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Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate type (One Square, One Column, etc.) and Price.

Legal notices established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369. I. O. 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. H. M. VOGEL, Office at Lawrence House, Tionesta, Pa.

DR. J. E. BLAINE, Office and residence in house formerly occupied by Winans.

J. B. AGNEW, W. E. LATHY, AGNEW & LATHY, Attorneys at Law.

E. L. Davis, Attorney at Law, Tionesta, Pa.

MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 1st Street, TIONESTA, PA.

F. W. HAYS, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY Public, Reynolds, Hukill & Co's Block.

KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, Frankfort, Pa.

NATIONAL HOTEL, TIDIOUPE, PA. W. D. BUCKLIN, Proprietor.

ADRIAN WELLES, Proprietor. This house has been newly fitted up and is now open.

CENTRAL HOUSE, 13 ADAMS, Proprietor. This is a new house, and has just been fitted up.

TIONESTA, PA. WILLIAM LAWRENCE, Proprietor. This house is centrally located.

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER Proprietor. Opposite S. Court House, Tionesta, Pa.

C. B. Weber's Hotel, TYLERSBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER, Proprietor.

DR. J. L. ACOB, Physician and Surgeon, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors, Tobaccos, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery, etc.

HAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS, Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts. Tionesta.

D. W. CLARK, REAL ESTATE AGENT, Houses and Lots for Sale and Rent.

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL, THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Tionesta), Forest county, has been thoroughly overhauled.

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

Painting, Paper-Hanging &c., PAINTING, GRADING, CALCULATING, SIZING & VARNISHING, PAPER WRITING, PAPER HANGING, AND GARRAGE WORK.

E. H. CHASE, of Tionesta, offers his services to those in need of PAINTING, GRADING, CALCULATING, SIZING & VARNISHING, PAPER WRITING, PAPER HANGING, AND GARRAGE WORK.

W. C. COBURN, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON offers his services to the people of Forest Co.

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.

FRANK ROBBINS, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DEHING.) Pictures in every style of the art.

L. KLEIN, WATCHMAKER & JEWELER, DEALER IN Watches, Clocks, Solid and Plated Jewelry, Black Jewelry, Eye Glasses, Spectacles, Violin Strings, &c., &c.

Hiram Jenkins's Mistake.

BY CHARLES E. HURD.

Hiram Jenkins drove slowly up the hill road that led to the farm-house of Deacon Bates. It was plain to even the casual observer, that the errand he was bound upon was of no common importance.

Notwithstanding this gentle gratulation, Hiram felt the pang of disappointment and jealousy. He had not only lost his "girl" but had been cut out in the most mortifying manner by a man he held in thorough contempt.

A week passed by, and Jenny was never out of Hiram's thoughts. One day he went to the village, and while standing in front of the post office, Elnathan Rogers drove by with the Deacon's mare.

"I s'pose now he's got Jenny he thinks he's got a right to the whole property," muttered Hiram. "I wish to gracious the old mare would put her feet through the dashboard."

That night the singing-school met at the academy. Hiram came late. He used to sit with the tenors just behind Jenny Bates. Now he chose a different seat, and tried to sing bass.

"Of course he'll go home with her to-night," thought Hiram. "It'll be the first time I've missed for a year. He's welcome, though."

At intermission he kept his seat, and pretended to be very busy looking for some tune in his singing-book, which refused to be found.

The doxology closed the school at last, and there was a great bustling about the door, and an eager pushing forward among the young-men, to make sure of their favorites.

"I'll have to go around to the barn pump and wash my hands before I can go in," he said to himself. "I suppose they are having their fun in the house now. Confound it, I wish I hadn't started."

As he passed the door of the horse-barn which was partly open, he heard the sound of voices. He listened, and his heart sank as he recognized the tones of his rival, Elnathan Rogers.

"I want her bad," he was saying, "she just suits me. You can't always have her, you know, and you had better call the thing settled."

"I don't know about that," answered the Deacon doubtfully. "I had always said, come what would, I wouldn't part with Jenny. You hang on so, I don't know—"

"Say it's bargain, Deacon. I have thought it over a good while, and Jenny I must have. I'll treat her well, you may be assured of that."

The Deacon hesitated, blew his nose, and finally said: "She's got some little tricks that nobody knows nothing about but me, and I don't want to impose on a neighbor."

"Oh, pshaw! that's only an excuse, Deacon. I'm willing to risk it."

"She kicked me in the stomach last winter, and hit little Sammy not more than six weeks ago. I can show you the scar now."

"Great King!" thought Hiram, "and here I was going to pop the question this very evening. Who ever would have thought it."

"I'll take that out of her," said Elnathan, continuing the conversation. "If she so much as lifts a foot against me I'll give her a lickin' that will last her a month."

"Lick!" ejaculated Hiram to himself, astonished beyond measure. "Lick Jenny Bates! Well, this goes ahead of anything I ever heard of! and the old man doesn't say a word! What next?"

A pause ensued, which was at last broken by the Deacon: "Well, if you must have her, you must. I expect the old lady'll want something to say about it, though. She thinks as much of Jenny as I do. Won't you come into the house?"

"Not now. I've got to go down to the village before dark. I will be around some time to-morrow."

as though butter wouldn't melt in her mouth! It's just as mean, though, for the Deacon to lick, as it is for her to kick. The old hypocrite! Well, I must say I'm mightily deceived in the Deacon. I s'pose Elnathan Rogers feels cranky enough now that he's got her. I just hope she'll kick his head off. Lucky for me I overheard what I did."

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"Well!" she said, in the most freezing tone she could command. "Now, don't look and talk that way, Jenny Bates. You know I'd never have acted as I have if I hadn't thought I had good reason for it. I thought you were going to marry Rogers."

"What business had you to think any such thing?" asked Jenny, firing up. "A pretty explanation that is, and again she turned away from the gate."

"Stop! Let me tell you. Can't you listen a minute?" said Hiram, in desperation. He felt there was no other way than to make a clean breast of it, so he plunged into his story at once.

Word for word he related the conversation he had heard in the barnyard, and the effect it had upon him. He was deeply in earnest, and in closing, he humbly appealed for forgiveness. He saw her hands to her face. Poor girl, she pined him! His heart rose and his hand was upon the gate to open it, when a peal of laughter, louder and longer from being so long pent up, rang out upon the night air, almost startling him out of his boots, and waking the deacon and his wife from a sound sleep in the upper front bedroom.

Up went the window, and a night capped head was thrust out, with a demand-as to what was the matter. Still Jenny laughed, while he stood silent by the gate, angry and ashamed, not knowing whether to advance or retreat. At last Jenny spoke:

"Go home, Hiram Jenkins," said she; "say your prayers and go to sleep, and if you want to say anything more to me, come up to-morrow evening after supper. But mind, do not go listening at any horse barn on your way home," and she went off into another peal of laughter.

Hiram did not wait to say good night. Whether he slept or said his prayers that night is not recorded, but it is an established fact that eight o'clock next evening found him in Deacon Bates' parlor. The interview was a long and probably an interesting one, and its result was that before Thanksgiving the deacon had neither a Jenny in the house nor a Jenny in stable.

That was two years ago, and Hiram has since done the town some service as a selectman, and is likewise a dignified justice of the peace. But in the midst of all his dignities and honors, if he ever happens to insist upon his own way, the threat of telling about the horse barn brings him to terms at once. It is the one check to his independence, the magic charm by virtue of which Mrs. Hiram Jenkins wields the household scepter.

A young clergyman, at the first wedding he ever had, thought it was a very good time to impress upon the couple before him the solemnity of the act.

"I hope, Dennis," he said to the coachman, with his license in his hand, "you have well considered this solemn step in life."

"I hope so, your reverence," answered Dennis. "It's a very important step you're taking, Mary," said the minister.

"Yes, sir, I know it is," replied Mary, whimpering. "Perhaps we had better wait awhile."

"Perhaps we had, your reverence," chimed in Dennis. The minister, hardly expecting such a personal application of his exhortation, and seeing the five-dollar note vanishing before his eyes, betook himself to a more cheerful aspect of the situation, and said:

"Yes, of course it's solemn and important, you know, but it's a very happy time, after all, when people love each other. Shall we go on with the service?"

"Yes, your reverence," they both replied, and they were soon made one in the bonds of matrimony, and that young minister is now very careful how he brings on the solemn view of marriage to timid couples.

She was a romantic young lady, and he, her father, took a practical view of everything. She looked up from her hook in botany, and inquired: "Father, did you ever study botany?"

He was interested in his paper, and did not reply, and presently she continued: "Papa, what flowers do you prefer?"

"Flour, eh!" he replied as he looked up, "why, I always get that made from winter wheat, if I can—I think it makes better bread!"

She sighed and wished there was a young man on the other end of the sofa.

An Algerian idea is that the angel of death seizes a dying man by the hair of his head and carries him up to Paradise. Bald headed Algerians, of course, go to the other place.

"There was, some time ago, a famous English wit named Foote. Foote saw an old gentleman rowing in a boat near Kingston, and asked him what business he had in it."

"Business, sir, business," replied the old gentleman. "Do you know, sir, that this is my pleasure boat?"

"Exactly," says Foote; "and how can you have any business in a pleasure boat?"

"A good tale is told of Curran, another witty Englishman, who was once engaged in a legal argument; behind him stood his colleague, a man whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who intended to be a minister. The judge observed that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law. Then, said Curran, 'I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who was once intended for the church, though in my opinion fitter for the steeps.'"

"Another was Charles Young, who was a great practical joker. A good tale illustrative of this is the following: Young meeting a friend in a busy London thoroughfare, told him, among other things, that he was going to have a tripe supper, upon which his friend stated that he detested tripe. Young then said, in a very loud voice, 'Not like tripe! Do you mean to observe, sir, that you don't like tripe?' His poor friend, seeing a crowd attracted by such loud and unusual conversation, begged him to be quiet. But he continued the more, and the friend took to his heels—Young crying out to the crowd, 'There goes the man that don't like tripe.'"

Two old plowmen down East were once telling tough stories of their exploits in breaking up new ground. "Up to Dixmont," said one, "twenty-seven years ago this spring, I was plowing in stump ground with a team of nine pair of cattle for Sol. Cunningham; we were going along, making not very smooth work among the rocks and stumps. Well, one day the point of the plow struck against a sunk stump four feet through, split it square across the heart, and I was following the plow through, when the thought passed through my mind that the pesky stump might snap together and pinch my toes, so I just gripped the plow handles firm, swung my feet up out of the way, and the stump sprung back and caught the slack of my pantaloons. That brought everything up standing. Well, I tightened my hold, and Sim Switbin, he and Sol was drivin', they spoke to the cattle, and we snaked that stump right out by the roots, and it had awful long ones." "It must've been strainin' on your suspenders," said the other. "My wife kin'tim," was the reply.

Verily France is a wonderful country. With all the incubus of heavy war expenditures resting upon her, she cleared off her indebtedness to Germany with such ease and rapidity as to make Bismarck regret he had not asked for more. And this has been done without crippling her resources. Now the Minister of France informs the Assembly and the world that the revenue since the commencement of the present year, is \$22,000,000 in excess of the estimates. The financial vitality of France is simply without precedent.

Louisville Courier-Journal: More work for H. G. White. The expression, "Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high," is a corruption of the saying, "Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high." The hook is the note sounded by the wild goose in its flights, and is about the only music in which that graceful bird indulges. The meaningless word "hangs" should be immediately eliminated from this beautiful and popular description of the situation.

Mr. Bergh thinks that the New York slaughterers are unnecessarily cruel in the operation of killing their hogs. Why don't they put them under the influence of laughing gas, and then, when a hog returns to consciousness, he will find that during his ecstatic insensibility he has been neatly cut up into sides, shoulders, and hams, salted and packed away, and is already booked for a tour on the continent.

On one block in the western part of Detroit, says the Free Press, there are eight ladies who won't go to church on Sunday because a ninth lady has an India shawl and they have not. And the lady who has it won't go because there is no chance for her to show off the shawl before the eight, whose feelings she well understands.

Mrs. Livermore in her lecture eulogizes Wendell Phillips' devotion as a husband. But little confidence, however, can be placed in her statements, for it is the way of some women to eulogize the husbands of other women while they think their own of little account.