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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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

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 Wednesday and Saturdays. W. F. MERRILLIOTT, J. R. AGNEW.

MERCILLIOTT & AGNEW, Attorneys at Law, - - - Tionesta, Pa. April 9, 1875.-H

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

F. W. Hays, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds, Makill & Co.'s Block, Second St., Oil City, Pa. 30-1y

KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, - - - Frank's, Pa. PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties.

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MRS. C. H. 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. ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN.

ASSETS Dec. 31, 1873, \$5,735,925.70. MILES W. TATE, Sub Agent, Tionesta, Pa.

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

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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 splendid type of physical beauty—tall and symmetrical, fond of many sports, hating books.

"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."

"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 mainly, 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 beautiful cousin, appeared suddenly. "Well," sighed the captain, with a hopeless smile, "I fancy I should—in fact—run!"

"Why not? Would you have me stand and be beaten? You know what they say discretion is." "It is cowardice!" said Miss Croydon, her eyes flashing.

"I dare say," assented the captain, rather sadly. Miss Croydon had many admirers, but none more sincere than these two.

"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 Croydon, 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 myself before the public as a new candidate for the honors of the prize-ring."

"What cruel sarcasm!" "Well, I shall go to him once more, and if he refuses again, the consequences 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 tread 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 from a ruffian? 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 contrary, common sense would suggest no other course. However, I shan't argue 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 billiard-room fiercely knocking the balls about and drinking, perhaps rather freely, of brandy and water.

"Wouldn't give or lend me a penny," 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?"

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 remain 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 this 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," continued 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, Landon—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 mere 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, startled. "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 remembered 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 stopped. 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 imprisoned, from that time, in the cottage 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 anything, 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, and about up and gloat over. Now, here am I—a young man, wants numerous, capacity for enjoyment illimitable—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 myself into some degree of calmness again."

He strode away in mighty wrath. His companion pushed the balls about 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 LONDON—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 pleasant evening; to people of more exacting taste, it might have appeared dull enough. But he had the opportunity 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, oaken staircase. At the top of the first flight the lady paused.

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

"Thank you, Miss Kate," he laughed. "But I can't wait, I tell you. I must

Suddenly there was a quick, sharp cry from the direction of old Mr. Melford'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 Landon!" she cried, wildly. "Perhaps Mr. Melford has fallen in a fit. I will go, if you will not."

She advanced; but Landon recovered 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," replied Landon, in a low voice, and much abashed. "He is more powerful than I; my strength would go for nothing against his."

He stood out of the way, and the miscreant sped by him quickly, and disappeared down the staircase.

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 returned, Arthur in his company. The captain asked five minutes' audience alone with Miss Croydon; but she declined to see him. She sent him a note, sarcastic, cruel, almost unwomanly; but then, she reflected, what could be too severe for so abject and contemptible 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 surrounded 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 merriment was over forever.

Kate read the news from the West to her husband. "Where did he learn his courage?" she said, with the old sarcasm. "Perhaps this is only a newspaper romance, after all."

"No, Kate," said Arthur Melford, from his bed of pain; "Landon was always a hero—atrong in moral courage, not more brute prowess." And then, with many a gasp and sigh, he told his secret.

"That man who entered this house on the night of my father's death—blow came in quest of money—money to pay his debts of honor. He thought it more honorable to steal (and murder, if necessary) than to owe what he had lost at cards. He demanded money, and it was refused; there was a struggle; the result of that you know. The robber came out of the room. You will recall how he was seized by Landon in your presence. Landon supposed it to be Joe Roakes; but the next moment learned the truth—Kate the robber was I!"

"You!" "Yes; and to spare me, to spare you, Landon martyred himself—played the coward. Kate, he was armed, his right hand was upon a pistol; with all my strength, I was at his mercy—he could have shot me there like a dog. But, my girl, in those few tremendous seconds he still had discretion, and he weighed the consequences. Rather than expose me, he acted the poltroon. He permitted me to go, and till this hour no one but he and I has ever known the truth."

Vain tears! She knew he had loved her dearly, and what had she done? Had she chosen the hero, after all? Arthur Melford lingered but a few days after telling his secret, and then Kate was a widow. Her wealth drew around her many suitors—each had some excellent quality of his own—

but none the touchstone, discretion, which is not only the better part of valor, but of many things besides; and so she never married a second time.

THE PINT OF ALE. John Ross Dix relates an anecdote illustrative of the elements of ease and comfort which workingmen are apt to cast thoughtlessly away, and of the many helps to independence which they neglect.

A Manchester calico printer was, on his wedding day, asked by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale a day as her share of "extra comforts." He made the bargain, but not cheerfully, for, though a drinker himself (fancying, no doubt, that he could not well do without), he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard. John loved his wife, but he could not break away from the old associations of the ale house, and when not in the factory or at his meals he was with his boon companions.

His wife made the small allowance meet her housekeeping expenses, keeping her cot neat and tidy, and he could not complain that she insisted upon her daily pint of ale, while he, very likely, drank two or three quarts. Once in a while the wife succeeded, by gentle, loving artifice, in drawing her husband home an hour or two earlier than usual, and very rarely she persuaded him to spend a whole evening in her company.

They had been married a year, and on the morning of their wedding anniversary John looked with real pride upon the neat and comely person of his wife, and, with a touch of remorse in his look and tone, he said: "Mary, we'd had no holiday sin' we were wed, an' only that I haven't a penny i' th' world we'd take a jaunt to th' village to see the mither."

"Wouldn't like to go, John?" she asked. There was a tear with her smile, for it touched her heart to hear him speak tenderly, as in the old times. "If thee'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat."

"Thou stand treat, Mary! Hast got a fortune left thee?" "Nay, but I'm gotten the pint of ale," said she. "Gotten what, wife?" "The pint o' ale," she repeated. And thereupon she went to the hearth and from beneath one of the stone flags drew forth a stocking, from which she poured out upon the table the sum of 365 three-pences—£4, 11s., 3d.—exclaiming: "See, John, thee can have the holiday."

"What is this?" he asked in a maze. "It's my daily pint o' ale, John." "He was conscience-stricken as well as charmed. "Mary, hasn't thee had thy share? Then I'll ha' no more fro' this day."

And he was as good as his word. They had their holiday with the old mother; and Mary's little capital, saved from the "pints o' ale," was the seed from which, as the years rolled on, grew shop, factory, warehouse, country seat and carriage, with health, happiness, peace, honor and renown.

WASHING NOT TAKEN IN. A good old minister of one of our New England Baptist churches was agreeably surprised by the intelligence from one of his flock that five individuals had expressed strong desire on next Sunday to have the baptismal rite performed upon themselves.

After its performance, however, he was somewhat surprised and chagrined that only one of the five joined the society of which he was pastor.

A few Sundays after the same elder waited on him with the intelligence that ten more desired immersion. "And how many of them will join the society?" queried the minister. "Two, I regret to say, are all we can depend on," was the reply.

"Very well," said the good old man, "you may as well inform the other eight that this church doesn't take in washing."

A prisoner at the Detroit police court called an acquaintance the other day to swear to his general good reputation, and when the man had taken the stand he asked: "Are you acquainted with the prisoner's reputation?" "Yes, sir."

"And do you swear that it is good?" "No, I can't," replied the man after a moment's thought. "I won't swear to the reputation of any man who sits in his house and blows a brass horn all day and half the night."

And he stepped down. "May I leave a few tracts?" asked a medical missionary of a lady who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracts? Certainly you may," said she, looking at him most benignly over her specs. "Leave them with the heels toward the house, if you please."