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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.

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NEBRASKA GRIST MILL, THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Lacytown), Forest county, has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted in first-class order.

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

SARA, THE PRINCESS, Facsimile of a Celebrated Oil Painting by BROCHART, in 21 oil-colors—size 17x22 inches.

MEMBRANOUS CROUP.

Well, to go back to where I was before I digressed to explain to you how that frightful and incurable disease, membranous croup, was ravaging the town and driving all mothers mad with terror.

"Precious, where is the harm in it?" said she, but at the same time preparing to take away the stick—for women cannot receive even the most palpably judicious suggestion without arguing it; that is, married women.

"My wife's hand paused, in the act of taking the stick, and returned itself to her lap. She bristled perceptibly, and said:

"Hubby, you know better than that. You know you do. Doctors all say that turpentine in pine wood is good for weak back and the kidneys."

"Ah! I was under a misapprehension. I did not know that the child's kidneys and spine were affected, and that the family physician had recommended—"

"Who said that the child's spine and kidneys were affected?"

"My love, you intimated it."

"The idea! I never intimated anything of the kind."

"Why, my dear, it hasn't been two minutes since you said—"

"Butter what I said! I don't care what I did say. There isn't any harm in the child's chewing a bit of pine stick if she want's to, and you know it perfectly well. And she shall chew it, too! So there, now!"

"Say no more, my dear. I now see the force of your reasoning, and I will go and order two or three cords of the best pine wood to-day. No child of mine shall want while I—"

"Oh, please go along to your office, and let me have some peace. A body can never make the simplest remark but you must take it up and go to arguing, and arguing, and arguing till you don't know what you are talking about, and you never do."

"Very well, it shall be as you say. But there is a want of logic in your last remark which—"

However she was gone with a flourish before I could finish, and had taken the child with her. That night at dinner she confronted me with a face as white as a sheet.

"O Mortimer, there's another! Little George Gordon is taken."

"Membranous croup?"

"Is there any hope for him?"

"None in the wide world. Oh, what is to become of us?"

By and by our nurse brought in our Penelope to say good-night and offer the customary prayer at the mother's knee. In the midst of "Now I lay me down to sleep" she gave a slight cough. My wife fell back like one stricken with death. But the next moment she was up and running away with the activeness which terror inspires.

She commanded that the child's crib be removed from the nursery to our bed-room; and she went along to see the order executed. She took me with her, of course. We got matters arranged with speed. A cot bed was put up in my wife's dressing-room for the nurse. But now Mrs. McWilliams said we were too far away from the other baby, and what if he were to have the symptoms in the night—and she blanched again, poor thing.

We then restored the crib and the nurse to the nursery, and put up a bed for ourselves in a room adjoining.

Presently, however, Mrs. McWilliams said, suppose the baby should catch it from Penelope? This thought struck a new panic to her heart, and the tribe of us could not get the crib out of the nursery again fast enough to satisfy my wife, though she assisted in her own person and well-nigh pulled the crib to pieces in her frantic hurry.

We moved down-stairs, but there was no place to stow the nurse, and Mrs. McWilliams said the nurse's experience would be an inestimable help. So we returned, bag and baggage, to our own bed-rooms once more, and felt a great gladness, like storm-buffed birds that have found their nest again.

Mrs. McWilliams sped to the nursery to see how things were going on there. She was back in a moment with a new dread. She said:

"What can make the baby sleep so?"

I said: "Why, my darling, baby always sleeps like a graven image."

"I know, I know; but there's something peculiar about his sleep now. He seems to—he seems to breathe so regularly. Oh, this is dreadful!"

"But my dear, he always breathes regularly."

"Oh, I know it, but there's something dreadful about it now. His nurse is too young and inexperienced. Maria shall stay there with her, and be on hand if anything happens."

"That's a good idea; but who will help you?"

"You can help me all I want. I wouldn't allow anybody to do anything but myself, anyhow, at such a time as this."

I said I would feel mean to lie abed and sleep, and leave her to watch and toil over our little patient all the weary night. But she reconciled me to it. So old Maria departed and took up her ancient quarters in the nursery.

Penelope coughed twice in her sleep. "Oh, why don't the doctor come? Mortimer, this room is too warm. This room is certainly too warm. Turn off the register—quick!"

I shut it off, glancing at the thermometer at the same time, and wondering to myself if 70 was too warm for a sick child.

The coachman arrived from downtown now, with the news that our physician was ill and confined to a bed. Mrs. McWilliams turned a dead eye upon me, and said in a dead voice: "There is Providence in it. It is fore-ordained. He never was sick before. Never. We have not been living as we ought to live. Mortimer, time and time again I have told you so. Now you see the result. Our child will never get well. Be thankful if you can forgive yourself. I never can forgive myself."

I said, without intent to hurt, but with heedless choice of words, that I could not see that we had been living such an abandoned life.

"Mortimer! Do you want to bring the judgment upon baby, too?" Then she began to cry, but suddenly exclaimed: "The doctor must have sent medicines!"

I said: "Certainly; they are here. I was only waiting for you to give me a chance."

"Well, do give them to me! Don't you know that every moment is precious now? But what is the use in sending medicines when he knows that the disease is incurable?"

I said that while there was life there was hope.

"Hoped Mortimer, you know no more what you are talking about than the child unborn. If you—As I live, the directions say give one teaspoonful every hour! Once an hour!—as if we had a whole year before us to save the child! Mortimer please please hurry. Give the poor perishing thing a table-spoonful, and try to be quick!" "Why, my dear, a table-spoonful might—"

"Don't drive me frantic! There, there, there, my precious, my own; it's nasty, bitter stuff, but it's good for Nelly—good for mother's precious darling; and it will make her well. There, there, there, put the little head on mamma's breast and go to sleep, and pretty soon—Oh I know she can't live till morning! Mortimer, a table-spoonful every half-hour will—"

Oh, the child needs belladonna, too; I know she does—and scotch. Get them, Mortimer. Now do let me have my way. You know nothing about these things."

We now went to bed, placing the crib close to my wife's pillow. All this turmoil had worn upon me, and within two minutes I was something more than half asleep. Mrs. McWilliams roused me:

"Darling, is that register turned on?"

"No."

"I thought as much. Please turn it on at once. This room is cold."

I turned it on and presently fell asleep again. I was roused once more.

"Dearie, would you mind moving the crib to your side of the bed? It is nearer the register."

I moved it, but had a collision with the rug and woke up the child. I dozed off once more while my wife quieted the sufferer. But in a little while these words came murmuring remotely through the fog of my drowsiness:

"Mortimer, if we only had some goose-grease—will you ring?"

I climbed drearily out and stepped on a cat, which responded with a protest, and which had got a convincing kick for it if a chair had not got it instead. "Now Mortimer, why do you want to turn up the gas and wake up the child again?" "Because I want to see how much I am hurt, Caroline."

"Well, look at the chair, too—I have no doubt it is ruined. Poor cat suppose you had—"

"Now, I am not going to suppose anything about the cat. It never would have occurred if Maria had been allowed to stay here and attend to

these duties, which are in her line, and not in mine."

"Now, Mortimer, I should think you would be ashamed to make a remark like that. It is a pity if you cannot do the few little things that I ask of you at such an awful time as this, when our child—"

"There, there, I will do anything you want. But I can't raise anybody with this bell. They're all gone to bed. Where is the goose-grease?"

"On the mantle-piece in the nursery. If you'll step there and speak to Maria—"

I fetched the goose-grease and went to sleep again. Once more I was called.

"Mortimer, I so hate to disturb you, but the room is still too cold for me to try to apply this stuff. Would you mind lighting the fire? It is all ready to touch a match to."

I dragged myself out and lit the fire, and then sat down disconsolate.

"Mortimer, don't sit there and catch your death of cold. Come to bed."

As I was stepping in she said: "But wait a minute. Please give the child some more of the medicine."

Which I did. It was medicine which made a child more or less lively; so my wife made use of its waking interval to strip it and grease it all over with goose-oil. I was soon asleep once more, but once more I had to get up.

"Mortimer, I feel a draft. I feel it distinctly. There is nothing so bad for this disease as a draft. Please move the crib in front of the fire."

I did it and collided with the rug again, which I threw into the fire. Mrs. McWilliams sprang out of bed and rescued it and we had some words. I had another short interval of sleep and then got up, by request, and constructed a flax-seed poultice. This was placed upon the child's breast and left there to do its healing work.

A wood fire is not a permanent thing. I got up every twenty minutes and renewed ours, and this gave Mrs. McWilliams an opportunity to shorten the times of giving the medicines by ten minutes, which was a great satisfaction to her. Now and then, between times, I recognized the flaxseed poultices, and applied sinapisms and other blisters where unoccupied places could be found upon the child. Well, toward morning the wood gave out, and my wife wanted more. I said:

"My dear, it is a laborious job, and the child must be nearly warm enough with her extra clothing. Now, mightn't we put on another layer of poultices and—"

I did not finish because I was interrupted. I logged wood up from below for some little time, and then in and fell to snoring as only a man can whose strength is all gone and whose soul is worn out. Last at broad daylight I felt a grip on my shoulder that brot me to my senses suddenly. My wife was glaring down on me and gasping. As soon as she command her tongue she said:

"It's all over! All over! The child's perspiring! What shall we do?"

"Mercy, how you terrify me! I don't know what we ought to do. Maybe if we scraped her and put her in the draft again—"

"Oh, idiot! There is not a moment to lose. Go for the doctor. Go yourself. Tell him he must come, dead or alive."

I dragged that poor, sick man from his bed and brought him. He looked at the child and said she was not dying. This was unspeakable to me, but it made my wife as mad as if he had offered a personal affront. Then he said the child's cough was only caused by some trifling irritation or other in the throat. At this I thought my wife had a mind to show him the door. Now the doctor said he would make the child cough harder and dislodge the trouble. So he gave her something that sent her into a spasm of coughing, and presently up came a little wood splinter or so.

"This child has no membranous croup," said he.

"She has been chewing a bit of pine shingle or something of the kind, and got some little slivers in her throat. They won't do her any hurt."

"No," said I. "I can well believe that. Indeed, the turpentine that is in them is very good for certain sorts of diseases that are peculiar to children. My wife will tell you so."

But she did not. She turned away in disdain, and left the room; and since that time there is one episode in our life which we never refer to. Hence the tide of our days flows by in deep and untroubled serenity.—Mark Twain.

They are going to explode 50,000 lbs. of nitro-glycerine at Hell Gate next year, say the New York papers. It is not wide enough at present to accommodate the travel from New York and Brooklyn.

HER LOVE HAD WANED.

They came out of a Michigan avenue grocery, carrying a big jug, and as they reached the walk he said:

"Now Dolly, you carry the jug and give me the quarter of a pound of tea."

"I'd like to see myself!" she replied. "Dolly, do you want to see your husband lugging an old brown jug through the streets of the metropolis—do you want others to see me?"

"Come along with that jug?" she impatiently exclaimed.

"Dolly, there's a gallon of molasses in here, and we know it, but everybody else will think it's whisky if I carry it."

"Let 'em think."

"Dolly, if you love me you will carry the jug."

"I won't carry it."

"Then I won't! I've got twice as much character to sustain as you have."

"Sustain it, then," she said as she started for the wagon around the corner.

He called to her, but she did not answer. Giving the big jug a terrific swing into the air, he let go his hold and it came down with an awful crash.

"Lasses is nothing to principle!" he explained to the little crowd, and then followed on after Dolly.

How to cook Oatmeal.—first, be sure to get new, fresh oatmeal, as if it becomes damp or old it is bitter. Put one quart of water into a tinned stewpan, salt sufficient to be palatable; stir in carefully, so as not to have it lumpy, three or four handfuls of oatmeal. Put it over the fire and stir it continually until it has swollen all it will, using care not to have it burn on the bottom. When it has swollen all it will, add more water, and leave it cooking for several hours—the longer the better—and the longer it is cooked the softer and more jelly-like it becomes. Having the stewpan in another kettle of hot water prevents it burning on the bottom, and you are relieved from constant stirring. It is good with milk, syrup or sweetened milk, or even with butter alone.

Food for horses.—I once came near losing a valuable horse from feeding him dry hay and with nothing loosing. I have never believed in dosing a horse with medicine, but something is actually necessary in keeping in the right condition. Many use powders, but potatoes are better, and safer, and cheaper, if fed judiciously. If those who are not in the habit of feeding potatoes to horses will try them, they will be astonished at the result. I have known a horse changed from a lazy, dumpy one, to a quick, active, headstrong animal, in five days, by simply adding two quarts of potatoes to his feed daily. If very much corn meal is fed, they do not need so many potatoes. Too many potatoes are weakening, and so are to many apples.—Country Gentleman.

A Lecturer once enumerated the qualifications of a good wife in the following antithesis of "To be and not to be." She should be like three things, and yet she should not be like those three things. First, she should be like a snail, always keep within her own house, but should not be like a snail, and carry all she has upon her back. Secondly, she should be like an echo, to speak when she is spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word. Thirdly, she should be like a town clock, always keep time and regularity; but she should not be like a town-clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

It is a great year for the old man. Grandfathers who have been neglected and made to feel that they were in the way, and wished they were dead, who have long been thrust away, in the kitchen and left to mumble to themselves in the chimney corner, are astonished by being brushed up every evening and brought into the parlor, where they are shown off to the company as Centennial relics. "Grandfather, you knew Washington, didn't you?" screams a grand-daughter in his ear, for he is very deaf. "Yes, yes," says grandfather, "the Gin'ral borer'd a chew terbaccer of me many and many a time!" The old man is going to Philadelphia, sure.

When "Spivins," now of Mounts-ville, W. Va., was city editor of the Wheeling Register, he wrote one evening: "To-day is the anniversary of Louis Phillips." When the proof came up the name read "Sam Phillips." "Spiv," thought a mere note of the mistake would do, so he wrote on the margin: "Who the h—ll is Sam Phillips?" Next morning the item came out: "To-day is the anniversary of the death of Sam Phillips. Who the h—ll is Sam Phillips?" "Spiv," didn't say a word about it to anybody.