

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.,  
S. H. HASLET, Sec'y.

TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342

O. U. A. M.

MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room,  
every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock.  
P. M. CLARK, C.,  
S. A. VARNER, R. S.

DR. W. M. FOGEL,

OFFICE opposite Lawrence House, Tionesta,  
Pa., where he can be found at  
all times when not professionally absent.

DR. J. E. BLAINE,

OFFICE and residence in house formerly  
occupied by Dr. Winans. Office days,  
Wednesdays and Saturdays.

J. B. AGNEW, W. E. LATHY,

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

May 16, 1875.

E. L. Davis,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa.  
Collections made in this and adjoining  
counties.

MILES W. TATE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Tionesta, Pa.

F. W. Hays,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY  
Public, Reynolds, Makill & Co.'s  
Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

KINNEAR & SMILEY,

Attorneys at Law, - Frankfort, Pa.  
PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango,  
Crawford, Forest, and adjoining  
counties.

NATIONAL HOTEL,

TIDIOUTE, PA.  
W. D. BUCKLIN, - PROPRIETOR.  
First-Class Licensed House. Good sta-  
ble connected.

Tionesta House,

ANDREW WELLS, Proprietor. This  
house has been newly fitted up and is  
now open for the accommodation of the  
public. Charges reasonable.

CENTRAL HOUSE,

BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, L.  
AGNEW, Proprietor. This is a new  
house, and has just been fitted up for  
the accommodation of the public. A portion  
of the patronage of the public is solicited.

Lawrence House,

TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAW-  
RENCE, Proprietor. This house  
is centrally located. Everything new and  
well furnished. Superior accommodations  
and strict attention given to guests.  
Vegetables and Fruits of all kinds served  
in their season. Sample room for Com-  
mercial Agents.

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. A portion of the public patronage  
is respectfully solicited.

Dr. J. L. Acomb,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has  
had fifteen years' experience in a large  
and successful practice, will attend all  
Professional Calls. Office in his Drug and  
Grocery Store, located in Tidouite, near  
Tidouite House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND

A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors  
Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints,  
Oils, Cutlery, all of the best quality, and  
will be sold at reasonable rates.

DR. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced

Physician and Druggist from New York,  
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put up accurately.

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MAY, PARK & CO.,  
BANKERS  
Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts. Tionesta,  
Pa.  
Bank of Discount and Deposit.  
Interest allowed on Time Deposits.  
Collections made on all the Principal points  
of the U. S.  
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W. C. COBURN, M. D.,

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. Dr. Co-  
burn makes a specialty of the treatment  
of Nasal, Throat, Lung and all other  
Chronic or lingering diseases. Having  
investigated all scientific methods of cur-  
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systems, he will guarantee relief or a cure  
in all cases where a cure is possible. No  
charge for Consultation. All fees will be  
reasonable. Professional visits made at  
all hours. Parties at a distance can con-  
sult him by letter.

Office and Residence 1st door east of  
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FELL CEILING for rooms in place of  
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For samples, address O. J. FAY, Camden,  
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PAINTING,  
GRAINING,  
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SIGN WRITING,  
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AND CARPENTRY WORK.

Work promptly attended to and  
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Mr. Chase will work in the country  
when desired.

MRS. C. M. HEATH,  
DRESSMAKER, Tionesta, Pa.

MRS. HEATH has recently moved to  
the 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. She is prepared to make all  
kinds of dresses in the latest styles, and  
guarantee satisfaction. Stamping for braiding  
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(in BOVARD & CO.'S Store, Tionesta, Pa.)

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WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,  
DEALER IN  
Watches, Clocks, Solid and Plated  
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pertaining to fine watches.

All Work Warranted.

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.

L. KLEIN,  
Author of "The Watch."

### NEBRASKA GRIST MILL.

THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Lacy-  
town,) Forest county, has been thor-  
oughly overhauled and refitted in first-  
class order, and is now running and doing  
all kinds of

CUSTOM GRINDING.  
FLOUR, AND OATS.

FED. Constantly on hand, and sold at the very  
lowest figures.

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"A Woman fair to look upon."

### SARA, THE PRINCESS.

Facsimile of a Celebrated Oil Painting by  
BROCHART, in 21 oil-colors—size 17x22  
inches. The royal beauty of face and  
form, rich Oriental costume, romantic  
Eastern landscape background, with its  
well-palm trees, rocks, tents, and long  
stretch of desert and distant boundary  
of mountains, combine to form a rare and  
lovely picture. It would grace the walls  
of any public or private gallery. Can-  
vassers are wild over it, and are compet-  
ing for the Cash Premiums. Send for our  
splendid offer. Address,  
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### THE LONG PACK.

"Auntie, tell me a story," I said, as  
I sat with my maiden relative in a  
huge tapestried apartment in a ram-  
bling old-fashioned house in the coun-  
try.

"What kind of a story do you want,  
Harry?" she asked, "grave or gay,  
true or untrue, pleasant or sad? For  
my life has been long and my experi-  
ences many," she added, as she gazed  
dreamily and thoughtfully into the  
fire that blazed on the hearth before us.

"Oh, something harrowing and  
thrilling, fearful and shocking, and  
above all, true—there's a dear aunt!"  
I exclaimed as I drew near her side  
and gazed shudderingly around the  
large, gloomy room.

A little pause ensued, while auntie  
gazed meditatively into the fire, and I  
watched her face in eager hope of the  
exciting tale that was coming.

I was about sixteen (Aunt Betsy be-  
gan at last) when I was invited to go  
and stay with some relatives in Sussex,  
whom I had never seen. My life in  
this old house—where I was born and  
have lived all my days—was some-  
what monotonous. I was a lively girl  
then and, with delight at the prospect  
of a change of scene, I looked anx-  
iously for my parents' permission to  
accept the invitation. After some deli-  
beration the desired permission was  
given; so, early one morning, accom-  
panied by my father, I set out in high  
spirits for my destination, arriving  
there in the pleasant twilight of an  
autumn evening. Our friends gave us  
a cordial reception. Squire and Mrs.  
Oldham were staid, good-tempered,  
rather elderly people, and their two  
daughters—girls of eighteen or twenty-  
two—were as merry and as wild as I could  
desire. Their names were Mildred  
and Janet. The house, standing on  
its own grounds, and surrounded by  
leafy trees, was old and spacious with  
many long corridors and passages, and  
pleats of rooms of all sizes and de-  
scriptions. I can recall so well the  
great entrance hall. It was of im-  
mense size and gloomy, and from it  
ascended a wide staircase which led  
to an open gallery above. During  
my stay with my Sussex friends Mr.  
and Mrs. Oldham went to spend a few  
days at a gentleman's house a few  
miles distant from their own, and it  
was while they were absent that the  
alarming occurrence I am about to re-  
late to you took place. The house-  
hold consisted of the butler and four  
maid servants. The coachman, who  
lived in a cottage on the grounds  
about a quarter of a mile distant, was  
now absent with his master and mis-  
tress. The butler was a pompous,  
stately, middle-aged man, given some-  
what to patronizing, though always  
respectful in his manners to my young  
people. He evidently considered the  
safety of the house as his peculiar  
charge, and was very particular in the  
extinguishing of fires, and in looking  
after the fastening of doors and win-  
dows. We had heard of one or two  
robberies being committed in the  
neighborhood; but we did not feel  
nervous, and my cousin placed great  
dependence on a huge black dog  
which always slept at night in the  
hall. One evening—I believe it was  
the third after Mr. and Mrs. Oldham  
departed—my cousins and I were sit-  
ting chatting merrily around the fire  
in a large room which opened from  
the hall. I think it was about seven  
o'clock, when there came a pull at  
the front door bell, and, after a short  
delay, the butler answered it. Presently  
hearing a somewhat prolonged  
parley outside, we opened our room  
door and peered out. Two men were  
partly in the hall, and one was at the  
lower end of the hall, while on the  
floor at their feet lay a large, long  
package. Opposite to them stood the  
butler and one of the maid servants,  
and a stormy discussion seemed to be  
going on between them. Mildred, my  
elder cousin, after a few moments'  
pause, walked forward and requested  
an explanation. One of them, rather  
a respectable looking individual, I  
thought, advanced toward her, and  
making a low bow, began to speak:

"Madame," said he, "we have  
brought this bale of goods to your  
house by mistake; we were to take it  
to Mrs. Needham's," mentioning a  
house about five miles distant, "but  
have carried it here instead. We are  
much exhausted, for we have walked  
far; the night is tempestuous, and we  
feel that we can take it no farther.  
Will you kindly allow us to leave it  
here till morning?"

Mildred looked at the butler inqui-  
ringly before she answered. The old  
servant shook his head with a doubt-  
ful and suspicious air, whereupon the  
man who had just spoken observed  
hastily:

"We do not ask for a lodging for  
ourselves, madame, we shall make our  
way to the nearest public house. It  
is only the pack we wish to leave. It  
is very heavy and we will call for it

in good time to-morrow. We throw  
ourselves upon your compassion."

"Let the poor men leave their large  
package, Mildred," said Janet, my  
younger cousin, "and have it put in  
the ante-room until to-morrow."

Mildred consented, and in disregard  
of the frown and ominous looks of the  
butler, ordered the pack to be carried  
to a little room near the entrance.  
This was done, and glad and thankful  
I was to see the door bolted and barred  
behind the formidable strangers.

It seemed to me a dangerous risk, in  
our thinly peopled household, to admit  
two strangers at that time of the eve-  
ning. I had noticed, too, that they  
glanced around the hall in a surrepti-  
tious manner, and especially at the  
dog, which stood with us in the hall,  
and at first began to bark, but had  
been quickly silenced by a low com-  
mand from Mildred. I saw that the  
maid servant, who still stood by,  
shared my uncomfortable feelings, and  
she assisted, very readily, after the  
departure of the men, in barring the  
door and seeing to the safety of the  
window fastenings. Later in the eve-  
ning I met her on the stairs and she  
stopped me.

"I don't like the looks of that bundle  
at all, Miss," she said; "it looks  
to me alive, and twice I have fancied  
I saw it move—once when lying on  
the hall floor, and again now, for I  
have been in to look at it."

I smiled, and telling Sarah "not  
to be whimsical," passed on, and re-  
joicing my cousins, I told them what  
Sarah had said to me, and proposed  
to go and take a look at the mysteri-  
ous package. Taking a lamp with  
us, we proceeded to the little apart-  
ment where it was placed. It lay on  
a wooden settee, which stood on one  
side of the room. It was enveloped  
in a brown wrapper, was very long,  
and thicker at the middle than at the  
two extremities. Somehow I did not  
like the looks of it; but my fears  
were of such a vague nature that I  
did not like to express them. As we  
crossed the hall on our return to the  
sitting-room we encountered Sarah,  
who was hovering about with a very  
uneasy and mysterious expression on  
her face.

"What is the matter, Sarah?" asked  
Mildred.

"Oh, Miss, I am so frightened about  
that pack. I cannot rest, and I am  
sure that I cannot go to bed while it  
is in the house."

"You are very ridiculous, Sarah,"  
remarked Janet. "I am sure the men  
were very respectable-looking individ-  
uals, only two shopmen. We have  
just been looking at the pack, and it  
did not move, though I gave it a good  
squeeze. I am sure there is nothing  
in it to alarm you."

Sarah looked very pale, and shook  
her head warningly. Ten o'clock  
came, and my cousins and I were think-  
ing of betaking ourselves to our sleep-  
ing apartments, when we heard a  
door in the hall violently shut and  
locked. Immediately after Sarah  
rushed in on us, on the nearest chair  
in violent hysterics. She was speedily  
followed by the butler looking as pom-  
pous and still as ever, but with a cer-  
tain expression of uneasiness on his  
fat, grave face.

"What is the matter, Sarah?" asked  
Mildred, starting to her feet, "tell us  
quickly. Do try to be quiet, Sarah."

"Oh that pack is alive!" shrieked  
Miss Sarah.

"Hush Sarah," said Mildred, calm-  
ly; "let Jones tell us. I heard you  
lock the door. It was that of the  
ante-room in which this unfortunate  
pack is placed, I suppose?"

"It was, Miss," replied Jones, and  
he added:

"So far so good," said Mildred, com-  
posedly. "And how, pray, do you  
know that the pack is alive?"

"You see, miss," replied Jones, "ever  
since that pack has been left Sarah  
has been in a distracted state of mind  
—frightened out of her senses, in fact."

"I saw the thing move when it was  
laid in that hall," sobbed Sarah.

"Go on, Jones," interposed Janet.  
Jones continued:

"So before we went to bed Miss  
Sarah persuaded me to come and take  
another look at the package. You  
know I did not approve of its being  
left miss," he added.

"Never mind that," said Mildred;  
"tell us what you have seen."

"Well, miss, I thought it great non-  
sense, but I went. We took hold of  
the bundle and turned it about a lit-  
tle, but could make nothing of it.  
Presently Sarah found a small hole in  
the wrapper. She pulled the rent  
rather more open and looked in. I  
saw her face change. She turned and  
drew me out of the room, pulled the  
door to and locked it. This is all I  
know at present, ladies," and here  
Jones bowed politely. Sarah had be-  
come quieter, so Mildred inquired:

"What did you see, Sarah?"

The girl shivered and covered her  
face with her hands.

"Come, Sarah, speak," said Mildred  
becoming a little pale.

"Yes, tell us, and instantly!" cried  
Janet.

Sarah took her hand from her face  
and looked up.

"It was an eye, miss," she said in  
horror-stricken tones, "such an awful  
looking eye, and it glared at me!" she  
added with a repressed shriek.

We looked at each other in mute  
consternation.

"Was it a living one, do you think,  
Sarah?" I asked.

"Yes it was all alive, miss, I am  
sure," she sobbed. "Oh, what shall we  
do? It looked so malignant and ter-  
rible!"

We looked at each other for a few  
moments, and then Mildred spoke:

"I can scarcely believe that you are  
right, Sarah," she said; "I fancy that  
your imagination must have been  
making a goose of you."

"Still, Mildred," I ventured to say,  
"Sarah may be right, and it would be  
well to do something at once. This  
may be a plan to rob the house when  
we are all in bed."

"And murder us all," shrieked Har-  
riet.

Janet began to cry; and meanwhile  
the butler had left the room.

"Where is Jones?" inquired Mild-  
red, suddenly observing his absence.

"Let us go and find him, and see what  
is to be done."

She passed into the hall, and we fol-  
lowed. Jones was rummaging in a  
large closet, the door of which stood  
open; he had a lamp in his hand.  
The other servants stood by, and we  
together waited for him to emerge.  
He was rather a long time, so Mildred  
went close to the door and whispered:

"What are you doing there, Jones?"  
Jones made no reply, but came out  
armed with an old rusty looking dag-  
ger and two pieces of strong rope.

"You are not going to kill him?" in-  
quired Janet.

"Never fear, miss," replied Jones,  
"a little prick, however, will do no  
hurt. I must take care of my mas-  
ter's house."

"We will come with you," whisp-  
ered Mildred.

"Very good, miss," he answered,  
"please bring the dog to the door, and  
keep him there till I want him."

So off went Jones with his lamp,  
his dagger and his ropes, and the  
servants following closely with the  
dog, who seemed to possess a strong  
consciousness of something being amiss.

Jones opened the door of the little  
room quietly, and went in and placed  
the lamp on a side-table which stood  
near. Then at once, dagger and rope  
in hand, he walked toward the pack,  
which lay on the settee; but I now  
observed that there were one or two  
openings in the wrapper.

There was a deep silence among us  
for a moment or two, interrupted only  
by the low growling of the dog, who  
became manifestly more and more  
uneasy, and was with great difficulty  
restrained from rushing into the room.

Then there came a scene of noise and  
confusion. Jones reached the pack,  
and throwing the rope over his arm,  
and still clutching the dagger, stooped  
to inspect the slit in the wrapper  
where Sarah had asserted she had seen  
an eye. At that moment one of the  
most fearful and terrible yells I ever  
heard broke from between the folds  
of the wrapper. The pack started  
violently, and rolled over and fell  
heavily to the ground, while a choked  
voice begged for mercy; at this same  
time a knife was seen endeavoring to  
cut its way through the folds of the  
servants, the hysterical sobs of Janet,  
the loud howlings and whinnings of  
the dog, who was still restrained by  
Mildred from rushing frantically into  
the room, made a din that I never can  
forget. I remember that Jones alone  
looked very composed and unmoved  
throughout. Before the man in the  
pack had time to free himself from the  
wrapper, Jones had managed, despite  
his opponent's struggles, to pass the  
ropes several times round him, and  
to secure them. By the time he had  
accomplished this, we had all be-  
come pretty quiet. The dog was sil-  
enced and made to lie down in the  
hall, while Mildred and I and two of  
the servants, the terrified Sarah not  
being one, went into the room.

The pack presented a very ludicrous  
appearance. The wrapper had been  
slit open from the centre upward and  
displayed the figure of a man appar-  
ently about thirty years of age, lying  
in it, the ropes wound about him. He  
had a long, pale face, a brown, grizzly  
beard, and eyes that glanced doubt-  
fully from Jones and his dagger, who  
I knelt beside him, to us, as we ap-  
proached him. He was perfectly  
mute and refused to answer any ques-  
tions.

"See, he has got a whistle," cried  
one of the servants.

Jones instantly seized it and after a  
few moments consideration beckoned  
Mildred out of the room. I followed.

"Young ladies, he said, the man is  
now quite secure and his accomplices  
will certainly not attempt to enter  
much before daylight. I expect the  
whistle was to have been the signal.  
Would you be afraid if I would slip  
down to the coachman's house and  
get his wife to send one of the  
boys into the village for other assist-  
ance? We could then probably se-  
cure all the villains."

"But you may be attacked by them  
on the way," said Mildred.

"No fear, miss, I can slip unseen  
behind the shrubs in the darkness."  
"Go then, and quickly," said Mil-  
dred.

"You are sure that the man is  
quite safely bound?"

"Quite so, miss; but perhaps you  
would like to ask the consent of the  
household before I go?"

Mildred soon obtained our consent  
to the plan, and Jones was cautiously  
let out of a small-sized door. In  
about twenty minutes, which seemed  
two hours to us, he returned, and his  
low tap was instantly answered.

"It is all right," he said, "I have  
seen and heard nothing of the men.  
The boy is sharp enough, and he has  
his directions, and is to bring a party  
from the village to this door by the  
way that I took."

More than an hour passed away;  
then a low tap was again heard, and  
six men appeared, accompanied by  
the boy who had been sent to bring  
them. About midnight Jones opened  
the shutters of a casement window in  
the hall, and blew a loud whistle; the  
whistle was responded to by another,  
and two men presently appeared at  
the open casement. Jones drew back  
into the darkness of the hall and si-  
lently allowed them to enter. The  
moment their feet touched the hall  
floor they were secured.

"And where were you, aunty?" I  
said, "during this scene?"

"We stood in the gallery above.  
The boy who had received his in-  
structions, soon brought forward a  
lantern, and we also had lights at  
hand in the gallery."

"Were the men tried, aunty, and  
what was their punishment?"