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A WOMAN AFTER ALL.

"Take off that hideous bonnet, Dorothy. I want to see your sweet face without it."

"Thou shouldst not speak so, Charles. It is very wrong."

"Why, little Dorothy? Tell me why."

"Thou knowest favor is deceitful and beauty is vain. We ought to bear our testimony against the vanity of personal looks."

"Ought we? Then tell me why it pleased Providence to make you so beautiful, my small cousin?"

"Hush, Charles. I will not permit thee to speak to me in this manner."

"And Dorothy Hicks, the little Quakeress, put on her gravest air, and struggled valiantly to turn the corners of her mouth down when they wanted to turn up."

"Don't look so serious, little girl. You positively alarm me."

"And Charles Maynard burst into a merry laugh that echoed through the poplar trees in the old garden."

"Now tell me, Dorothy—I insist upon knowing, and, as a member of your family, I consider that I have a right to be informed—are you going to marry Broadbrim?"

"Friend Ephriam is an estimable man, Charles. Thou must not speak of him thus."

"Look, Dorothy, there he is. I will quote no proverbs, but the rim of his hat just turned the corner as I spoke."

"Now, don't look as if you intended to go back to the house, for you're not going. I'll tell you a secret: This morning when I was down by the river I found a boat with a tempting pair of oars lying in it, and I made up my mind that Dorothy Hicks and her wicked, worldly cousin from the populous city of New York were going for a row in that very boat this evening."

"It is neighbor Hancock's boat."

"He will let us have it?"

"Y-e-s. But, Charles, I fear that it is my duty—"

"No, it isn't. You know you don't want to spend this lovely evening in the house entertaining Broadbrim, and you do want to go and watch the sunset on the river with me."

Dorothy looks doubtfully toward the house and wistfully toward the river.

"La femme qui hesite est perdue," Dorothy, which means, if we don't hurry Graycoat will come out and catch us."

Charles takes Dorothy's hand in his, and in a moment they are on their way to the shore.

"But, Charles, see that cloud in the south. If there were to be a storm!"

"But there will not. Come, jump in."

The oars are lifted into the row locks, Dorothy takes the management of the rudder into her little hands, and soon they are gliding over the smooth surface of the water, leaving a track of silvery bubbles behind them.

It is a lovely evening. The misty shadows of twilight are gathering in the east and in the west; the clouds, blood red and purple, are casting a rosy light all over the broad river; a fresh breeze is blowing in their faces, and the waves splash against the sides of their little boat like low monotonous music.

Charles is talking about his home; telling Dorothy about the aunt and cousins she has not seen for a long time, and amusing her with stories of his college-days, and of his efforts to make his way in his profession, which at first were so unsuccessful.

Neither of them notice that the breeze grows every moment stronger and fresher, and that the dark cloud in the south has spread over the horizon, and is covering it with darkness.

Presently a low muttering growl of thunder startles them from the dream into which they have fallen.

"Turn back, Charles, turn back!" screams Dorothy. "The storm is upon us!"

But there is no turning back. They have been rowing with the tide. The river is very wide, and the increasing force of the waves and wind together is so strong that when they attempt to turn about the water rushes into the tiny boat. Both faces grow pale in the danger.

"It is impossible; you cannot do it!"

"Tell me, Dorothy, what is that dark object just ahead?"

"It is a ledge of rocks, but when the tide comes in from the sea it will be covered!" and with a low moan Dorothy covers her head with her hands.

"We will try and land there. The ledge will not turn for an hour."

The effort is successful. The ledge is reached, and Charles carries Dorothy to the highest rock and lays her gently down.

"My love, my little love," he cries, kissing her helpless hands, "have I killed you?"

"Stop!" she exclaims. "Listen! there is a boat. It is coming to us!" Dorothy is upon her knees, and a will-

cry of thanksgiving comes from her lips.

Ephriam Ford has followed them. The heavy boat with its single occupant is strong enough to resist the waves, and as he bears the ledge they go down to meet him.

"Back!" he cries. "I will take but one of you. It is not safe."

The grim Quaker, with his stern, emotionless face, wrenches away the slender hands which cling to Charles, and clasping Dorothy tightly in his arms, lays her at his own feet in the bottom of his boat. No word is spoken until they reach the opposite shore. Then he takes her up again and carries her to the nearest fisher hut upon the beach.

As they stand within the shelter of the little cabin, Dorothy looks at him with wild eyes, and a cry of torture issues from her pale lips.

"Go back! go back! You will go back for him?"

"Go back for your elegant city lover, whose ignorant carelessness had cost you your life but for me?"

Dorothy falls on her knees, and grasps his cold hand in an agony of entreaty.

"Go back! go back!"

"Promise me first that you will not marry him. Swear it as the world's people do." Then he takes her hand and holds it up to heaven, and waits for the oath.

Dorothy's lips move, but no sound comes. She has fainted.

The fisher-wife takes the unconscious child and lays her on her own bed, and Ephriam Ford goes upon his errand of mercy with murder in his heart.

The storm has lulled for a moment. It comes on so gradually, stopping every now and then as if to make the earth believe that it were doubtful of its power. The tempest knows its strength, and can afford to wait.

Ephriam looks at the sky. It is still red in the west, and the waves are rising steadily, but his strong craft, directed by his powerful strength, can yet make its way through them. There is plenty of time. The tide will not turn for half an hour.

Ephriam fights his battle with temptation, and wins the victory, for twenty minutes later the sturdy boat plows its way back to the shore, and two silent men struggled against the wind up the beach to the fisherman's hut. Dorothy is waiting for them. Her outstretched arms would wind themselves about both, but the stern look in Ephriam's eyes restrains her, and Charles turns from her and fixes his glance upon the ground.

It is a terrible moment for Dorothy. She knows that they love her, and she shivers at the suffering in both faces.

Then she remembers the oath she did not speak, and a wild sort of terror takes possession of her soul. She speaks at last and tries to thank Ephriam for the service he has done them.

"Spare me thy gratitude, Dorothy," he commands, in a slow solemn tone, peculiar to his people. "I know I have done thee a service. I would not hear it again. I tried to make thee swear an oath. Dorothy, I am glad it was not spoken. Tell me now, though, dost thou love this young man? Wilt thou forswear thy religion, forsake the faith of thy forefathers, and become one of the world's people?"

Dorothy's eyes looked toward Charles with a mute appeal.

"He has saved both our lives, dear," answers the young man, in reply to her glance "and he is worthy of your love." Then his eyes seek the ground again. He has received his life from this man's hands, and now he will speak no word to rob him of his dearest treasure.

"Speak Dorothy," Ephriam repeats. "It is for you to choose."

Dorothy's voice is choked with tears, and her breast shaken with sobs, as she answers.

"It is very, very wicked of me, Ephriam, but I love him so!"

Then she stretches out her helpless hand, and the sweet lips whisper "Charles."

Only a single word, but it decides her life. In a moment she is in her lover's arms, and for the second time that night unconscious.

The nobler man of the two goes out unheeded into the storm to conquer his headache alone.

No two sides of any human face are precisely alike. It is the same with every limb; no pair of limbs are fashioned alike. One hand is almost always larger than the other; so with the foot, the leg, and the arm. But the greatest of all marvels is this: never were two human faces alike.

"Doctor," said a wife to the practitioner who was cutting open her husband's shirt as he was in a fit of apoplexy, "cut, if you please, along the seam!"

VAN WINKLE, WITH A VARIATION.

A gentleman residing in this city had occasion, a few days since, to take a journey down the river several miles back from it, using a saddle-horse.

Darkness overtook him in a sparsely settled district, and as the roads were in a bad condition, and the evening looked threatening, he halted before a forlorn looking hut and asked if he could find lodging.

"I reckon ye mought," replied the long-haired, sorrowful-eyed squatter, after hesitating a moment.

The Vicksburger found little to eat, and his horse found less. The squatter and his wife were all alone, and they had but a few words for the stranger, and scarcely spoke to each other. When the evening grew old the traveler camped down on the floor on a blanket, and being very tired he fell asleep, while host and hostess were smoking their black clay pipes at the other end of the room. He had slept about two hours, when the squatter shook him by the shoulder and said:

"Stranger, I'm powerful sorry to disturb ye, but I want to ax a favor."

"Yes—yes—what is it?" inquired the Vicksburger, as he rubbed his eyes and sat up.

"Ye like to see fair play, don't ye, stranger?"

"Yes, of course."

"Wall, me'n the old woman can't agree; somehow, she's cross and tetchy, and I guess I'm a trifle ugly. Leastwise, we don't hug up worth old boots. We've fit and fit; I'm old, and she's chuck full o' grit, and it's about an even thing."

"Well, I'm sorry," put in the Vicksburger, as the squatter hesitated.

"We've been a-talkin' since ye cum, stranger, and we've made up to ask ye to hold a candle an to let us go in for an old rouser of a fight—a reg'lar sockdologer—which shall settle our fuss. If I lick, she'll go; if she licks, I'll travel."

"I'm sorry if there's any trouble, and hope you won't fight."

"We've got to do it, stranger," replied the woman, "I won't live with a man who kin lick me, and he's as high-born. Sam's as good as the run o' men, but he's lazy and sassy, and he wants to wear his hat on his ear!"

"She's right, stranger, said the squatter, "and this cabin can't hold both of us any longer. It's to be a square fight—no kicking or clubbing, and we won't go back on yer decision."

The Vicksburger protested, but the woman placed a lighted candle in his hand and posted him in the door, and the man and wife stepped out on the ground.

"Suke, I'm going to wallop ye right smart in just four hoots and a holler!" said the squatter, as he pushed up his sleeves.

"Sam, ye don't weigh 'nuff into three tons!" she replied in a grim voice, and the battle commenced.

The Vicksburger mentally bet twenty to one on the man at the start, but in two minutes he had reduced the odds to ten, and in two minutes more he was betting even. The wife was like a wild-cat, springing, dodging, striking and clawing and pretty soon her husband had to stand on the defensive.

"Look out for the Bengal tiger, Suke!" he warned as he clawed the air.

"I can whip the boots off'n ye, Sam!" she replied, and the battle grew fiercer.

One of the woman's sharp nails struck the husband's eye and blinded him for an instant. As he threw up his arms she seized both her hands in his hair, yanked him down, and in another moment had the "gouge" on him.

"Sam, do ye cave?" she asked, as they lay quiet.

"That's the dead-wood, Suke, and I'm a licked man!" he mournfully answered.

She let him up, and he turned to the Vicksburger, and inquired:

"Stranger, was it a fair fight?"

"I guess it was!"

"Then I travel!"

He entered the hut, put on his coat and hat, took up his rifle, and as he came out he reached his hand out to his wife, and said:

"Good-by, Suke? We agreed fair and square, and here I go." Then turning to the traveler, he added:

"Much obliged, stranger; ye held the candle plumb fair, and ye didn't holler for either one of us!"

And he walked down to the fence, leaped over, and was soon lost to sight.

"Good 'nuff on the shoot," mused the wife, as she gazed after him, "but his fightin' weight is clear down to nuthin'!"—Vicksburg (Miss.) Herald.

A Maine girl left her clothing in an open boat and hid herself, and when her parents were crying and saying if they only had her back they would obey her slightest wish, she appeared and said she wanted to marry George.

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN.

Ashtabula Johnson, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean, is a mysterious man, and he lives on an Aberdeen street. Ashtabula is one of those eccentric individuals who button-holes you on the street, leads you carefully to the edge of the sidewalk, and then, looking about him, says very cautiously:

"How's Spriggins?"

"Spriggins, Spriggins," you reply, "what Spriggins?"

"Lonzo!"

"Oh! I dunno anything about him." Drawing you still near the edge of the walk, the mysterious man says:

"This is between you and me, now." "Well!"

"I heard that Spriggins was going into oats heavy. Now he's got reasons, see," and he holds up his forefinger and looks as wise as an owl. You get away from the mysterious man, and presently you see him collar Jones in the midst of a large company and march him off to whisper about an equally important matter. As near as can be calculated, Johnson has no other business but this. Well, the other day Ashtabula dropped in to see Philo Martiniberger, who tips back his chair in front of a lively stable on State street. He found Philo in conversation with some parties from the country regarding the sale of a car load of horses. Taking the dealer by the arm, Ashtabula led him through the stable out of the back door and round the corner to a blacksmith shop. Then he sat down on a box, took out his knife, pried off a sliver from the box, and says he:

"Philo, I understand you've got a cow to sell. Sit down."

Philo looked at him a moment, and then said, very quietly: "Oh, you heard I had a cow to sell?"

"Yes," responded Ashtabula; "sit down, and talk her over."

Philo looked at him a moment; then he said: "Come here Johnson."

Johnson came, and his companion took him by the coat-sleeve and started into the street. He went down to where that six-story unfinished building stands, between Dearborn and State, and crawling through the boards that are nailed over the door, led Ashtabula up five flights of uncompleted stairs, at the imminent risk of breaking his neck. Puffing and blowing, they reached the top, and Philo led the way over piles of rough lumber to the extreme east end of the building. Then, after stopping to take breath, he put his mouth close to Ashtabula's ear, and softly whispered, "I've told her."

It has been nearly a week since that occurrence, and Mr. Johnson is still full of wrath; but a large circle of acquaintances declare that Philo Martiniberger deserves a medal and shall have one.

A PLAIN TALK TO YOUNG LAWYERS.

Judge Underwood, of Rome, Ga., said to four young lawyers who had just passed an examination in his court: "Young gentlemen, I want to say a thing or two to you. You have passed as good an examination as usual, perhaps better, but you don't know anything. Like these young fellows just back from their graduation college, you think you know a great deal. It's a mistake. If you ever get to be of any account, you will be surprised at your present ignorance. Don't be too big for your breeches. Go round to the justice's court and try to learn something. Don't be afraid—let off upon a high key. You will, no doubt, speak a good deal of nonsense. You will have one consolation—nobody will know it. The great mass of mankind take sound for sense. Never mind about your case, pitch in—you are about as apt to gain as lose. Don't be ashamed at the wise-looking justice. He don't know a thing. He's a deadbeat on knowledge. Stand to your rack; fodder or no fodder, and you will see daylight after a while. The community generally suppose that you will be rascals. There is no absolute necessity that you should. You may be smart without being tricky. Lawyers ought to be gentlemen. Some of them don't come up to the standard, and are a disgrace to the fraternity. They know more than any other race generally, and not much in particular. They don't know anything about sandstones, carboniferous periods, and ancient land animals known as fossils. Men that make out they know a great deal on these subjects don't know much. They are humbugs—superb humbugs. They are ancient land animals themselves, and will ultimately be fossils. You are dismissed with the sincere hope of the court that you not make asses of yourselves."

A man in New Castle, who served four days on a jury, says he is so full of law that it is hard for him to keep from cheating somebody.