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Table with 2 columns: Advertisement type and Rate. Includes 'Rates of Advertising' and 'Legal notices at established rates.'

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Advertisement for TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening...

Advertisement for DR. WM. VOGEL, Office at Lawrence House, Tionesta, Pa.

Advertisement for DR. J. E. BLAINE, Office and residence in house formerly occupied Dr. Winans...

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

Advertisement for E. L. Davis, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa.

Advertisement for MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa.

Advertisement for NATIONAL HOTEL, TIDIOUTE, PA. W. D. BUCKLIN, Proprietor.

Advertisement for CENTRAL HOUSE, BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, L. AGNEW, Proprietor.

Advertisement for FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER Proprietor, Opposite Court House...

Advertisement for DR. J. L. ANOMB, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience...

Advertisement for MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS, Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts., Tionesta.

Advertisement for W. C. COBURN, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON offers his services...

Painting, Paper-Hanging &c.,

E. H. CHASE, of Tionesta, offers his services to those in need of PAINTING, GRADING, CALCIMINING...

MRS. C. M. HEATH, DRESSMAKER, Tionesta, Pa. MRS. HEATH has recently moved to this place...

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DENING.) Pictures in every style of the art...

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

M. CARPENTER, Proprietor. Pictures taken in all the latest styles of the art.



L. KLEIN, WATCHMAKER & JEWELER, DEALER IN Watches, Clocks, Solid and Plated Jewelry...

Will examine and repair Fine English, Swiss or American Watches...

GUARANTEE, that any work undertaken by me will be done in such a manner and at such prices for...

GOOD WORK, that will give satisfaction to all who may favor me with their orders.

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

SARA, THE PRINCESS, Facsimile of a Celebrated Oil Painting by BLOCHART...

"She's Only A Dependent."

Adaline Reynolds sat alone in one of the many rooms of her uncle's splendid city mansion...

It was her cousin Clara's birth night, and when Clara had been asked who Adaline was, the cruel answer was...

Adaline had heard the contemptuous reply, and hence she was alone and weeping.

Adaline sat, her eyes rested on the silvery moon, which was shedding its light full upon her upturned face...

When she arose the guests were departing, for she could hear the carriages as they rolled away...

Her he saw just verging into womanhood. Another vision passed before him, his now proud, aristocratic wife...

He had heard Clara, the eldest, but the evening before, say that Adaline was only a dependent...

While he sat thus, recalling the past, two soft arms stole around his neck, and a sweet voice said...

Again she murmured the words of the night before, "I will win a name for his sake..."

The names of Lena soon found its way out in the literary world. No one suspected, however that Lena, the gifted poetess, was Adaline Reynolds...

Three years passed, Adaline was still with Mrs. Westbrook, for although she had long since graduated with the highest honors...

A new light had dawned upon her also, she loved with a true woman's heart, and was beloved in return...

Adaline, on her part, knew not yet that Mr. Edward Stanley was sometimes called the Hon. Edward Stanley...

She had met him as Mrs. Westbrook's cousin, during a visit he had made to her preceptor...

She was seated in a pleasant reverie, when she was interrupted by the servant girl, telling her that an old gentleman wished to see her...

"Never, never, will I forget your kindness to the poor orphan. I would not have been what I am now, if it had not been for your generosity..."

When Mr. Howard returned to the city, Adaline accompanied him, but she did not go to his mansion...

It was soon noised about that the gifted and beautiful Lena was in the city, and her true name came out at a grand ball...

Time passed, Mr. Howard lay on his death-bed, prostrated by a sudden and mortal disease.

Adaline had flown to nurse him, for Clara had eloped with a worthless adventurer. Edward Stanley was also there.

leaving her two daughters, now all most penniless, to the poor cousin's care.

It was a bright and beautiful morn in the early spring, when Lena, the gifted and beautiful, stood before the altar...

There, too, were Emma and Annie, looking happily on, while Mrs. Westbrook smiled her congratulations.

Little children strewed flowers in the pathway of the bride as she returned to her carriage.

Edward Stanley not only took his wife, but her two dependent cousins. Adaline did not look upon them as such, however, but treated them as sisters.

But where was Clara all this time? for three years she was not heard from. But one dark winter's night, a pale woman in tattered garments, might be seen wending her way down to the Hon. Edward Stanley's beautiful residence...

Clara had come home to Adaline's to die, a deserted, heart-broken wife. All that could be done, was done to restore her, but in vain.

Adaline's voice soothed her in her wildest words of delirium, and it was Adaline's voice that convinced her she could yet be saved.

Clara died a true Christian, with the words: "Father, mother; I come." Thus the proud, contemptuous beauty owed her last comforts, nay, even her escape from a pauper's grave...

A French money lender complained to Baron Rothschild that a nobleman to whom he had loaned ten thousand francs had gone off and left no acknowledgment of the debt...

TAKE IT OUT OF THAT.

He was a long, slim man, with every appearance of hard times, and a long nose on his face. He went into a saloon on Main street, Detroit, and said to the bar-keeper:

"Prepare me a glass of the cheerful invigorator." The bar-keeper looked him all over, looked at his clothes, and answered:

"First allow my eyes to rest upon the complexion of your currency." "In my purse I have numerous and various denominations of the currency of our realm, with which I will cheerfully requite you, when I have partaken of your refreshments..."

"They tell me that in one of our Western cities, divers wicked men have been engaged in the fraudulent manufacture of this article. Is it so?" The bar-keeper said he believed it was...

"Yes, I know; but just pay me for that glass of whiskey, and then you can bounce," broke in the bar-keeper, angrily.

"Peace, my friend," said the long man. "You ask of me that which is utterly beyond the bounds of possibility."

"Do you mean to say that you haven't any money?" inquired the bar-keeper, the short hair on the back of his head standing out horizontally.

"Talk about your hunting in America! Why, it aren't nothing to what you find in Africa." "Did you ever go hunting in Africa?" said one of his listeners.

"Why, of course." "What kind of game did you get?" "Elephants, lions, tigers, zebras, and other animals." "Gracious! It must be exciting sport hunting lions."

"Well, when he seen that tiger up there, he began to roar. Lord, how he did roar! It shook the very ground. It shook the tree where the tiger was hiding away, and he clung on, and clung on, and clung on, but he couldn't stand it; and him-bye, down he fell, and the lion jist ate him up."