is lost in the hollow, and foot by foot the prime bedposts vanish from sight. He is worn out and sleepy, but he knows that the rest of the family are so far away that no one could hear him if he should shout for an hour, and this makes him nervous. He wonders if anyone ever died in that room, and straightway he sees faces of dead persons, hears strange noises, and pretty feels a chill galloping up and down his back.

Did anyone ever pass a comfortable night in a spare bed? no matter how many quilts and spreads covered him he could not get warm, and if he accidentally fell asleep it was to awake with a start, under the impression that a dead man was pulling his nose. It will be days and weeks before he recovers from the impression, and yet he must suffer in silence, because the spare bed was assigned to him in token of esteem and affection.

MICROSCOPIC.

A well-known naturalist tells of an insect seen with microscope of which twenty-seven million would only equal a mite. Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a common grain of sand. Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies are covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a single scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself out like water through a sieve. The mites make five hundred steps a second. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings swimming with as much liberty as a whale in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing upon it, like oxen on a meadow.

Billy Henderson was engaged in cleaning out the cellar the other day and sorting over the apples. It was during the thaw and the cellar window was open and as Billy seized a rotten apple to shle at Jimmie Brown's dog, which was passing by, he did not notice that his father was just putting his head in at the window to call him to dinner. Billy will probably be able to sort over the rest of those apples next week, but his father's eye will never resume its wonted brightness.

Mr. Weightman, who regularly falls off on dreamland just after the first prayer at each church service, lost himself as usual last Sunday night. His pew is right under the edge of the gallery, and a couple of youths who were up there flirting with the girls in the choir knocked a hymn book down on the old man's head. In an instant he had the man ahead of him by the hair, and as he slung his foot frantically out into the aisle, shouted, "Whoa, Nance, gol darn you, or I'll snatch your head way off of ye!"

The present rage for spelling schools revives an anecdote of General Scott. He had drawn up the rough draft of an order, in which the word "wagon" occurred. The General inserted one "g" too many and his clerk, on discovering it, timidly asked on what authority he spelled "wagon" with two "gs." "On the authority of Lieutenant General Scott, commanding the armies of the United States, sir!" thundered the pompous old General. The clerk, at least, thought the authority sufficient.