

The Forest Republican.

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TIONESTA, PA., JANUARY 19, 1876.

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Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates and prices. Includes 'Rates of Advertising', 'Legal notices', and 'Job work'.

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. R. H. HASLET, Sec'y.

DR. J. E. BLAINE, OFFICE at Lawrence House, Tionesta, Pa., where he can be found at all times when not professionally absent. DR. W. M. VOGEL, OFFICE at residence in house formerly occupied Dr. Winans. Office days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, in Street, TIONESTA, PA. F. W. HAYS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY Public, Reynolds Hall & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

NATIONAL HOTEL, TIDIOUTE, PA. W. D. BUCKLIN, PROPRIETOR. FRIER-CLASS Licensed House. Good stable connected. TIONESTA HOUSE, ANDREW WELLER, Proprietor. This house was newly fitted up and is now open for the accommodation of the public.

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.

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.

Painting, Paper-Hanging &c.,

E. H. CHASE, of Tionesta, offers his services to those in need of PAINTING, GRAINING, CALCIMINING, SIZING & VARNISHING, SIGN WRITING, PAPER HANGING, AND CARRIAGE WORK.

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. No Charge for Consultation. All fees will be reasonable.

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.

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DENING.) Pictures in every style of the art. Views of the oil regions for sale or taken to order.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, ELM STREET, SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S STORE.

Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.

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



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The Darkest Hour Before Day.

"It's no use, Becky," said the little lame cobbler, dropping his head upon his hands and looking as he felt, the personification of despair. "I've offended the Lord somehow, and he won't let me have a chance to keep a home over our heads. I know I'm not at all as I ought to be, and I'm punished."

Becky went across the room and patted her husband on the back. "Now don't take on, Nick, don't," said she. "That can't be, for he knows all; knows how good you are. Better times'll come. They're sure to; and you will be rewarded for all your patience yet. The darkest hour is just before day."

"I've gin up hope, Becky," he said. "What with the rent, and bill for medicine? It was like me, to get sick just at the worst, and no work coming in; and the new shop with the gilt sign tempting folks from our shabby basement even for the mending of their old shoes. I'm crushed down. Why you are as thin and white as a ghost. You haven't tasted meat this week, Becky."

"No more have you," said Becky. "But la, why there is folks think meat unwholesome. Vegetarians, Nick, they call 'em; where I lived out once I saw one."

"I didn't like Tim," said Becky; "and I just knew how nice and cozy we'd be together. Never a quarrel, Nick. And how we used to go to Hoboken and have lemonade in the garden and come home after dark an' afternoons; and how we used to go to church on Sunday morning in clothes as good as any one's."

"Used," sighed poor Nick. "Why, it can't be up hill," said Becky. "I haven't time to go out gallanting now, but la, I don't miss it. We're steady married folks now, you know."

"Oh, Becky," said the cobbler, "you try to keep up heart, but you know it's come to starving." They looked at each other, and then Becky put her arms about her husband. She did not weep upon his bosom; she was so big and strong, and he so frail, that it only seemed natural to reverse matters. She hugged him up to her shoulders and covered his head over with her apron, and put her cheek down outside the bundle this made, and soothed and patted him as if he had been a baby. But she cried, too, and the apron was wet through in no time.

It was a bad state of things. No money, no food, no fire, and winter at its coldest. The children were sent to school breakfastless, for the sake of the warmth of the school house. No work to be had; the little cobbler as helpless as a man could be, except at his trade, and Becky's washing stopped. Heaven knew how long, by a great felon in the palm of her hand. But Becky loved the queer little mortal that she had married, so well that she stopped crying first, and kissed him between the eyes, great, frightened little blue eyes, that seemed made for crying.

"You stay at home and mind the place," she said. "I'm going out awhile. Perhaps there'll be a bit of luck—what you know?" She put on her bonnet and shawl—such a thin shawl—which had been used for an iron cloth and had an iron shaped scorch between the shoulders—and took a basket.

The cobbler looked at her. "Becky," he said hoarsely. She knew just what he meant. "The little children, Nick," she said; "we could starve—but them poor little critters. Nick, it won't seem like begging when it's for them." And then the door shut behind her, and poor Nick limped after her, as though to stop her; then paused and fairly flung himself on the floor, wishing he were in the ground beneath it.

"God forgive the man that marries a woman to starve her," he sobbed. "Why, if I'd known it would have come to this, I'd never courted her. It's time I was dead." Perhaps, being a strange, impulsive little fellow, there might have been a tragic end to this scene, but that the children came from school and began to cry—partly at the sight of their prostrate father, partly because of hunger—and Nick forgot himself to do what he could for them. He had no dinner, but he had a

great deal of love to give them, and some pieces of red kid. Only the youngest chewed the kid. And the fact that mother and the basket were gone together impressed them with the hope of provisions.

Meanwhile Becky had gone begging. It would be horrible, no doubt, she thought, to take food from strangers; but she found there was one thing even more terrible, not to take it. Door after door was slammed in her face. Once a dog was set on her, or she thought so. Professional beggars had made themselves noisances to many people, and how were they to know when real poverty asked. Men whom they pitied as paupers proved to be owners of real estate. Cripples and blind men whom they had aided were found to have bound up strong limbs and glued their eyes together—so they were hard on real distress and refused it broken bread. At six that evening Becky stood at a street corner with one crust in her basket—no more.

Beyond lay a pawnbroker's shop, and Becky looked at its golden balls and her wedding-ring. She had worn it fifteen years and it was thin and frail, but pure gold. Through all she had kept it until now. Must it go? The thought was worse than begging. Becky took a step forward, another back. Then she began to cry a little. Nick's ring that he had put on her hand so long ago—oh dear!

But she grew brave again and walked into the shop, and pawned the ring. It was not very much they gave her for it, but it would buy supper and perhaps Nick would not notice, and perhaps she could get it back. That was a very faint "perhaps," however. A woman was in the pawnshop as she waited bargaining with the proprietor over a suit of little girl's clothing—costly things, strangely out of place in her hands. Becky noticed this, saying to herself that they were never fairly come by. But she had forgotten all about it when, coming out of the banker's a little voice fell on her ear, and looking down, saw a barefooted child of four, in wretched rags, sobbing so very piteously. Becky was soft of heart, but in poor quarters crying children are common enough, and her own were waiting for the loaves in the basket. She ran on hastily and so upset the toddler. Then Becky needs stop and pick her up.

"Why don't you go home to your mother this night time," she said, "and not stand around here?" And a little silver voice answered, "I can't find mamma. I can't find my home. Where is mamma?" Becky knelt down. A white head of crumpled curls, and a pair of blue eyes and swimming tears, she could just make out.

"I'll take you home—only say where," she said. But the child could tell nothing. It was plainly lost. Becky took it in her arms and made inquiry at the corner grocery, where she bought a slice of ham; but no one knew the child. It was growing late, too, and Becky would not leave the child to its fate.

"I'll take it home," said she "and to-morrow find its folks." So when the cobbler and his children saw the door open at last, there entered by it, not only their mother and a basket, but a baby also. A new baby came frequently to that establishment; and the children, in their view of such matters, opined they had another little sister.

"It's a poor lost child," said Becky. "I'm going to keep it to-night. Its parents are poorer than we are, you can see by its bare feet and one little frock, poor thing! Now hold her, while I cook supper. I didn't beg it, Nick, so don't fret."

And then, keeping her ring-finger out of sight, Becky fried the ham, and made gravy, and out bread, and sent for two cents worth of milk—which judiciously diluted made a quart of milk and water, and tried to be very cheerful.

The lost child cried. But Becky fed it, and so coaxed it to talk. Then came a story of a "bee deas" and a "nassy woman."

The youngest, who had chewed the red kid, acted as interpreter. Soon it was discovered that some woman, described as "nassy" had taken away the child's blue dress, and other garments, and then had whipped her. Becky listened intently. "That dress was blue, Nick," she cried. "I knew it wasn't hers—a tipsy, ragged woman; and folks that own them don't come pawning. I—"

Then she paused—the secret was out. Nick's eye had glanced toward the wedding-ring and back again to her face. "Oh, Becky!" he cried. "Becky, we don't think." Becky flushed scarlet. "I didn't mean to tell," she said, "but it's out; but I'm married all the same, thank God."

"It was at a pawnshop, I saw the blue dress." And she told them of the woman she had watched and her suspicions.

"The child has been stole, Nick," she said. "It's a gawtel child, you can see; and if we can only find its name out we may save some one trouble we've never had. Think of one of ours being gone all night, Nick!"

The baby's name seemed to be Minnie Smith, though "Minnie" might be anything else; and putting the little children to bed, all in a row, like the little ogres in fairy tales, sure that they had no crowns on, Nick and his wife started for the pawnbroker's.

The man was good-natured, and looked at the garments. They were marked "M. S."

"I'm right then," said Becky. "They are the child's and they've been stole; and if we can but find its poor mother, we'll save her more than any but a mother can tell."

"But think of all the Smiths," said the pawnbroker. "There's thousands of 'em." "And thousands," said Becky. "But these men—the police—they may know."

And out went Nick and Becky to question the policemen, until at last despairing of answers, they were turning homeward, when a blaze of light from an open door fell over them, and they saw on the steps a weeping woman and a tall, handsome man.

"Hush; we will find her if she is alive!" said the man. "My precious little Minnie," cried the woman. Then Nick and Becky gave a sort of little cheer in unison.

"It's them," said Becky; "them certain sure. Oh, mum, if your name is Smith, and you've lost a little girl, we've found her."

And Nick and Becky forgot their own trouble in the parents' joy. And Nick said it was like poetry, and Becky said it was like a play.

And so it was—one with a happy ending—for what should the lady do but beg and pray Becky to tell her what she would like best, and Becky confessed that to have her wedding ring back was the hope of her life; and this led to the cause of its pawning and all the story of poverty and sorrow. Then the dark hours ended and day broke; and there was food and fire; and as it happened that baby Minnie's father needed just such an honest man for work as poor Nick could do, he gave the place to the cobbler, and from that day there was enough and to spare in the little home because of the simple goodness shown to the baby Minnie.

"So it's never time thrown away to do a kindness to any one," says Becky very often, "for somehow you are always rewarded for it. If I had left the little lost beggar's child, as I thought it, in the street, and never stopped to care for it, as I might have done in such trouble, where would Nick have been and the children and me this night? Not that I did anything but what a Christian ought, but see how we are paid for it."

Somebody interviewed George Francis Train, and the latter said: "Do you see these hands? See the blood run into them! There's health for you—all comes from vegetable diet, sir. No meat for me. I eat nothing but vegetables. Vegetables make muscle, sinew, strength, manhood." "Yes, George," said his auditor, "you're right. Meat is weakening. I always notice that all the strong animals live on vegetables. There's the weak lion and panther, and tiger—they live on vegetables; and there's the sturdy sheep, the goose, the calf, and the jackass—they live on meat entirely. They—" "It always makes me mad to talk to an infernal fool!" said Train, coloring up, while he turned on his heel and left in a huff.

THE CURE FOR GOSSIP.

What is the cure for gossip? Simply culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their neighbors because, and only because, they have nothing else to talk about. As we write, there comes to us a picture of a family of young ladies. We have seen them at home, we have met them in galleries of art, we have caught glimpses of them going from a book store, or a library, with a fresh volume in their hands. When we meet them, they are full of what they have seen and read. They are brimming with questions. One topic of conversation is dropped only to give place to another, in which they are interested. We have left them, after a delightful hour stimulated and refreshed; and during the whole hour not a neighbor's garment was soiled by so much as a touch. They had something to talk about. They knew something and wanted to know more. They could listen as well as they could talk. To speak freely of a neighbor's doings and belongings would have seemed an impertinence to them, and of course, an impropriety. They had no temptation to gossip, because the doings of their neighbors formed a subject very much less interesting than those which grew out of their knowledge and their culture.

And this tells the whole story. The confirmed gossip is either malicious or ignorant. The one variety needs a change of heart and the other a change of pasture. Gossip is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is a low, frivolous, and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. Neighbors are made enemies by it for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease, which is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may.

A PET LAMB FOR THE CHILDREN.

Judge Pitman, a short time ago, bought a pet lamb for his children to play with. It was a pretty good-sized lamb, and strong and vigorous; but the Judge said he preferred that kind, because he said the children would be less likely to hurt it. On the day that it came home they turned it out into the front yard, where it strayed about nibbling the grass, while the Judge tied up his geraniums. Mrs. Pitman had the children in the house, and she was reading to them from a book a description of the characteristics of lambs.

The account said that "The lamb is one of the most playful and innocent of animals. So kind and meek is it that its name has for centuries been the synonym of gentleness and sweetness of disposition. It never injures any one, and when it is attacked it always suffers humbly and in silence. There is something so beautiful about the gentle little animal, that—"

Just at this point Mrs. Pitman was interrupted by the voice of the Judge coming from the front yard. It sounded as if he were in distress of some kind. The whole family flew out upon the porch, and then they saw that the pet lamb, whose name was the synonym of gentleness, engaged in butting the Judge. It would butt him in the rear and knock him over, and then it would butt him on the legs, and batter him on the ribs, and plunge its head into his stomach, and jam its skull against his chest.

When he rose it butted his shins, and when he stooped over to rub them it butted his head. Then it butted him generally whenever a chance presented itself; and when it had doubled the Judge all up under the Norway maple, it butted down three rose bushes, butted a plaster garden vase to fragments, butted two palings off the fence, and danced off down the street, butting at tree boxes, the hitching posts and Northwest wind. That lamb was served up for dinner next day, and now the Pitman children stick to kittens as regular pets.

A lady called upon her milliner the other day to get the character of her servant. The respectable appearance of the latter was beyond question. "But is she honest?" asked the lady. "I am not so certain about that," replied the milliner. "I have sent her to you with my bill a dozen times and she has never yet given me the money."

The wonderful man in Detroit who puzzles the doctors by being able to make his heart shift sides can rest assured that he will be beautifully cut up as soon as he dies. A good many New Yorkers leave the straight and narrow path to walk in the Broadway.