

MEETS every Friday evening, at 7 to o'clock, in the Hall fermerly occupied by the Good Tounglars.

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

27-tf.

TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342.

O. U. A. M. MEETS at Old Fellows' Lodge Ro. every Tuesday eventing, at 7 o'cle 8. C. JOHNSON, R. S. W. SAWXER, 6

DR. WM. FOGEL,

OFFICE at Lawrence House, Tionesta, Pa., where he can be found at all times when not prefessionally absent. 30 19

AGNEW & LATHY. Attorneys at Law, - Tionesta, Po Office on Elm Street.

May 16, 1873,-16 E. L. Davis,

A TTORNEY AT DAW, Tionesta, Collections made in this and adjuing counties. MILES W. TATE.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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W. D. EUCKLIN, - Propension.

Frist-Class fileonsed House, Good sta-

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The Forest Republican.

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GOOD WORK

that will give entisfaction to all who may favor me with their orders. L. KILEIN, 14-ly Author of "The Watch."

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL. THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Lacy-town,) Forest county, has been than-oughly overhanted and resitted in first-class order, and is now running and doing

Hiram Jenkins's Mistake.

BY CHARLES E. HURD.

Hiram Jenkins drove slowly up the hill road that led to the farm-house of Dencon Bates. It was plain to even the casual observer, that the errand he was bound upon was of no common importance. No man would have arrayed himself so gorgeously simply for the purchase of a tub of fall butter or a voke of oxen. His hair was in a state of distressing smoothness, and seemed almost a part of the glosand scemed almost a part of the glossy hat which covered it. His coat and pantaloons were marvels in their way, and his boots, which had been elaborately blacked, reflected back the rays of the setting sun in a manner perfectly bewildering to the beholder. And yet, notwithstanding his superiority in all these respects to the lilies of the field there was apparent in his action a singular sort of pervousness, a trepidition almost, which rendered his appearance at once ridiculous and awkward. This trepidition was in no wise lessened by the sudden vision of a red headed orchin watching him from the barn door, and who, vision of a red headed orchin watching him from the barn door, and who, as the team approached, with an even widening grin, sped off in the direction of the farm house and disappeared through the kitchen door. Hiram was conscious a minute or two afterwayds of being the target for a half dozen pairs of eyes through the sit-ling-room windows, and it required extraordinary strengt of mind on his part to drive past the house to the shed where the horses of all visitors were hitched. There are few more and wayd ward things to do the new town. were hitched. There are few more awkward things to do than to get out or in a carriage, when women are watching, and although Hiram had probably never thought of the fact until he had experienced its truth, as, endeavoring to spring genteelly from the buggy, his foot slipped on the wheel and be came down on his hands and knees in the dirt. His remarks as he scrambled to his feet were confined to one word, but that, though short, was the most expressive one in the English language.

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

As he pessed the door of the horse has he pessed 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 saving, "ahe 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." arewer.

"I don't know about that," acswer

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

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, Dencon. I'm willing to risk it."

"She kicked me in the stomach last winter, and bit little Sammy not more than six weeks ago. I can show you the sear 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 El-

nathan, continuing the conversation. "If she so much as lifts a foot against me I'll give her a lickin' that will last her a mouth."

"Lick!" ejaculated Hiram to him-self, as anished 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."

Hiram Jenkins waited until he saw

his successful rival climb the fence between the two farms. Then he de-liberately unbitched his horse, got in-to the wagen and drove off, never casting a look toward the window where the fair Jenoy sat in watchful house, "Don't, Jenny! Wait—walt just a his own door did he draw a long minute. I know I've acted like a fool

as though botter 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 hypecrit! Well, I must say I'm mightily deceived in the Bateses. I s'pose Eleathan Regers foels 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."

Notwithstanding this gentle gratulation, Hiram felt the pangs of disappointment and jealousy. He had not only lost his "girl!" but had been cut out in the most mortifying manner by a listen a minute?" said Hiram had a listen a minute a listen a minute?" said Hiram had a listen a minute a listen a minute

in the most mortifying manner by a man be held in thorough contempt.

man he held-in thorough contempt. He felt that even what he knew of Jenny's fanlts, it he could gain her hand he would carry her off in spite of his rival or the Deacon either.

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 Descon's mare.

"I s pose pow he's got Jenny he

Descon'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, He could not however help seeing El-Me could not however help seeing El-nathan Rogers pass peppermint lozen-gers to Jenny, and also write some-thing on the blank leaf of her singing-book, which she read and answer-

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

Effiathan Rogers was heard;

"May I see you home to-night, Miss "No, sir," was the prompt reply, "I shall watk home alone."

"Porhaps it's one of her fits," he said to himself. "The deacon said she had 'em; that nobady knew but himself. I'm glad she mittened him,

The word mitten reminded Hiram that he had left both of his at his scat in the school-room, and he step-ped back just as the candles were be-

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, hiew his nose, and flually 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."

"Tell your father he cheated me

"Tell your father he cheated me when I bought old Jenny. I thought by her name she must have been good for something, but she kicks and bites ten times worse than he ever told me, I wish now I had spoken for the Jenny in the house instead of the one in the

And the answer—
"I guess the horse is as good as you deserve. As for your choosing he twixt the two you mention, you won't be able to do that this year. You bave got the only Jonny you can ever get from my father." A light broke in upon Hiram.

"Well, of all the infernal fools I ever heard of, I am the biggest! dog would have had more sense!

is not too late yet, thank heaven.

The departing crowd stared as
Hiram, with the singing-book in his
hand, sushed down the stairs two at a
time, and up the road which led to
Dencon Bates'. If he was not too late,
her hook in botany, and inquired:
"Father, did you over study botabe was nearly so, for Jenny was just opening the gate of the front yard.

"Stop, Jenny!" he exclaimed, panting for breath. "Here is your singing book—you left it on the sent. I

trigil hard to overtake you." You need not have taken the for?

"Stop! Let me tell you. Can't you listen a minute?" min Hiram, in des-

He felt there was an 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 carnest, and in closing, he humbly appealed for forgivness. He saw her hands to her face. Poor girl, she pitied him! His heart rose and his hand was upon the rate to open it. 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 bed-

Up went the window, and a night capped head was thrust out, with a de-mand-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 re-treat. At last Jenny spoke; "Go home, Hiram Jenkins," said

she; "say your prayers and go to sleep, and if you wan; to say any-thing more to me, come up to-morrow

He's welcome, though."

At intermission be kept his seat, and pretended to be very busy looking for some tune in his singing-book, which refused to be found. Jenny did not look at him.

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. Hiram was trying to make his way through the crowd, when he found himself at the elbow of Jenny Bates, and at the same moment the hateful voice of Efhathan Rogers was heard:

thing more to me, come up to-morrow evening after supper. But mind, do not go listening at any horse barns 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 interview to down the found himself at the elbow of Jenny Bates, and at the same moment the hateful voice of Efhathan Rogers was heard:

That was two years ago, and Hiram has since done the town some service as a selectman, and is likewise a digoffied justice of the peace. But in the midst of all his dignities and honors, Hiram was totally unprepared for if he ever happens to insist upon his own way, the threat of telling about the horse barn brings him to terms at

A young elergyman, 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

"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 reserves a "answer."

"I hope so, your reverence," answer-"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 hap-py 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

He was interested in his paper, and did not reply, and presently she con-

tipued: "Papa, what flowers do you pre-

She sighed and wished there was

young man on the other end of the

Rates of Advertising.

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

"Bosinese, sir, business," replied the old gentleman. 'Do you know, sir,

that this is my pleasure beat?"
"Exactly, says Foote; and haw
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 or 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

"Another was Charles Young, who was a great practical joker. A good tale illustrative of this is the followtale 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! De 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. versation, 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. Cuming-bam: we were going along making nine pair of cattle for Sol. Cunning-ham; 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, swang my feet up out o' the way, and the stump sprung hack and catched the slack of my pantaloons. That brought everything up standing. Well, I tightened my hold, and Sint Swithin, he and Sol was drigin', they spoke to the cattle, and 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 Jenkius wields the household scoptre.

A new selection of terms at drigin, they spoke to the cattle, and we snaked that stump right out by the roots, and it had awful long ones." "It must ave been straining on your suspenders," said the other. "My wife knit them," 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 case and rapidity as to make Bumarck regret be had not asked for more. And this has been done without crippling her recourses. 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 Jt. G. White. The expression, "Excrything is lovely and the goose hange high," is a corruption of the saying, "Everything is lovely at.d the goose honks high." The houk is the note sounded by the wild goose in its flights, and is about the only media in which that graceful bird indules. in which that graceful bird indulges. The meaningless word "hangs" should be immediately climinated 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 conscious-ness, he will find that during his ecstatic insensibility he has been neat-ly 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 wen't go to church on Sunday because a ninth lady has an India shawl and they have not. trouble, Mr. Jenkins: I guess no one would have stolen it," said Jenny, ed up, "why, I always get that made there is no chance for her to show off will a great display of dignity, and from winter wheat, if I can—I think the shawl before the eight, whose feelings abow of going into the it makes better bread?"

Mrs. Livermore in her lecture eulo-gizes Wendell Phillips' devotion as a Lames, owning lands in the County.

Office in Commissioners Room, Court House, Thouse, Thouses, Thouse