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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MEETS every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars.

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.

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

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

ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds Hukill & Co's Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

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

NATIONAL HOTEL, TIDIOUTE, PA. BECKLIN & MORE, PROPRIETORS.

Lawrence House, TIONESTA, PENN'A. C. F. McCRAY, Proprietor.

ANDREW WELLS, 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.

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. YARNER PROPRIETOR. Opposite S. Court House, Tionesta, Pa.

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

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

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

DR. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced Physician and Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store.

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

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

AT L. KLEIN'S JEWELRY STORE, TIDIOUTE, PA. WATCHES AND CLOCKS Repaired and Warranted.

LEAVE YOUR WATCHES at G. W. Howard's Store, Tionesta, Pa.

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL. THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Lacytown), Forest county, has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted.

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

FREE GIFT of a Piano for distributing our circulars; address U. S. Piano Co. 801 Broadway, New York.

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

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.

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.

TIME TRIED AND FIRE TESTED! THE ORIGINAL ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DEMING.)

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

M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.

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WAS IT WORTH A LEG?

It was in the autumn of the year 1782, that a surgeon in Boulogne, of the name Etienne Lefebvre, received a letter, not bearing any signature, requesting him to repair on the following day to a country house which was situated on the road leading to Callas, and to bring along such instruments as would be required for performing an operation. Lefebvre was at that period well-known as a distinguished and successful operator; so much so, that he was not infrequently sent for from great distances.

He was naturally somewhat surprised at this anonymous communication; for, although the time and place were, as already stated, mentioned with great minuteness, there was no clue afforded by which the writer could be identified. He, therefore, came to the conclusion that some of his jocular friends were making fun of him, and he did not keep the appointment.

Three days afterwards he again received a similar summons, but couched in more pressing terms than the first, and he was informed that at 9 o'clock in the morning a carriage would be sent to bring him to the place where he was anxiously expected.

He was received at the entrance by a fine-looking young man of about twenty-five years of age, who requested him to walk into a large and handsome room on the first floor. His accent showed him to be an Englishman. The following conversation then ensued between them: "You have sent for me," said the doctor.

"I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken in coming here," rejoined the Englishman. "Be so good as to seat yourself at the table where you will find chocolate, coffee, or wine, in case you would like to partake of anything before commencing the operation."

"But first show me the patient. I wish to satisfy myself that an operation is absolutely necessary."

"It is necessary, Monsieur Lefebvre; pray be seated. I have entire confidence in you; only listen to me. Here is a purse containing 100 guineas, which I offer you as a fee for the operation you are asked to perform, no matter what the result may be."

"Sir, I am not to be deterred from doing what I consider proper by any fear of a pistol. But what do you desire? What am I expected to do?"

"With all my heart," answered the surgeon, thinking that this was a characteristic specimen of those mad English; and your hand, also, if necessary or desirable. However, unless I am greatly mistaken, your leg is perfectly sound. I saw you walk down stairs with the greatest activity. What can be the matter with your leg?"

"Nothing; but it must come off."

"That is no concern of yours, Monsieur Lefebvre."

residence, position and family.

"You shall be made acquainted with all these particulars at some future time, but not at present. I beg you to consider me a man of honor."

"A man of honor does not utter unjustifiable threats against his guests. I have to perform a duty even towards you, who are a stranger to me. My reasons for refusing to accede to your absurd request are, as you must admit, sound and just. Do you wish to be the murderer of an innocent father of a large family?"

"Well, Monsieur Lefebvre," replied the Englishman, taking up the pistol, "I will not fire upon you, and yet I will compel you to cut off this leg. What you refuse to do to oblige me, through love of gain or fear of a bullet, you shall do through humanity."

"How so, sir?"

"I intend to shatter my leg with this pistol, and that, too, before your eyes," answered the Englishman, who accordingly seated himself, cocked the pistol, and then took deliberate aim at his knee-joint.

Lefebvre rushed forward to prevent him, but the Englishman coolly exclaimed: "Do not come near; if you do I fire. Now only answer me this question: Do you wish to prolong my suffering needlessly?"

"Sir, you are mad," answered the doctor, in despair; "but have your own way—I am ready to do as you wish."

Everything was ready for the operation. As soon as the doctor took up his instruments the Englishman lighted his cigar, and declared that he would smoke until the operation was concluded. He kept his word. The lifeless leg rested upon the floor but the Englishman smoked on. The operation had been performed in a most masterly manner, and, thanks to Dr. Lefebvre's skill and attention, the patient soon became perfectly recovered, although, of course, he had to be supplied with a wooden leg. He rewarded the surgeon, whom he had learned to esteem more and more every day; thanked him with tears in his eyes for the great obligation under which he had laid him; and in a short time started for England.

About two months after his patient's departure the surgeon received the following letter from England:

Inclosed you will receive a token of my boundless gratitude—a bill of exchange on my banker in Paris for 6,500 francs. You have rendered me the happiest of men by ridding me of a limb which was an obstacle in the way of my happiness. Learn then, the reason of what you termed my madness. You assured me that there could be no justifiable excuse for so singular a mutilation. I offered you a wager, and I think you were right in refusing it. After my second return from the East Indies I became acquainted with Susan Black, the most accomplished and fascinating of women. I sought her hand in marriage. Her fortune and family were such as met with the entire approbation of my parents. As for me, I thought only of her charms. I was soon happy enough to gain her affections, a fact which she did not attempt to deny; but she, at the same time, vainly did I beseech her to do so; in vain did her relations all second my desire. She was inflexible. For a long time I could not discover the reason of her opposition to a marriage which she herself confessed would make her happy; until at last, one of her sisters revealed the fatal secret to me. Susan was a marvel of beauty, but she was so unfortunate as to have lost a leg, and she had consequently condemned herself to eternal celibacy. My resolution was quickly formed, and I determined to become like her. Thanks to you, my dear Lefebvre, my wishes were soon accomplished. I returned with my wooden leg to London. I hastened to gain information of Miss Black. The report had been spread, and I myself had taken care to write to my friends in England to the same effect, that I had the misfortune to fracture my leg, and that amputation had been found absolutely necessary. Every one expressed the greatest concern at my misfortune. Susan fainted on the occasion of my first presenting myself. She was for a long time inconsolable, but at length she consented to become my wife. It was only on the morning after our marriage that I confessed to her the sacrifice by which I had at length been enabled to gain her consent to be mine. The avowal increased her love. Oh! my excellent friend, had I ten legs to lose, I would give them all up for the sake of my beloved Susan. So long as I live, rely on my gratitude. If ever you visit England, do not fail to come here, so that I may make you acquainted with my wife; and then tell me whether or not I was not of my senses.

Yours faithfully, ARTHUR OXLEY.

Mons. Lefebvre answered the letter of his English friend in the following terms: "Sir:—Accept my best thanks for your very generous present—for so I must term what you have sent me, having been previously magnificently remunerated for my trouble, as you were pleased to term it. I wish you, as well as your charming wife, all imaginable happiness. True it is that to give a leg in exchange for a beautiful, tender and virtuous wife is not too much, provided the happiness endures. Adam sacrificed one of his ribs to become possessed of our common mother Eve, and more than one man has laid down his life for the sake of his beloved. Notwithstanding all this, allow me to adhere to my former opinion. For the present you are doubtless right, for you are now in the honeymoon; but at some future time you will acknowledge the truth of what I advanced. I beg your attention to what I am about to say. I fear that in two years you will repent of having had your leg amputated above the knee-joint. You will think that to have it cut lower down would have been quite sufficient. In three years you will be persuaded that the sacrifice of a foot would have answered all purposes; in four, that of the big toe; in five, the little one; and, at last, you will have confessed that to have parted with a nail, without necessity, would have been a piece of egregious folly. All this I assert without in the slightest degree impugning the merit of your admirable helpmate. In my own youthful days I would have, at any time given my life for my mistress, but never my leg, for the rest of my days. Had I really done so, I should have every moment said to myself, "Lefebvre, you are a madman." With highest consideration, yours very obediently, ETIENNE LEFEBVRE.

Philadelphia Pluck.

Whatever advantages of this sort may accrue to the Quaker City will have been most fairly and loyally won; for, of a surety, never was there a great business scheme of national importance carried through with so clean hands, or such absence of all speculation as this Centennial Exhibition. And Philadelphians may well boast, that, at a period when the business of the country was showing unparalleled prostration, and political and private jobbery were rampant, they have initiated and pushed to a successful issue a grand scheme of international industrial exhibit, involving millions of cost, without any wavering of faith, or thievish blot upon its direction. Indeed, in the whole show there is not to our mind anything better worth showing than the steadfast, strong, straightforward purpose with which Philadelphians have pushed this matter, through thick and thin, to its final issue, and the superb disdain which they have shown for all sorts of scoffers and doubters. Pluck of this sort deserves its reward, and will have it, whether it comes by admission tickets, or in other ways.

And other ways will open whatever may be the exhibit of temporary pecuniary result. There is the positive city growth already alluded to—some of which must be healthy and real; there are the permanent buildings within the Exhibition inclosure which inure to the city; there is the newly established "School of Art," whose administrators, with wise forecast, are making large purchases of such material as could be secured under no other conditions, to such advantage, as here and now; there is the immense educating influence of the Exhibition in its entirety upon the population of the city; and there is the further material gain of winning and holding a reputation for executing a gigantic scheme with steadfast purpose, and for entertaining a world of strangers without giving reasonable cause for complaint.—Scribner's Monthly.

A touching incident is reported from Chattanooga. An utter stranger called on a respectable farmer last week and asked him if his house had not been robbed during the war. The farmer replied that it had. "I," said the stranger, "was one of the marauding party that did it. I took a little silver locket." "That locket," said the farmer, "has been worn by my dear child." "Here it is," replied the stranger, visibly affected, "I am rich; let me make restitution. Here are \$20 for your little son." He gave the farmer a fifty dollar bill and received \$30 in change. He then wrung the farmer's hand warmly and left. The farmer has since dried his tears and loaded his shot-gun. The fifty dollar bill was a bad one.

Sixteen years have passed away, and yet the Democratic party, in soul, purpose, and policy, is the same as when under Buchanan it left the country crumbling into anarchy, a part warring against it and a part voting against it, and both factions teaching that our country was a mere confederation of States, too weak to enforce its own laws, without power to protect its life, and subject to the veto of any State that chose to withdraw from its power. So declared Senator Sherman at Marietta, Ohio, a few days ago; and yet that party asks the people to restore it to power, and give it full control of the Federal Government!

It graven a young minister fearfully, who has spent every cent he could earn, beg and borrow for four years to acquire a good theological education and has settled over a Western church with a salary of \$300 a year, if he can collect it, and three donation parties in spite of him, to read that Skyler, the pitcher of the Brooklyn nine, has just consented, in view of the hard times, to a reduction of his salary to \$4,500 this season.

"Can I travel through your country with impunity, unless I am provided with firearms?" inquired a commercial traveler of a hardy frontiersman at the Central Hotel. "Why, certainly! Why not? You oughter have a Winchester and two six-shooters, though, and be sorter quick about pulling them," was the calm reply of the patriarch from the West.

A Yankee counsel, who was defending a man on trial for wife murder, sought for some euphonous and innocent phrase with which to describe his client's crime, and finally said: "The winnowed her into paradise with a fence rail."

The New York World, a Democratic paper, has the following sly dig at Tilden: "There is money enough stolen every year from the railroads in this country to pay all their debts."