

The Forest Republican.

VOL. VIII. NO. 35.

TIONESTA, PA., DECEMBER 8, 1875.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (1 inch), one insertion	\$1.50
One Square " " one month	3.00
One Square " " three months	8.00
One Square " " one year	16.00
Two Squares, one year	32.00
Quarter Col. " " " "	30.00
Half " " " "	60.00
One " " " "	100.00

Legal notices at established rates.
Marriage and death notices, gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance.
Job work, Cash on Delivery.

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

TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342,
O. U. A. M.
MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock.
G. W. SAWYER, C.
S. C. JOHNSON, R. S.

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.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA.
Collections made in this and adjoining counties.

MRS. W. TATE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
In Street, TIONESTA, PA.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Reynolds, Hukill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

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, Steam-bath building, Elm St. Switches, Frizzes, Braids, Curles, &c., made from Combs. 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.

ANDREW WELLS, Proprietor.
This house has been newly fitted up and is now open for the accommodation of the public. Charges reasonable.

CENTRAL HOUSE,
BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, L. A. KENYON, 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.

LAWRENCE HOUSE,
TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAW, 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. YARNER, 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.

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.

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 Tidouite, near Tidouite 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. E. MAY, J. P. PARK, A. E. 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.

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 a superior facility 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,

Painting, Paper-Hanging &c.

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

W. C. COBURN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON offers his services to the people of Forest Co. Having had an experience of Twenty 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 impeding diseases. Having investigated all scientific methods of curing disease and selected the good from all systems, he will guarantee relief or 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.

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.

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

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

ELGIN WATCHES,
L. KLEIN,
(in BOYARD & CO.'S Store, Tionesta, Pa.)
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, Stone Windows, Duplex, Levers, Anchors and Leptines, 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."

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

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

About the close of the eighteenth century the fashionable life of Dublin was in its zenith; the Ranelagh Gardens were the resort of the beaux and belles of the day; the Parliament was held in College Green, and its members had their town residences in Dublin and lived there for a considerable portion of the year.

One of the members, an illustrious Irish nobleman who had spent some portion of his youth in Italy, was a man of cultivated taste and refinement. Upon his return to Dublin he conceived the idea of inviting over some Italian artists to decorate the walls and ceilings of his residence after the Florentine manner. He carried out his idea, and the ornamentations of Charlemont House bear witness to the taste and skill of the decorators. Other noblemen employed these artists; the present Royal Irish Academy House, then a noble private residence, is similarly decorated; also several other city mansions in several of the leading streets and squares.

When Dublin decreased in importance after the Act of Union in 1801, and was no longer the center of fashion for the Irish nobility, its splendid private residences gradually decayed; and wealthy burghers and Dublin's proverbially professional aristocracy now inhabit them. Many of the houses yet retain their curious, rare old decorations, and of one of these residences, situated in a leading square, we would most especially speak.

A large, stately, gloomy-looking house, with a ponderous hall door, studded with iron nails, like the door of the cathedral. High, narrow windows, with Italian jalousies. The grass grows in the interstices of the high, steep steps, now fast falling away. The rusty iron railings have become loosened in their stone settings, and seem as though a good push would hurl them into the moldering, vault-like area. Entering the hall, a damp, earthy smell greets the intruder—for intruder must any one be considered who ventures into that region of ghostliness. The wide, flagged, echoing hall, the broad, dark, oak-paneled staircase, lead to chambers awful in their oppressive sense of loneliness and utter desolation. Cobwebs festoon the painted walls; queer, crawling creatures hold high holiday on the once polished floors; but not even the squeak of a rat or mouse breaks the solemn, death-like stillness which pervades this old, deserted mansion.

Over all there hung a cloud of fear. A sense of mystery the spirit haunted, and said, as plain as whisper to the ear, "The house is haunted."

Twenty-five years ago this house was tenanted by Miss Steele, an eccentric old lady, who, dying suddenly at the advanced age of 91, her property—including this house and furniture—came into the possession of a married grand niece living in Kildare, whom she had never seen. The mansion in Dublin was just commencing about the time all law matters connected with the property were being settled, and the heiress, Miss Nugent, acting upon the advice of her lawyer, resolved to let the house furnished. The furniture, although antique, was handsome; especially of the drawing-room. The ceiling of this apartment were superbly ornamented in the Florentine style. Arabesques on a pale blue ground adorned the ceilings; the panels of the walls were painted with groups of figures or rare pieces of still life; while from the moldings which separated these panels sprang figures which, bending downward, held the candelabra lighting the apartment. The furniture was in keeping with the architecture—of inlaid wood, heavy with gilding and spotted in amber satin; it was of that stately and old-world type which suggested the days of minuet, apple-blossom, sacques, cherry-colored satin petticoats, and high-heeled shoes. A spindle-legged spinnet stood near the fire-place, where in was no grate, but great brass dogs. The fire-place was tiled with the queer little Dutch tiles that came over with the tulips in the days of William and Marj. These tiles bore a succession of Adams and Eves, of Cain and Abel, and other Scriptural characters, who looked sadly out of place among the nymphs, satyrs, and similar profanities which surrounded the chamber.

This house was no sooner advertised than it was immediately taken by an officer then quartered in Dublin. Being a man of taste, Col. Comyers would not allow the house to be remodelled in any way. Mrs. Comyers, too, was a woman who liked novelty, and she triumphantly pictured to herself what a delightful sensation her antique-looking drawing-room would create when well lighted up, a filled with a fashionable mob. A pretty, piquante little woman, she was enthusiastically charmed, enchanted, with her Irish residence. One day, about

the beginning of October, she moved into it, with her two infant children, and two servants that she had brought from England—a cook and a nurse. For the first night she had no other servants in the house.

Upon the first evening of Mrs. Comyers' arrival, her husband was obliged to spend the day and night from home. She amused herself by wandering about the old house, prying into dusty cabinets and cupboards, looking with wandering and admiring eyes upon the rare old Venetian glass and egg-shell china, which seemed almost too fine and too delicate for use. About half-past 6 o'clock, as she sat in the drawing-room, the nurse entered, saying that it was necessary for her to go out to buy some things urgently required. The woman respectfully asked her mistress if she would go up to the nursery to the children, should she hear their cry.

"Certainly, nurse, I suppose you will not be very long away?"
"I cannot say, madam. I do not know Dublin."

"Then I think cook had better go with you—she has been here before. I dare say no one will call this evening."

"Thank you, madam," and the nurse left the room. Presently Mrs. Comyers heard the hall door closed, and the two women's footsteps echoing down the steps.

A quarter of an hour—twenty minutes passed. The doors between the drawing-room and the nursery, two flights higher up, were left open, so that Mrs. Comyers could hear every sound. The evening was fast closing in, and she experienced a strange feeling of loneliness, and began to regret her foolish impulse in allowing both servants to go out. She laid down the book she had been reading, and presently one of the children gave a cry. The mother started from the couch where she was reclining, and was about to go up to the nursery, when hurried footsteps on the stairs struck upon her ear.

"Oh, I need not go," she said to herself. "I suppose cook has stayed at home after all," and having by this time reached the door, she indeed saw by the waning light the figure of an elderly woman turning the landing of the flight opposite to her. Mrs. Comyers returned to her sofa. But the child's crying did not cease, and as she listened it increased from a "whining cry to a wail of terror. In alarm she started up and ran to the nursery. The eldest boy, a child three years old, was sitting up in bed, shrieking, but the cook was nowhere to be seen.

In vain Mrs. Comyers tried to pacify the child. "Freddy," she asked, "did not cook come up to you?"

But the child only sobbed the more convulsively, so much so that the mother refrained from asking any further questions. Softly singing to him, he was soon asleep again, and she stole quietly from the room. It was almost dark, yet she distinctly saw, walking a few steps before her, the figure of a woman which she yet believed to be the cook.

"Why, cook, I thought you had gone out with nurse?"
The figure had just reached the bottom of the flight of stairs; it turned slowly round, revealing the face of an old woman with a white cap-border closely crimped around her puckered-up, leering face. A gruesome, weird light seemed to surround her, so that Mrs. Comyers distinctly saw the shriveled lips move, the bearded eyes gleam; and the shaky, skinny hand, which was raised and shaken menacingly at her. The figure then turned and ran swiftly down the stairs.

For a moment Mrs. Comyers was frightened; but, girding up courage, blamed herself for giving way to nervousness—persuaded herself that it must be some person engaged by the cook. She walked down the stairs, her heart beating violently, and called out courageously:
"My good woman, who are you, and what is your business here?"

For answer, a chuckling laugh resounded throughout the echoing old house. The clatter of many feet was heard upon the stairs; still, the brave little woman hardly quailed. But what was she to do? She was too terrified to venture after the figure. Just then there was a knock at the hall door, and, with a sense of relief, she hastened down to open it. The two women servants entered.

"Cook," said Mrs. Comyers, "did you leave any one in the house during your absence?"
"No, madam."
"Well, you had better go and look in the kitchen, for some woman went down stairs just now."

Lights were speedily procured, and every inch of the basement story was unavailingly searched. The doors were then secured, and as Mrs. Comyers saw the servants were rather frightened, she wisely refrained from entering into any particulars concern-

ing either the manner of the figure or the strange noises she had heard.

The next day she related the circumstance to her husband, who laughed at her nervous fancies, and practically suggested that a close eye be kept on the area gate. Two weeks flew by, and the affair seemed to be almost forgotten, until one evening, as Colonel and Mrs. Comyers sat alone in the dining-room, the sound of many footsteps was heard in the drawing-room overhead, and a plaintive air was played upon the old spinnet. They listened amazed for a minute, and at length Mrs. Comyers said:
"Henry, I am sure it is that—that thing!"

"You little goose!" he exclaimed, laughing! "Stay where you are, and I'll go and see."

He bounded up the stairs—there was a hurried shuffling of feet; the music ceased, and he soon returned! The scene he had witnessed he could not relate to his nervous, delicate wife. Therefore, to avoid being questioned, he said, with an assumption of gaiety,
"Mabel, congratulate me! I have at last seen your mythical old woman!"

Mrs. Comyers shivered, and nestled into her husband's sheltering arms, as she whispered, faintly: "Yes, I know you have seen her, for I saw her go before you out of the room!"

They could not account for the phenomenon, and naturally were diffident about mentioning it to any one. Thus the time passed on until Christmas.

With the Christmas time there arrived a nephew of Col. Comyers—clever, handsome, merry Val Wycherley; a young doctor, who had just taken out his diploma. He had passed a brilliant examination, and before again resuming work had come to spend a few weeks in Dublin, for the purpose of resting his overtaxed brain. It was agreed that he should not be told anything about the mysterious old woman.

On Christmas Day a number of friends expected to dine. There was also to be an evening party; therefore, in order to save trouble, Mrs. Comyers had had the dining-table arranged early in the afternoon, and then locked the door. She was very proud of her tastefully arranged table; she had herself disposed the quaint-colored and gilt Venetian glass, and the rare old china belonging to the house. Groups of shepherd and shepherdesses holding cornucopia filled with glistening-bolly, interspersed with its own bright red berries, and the snowy white ones of those of the mistletoe, were placed at intervals along the table.

About 5 in the afternoon, as Col. Comyers and his nephew were sauntering home round the square, a sudden and heavy shower came on. They walked fast, but by the time they arrived at the hall door they were thoroughly drenched. Col. Comyers immediately went into his dressing-room on the first landing, inviting his nephew to follow, but that free-and-easy young gentleman preferred taking off his wet boots in the hall.

"Here, Bridget!—Mary!—whoever you are, take these boots, like a good girl," said he, addressing a woman standing in the shade at the top of the kitchen stairs.

An aged woman, habited in an old-fashioned black gown, with a white handkerchief pinned across her bosom, approached him. He threw the boots to her, and to his horror, they then went through her! And then the figure vanished! Val, being a doctor, his practical thought was, "By Jove! my head must be in a precious queer state! A bad lookout for me, and Christmas fare in prospective. I had better say nothing, however, or these good folks may think I am completely off my head."

He walked slowly up the stairs, and on the first landing again was the figure. It preceded him step by step, but Val did not feel frightened—as before, ascribing the vision to purely physical causes acting upon a brain which he felt was overtaxed. Although a medical man, it did not occur to him to apply the unailing test of passing one eye so as to throw it out of the parallel focus with the other. If the object be the result of hallucination, it is seen still and simply; if actual vision, it is seen double. The figure entered the drawing-room. Val mechanically followed it; and there—what a scene met his eye!

On the polished oaken floor near the fireplace lay the body of a young and beautiful foreign-looking woman, richly dressed. There were wounds about her neck, half concealed by her long raven-black hair. A tall, dark-complexioned man stood near, holding a long, thin Venetian stiletto, while beside him stood the old woman, who laughed a fearful laugh, as she sprang the body with her foot!

As she laughed, the vision faded, and Val Wycherley left the drawing-room, uneasy for his brain. At the

door he was met by Mrs. Comyers, who insisted upon his coming down to see her pretty dinner-table. Col. Comyers was also one of the privileged, and the proud young housekeeper unlocked the dining-room door, when, lo!—all the exquisite old china lay in fragments upon the floor! The table-cloth was pulled away, and all the pretty decorations ruthlessly destroyed! In a recess near the fire-place stood a dark, foreign-looking man and the old woman, both of whom laughed devilishly, and then vanished! The scene was witnessed by the three. Mrs. Comyers fainted in her husband's arms. A serious nervous illness followed, and as soon as it was practicable she was removed from the house.

Val Wycherley recounted his experience in the drawing-room, and Col. Comyers admitted that he had witnessed the same scene. Of course they left the house, but refrained from making the reasons public, beyond telling the proprietors, who naturally did not credit it. But tenant after tenant left, scared away by strange noises and appearances, and the house fell gradually into its present state of decay; not even a caretaker could be induced to remain in it.

The main facts of the preceding story are perfectly true, and were related to the writer by Mrs. Nugent's daughter, the present proprietress of the ill-fated house.—*The Argosy.*

THOUGHTS FOR SATURDAY NIGHT.

It is better to reconcile an enemy than to conquer him.

I have found it hard to persuade men that death is sunrise.

Death has this also, that it openeth the gate to good fame and extinguishes envy.

"Thou shalt not get round out" is not one of God's commandments, and no man can be saved by trying to keep it.

Lost—Yesterday, between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, as they are gone forever.

Hannah More said to Horace Walpole: "If I wanted to punish an enemy it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody."

At what employment would you have death find you? For my part, I would have it be some humane, beneficent, public-spirited, noble action.

A young Southern lady objected to the seeming impropriety of carrying her petty cares to the Almighty God, as advised by her colored "mama," because they were so petty. "Dress ye, honey," was Aunt Milly's wise reply, "so dey is; but dey's all the troubles you's got!"

A child will infer from the spirit which prevades a household, whether the kingdom of heaven is a fact or a fiction. If it concludes it to be a fiction, how must the soul suffer. If it feels and knows it to be a glorious and joyful truth that heaven is near and above us, how will the spirit be daily drawn upward and onward?

Do not think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended. Cast them all aside. They may be light and accidental, but they are an ugly soot from the smoke of the pit, for all that; and it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them, without overcare as to which is the largest and blackest.

A powerfully built young lady from Ghost's Gulch walked into a dry goods store at Canton City, Colorado, the other day, and blowing her nose and wiping it on her shoe heel, inquired of bachelor clerk: "Do you keep hose, young fellow?" "Yes, ma'am, all kinds," was the reply; and pulling down a couple of the boxes of hose, he held a pair up to view. She looked straight at him, turned red, and overflooded with the remark: "You blasted fool, them's stockin's—I want a hoe." He referred her to the hardware store.

Mr. Huxley, the learned scientist, writes: "I hope Mr. — will not mix in philogenetic stammbaume with objective taxonomy." We should gratefully deprecate such a thing ourselves, but we are inclined to think that the fellow is fool enough to do it.—*Courier Journal.*

Mrs. Partington having heard her son say that there were a great many anecdotes in the almanac, begged him to cut them all out, as she heard that when anybody was poisoned nothing was necessary but to give him an anecdote and it would cure him.

The vital statistics of this country prove that a woman will spend more time to hide a pimple on her forehead than she will to take care of seven children.

It is difficult to tell how much a fish will weigh by looking at the scales.