

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. VOGEL,
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 Dr. Winans. Office days,
Wednesdays and Saturdays.

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

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

MILES W. TATE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
100 Street, TIONESTA, PA.

F. W. HAYS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY
PUBLIC, Reynolds, Rukill & Co.'s
Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

KINNEAR & SMILEY,
Attorneys at Law, - - - Franklin, Pa.

NATIONAL HOTEL,
TIDIOUTE, PA.
W. D. BUCKLIN, - PROPRIETOR.
First-Class Licensed House. Good stable
connected.

Lawrence House,
TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAW-
TRENOR, 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.

CENTRAL HOUSE,
BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, N. E.
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.

FOREST HOUSE,
S. A. VARNER PROPRIETOR. Opposite
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.

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 curing
disease and selected the good from all
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.

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 Tidouthe, near
Tidouthe 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,
has charge of the Store. All prescriptions
put up accurately.

H. B. MAY, J. B. PARK, & B. KELLY,
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.

FELT CARPETINGS, \$5 cts. per yard.
FELT CEILING for rooms in place of
Plaster. **FELT ROOFING** and **SIDING**.
For samples, address C. J. FAY, Camden,
New Jersey.

The Forest Republican.

VOL. IX. NO. 9.

TIONESTA, PA., MAY 31, 1876.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (1 inch), one insertion	\$1 00
One Square " " one month	3 00
One Square " " three months	6 00
One Square " " one year	16 00
Two Squares, one year	18 00
Quarter Col.	30 00
Half " "	50 00
One " "	100 00

Legal notices at established rates.
Marriage and death notices, gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements col-
lected quarterly. Temporary advertise-
ments must be paid for in advance.
Job work, Cash on Delivery.

DRAGON HORNE'S DIFFICULTY.

On Easter eve, as Deacon Horne
came home from class meeting, he
thought he would buy a few eggs to
color for the children, and so stopped
in at a grocery store and procured
half a dozen, which he placed in the
pockets of his coat tail. The deacon
is an absent-minded man, and by the
time he reached home he had forgot-
ten all about the eggs, so they remain-
ed in his pockets. He wore the coat
to church next day, and sat on three
of the eggs during a large portion of
the service. Just before the sermon
he had to take up the collection, and
started down the aisle to do so. As
he handed the box to Mrs. Coffin he
thought he saw a bug crawling on
her bonnet, and while she was get-
ting her money ready he put his hand
into his coat-tail pocket to get his
handkerchief to brush it off. As his
hand descended Mrs. Coffin observed
a look of anguish steal across his face,
and, as she thought he was angry be-
cause she hadn't given enough, she
exclaimed out loud:

"It's none of your business, anyway,
what I give. I'll give just what I
please and you needn't be glaring at
me in that way. I won't have it!"
This made the deacon so nervous
that he lost his presence of mind, and
pulling out his hand, which was cov-
ered with broken shell and had five
yellow strings dangling from it, he
tried to brush that bug from Mrs.
Coffin's bonnet with it. As soon as
she caught a glimpse of the bedaubed
hand, she rose up in the pew, brandished
her umbrella under the deacon's nose
and shrieked:

"G' way from here! G' way from
here this instant! If you put that
nasty stuff on me, Mr. Horne, I'll
knock the breath outen you with this
umbrella. G' way, I tell you."

The deacon felt ready to faint, and
he clutched the top of the pew to keep
himself from falling. Noticing the
smear made by his hand, he dropped
the box and held on with the other
hand. Then it occurred to him that
he must pick up the box, and he did
so, collecting the scattered money
with his egged hand, and getting it in
an awful condition. Then the broken
eggs began to ooze through the pocket,
and he stood there in the aisle with
a thin, yellow string dripping from each
coat-tail, until Brother Smith sug-
gested that he was spoiling the carpet;
and then, in utter desperation, the
deacon darted for front door, taking
with him the money-box, and confir-
ming old Mrs. Coffin's suspicions
that he intended from the first to rob
the church as soon as he got a chance.
She was about to stand up and cry
"Stop thief!" when Miss Coffin ex-
plained the matter to her and she
subsided.

The deacon hasn't been to church
since Easter. He is getting his Sun-
day coat cleaned and his feelings
soothed.

The St. Louis Republican mentions
some of the troubles that will follow
the new money: "When a man walks
much the inside of his legs will be
chafed raw. When less than a dollar
is to go by mail it will have to be con-
verted first into postage stamps. When
you run for a street car, money will
fly out of your pockets at every jump.
When you tell your wife that you have
no money she will say that you lie for
she heard it jingle. It will be difficult
to pay a man a quarter by mistake
for a half. When you are in a hurry
the storekeeper will have to weigh the
coin in his hand and sound it twenty-
five times on the counter before he
can determine whether it is good. The
baby will swallow a dime a day. A
boy with a quarter will lose it in a
crack in two minutes, from which no
amount of coaxing with forks and
chips can recover it. Sleepy men will
put buttons and lozenges into the con-
tribution boxes as of yore."

An Eastern paper having had con-
siderable to say about "raising chick-
ens by hand," the Galveston News re-
sponds. "Such information is not
needed at the South. The whole col-
ored population know how to do it,
and an enterprising freedman can
raise more pullets in a single night, on
his way home from prayer meeting,
than that Eastern editor could raise
in a year with all his sciences."

Some old fraud says, "Get up with
the sun if you want to be healthy and
wise." It is easy enough to follow
this advice in the winter, when the
sun acts sensibly, and doesn't get up
until seven o'clock; but when he com-
mences to get up at four o'clock, we
observe that the wisest men give him
about two hours start, and let their
wives accumulate health and wisdom.

A hotel in Kansas has the following
notice displayed in the bedrooms:
"Gentlemen wishing to commit suicide
will please take the centre of the room,
to avoid staining the bed linen, walls,
and furniture with blood."

Painting, Paper-Hanging &c.,

E. H. CHASE, of Tionesta, offers his
services to those in need of
PAINTING,
GRAINING,
CALCUMING,
SIZING & VARNISHING,
SIGN WRITING,
PAPER HANGING,
AND CARTRIDGE WORK.
Work promptly attended to and
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Mr. Chase will work in the country
when desired.

WILLIAMS & CO.,
MEADVILLE, PENNA.,
TAXIDERMISTS.

BIRDS and Animals stuffed and mount-
ed to order. Artificial Eyes kept in
stock.

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. I am prepared to make all
kinds of dresses in the latest styles, and
guarantee satisfaction. Stamping for braid-
ing and embroidery done in the best man-
ner, with the newest patterns. All I ask
is a fair trial. Residence on Water Street,
in the house formerly occupied by Jacob
Shriver.

TIME TRIED AND FIRE TESTED!

THE ORIGINAL
ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY
OF HARTFORD, CONN.
ASSETS Dec. 31, 1875,
\$5,735,925.70.
MILES W. TATE, Sub Agent,
Tionesta, Pa.

Frank Robbins,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
(SUCCESSOR TO DEMING.)

Pictures in every style of the art. Views
of the oil regions for sale or taken to order.
CENTRE STREET, near R. R. crossing.
SYCAMORE STREET, near Union De-
pot, Oil City, Pa.

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SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S
STORE.

Tionesta, Pa.,
M. CARPENTER, - - - Proprietor.



Pictures taken in all the latest styles
of the art.

I SHALL ATTEND
TO MY

Business as Usual!



L. KLEIN,
(in G. W. Bovard's Store, Tionesta, Pa.)

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Solid and Plated
Jewelry, Black Jewelry,
Eye Glasses, Spec-
tacles, Violin Strings, &c., &c.

Particular attention given to
Repairing Fine Watches.

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.

Constantly on hand, and sold at the very
lowest figures.
H. W. LEDEBUR.

Strategy of a Quaker Captain.

Early in the summer of 1754 the
good ship Grampus left the harbor of
Nantucket, bound for London with a
cargo of oil. She was a new ship,
built after the most improved models,
staunch and trim, for those days, of
great speed. Her owner Jethro Coffin,
a near relative of the English admiral
of that name, was on board; and she
was commanded by Seth Macy, a
friend and companion of Jethro's from
boyhood. These two men, as well as
most of the crew, were Quakers. But
the greater part of Seth's life had been
spent on the high seas, and his experi-
ence in ill-governed Spanish ports and
among savage islanders had taught him
that, though non-resistance did
very well in Nantucket, it was neither
a safe nor easy road to travel any-
where else; and while the Grampus
was loading for her voyage he had
urged Jethro to arm her with four six-
pounders; for England was at that
time at war with France, and of course
the colonies were dragged into it also.
But Jethro, true to his principles, re-
jected the proposal with righteous in-
dignation, and they set sail, much to
Seth's disgust, armed only with lances
and harpoons for warfare with whales,
in search of which they were to pro-
ceed after disposing of their cargo in
London.

They had accomplished about two-
thirds of the voyage, and, the ship be-
ing under easy sail, some of the men
were lounging about the deck, and
some were gathered on the fore-castle
listening to a yarn from a man-of-
war's-man who had been in the En-
glish navy.

"Forward there!" shouted the first
mate, who had been sweeping the hori-
zon with his glass.

"Ay, ay!" answered the men readi-
ly, and the marvelous story was cut
short.

"Jump aloft, one of you who have
good eyes," continued he, "and tell
me what you make out of that craft
with such raking masts on our weath-
er-bow."

"Ay, ay!" and several men sprang
aloft.

"Main-top gallant there!" hailed
the mate.

"Ay, ay!" replied the man with the
glass. (These Quakers did not use
the affix sir in addressing their offi-
cers; every man, high or low, was
called by his given name, and titles
of all kinds were eschewed from relig-
ious principles.)

"What sort of craft is to windward,
and how is she standing?" cried the
mate.

"It is a small black schooner, all
legs and arms," replied the sailor;
"and she is bearing down for us under
a press of sail. Now she runs up a
flag, and by the flash and smoke she
spits, she has just fired a gun."

A dull, heavy report came boom-
ing on the breeze, and a thundering
sound echoed against the ship's side.
The mate's glass was bent upon the
schooner, whose hull was not yet vis-
ible, but the flag was found to be
French.

"Steward, call the captain!" cried
the mate, in alarm. "Forward there!
call all hands on deck; stand by to
put the ship about."

"Ay, ay!" responded the well-train-
ed sailors, and every man stood at his
post ready for prompt action. Both
Macy and Coffin appeared upon the
deck wondering at being sent for, and
surprised to find every man ready for
the word of command to change the
course of the ship.

"What does this mean?" asked the
captain; "why dost thou change the
ship's course?"

"I don't intend to without orders,"
said the mate, "but I thought best to
have everything ready for prompt
maneuvering. We have a suspicious
looking sail on her weatherbow, and
she shows French colors. By the rake
of her masts and general rig, I think
she's a clipper, with a long tom amid-
ships; she has given us a gun already."

"Rather a dangerous neighbor for
us," said the captain, "and I think
she will prove one of those piratical
rascals that cut up the commerce of
these seas; but keep the ship away,"
continued he, rising his glass again,
"and see if she follows us."

A way went the Grampus, with a
free wind, turning the spray from her
bows handsomely, on her altered
course. The Frenchman turned also,
and gained steadily upon her. The
ship was deeply laden with oil, and
would be a prize of great value, and,
as Seth thought, was eminently worth
preserving, though the Frenchman
was determined she should change
owners. They managed their little
craft with great skill, altering their
course with Macy's, and gaining all
the time. The breeze was only brisk,
but it just suited the schooner, while
the laden ship, though the fleetest of
her class, couldn't show her heels to
advantage without a stronger wind.

Macy tried her on every tack, but es-
cape he could not—the wedge-like
schooner gained upon him at every
turn.

"Now I would give half our cargo
for a few guns to speak to that saucy
rascal in his own language," said Ma-
cy, turning bitterly to Jethro. "Now
is the time for those six-pounders I
urged thee about before we left port;
I fear thou wilt pay dearly for not tak-
ing my advice. Ah! there comes salu-
tary number two."

A gun was fired by the Frenchman
across the bow of Grampus, warning
her to heave to. Macy paced the deck
in agony of spirit, muttering words as
he went that sounded much like swear-
ing. He ordered the Grampus to be
kept off two or three points and a fore-
top mast studding-sail set; but in the
hurry by some mishap the tact got un-
raveled. A couple of hands were order-
ed aloft to rig in the boom and reave
in the tact anew. Isaac Coffin, son of
Jethro, who had struggled himself on
board against his father's express or-
ders, and who had hardly made his
peace with him yet, heard the order,
and seizing the end of the rope with
his teeth ran up the fore-shrouds, crept
out on the top of the foreyard like a
monkey, and then out on the bare
boom. But before he had half done
his task the Frenchman brought their
long-tom, charged with small shot, to
bear upon the yard, and let fly at
Isaac; thinking, probably, the addi-
tional sail might enable the Grampus
to escape. Young Coffin was unhar-
med though the balls whistled about
him like hail, and he went fearlessly
on with his work.

"They are charging the gun again,"
shouted Jethro. "Come down, my
boy; creep in! creep in! Catch the
haliards and come down with a run!"

"Ay, ay!" cried Isaac, as he finished
reeving the tack, and gathering a few
fathoms in his hand threw the coil
down on the fore-castle, and the men
then hoisted the sail instantly. The
Frenchman aimed his gun again, but
Isaac was descending like a flash, and
as he reached the deck the sailors
fairly hugged him in their joy and
admiration of his bravery.

The hasty strides of Seth were again
arrested by another shot which passed
through the sail over his head. He
climbed his hands and looked up at
the torn sail.

"By heavens!" said he, I will not
part with so fine a ship and cargo
without a deadly struggle;

"Swear not!" said Jethro; "it will
not help us in our strait. We had
better yield quietly to the necessity.
Put down the helm, Seth and bring
the ship to."

"Yield quietly, didst thou say?
Did I understand thee aright when
thou bidst me bring the ship to?"
The eyes of Seth glared upon Jethro,
and his nostrils distended like a bull
at bay.

"Put down the helm, indeed! Jethro
Coffin, who is commander of the Gram-
pus, thou or I?" demanded Macy, in
a heat of passion.

"Jethro answered calmly, "Thou
surely art her captain. Save the
ship, if thou canst, but thou canst
not. We have no means of defense,
and if we had it would not be justifi-
able to oppose with arms."

"Jethro, I will save this ship or
sink in her. What! yield to that
little gad-fly—a gallinipper that is
scarcely larger than our long-boat?"

Another shot, better directed, spin-
tered the mainmast a little and woun-
ded two men.

"There, Jethro! that is some of the
tender mercy for the French pirate—
a foretaste of what we may expect if
taken."

"Yield, Seth! The longer thou delay,
The more hazard to the lives of our
people; he is a man of war!"

"Go thou below, Jethro! I com-
mand here! Yield, indeed!" he mut-
tered, as Jethro began to descend; I
will sink first!"

"Stand by there, men!" shouted
Seth, in a voice which made every
sailor start. It was evident that he
had put off the Quaker, and the men
responded heartily to it. "Get the
long-boat ready to be launched at a
moment's warning; clear away the
quarter-boats, and see all clear to low-
er them in an instant. Mate, take in
all the small sail at once."

Macy's voice and manner were reso-
lute and peremptory, and the men
executed the orders promptly and
were ready for the next, though won-
dering what the captain ment to do.
The Frenchman was also at fault
taking the maneuvering of Seth for
an intention to give up his ship, and
have the schooner to, and waited the
lowering of a boat from the Grampus.
In rounding to, as Seth had calculated,
the Frenchman had given the advan-
tage of the wind to the ship, and while
his men stood gape at the manage-
ment of the larger vessel which they
looked upon as a prize, Seth seized the
helm in his brawny hand. The men
scarcely needed the word, but antici-

ated his intention as he put the helm
hard up, and in a compressed but
concentrated voice which was heard
distinctly from stern to stern, he said,
"Let go all the braces, and bowlines,
slack off sheets and tacks, and square
the yards—quick!"

It was done in a twinkling, and
Macy shaped his course as though he
would bring his ship under lee quar-
ter of the privateer. This feat com-
pletely deceived the enemy, when Seth
suddenly changed his course and
brought her head to bear directly up-
on the hull of the Frenchman. Her
crew discovered now, but too late, the
design of the Grampus, and dire con-
fusion ensued upon the crowded deck.

"If thou dost intend to run her
down," said Jethro stamping furried-
ly, projecting his head a moment from
the cabin gangway—"if—may hear me,
Seth for the sake of humanity—if
thou hast determined to run her down,
ease thy helm a little and give them a
chance for their lives."

"Stand by to lower the boats!"
thundered Seth, stamping furiously up-
on the deck. A groan of horror es-
caped his own crew, for not till this
moment had they really seen the de-
sign of their captain, and the swarth-
iest cheek grew a shade paler; but it
was for their lives, and they knew it.
The schooner lay in the trough of the
sea, her decks covered with confusion,
and the huge hulk of the Grampus
poising on the last high wave above her.

"Misericorde!" A wild yell of des-
pair, heard far above the dashing of
the ship and rushing of the waters,
burst from the doomed Frenchman—
an instant—and down came the
Grampus fuming and thundering up-
on the privateer. Her plunging bow
striking her just amidship, cut the
small vessel directly in two, and her
heavy armament, together with the
tremendous force of the severing blow,
sent her beneath the waves to rise no
more; and all her ill-fated crew of
one hundred and fifty souls went under
with her; a few struggled a moment
in the mighty vortex, but were carried
down, and the next wave effaced
every bubble of the mass of human
life so terribly and instantly quenched.

"Down with the boats from the
quarter—launch the long-boat!" The
command, though it could not have
been uttered or executed sooner with
safety, came too late. The arm of
Seth had been too fatally sure. His
own boat narrowly escaped being
sucked into the whirlpool made by
the sinking schooner, and not one of
the Frenchman's crew rose or again
saw the face of day.

Seth entered the cabin, and walking
up to Jethro, said: "The Grampus is
saved, but it had been less costly if
thou had been wiser at Nantucket.
Hereafter in times like these arm thy
ships; the best way to be at peace is
to show thyself ready for war."

And bowing his head upon his hand
Jethro answered nothing.

YOUNG AGAIN.

The Adrain (Mich.) Times thus tells
a pleasant story, which, it says, comes
to it "from out near Phillips's Corners,
in the edge of Ohio." "It seems that
Mr. William Rynd, brother of Dr.
Rynd, of this city, who lives near
there with his father, had purchased a
wild young colt which no one could
handle. He desired the colt, which
was a stout, spirited animal, should be
broken to horse-back riding, but the
colt steadily resisted all efforts that
were made to mount him. The country
round about was searched for a man
who would dare to ride the colt. None
could be found. At last the fane,
Mr. Charles Rynd, who is seventy-six
years old, ordered his son to bring him
his spurs. The old, rusty spurs were
brought out, and amid the protest of
son and daughters and all who stood
by, the old gentleman mounted the
snorting steed. Rearing and pitching
and tearing, the colt went around the
yard, while the woman cried and beg-
ged the old gentleman to dismount and
save his neck. At every jump the
colt make the spurs were drawn from
his side and the blood followed. In
an hour or less the animal was per-
fectly quiet and docile. The old gen-
tleman rode him up to the barn, and
dismounting, remarked that he didn't
feel very much over twenty-one years
old."

"Ma, does pa kiss the cat?" "Why,
no, my son. What in the name of
goodness put that in your head?"
"Cos when pa came down stairs this
morning he kissed Sarah in the hall-
way and said, 'That's better than kiss-
ing that old cat up stairs ain't it,
Sarah?'"

A correspondent inquires what we
will pay for "original stories—such
for instance, as are published in the
Sunday Republican." Three cents a
pound.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.