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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.



MERTS overy Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars.

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

27-tf.

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 and residence in house former-ly occupied Dr. Winans. Office days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. 32tf

J. B. ACNEW, W. E. LATHY, AGNEW & LATHY, Attorneys at Law, - Tionesta, Pa.

Office on Elm Street. May 16, 1878,-tf

E. L. Davis, A TTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa. Collections made in this and adjoining counties.

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TIONESTA, PA.

' Im Street.

F. W. Hays, A TTORNET AT LAW, and NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds Hukill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 39-ly

KINNBAR & SMILKY, 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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AGNEW, Proprietor. This is a new
mouse, and has just been fitted up for the
secon modation of the public. A portion
of the patronage of the public is solicited.
66-1y

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Che Forest Republican.

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TIONESTA, PA., DECEMBER 15, 1875.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

forgot to ask for her Cluny, and was

too tired to go to the party-I am sure I cannot tell which was the hap-

A HAPPY-GO-LUCKY ENOCH ABBEN.

Says the Kansas City Times: Kan-

however, treated as a member of the

family, brings sweetmeats to the chil-dren of both, and takes great delight

in relating his experience by land and

sea, as he has during his absence wan-

foreign lands. Like a sensible Enoch

DEACON SMITH'S HORSE STORY.

Deacon Smith, of Georgia, owns, or

fence around my corn field, contain-

ing about six hundred bushels of corn.

The fire had consumed about a dozen

panels of fencing, and reached a

branch. My horse, when I arrived, was standing in this branch, dipping

mer domestic happiness.

could remember.

pier, she or Deb.

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NEBRASKA GRIST MILL.

THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Lacy-A town,) Forest county, has been theroughly overhauled and refitted in first-class order, and is now running and doing all kinds of

DEB.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

The solemn Androscoggin bell was ringing the mill girls in by broad sunlight one noon, when there came a knock at the door, and behind it the young lady of whom I heard. Deb was startled by the knock, and frightened by the young lady. It was not often that visitors came to Brick Alley, and it was still less often that Brick Alley had a visitor that knock-

Deb's mother did fine washing. Deb's mother wiped her hands and placed a chair, and the young lady sat down. She was a straight lady, with strong feet, and long brown feathers in her hat, and soft brown gloves upon her hand. She had come, she said, with that Cluny set, which she should need for a party this very night; indeed, she was in so much haste for it that she had hunted Deb's mother upwhich was a matter of some dif-ficulty—as she never had the least idea where she lived before, and how crooked the stairs were? But the lace was very yellow, as she saw, and would she be sure to have it done by 9 o'clock? and-

And then, turning her head sudden ly, the straight young lady saw poor, crooked Deb in her high chair, with

wonder in her eyes.
"I wonder if I frightened her," thought Deb. But she only wondered and did not speak.

"Is this your-"Yes," said Deb's mother, "the eldest. Fifteen. I'll try my best, ma'am; but I don't know as I ought to prom-She spoke in a business-like tone, and turned the Cluny lace-a dainty collar and a pair of soft cuffs -about in her hands in a businesslike way. A breath of some kind of scented wood struck in a little gust, against Deb's face. She wondered how people could weave sweet smells into a piece of lace, and if the young must cry a little first." lady knew; or if she knew how much pleasanter it was than the onions that Mrs. McMohney cooked for dinner every day in the week but Sunday, upon the first floor. But it gave her The bewildering, beautiful, blessed quite enough to do to wonder without ride!

"Fifteen!" repeated the young lady, standing up very straight, and lock-ing very sorry. "How long has she ing very sorry. "He been-like-that?"

"Born so," said Deb's mother she has been big enough to sit at all. Would you try gum on these, miss?" "But you never told me you had a crippled child ?"

The young lady said this quickly. "You have washed for me three years, and you never told me you had a crippled child?" "You never asked me, Miss," said

Deb's mother. The young lady made no reply. She eame and sat down on the edge of ly breathed, the feathers and the gloves, and the sweet smells of scented

-such very sorry eyes-were so close to the high chair.
"Fifteen years!" repeated the young lady, very low, "in that chair—that nobody ever—poor little girl! But you could ride," said she suddenly.
"I don't know, ma'am," said Deb.

"I never saw anybody ride but the grocer and the baker. I ain't like the grocer and the baker."

"You could be lifted, I mean," said the young lady, eagerly. "There is somebody who lifts you?"

"Mother sets me generally," said Deb. "Once, when she was very bad with a lame ankle, Jim McMahoney set me. He's first floor-Jim McMa-

"I shall be back here," said the young lady, still speaking very quickly, but speaking to Deb's mother now; "in just an hour I shall come in an easy sleigh, with warm robes. If you will have your daughter ready to take a ride with me I shall be very much obliged to you."

The young lady finished her sentence as if she did not know what to say, and so said the truest thing she could think of, which is what we are all in danger of doing at times. "Well, I'm sure!" said Deb's moth-er, "Dabitra, tell the lady——"

But Dabitra could not tell the lady, for she was already out of the door, and down stairs, and away into the street. And, indeed, Deb could not have told the lady-has never told the lady-can never tell the lady.

If all of the blue summer skies, and

Deb's life the colors of Heaven drop- need never wonder any more. She ped and blinded her on that bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride.

In just an hour the sleigh was there, with the easiest cushions, and the warmest robes, and bells-the merriest bells !- and the straight young lady. And Jim McMahoney was there; and he carried her down stairs to "set" her. And her mother was there, and wrapped her all up in an old red shawl, for Deb had no "things" like other little girls. The young lady had re-membered that, and she had brought the prettiest little white hood that Deb had ever seen, and Deb's face looked the a bruised day-lilly bud between the shining wool, but Deb could not see that; and Mrs. McMahoney was her good luck; and the little to light within the past week. The McMahoneys were there, and all the circumstances connected with it, as children who did wonder, and the gro- related to a Times reporter, are about cer turned in at the alley corner, and the baker stopped as he turned out, and everybody stood and smiled to see her start. The white horse pawed the snow, and he held up his head-Deb had never seen such a horse-and the young lady had gathered the reins into her brown gloves and the sleigh bells cried for joy-how they cried !and away they went and Deb was out of the alley in minute, and the people in the alley hurrahed, and hor-

rahed, and hurrahed to see her go.

That bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride! How warm the little white hood was? How the cushions sank beneath her, and the fur robes opened like feathers to the touch of her poor thin hands? How the bell sang to the icicles, and the slated roofs and sky, and the people's face smiled at her.

"What's the matter?" asked the roung lady; for Deb drew the great wolf's robe over her face and sat so for a minute, still and hidden. The young lady thought she was fright-

"But I only want to cry a little?" said Deb's little smothered voice. "I

When she had cried a little she held up her head, and the shine of her pretty white hood grew faint beside the shine of her eyes and her cheeks.

Streets, and a crowd, and church spires were in it-yes, and a wedding and a funeral, too; all things that Deb had seen in her high chair in the daytime with her eyes shut, she saw in the sleigh on that ride with her eyes opened wide.

She was very still. The young lady did not talk to her, and she did not talk to the young lady. The horse held up his head. It seemed to Deb to be flying. She thought that he must be like the awful beautiful horse in Revelation. She felt as if she could

Deb's bed, close beside Deb's chair. She seemed to have forgotten her Cluny lace. She took Deb's hand up between her two soft, brown gloves, and her long brown feathers drooped, and her long brown feathers drooped, and her long brown feathers drooped the white lforse so that Deb and look across, and up and down at the shiring great church spires-all over, and over their meal, not, however, without many could look across, and up and down at married lady decided to cling to Mr. the shining stream and the shining Brown, with whom she had passed sevbank.

wood, and the young lady's sorry eyes "There is so much of it," said Deb, softly, thinking of the crack of it that she had seen between two houses for fifteen years. For the crack seemed to her very much like fifteen years in a high chair, and the long, broadshouldered, silvered river seemed to her very much like this world about which she had wondered.

They rode to the mills, and Deb trembled to look up to their frowning walls, and to meet their hundred eyes; but some of the girls who wore the little pink bows, and who knew her, came nodding to look out of them, and she left off trembling to laugh; then, in a minute, she trembled again, for, all at once, without any warning, the great Androscoggin bell pealed the time just over her head, and swallowed her up in sound. She turned pale with delighted terror, and then finished with terrified delight.

Did it pray, or cry, or laugh? Deb and then run off again. This was redid not know. It seemed to her that peated several times, and the deacon if the white horse would carry her in- arose from the table to ascertain the to the great heart of that bell, she cause of it strange conduct. He to the great heart of that bell, she cause of it strange conduct. He never need sit in a high chair at a reached the door and looked out, and window again, but ride and ride with saw away off in the direction the the young lady. It seemed to her horse had run a dense smoke. He like forever and forever.

They turned away from Androscoggin without speaking, and rode and rode. Daylight dimmed, and dusk dropped, and see! all the town blazed with lights. They rode and rode to see the lights. Deb could not speak, there were so many lights.

And still she could not speak when they rode into Brick Alley, and Jim

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A PIGHT FOR A SCALP. The Salt Lake Tribune says: The

But the young lady did not want her to speak. She touched her white attraction was an Indian, accompanied horse and was gone in a minute; and by his squaw, and Al Huntington. Brigham's great interpreter, perambu when Androscoggin bell rang them to sleep that night -for the young lady lating the streets together. The Bat tle-Ax had a white woman's scalp, with very long black hair, attached to the bilt of a sword by his side. The scalp is nearly as large over as the crown of a man's hat, is lined with red flannal and decorated with an eagle's feather. The hair is fine, and about two feet long, evidently that of a young wo-man. Dr. Higgins, who has in his time been called to witness the sickensas City, as well as most other cities, has, within the past few years, devel-oped several cases of double marriage ing butcheries of the redskins, saw of the Enoch Arden type. The latest the scalp as he walked to Main street, there, paring onions at the door, to instance of this kind has been brought and, when the remembrances of Indian outrages flashed across his mind, his blood boiled with indignation to see the populace gaze calmly upon the trophy of a heartless deed, and allow as follows; Six or seven years ago the perpetrator thereof to flaunt it in Mr. Culvert and his wife, with one their faces. Husbands and brothers child, then a babe, lived at Missouri City, on the opposite banks of the had no response for the doctor when he appealed to them to stand shoulder river, a few miles below this city. This to shoulder with him while he took the man and wife, as is usually the case scalp from the Indian, for, knowing with newly married people, had their that the Battle-Ax was the guest of little ups and downs, their spats and Brigham, he fully realized that the minions of the priesthood would in-terfere on behalf of Lo, when the scalp quarrels-life with them was not all sunshine, but was mixed with a fair amount of blustering stormy weather. should be taken from him. A deputy During one of their domestic misunstandings, when words were running marshal said that the doctor did not high, and blows seemed imminent, Mr. have the "sand" to attempt it, but Culvert suddenly packed his knap-sack and departed for parts unknown, when an interpreter asked the Indian if the scalp was that of a white woman leaving Mrs. C. full possession, with the he was answered in the affirmative. Higadditional gratification of having the gins did not wait for the boys to co last word. From that time until a operate with him, but sailed in on his muscle and captured the scalp. A week or two past Mr. C. was never seen by those who knew him except on general street fight was imminent, for one occasion a year or two after he the Gentiles rallied to Higgins like left, when he passed through Missouri men, to prevent Huntington and his City on the cars and was seen by his crowd carrying out their threats, but wife, but gave her no sign of recogni-tion.

About three years ago Mrs. Culvert victorious. The scalp, doubtless, has believing herself deserted forever by an in her husband, and he without doubt tory. an interesting, not to say bloody hisdead and buried, married a Mr.

BLOWN PROM A TRAIN.

Brown, to whom she had become greatly attached, and with him and her One of the most remarkable escapes child, now about four years old, came to this city to live. Her second maton record, says the Worcester (Mass.) Spy, was that of a passenger on the rimonial venture proved to be a sucfast express Monday. Soon after the cessful one, and the twain lived totrain passed Charleton he attempted gether in harmony and happiness, and were blessed with children. Their to go from one car to another, and the present residence is on the corner of terrible wind actually blew him from Sixth street and Grand avenue. Last the platform. The horrified brakeman who saw the man go overboard like a week, while the family were at breakleaf in a gale, pulled the signal cord, fast, there came a knock at the door, and the train was stopped after run-ning about an eighth of a mile. The and in walked Mr. C., the original No. I husband. The No. 2 husband recogbrakeman sprang from the car and ran down the track with a red flag, when, nized him at once, and turning very pale, began to make for the back door, wonderful to tell, he met the man runintending to beat a retreat. No. 1 ning to overtake the train, and apparcomprehending at a glance the condition of things, begged No. 2 to remain, ently chiefly troubled lest the passengers should be inconvenienced by the saying that nobody but himself was to detention. He got on at the rear of the blame for the present state of affairs. take her to Heaven just as well as not, if the young lady's brown gloves should only pull the rein that way.

They rode and rode. In and out of the merry streets, through and through the singing bells, about and about the singing bells. Singing the first hust train and made his way quickly to train and made his way quickly to the seat which he had left, and and they all sat down and finished ently a number of interested passensly and embarrassing glauces from all gers, who had followed him to his place, asked so earnestly after his welparties toward each other, After a fare, that the true state of the case full explanation had ensued, the twice dawned upon his wife, and she exclaimed: "Why, was it for you the train stopped?" And he had to tell eral happy years. Mr. Culvert is

> -Glasgow, in Scotland, claims to have the tallest chimney in the world. The total height from foundation to top of coping is 468 feet, and from ground line to summit, 454 feet; outdered the world over and visited many side diameter at foundation, fifty feet; Arden, he does not propose to pine his life away for joys departed, but to en-joy all that is left for him of his forat ground surface, thirty-two feet, and at top of coping, nearly eighteen feet. The number of bricks used in the erection was 1,400,000, equal in weight to 7,000 tons. When within five feet of completion, the chimney, was struck by a gale from the notheast did own, a horse, which at one time in its life saved him an incalculable which caused it to sway seven feet nine inches off the perpendicular, and amount of money by its horse sense. The deacon says himself and wife, it stood several feet less in height than before it swayed. To bring back the while partaking of their noonday meal, were very much surprised at the accolossal shaft to its true vertical position, "eawing back" had to be resorttions of their horse, which was loose in the road near the house. It would run up to the gate, neigh vociferously, saws. The work was done from the inside. Holes were first punched through the sides to admit the saws, which we wrought alternately in each direction at the same joint on the side opposite the inclination, so that the chimney was brought back in a slightly oscillating manner. This was done at twelve different heights, and the "Gentlemen," said he, "lightning had struck a tree and set it on fire, and men discovered when they were gaining by the saws getting tightened by the flames had communicated to the the superincumbent weight,

A lady put her watch under her pillow the other night, but couldn't keep it there because its ticking disturbed her slumbers. And there, all all the time, was her bed-ticking right underneath ber, and she never thought