

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE
No. 369,
I. O. O. F.
MEETS every Friday evening, at 7
o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied
by the Good Templars.

A. H. KELLY, N. G.
C. A. RANDALL, Sec'y. 27-47.

TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342,
O. U. A. M.
MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room,
every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock.

P. M. CLARK, R. S.
Dr. W. W. Powell,

**OFFICE and residence opposite the
Lawrence House, Office days Wednes-
days and Saturdays. 2-47.**

W. F. MERRILLIOTT, J. B. AGNEW.
MERRILLIOTT & AGNEW,
Attorneys at Law, - Tionesta, Pa.
April 9, 1875.-47

E. L. Davis,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa.
Collections made in this and adjoin-
ing counties. 40-ly

MILES W. TATE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
101st Street, TIONESTA, PA.

F. W. HAYS,
**ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY
PUBLIC, Reynolds Haskill & Co.'s
Block, Susquehanna St., Oil City, Pa. 59-ly**

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

**PRACICE in the several Courts of Pa-
nango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoin-
ing counties. 20-ly.**

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. A portion
of the patronage of the public is solicited.
20-ly

Lawrence House,
**TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAW-
RENCE, PROPRIETOR.** This house
is centrally located. Everything new and
well furnished. Superior accommo-
dations and strict attention given to guests.
Vegetables and Fruits of all kinds served
in their season. Sample room for Com-
mercial Agents. 4-17-ly

FOREST HOUSE,
S. A. VARNER PROPRIETOR. Opposite
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 patron-
age is respectfully solicited. 4-17-ly

Tionesta House.
**M. ITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St. Tio-
nesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek.**
Mr. Ittel has thoroughly renovated the
Tionesta House, and re-furnished it com-
pletely. All who patronize him will be
well entertained at reasonable rates. 37-ly

Empire Hotel.
**TIDOUPE, PA. H. EWALD, PROPRI-
ETOR.** This house is centrally located,
has been thoroughly refitted and now
boasts as good a table and beds as any Ho-
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per day. 23-5m

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
customers, and any number of new ones.
Good accommodations for guests, and ex-
cellent stabling. 10-3m.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has
had fifteen years' experience in a large
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IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND
A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors,
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Oils, Candles, all of the best quality, and
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and am therefore qualified to act intelligently
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tance, owning lands in the County.
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notice.

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IN the Lawrence Building, over Super-
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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
country 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 braid-
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manner, with the newest patterns. All I ask
is a fair trial. Residence on Water Street,
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TIME TRIED AND FIRE TESTED!

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ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

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In any part of Forest County, and give all
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Needles for all Machines, Silk and Thread

always in store.

TIDOUPE, PA., June, 1874. 11-1f

F. F. L.

The above letters are the initials of one
of the finest medicines in the country.
Four-Fold Liniment, not excelled by any
other in the curing of Pains and Sore
Throat, and is especially adapted to dis-
ease of Horses, Cattle &c. See circulars
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for 25 cents; together with a Marriage
Guide, Egyptian Oracles, Dreams, Hints to
Ladies. A queer book, 100,000 sold. Ad-
dress T. William & Co., Publishers, Phil-
adelphia. 7-4

DISCRETION.

BY WALTER EDGAR M'CANN.

It was very evident that these two
gentlemen did not like each other very
much. Arthur Melford was a splen-
did type of physical beauty—tall and
symmetrical, fond of many sports,
hating books. On the other hand,
Captain Landon was fair and effemi-
nate, rather lazy, and a devoted stu-
dent of light literature.

"Landon," said Melford, "how the
deuce can you pass so much time over
those novels? I never read a book in
my life. I never read anything but
the sporting papers."

Captain Landon, lying under the
tree, yawned and closed his volume.
"I don't know," he said. "I can't see
what pleasure you find in swinging
your dumb-bells, taking your long
walks, boxing your sand-bags, and all
that sort of fatiguing exercises."

"Humph! It is manly, and reading
is not—at least, it does not seem so to
me. I suppose you never had a bout
at fisticuffs in your life," said Melford.

"Never! You are quite right!"

"Then," said a silvery voice behind
them, "what would you do, Captain
Landon, if a ruffian were to attack you?"

Miss Kate Croydon, Arthur's beau-
tiful cousin, appeared suddenly.

"Well," sighed the captain, with a
hopeless smile, "I fancy I should—in
fact—run."

"Run!"

"Why not? Would you have me
stand and be beaten? You know
what they say discretion is."

"It is cowardice!" said Miss Croy-
don, her eyes flashing.

"I dare say," assented the captain,
rather sadly.

Miss Croydon had many admirers,
but none more sincere than these two.
One was an old friend—she had al-
most grown up with the captain—and
the other was, in some roundabout way,
her cousin; but the latter was the one
I think, whose sentiments were the
more warmly reciprocated.

There was a little pause, and the
subject changed.

"Have you seen my amiable papa
this morning, Kate?" asked Arthur.

"Yes; he has just left his room."

"I shall try him again to-day.
Would you believe, he refused to listen
to me last night when I asked him for
money! Ordered me out of the room,
by Jove!"

"What a shame!" said Miss Croy-
don, sympathetically.

"Fact, upon my word. Said I would
break a bank in a year, and that I
could only learn the value of money
by earning some. I asked him what
I was fit for. 'Egad,' he answered,
'that's a conundrum no one will ever
answer!' Such low wit the old skin-
flint!"

"A perfect shame!"

"He further remarked that, as I had
expended large sums in betting on
sporting matters, I might do well to
open a sparring academy, or bring my-
self before the public as a new candi-
date for the honors of the prize-ring."

"What cruel sarcasm!"

"Well, I shall go to him once more,
and if he refuses again, the consequen-
ces will be on his head! The truth is,
I am in an awful fix, and must have
money at any risk. Hullo! there he
is now."

Poor old Mr. Melford, a sad invalid,
now, made his appearance in his
wheeling-chair on the broad piazza.
His affectionate son, with a rather
lowering smile, left his friends under
the tree, and marched, with the firm
trend of a gladiator, toward the house.

Kate Croydon looked after him in
silence.

"What a splendid figure he has!"
she sighed. "And so, Captain Landon,
you would run for a puffin? I don't
think Arthur would. I don't think he
would do anything unmanly or mean."

"I hope not," said the captain;
"but I don't consider it mean to save
one's self from a beating—on the con-
trary, common sense would suggest no
other course. However, I shan't ar-
gue the point. For myself, I only
claim that in an emergency I should
try to act with discretion. Remember,
Miss Kate."

Two or three hours later, it was
well understood that Arthur Melford
had not succeeded in procuring the
money he wished. He was in the bil-
liard-room fiercely knocking the balls
about and drinking, perhaps rather
freely, of brandy and water.

"Wouldn't give or lend me a pen-
ny," he said, poking viciously at one
of the red spheres. "Drove me out
with a curse, the vile-tempered parent!
Look here, Landon—do you know I
could have a jolly revenge if I were
so disposed?"

Melford laughed somewhat savagely.
Captain Landon replied, in his cool,
quiet fashion:

"Revenge seldom pays. Wait a lit-
tle; I think your father will yield."

"But I can't wait, I tell you. I must

have the money at once, or I'm done
for. It's a debt of honor, and I'd
sooner die than let it go unpaid or re-
main an hour overdue. Yes, I could
have a glorious revenge, old fellow.
You know, I suppose, who lives in the
little cottage on the north side of the
place—that little crib just at the edge
of Diekely Wood?"

"Old Meg Roakes and her idiot son,
I believe," said Landon, chalking his
cue very carefully.

"Ay, the old gypsy and her idiot
son live there, sure enough," contin-
ued Melford, flushed, and with an evil
caution in his face, as he glanced
around and spoke low. "The fellow
is kept shut up there night and day,
and there's a secret about it all, Lan-
don—do you know that, too?"

"I have heard that your father
struck the boy in a fit of passion,
knocking him senseless, and that when
he came to, he was imbecile, and has
so remained ever since. But this is
no business of mine, Melford, and I
don't care to discuss it."

"Joe Roakes the fellow's name is,"
continued the other, drinking more of
the stimulant. "What would you
think if I were to tell you that fellow
—that idiot Joe Roakes—was my
half-brother?"

"It is not true?" said Landon,
started.

"I swear to heaven it is. I found it
all out long ago, through the servants
first, the neighbors next, and, at length,
from old Meg herself. A hint was
enough for me, and I never rested till
I had learned every circumstance."

Landon was shocked. He remem-
bered having seen the idiot's face once
at the window, darker of color than
Arthur Melford's, but strikingly like
his in every feature. Some whispers
of the scandal just rehearsed had also
more than once reached him, only,
however, to be put by as malicious
romance. But now he could doubt
no longer.

"Joe Roakes used to come here and
get money; but he was on his way to
the bad, and the supplies were stop-
ped. Then followed taunts, and one
day an open insult. The parter has
a temper, you know, and down went
Joseph never to rise with the gift of
reason again. Melancholy narrative,
isn't it?"

"It really is melancholy, Arthur,
and your levity is unbecoming."

"The fellow was secured and im-
prisoned, from that time, in the cot-
tage where he now is; but he has twice
made his escape, and both times he
came here. His errand was not one
of peace, for he sought out the author
of his being, and also of his ruin,
with the keen scent of a bloodhound,
and—in fact, the wheeling chair
explains a good deal of the rest."

"I understand, Melford," rejoined
Landon. "Pray, let us talk no more
of such miserable business. Have
you scored?"

"Oh, hang the billiards! I'm not in
the mood. As I said before, I could
have a very clever revenge, if I—"

"If you dared," added Captain
Landon, sternly.

"Then you think I am afraid! You
are wrong—I'm not afraid of any-
thing, by Jove! I could free that boy,
and he would come here; and fancy
the sensation his appearance would
create."

"You are jesting, I suppose."

"Am I, indeed? Truth is, I am half
mad. Here's an old man, Landon—
his means of enjoyment, if possible,
less—rolling in money! He actually
keeps a lot of it in his room to look
at as a count up and gloat over. Now,
here am I—a young man, wants nu-
merous; capacity for enjoyment illim-
itable—and yet I haven't a penny.
Upon my honor, my head turns when
I think of it. I really must go and
have a turn with the clubs to get my-
self into some degree of calmness
again."

He strode away in mighty wrath.
His companion pushed the balls out
musingly for some time after. He was
evidently thinking of Arthur Melford's
threat.

At dinner Arthur did not make his
appearance. Captain Landon found a
note in his room.

"DEAR LANDON—I have gone up to
town, to see what can be done about
that debt. Return to-morrow. A. M."

It was to the captain a rather pleas-
ant evening; to people of more ex-
acting taste, it might have appeared
dull enough. But he had the oppor-
tunity for once of being alone with
Miss Croydon. A lovelier night one
could not wish; and they sat late on
the piazza, talking—perhaps flirting.

It was nearly midnight when they
took candles from the hall-table and
scaled the wide, eaken staircase.

At the top of the first flight the
lady paused.

"And now good-night, Monsieur
Discretion," she said, with merry sar-
casm. "I hope so prudent a hero may
rest well."

"Thank you, Miss Kate," he laugh-
ed.

Suddenly there was a quick, sharp
cry from the direction of old Mr. Mel-
ford's room, then a struggle, and then
a heavy fall.

"Something has happened—let us
see what it is!" exclaimed the lady,
turning pale.

Landon also became pallid as death.
He could not stir.

"Don't stand staring, Captain Lan-
don!" she cried, wildly. "Perhaps
Mr. Melford has fallen in a fit. I will
go, if you will not."

She advanced; but Landon recov-
ered himself, and passed in front of
her.

The door of the room opened, and
a stalwart man in a red shirt came
forth, livid and trembling. His face
could barely be made out in the dim
light.

"Joe Roakes!" gasped Landon.

He sprang upon the man, but at the
same instant released him and fell
back.

Miss Croydon had glanced into the
room. Old Mr. Melford lay prostrate
and unconscious upon the floor near
the door. "Seize that villain, sir!"
she cried, pointing to the intruder.

"He is a murderer!"

Landon did not stir.

"Coward—miserable coward!" she
said.

"It would be a useless struggle," re-
plied Landon, in a low voice, and
much abashed. "He is more power-
ful than I; my strength would go for
nothing against his."

He stood out of the way, and the
miserable sped by him quickly, and
disappeared down the stairway.

The servants were called up, and
poor old Mr. Melford put to bed and
physicians sent for; but they said he
would never recover; his speech and
senses—and they were right. He
lingered for a few days, and then
died.

His son Arthur was ill in the city
when the news was brought from the
homestead that his money-troubles
were over, and he was a millionaire.

Captain Landon, who had left on
the morning after the outrage, now re-
turned, Arthur in his company. The
captain asked five minutes' audience
alone with Miss Croydon; but she de-
clined to see him. She sent him a
note, sarcastic, cruel, almost unwoman-
ly; but then, she reflected, what could
be too severe for so abject and contemp-
tible a coward!

Captain Landon's regiment was
sent soon afterward to the West. One
day there was a battle with the Sioux.
Captain Landon's company was sur-
rounded by three times its number,
and perished as the Light Brigade
perished at Balaklava.

All over the land his name was
spoken with a thrill of pride such as
throbs in every true heart when a hero
dies—pride and pity.

The news came to Kate Croydon—
now Kate Melford—at the homestead,
as her husband lay dying, alas! not
heroically, in the dismal room where
his father was stricken down. Arthur
Melford's money had been his ruin—a
short life and merry—and now the
meritment was over forever.