

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY W. R. DUNN. OFFICE IN ROBINSON & BONNER'S BUILDING...

The Forest Republican.

VOL. VIII. NO. 6.

TIONESTA, PA., MAY 12, 1875.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising. One Square (1 inch), one insertion - \$1.50...

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TONESTA LODGE No. 369. I. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock...

TONESTA 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 Wednesday and Saturdays.

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

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

ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY Public, Reynolds Hukill & Co's Block, Second St., Oil City, Pa.

KINNEAR & SMILKY, Attorneys at Law, - - - Franklin, Pa. PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties.

CENTRAL HOUSE, BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, L. A. 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 new and well furnished.

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

TIETEL, Proprietor, Elm St. Tionesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek. Mr. Tietel has thoroughly renovated the Tionesta House, and re-furnished it completely.

EMPIRE HOTEL, TIONESTA, PA., H. EWALD, PROPRIETOR. This house is centrally located, has been thoroughly refitted and now boasts a good table and beds as any Hotel in the oil regions.

C. B. WEBER'S HOTEL, TYLESBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER, 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.

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.

D. W. CLARK, (COMMERCIAL 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.

FINE CARPETINGS, 35 cts. per yard. FINE CEILING for rooms in place of Plaster. FINE ROOFING and SIDING. For samples, address C. J. FAY, Camden, New Jersey.

Restaurant.

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

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-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.

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, 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.

TIME TRIED AND FIRE TESTED! THE ORIGINAL.

ÆTHA INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN. ASSETS Dec. 31, 1873, \$5,733,925.79.

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER.

Pictures in every style of the art. Views of the oil regions for sale or taken to order. CENTRE STREET, near R. R. crossing.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

ELM STREET. SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S STORE. Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, - - - Proprietor.



PAPA BALDWIN

Has opened a SEWING MACHINE DEPOT

In his BOOT and SHOE STORE,

And in connection with his other business he has constantly in store the

GROVER & BAKER, DOMESTIC, VICTOR, WILSON SHUTTLE, WHITNEY, HOWE, BLES, WHEELER & WILSON, HOME SHUTTLE, and will

FURNISH TO ORDER

any Sewing Machine in the market, at list prices, with all the

GUARANTEES

which the Companies give, and will

DELIVER THE MACHINES

In any part of Forest County, and give all necessary instructions to learners.

Needles for all Machines, Silk and Thread always in store.

TIONESTA, PA., June 1874.

WHITE RIVER.

"Beneath it sweeps, The current's calmness: oft from out it leaps The finny darter with the glittering scales, Who dwells and revels in thy glossy daps!"

While chance some scattered water-lily sails Down where the shallower wave still tells its babbling tales."

Any one who consults the map of Arkansas will find that White river is made up from numerous small streams that rise in the hilly country, in the northwest part of the state, and in southwest Missouri. The general course of the river from the Missouri line to Jacksonport, Arkansas, is southeast; here Black river joins it, and from thence it runs almost south until it mingles its waters with those of the mighty Mississippi.

NEW HARNESS SHOP.

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, 22-ly Opposite Rural House, Tionesta.

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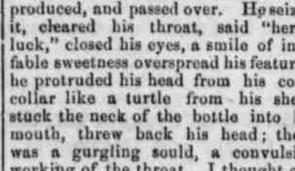
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two hundred pounds of fish in half a day. We used small craw fish for bait, and the taken consisted of black bass, drum, catfish, bream and white perch, the latter the largest I ever saw.

Red river is deep, rather clear and with very little current. In the vicinity of Jacksonport game is abundant. The river in winter is full of ducks of various kinds, and the small lakes, ponds, sloughs and lagoons absolutely swarm with them.

Geese are quite plenty and occasionally a swan is seen. Bob White is there in full numbers in the plantations. A few woodcock, and an abundance of snipe in season. East of the town, twelve or fifteen miles, deer are plenty, and I have had some magnificent sport hunting them between bayous Cache and De View. Between these bayous there is a belt of post oak barrens, almost uninhabited. The deer there are not much hunted, and lie well when approached on horseback, and when hunted with hounds do not run off, but tuck and dodge for hours. I got ten shots there one day, but you are not going to be told how many deer I bagged. My powder was crooked. Another time two of us had hunted until the middle of the afternoon, and killed nothing. The hounds were tired down, we, disgusted; riding near a small field a hound opened on a trail. I stopped and encouraged him, when he got over the fence. The field was abandoned and grown up with bushes and tall grass. My companion called to me to come on, that the hound was trailing a cat, but by this time some of the other hounds had crossed the fence and were giving tongue on the trail. Happening to look ahead just then, I saw D—, who was some distance in advance, square himself in the saddle and bring up his gun to his shoulder. A puff of smoke, and the heavy report followed, then another puff and report; away went the hounds, pell mell and right from amongst those in the field rushed an enormous buck. 'Twas an awkward shot for me to make—nearly square off to the right—and a few more jumps would put Mister Buck in the cane out of sight. So following him as well as possible with my gun, I let drive. The cloud of smoke and hid him for an instant and when I saw him again he had changed his course and was running down the fence. I gave him the other barrel; he disappeared in the bushes, but I heard him crash against a sapling, and I know I had made venison of him. There were three deer in the field; they got up and were slipping out ahead of the hounds; the two does some distance in advance of the buck. D— killed a doe with each barrel, and his firing turned the buck back by where I was. All the deer were in fine flesh; the buck was one of the largest I ever saw killed.

I have bagged two deer several times in a day's hunting, and one day three, two bucks and a yearling deer. A quick steady horse was indispensable as we shot altogether from the saddle. In the dense cane along the river were found bear, wild cat and occasionally a panther. Ducks could be bagged by the score by stalking them—under cover of the switch cane—along the bayous, lakes and ponds, and by floating for them in the river. I killed eight mallards at a shot with one barrel, and one with the other; they were in a small pond in the cane. Bob White were plenty in the fields and lay well to the dogs; snipe were numerous and exceedingly gentle.

I hunted deer with a man who lived on the river, and if he was not a good shot, it was not because his Christian name was not identical with that of the champion wing shot of America. Yet he could not shoot worth a cent, although exceedingly fond of the chase. Something always turned up at the wrong time for him and "knocked him out of a shoot."

Adam's favorite steed was a horse of the female persuasion, that he called Blaze; he would ride nothing else. New the aforesaid Blaze had a mule colt by her side, and if that mule colt did not according to Adam's statements, knock out of killing fifty deer, I'm a Jew—an 'Ebrew Jew. We would put Adam at a stand, and the deer, guided by a kind Providence, or that unerring instinct that prompts them to go in the safest places, would invariably run out by him. We would listen with bated breath for the shot, listen in vain. After the hounds were clean gone we would go down to his stand and ask Adam why the thunder he had not shot. His invariable reply was, "that blasted mule colt knocked me out of getting a shoot. He heard the hounds coming, run right down and turned the deer too far off to shoot."

If he went to drive, the colt would get in his way; and one day Adam said that the colt and a big buck ran by him side by side in thirty steps. "Why didn't you shoot any way,

Adam?" asked some one. "Because the blasted mule colt was on my side." I never hunted west of the river but once. I had often been importuned by a man on that side to come over and hunt with him. So one day at sunrise Adam and I got into a skiff, and taking our guns and saddles, and some of the best of the pack, pulled across. Horses awaited us—a whole lot full—Adam took an old sorrel that looked as if he would stand the report of a cannon. I saddled a pretty black mare. Our host was on a well tried horse, as he expected to do most of the driving. After going a mile or more the hounds commenced trailing. We had not reached the designated stands, and rode hard to get there. Adam's horse proved to be a match for the one that Lehabod Crane rode to see the blooming Katrina. The trail was getting hotter. Then came a burst of free wild music—the pack in full cry. They were coming right down on us. I stopped and Adam galloped on to reach the bank of a bayou. Soon I found that the deer would run out to him; a moment more and the heavy report of his gun resounded through the forest, and before the reverberation died away, Adam's horse rushed by as rushed Lord Marmion's steed from Flodden Field.

"Blood shot his eye"—he was a one-eyed horse—"his nostrils spread"—and his tail, too—"The loose rein hanging from his head."

Whether the "saddle and housing were bloody rid," or not I could not tell, as he had run clean out of them. Adam contrary to his usual custom had brought something to the ground—himself.

After following the pack some time (the deer after getting tired commenced tacking, and I had been knocked out of a shot twice by the unsteadiness of the mare) I heard them coming right down a glade toward me, slipped from the saddle, and walked a few paces away. Presently I saw the deer coming down the edge of the glade and when he was within about sixty yards he saw the mare and stopped. I fired at him as he stood with his breast toward me. He turned square off at the shot, and I let fly at his broad side as he went. He ran on a hundred yards and fell into the bed of a dry slough. Knowing he was hard hit, I followed on foot to keep the hounds from his hams. After cutting his throat and getting the hounds off, I looked back to where I had fastened the mare, but she was gone. I felt inclined to offer almost as big price for a horse as did Richard the Third. How far it was back to the river I knew not, having followed the chase on a half broken sily for hours, in all its devious windings. After waiting for more than an hour I heard a horn in answer to mine, and H— came up. He had seen nothing of either Adam or the horses. We got the deer on behind his saddle, and struck out for the river, five miles off. When we reached the house we found Adam quietly smoking his pipe, and the mare gnawing a sapling as calmly as if they had never heard a shot. As we pulled back across the river—in the red light of an Autumn sunset—I asked how it happened that he was thrown from his horse. He gave a savage pull on the oars that sent us far ahead. "That infernal old one-eyed rascal," said he, "has been running in the range and has not had a saddle on him in the last fifteen years."

—Forest and Stream.

Detroit has a startling romance. A prominent gentleman of that city had a struggle with a burglar the other evening, and after having overpowered him, in the darkness, called on his wife to light the gas. The instant that the gas jet flooded the room with light, the gentleman released his hold upon the throat of his adversary, a pale haggard, ill-clad young man, and the latter staggered to his feet. For moment the two men confronted each other, and then with a wild cry, in which horror, shame and remorse were all expressed, the younger sank at the feet of the elder. They were father and son. Some eight years ago the son ran away from his father's house which was then in Wilkesbarre, Pa., and no communication of any sort had passed between them since. The boy was driven to burglary by want, but has been received after the Scriptural example, and now occupies a desk in his father's office.

"I say, Sambo, where did you get the shirt studs?" "In de shop, to be sure." "Yah, you just told me you hadn't no money." "Dat's right." "How did you git dem den?" "Well, I saw on a card in de winder 'Collar studs,' so I went in and collared dem."

Nevada brides won't stand much foolishness at a wedding. Recently one of them while going up the aisle of the church stopped short and kicked all the skin off the shins of a groomsmen who trod on her trail.

A SPELLING MATCH.

The other evening old Mr. and Mrs. Coffin, who live on Brush street, sat in their cozy back parlor, he reading his paper and she knitting, and the family cat stretched out under the stove and sighing and felt sorry for cats not so well fixed. It was a happy, contented household, and there was love in his heart as Mr. Coffin put down his newspaper and remarked:

"I see that the whole country is becoming excited about spelling schools." "Well, it's good to know how to spell," replied the wife. "I didn't have the chance some girls had, but I pride myself that I can spell almost any word that comes along."

"I'll see about that," she laughed; "come, now, spell buggy." "Humph! that's nothing—b-u-g-g-y buggy," she replied.

"Missed the first time—ha! ha!" he roared, slapping his leg. "Not much, that was right." "It was, eh? Well, I'd like to see anybody get two g's in buggy, I would."

"But it is spelled with two g's, and any schoolboy will tell you so," she persisted. "Well, I know a darn sight better than that!" he exclaimed, striking the table with his fist.

"I don't care what know!" she squeaked; "I know that there are two g's in buggy!" "Do you mean to tell me that I've forgotten how to spell?" he asked.

"It looks that way." "It does, eh? Well, I want you and all your relations to understand that I know more about spelling than the whole cabbodde of you strung on wire?"

"And I want you to understand, Jonathan Coffin, that you are an ignorant old blockhead, when you don't put two g's in the word buggy—yes, you are!" "Don't talk that way to me!" he warned.

"An don't shake your fist at me!" she replied. "Who's shaking his fist?" "You were!" "That's a lie—an infernal lie!" "Don't call me a liar, you old bazaar! I've put up with your meanness for forty years past, but don't call me a liar, and don't lay a hand on me!" "Do you want a divorce?" he shouted, spring up; "you can go now, this minute!"

"Don't spit in my face—don't you dare to do it or I'll make a dead man of you!" she warned. "I haven't spit in your freckled old visage yet, but I may if you provoke me further!"

"Who's got a freckled face, you old turkey-buzzard!" "That was a little too much. He made a motion as if he would strike, and she seized him by the necktie. Then he reached out and grabbed her right ear and tried to lift her off her feet, but she twisted up on the necktie until his tongue ran out.

"Let go of me, you old fiend!" she screamed. "Git down on yer knees and beg my pardon, you old wild cat!" he replied. They surged and swayed and struggled, and the peaceful cat was struck by the overturned table and had her back broken, while the clock fell down and the pictures danced around. The woman finally shut her husband's supply of air off and flopped him, and as she bumped his head up and down on the floor, and scattered his gray hairs, she shouted:

"You want to get up another spelling school with me, don't you?" He was seen limping around the yard yesterday, a stocking pinned around his throat, and she had court-plaster on her nose and one finger tied up. He wore the look of a martyr, while she had the bearing of a victor, and from this time out "buggy" will be spelled with two g's in that house.

Under the head of Orthogrammatology the New York Graphic says: There is no syrtis in which those who belong not to the synonymy of orthographers are so apt to be engulfed as that of competitive spelling-bees, and glory unmarcescible awaits those who, by wasting the midnight oil and practicing strict xerography, have fitted themselves propaedeutically for this difficult species of logomachy. Is this our language? Very stern parent—"Come here, sir! What is this complaint the schoolmaster has made against you?" Much injured young—"It's just nothing at all. You see, Jimmy Hughes bent a pin, and I only just left it on the teacher's chair for him to look at, and he came in without his specs and sat right down on the pin, and now he wants to blame me for it!" The fellow who asked for a lock of his girl's hair, was informed that "it costs money, hair does."