

TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR. No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notices will be taken of anonymous communications.

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. B. KELLY, N. G. C. A. RANDALL, 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, C. P. M. CLARK, R. S.

Dr. W. W. Powell, OFFICE and residence opposite the Lawrence House. Office days Wednesday and Saturday. 2-4.

J. B. AGNEW, Attorney at Law, Tionesta, Pa. Office on Elm Street. May 16, 1875-4

E. L. Davis, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa. Collections made in this and adjoining counties. 4-17

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

F. W. Hays, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds Hukill & Co.'s Block, Second St., Oil City, Pa. 30-17

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

PRACTICE in the several Courts of Pennsylvania, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties. 20-17

NATIONAL HOTEL, TIDIOUTE, PA. W. D. BUCKLIN, - PROPRIETOR. First-Class Licensed House. Good stable connected. 13-17

CENTRAL HOUSE, BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, N. E. 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. 4-17

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. 4-17

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER PROPRIETOR. Opposite the 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. 4-17-17

Empire Hotel, TIDIOUTE, 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. 25-17

C. B. Weber's Hotel, TYLENSBURGH, 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. 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 Tidouete, near Tidouete 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.

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Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts. Tionesta. Bank of Discount and Deposit. Interest allowed on Time Deposits.

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D. W. CLARK, (COMMISSIONER'S CLERK, FOREST CO., PA.) REAL ESTATE AGENT.

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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. Office in Commissioners Room, Court House, Tionesta, Pa. 4-41-ly. D. W. CLARK.

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

The Forest Republican.

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Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description and Price. Includes One Square (1 inch) one insertion, One Square one month, One Square three months, One Square one year, Two Squares one year, Quarter Col., Half, and One.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

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E. H. CHASE, of Tionesta, offers his services to those in need of PAINTING, GRADING, CALCIMINING, SIZING & VARNISHING, SIGN WRITING, PAPER HANGING, AND CARRIAGE WORK. Work promptly attended to and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Mr. Chase will work in the country when desired. 13-17. NEW HARNESS SHOP, JUST opened next door north of the Lawrence 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. Keeps on hand a fine assortment of Curry Combs, Brushes, Harness Oils, Whips, and Saddles. Harness of all kinds made to order and cheap as the cheapest. Remember the name and place W. WEST, North of Lawrence House, Tionesta, Pa. 14-17

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. 14-17

TIME TRIED AND FIRE TESTED! THE ORIGINAL

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN. ASSETS Dec. 31, 1873, \$5,735,025.70. MILES W. TATE, Sub Agent, Tionesta, Pa. 46

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Pictures in every style of the art. Views of the oil regions for sale or taken to order. CENTRAL STREET, near R. R. crossing. SYCAMORE STREET, near Union Depot, Oil City, Pa. 20-4f

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PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER & JEWELER, DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Solid and Plated Jewelry, Black Jewelry, Eye Glasses, Spectacles, Violin Strings, &c., &c.

Will examine and repair Fine English, Swiss or American Watches, such as Repeating, Independent Seconds, Stem Winders, Duplex, Levers, Anchors and Lepines, and will make any new pieces for the same, such as Staffs, Forks, Pellets, Arbors, and in fact any part pertaining to fine watches.

All Work Warranted. 14-17



You Can Save Money By buying your PIANOS and ORGANS from the undersigned Manufacturers' Agent, for the best brands in the market. Instruments shipped direct from the Factory. CHAS. A. SHELTZ, Tuner, 13-17 Lock box 1794, Oil City, Pa.

KIRWAN'S DUEL.

Few affairs of honor have been surpassed in real Irish fun by one which took place in Dublin, in which the celebrated fire-eater and champion of the Dublin Corporation, D'Esterre, afterward shot by O'Connell, came out in "a new way to pay old debts," and had his overstrained notions of chivalry turned into successful ridicule by an honest, plain-dealing man's mother wit and common sense. D'Esterre used to put his name to paper without thought of payment. One day Billy Kirwan, a well-known bill-broker, was offered a bundle of bills for discount. It was Kirwan's boast that he instinctively knew bad "paper" by the feel of it.

"There's bad 'paper' in your lot, I can perceive, sir, without taking the trouble to look over it *seri-ah-tim et liter-ah-tim*," remarked Billy, who had been originally intended by his pious Galway parents for the Church, and had, in his boyhood, a decent converse with the preliminaries of the classics. "Fannan habet in cornu," he continued, "as a body might say to a spavined horse. You had better remove it, if you please, before I have anything to say to you; for I wouldn't touch it with a pair of kitchen tongs, much less dirty my hands with it."

"I am astonished to hear you say so, sir," said the merchant; "and would you be pleased to mention what it is in my hand that encounters your objection?"

"Why, a certain acceptance signed H. D'Esterre, and, if you must know my opinion, I would not advance the value of a brass button on all that a jackass could draw on the same security."

"Good heavens! and why not?" "For a rayson I have; and nobody knows it better than Mr. D'Esterre himself," answered Kirwan.

As Kirwan was sitting alone after dinner the same evening, enjoying his pipe and his glass of punch over one of McGhee's late leaders in the *Evening Post*, or, just as probably, one of Dan O'Connell's earlier speeches in favor of Catholic emancipation, the servant came in with a card from Colonel Henry.

"Who's Colonel Henry?" demanded Kirwan.

"Faith, and it's meself doesn't know him from the man in the moon."

"Rowl in the Colonel, and lay another tumbler," said the master of the house.

Colonel Henry, a tall and gentlemanly-looking man of middle age was ushered in.

"Mighty glad I am to see you, Colonel, whatever you've come 'bout," said our host; "but before you begin I would advise you to mix a tumbler of that excellent *Johnny Power* that's ferment you. If you can take it off at once, it will pull you through the opening part of your business pleasantly and comfortably; and then you can mix a second at once to prepare you for contingencies."

Col. Henry having taken Kirwan's advice so far as mixing, but not suddenly absorbing, the liquor, opened his business with all the grandeur of a perfect Sir Lucius, as in days long gone by Jack Johnson used to enact the part, not Tyrone Power.

The Colonel very much regretted that it fell to his lot to have to deliver a hostile message to a gentleman of such respectability as Mr. Kirwan from one equally respectable and estimable—Mr. D'Esterre. He regretted the injurious and insulting expressions which the gentleman whom he had the honor of addressing had made use of in speaking of his friend during the day to a certain merchant in the Commercial Buildings, and which had traveled the rounds of the city before night-fall. He pointed out, moreover, the utter impossibility of Mr. D'Esterre's allowing such an outrage on his name and character to be uttered and sent forth to the world without demanding the satisfaction of a gentleman.

"Then, Colonel, honey, come to the point, and just tell me what it is that you want," demanded Kirwan.

"An apology or the alternative," "Which means that I must eat my words or fight."

"Most decidedly." "It can't be done for the money?" "For the money?" "Yes, for the money. I'd be glad to accommodate you, my dear Colonel, in any way in my power; but the money stands in my way most completely and entirely." Colonel Henry looked bewildered. Kirwan's argumentum ad crumenam was evidently beyond him. "What money? whose money?" he exclaimed.

pledged word of honor that he'd return it to me at the time he promised; and upon my honor and soul, he hasn't done so from that day to this."

The Colonel doubted what he had to do with the money question. "Everything," said Kirwan, "in the regard of your not having the ghost of an argument on your side when you ask me to apologize or fight."

The Colonel still could not see it; but his opponent very soon made him in this wise: He'd be a liar and a coward to apologize or in any way retract what he had said and still feel that D'Esterre had acted dishonorably toward him, and to go out and fight him would be to act like the biggest fool in existence. "Blood-an-ouns, Colonel," said Billy, "do you want me to fight against my own money? On the other hand, if D'Esterre hits me he'll send me to the devil after it; and you know that the Scripture says that 'out of hell there's no redemption.'"

"Very true indeed, and by no means an unreasonable way of putting it," observed Colonel Henry; "but," he added, "will you, if I satisfy you on the money question—"

"If you pay me—that's the chat!" roared Billy.

"Pay you—certainly; that's what I mean, but will you then fight?"

"Like a Trojan, Colonel," cried Kirwan. Anything to oblige you—anything for peace and quietness."

"I shall see you to-morrow morning again, Mr. Kirwan," said the Colonel, rising and formally bowing to his host, who vainly endeavored to make him take another jorum, "just to show that there was no animosity between them."

"You'll have your friend ready in the morning when I call?" asked Henry as he turned for the last time.

"That's my intention," responded Kirwan, "and all my worldly affairs settled."

Colonel Henry did not see the face of imitable drollery that Mr. Kirwan assumed as he uttered the last observation, for his back was turned and he was half way down the hall-door steps, hailing a passing carman.

Next morning the gallant bearer of the cartel was at the house of the challenged party, who received him most graciously.

"But your friend, Mr. Kirwan? I don't see the gentleman to whom I expected to be presented," said the Colonel, looking not a little surprised.

"Lave that to me," Kirwan, remarked, very coolly. "Business before pleasure, if you please. Have you brought my money? Let's see that before we proceed to the sentimental part of the matter."

"Certainly," replied Henry. "Here's a hundred-pound Bank-of-Ireland note at your service, which discharges my friend's obligation."

"And here's a receipt for that same, with an apology for your friend, which he and you alive to be the most unreasonable men alive not to accept and be thankful."

"What! then you don't intend to fight, after all?" exclaimed the Colonel on hearing what to him appeared an extraordinary declaration, and perceiving the perfectly ridiculous result which his grave embassy had at length been brought to. "You won't fight?" he repeated.

"The devil a bit, Colonel, honey; and that's as sure as my name is Billy Kirwan. I unsay all that I have said of your friend, and apologize to him and you in the handsomest manner."

"I can't just at this moment see," ruminated the baffled envoy, "how my principal is to come out of this affair creditably in this fashion."

"He comes out of it with flying colors; for his fellow citizens will think more of him when they hear he has paid his debts than if he had shot Billy Kirwan."

The celebrated bill-broker of the Dublin Commercial Buildings thus brought this, at first sight, formidable-looking affair to a successful conclusion, according to his notions of common sense and common honor. Even in a dueling age, and by a fire-eating generation, people said when a quarrel took place and a money grievance was at the bottom of it, "Settle the latter first, and the former afterward," and before running a debtor to the wall, "Take Billy Kirwan's advice and don't fire against your own money."

A writer in one of the London papers suggests that during the hot weather shop-keepers on such streets as Regent street or Piccadilly might stretch an awning or velarium right across the street from the houses on each side. Thus the whole street would be converted into a shady and cool promenade, and would be more popular than ever, to the advantage of the shop-keepers, who might also suspend advertisements from the awnings at intervals and otherwise benefit by the idea.

CHERRY TIME.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The reapers were busy on the upland meadows that sloped toward the sun, and the air was full of vanilla odors of new mown hay, and the old brown robin, whose nest was in the maple boughs overhanging the old Cliffland house, was caroling his very heart out in liquid rivulets of song. Every creature seemed drinking in the full glory of the summer morning, and revelling in the mere fact of existence.

That is, every created thing, save and except little Cora Cliff—she wasn't happy a bit, for, as she came round the densely honey-suckle path, in sight of the front porch, her eyes caught sight of two figures sitting under the swinging trails of a rose-bloom, in a most absorbing tete-a-tete her cousin, Georgia Carr and Mr. Seymour Olcott.

The rosy flush of color died out around Cora's dimples—the long lashes dropped and grew misty. There—it is no use striving against that flood of tears—Miss Cora sat down on the grass and cried heartily.

"I hope they will be happy!" sobbed poor Cora; "but, oh! how I wish Georgia had never come here. I was so happy in fancying that Seymour liked me a little, and now—"

And Cora cried again. The path to the giant cherry tree was short and shaded, as Cora crept through it, never once looking back to the porch where Georgia and Seymour were so happily together; and the green-loom, studded with the ruby sparkle of innumerable ripe dewy cherries, made her think of the "jeweled trees," she had read about in childhood, when the Arabian Nights seemed veritable truth, and the fairy land an established fact.

"I wish I were a child again!" sighed Cora, her lips beginning to quiver. "Didn't I have nice times then, with never a lover to disturb them? Didn't I climb up the old tree half a dozen times a day, to see the blue eggs in the brown thrush's nest? I wonder if that nest is there now? I don't care!" ejaculated Cora; "I don't care a single bit if I am eighteen, I mean to climb up that old tree again, and fill my basket. I want to feel the cool leaves against my hot cheeks. I want to be all alone with the blue air and the wind, and the brown thrushes. I know Rachel would scold dreadfully, but I don't care."

Cora Cliff swung herself lightly into the gnarled fork of the old tree, and climbed up its branches as easily as if she had been a bright eyed squirrel instead of a young lady. There was considerable spice of the romp about Miss Cora, and it must be confessed that she was a great deal more at home in the old cherry tree than when she would be at her neglected piano.

High up among the fluttering leaves she sat, slowly gathering the ripe fruit into her basket, and looking through the quivering dimness of tears at the reapers afar off on the sunny slopes, thinking the while how very, very miserable she was.

All at once the sound of voices struck her ears; she parted the leaves and looked down from her airy perch, only to see Seymour Olcott and Georgia Carr establishing themselves comfortably under this very cherry tree.

Poor little Cora—there was no escape for her now. Prisoned among the swaying branches, she must be an unwilling auditor of the conversation of the two below.

"Oh, how I wish they would go away!" thought Cora, beginning to tremble as she laid her throbbing forehead against the friendly old tree.

"I cannot bear to hear him speaking words of love to Georgia! Oh why did I ever come here?"

Her thoughts were here cut short by hearing Seymour Olcott's voice. He was stripping the leaves from a spray of forget-me-not, in an absent-minded sort of a way and spoke as if in remembrance of some previous discussion.

"If you only knew, Georgia, how much doubt and apprehension I feel in approaching the subject of my love!"

"I can easily imagine it," said Georgia softly.

The pulses of poor Cora's heart seemed to grow chill, and a sickening feeling came over her.

"If I dared suppose for a moment," went on Seymour, "that the treasure of such a heart could ever be mine—"

"Why should you doubt it," replied Georgia, smiling. "Remember, Mr. Olcott, faint heart never won fair lady."

"I believe I shall take your advice," said Seymour, "and I am glad I consulted you on the subject. Indeed, Georgia my love for your cousin is the one absorbing passion of my life. I have watched her grow from the fair girl into the beautiful woman, with

ever strengthening devotion, and now—well, I won't be sentimental if I can help it," he added, trying to smile, "but of one thing I am assured—if Cora Cliff should refuse me, life will not be worth having! Come let us retire to the house. I will seek her at once, and decide my fate.

As their footsteps died away, the little captive damsel among the branches hid her burning face among the leaves, and began to cry again! But they were happy tears—oh, such blissful tears!

"Then you do really love me?" Cora Cliff was standing just where the sunset turned her chestnut curls to gold, in dainty robes of muslin, tied at the waist with a broad blue ribbon. She had never looked fairer nor more mischievous. A sense of power makes women dangerous.

"Love you, Cora? If—" "There, there, don't be sentimental, if you can help it!" laughed Cora. "If I refuse you, life won't be worth having, and so—I will not refuse you!"

"God bless you—" "Never mind!" said Cora, saucily. And as soon as she could escape from Seymour Olcott's detaining hand, she ran up stairs to nestle her cheek against Georgia's shoulder, and whisper to her, as a very great secret, "that she was to be married in the fall!"

Mr. Olcott never knew whether the Hamadryads in the wood or the robin in the tree carried his secrets to Cora, but she will tell him the truth, perhaps, after they are married.

RINGING FOR THE WATER BOY.

A good story is told of a verdant one who was passenger in a railroad express train, and became thirsty.

"Where's that 'ere boy with the water can?" he queried of his next neighbor.

"He has gone forward to the baggage car, I suppose," was the reply. "Wall, d'ye s'pose I kin git him back here agin?"

"Certainly," said the other, "you have only to ring for him;" and he nodded towards the bell-line that ran above their heads.

No sooner said than done. Before any one could prevent it Rusticus had seized the line and given it a tremendous tug. The consequences were at once obvious; three shrill whistles were heard, half a dozen brakemen ran to their posts, and the train came to a stand-still with a suddenness that startled half the passengers with astonishment, and caused very many next a window to hoist it and look out to see what was the matter.

In a few minutes the conductor, red and excited, came fanning into the car to know who pulled that bell-rope.

"Here, mister, this way; I'm the man," shouted the offender, drawing all eyes upon him.

"You!" said the conductor, "and what did you do it for?" "Cos I wanted some water."

"Wanted some water?" "Sartin; I wanted the water boy, and my pardner here in the seat said I'd better ring for him, as we do at the hotel, an' so I yanked the rope. Will he be along soon? An', by the by, what the thunder be you stoppin' for?"

The shout of laughter that greeted this honest confession was too much for the conductor, and he had to wait till he had got his train under way again before he explained the mysteries of the bell rope to his verdant customer.

PROFANITY.

We are emphatically in the age of profanity, and it seems to us that we are on the topmost current. One cannot go on the streets anywhere without having his ear offended with the vilest words, and his reverence shocked by the most profane use of sacred names.

Nor does it come from the old or middle-aged alone, for it is a fact, as alarming as true, that the younger portion of a community are most proficient in degrading language. Boys have an idea it is smart to swear; that it makes them manly; but there never was a greater mistake in the world. Men, even those who swear themselves, are disgusted with profanity in a young man, because they know how, of all bad habits, this clings the most closely, and increases with years. It is the most insidious of habits, growing on so invisibly that almost before one is aware he becomes an accomplished curser.

"William," observed a Danbury woman to her husband, "Mrs. Holcomb feels pretty badly since the loss of her child, and I wish you'd drop over there and see her. You might say that all flesh is grass—that we've all got to go that way; and see if she is going to use her dripping-pan this afternoon."