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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars.

TIIONESTA COUNCIL, No. 342, O. U. A. M. MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock.

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

W. E. LATHY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa. Office next door to Lawrence House.

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

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

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

F. W. HAYS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds, Hukill & Co.'s Block, Second St., Oil City, Pa.

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

NATIONAL HOTEL, TIDIOUTE, PA. W. D. HUCKLIN, - PROPRIETOR.

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

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.

LAWRENCE HOUSE, TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR. This house is centrally located. Everything new and well furnished.

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER PROPRIETOR. Opposite S. Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened. Everything new and clean and fresh.

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

DR. J. L. ACOMB, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice, will attend all Professional Calls.

MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS, Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts., Tionesta. Bank of Discount and Deposit.

FELT CARPETINGS, 35 cts. per yard. FELT CRILING for rooms in place of Plaster. FELT ROOFING and SIDING.

Watches, Clocks, Solid and Plated Jewelry, Black Jewelry, Eye Glasses, Spectacles, Violin Strings, &c., &c.

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

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

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

Freeville's Great Bazaar. They were going to have a bazaar in that town. There was a good deal of distress among the poor, for the panic came, and hard times came, and some manufacturers failed, and those who did not reduced their working force, and many operatives were out of employment, and were wanting help.

Painting, Paper-Hanging &c.,

E. H. CHASE, of Tionesta, offers his services to those in need of PAINTING, GRADING, CALCIMINING, SIZING & VARNISHING, SIGN WRITING, PAPER HANGING, AND CARRIAGE WORK.

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

BIRDS and Animals stuffed and mounted 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.

TIME TRIED AND FIRE TESTED! THE ORIGINAL

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN. ASSETS Dec. 31, 1875, \$5,735,925.79.

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

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY. SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S STORE. Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, - Proprietor.

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Freeville's Great Bazaar.

They were going to have a bazaar in that town. There was a good deal of distress among the poor, for the panic came, and hard times came, and some manufacturers failed, and those who did not reduced their working force, and many operatives were out of employment, and were wanting help.

Everybody said, "What a good example of economy Mrs. Millynn sets us! There it is not at all necessary, only it makes it easier for us to do it who are obliged to do it."

But Mrs. Jones, the dressmaker, missed the patronage of Mrs. Millynn, and thought that her work, which had always been good enough before, was good enough now.

Then Judge Rochester set an example of economy. His barn needed repairs; but although material was low and labor plenty, it was no time to have extra expense; so he let it go.

The young ladies worked early and late over fancy work and the pretty costumes in which they were to appear at the bazaar.

"What a blessed thing it is," said Mrs. Allen, her fine eyes suffused with moisture, "that we are getting on so well with the bazaar."

"Humph!" said Miss Mary Bryant, who was Mrs. George Allen's single sister, and had five thousand a year of her own, and no questions asked.

"Who makes the coffee this year?" she asked. "Oh, we are going to do that ourselves. Mrs. O'Leary asked us two dollars a night, and we are going to save that, and Mrs. Brown said she would not do it."

"I'll see to the coffee," remarked Miss Mary Bryant. "What! you make coffee? What did you say about cooking, yesterday?"

"Not all. I'm going to pay Nora O'Leary two dollars a night for coffee and frying oysters. Her husband is out of work and she has six children. For the four nights of the bazaar it will be quite a life, and she will come 'in at the death' and help clear up."

"Well, of course, if you pay out of your own pocket, it is nobody's business, but the Relief Society won't pay any bills."

"Generally speaking, I pay my own," said Miss Bryant. "What are the girls going to make this afternoon, when they come here?"

"Dress dolls. There's a great deal made on dolls, if you understand it. If you dress them cheaply and showily, and sew on the clothes, you more than quadruple the cost in the profit. Don't you see?"

And the doll had on nothing to speak of during the rest of her natural existence. Do these young ladies propose to immolate the juveniles also on the altar of economy?"

"What a queer girl you are! I don't know what you mean. Of course, they want to make all they can for the bazaar. But here comes the first of them, while we are talking, and here is Mrs. Johnson's man with the dolls in a clothes-basket!"

In truth, it was a pretty, a kindly sight to see the girls gather together in Mrs. Allen's pretty rooms. Girls are so pretty in themselves that it don't matter what they do; they are always the nicest of all things to look at.

"Well, girls, how many have I got to dress?" "Just as many as you please. There's a hundred here, and each one of us can dress one apiece this afternoon," said the pretty dolls' chair-girl.

"That's only twenty. Well, I'll dress fifty." "Fifty dolls! O Miss Bryant, you are too good!" and a buzz of approbation ran through the circle.

"No I am not. Fifty dolls isn't much to dress for one's bleeding country. Select fifty of the prettiest and the largest. Put them in the basket, and I'll call for them in an hour or so." And Miss Bryant walked off.

The carriage was at the door and Miss Bryant drove away in it. She drove a long way up Washington street, and got out at a droll little shop, kept by an old lady in a fall-bordered cap.

"How comes on the winter, Mrs. Hazard?" asked Miss Bryant. "Pretty bad, pretty bad. You see, I'd rented my upper room to Nellie Moore and her mother. And now she's out of work, owing to Mrs. Jones dismissing her extra help on account of hard times, and I expect they'll have to move, and then what I'll do to pay the rent puzzles me."

"I'll just step up there," said Miss Bryant, just as if that was not what she intended to do. "So Nellie," said Miss Bryant, "you are not going to be as busy as formerly for a while. I am ever so glad, for it helps me out of an embarrassment, I've got fifty dolls to dress for the bazaar. Of course I'm not so silly as to do it myself. Here's the material to dress them. Can you do it?"

"In two weeks—yes, if mother will help on the plain things. It's all hand-work mostly, and takes time." "Well, they are of all sizes; some of them very handsome; some small and easy to dress. Now they must be honestly dressed, at least all the larger ones, with the clothes to come off and put on, just as little girls love them best; and if you cannot do it tell me. Let Catherine Waters do up the clothes that need it—she is out of work, too—and tell her to send me the bill."

"Well, it's hard enough on her," said Nellie; "but Mrs. Rochester says that they cannot afford a laundress this winter and keep a cook too." "Humph!" said Miss Bryant. "I'll bring you round the dolls before dark."

When Miss Bryant came back she felt for a moment as if she had missed her way and got into a bee-hive, there was such a busy hum. "I'm sure I try to be economical," said one young lady, a teacher of music. "I save a dollar a week washing handkerchiefs and collars, and that's what I'm going to give to the bazaar. I feel as if I had earned it almost."

"And the bazaar is to help the poor, said Miss Bryant, with that odd smile of hers. "Of course." "What kind of a woman is your washerwoman?" "Oh, she's a very respectable woman, I assure you." "Likely to come on the Relief Society this winter?"

Certainly not, if she can help it.

"Now, my dear girl," said Miss Bryant, with her dazzling smile, "don't you think that dollar a week that you save, at I am sure, some inconvenience to yourself, and I am equally certain, some annoyance to your landlady, would help the Relief Society more by keeping your washerwoman beyond the need of its help, by giving her honest pay for the only part of her work on which she makes any profit than to put it into the soup-house fund to help, you don't know who, or how needy or deserving they really are? Don't you see that you take honest bread to give to possible impostors?"

"But, Miss Bryant, don't you approve of a bazaar? Don't you think the soup-house a good thing?" "Yes, the strikers think so, feeling sure that their families will be helped while they fight their employers. The frontier town think so when they have foreign invasions of needy adventurers. One who has depended on the soup-house will depend again; and you do much to encourage vice and idleness. No, girls! Have your bazaar. Enjoy yourselves, make yourselves, pretty and have a good time. God bless you all! But while you are doing it, don't discharge the music teacher and teach the little sisters, if you can afford to pay her, for she has a mother to support, or somebody else; nor do unsuitable work and make yourself ill, when the fee for one doctor's visit will be a godsend to some poor woman glad of the job. If you are rich enough to be generous, you can be honest and help others to be. If you economize, try to do it all yourself; don't try to teach, and take the place of a poorer girl who could do it just as well, or better, who lives on it, while you only buy ribbons with the money."

"But the example—" "Fudge!" as Burchell says. People who are needy don't want your example; they want your place. Your room in the army of teachers is far better than your company. Now, there is a large class of people born and bred to better days, who will grow very cold and feel very hungry, and never tell anybody, who will always be decent and pinched and patient; and I hold it is the business of good Christians to help these, and help them with honest pay for honest work, and with such timely help, delicately offered, as will confirm them in their own self-respect."

This was quite a speech for Miss Bryant. But the result was seen; for although not nearly so many persons "donated" work or articles, or were asked to do so, so much was paid out for such offices that there were not so many poor folks to help that winter, for Freeville is only a small place, after all.

And the young folks had a glorious, good time, and will talk of it for years to come.

A BEREAVED MOTHER'S PETITION.

Monday evening, as the train bound east in charge of conductor Dunham stopped here for supper, we noticed a young woman attired in deep mourning alight from one of the passenger coaches and walk down the platform, attended by a gentleman. She held a handkerchief to her eyes, and with her head resting upon the shoulder of her escort, her body quivered with emotion, as the hot tears ran down her face. We did not suspect the cause of her grief until she passed the baggage master leaning against his car. As she did so, she lifted up her head, and with the tears still streaming down her pale face, she said, in a tremulous voice: "Please do not pile anything on my little ones!" and then, giving up fresh to the intensest grief, she sank her head on the shoulder of the gentleman, and passed back to the coach from which she came.

As soon as she was gone from sight, we stepped up to the baggage man and inquired the cause of the lady's action. He thereupon told us that only three weeks ago she had passed up the road with a family of three little children. She said they were at the time enjoying good health, and were happy in one another's love. They were beautiful children and the mother idolized them. Having reached their point of destination in the western portion of Kansas, they were suddenly taken sick, and the three little ones died within a few days of one another, and there was nothing left to the mother but to bear their corpses back to her home in the East, and so they were in the car.—Sedalia (Mo.) Basee.

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ABOUT SCARECROWS.

Now that the planting season is at hand, we have no doubt but that many a farmer will rummage through his garret to find the cast off garments which, stuffed with straw, are to be set up in the cornfield to warn off the marauding crow. We have never had much faith in this artifice. Crows are possessed of much more wisdom than is generally credited to them; and while an immovable bundle of rags may drive them away for a short time, we believe that eventually they discover the humbug, as we have seen the birds complacently picking up young corn almost within the shadow of an elaborate stuffed scarecrow as ever was erected. We, however, have suggested a couple of plans which are calculated to intimidate even the boldest of these birds; and as they are easily carried out, perhaps our farmer readers may make use of them. The first and best is a suspended looking glass. Take two small cheap mirrors, fasten them back to back, attach a cord to one angle and hang them from an elastic pole. When the glass swings in the wind the sun's rays are reflected all over the field, even if it be a large one; and even the oldest and bravest of crows will depart precipitately should one of its lightning flashes fall on him. The second plan, although a terror to crows, is especially well suited to fields subjected to the inroads of small birds and even chickens. It involves an artificial hawk made from a big potato and long goose and turkey feathers. The maker can exercise his imitative skill in sticking the feathers into the potato so that they resemble the spread wings and tail of the hawk. It is astonishing what a ferocious-looking bird of prey can be constructed from the above materials. It only remains to hang the object from a tall bent pole, and the wind will do the rest. The bird makes swoops and dashes in the most headlong and threatening manner. Even the most inquisitive of venerable hens has been known to hurry rapidly from its dangerous vicinity, while to small birds it carries unmixd dismay.—Scientific American.

SLINGING SLANG.

As a newly engaged commercial traveler was about starting on a "drumming" trip from his place in Chicago the other day, he suddenly turned to his employer, a grave old merchant, and inquired, "I say boss, what shall I do if I get out of 'soap'?" "Soap!" said the old gentleman; "why, save your samples, and then you won't get out." "But I mean what if I should get out of 'grease'?" continued the young man. "Grease? grease?" pondered the old man, "why, you don't need any grease—you're not working for a lubricating estab—"

"Oh, but you don't understand me," chimed in the youthful employee, rather embarrassed; "I mean what shall I do if I run out of spondulix—stamps—wealth?" "Spondulix? stamps! wealth?" echoed the mystified merchant, looking at the young fellow over his glasses, to see if he had gone crazy. "Yes, currency—greenbacks," explained the drummer; "cash, money, you know?" A light seemed to dawn on the old merchant's mind at this moment, for gazing upon the creature before him with a look of mingled contempt and pity, he broke forth, "Young man, I rather guess you needn't go out, for I don't believe our class of customers could get along very well with you—they all speak English. Step up to the desk and that man there will settle with you." And that is the way the "high toned kid" got "bounced"—all through the pernicious habit of "slinging slang."

NOT KNOWN IN HEAVEN.

Our Cincinnati correspondent is responsible for the following: J. P. Spining has been interviewed by Benjamin, a revivalist from Chicago. Benj.—"Are you the manager of the Elm Street Printing Co.?" Sp.—"Yes, sir." Benj.—"I have a job I wish you to do for me." Sp.—"All right; we can do it for you." Benj.—"Well, I want it done for nothing. I prayed to God to direct me to some kind-hearted printer who would not charge me for the work, and he directed me to your establishment."

Sp.—"Well, I guess the Lord don't know us, or he would not have sent you here. There was only one printer in the city that done work as you want it done, and I guess, he is dead, or moved over the hills to the poor-house."

Marriage is described by a French cynic as a tiresome book with a very fine preface.