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The Forest Republican.

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Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates (e.g., One Square 1 inch, one insertion) and corresponding prices.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Advertisement for TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. of O. F., meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

Advertisement for TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342, O. U. A. M., meeting at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room every Tuesday evening.

Advertisement for MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, in Street, TIONESTA, PA.

Advertisement for F. W. HAYS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Notary Public, Raymond Hall & Co.'s Block.

Advertisement for KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, in Franklin, Pa., practicing in several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties.

Advertisement for CENTRAL HOUSE, BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, L. A. AGNEW, Proprietor, a new house with accommodations for the public.

Advertisement for FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER PROPRIETOR, Opposite S. Court House, Tionesta, Pa., offering a new and clean establishment.

Advertisement for M. ITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St., Tionesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek, offering a renovated house.

Advertisement for Empire Hotel, TIDOUTE, PA. H. EWALD, PROPRIETOR, centrally located with good accommodations.

Advertisement for C. B. WEBER'S HOTEL, TYLERSBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER, has possession of the new brick hotel and will be happy to entertain all his old customers.

Advertisement for Dr. J. L. Acomb, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice.

Advertisement for MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS, Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts., Tionesta, Pa., offering a Bank of Discount and Deposit.

Advertisement for D. W. CLARK, REAL ESTATE AGENT, offering superior facilities for ascertaining the condition of taxes and tax deeds.

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

Advertisement for BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP, THE undersigned have opened a first-class Blacksmith and Wagon Shop, in the Roberts shop, opposite the Rural House.

Advertisement for 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.

Advertisement for H. C. HARLIN, Merchant Tailor, IN The Lawrence Building, over Superior Lumber Co. Store, the best stock kept constantly on hand.

Advertisement for 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.

Advertisement for TIME TRIED AND FIRE TESTED! THE ORIGINAL, ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN., ASSETS Dec. 31, 1873, \$5,735,925.70.

Advertisement for Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DEMING.) Pictures in every style of the art. Views of the oil regions for sale or taken to order.

Advertisement for PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, ELM STREET, SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S STORE, Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.

Advertisement for 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, BLESSE, 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.

Advertisement for NEEDLES for all Machines, Silk and Thread always in store. TIDOUTE, PA., June, 1874.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST. To get money and keep it, according to Richard Whinstone's catechism, were the two chief ends of man. He was a single man on principle. It was the right thing economically, and therefore right indubitably.

Richard Whinstone had done a good day's work. He had made one or two profitable bargains; he had sold out the Widow Morton, and turned her and her children out of doors for non-payment of rent; and, finally, he had read a little boy with a pinched and pitiful face, who had besought the price of a loaf of bread, and who said he had a sick mother at home, a lecture on the sinfulness of begging that evidently touched the little wretch's conscience, for he turned aside and wept bitterly.

"You're a good good citizen, Dick," he said, as he sat down at dinner, "and deserve to be rewarded." The dinner was one after his own heart. It was a treat that he promised himself if things went right, and they had gone right. He ate, drank and was merry. If his appetite lost its edge, the bottle of Burgundy was there to whet it, and he fell to again, till the last morsel, like Macbeth's amen, stuck in his throat.

Satiety nominally begets placidity. The lion, the leopard and the lamb might lie down together any day, with perfect safety to the latter—provided the former had their bellies full. The boar constrictor, gorged with an ox, betakes himself for a season to a life of quiet. But the effect on Richard Whinstone was different. The expenses of a whole sucking pig, wallowing in wine, rested heavily on his conscience, and his brain began to busy itself with schemes of reimbursement.

The current of his thoughts was interrupted by a loud knock. Who could be coming on business at that hour? Some one, perhaps, with a bill to discount in an emergency that would bear no waiting. So much the better, and he hastened to open the door.

"How are you, Dick?" said the stranger, greeting him with a familiarity altogether too careless for a needy customer.

"I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir," said Richard, in a tone more freezing than polite. "But I know you very well," returned the stranger; "and pray don't let us stand here bandying ceremonies, for it is confounded chilly," saying which he led the way to the apartment Richard had just quitted. "Well, this is comfort," he continued, rubbing his hands before the fire. "I haven't felt so much at home since I left there."

A hasty survey of his visitor added alarm to Richard's astonishment. He was a wiry, ill-looking little man, in a rusty suit of black with a wicked leer on his face, and one club foot.

"I say, Dick," the little man resumed, holding his hands in the blaze, as if they were fire-proof, "what an inhospitable dog you are!" "Whether hospitable or inhospitable," growled Richard, losing his temper as he gained his courage, "is not your business; but I would like to know what it is."

"It's had talking business on an empty stomach," answered Dick, doggedly. "Don't see how it's to be helped," answered Dick, doggedly. "Don't see how it's to be helped, you curmudgeon!" thundered the little man, fiercely. "With the remains of such a feast on the table, there must be more where it came from."

"Upon my word," replied Richard, meekly, for he was getting frightened again, "there is not a bit in the house."

"Don't lie!" roared the other; "there is a cold ham in the pantry and a demijohn of brandy in the closet."

"How do you know that?" it was on the tip of Richard's tongue to ask, but he was too much amazed to speak. "How do I know it?" broke in the stranger, as if reading his thoughts, "why I smell them; so bring them out."

Richard would have demurred, but his guest made a movement which convinced him delay might be dangerous, and the required articles were produced. Without changing his seat, the little man drew up to the table and began to eat. And how he did eat! A chunk of ham big enough for a shark bite, was stuck on the point of a carving knife, and thrust down his throat with the audacity of a sword swallower. Another and another followed, till nothing remained but done, which he crushed with his teeth and then sucked the marrow.

"Now for punch!" he cried. "There is no hot water," Richard ventured to say. "Water! who asked for water?"

Bring me a lemon, some sugar and a kettle. The kettle was placed on the fire. The stranger filled it with brandy, adding a lemon to suit his taste. As the liquor boiled over it caught fire, setting the whole thing in a blaze. Richard jumped up to take it off; the stranger caught his arm, and flung him back as if he had been a child, instead of a substantial citizen of fourteen stone.

"What are you about?" he exclaimed. "The punch is doing well enough." "I was only afraid the house might be burned." "Bother the house," replied the little man; "there's no danger." "Your health, Dick!" at length he said, and raising the kettle, all blazing, to his mouth he drank like a dromedary. "And now, Dick, it's your turn," he said, after a long breath. "You must drink my health now." Richard drew back. "Drink!" shouted the stranger, holding out the vessel. Poor Dick took a single gulp. He left the skin of his mouth on the brim of the kettle, his throat was scorched as with liquid fire, and his hair was singed by the blaze. "And now to business," said the stranger, resuming his seat, and leaving Dick to sit or stand as he chose. "You know John Walter, I believe." "Yes—yes," stammered Richard, "I once knew a person of that name." "Yes, you and he went to California together." Richard acknowledged the fact. "You made money, and he didn't." "I believe I was the more fortunate of the two." "You and he started to return together, and he died in San Francisco." Richard bowed. "His wife and child are now destitute," the stranger persisted. "I can't help that." "Of course not. It was his boy you gave the good advice to-day; I hope the young scamp will profit by it."

THE BOSS SPELLER OF THE BONANZA. Since the late "Citizens' Spelling Match" at the Third Ward School-house, all classes seem more or less to have spelling "on the brain." Officer Higbee informs us that on Monday evening, just after dark, hearing what appeared to be an animated conversation in the neighborhood of Lunkey & Smith's lumber yard, he stole gently to the spot whence came the sounds. He was somewhat surprised at first at seeing but one man doing all of the talking. This man, as well as he could see in the dusk, was a tall, gaunt, middle aged personage. He was so much interested in the business in hand that he did not observe the officer, though he had moved to within less than ten paces of him. The man, who presented the appearance of a wood chopper or a lumberman, had taken off his tattered felt hat and decorously placed it on a small pile of lumber which stood in front of him and answered for a desk. "Now," said he, addressing some person whom he imagined to be present—probably Professor Flint—"now, Gideon, spell sawmill for me."

"All right, Professor, with pleasure, sir; S-a-w-r, saw, m-i-l-l, mill, saw-mill." "Right, my boy! Go up head. Now, Gideon, here is an easy one—Railroad."

"R-a-i-l-e, rale, r-o-d-e, railroad. How's that?" "Right again. Why, really, you are going to spell everybody down, at this rate, Gideon."

"Me, oh, I'm a speller from Bitter Creek! Now give me a hard one." "Nuff sed. Now look out, this is a ripper. Bonny-clawber."

"Ha! I suspected as much! Stand out of the way, now! B-a-u-g-h baugh, n-a-u-g-h c-l-a-u-g-h, claw, b-e-r, ber-bonny-clawber."

"Why, Gideon, you done it the first lick, and didn't even stop to spit on your hands! You surprise me, Gideon, with you eddication. Who would think it to see you in them close, and goin' about rough as you do?" "Oh, I don't forget my airly Wabash eddication, sir. I've had many's the tussle with bonny-clawber in my infancy and before I'd arrived at the years of discretion, as you might say."

"Now, Gideon, spell Aaron." "Ah, sir, excuse my smiling; but I can't help it. I'll just knock that off thusty: Big A, little a, r-o-n, Aaron."

"I am sure that you are right, Gideon, about the big A, and little a, but about the r-o-n, ron, I'm not too sure without a book."

"You ain't? Well, I'll just bet you the choppin of ten cords of wood that r-o-n, ron, is right."

"I won't take it. Now, here's something for you. Spell and pronounce coffee-pot without sayin' tea-pot."

"No you don't! Can't come that on me! I took that in on the banks of the Wabash, along with my bonny-clawber, and my big A, little a, r-o-n, ron."

"Well, now, Gid., brace yourself, my boy, I'm goin' to roll a snorter down the skids, square at you."

"Let'r rip, Perfesser! I'm on hand with my cant-book. I'll stop'r."

"Well, Gid., spell—Korral hydrate."

"Why, that's a medikel propersiation!" "I know, but it's a good English word for all that. Do you give it up?" "Give it up! Did I ever give it up? No; here goes—K-o-r-r-a-l, koral, h-i-d-r-a-t-e, hydrate."

"By the holy poker, Gid., you're done it. Why, saw me all up to slabs, if you ain't the boss speller of the big bonanza. You shall go home with the purtiest gal in the house this very night, Gideon; I'm proud of yer!"

Just here the officer forgot himself and coughed, when Gideon caught up his hat and scooted behind a big pile of lumber. School was out.—Virginia City Enterprise.

We copy this slight "hint" from a Virginia paper: "As the report that we are very wealthy has gone abroad among our subscribers, and has made them awful slow about paying up, thinking doubtless we don't want the money, we hasten to say that the report of our wealth is false in every particular. If ocean steamers were selling at a cent a dozen, we couldn't make the first payment on a canoe. The lightning of poverty has struck us square, and had it not been for an armful of hay our devil managed to steal from a blind mule, our large and interesting family would be without a mouthful to eat at this moment. Is not this a sad picture, and you delinquent subscribers look upon it without feeling the greenbacks rustle with indignation in your pocket books? We do not like to dun you, but we must if you fail to take the hint."

The bump of destructiveness—a railroad collision.

THE NECROPOLIS OF EGYPT. This vast cemetery is the oldest and largest in the world, extending from the pyramids of Ghizeh on the north, to those of Dashur on the south, a distance of perhaps twenty miles, and is estimated to contain at least 25,000-000 human bodies, besides innumerable Ibises, and embalmed animals. In strolling through this metropolis of the dead, one is shocked at the number of skulls and other human remains that lie bleaching the sun; often the head or feet of a mummy protruding from the sand, and the desert around strewn with arms and legs, hands and feet, sometimes whole bodies, still wrapped in their winding sheets, calling up vividly in the mind Ezekial's vision of dry bones, for "Lo, they were very many and very dry," and continually prompting the inquiry, "Can these bones live?" and the answer, "O Lord God, thou knowest."

We entered several pits that appeared to be the burial place for the lower classes, and found long galleries cut in the limestone rock that underlies the desert, filled with mummies, piled one upon another, six and eight courses deep, all carefully embalmed, and looking as if laid but yesterday in their quiet tombs, and yet these countless thousands were the men and women who lived in the days of Abraham, and Joseph, and Moses!

We spent hours in going from pit to pit, wandering through the courts of death, between walls of human mummies, some beautifully encased, with their arms folded across their breasts, holding some little charm or idol in their embrace, just as they were laid to rest three or four thousand years ago. And what is most revolting, the natives are using these mummies for fuel, and fertilizing their fields with the dust and ashes of their ancestors!

For scientific and ethnological purposes, we examined many of these remains, and to our surprise found them mostly young persons, their heads thickly coated with straight black hair, all their teeth sound, their bodies well proportioned, and of full habit, as if they had died suddenly. They also appeared to have been embalmed hastily—simply wrapped in swathing bands and dipped in common pitch or bitumen.

As it was here, or near this, that Moses wrought his miracles before Pharaoh, and as this was the Necropolis for all Egypt, may not these be the victims of divine wrath, that perished on that eventful night, when the destroying angel swept through the land, cutting off "the first born" in every Egyptian household?

In the center of this Necropolis are the pyramids of Sakara, the royal tombs of the Memphita kings, bald with age and looking as old as the sand hills among which they stand. There are eleven in the group, the largest of which is curiously built in stages or terraces, diminishing as they go up, and is claimed to be the most ancient monument in the world.—Travels in Egypt, by F. S. Dehass, D. D.

THE PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY. Of the rise and wonderful progress of the Grangers few people have a correct idea. Grand lecturer Thompson in a brief speech at an entertainment in New York, Tuesday evening, 5th inst., said: "American farmers, until recently, have ignored the principle that is moving the world—the principle of association. Their individualization was the cause of their subjection to almost every other interest. Six years ago no manufacturers dealt with us directly; no elevators or warehouses were owned by us, no bonds or insurance companies were controlled by us. Now, in one State alone, there are thirty-five insurance companies; and more than half the elevators in Iowa and Wisconsin are under our control. Furthermore, we have agents in every section of the country to whom we ship our products, from whom we receive prices forty to fifty per cent, higher than those we used to get from local buyers. In consequence of the fairness of our treatment by these agents, who are bound by the ties of brotherhood and heavy money bonds, the Patrons of Husbandry saved \$5,000,000 in 1873, and \$12,000,000 in 1874; and according to present indications, will save at least \$20,000,000 in 1875. Six years ago there were ten Granges; the next year there were thirty-eight; the next, thirty-nine; the next, 10,000; the next, 20,000. Now there are fifteen Granges joining our ranks daily, and we number 1,800,000. Our experience is pointed proof that women are worthy members of every union. We have 400,000 of them among us, and we ought to be qualified to give an opinion of this kind."

In New York, on the 1st of May, an expressman advertised himself as follows: "N. B.—Furniture loaded so as to show to the best advantage."