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Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description (e.g., One Square 1 inch, one insertion) and Price (\$1.00, \$3.00, etc.).

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock...

TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342, O. U. A. M. MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock...

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, 1st Street, TIONESTA, PA. F. W. HAYS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds Hukill & Co's Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

F. KINNEAR, KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, Franklin, Pa. PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties.

R. C. & M. V. LAWSON, BARBERS and Hairdressers, Smeard- baugh building, Elm St. Switches, Frizzes, Braids, Curls, &c., made from Combsing. Having settled permanently in this place, they desire the patronage of the public. Satisfaction guaranteed. 15-3m

NATIONAL HOTEL, TIDIOUTE, PA. W. D. BUCKLIN, PROPRIETOR. First-Class Licensed House. Good stable connected. 13-1y

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. 45-1y

Lawrence House, TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR. This house is centrally located. Everything new and well furnished. Superior accommodations and strict attention given to guests. Vegetables and Fruits of all kinds served in their season. Sample room for Commercial Agents.

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER PROPRIETOR. Opposite S. Court House, 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. 4-17-1y

C. B. Weber's Hotel, TYLERSBURGH, 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. 10-3m

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

M. S. HAY, J. P. PARK, A. B. KELLY, MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts. Tionesta. Bank of Discount and Deposit. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made on all the Principal points of the U. S. Collections solicited. 18-1y

D. W. CLARK, (COMMISSIONER'S CLERK, FOREST CO., PA.) 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. Office in Commissioners Room, Court House, Tionesta, Pa. D. W. CLARK. 4-11-1y

DOUBLE YOUR TRADE. Druggists, Grocers and Dealers! Pure China and Japan Teas in sealed packages, screw top cans, boxes or half chests—grows' prices. Send for circular. The Wells Tea Company, 231 Fulton St., N. Y., P. O. Box 1529. 18-1y

Painting, Paper-Hanging &c.,

E. H. CHASE, of Tionesta, offers his services to those in need of PAINTING, GRADING, CALCUMINING, SIZING & VARNISHING, SIGN WRITING, PAPER HANGING, AND CARRIAGE WORK. Work promptly attended to and Satisfaction Guaranteed. Mr. Chase will work in the country when desired. 13-4f

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. Coburn makes a specialty of the treatment of Nasal, Throat, Lung and all other Chronic or lingering diseases. Having investigated all scientific methods of curing disease and selected the good from all systems, he will guarantee relief or a cure 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 consult him by letter. Office and Residence 1st door east of Partridge's New Block, foot of Dutch Hill Road, Tionesta, Pa. 25-4f

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. I am prepared to make all kinds of dresses in the latest styles, and guarantee satisfaction. Stamping for braiding and embroidery done in the best manner, with the newest patterns. All I ask is a fair trial. Residence on Water Street, in the house formerly occupied by Jacob Shriver. 14-4f

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DEMING.) Pictures in every style of the art. Views of the oil regions for sale or taken to order. CENTRE STREET, near R. R. crossing. SYCAMORE STREET, near Union Depot, Oil City, Pa. 20-4f

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY. ELM STREET, SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S STORE. Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.

Picture taken in all the latest styles heart. 25-4f

ELGIN WATCHES. L. KLEIN, (in BOYARD & 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, Stem Winders, Duplex, Levers, Anchors and Lepines, and will make any new pieces for the same, such as Staffs, Forks, Pellets, 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. L. KLEIN, Author of "The Watch." 14-1y

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL. THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Lacy-Town), Forest county, has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted in first-class order, and is now running and doing all kinds of CUSTOM GRINDING. FLOUR, AND OATS. FEED, Constantly on hand, and sold at the very lowest figures. 48-6m H. W. LEDEBUR.

Farmer Burling's Revenge.

I did love her. Oh, how I did love that girl! And they say all is fair in love and war, and that is some excuse for me. I had liked her a long while, and I knew that she liked me. I was as big a fellow as could be found anywhere about. I had a farm of my own, and when I was married, father had promised to build me a first-rate house and stock the place for me. And when I went to church on Sunday, or to the city, I had good clothes, and was never told I looked ill in them. On the whole, I felt myself a good, fair match for Fanny Martin, though she was so nice a girl. And her father and mother thought so, too, and she never refused my attention. I had settled in the slow, quiet sort of way in which country men do settle these things, that we'd make a match of it. The other young gentlemen knew it, and if we were not fashionable we were so far gentlemen that we had our code of honor. None of them ever interfered or tried to cut me out. But, then, he came, don't you see. Dapper and pretty, and looked like a tailor's fashion-plate, and he talked of things I knew little about, and his hands were white, and he had graceful, gallant ways that I had never learnt. Mr. Williams that was his name. And in that holiday of his, while we were working hard over the bay and were tanned and dirty and worn, and so tired that sleep was all we wanted when work was over, why, then he, soft, sweet and smiling, made himself agreeable to the girls, and crept into Fanny Martin's heart. My Fanny. She scarcely looked at me. She did not care whether she met me or not; and on Sunday there he was making me feel somehow so coarse and rough and vulgar; and when I wanted her to go home with me into the woods where we used to sit in the green shadow, and listen to the birds sing, she had some excuse to stay at home; and when on the road from church I took her hand in mine, she snatched it away and said quite crossly: "Don't, Ben; don't do such silly, rustic things while the city folks are here. They never do it themselves, and they laugh so."

"Mr. Williams laughs, you mean, I suppose," said I. "That's gentlemanly, too." And then she blushed and curled her little lip, and said: "You are criticizing Mr. William's manners, are you?" After that there was coolness between us; but though it made my heart ache, I could not think that it mattered much to her. I stayed away from her father's house, and I did not walk home from church with her on Sunday; indeed, I did not go to church at all. And I knew the young folks, yes, and the old folks, too, were saying that we were out with each other, and I suppose every one guessed why; but I would never answer any questions—not when my mother asked them, not I.

So the summer passed and the fall came on, and the city people stayed and stayed; I saw that fellow's panama hat and silk umbrella and pretty linen suit wherever I went. Farther than I could see other people, I used to see him and her—Mr. Williams and Fanny you know. They had never made Fanny work much at home, and she had plenty of time to enjoy herself. The only girl, you know, and her people what we call forehanded. I never intended that she should drudge after we were married. When I had hoped for that, I did not mind work myself but I'd never have made a slave of my wife, as most farmers do; any one can see by looking at the poor women who have no time for prettiness, or even to play with the babies they bring into the world—women whose husbands are rich men too, very often.

This Mr. Williams, he could not have made her more of a precious thing than I would; I knew that. I was thinking this all over one evening on the meadow—not trying to think, you know, but fighting the thoughts that came like mosquitoes, as fast as I drove them away, to ring in my ears and sting me—when suddenly I heard some one say: "Ah—Mr.—Mr. Burling." And I looked up and there was Mr. Williams, natterier than ever, with a cigar in his mouth. If he had known how I felt toward him, I'm not sure he'd have come to find me in the great meadow, and I thought of that as I jumped up from the grass and looked at him. But he was smiling as politely as possible, and there is something in a man's heart that makes it hard to do the first rude thing to one who is civil. Still I was not over-polite to him, I know. "That's my name," said I. "Do you want me?"

"I want something of you," said he. "There's a little excursion over at our house to-night. We're going to drive to the Falls and sup, and I'm going to take a lady. Have you any little light wagon, and a horse, of course, that you could hire me for the evening? I'd rather go alone with her than in the big wagon. You know, I'm sure, how it is—that a fellow had rather ride alone with a pretty girl, and if you'll help me out I'll be ever so much obliged to you." So he had come to ask me to help him to have a nice time with my girl—he who had cut me out. I looked at him, just holding my hands still by main force, and I thought of him riding along the moonlight road, with Fanny close beside him. I asked myself whether his arm would not be around her waist, and whether in the shadows, as they fell a little behind the others, he would not kiss her. "And you want me to help you!" I said aloud. "Me?" "Yes," he said, "please."

"Come along," I said; "I'll show you what I've got." On the farm that was mine there was one building, a little cow shed. We put the tools in there sometimes, and I had a padlock for the door, and the key was in my pocket. It came into my head that I could spoil his evening for him, and spite Fanny, too, by locking him in the shed. And if he had spirit to fight me for it afterwards, so much the better. And I led the way down into the meadow where it stood, and unlocked the door. "Just look in," said I, "and see if that will suit you." "Can't see anything," said he. "It's pitch dark. Wait, I have a match." He took one from his vest pocket and stooped to strike it on the sole of his boot, and then I gave him a push and over he went, and I had the key in my pocket. "You'll not make any one hear very soon, lad," said I, grinning to myself, "and you'll not kiss Fanny Martin going over the bridge this evening."

Then I went away and laid myself flat upon the porch in front of the house, and felt happier than I had before for a long time. Revenge is sweet now and then. I don't pretend to have none of the old Adam in me. I'd been there about half an hour, and the chirp, chirp, chirp of the crickets was lulling me off to sleep, when suddenly I heard a little light step close beside me, and saw a woman's white dress fluttering and jumping up, I stood before Fanny Martin. The first thought that came into my mind was that she was looking for her beau, and it made me fendish. "That you, Miss Martin?" said I. "Yes, Mr. Burling," said she; and though I'd said Miss Martin how it hurt me not to be called Ben. "I came over to see your mother. Is she in?" "No," said I; "gone to prayer-meeting at Deacon Dull's."

"Then I'd better go home," said she; but she lingered. "Not looking for any one else," said I. "No," she said, very sadly. "Good night." But I could not let her go without a cut. "I thought you'd be on this wonderful moonlight drive," said I. "There you were mistaken," said she. "Did he forget to come for you?" said I—"Mr. Williams, you know." "I haven't been asked to the drive," said she. "I don't know why you speak so. The city folks are all by themselves, said Mr. Williams, I suppose, is with the lady he's engaged to. She came down last week with her mother."

"Oh," said I, and I began to wish I had asked a few more questions before I locked young Williams up in the cow-house. We stood still apart from each other. I saw her lip quiver. Was it for him? Had he jilted her? That was tit for tat, anyhow. But she was so pretty, and so sad, and so winning, I felt my heart give a throb. I took a step nearer—she took another. "Oh, Ben," cried she, "I can't stand it if you stay angry with me. I always have liked you the best, but you've been so awfully cross," and she was crying on my shoulder. Did you ever make up with, loving her all the time? Did you ever feel, holding the deer face between your two palms, pressing sweet kisses on the dear, soft mouth, that it had all come back, all the old love and trust and sweetness and hope that you thought dead? If you have, you know what I felt that minute. I found myself again. I was Ben Burling once more. Not the hot, angry fellow, with a curse upon him, I had seemed so long, and all for a silly little woman; a dear, sweet, silly little woman, how strange it was. Out of all my life, I'd like to have that one moment back; it was the sweetest I ever lived through. Then, what? A splash of crimson and orange on the white wall of the house; a cry from Fanny. We both turned and looked. Up in the midst of the far meadow there rose a column of fire, and I had locked poor innocent Williams up in it, to be roasted alive. "Oh, Fanny," I cried, glancing at the horrible sight. "I'm a murderer—a murderer—don't touch me." And away I flew to undo my mischief, if there was time. There might be perhaps. Never was such a run as I took across that long meadow. But when I reached the door, plunging my hand in my pocket for the key, I could not find it. I had dropped it somehow. It was not about me. "Williams!" I cried; "Williams! are you there? I am outside; courage!" There was no answer. "For heaven's sake, if you can speak do," I shrieked, but silence answered me. Doubtless the smoke had already smothered the poor fellow, but I set to work and tore away the burning boards. I was scorched. My hair, my face, my eyebrows. Twice my clothes were on fire, but I rolled on the grass, and was up and at the flames again. Oh, it was horrible, horrible! If he had been my rival it would have been bad enough, but an innocent young fellow, his sweetheart waiting for him somewhere. What a wretch I was. "God have mercy on me," cried I. "Let me save him; don't punish me by making me a murderer?" and I tore and wrenched the boards with my burnt hands. And in a moment more—well—it was the roof that fell, I think—I don't know. "He'll do very nicely now," said some one—"very nicely; plenty of nourishing food, quiet, and the wash directed. No danger, no danger, though his escape is wonderful." It was the family doctor, and I was on the spare bed in the bedroom with bandages about my hands. Mother sat there; so did Fanny. Father looked over the bed-foot. Peleg and Jane Maria, the help, were also visible. "And why to gracious he was so sot on saving that old shed, I can't tell," said mother. "Must have had something precious there." They did not know, then. I sat up and looked at them all. "It wasn't the shed," said I. "Mother, father, Fanny, it was Mr. Williams. I had locked him up there. I've murdered him." "No you haven't," said another voice, and some one came round the bed. "I'm alive, you see. You didn't think I'd stay locked up in a cow-shed when I had an engagement with a lady, did you? I just burned the lock off with my cigar and came away. I intended to give you a fright in return for your trick. I suppose it's what you call a practical joke in the country; but I didn't think of anything serious. I'm really sorry." I don't know what I said. I know I felt like a fool; but that was not as bad as feeling like a murderer. I had a pretty pair of hands for the next four weeks; but I didn't mind it as much as if Fanny had not fed me with hers. She petted me as though I were a hero instead of an idiot. I believe she thought I had done something noble and grand. She's been my wife—how long, Fanny? Not so long as to have forgotten to be lovers, though my boy's head is on a level with his mother's shoulders, and my own is turning gray.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF AN AERONAUT.

Rockport (Ind.) correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial: "A terrible accident occurred at the McLean county (Ky.) fair on Thursday last, the particulars of which have just been received here by parties witnessing the occurrence. One L. D. Atchison, who has been making balloon ascensions at the fairs of several counties in this vicinity, was engaged to make a daily ascension at Calhoun, Ky., and on Thursday, while preparing to ascend, it was noticed that the balloon was very frail, the cotton of which it was made being badly damaged by the smoke and hot air used to inflate it. In opposition to the warnings of the spectators the ascent was made, and while at a height variously estimated at between 500 and 1,000 feet the charred canvas took fire, the balloon collapsed, and Atchison commenced the descent at a fearful rate of velocity. When he first noticed the fire he made an effort to swing the balloon so as to fall among a clump of trees near the fair grounds, and partially succeeded. He struck the limb of a gum tree in his descent, breaking off the limb, which arrested his speed and fell with him to the ground. "The spectators, some of whom were so horror-stricken they could not follow his descent, saw him as he came down and disappeared behind the fence inclosing the ground. The people made a rush for the spot, and so great was the rush that a large portion of the fence was broken down. Atchison was found lying insensible under the slowly burning canvas of the balloon, and the heavy limb of the tree lying across his prostrate body, which apparently struck the earth with such force as to make a deep indentation. He was taken up and conveyed to a hotel, where it was ascertained that his left thigh bone was badly fractured, but no other bones were broken. He recovered consciousness in a short time and told those around him that when he discovered the fire in the balloon he resigned himself to death, but made the effort to guide the balloon to the timber as a sort of forlorn hope. He retained his presence of mind until he struck the tree, when the blow stunned him, and he lost consciousness. The physicians think he will be able to get about in a few weeks, no internal injuries having been discovered, but the external bruises are fearful, under all of which the poor young man, who is only about twenty-three years old, bears up with great cheerfulness.

THE PROGRESS OF FISH CULTURE. The establishment of the United States Fish Commission, under the direction of Mr. Livingstone, on the McCloud river, in California, for securing the eggs of the California salmon, for introduction into Eastern waters, and which has just been closed for the season, has been highly successful in its object, no less than 9,000,000 eggs having been obtained. The greater part of these have already been shipped to the Fish Commissioners of the various States to be by them hatched and planted in appropriate waters. Due provision has been made for a supply to the waters of every State. Large numbers have been sent to Texas to be hatched under the direction of the Commission. Several millions of salmon eggs are now hatching out in the waters of the McCloud river for the increase of the supply in the Sacramento. Part of the expense of this latter work is borne by Gov. Stanford and other citizens of California. Operations in connection with the taking of the eggs of the sea salmon and of the land-locked salmon of Maine have also been under direction of Charles G. Atkins.

THE ANTLERS OF THE DEER. According to a paper by Mr. John Dean Caton, in the American Naturalist, there is a substantial identity between the antlers of the ordinary bones of deer; in fact, the antlers are external bones, of very rapid growth, which mature speedily, die and are thrown off, while the other bones are of slow growth, and persist through life. The process of growth is very curious and interesting. It consists in a deposit of earthy salts (osseous matter) from the blood vessels, analogous, in a rude way, to the growth of certain tubular incrustations in hot springs. Ossification finally chokes the vessels of supply at the lower part of the antler, and thus arrests the deposit of bony particles, leaving the upper parts hollow, though braced in every direction with thin plates of bone. But when everything is filled solid below, and all sources of nutrition have been cut off, the antler dies, and is removed by a still stranger process of undermining, effected by one of the systems of blood vessels which supplied it while it was growing.

Carpet is bought by the yard and worn by foot. The following singular epitaph appears on a tombstone in the southern part of England: "To the memory of Tabitha, wife of Moses Skinner, gentlemanly editor of The Trombone, a kind mother and exemplary wife. Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. Office, near Coleman's grocery, up two flights. Knock hard. 'We shall miss thee, mother.' Job printing solicited." We don't know of any way a man could advertise himself better—that is to say, any more.

"Maister," said an old Scotch servant, "whether it's gude manners when a gentleman gies ye a glass of whiskey, to tak' a drip or drink all the bail o't?" The master having, in homely Scotch phrase, judiciously replied to his poser that the courtesy consisted in imbibing the whole, the man exclaimed with a sigh of relief: "Then, Gude be thankit, I was mannerly!" Never insult a man because he is poor in purse or raiment; for beneath a ragged coat it may be that a muscle lies concealed that could put a head on the oldest man in the business.

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