

**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.  
C. A. RANDALL, 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.

J. E. BLAINE, M. D. R. A. EOBERT, M. D.  
**BLAINE & EOBERT,**  
OFFICE and residence in house formerly  
occupied by Dr. Winans. Office days,  
Wednesdays and Saturdays.

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

J. B. AGNEW, W. E. LATHY,  
Tionesta, Pa. Erie, Pa.  
**AGNEW & LATHY,**  
Attorneys at Law, - Tionesta, Pa.  
Office on Elm Street.  
May 10, 1875.-tf

**MILES W. TATE,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
In Street, TIONESTA, PA.

F. W. HAYS,  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY**  
Public, Reynolds Hunkill & Co.'s  
Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 39-ly

F. KINNEAR, N. B. SMILEY,  
**KINNEAR & SMILEY,**  
Attorneys at Law, - Franklin, Pa.

**PRACTICE** in the several Courts of Ven-  
ango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining  
counties.

**NATIONAL HOTEL,**  
**TIDIOUTE, PA.**  
BUCKLIN & MORE, PROPRIETORS.  
First-Class Licensed House. Good sta-  
ble connected.

Lawrence House,  
**TIONESTA, PENNA., C. F. Mc-**  
**CRAY, 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.

Tionesta House,  
**ANDREW WELER, 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.

**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 patron-  
age is respectfully solicited.

**W. C. COBURN, M. D.,**  
**PHYSICIAN & SURGEON** offers his  
services to the people of Forest Co.  
Having had an experience of Twenty  
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.  
Office and Residence second building  
below the Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Of-  
fice days Wednesdays and Saturdays.

**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 Tidioute, near  
Tidioute House.

**IN THIS STORE WILL BE FOUND**  
A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors,  
Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints,  
Oils, Cullery, 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.

J. B. MAY, J. D. PARK, A. 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.

Collections solicited.

**FELT CARPETINGS,** 35 cts. per yard.  
**FELT CHILING** for rooms in place of  
Plaster. **FELT ROOFING** and **SHING-**  
For samples, address C. J. FAY, Camden,  
New Jersey.

**FREE GIFT** of a Piano for distributing  
our circulars; address U. S. Piano Co.,  
810 Broadway, New York.

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\$2 PER ANNUM.

## Painting, Paper-Hanging &c.,

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

PAINTING,  
GRAINING,  
CALCEMINING,  
SIZING & VARNISHING,  
SIGN WRITING,  
PAPER HANGING,  
AND CARRIAGE 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!**

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**ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY**  
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

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MILES W. TATE, Sub Agent,  
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**Frank Robbins,**  
**PHOTOGRAPHER,**  
(SUCCESSOR TO DEMING.)

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of the oil regions for sale or taken to or-  
der.

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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**

**TOMY**

**Business as Usual!**



**WATCHES**

**L. KLEIN,**

(In G. W. Bovard's Store, Tionesta, Pa.)

**PRACTICAL**

**WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,**

**DEALER IN**

**Watches, Clocks, Solid and Plated**

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**tacles, Violin Strings, &c., &c.**

Particular attention given to

**Repairing Fine Watches.**

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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

**CUSTOM GRINDING.**

**FLOUR, AND OATS.**

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

**H. W. LEDGER.**

## A DOCTOR'S CALL.

JANUARY 1, 18—. Dear Charley:  
Laid up with a sprained ankle, and  
must turn over my patients to your  
tender mercies. I inclose list of names,  
addresses, course of treatment, etc.,  
for your edification.

GODFREY HERMAN.  
This was the note that Dr. Charles  
Stevenson stood perusing with down-  
cast face and clouded brow on New  
Year's morning, not many years ago.  
The gentleman in question was just  
twenty-five, handsome and talented,  
possessed a moderate income indepen-  
dent of his practice, was a favorite in  
society, and had a goodly list of lady  
friends upon whom he might call on  
New Year's day.

Upon the morning in question Dr.  
Stevenson had gone his professional  
rounds very early, and had returned  
home to make a proper toilet for the  
usual round of New Year's calls, when  
his office boy brought him the missive  
quoted above.

"Confound it all!" he muttered.  
"Why couldn't Godfrey wait until to-  
morrow to sprain his ankle? And  
what a list! Rheumatism, pneumonia.  
Hem! hem! here is one that sounds  
interesting; Miss Graham, No. 298  
— street, lung fever. Dear me,  
what a detailed description of treat-  
ment and symptoms! Decidedly God-  
frey is interested in Miss Graham's  
lung fever. Well, I suppose I must  
go, and cut down my visits to a few  
this evening."

He retired to his sleeping apartment  
for a brief time, and emerged, no  
longer in fashionable attire, but in  
what he called his "doctor's toggery,"  
warranted fever-proof.

In every youthful heart, though the  
tender love that makes a life may not  
yet have come, there is ever one face,  
one voice, upon which the fancy linger-  
s, as a little brighter, a little sweeter  
than other faces or voices can be.  
To Charley Stevenson this face and  
voice was the memory of Maud Mid-  
dleton, a blonde beauty, and only  
child of one of the leading lawyers of  
the city. As yet love had not come to  
either heart, yet it is certain the lovely  
blonde accepted the attentions of the  
handsome young doctor willingly,  
and gave him sweetest smiles in re-  
turn.

Just a society flirtation so far, but  
one likely to become something more,  
for Dr. Stevenson was heir expectant  
to a wealthy maiden aunt, and Maud  
Middleton had been well taught as to  
the necessity of securing a "handsome  
establishment" with other matrimonial  
blessings.

The ripple of her golden hair, the  
sparkle of her blue eyes were the mag-  
nets that hurried the doctor in his  
round of professional calls, till he  
stood at door of the last patient, Miss  
Graham, who had lung fever.

Into a darkened room, where pover-  
ty had set her ugly seal, yet where  
some of those heart-rending relics of  
better days lingered yet, the doctor  
was ushered by an elderly woman, a  
gentlewoman in the true English sense  
of the word, who bore the traces of  
sorrow upon her sad face, and looked  
with pitiful anxiety for his directions.  
"She seems much worse since last  
evening," she said, when the doctor  
had explained the accident that had  
kept his friend at home, "the delirium  
continues, though she is so weak she  
can hardly speak."

A few professional inquiries followed,  
and the doctor approached the bed.  
A face, thin, yet exquisitely delicate,  
with large black eyes unnaturally  
brilliant, met his gaze. A face stricken  
by illness, wasted and worn, yet  
the most beautiful in all its pain his  
eyes had ever rested upon.

While he felt the rapid pulse at the  
delicate wrist, bent low to listen to the  
murmurs of the delirious fancy, a  
knock at the door summoned the mo-  
ther away.

It was impossible in the deep still-  
ness of the room to avoid hearing the  
conversation between the new-comer  
and Mrs. Graham.

"You have an answer to my note?"  
the lady said eagerly. "No, ma'am.  
Miss Middleton was dressing for call-  
ers and couldn't be bothered."

"She sent me some money, Joe; just  
a dollar or two?"

"No, ma'am. You must wait until  
next month."

"Did she read the note?"

"Yes, ma'am. I send her word it  
while the man was dressing of her  
hair, and I told her, ma'am, how aw-  
ful sick Miss Daisy was, but she said  
I was an impudence and might talk  
when I was asked. She's a proud one."

"Well, Joe, you can do no more."  
"But ain't I to go for the medicines  
and the wine?"

"No—there, never mind."

It was a whole tragedy to Charley  
Stevenson's kind heart. Was the  
mother seeking charity? or did the  
blonde beauty, who haunted all his  
dreams, owe her rightful payment?

Either way his idol was dimmed by  
the words of the errand boy.

Yet he felt instinctively that charity  
from a stranger would not be accept-  
ed here. The face of the elderly lady,  
through all its sadness and gentleness,  
was proud; and every tone of the low  
voice showed education and refine-  
ment.

No money, not a pitiful "dollar or  
two," and the patient wanted expensive  
medicines and stimulants. A bright  
thought flashed over Charley Steven-  
son's mind.

"Mrs. Graham," he said, turning his  
eyes delicately from the tearful face,  
"your daughter needs medicine I do  
not like to trust to a druggist to pre-  
pare from a written prescription. I  
will return in an hour and administer  
the first dose myself."

Whether she understood the deli-  
cate kindness or not, Mrs. Graham's  
grateful eyes sufficiently thanked the  
young physician, who hurried away,  
soon returning with the medicines and  
wine cleverly disguised by a prescrip-  
tion label plastered over the original.

More than three hours slipped away  
while the doctor watched his patient,  
studying the effect of his medicines,  
and finally being rewarded by seeing  
her fall into a quiet slumber. It was  
too late when he reached home again  
to make any calls, and as he sat over  
his cheery grate he dreamed, not of  
Maud's golden curls, but the pale,  
sweet face of Miss Graham.

It saddened him to think of a cof-  
fin-lid hiding it forever from the mo-  
ther's loving eyes, and yet he knew  
that she was hovering very close to the  
borders of the future life.

His first call the next day was at  
the house of this patient, and by the  
glad eyes of the mother he knew the  
life-giving sleep had been prolonged  
and followed by consciousness.

Very weak and ill she was yet, but  
there was hope now, and Charley Ste-  
venson wondered that this fact should  
so lighten his heart when but twenty-  
four hours before he had never even  
heard of Miss Graham. But in his  
morning travels a natty little pheton  
passed him, paused till he came up,  
and Maud Middleton, leaning forward,  
held out her hand to the young phy-  
sician.

"You don't deserve to be spoken  
to," she said, with her great blue eyes  
merrily cordial, "for you should have  
followed your bouquet yesterday."

"I was only too sorry I could not,"  
was the reply. "One of my friends  
sprained his ankle, and kindly turned  
over his patients to me."

"Doleful!" with a shrug. "Sick-  
ness is a horrid bore. I am out now  
hunting up a substitute for my dress-  
maker, who sends me word she has  
lung fever. I dare say it is only a  
cold; but in the meantime I must find  
some one else. Shocking, ain't it?"

Do come to see us soon."

And after a few more parting words  
Maud carried her golden curls from  
Charley's vision.

It was a debt, then. She owed the  
money she had heartlessly refused to  
send to the sick girl. All the glamour  
faded at once and forever from Char-  
ley Stevenson's heart. It was impos-  
sible for a man whose every action  
was controlled by honor and Christi-  
anity to give even admiration to a wo-  
man for whom he felt no respect, and  
Charley Stevenson was conscious of a  
feeling of bitter contempt for Maud as  
the pheton bore her out of sight.

It was with a new interest he found  
his way toward evening to Daisy Gra-  
ham's sick room, and when her eyes  
met his, full of gratitude, and a whis-  
per thanked him, he wondered how he  
had ever seen any beauty in the fair  
face of Maud Middleton.

But that young lady did not pro-  
pose to lose her admirer so easily. Old  
Miss Stevenson, the doctor's aunt, had  
taken the blonde upon her list of  
special favorites, and it was astonish-  
ing how often the gay beauty found an  
excuse to visit her elderly friend; and  
often Charley was there, ever courte-  
ous and pleasant, but never again with  
that air and voice that had once told  
Maud her charms were winning their  
way to the young doctor's heart. It  
troubled him, too, that his aunt had  
so evidently set her heart upon a  
match between himself and Maud, for  
he dearly loved her, and was loth to  
cross any of her wishes. So not wish-  
ing to make any violent rupture, cun-  
ning Charley, one evening in the early  
spring, said:

"Auntie, do you remember once  
wishing you could replace your old  
companion, Miss Bruce?"

"Yes, but I never can. And when  
you are married, Charley, your wife  
will share our home."

"Very true. In the meantime,  
Auntie, I have a patient who has been  
very ill with lung fever, and whose  
sole support is her needle. She is not  
strong enough yet to follow her trade  
of dressmaking, and I was thinking if  
my Auntie could find a place for her  
and make her useful, it would be a

charity, and might prove a comfort  
here also."

"Who is she, Charley?"

"Miss Daisy Graham."

"Graham! What Graham?"

"Her father's name was Josiah, and  
I believe they were wealthy at one  
time."

"No, but they are very poor. Do  
you know her?"

"Know her! She was my dearest  
friend for years, until she married and  
went out West. Where are they? I  
will call to-day—now."

"You are the dearest Auntie in the  
world."

"H'm! Yes. It seems to me you  
are wonderfully interested, Dr. Charles.  
Is Miss Daisy pretty?"

"Lovely, and so gentle and good."

Then Charley told of his New  
Year's call, of the subsequent visita-  
tion of his pleading for and obtaining per-  
mission to make social visits after pro-  
fessional ones were no longer needed,  
and how each one deepened his inter-  
est in the fair, sweet girl.

"She is very delicate," he said, in  
conclusion, "and needs good food and  
freedom from wearing anxiety."

"She shall have them. And, Char-  
ley, if she is the refined, sweet woman  
her mother was I will speed the woo-  
ing."

Only a kiss to thank her, and Char-  
ley was off to order the carriage for  
the call.

Two weeks later, Miss Maud Mid-  
dleton being about to prepare a ward-  
robe for her summer campaign, be-  
thought her of the fifty dollars she  
owed Daisy Graham, resolved to pay  
it, and so pave the way for a new  
order. But Miss Graham was not at  
home.

"Gone with her mother to visit  
some friends," her landlady told Miss  
Middleton, who re-entered her pheton  
in no amiable frame of mind.

"She had such exquisite taste, and  
fitted me to perfection, and worked for  
a mere nothing," thought that ill-used  
young lady as she drove in the direc-  
tion of Miss Stevenson's. "I'll ask  
that old maid who makes her dresses,  
though I suppose they cost a small  
fortune."

Miss Stevenson was at home, the  
servant informed Maud, and that  
young lady, being a privileged visitor  
went at once to the sitting room. At  
the door she paused, seeing a lady sit-  
ting near the window, and in a low  
chair at Miss Stevenson's feet, Daisy  
Graham.

"Oh! Miss Graham," she said, "I  
have just been to your house to see if  
you could make me some summer  
dresses, and to pay the trifle I owe  
you."

"Miss Graham," said Miss Steven-  
son, dryly, "has given up dressmaking  
for the present; but the trifle will be  
quite convenient toward providing her  
trousseau. You will be the first to  
hear of the engagement, Maud, but  
you may say that we will have a wed-  
ding in the fall, when Daisy will  
become the wife of my nephew Char-  
ley."

Very sweetly Miss Middleton made  
her congratulatory speech, and paid  
her bill, but in her pheton the young  
lady shed pitiful tears in the shadow  
of her veil, muttering:

"So that was the reason why Char-  
ley Stevenson stayed away from my  
New Year's reception, and has been  
offish ever since!"

And, reader, that was exactly the  
reason.

**A JUDICIAL DRINK.**

An Alabama paper says that the  
other day, while sitting in the Circuit  
Court, Judge Humphreys grew weary  
of the endless tongues of attorneys,  
and calling to a bailiff, said huskily,  
"go over to the Hole-in-the-Wall and  
bring me a drink of whiskey."

The bailiff disappeared and reap-  
peared shortly with an inch and a  
half of corn juice in a glass, enough  
for any Christian man, but not a suffi-  
ciency for an Alabama judiciary sys-  
tem.

"Go back," thundered the judge,  
"go back and tell Hagerty to send me  
a drink—a drink of whiskey."

The bailiff disappeared again, and  
reappeared again with a tumbler  
brimming full.

"Ah," said the wearer of ermine,  
"that now is a drink. But what,"  
wiping his lips with the cuff of his  
coat, what did he say?"

"Oh, he didn't say anything, your  
Honor," answered the bailiff blushing.

"Oh, yes, he must have made some  
remark; now what did he say?"

"Well, sir, your Honor, he said, 'I  
sent him a drink of whiskey at first,  
I didn't know that the old fool wanted  
to take a bath!'"

"Hem, hem, go on with the exam-  
ination of your witness," said the  
judge to the attorney for the plaintiff.

## Rates of Advertising.

One Square (1 inch), one insertion	\$1.50
One Square " " one month	3.00
One Square " " three months	6.00
One Square " " one year	10.00
Two Squares, one year	15.00
Quarter Col.	39.00
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.

## WHISKEY AND STRYCHNIA.

The inquiry is often made by physi-  
cians and others if whiskey or other  
alcoholic liquors are adulterated with,  
or contain the terrible poison, strychnia.  
We reply, No. In hundreds of  
chemical examinations of whiskey  
made by us, we have never found a  
trace of the poisonous alkaloid, and  
we do not believe it is ever used by  
distillers or