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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars. A. B. KELLY, N. G. A. RANDALL, See'y. 27-tf TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342 O. U. A. Merry Lodge Room, M every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock. J. T. DALE, C. 31, P. M. CLARK, R. S. J. B. ACNEW, W. E. LATHY, Tionests, Ps. Erie, Pa. AGNEW & LATHY, Attorneys at Law, - Tionesta, Pa. Office on Elm Street. May 16, 1875.-tf A TTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa. Collections made in this and adjoin-ing counties. E. L. Davis, MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

bes Street. TIONESTA, PA. F. W. Hays,

A TTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds Hukill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 39-19 N. B. SMILET. F. KINNHAH.

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Attorneys at Law, - - - Franklin, Pa. PRACTICE in the several Courts of Ve-nango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoin-ing counties. 39-1y.

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VOL. VIII. NO. 31.

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Mr. Chase will work in the country when desired. 13-tf.

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MRS. C. M. HEATH,

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TIONESTA, PA., NOVEMBER 10, 1875.

W. C. COBURN, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON offers his services to the people of Forest Co, Having had an experience of Twelve Years in constant practice, Dr. Coburn guarantees to give satisfaction. Dr. Co-burn makes a specialty of the treatment of Nasal, Throst, Lung and all other Chroule or lingering diseases. Having investigated all scientific methods of cur-ing disease and selected the good from all systems, he will guarantee relief or a core in all cases where a cure is possible. No Charge for Consultation. All fees will be reasonable. Professional visits made at all hours. Parties at a distance can con-sult him by letter. Office and Residence ist door east of Partridge's New Block, foot of Dutch Hill Road, Tionesta, Pa. 2507 MRS. C. M. HEATH. and my curling irons. Come, Narcisse, pioche." And pioche, or nitch pioche." And pioche, or pitch into things with a will, did Narcisse. Accident led him to the good city of Guanajuato, in Mexico, because he had heard that once on a time a French barber had made a fortune there. Possessed of a slight smattering of Spanish, acquired during a year's apprenticeship in a department-al town near the Pyrences, Narcisse had very little difficulty in mastering the language. The coiffeur soon found a place in the shop of a Germen barber, and as Narcisse was polite, assid-uous and proficient he made his way rapidly.

Of all the cities of Mexico, Guana-It has uato holds the first rank. nothing provincial about it. All day long in the streets of Guanajuato there is found an ever shifting crowd. Miners, clad in their peculiar coatume, ostile Indians laden with country produce, while arrieros with troops of pack mules, charcoal merchants, water carriers and dulce sellers are constantly mingling in their traffic.

For four long years, Narciese toiled and saved his wages. One day his employer died, and the shop and good will of the establishment were for sale. The whole of Narcisse's fortune amounted to 500 pesos. The price asked by the Mexican wife of his late master was 1,000 pesos. "It was a good chance and not much out of the way," thought Narcisse. "Would his reverence, the Padre Dominique," who, as the widow's man of business, had the shop for sale would had the shop for sale, would he take ed half cash and the rest at six and sta twelve months, holding the place in the mean time as security?" "No, decidedly he would not. They all had the utmost confidence, nay esteem, Sig-nor Narcisse, but such things as time bargains were not to be thought of in Mexico. They would, however, give Signor a fortnight to think over it. If the bargain was not concluded then, why, rather than abate terms a real. they would shut the shop up, and Signor Narcisse was at liberty to go and open a shop elsewhere." Narcisse, in a melancholy mood, was

rubbing his brushes together in the barber's shop when a certain Don Miguel entered. Don Miguel was one of the most carefully dressed men in Gnanajuato. The gentleman took his place in one of the two chairs, requesting that his hair might be re-freshed. Narcisse—who, as became his calling, was volubility itself—sir, a second blow from that gentlespoke of the death of the master, the man I should not have relished, one price of the shop, what he would like taste was sufficient; but what justice to pay for it, and his regret at not be- can a poor devil like Texcoco get," coming the purchaser. "Ah!" said Don Miguel, "you have five hundred pesos? Quite a nice lit-tle sum. Now listen, would you double it?"

Mexico, it was to make his fortune. "It is neither by luck or the caprices of fortune that I am to get along in the world," he said to himself. "If ever I want to be master of a pretty little property at the Batignolles it will be due entirely to my possessing, with a love of my art, as skillful a pair of hands as can be found in all France and my curling irons. Come Narview Menever I please, and to whom I please, and no man may say uay to me". How Newice, it is a safe to the set of the set Now, Narcisse, who was as peaceful as a lamb, had some peculiar ideas of his own. He would have looked on indifferently when two men were fighting it out neatly with swords, but the idea of striking any one with a stick was a brutality, according to his stick was a brutanty, according to his notions. Then again, there was some-thing about the of Don Miguel which Narcisse dld not relish. Narcisse, though quite determined, was very respectful. "My dear sir, one blow is sufficient, and I am quite decided that a second one would be superfluous. Pray put down your stick." But Don Miguel, with the wet trousers and damp stockings, was

remorseless, and whirling his stick in the air, was about bringing it down a second time on the water-carrier's head, when Narcisse clutched a small brass rod in which a curtain hung, threw the bit of faded calico before Texcoco, as if Texcoco had been a bull at the Coridas de Tore, and by Miguel, whose stick flew to the other with the soldiers when he worked at

Tarbo. "It takes no more than that," said Narcisse, smiling, as he picked up Don Miguel's stick and handed it back to him. "Now, sir, I beg of you to situdown again. I will heat an iron,

"I will never honor your shop with my presence again. You have insult-ed a Mexican," and Don Miguel stalked out of the shop with a bitter scowl of hate on his face.

"It is a bad business, master," said the Indian.

"Yes, Texcoco." "It is a knife thrust-neither more

nor less," continued the water-carrier. "Diable! You don't mean it?"

"Don't go out without your nistol, master."

- "Nonsense." "I am sorry." "So am I.'
- "You stood up for me," said the Indian.

"Did I? Well I would do that for any man, though my friend the watercarrier, you have lost me a customer.' "Customers go and customers come; adieu; you have pesos? I heard you say so. Guanajuato is pretty safe, \$2 PER ANNUM.

A story of Mexican Justice. When Narciase Isidore Dupont, first pupil of a distinguished coiffeur of the Boulevard Montwarte, went to Mexico, it was to make his fortune. "It is neither by luck or the caprices of fortune that I am to get along in lay in his fever, he thought he heard suppose you will still let me supply a stir in the ward. Another patient you with water ?" was being put in the bed next to him. Narcisse was conscious of hearing a man in his agony. Presently Narcisse slept, and when he awoke next morning at daybreak felt slightly refreshed. The sun was gleaming in the room, gilding even the squalid hospital chamber. Narcisse could now see clearly; his eyes had been veiled before. There was not a soul moving in the room. All the occupants of the room were apparently asleep; even his sky-colored house Bleu du Roi, and the good sister dozed in her chair. He his strawberry-cream roof. "My tree no, he was not-but as sure as he was

"Had you been an Englishman, a German, or an American, your little the Batignolles, the place of my history would have come to a finis. dreams." Too much ale-too much beer, too much brandy does their business," the surgeon had added. Thankful for having escaped with life Narcisse did a neat turn of the wrist disarmed Don not worry over his loss. Still he thought of the little house in the side of the room. Narcisse was handy Batignolles, and how he had to begin with a foil, having had many a bout life again. "As soon as I am strong, I will get a place, save money, and go to the City of Mexico. The air of Guanajuato does not suit me. Poor devil of a cock-fighter, what a fate was his!" Narcisse wandered feebly in the neighborhood of his old shop. What! Was it possible? It was not closed. There stood the sign "The Queen of the Roses." Then somebody had bought it. The widow Dolores, had she found a purchaser? The new master might want him as an assistant. He went slowly in. There were two bai bers there-one a German and the other a native-he knew them both as good civil workmen.

"Welcome, sir," said the German. "Welcome back. We have been waiting for you." "How waiting for me?"

"When you are well and strong it will all be explained to you. Now, sit down. Your bair wants trimming. After a fever nothing is more salutary to the hair than a slight cutting. Would it please you to take this chair? Then you will be satisfied to keep me

in your employ." "Keep you in my employ? I do not understand. I ain't out of my wits yet, am I?"

"Receipts average some \$20 a day. The water carrier, acting through Gen. Avillion, bought the place for you. Texcoco brings the water every day and takes away the money. Though he cannot write a line, he knows to a

the chair, dumb with astonishment.

Rates of Advertising.

One Sq One Sq				eo m			1		00
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Marriage and death notices, gratis, All bills for yearly advertisements cols lected quarterly. Temporary advertise-ments must be paid for in advance, Job work, Cash on Delivery.

in purgatory, for I have had masses said for the repose of his soul. For masses are expensive-I have paid out twenty-five pesos already-and Father Dominique says twenty - five pesos' worth more will do the business. As it was your affair, you will have to pay it back to me-in time-no hurry.

"But Texcoco, suppose I had died, what would you have done, with my 500 nesos ?'

"You should have had the haudnomest funeral in Guanajuato-what was over to the last real would have gone for masses."

That is exactly what my friend, a small, handsome, little old Frenchman told me a summer ago, as I admired his sky-colored house Bleu du Roi, and glanced at the patient in the cot near him. Horror! was he delirious? No, pointed to a stunted bit of foliage on one side of the house. "I have not alive the man in the bed within three advanced anything in my story which alive the man in the bed within three advanced anything in my story which feet of him was Don Miguel And Don Miguel was dead. It was just a month before Narcisse left the hospital. In two or three left the hospital in two or three left the hospital in two or three she and the padre wanted me to do it. weeks more the surgeon thought the coiffeur would be quite well again. In ten years I made just money enough to leave Mexico, come to France and to leave Mexico, come to France and settle down in this little property in

"And the water-carrier ?" I asked. "I paid him every cent before the year was out."

"And what else ?"

"Apres ? Well, my friend, the instruments Providence chooses are sometimes bizarre. I am afraid Tex-coco dispensed justice according to his own light, in a peculiar way. Enfin, with knife. This was at the last mon-otonous! Five years after the occur-rence I have had the honor of telling you about, 'Coco was shot, for a murder, the circumstances of which I could never get exactly at the bottom of. I went on my knees before the governor and sued for his life-but it was of no avail. 'My good Narcisse,' said the governor, (his excellency was quite fa-miliar with me, for I dressed his daughter's hair) 'when Texcoco managed your business so cleverly, that was well. But that was not his first murder. As he has passed his six-teenth murder, you see, I am forced to stop it !' Poor Texcoco, I may hardly be called pious, but I had masses said for the repose of his soul, for he was the most religious Indian I ever met with. You need not smile, sir ; he was.'

Whiskey is alike an internal furnace and an infernal turn-us.

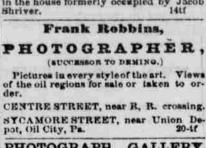
Take care of the poor Indian and he'll take hair of the white man.

At the Connecticut town election on Monday, Danbury voted "no license." But the News will be conducted with "spirit" as usual.

In New York prayer-meetings they pray for the editor of the Sun. There's just where people get foolish in religion. They expect too much of it. real what the business comes to." E_{T} Narcisse Isidore Dupont sat down in



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 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. 14tf



T 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.

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 Tidioute, near Tidioute 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, her charge of the Store. All preservicitions

has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately.

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I have superior facilities for ascertaining the condition of taxes and tax deeds, &co., and am therefore qualified to act intelli-gently as agent of those living at a dis-tance, owning lands in the County. Office in Commissioners Room, Court House, Tionesta, Pa. 4-44-iy. D. W. CLARK.

F. F. L.

WANTED.-Everybody to know that Four-Fold Liniment is the leading Lini-ment for curing all kind of Pains and Sore Throats, and for Horses, Cattle, dc., is the most successful Liniment in the market. See circulars around bottles. Sold by all Druggists. 30-1y com Sold by all Druggists.

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All Work Warranted. I can safely

GUARANTEE that any work undertaken by me will be done in such a manner and at such prices

GOOD WORK that will give satisfaction to all who may favor me with their orders. L. KLEIN, 14-1y Author of "The Watch."

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Apply to GEO. G. SICKLES,

79, Nassau St., New York City.

"Double it? of course; that is by he went homeward to his lodgings in honest means."

"Nothing easier. Bet on my black game-cock; I have wagered no end of ounces on him. He is sure to win. Don Ramon's cock will run away be-fore my Cid."

"Thanks, Signore, for your offer; but cock-fighting is not in my line. See you, an accidental peck might carry away the fruits of a great deal of labor," replied Narcisse. "You have no heart, no courage?"

"You have no heart, no courage?" had a knife plunged icto the middle continued Dou Miguel. "Pray, as a of his back. It was daybreak before capitalist, do you keep your money at the patrol found him, and carried him the banker's? Bankers fail some- for dead to the hospital. As the surtimes.'

"No I do not keep it at any banker'a.'

"You do not carry it about you, do you ?" inquired the gentleman. What that his pockets be examined. In his Narcisse might have answered, as he tapped involuntarily on his breeches pocket, was never heard, because just then a slight accident happened. Texcoco, as he was called, was an Indian water-carrier, who, every day brought two large carthenware jars of water to the shop, and poured their contents into a stone reservoir which stood on one side of the room. Either Texcoco had drank too much pulque or his foot slipped, for he upset fully a gal-lon of the water on Don Miguel's snow between life and death for a week, and white pantaloons, so that quite a little then slowly mended. cataract poured down on his white

was part of a dream. That afternoon the water carrier came in as usual with his jars of water. "Last time I spilled my water ; I must be more careful," was all he said, and a street near the Park El Cantador. "Alas! my pretty house at Batignolles, it will not be mine. Perhaps by slaving for thirty years to come I might own it. Had I been able to secure the journeymen.

shop it would only have been a mat-ter of ten years." That was all Nar-cisse thought for many a long weary "Texcoco, what does all this mean ?" gasped out Narcisse. "Why, master, the shop is yours. You owe me 400 pesos. It was 500 a month ago. I have paid myself the 100 from what what the shop has taken day afterward, for the next moment a man sprang from behind a mimosa tree at Narcisse, and the poor coiffeur "How? How? I do not understand.

It was kind of you to come and see me, Texcoco, at the hospital." "Not understand ? Why it's just as geon stripped the man of his clothing. plaiu as can be. You had 500 pesos

now stiff with blood, Narcisse seemed hadn't you ?" to be awakened from his lethargy, and, though speechless, made signs

"Yes, I had once, but when I was stabbed I was robbed." "Of course you were-what's the

novedad about that? Don Miguel stabbed you." "Can it be possible ? Are you sure

of it ?" "And robbed you."

"Good God !'

"He stabbed you in the back and robbed you. I stabbed him in the breast and did not rob him—only I got your money back. Nothing was simpler-your 500 pesos and 500 pesos I lent you bought the shop." "But this is norrible, Texcoco !"

you and His Excellency, Gen. Avil-lion, for I told him all about it." "His Excellency ! but who is the

"Ab, the fourth ! Well I hope he is with the right."

"What dees 'Good Friday' mean ?" asked one schoolboy of another, "You The assistant might have cut his ears had better go home and read your 'Robinson Crusoe,'" was the withering off and Narcisse would have thought it reply.

In the case of a man who died of having had all his teeth knocked out with a hatchet, an Alabama jury renhe was about leaving when Narcisse dered a verdic detained him, having dismissed the dental causes." dered a verdict of "death from axe-

Some young men in Louisville have formed an "anti-lift-your-bat-to-a-wo-man society." Now let the Louisville young ladies form an "anti-bow-to-apuppy society."

Oxford University has just issued "the smallest Bible in the world." One as small as a three-cent pieco would be too cumbersome for some men to carry around.

Florida papers report an almost total failure of the sponge crop, while Northern free-lunch saloon clerks say that there are more sponges around this Fall than they ever saw before.

They have found a petrified Mormon in Utah, and from the number of dents in the head, evidently made with a poker and flat iron, it is judged that he had at least thirty-three wives.

It is said that the ghost of an English soldier roams around Fort Bull at night, looking for his scalp, which he lost there 120 years ago. He had much better come down town and buy one. He can get a nice banged front for eighty cents .- Rome Sentinel.

"It is Mexican justice, or the way we poor ignorant Indios understand it. Snifkins staked his all on the result of a game of euchre the other night, Snifkins staked his all on the result Now, master, but four people in this world know anything about it—I and you and His Excellency, Gen. Avil-ing pathetic strain: "Twas ever thus in childhood's hour, I've seen my fondest hopes take flight, and every time I played the left bower, some one took it

him, and he sank back exhausted upon the bed. The next day a terrible fever set in, poor Narcisse was delirious, and raved about the pretty little house in Batingnolles. On the third

One day he was just able to make silk stockings, and deluged his neat out that some dusky form was bend-

ing over him in prayer, and that pres-

glazed leather pumps. "Awkward beast! Left handed secondrel! Stupid lout! Low hound glass of cool water. "It is I, my masof a peon !" shouted the man in the ter. Don't speak ; you are mending,

chair, as, in a terrible rage, he seized his cane and struck the water-carrier over the head. The Indian cringed as was Narcisse, he thought he recog- "Ab, t

pocket, in a wallet, Narcisse had kept his money in French and English bank notes. The surgeon seemed to comprehend what the wounded man wanted. "There is nothing here," he

said. Evidently Narcisse understood