

The Forest Republican.

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TIONESTA, PA., JULY 28, 1875.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description (e.g., One Square 1 inch, one insertion) and Price (\$1.00, \$3.00, etc.).

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly.

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.

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

J. B. AGNEW, Attorney at Law, Tionesta, Pa. Office on Elm Street. May 16, 1875-14

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

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

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

KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, Franklin, Pa.

R. C. & M. V. LAWSON, Barbers and Hairdressers, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

NATIONAL HOTEL, TIDIOUTE, PA. W. D. BUCKLIN, Proprietor.

CENTRAL HOUSE, BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, L. Agnew, Proprietor.

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER Proprietor, Opposite Court House, Tionesta, Pa.

EMPIRE HOTEL, TIDIOUTE, PA. H. EWALD, Proprietor.

C. B. Weber's Hotel, TYLESBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER, Proprietor.

DR. J. L. ACOMB, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice.

MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS, Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts., Tionesta.

D. W. CLARK, REAL ESTATE AGENT, Houses and Lots for Sale and RENT.

By buying your PIANOS and ORGANS from the undersigned Manufacturer's Agent, for the best brands in the market.

Painting, Paper-Hanging &c.,

E. H. CHASE, of Tionesta, offers his services to those in need of PAINTING, GRASSING, CALCUMINING, SIZING & VARNISHING, SIGN WRITING, PAPER HANGING, AND CARRIAGE WORK.

NEW HARNESS SHOP, JUST opened next door north of the Lawrence House.

NEW HARNESS, A Specialty. Keeps on hand a fine assortment of Curry Combs, Brushes, Harness Oil, Whips, and Saddles.

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.

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.)

Picture in every style of the art. Views of the oil regions for sale or taken to order.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, ELM STREET, SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S STORE.

Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.

ELGIN WATCHES, PICTURES TAKEN IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES OF THE ART.

L. KLEIN, (in BOVARD & CO.'S Store, Tionesta, Pa.) PRACTICAL

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER, DEALER IN Watches, Clocks, Solid and Plated Jewelry, Black Jewelry.

Will examine and repair Fine English, Swiss or American Watches, such as Repeating, Independent Seconds, Stem Winders, Duplex, Levers, Anchors and Leptines.

All Work Warranted. 14-ly

You Can Save Money By buying your PIANOS and ORGANS from the undersigned Manufacturer's Agent.

CHAS. A. SHULTZ, Tuner, 3-ly Lock box 1748, Oil City, Pa.

John Jones' New Leaf.

It was a dreary kitchen—the walls were smoky, the dishes stood on the table in the middle of the floor, the cooking stove was open, with kettles and pans on it, and cold ashes on its hearth.

It was no trifling job to feed those pigs; the pen had been made out of some old house logs, and the opening through which the pigs had to be lifted before they could be emptied was so high that it just came even with her neck.

It was out on the rock, behind Johnny's wagon last night," said she, speaking low, and gently laying the baby down in a bed that had not been made up yet.

"Seems to me you're a good while gettin' your chores done; you haven't the knack of gettin' along like Mrs. Lovendike—her work is done up long ago, an' she's busy in the garden.

"Oh, John," said the little woman, slipping back her sleeves and tying on a big apron, and trying to keep her face turned away to hide the gathering tears.

"Well, I'm sure I don't see how it is," said he; "my mother had ten living children, and she managed to get along first-rate, and do all our own weaving, besides taking in weaving for the neighbors.

"How long since you brought in this water?" said he, as he took a drink from the tin dipper, and finding it not fresh he squirted it out coolly on the floor among some pans that had slipped down off a shelf.

As he took the hatchet and started out to the hay wagon to fix the hay rigging on it, he said, "Jane, if you can as well not, spose you have some o' them new beans that grow in that lot for dinner?"

"Well, I'll try," said she hopelessly, as she slipped her shoes off so she might step softly and with more comfort. All we working women know what a task it is to bring a disordered kitchen into neatness, especially when little children have been about.

While the dish water was heating she hurried up stairs and made the beds; then washed the dishes, and went down cellar and skimmed the milk.

and ready. By this time the baby woke and cried, and the tired little mother was compelled to sit down and take him in her sheltering arms.

In half an hour or so he was ready to sit down on the floor on a quilt, and she left him long enough to carry three or four pails of skimmed milk to the pigs—two pails at a time, and she went on the run.

On his way out to his work, he said, "That belongs to a woman's work; a man whose name is put up for commissioner shouldn't be asked to slop the pigs—that's a little too steep."

But before another year a change came. The strong, hard man, her husband, was stricken down with typhoid fever, and for long weary weeks he lay balancing between life and death.

John Jones was not wholly unimpressible; slowly the scales fell from his eyes, the light came, and he was as one born into a higher and better life.

He was still as wise as when he went away. His cup of tea was waiting, and his toast and the tender little pullet fried nice and brown.

The next morning the crazy old rig was called out again, and the soft blanket spread in it, and John Jones took the lines in his emaciated hands and drove off in the same direction as he did the day before.

When he returned, he was accompanied by a broad shouldered, good looking German girl, whom he introduced to his wife as "our girl."

"The upshot of the matter is, Jane, that I've abused you long enough; the Lord help me, I'll never see you make a drudge o' yourself ag'in. It's a burnin' shame for any great lord like me to expect a frail little body like you to be a man an' dog, an' wife, an' mother, an' nigger, an' me savin' an' a hoardin' up money an' means to leave to the Lord knows who.

By this time his speech was made, the poor weak fellow was blubbering like a whale. Poor little surprised wife! She flew to his neck and laid her head on his bosom, and cried like a baby as she said: "John Jones! you darling!"

"No, not a bit of a darlin'; just an old bear, a regular old heathen, to sacrifice the best little woman under the sun, inch by inch, the way that's been goin' on for years an' years," snuffed he, as he fumbled over her face in an aimless, loving way.

Then "our girl," Barbara, went into Jane Jones' harness, and it fitted her to a fraction.

"Now we've turned over a new leaf, go and dress up, Jenny, bless you?" said the new convert.

So, with the memory of lang syne warming her heart, Jane unearthed her wedding dress in the afternoon, and put it on, with a pretty old-fashioned collar, and brushed out her nut brown hair that once upon a time curled beautifully.

She sat sewing, putting a new band on Ruby's new shirt, when the children came home from school. Her back was toward the door. Tom came to a dead halt as he stepped on the sill, and then ran round the lean-to to find his mother. No mother there, but the smiling, pinky-faced German girl, who was paring potatoes to bake for supper.

Tom bawled out: "Is mother dead? O, I want my mother!" and circled around the house and peeped in shyly with wet eyes.

Was that lady in a soft gray merino dress, wearing an embroidered collar and gold ear drops, his mother? That pretty woman! Surely it was, for Nettie was feeling of her face, and was sparkling over and saying: "Is this you, mother? Why, where have you been?"

"Oh, ma!" said Tom, holding her around the neck as though she might fit away the next minute; "why, where did you go, and when did you come back?"

Poor little ones how proud they were of the household drudge in her new and beautiful transformation!

But this is not all. Before the first cold blast of Winter came, steps were taken to lighten the labors of the feminine portion of the farmer's household. An addition was built to the house, new siding was put on and painted white.

Closets were put in all the rooms; the old verminy bedsteads split up and used for kindlings; new chairs were bought, including a new rocking and sewing chair for mother; a new sewing machine, that was a love of a friend; the door yard was paved in, and the calves and colts kept where they belonged; and evergreen trees, and flowering shrubbery, and rose bushes, made beautiful the new yard.

An easy chain pump took the place of the old moss-covered bucket that held as much as a churn. It was packed off to the barn to put clover seed in, and the heavy windlass was borne away forever from the little arms that had tugged at its ponderous weight with a sick weariness many and many a year.

Now that the no longer enslaved mother has leisure to mingle with her growing children as teacher, and companion, and friend, they grow more lovable and intelligent, and they cling to her like vines. They see so much in her to admire and emulate.

And John Jones! That spell of fever was the Aaron's rod that smote the rock of his soul and opened it for the out-gushing of love, and sympathy, and charms, and graces of the human heart; and to-day, growing broader and ruddier, and riper, and better,—there lives no happier farmer than dear old renovated John Jones.

Thus far there has been very little extravagant dressing at the watering places. There's an evident disposition on the part of ladies to dress plainly and quietly. Fewer diamonds are worn by genteel people, and there is very little of the "loud" style so conspicuous at the fashionable summer resorts a few years ago.

This very timely suggestion is made by the Detroit Free Press: "Amid the busy scenes of Summer life let us not forget that Hannibal Hamlin, of Me., is the man who forced us to lick a two-cent stamp on to the newspaper which went for one before."

The Niagara hackmen are under no restraint or restriction this year, and cheat and swindle as much as they ever did, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

In a nest of robins found on a farm at North Dartmouth, Mass., are three white birds and one cream-colored. The old birds are of the common hue.

Several horses were made deaf by lightning in a stable in Lancaster, Pa., a few days ago.

"No, not a bit of a darlin'; just an old bear, a regular old heathen, to sacrifice the best little woman under the sun, inch by inch, the way that's been goin' on for years an' years," snuffed he, as he fumbled over her face in an aimless, loving way.

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THE ROMANCE OF A BRIDAL TOUR.

We'll call him Henry, as that is a popular name. He came down from Troy last week in company with an elderly woman and her daughter. The girl was the Dulcinea of the hero Henry, and their purpose was to get married. The first two days they passed getting together wedding outfits; lots of nice underwear, walking suits, indoor costumes, and a series of bonnets were bought and sent to the East-side hotel, where the trio stopped.

Sunday was to be the bridal day, and Saturday night Henry went off to invite some friends to see the fun. During the time they had been in the hotel a spruce young clerk had paid divers under-hand attentions to the Trojan damsel, and on this Saturday evening he found the bride in the parlor and had a long conversation with her. What he said and how he said it will never be known. But when Henry came back at nine o'clock the obliging clerk met him with the information that Dulcinea and her mother had gone to the Gilmore garden concert, and he was to go right up there and find them.

The obedient man jumped into a car and headed for Twenty-seventh street. Meantime every newly bought article was speedily packed into trunks by the bride elect during that absence, and the hotel clerk and the lady went off on the 11 o'clock boat for New Haven. The returning lover woke the echoes and roused the hotel, when he received at the desk a note, in which the faithless girl advised him to renew an engagement with some previous flame who resides on Mount Ida, in the classic city of Troy, "because," said she, "I never knew what love was till I met Mr. —, and we have gone together."

There was tearing of hair and gnashing of teeth in that hotel, when the prospective mother-in-law was aroused and told the news.

Dulcinea had been in and out during the hot evening, but had gone to bed at ten, so she supposed. She had considerably brought mamma a seductive brandy punch, in which a bunch of mint was not the only green thing after ma got her nose in.

The two deserted creatures sat and lamented together, and the buxom mother was the first to suggest comfort. "Cinny was a young, inexperienced thing; girls were no good, anyway." Henry began to see they were not. As a mother-in-law, Mrs. M— had not been an unpleasant prospect, and, like pity with vice, Henry soon got to the embrace, found it much more solid than the timid little hugs he had had from Dulcinea, and the upshot of it was Sunday morning at twelve o'clock there was a wedding, but the bride was Mrs. —, not Miss —.

In all the black catalogue of vices, which unhappily debase the character of the sons and daughters of Adam, tattling well nigh holds the pre-eminence. It is the meanest, the most detestable of all habits, and when once contracted, clings as it were with the tenacity of a demon. In view of its depravity, and of the many and fearful vices following in the train, the Lord commanded Moses to "speak unto all the congregations of Israel and say unto them: 'Thou shalt not go up and down, as a tale bearer among the people,'" and in the sacred psalm it is written, "Whoso privily slandereth his neighbor, him will I cut off."

The rabid dog, let loose in a community to bite whatever man and beast he meets, is not as dangerous as the tattler. The dog kills only the individual bitten while the tattler's venom poisons madly and fatally, the whole community. He goes to a neighbor's and listening attentively, hears, perhaps, something said that may be used to the disparagement, possibly, the ruin of another, which he drinks down with the avidity with which the thirsty toper does the fiery fluid, and then goes forth with venomous tongue to disseminate suspicion, distrust and ranking hate, where before was the abode of neighborly love and confiding trust.

Thus the peace of society is marred, often disrupted; confidence is destroyed; friends made foes, discord and strife created, and all the diabolical schemes of the father of lies, used to destroy all that is lovely and of good report, furthered by the tattler, who may well be compared to the viper in the fable, that, warmed and brought to life by the care of a too kindhearted benefactor, turned and stung him to the heart.

"If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be," said an Irishman to his congregation.

In view of the cheapness of divorce, Indiana jurymen consider \$750 as a fair tariff for breach of promise.

TATTLING.