

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. G. W. SAWYER, N. G. S. H. HASLET, Sec'y.

DR. J. E. BLAINE, OFFICE at Capt. Knox's residence. Office days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

J. B. AGNEW, W. E. LATHY, AGNEW & LATHY, Attorneys at Law, - Tionesta, Pa. Office on Elm Street.

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

MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, in Street, TIONESTA, P.A.

F. W. HAYS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds, Hunkill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

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

R. C. & M. V. LAWSON, BARBERS and Hairdressers, Seneca Building, Elm St., Switzers, Frizzes, Hair, Curls, &c., made from Combs. Having settled permanently in this place, they desire the patronage of the public. Satisfaction guaranteed. 13-3m

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

CENTRAL HOUSE, BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, L. AGNEW, Proprietor. This is a new house, and has just been fitted up for the accommodation of the public. A portion of the patronage of the public is solicited.

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. YARNER PROPRIETOR, Opposite Post Office, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened. Everything new and clean and fresh. The best of liquors kept constantly on hand. A portion of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

C. B. WEBER'S HOTEL, TYLERBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER, 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. Acoub, 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 Tidoute, near Tidoute 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. DAX, an experienced Physician and Surgeon from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately.

MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS, Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts., Tionesta. Bank of Discount and Deposit. Interest allowed on Time Deposits.

D. W. CLARK, REAL ESTATE AGENT, HOUSES and Lots for Sale and RENT, Wild Lands for Sale.

I have superior facilities for ascertaining the condition of taxes and tax deeds, &c., and am therefore qualified to act intelligently as agent of those living at a distance, owning lands in the County.

DOUBLE YOUR TRADE, Druggists, Grocers and Dealers! Pure China and Japan Teas in sealed packages, screw top cans, boxes or half chests—growers' prices. Send for circular. The Wols Tea Company, 291 Fulton St., N. Y., P. O. Box 450.

The Forest Republican.

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Table with 2 columns: Description of ad space and Rate. Includes 'Rates of Advertising' with details for one square, one line, and various durations.

Painting, Paper-Hanging &c.,

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

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.

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, that of having a dressmaker of experience among them.

FRANK ROBBINS, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DEMING.) Pictures 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, L. KLEIN, (in BOVARD & CO.'S Store, Tionesta, Pa.) PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER & JEWELER, DEALER IN Watches, Clocks, Solid and Plated Jewelry, Black Jewelry, Eye Glasses, Spectacles, Violin Strings, &c., &c.

Will examine and repair Fine English, Swiss or American Watches, such as Repeating, Independent Seconds, Steam Wonders, Duplex, Levers, Anchors and Jewels, and will make any new pieces for the same, such as Staffs, Forks, Pallets, Wheels, Pinions, Cylinders, Barrels, Arbors, and in fact any part pertaining to fine watches.

All Work Warranted. I can safely GUARANTEE that any work undertaken by me will be done in such a manner and at such prices for GOOD WORK that will give satisfaction to all who may favor me with their orders.

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL, THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Lacytown) Forest county has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted in first-class order, and is now running and doing all kinds of CUSTOM GRINDING.

FEED, FLOUR, AND OATS, Constantly on hand, and sold at the very lowest figures. H. W. LEDEBUR.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

There was a time when lotteries were very common things, quite legal, and by no means disreputable, and when very worthy people bought tickets and made no secret of the matter.

Mr. Rogers for that was this gentleman's name—stepped up to the counter, and asked to look at tickets. Perhaps he had the superstition that there was luck in odd numbers—for, as soon as they were spread before him, he decided on number seven hundred and seventy-seven, paid his price, and walked off with it in his waistcoat pocket.

Then he turned another corner, and spied a face peeping out of the window of a small house—the face of Mrs. Rogers, who feared Mr. R.'s favorite dish was spoiling.

That reminds me," said Mr. Rogers, "I mustn't tell Esmeralda. The luck is spoilt if one tells of the ticket. And she'd talk so much of it—women will talk so much!"

So Mr. Rogers drank his tea and said nothing of his lottery ticket, which he hid at the bottom of his trunk—a bulging, hair-covered thing, with T. R. on the side in brass nails. But though he said nothing, his mind was full of it. He thought of that capital prize while he at his breakfast; he dined off it; he dreamt of it. He was a school master; and while ruling the boy's copy-books and setting copies for them, he was so filled with the idea that all the boys who had reached "P" had "Prize" written for them, and all the boys who had come to "D" had "Draw, Drawn, Drawing," before their eyes, while those in "T" copied "Tick, Ticker—Tick, Ticker," all the writing-hours.

Little Mrs. Rogers, who was much younger than her husband, saw that something was on his mind, but did not dare to ask what it was. He tossed and turned in his sleep, and scribbled sevens on the newspapers, and on backs of letters, and even wrote the magic figure on his nails with a lead-pencil. And once, in a moment of excitement, caused by somebody asking the day of the month, he said with great fervor:

"Ah! I only wish it was the first of next month!"

"Why, dear?" asked Mrs. Rogers. "Oh!" said Mr. Rogers; "it's—my birthday you know."

"Oh, yes? so it is," said Mrs. Rogers; "but I never knew you cared for birthdays, my dear."

And Mr. Rogers did not tell her that the lottery-drawing took place on the first of September. It was breakfast-time when this remark was made.

Mrs. Rogers sat over the table long after her spouse had left, wondering what sort of present she could make him for his birthday.

She had not a penny of her own, nor had she any means of earning one. And to send a man a birthday present for which the bill must come in to him, might not be considered a delicate attention even from a wife.

"I don't suppose I can give anything nicer than a pen-wiper or a pin-cushion," she said, with a sigh; "but I'll do that, at least."

And then she rummaged out of her bag of odds and ends black cloth and velvet, and a few gold beads—gilt, rather—and hid them at the bottom of her work-basket.

There were only three days between that and the first of September. And when she remembered the design for a fine pen-wiper—a butterfly gorgeous

with red and black wings and gold eyes and body—she set to work on it diligently. Needing a card for the center of the affair, she peered into boxes and drawers, until, at the bottom of Mr. Rogers' hair trunk, she found the very thing she wanted—a yellow, dingy thumb-marked thing with 777 upon it; and she made use of it at once. Then sweetly smiling, and quite unconscious of what she had done, she finished off the pen-wiper with antennae of gold thread, and hid it until the birthday should dawn.

On that day—the wonderful first of September—Mr. Rogers arose betimes; and so did his wife.

She presented him with his pen-wiper. He accepted it with a kiss, and pretended to feel thankful, though it only reminded him of his desk, his copies, the slavery of his life.

Now that the time had come, he felt that he had only squandered money—that 777 was a blank. He dreaded to glance at the column of the paper in which the prizes would be published. He groaned and hid his face in his hands.

"Are you ill, dear?" asked Mr. Rogers. He only groaned again.

At this moment came the paperman's knock, and, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, he rushed to the door.

He took the paper into his shaken hands, and spread it on the table, and the first words that met his eyes were—"777—Capital prize, £2,000."

The effect of this announcement on Mr. Rogers was tremendous. He started to his feet and danced about the room. He shouted "Huzzah!" and gave three cheers, as though he had been at a political meeting. Then he rushed to the table where his boys' copy-books lay piled, and, seizing them one by one flung them into the open grate, yelling:

"No more school teaching! No more slavery! Huzzah!"

Mrs. Rogers, weeping and wringing her hands, besought him to come to her senses, and felt fully assured that her husband had suddenly become a raving maniac.

Finally he finished by throwing the butterfly pen-wiper on the top of the fire, and falling into a chair weeping.

Then little Mrs. Rogers came out of her corner, and, with both arms around his neck, besought him to tell her what ailed him.

"Seven hundred and seventy-seven! Capital prize!" said Mr. Rogers. "I've drawn it Esmeralda!"

Esmeralda rushed for the paper, found the list of prizes, read the announcement, and sat down gasping for breath.

"That's why you burnt the copy-books," she said. "But oh! why need you have burnt my pen-wiper? It was so pretty! I declare I could save it. I believe it's only scorched."

But Mr. Rogers was not quite himself. "Hang pens, pen-handles, and pen-wipers!" he said and jammed his boot-heel into the coals. "I'll never touch one again."

Mrs. Rogers felt hurt, but she still made allowance for her husband; and the fact of the prize was just beginning to dawn upon her.

"Are you sure?" said she. "Oh! do show me the ticket! Perhaps you've made a mistake. Seven hundred and—Oh, dear! I can't believe it."

"I'll show you!" said Mr. Rogers, wiping his forehead. "Here, Esmeralda!"

He walked into the little bedroom, and knelt down by his trunk. He felt down to the bottom. He felt at the sides. He tossed things out. He glared wildly.

"It's here!" he said. "I know it's here; but—I can't find it."

"Oh, Rogers!" cried his wife, "what was it like? Tell me!"

"Yellow—square—dirty. Esmeralda! you haven't done anything with it?"

Esmeralda gave a shriek. She flew to the grate. "The pen-wiper! Save it," she screamed.

"Hang the pen-wiper!" cried Mr. Rogers, and he jammed his heel into the coals once more, and the flame burst hot and red over the half-burnt butterfly and consumed it in an instant. "Can't you think of anything else but that confounded pen-wiper? The ticket! Look for it, Esmeralda!"

"It's in the butterfly! How did I know? you never told me! I thought it was an old card!" said Esmeralda. "Oh! why didn't you save it?"

"In the butterfly? What butterfly?" cried Mr. Rogers, staring about him. "Butterfly, pen-wiper!" said Mrs. R., and faintly in the corner.

It happened to be Saturday. The school had a holiday. All the day long the master sat and stared at the fire. All the day long the wife wept and bemoaned herself. He took no pity on her. He had said:

"I hate you, Esmeralda, and never can forgive you!"

And she thought of suicide. They had no dinner. At night she made tea, and they drank it with averted faces. Then she crept to her little spare bed-room up stairs, leaving him by the fire. Twice in the night she listened over the stairs. He was pacing up and down, talking to himself.

It was a dreadful night for both. But whether nights are sad or happy, morning comes, and—breakfast time. The church-bells rang sweetly; but neither of that wretched pair went to church.

It never could be forgotten—that miserable Sunday—by either of them. And, worst of all, Monday morning was coming, and the schoolboys, and the work of the day.

About dusk Mr. Rogers bethought him to walk out. Generally they walked out together. Now, Mrs. Rogers sat and heard the voices of the people in the street, and felt, as she said to herself, as though she were divorced.

When Mr. Rogers returned his tea was on a stand, and Esmeralda was shut up in the spare bed-room again. Both arose next morning, unrefreshed and miserable. She felt like a criminal; he as the very vengeful ghost of the foully-murdered man might be supposed to feel. He asked himself aloud a number of singular questions: "Why do men marry idiots, who make pen-wipers of two thousand pounds?" "Why didn't she poison me? Better that than beggar me!" he said, still to himself, still aloud. "But she shall suffer for this!"

And then Mrs. Rogers went. Her poor eyes bulged out of her head. There was a big, swollen vein down the middle of her forehead. She was undoubtedly the most wretched of little women.

As he sipped his coffee, and she cried into hers, the morning paper flew into the window, which stood open. It was the man's way of saving time. It fell at Mr. Rogers' feet. He took it up and opened it, with a bitter remembrance of his last opening of the paper. And these were the first words that met his eye:

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.—The managers of the lottery desire to rectify a grave mistake in Saturday's report. No. 777 did not draw the capital prize. It was drawn by No. 775. The fault is the printer's.

"Hang the printer!" cried Mr. Rogers. "Esmeralda!"

"Oh!" said Esmeralda. "I forgive you, my dear!" said Mr. Rogers.

"I'll never say another word to you about it—never!"

"Oh! how noble!" sobbed Mrs. Rogers.

Then Mr. Rogers went to his school-boys and his copies; and the boy who had come to "F" had "Fool, Folly, Foolish, Foolishness," on the top-line of his book; and the boy who had come to "I" wrote "Idiot, Idiots—Idiot, Idiots," after his master's patterns, all the writing-hour.

At one of the railroad depots in Detroit, the other day, a lady walked up to the ticket window and smilingly said:

"I know just how women are, and I don't propose to bother any one. Answer me a few questions, and I'll sit down and say nothing to no one till train time. How far is it to Grand Rapids? What's the fare? When does the train leave? When do we arrive there? Where do they check baggage? Which track will the train start from? How can I get to Muskegon from Grand Rapids? How far is it? What's the fare? Do I change cars? Is there a palace coach on the road? Shall I get a lay-over ticket? Can I check my baggage clear through? Is there a conductor on this road named Smith? Do you allow dogs in the passenger cars? and can a child ten years old go for nothing?"

Having been unanswered, she kept her promise to sit still and the depot policeman never had the least bit of trouble in seeing her off.

James Garland, of East Brunswick, N. J., having shot his wife in the head three times the other day, "locked himself in a room, shot himself three times in the head, opened a main artery, and crushed his skull with a hammer." If he had then swallowed half an ounce of strychnine and melted lead, and jumped out of a ninety-story window, he would have come very near rousing a suspicion that he intended to injure himself seriously.

The little daughter of a clergyman, after having had charge of the baby all day while the folks were renovating the house, asked at night if she might pray for what she wished. The request being granted, she said her usual prayer, supplementing it with: "And, please, Lord, don't let us have any more house-cleaning!"

JOAQUIN MILLER IN HIS BOYHOOD.

When I was about to leave the mountains of Oregon a few years ago and try my fortune in the great wide world, as the phrase runs, an old man sitting on a worn fence one evening, his buckskin legs hanging down, said to me very tenderly and wisely: "Joaquin, don't you go; the world's an impostor, and it'll feed you on husks, as it did the probable son." But I told him I was resolved to go; then the old man looked down into the sun that was falling into the Pacific sea like a mighty hemisphere of fire, then up at his flock of sheep feeding on the hillside, and said: "Wal, Joaquin, if you must go, go; but you'll come back some day to the old ranch. You'll be sick of the world and sorry you went, and you won't have no buckskin clothes, and you won't have no home. But when you do come back—for you're a good meanin' boy, Joaquin—and have no buckskin clothes and no home, you must come to me and I'll give you a home, and you shall live with me and take care of my sheep, at \$40 a month, as long as you live."

Well, I have worn out my other clothes, and I have no home, but I can't go back to the old man in the sheep business, for, as the French say, he is dead and gone over to the majority, and I come to you to-night to lecture. I tell you all this to show you that this is not my favorite pursuit, and also to show to you that I have not the highest opinion of the present lecturer. Nor have I of any man who wins notoriety or a name in quite another field, and then consents to exhibit himself for hire and call that lecturing. No, I had preferred the sheep business, and at this moment wish I had accepted the old man's offer.

It is related that a man thought to gain sympathy from his wife by pretending he had taken enough laudanum to kill six men. He simulated the effects of the narcotic so well that his wife rushed for the doctor and the neighbors. By the time these had gathered around him the shamming husband deemed it time to assure the doctor he was merely fooling. But the man of medicine had lost one patient by believing such an assertion, and resolved in the present case to run no chances. So, while several men held the patient, an emetic was administered, and then the stomach pump was called into requisition, and, lest the patient, who was pretty well exhausted by this time, should fall asleep, the soles of his feet were beaten with shingles, and finally two men walked him up and down the room for three days and nights. It was then believed the poison had been counteracted, and the patient was released. The best part of the story is that the physician and those who attended the oil man will not even now believe him when he asserts that he was only shamming. He is by all odds the most disgusted individual in the State.

The theory of a subterranean communication between Lakes Erie and Ontario is sustained by careful observation made by the United States Lake Survey officers, with the hydrometer, which show that the volume of water passing down the St. Lawrence river greatly exceeds that passing through the Detroit river. As there are no large streams entering the lakes between the mouth of the Detroit river and the head of the St. Lawrence, it is a very interesting problem to discover where this surplus of water comes from.

The editor of the Rome, N. Y. Sentinel has been shown "a design for an upholstered front gate," which seems designed to become popular. The footboard is cushioned and there is a warm seat on each side, the inside step being adjustable, so that a short girl can bring her lips to the line of any given moustache without trouble. If the gate is occupied at 10:30 p. m., an iron hand extends from one of the gate-posts, seizes the young man by the left ear, turns him around, and he is at once started for home by a steel foot.

It is not astonishing that men, who have the whole world to conquer, will bother their great heads with the tightness of a woman's skirt? How about your stove-pipe hats? They make your heads bald and greasy as a dish-cloth, yet you wear them. Would that some prophetess might arrive in Israel and tell the awful consequences of this fashion.—A Lady.

"My dear," said an affectionate husband, "I'm surprised that you will consent to the degradation of wearing another woman's hair on your head." "Is that any worse than your wearing another sheep's wool on your back?" retorted the equally affectionate wife.

A lofty position—the top of an editorial staff.