The Forest Republican. IS FUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY W. R. DUNN. PFICE IN ROBINSON & BONNER'S BUILDING ELM STREET, TIONESTA, PA. TERMS, \$2,00 A YEAR.

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O. U. A. Lodge Room, MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, Wevery Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock. J. T. DALE, C. 31,

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J. B. AGNEW.

Attorney at Law, - Tionesta, Pa.

Office on Elm Street. May 16, 1875,-4f

E. L. Davis,

A TTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa. ing countles. 40-1v

MILES W. TATE.

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TIONESTA, PA., AUGUST 25, 1875. THE CO. (S. 19)

tle of wine. Why don't you give

"I wish I was able, or even to pro

vide her less expensive dainties; but

-but-" and the tears fell fast-"

"Ah, that's the fault, you see,

He resumed his work, and the girl,

Mrs. Weston was so ill, she was lay-

come home after the weary day, that

"Clare, dear, you had better success

The girl dropped to a chair, and

suarcely cheered by this little episode went, with a heavy heart, up stairs.

them to her ?" 4

"Yes, mother."

to-day ?"

"Come to me, my child."

souled heroic self-repression.

calmer; her tears ceased.

"Hard! It breaks my heart to con-

template it, when I think of you,

who could imagine that such a vil-lain as John Budge ever existed ?"

home which once was ours! Now, we

are alone, with not a single friend in the world."

"Why, then, Clare, has he not writ-

"I do not know-I cannot tell," ex-

claimed the daughter, pitcously ; "but

oh, pray, pray, mother, do not take

Gilbert. It is my only support in this

"Ah, me-ah, me! to look round at

Clare. What a different future did I

get used to it."

ten ?'

cannot."

Jerry, the Miser.

It was a cobbler's shop, breaking E. H. CHASE, of Tionesta, offers his the row of small private houses in a PAINTING, GRAINING, CALCIMINING, SIZING & VARNISHING, SIGN WRITING, PAPER HANGING, AND CARRIAGE WORK, shabby suburban street. How it came there nobody knew. What is more, nobody cared.

Near the door, on this particular having no money. Good evening.' afternoon, were two females, the one elderly, the other graceful and young ; both in the deepest mourning. In front were two London street Arabe, In as ragged as mirthful; before it stood the oddest being imaginable-a little old man about four feet high, with a not over clean face, iron-gray hair, ou saucepan. On the table was a tea which rested a wora skin cap, shaggy brows, rather bow legs, and a dirty leathern apron. In irate tones, he tray, and a portion of a previous day's loaf. It was such a depressing welwas addressing the boys:

with difficulty the poor girl could con-"On with you, you young rascala! If you come playing your hopscotch and Sally-come-ups before my window again I'll flay you alive." trol her emotion. "Is that you, Clare?" inquired the widow's feeble voice.

A Specialty. Keeps on hand a fine assort-ment of Curry Combs, Brushes, Harness Oill, Whips, and Saidles. Harness of all kinds made to order and cheap as the cheapest. Remainber the name and place W. WEST, North of Lawrence House, 14-1y Tionesta, Pa. Before the muscular fists the boys fled, hurling back derision "Well done, Jerry-old Jerry, the miser! Yah!"

The cobbler, for he hardly merited the more emphatic title of shoemaker -paid no heed, but glancing sharply up from his bent brows to the two women, asked, "And what may you want ?"

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. Stanping for braid-ing and embroidery done in the best man-ner, with the newest patterns. All I ask is a tair trial. Residence on Water Street, in the house formerly occupied by Jacob Shriver. 14tt "We-we see," began the younger, into a paroxysm of weeping. "No, mother," she sobbed, hysteri-cally. "It's the same old, old story; looking timidly before the square card in the window, "you have apartments I can get nothing. What shall we do i I feel heart-broken." to let."

"No, I've rooms-rooms! I don't know nothing of 'apartments;' I ain't up to them, nor the rooms ain't neither. Do you want to see 'em ?'

"We did wish."

"All right; come along !"-and the little man swung on his heel.

The two women, hesitating, looked at one another. "We had better see them, mother,

said the younger, with a wan smile of encouragement. "His bark may be worse than his bite, and all the other places are so dear."

Following the cobbler through the shop, he led them up stairs to the rooms." There were two, communicating by a door with each other; they were poorly furnished, but clean. As the women looked at them, the cobbler stared at them silently.

"Well," he asked, "what do you think of them ?"

"They will do very well," answered the widow. "It's only—the price!" "Six shillings a week—in advance." "Six shillings!" ejaculated the girl. "Do you thick it too much?"

"On the contrary, it is cheap."

"You know a lot of the world to say that. How do you know I shan't clap

on another shilling ?" "I don't; but I should not fancy you would.

"About references," began the wid-

"Don't want any-you pay in ad-vance; and as, whenever you leave the house, it must be through the

\$2 PER ANNUM.

"Are you going to refuse ?" he snapped. "May n't I have tea ?" "How could I refuse-" she began

when he interrupted by : "Then don't lose time. See to the

kettle. I'll boil the eggs." Similar behavior from some other

people might have given offense, but there was such a quaint, odd way about Jerry that robbed it of that power. He was so old, and snapped Jerry carefully cl and snarled as if really his suggestion ing on her bed. The candle was in her room and in the parlor grate burnt was the result of deep-rooted meanness her room and in the parlor grate burnt instead of the contrary. Mrs. Weston a few sparks of fire, over which was a did make some demur, but Jerry shut

her up at once. "I see. She's frightened at your taking tea with such a fascinating young fellow as I am," he said. Leave the door ajar, then the old lady can take a squint at us now and then, and join the talk. I'm a wild young sprig, I confess." Clare could not refrain from burst-

ing into a merry peal of laughter. Clare pressed her white hands to her bosom, made an effort and passed into the bedroom. But the mother's looked up at her. first words beat down all her noble-

Well, the two hustled about, the cobbler certainly the briskest, until come to England; suppose he should finally they were seated at a very comfortable tea. During the meal, Mrs. Weston deemed it right to inform burying her face on the coverlet, burst their new friend something of their history.

In her husband's lifetime they had Ily. "It's the same old, old story; can get nothing. What shall we do? feel heart-broken." "Clare, Clare, my child," ejaculated

the mother, fondly embracing her, "do not you give way! What, indeed, will "I never quite understood what it was—I only know he must have been paid," said the widow dolorously. "But we hadn't some papers we ought become of us then? My brave, brave girl, do not weep thus!" "Pray let me, mother; I shall be better after it?" to have had to prove it. Se he took cried. She apparently, was right, for at the from us every penny, and left us as end of a few moments she looked up you now see.

"A confounded villain !" exclaimed "There," she smiled; "I am better now. It's good to give way at times, you know. At least one can't help it. Budge's bald head he had got in unand our lot is so hard; but we shall der it.

"Then all our friends deserted us-"Then all our friends deserted us-" cattle owner, proved, indeed, a nugget "Except one," broke in Clare, with brightened color, which was not un-ding, to which Jerry was asked, but noticed by the cobbler.

and your father intend you, love! But "But one as yet," added the widow. "He is a gentleman, Mr. Crayshaw, who-who was once a great friend of my daughter's. He was in Australia this place, and remember the pleasant at the time of our trouble, and though we wrote to tell him, we have not heard a syllable since. You know the world, Mr. Crayshaw."

"Not one! Oh, yes, mother, believe me, one! cried the girl, quickly. "He —Gilbert—will be true—trust me, he will." "I do ma'am !" answered Jerry, emphatically; "and I know it's a sight better than people try to make it." "Ah!" cried Clare, gratefully, her face radiant, as involuntantly she extended her hand, "you think he may be true?"

"He'd be the greatest villain under the sun if he were not, my dear ;" said that hope from me! Let me believe in the old man, cheerily; adding to himself, "poor child-poor child! she subscriber. Good by! Bless youthen has to learn that lovers' vows are easier broken than shoe strings, and "JERRY, COBBLER AND MISER."

bitter misery !" The widow touched with a pleading easier broken than shoe strings, and

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All bills for yearly advertisements col-lected quarterly. Temporary advertise-ments must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

"No," said Jerry. "What do you want with 'em ?'

"They are friends of mine."

"Swells such as you don't often, I should think, have friends in this neighborhood."

"In the land I came from, friend, the rank is not the guinea's stamp. But

"Stay a moment; I'll inquire."

Jerry carefully closing the door behind him, sat down on the stairs and enjoyed a mute chuckle, fearfully ap-oplectic in character. On the landing he repeated it with much movement of the legs. Then he entered his lodgers' parlor.

Dropping into the chair placed ready for him by the fire, rubbing his knees, his face one beaming smile, he cried : "Does any one believe in man? I don't! Does any one believe in Australian gold-diggers? I don't! Does any one believe in lovers keeping their vows? Lor' bless you, I don't-not a syllable!" Then turning abruptly to the astonished woman, he proceeded : "Lood here; I'll give you a riddle. Suppose a certain Australian should come to me ; supposing he should come into this room, how would a certain party behave? Would she laugh? Would she faint?"

"Oh, mother !" cried Clare, starting up; "I know what he means. It is Gilbert!"

Flying to the door, almost precipitating himself over the balustrade, he shouted : "You Australian, come up! You nugget of fidelity, come here!

There was a bang of a door, a firm, rapid tread on the stairs, and the stranger shot past Jerry into the room. "Clare-my poor, poor Clare!" he

"Gilbert !" she ejaculated, rushing into his arms.

The cobbler, after another caper discreetly retired to his shop, and let off his superhuman excitement by a charge at the boys in the street.

Gilbert Fernside, a rich Australian he answered he was far too wise a man to make himself uccomfortable. Instead, he sent the bride a pretty good bracelet as his wedding gift-a pres-ent affectionately treasured by Clare. Years after, the young wife in her home at the antipodes, received the following characteristic letter.

"My DEAR-While writing this I'm going off. When you get this I shall have left. So this is to say good-by. Bless you! I am a kindless old man, and you know a miser; but I am not going to give my money to you. What would £1,000 be to your Australian digger? A drop in the ocean. Besides you can do without it. No; it's going to the hospital for children, to which I have long been an unknown

letter, too



on hand. A portion of the public patron-age is respectfully solicited. 4-17-1y

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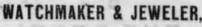
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shop, you can't well take the furniture without my knowing. Is it settled?" "If you please; here is the first week's rent." The widow touched with a pleading countenance, was about to reply, when interrupting herself, she said, "Chare, I hear some one in the parlor. See who

The coubler took it, scrawled out a receipt, nodded, and left his lodgers to themselves. Seated again on his bench, meditatively, he scratched his grizzled chin and contemplated the six coins in his horny palm.'

""Two hobs a week lost to-day?" he remarked. "Jerry, you miser, how could you do it?"

The cobbler's lodgers proved very quiet. They did not interfere with their landlord, and he, apparently,did not interfere with them. His was paid to the day.

They rarely spoke, save exchanging the ordinary morning and evening sal-utations when the daughter went through the shop. The mother never left the house. But Jerry, like most cobblers, was a man of observation, and he made such observations as the following:

"She's a beauty, she is; but awful white and sad. It's my opinion it's hard times with them up stairs."

Then when the girl went out earlier and came home later, even with a sadder, more depressed expression, he said, "I'll tell you what it is, Jerry; she's seeking work, and doesn't get it."

One evening, a few weeks after Mrs. Weston and her daughter rented the cobbler's appartments, the latter entered the shop later than usual.

The yellow lamp was flaring dismalby, and Jerry, a boot on his knee, was hard at work. After the customary salutation, the girl was passing on, when the cobbler's voice arrested her.

"I say, your mother's ill, ain't she?" he asked, nursing his knee with both arms:

"Yes, Mr. Crayshaw, I am sorry to say she has been for some while ailing. She-she-" and the young voice trembled with tears—"is very weak." "Then you must give her lots to

cat," responded Jerry, staring out of was a new loaf, fresh butter, eggs and the window. "The best thing for weak a neat package of tea. people is a nice roast fowl and a bot-

The girl obeyed, and stared at the wierd scene she beheld.

Seated before the grate, on a three legged stool, was the cobbler, yet in the leathern apron and cap. On his knees was a bellows, which he was working with consummate skill, evidently a master of the art, sending the coals into bright blazes that threw flashes of lurid color over the quaint

figure and the room. Upon hearing Clare, he turned, al-most with a snarl.

"How do you expect to boil a sauce pan with such a fire as this?" he growled. "Never was hatter as mad as you, I'm certain. Now look at that? ain't it a picture ?" Clare did look, and saw that not on-

ly were the coals increased, but that they were not from their own store.

"It was quite cheering," she managed to say, "but-I fear, Mr. Cray-shaw, you have been robbing yourself?

"Robbing myself?-me?-not a bit. I'm a miser. Didn't you hear the boys call me so-Jerry, the Miser?" he snapped. "I am a miser, and I'm proud of it. Some mon are called painter and poet. Well, I'm called cobbler and miser."

"Really," said Clare, a little amused a little frightened, looking at the glow

a little frightened, looking at the glow-ing coals; "I should have scarcely thought so." "That shows your ignorance," re-sponded Jerry. "Can't you see my calculation, it's cheaper to keep up one good fire than two small ones? So I'm going to sit by yours. Also, club-bing two persons' tea together is cheap-er than taking it alone. It makes on-ly one for the pot necessary. You perceive, now, I am a miser. I want to take my tea here." "Clare looked at the table; upon it

Clare looked at the table; upon it "Oh, Mr. Crayshaw-" she began.

ought about as little."

Mrs. Weston's fire than burn one of his own, he frequently passed his eve-nings with them. He also procured Clare some shoebinding to do, which,

At the end of the week, he was grimacing at a boy through the boots in the window, when Clare came to pay the rent. "Take it away," he said ; "let it

stand over."

"Ob, we could not think of that!" began the girl. "We were going to ask you if you would not mind a por-tion of it being left for rext-"

"This kindness after all you have

done !" sobbed Clare, her tears fall-

"Go away !" roared Jerry ; "I ain't taking me up for assault and battery next! Be off, and I'll be up to ten in five minutes."

"Bless your generous heart, which no assumed roughness can hide!" exclaimed Clare gratefully, as she hurried from the shop.

Sitting down, Jerry bent his head on the counter, and bright tears trickled from his eyes into the boot on his lap.

"Poor thing—poor thing !" he mur-mured; "she's yet to learn that yows are broken easier than shoe strings, There isn't a house to rent in and_"

He was interrupted by the shop door opening. Looking up, he found before him a tail well dressed man, with a bronzed face and thick beard and moustache. Jerry started.

"Pardon my intruding," said the stranger; "but can you give me the address of Mrs. Weston and ber daughter; I heard they were living somewhere in this street?"

After this, still protesting it was in the breast of a bright cheerful home cheaper for him, as a miser, to supply Mrs. Weston's fire than burn one of was ever held in cheerful memory.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The Boston Journal of Commerce gives the following description of George Washington's personal appearance: Washington was six feet two inches in height, with a very erect, ro-bust, stalwart frame. He had a fina breadth of chest; long, well shaped, and very strong arm; a broad, large hand, with a grasp like a vise; and very straight, well-rounded lower limbs. He had a large head, set on "Take it away!" reiterated Jerry, getting into a fury; "I won't touch a farthing! I like being a creditor—for I can charge interest!" "This kindness after eyes were larger than he had ever met with before, and the upper part of his nose broader and fuller. All of his features were indicative of the stronggoing to have a scene here-they'll be est passions, although his judgment and great self-command made him seem different in the eyes of the world.

How to tell a good horse-Stand in front of his shoulder and pull his head down gently till his ear is at the level of your lips. Then tell him.

Do you sympathize with the Ice-landers? If so, direct your contibu-tions to Kikylechtenlikricoptzorf, Ice-

There isn't a house to rent in New Harmony, Colorado. In fact, there is only one house there, and the family numbers twelve persons.

In Baltimore any drummer for a wholesale house who does not call himself "colonel" or "major" isn't considered much of a drummer.

A man said his son had a wellstored mind, but the neighbors never could find where he stored it.