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TIONESTA, PA., AUGUST 25, 1875.

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Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates (e.g., One Square 1 inch, one insertion) and corresponding prices.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Advertisement for TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. of O. F., meeting every Friday evening.

Advertisement for TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342, O. U. A. M., meeting at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room.

Advertisement for J. B. AGNEW, Attorney at Law, Tionesta, Pa.

Advertisement for E. L. Davis, Attorney at Law, Tionesta, Pa.

Advertisement for Miles W. Tate, Attorney at Law, Tionesta, Pa.

Advertisement for F. W. Hays, Attorney at Law, Tionesta, Pa.

Advertisement for Kinnear & Smiley, Attorneys at Law, Franklin, Pa.

Advertisement for R. C. & M. V. Lawson, Barbers and Hairdressers, Smear-bough building.

Advertisement for National Hotel, Tidioute, Pa., W. D. Bucklin, Proprietor.

Advertisement for Central House, Bonner & Agnew Block, L. Agnew, Proprietor.

Advertisement for Tionesta, Pa., William Lawrence, Proprietor.

Advertisement for Forest House, S. A. Yarnner, Proprietor, opposite S. Court House.

Advertisement for C. B. Weber's Hotel, Tylersburgh, Pa., C. B. Weber, Proprietor.

Advertisement for Dr. J. L. Acomb, Physician and Surgeon, Tionesta, Pa.

Advertisement for M. J. Park & Co., Bankers, Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts.

Advertisement for D. W. Clark, Real Estate Agent, Tionesta, Pa.

Advertisement for F. F. I., Wanted - Everybody to know that Four-Fold Liniment.

Painting, Paper-Hanging &c.,

Advertisement for E. H. Chase, of Tionesta, offering his services to those in need of painting, graining, etc.

Advertisement for New Harness Shop, just opened next door north of the Lawrence House.

Advertisement for Mrs. C. M. Heath, Dressmaker, Tionesta, Pa.

Advertisement for Frank Robbins, Photographer, Tionesta, Pa.

Advertisement for Photograph Gallery, Elm Street, Tionesta, Pa.

Advertisement for Elgin Watches, Tionesta, Pa., L. Klein, Proprietor.

Advertisement for Watchmaker & Jeweler, Tionesta, Pa., L. Klein, Proprietor.

Advertisement for All Work Warranted, Tionesta, Pa., L. Klein, Proprietor.

Advertisement for Good Work, Tionesta, Pa., L. Klein, Proprietor.

Advertisement for You Can Save Money, Tionesta, Pa., L. Klein, Proprietor.

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Jerry, the Miser.

It was a cobbler's shop, breaking the row of small private houses in a shabby suburban street.

Near the door, on this particular afternoon, were two females, the one elderly, the other graceful and young.

The cobbler, for he hardly merited the more emphatic title of shoemaker.

"We-we see," began the younger, looking timidly before the square card in the window.

"No, I've rooms—rooms! I don't know nothing of 'apartments'."

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

"We had better see them, mother," said the younger, with a smile of encouragement.

Following the cobbler through the shop, he led them up stairs to the rooms.

"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.

"On the contrary, it is cheap." "You know a lot of the world to say that."

"Don't want any—you pay in advance; and as, whenever you leave the house, it must be through the shop, you can't well take the furniture without my knowing."

The cobbler took it, scrawled out a receipt, nodded, and left his lodgers to themselves.

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

They rarely spoke, save exchanging the ordinary morning and evening salutations when the daughter went through the shop.

"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."

"Really," said Clara, a little amused, a little frightened, looking at the glowing coals.

"That shows your ignorance," responded Jerry. "Can't you see my calculation, it's cheaper to keep up one good fire than two small ones?"

"Yes, Mr. Crayshaw, I am sorry to say she has been for some while ailing. She—she—" and the young voice trembled with tears.

"Then you must give her lots to eat," responded Jerry, staring out of the window.

"Oh, Mr. Crayshaw—" she began.

tle of wine. Why don't you give them to her?"

"I wish I was able, or even to provide her less expensive dainties; but—but—" and the tears fell fast—"I cannot."

"Ah, that's the fault, you see, of having no money. Good evening." He resumed his work, and the girl, scarcely cheered by this little episode, went with a heavy heart, up stairs.

"Is that you, Clara?" inquired the widow's feeble voice.

"No, mother," she sobbed, hysterically. "It's the same old, old story; I can get nothing. What shall we do? I feel heart-broken."

"Clare, Clare, my child," ejaculated the mother, fondly embracing her, "do not you give way! What, indeed, will become of us then? My brave, brave girl, do not weep thus!"

"Hard! It breaks my heart to contemplate it, when I think of you, Clara. What a different future did I and your father intend you, love! But who could imagine that such a villain as John Budge ever existed?"

"Not one! Oh, yes, mother, believe me, one! cried the girl, quickly. "He—Gilbert—will be true—trust me, he will."

"I do not know—I cannot tell," exclaimed the daughter, piteously; "but, oh, pray, pray, mother, do not take that hope from me! Let me believe in Gilbert. It is my only support in this bitter misery!"

The widow touched with a pleading countenance, was about to reply, when interrupting herself, she said, "Clare, I hear some one in the parlor. See who it is, dear."

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.

"How do you expect to boil a saucepan with such a fire as this?" he growled. "Never was batter as mad as you, I'm certain. Now look at that? ain't it a picture?"

"It was quite cheering," she managed to say, "but—I fear, Mr. Crayshaw, 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?"

"Really," said Clara, a little amused, a little frightened, looking at the glowing coals; "I should have scarcely thought so."

"That shows your ignorance," responded Jerry. "Can't you see my calculation, it's cheaper to keep up one good fire than two small ones?"

"I'm going to sit by yours. Also, clubbing two persons' tea together is cheaper than taking it alone. It makes only 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 was a new loaf, fresh butter, eggs and a neat package of tea.

"Oh, Mr. Crayshaw—" she began.

"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.

"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 bursting into a merry peal of laughter. Jerry's gray eyes twinkling with delight under his shaggy brows as he looked up at her.

Well, the two hustled about, the cobbler certainly the brisker, until finally they were seated at a very comfortable tea. During the meal, Mrs. Weston deemed it right to inform their new friend something of their history.

In her husband's lifetime they had been well-to-do. At his death they yet could have lived comfortably, had not a Mr. John Budge suddenly brought heavy claims on the dead man's property.

"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 to have had to prove it. So he took from us every penny, and left us as you now see."

"A confounded villain!" exclaimed Jerry, cracking his egg with the bowl of a spoon, as if it had been Mr. John Budge's bald head he had got in under it.

"Then all our friends deserted us—" "Except one," broke in Clara, with brightened color, which was not unnoticed by the cobbler.

"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 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."

"I do ma'am!" answered Jerry, emphatically; "and I know it's a sight better than people try to make it."

"Ah!" cried Clara, gratefully, her face radiant, as involuntarily 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 the old man, cheerily; adding to himself, "poor child—poor child! she then has to learn that lovers' vows are easier broken than shoe strings, and thought about as little."

After this, still protesting it was cheaper for him, as a miser, to supply Mrs. Weston's fire than burn one of his own, he frequently passed his evenings with them. He also procured Clara some shoebinding to do, which, though hard and difficult work, was something.

At the end of the week, he was grimacing at a boy through the boots in the window, when Clara came to pay the rent.

"Take it away," he said; "let it stand over."

"Oh, we could not think of that!" began the girl. "We were going to ask you if you would not mind a portion of it being left for next—"

"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 all you have done!" sobbed Clara, her tears falling.

"Go away!" roared Jerry; "I ain't going to have a scene here—they'll be taking me up for assault and battery next! Be off, and I'll be up to tea in five minutes."

"Bless your generous heart, which no assumed roughness can hide!" exclaimed Clara 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 murmured; "she's yet to learn that vows are broken easier than shoe strings, and—"

"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 I'll seek elsewhere." "Stay a moment; I'll inquire."

Jerry carefully closing the door behind him, sat down on the stairs and enjoyed a mute chuckle, fearfully apologetic 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 Clara, 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 here! 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 cried. "Gilbert!" she ejaculated, rushing into his arms.

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

Gilbert Fernside, a rich Australian cattle owner, proved, indeed, a nugget of fidelity. There was a grand wedding, to which Jerry was asked, but he answered he was far too wise a man to make himself uncomfortable.

Instead, he sent the bride a pretty good bracelet as his wedding gift—a present affectionately treasured by Clara.

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 subscriber. Good-by! Bless you—bless you all. Your old friend,

"JERRY, COBBLER AND MISER."

That letter, too, was treasured; and in the breast of a bright cheerful home in the wealthy land, "Jerry, the miser," 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, robust, stalwart frame.

He had a fine 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 a strong, full neck, with a commanding carriage.

His hair was brown, or dark auburn; his eyes a grayish blue, set far apart, and his complexion ruddy or florid. Stuart, who painted him, declares that the sockets of his 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 strongest 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 contributions to Kikylechtenkriekoptorf, Iceland, and he will distribute them.