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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369. I. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening at 7 o'clock...

DR. J. E. BLAINE. OFFICE and residence in house formerly occupied Dr. Winans. Office days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

J. B. AGNEW, W. E. LATHY. AGNEW & LATHY, Attorneys at Law, Tionesta, Pa. Office on Elm Street.

MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office on Elm Street, TIONESTA, PA.

NATIONAL HOTEL, TIDIOUTH, PA. W. D. BUCKLIN, PROPRIETOR. First-Class Licensed House.

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER PROPRIETOR. Opposite S. Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON offers his services to the people of Forest Co. Having had an experience of Twelve Years in constant practice...

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery...

FELT CARPETINGS, 35 cts. per yard. FELT CEILING for rooms in place of Plaster.

WILLIAMS & CO., MEADVILLE, PENN'A., TAXIDERMISTS.

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...

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN. ASSETS Dec. 31, 1874, \$5,735,025.70.

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

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

M. CARPENTER, Proprietor. Tionesta, Pa.



I SHALL ATTEND TOMY

Business as Usual!



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

Repairing Fine Watches. Particular attention given to

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.

FITS & EPILEPSY POSITIVELY CURED. The worst cases of the longest standing, by using Dr. HEBBARD'S CURE...

EMPLOYMENT. Male and female, salary by or commission. We pay agents a salary of \$20 a week and expenses.

Stephen's Pericardium.

"Now, I am going to tell you just what my husband said to me this morning, doctor, word for word," said the invalid, Mrs. Stephens, laying back on the sofa pillow...

"Last night, you see, doctor, I had an ill turn, and he wanted to come for you, but when I got to be dared to leave me, concluded that we'd better let you sleep."

"Much obliged to him," said the doctor, with sarcastic emphasis on the personal pronoun. "Last night was the first undisturbed night's rest I have enjoyed for a week."

"A slight nervous attack," broke in the physician, "nothing more." "Well, it don't make any difference what you call it, it is mighty hard to bear; but let me tell you what my husband said, first, doctor, before we go into the symptoms..."

"I saw, doctor, that he didn't move after I said this, so I turned and looked up at him, and such a picture of rage and disgust I never saw in my life. Finally, says he, 'Tea! tea! tea! it is nothing but tea from morning till night, Kate; you are the color of a Chinaman now. Why don't you order a good beefsteak, and a cup of chocolate? That would be a sensible breakfast.'"

"But, John," says I, "you forget that I am sick and have no appetite." "I was ready to cry, but I was determined that he should not have the satisfaction of seeing the tears fall."

"Forget!" says he, "forget! I wish to Heaven I could forget. It's nothing but sigh and groan from one year's end to another. I am out of patience with you. When we lived in a part of a house, and you did your own house work, you were as well and as happy as anybody, and no man had a pleasanter little home than John Stephens, but what have I now to leave or come back to? And this, doctor, is what he ended up with:"

"Kate," says he, "you are nothing more nor less than a drunkard, and in the sight of God more culpable than most of the men who stagger through the streets, because the majority of these poor scamps have some sort of an excuse for their conduct, and you haven't the slightest. You have a luxurious home, a husband doing his level best to make you happy—everything under the light of the sun to please you, and yet you will persist in guzzling tea, and making me as miserable a wretch as walks the earth. Yes, doctor, guzzling was the word he used—boo! hoo! hoo! O dear me! to think I should ever have lived to have heard such dreadful language out of my husband's mouth!"

"Pretty plain talk!" interrupted the doctor, with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "Oh, yes," sobbed the victim; "and so awfully coarse and unkind. If I had had a spell and died there before his very face, I don't believe he would have cared the snap of his finger. I tell you, Dr. Ellis, there is such a thing as a man's getting hardened."

"Evidently," replied the physician, with a laconism absolutely painful. "But my husband has nothing in the world to trouble him but just my poor health; and I am sure I can't help that."

This remark was more in answer to her companion's tone and manner than the one single word that had accidentally escaped his lips, and this the doctor felt.

"Anybody would think by the way he goes on," continued the irate woman, "that I enjoyed myself with spasms and pains and fainting fits. Anybody would think it a pleasure to me to feel every time I see a funeral procession as if the hearse was going to stop at our door next. O, yes! such a life is enjoyable; very, indeed."

Dr. Ellis took no notice to these last words; the man's eyes grew luminous, and his whole face declared that he considered himself master of the situation; and if Mrs. Stephens had not been so entirely taken up with her own ailments, mental and physical, that honest countenance would have betrayed him.

"You say," he began, settling himself in the large easy chair, and assuming a strictly professional air, "that your husband has nothing to trouble him but your health; how do you know this, Mrs. Stephens?" "How? Why, how do I know any-

thing? By the evidences of my senses. Don't I know that John Stephens has a splendid business that looks after itself, a magnificent income, and money enough to live on the bare interest, as well as a family need to live, if he never enters his office again while he has breath?"

"But money isn't everything, Mrs. Stephens," proceeded the physician, with a calmness almost Mephistophelian. "How about health, madam?" "Health?" repeated the lady, with a smile she intended to be sarcastic to the last degree. "Health? Dr. Ellis! Why, there is not a healthier or sounder man than my husband in the United States. He eats more in one meal than I do in three months."

"There is nothing the matter with your husband's stomach, Mrs. Stephens." Dr. Ellis shaded his face with his hand and waited further developments. Mrs. Stephens mistook the attempt for forced concealment of emotion, and immediately assuming a setting posture, brushed her eyes, and looked piercingly into her companion's face.

"Why do you accent the word 'stomach' so strongly, Dr. Ellis?" she inquired in anxious tones. Mrs. Stephens was forgetting herself, and this the doctor hailed as an excellent omen.

"Only that I might make you understand that a man's digestion could be most unexceptionable, and yet he be far from sound in other directions." "Then you mean to tell me that my husband is sick?" "I do."

"Perhaps you will go still further, and say dangerous?" "If you desire it." "O, Dr. Ellis, how cold and unfeeling you are! I should think you ought to know by this time—and just here Mrs. Stephens broke down entirely, and sobbed as though her heart would break."

"Ought to know what, Mrs. Stephens?" inquired the doctor with uncalculated deliberation. "You ought to know—to know—that my—my—husband's health is of a good deal more consequence than my own."

"Ah, indeed," interrupted the physician, with an elevation of the bushy eyebrows, immensely suggestive of a contrary opinion as well as several very excellent reasons for said opinion. "Dr. Ellis, will you be kind enough to tell me what is the matter with my husband?"

Mrs. Stephens was now on her feet—tears all wiped away, eyes flashing with resentful spirit, and only the little quiver of her lip to show how deep a wound the kind remark in her bosom had sustained. There she stood, reproachful, determined, womanly.

"Mrs. Stephens," said he, "you have no cause to be alarmed. If I can only get your co-operation in this business, I feel certain I shall be able to make a well man of your husband in a few months at the longest; but as true as I sit before you I cannot do this alone."

"Why have I not been informed of this before?" broke in Mrs. Stephens, imperiously. "Who was there to inform you, madam? I should really like to know when you have been sufficiently calm to hear all that was necessary for you to know."

"But, Dr. Ellis, I should think that you ought to understand that my own health and comfort are nothing compared to my husband's." Mrs. Stephens was weeping again. "There is no sacrifice I would not make for him."

"Curious creatures!" muttered the doctor; "delightful bundles of contradictions. How the mischief should I know, Mrs. Stephens, how much you cared for your husband? I am sure that you have spent the last hour complaining about him. Is that the way women generally testify their regard for their husbands?"

"O, don't Dr. Ellis, please don't," pleaded the terrified woman. "I will never complain again—never—if you will only let me know what I can do for him. Do you know, doctor, I had begun to think lately that something must be amiss with him, he was growing so irritable. Poor dear! how wicked and thoughtless I have been." "This, then, is the trouble. I shall take it for granted, madam, that you know something about physiology and can follow me without difficulty."

"Yes; the pericardium is the membranous sac that holds the heart. Well, sometimes, the sac— It is no matter about particulars, Mrs. Stephens," and Dr. Ellis suddenly came to a standstill.

"It's enough, though, for me to say that we are both possibly anxious that his heart should remain where it belongs. Mr. Stephens's must be amused. He wants the opera, the lecture, the social circle, entertaining books, a happy home, music. You play and sing, do you not, Mrs. Stephens?" "Oh, yes, I used to," and Mrs. Stephens's tones were so pitiful now that the big Dr. Ellis really and truly was obliged to wipe both his eyes and his nose. Before he was aware, the lachrymal duct had got the upper hand.

"Well, try it again; get a teacher and go to practising." "But how am I going to manage my spasms?" sobbed the lady. "Well, perhaps, between us both—you using your will power, and thinking of your husband, going out with him, taking care of him, and I doing my best in my way—we may be able to subdue them; but you must remember this, madam—do not let Mr. Stephens have the faintest suspicion that you think anything is the matter with him; and above all, do not treat him like an invalid. Just amuse him, and all that, you know, just as you used to when you were first married."

"Another series of sobs from Mrs. Stephens. The doctor arose to go. His patient had entirely forgotten that he had left no prescription. "About tea, doctor?" she asked as he prepared to leave. "Do you think it very hurtful?" "As an occasional tonic I have no objection to tea, but as a beverage, madam, it is an invention of the devil. Good morning."

John Stephens sought his home that evening with a heavy heart. His wife he thought a confirmed invalid, or hypochondriac—it mattered little which, one was as bad as the other. His remonstrances were of no avail. He was even doubtful whether his wife loved him. He opened the door with his latch key. This had become habitual; seldom did the gentleman show himself to his beloved wife until after the dining bell had summoned the family to the dining room.

A strain of music met his ear, and transfixed him to the threshold. Ah! his beautiful song was being rendered, and his wife was the musician. He was just in time to hear— "The eyes that cannot weep, Are the maddest eyes of all!"

For a full year this charming voice had been as silent as the grave. "Company, perhaps," he muttered. Curiosity overcame him. He opened the door and peeped in. There was Mrs. Stephens, becomingly attired, all alone, as enthusiastic over the fine rendition of a piece of music as he had ever seen her.

"What does this mean, Kate?" he asked, with outstretched arms. "That I have given up tea, and am going to try hard to be well. I guess my voice will come back, John." "I guess so," he replied, folding her tight to his heart.

Three months after this the cure was so radical that Dr. Ellis made a clean breast of the whole thing, and there is no word or set of words that can provoke so hearty a laugh in the happy home of the Stephenses as this physiologically scientific one—"Pericardium."

A Chicago newspaper says: "We took a new reporter on trial yesterday. He went out to hunt items, and, after being away all day, returned with the following, which he said was the best he could do: 'Yesterday we saw a sight that froze our muscles with horror. A hackman, driving down Clark street at a rapid pace, came very near running over a nurse and two children. There would have been one of the most heartrending catastrophes had not the nurse, with wonderful foresight, left the children at home before she went out, and providentially stepped into a drug store just before the hack passed. Then, too, the hackman, just before reaching the crossing, thought of something that he had forgotten, and turning about drove in the opposite direction. Had it not been for this wonderful concurrence of favoring circumstances, a doting father, a loving mother, and affectionate brothers and sisters, would have been plunged into the deepest woe and most unutterable funeral expenses.' The new reporter will be retained."

Elderly agriculturist (to season ticket holder in the train): "You don't have no ticket?" "No, I travel on my good looks." "Then," after looking him over, "probably you ain't got 'em very far." General smile.

The latest in the form of a parting salutation is: "Well, if I don't see you agin, hello."

TAKING A PAPER.

"I'm too poor to take a paper." If you are too poor to take a paper you should be indicted by the grand jury for obtaining a family under false pretense. In nineteen or twenty of the unpainted, ill-located, and uncomfortable dwellings on the road side, you will find neither newspapers nor traces of one having ever been there. The husband knows nothing about markets except a few items he picks up at the country store. The wife is ignorant; and because she is denied the general information derived from newspapers, she descends in the scale, and becomes a news-monger, filled with superstitious ideas and neighborhood scandal. The children grow up ignorant, with no ambition to push ahead in life. They know nothing about the world they live in, and care less. Stop at any neatly painted house, situated in a grove of trees with vines on the porch and pailing fence in front, and on the table, in the corners, and in the hall you will find the local papers. The proprietor is as well posted about the price of everything as any traveling speculator. His wife has a wider scope for her mind's employment than neighborhood scandal, and the children grow up ambitious to succeed in life and (warned of the tricks, evils and quicksands of the world generally) press onward and upward into the front rank.—Exchange.

AN ENTHUSIAST IN HUGGING. A couple from the country came to the city yesterday, procured a license and were married in due form. They left on the afternoon train for home. They attracted the attention of every passenger by their lavish display of affection. The young man kept his arm tight around the bride's waist, as if he was afraid she would vanish before he knew it, and she didn't seem to care if he hugged her right along for half a day. She was so terribly homely that everybody wondered how he could love her, and by and by he seemed to think that an explanation would be in order. He borrowed a chew of tobacco of a man near the door, and remarked: "I'm going to hug that girl all the way home, though I know she ain't party." "I wouldn't," briefly replied the man. "And that's where you'd fool yourself," continued the young man. "When I'm hugging a hundred acres of clean, nice land, with forty head of stock on it, I can make the homeliest girl in the world look like an angel to me."—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Somebody dropped some quicksilver on the sidewalk in Montana, and an Indian tried to pick it up. First he made a grab at it with his thumb and forefinger, and was astonished when he found he couldn't pick it up. He was determined to have that quicksilver anyhow; so he unwound a handkerchief from his hat, and spreading it on the ground got a chip and scraped the quicksilver into it. A look of triumph shot from his eagle eye as he gathered up the four corners of the handkerchief, but it was replaced by one of horror and disgust when the metal ran through the fabric like water through a sieve. Looking at the metal as it lay on the ground in a puzzled sort of way for a moment, he launched a vicious kick at it, and uttering an angry ejaculation, he turned on his heel and left the quicksilver for some other untutored son of the forest to experiment on.

A merchant of Jackson, Tenn., asked two men to keep store for him while he went out for a moment. They did so, and sold each other a large lot of goods cheap for credit. When he returned and was informed of what they had done he was anxious to pass it all off as a joke, but they insist that they were his agents, hence that the transaction was a legal one, and the courts will have to pass upon the question.

"Too many men been hanged on that side of it," was the explanation given why a Sacramento lamppost leaned to the north.

And old convict's advice to his son: "Never steal a horse, my boy, unless he is faster than any other horse in the neighborhood."

No man knows how attractive his home is until he offers it for sale, and reads what the real estate agents say about it.

Why can't you weigh cats with scales? Because cats have no scales.

Dandies and nanny-goats never fail to pride themselves upon their kids.

Wanted, a lifeboat that will float on a "sea of troubles."

He who has health is a rich man, and does not know it.

Romantic death—A young lady drowned in tears.