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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. T. J. VAN GIESSEN, N. G. D. W. CLARK, 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. B. AGNEW, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS! I have been admitted to practice as an Attorney in the Pension Office at Washington, D. C. All officers, soldiers, or sailors who were injured in the late war, can obtain pensions to which they may be entitled by calling on or addressing me at Tionesta, Pa. Also, claims for arrearages of pay and bounty will receive prompt attention.

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.

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

F. W. HAYS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY Public, Reynolds, Harkill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 30-1y.

KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, - - - Franklin, Pa. PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties. 30-1y.

Lawrence House, TIONESTA, PENN'A. C. E. McILROY, 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 Commercial Agents.

CENTRAL HOUSE, BENNER & 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. 34-1y.

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. 4-17-1v.

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. Coburn 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 from all 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 consult him by letter.

Office and Residence second building below the Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Office hours Wednesdays and Saturdays. 25-1y.

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. 18-1y.

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

BIRDS and Animals stuffed and mounted to order. Artificial Eyes kept in stock. 2-1y.

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL. THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Lacytown), Forest county, has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted in first-class order, and is now running and doing all kinds of CUSTOM GRINDING.

FEED, FLOUR, AND OATS. Constantly on hand, and sold at the very lowest figures. H. W. LEDEBUR.

EMPLOYMENT, Male and female, salary or commission. We pay agent a salary of \$30 a week and expenses. Eureka Manufacturing Co., Hartford, Conn. Particulars free. 4-1

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 country 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 braiding and embroidery done in the best manner, with the newest patterns. All I ask is a fair trial. Residence on Elm Street, in the Acomb Building. 11.

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

ASSETS Dec. 31, 1873, \$5,735,925.70. MILES W. TATE, Sub Agent, Tionesta, Pa. 45.

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 Depot, Oil City, Pa. 20-1f.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

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



Pictures taken in all the latest styles of the art. 26-1f.

H. G. TINKER & CO. WHOLESALE & RETAIL Dealers in

Hardware, Iron and Nails, Stoves and Tinware. BELTING OF ALL SIZES. Constantly on hand, at low prices.

Also Manufacturers of SHEET IRON WORK.

Smoke Stacks, Breaching, Sheet Iron, Well Casing, &c., &c.

FORSALE—One Second-hand ten horse power Woodbury Stationary Boiler and Engine.

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THE LARGEST FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT IN THE OIL REGIONS!

MILES SMITH, Dealer in CABINET AND UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE! FRANKLIN, - - - PENN'A.

Consisting of Parlor, Office and Common Furniture, Mattresses, Pillows, Window Shades, Fixtures, Looking Glasses, &c.

Also, agent for Venango County for the Celebrated Manhattan Spring Bed and Combination Mattresses, manufactured and for sale at my Furniture Warerooms, 12th street, near Liberty. Call and see sample Bed. 9-1y.

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 Tidoute, near Tidoute 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. CHAR. O. DAY, an experienced Physician and Drug list from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately.

ADVERTISING in Religious and Agricultural weeklies half-price. Send for catalogue on the List Plan. For information, address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 41 Park Row, N. Y. 22 4

ADVERTISERS send 25 cents to Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, N. Y., for their Eighty-page Pamphlet, showing cost of advertising. 13 46

THE MISSING FINGER JOINT.

It was my first visit to London since I had taken up my abode and entered on the practice of my profession as a solicitor at Southampton. In London I had a very dear friend, my old college chum, George Dickson; and as he was the only person I knew in the great metropolis, of course I lost no time in looking him up. Three years had passed since our last meeting; but ten could scarcely have produced a change more marked than had taken place in the appearance and manner of my friend. Our first greetings and friendly inquiries over, I longed, yet feared, to ask the cause of my friend's melancholy. I felt sure, in due time, of being made the confidant of the secret, provided no motive of delicacy prompted its concealment. That evening, at my room at the hotel, George told me his story. He had formed an attachment for a young lady, whose graces of mind and person he portrayed with all the fervor of a lover's eloquence. She had returned his affection; but her father had opposed the suit, having set his heart on the marriage of his daughter to a nephew of his. This nephew was a young surgeon; of prodigious character, my friend assured me—but that may have been prejudice—who had long, but unsuccessfully wooed his cousin, to whom his profligate was repugnant as they were to her father acceptable. Some months since, Mr. Parsons, the young lady's father, had gone into Hampshire on business, accompanied by his nephew. At Southampton he had been seized by a sudden illness, which terminated fatally in three days. On the day preceding his death he had executed a will (which had since been proved by the deposition of interested witnesses), containing a solemn request that his daughter, to whom he left the whole of the estate, should accept the hand of his nephew in marriage coupled with the provisions that in case the latter offered, and she refused, within a specified period to enter into the proposed union, the entire estate devised to the daughter should be forfeited to the nephew. To sacrifice her fortune to her heart's choice would not have cost Julia Parsons a moment's hesitation; and nothing could have more delighted George Dickson than so fair an opportunity of showing how superior his devotion was to all considerations of personal advantage. But her father's dying request, in Julia's eyes was sacred. It had surprised and stunned her, it is true; for in their many conferences on the subject, he had never gone beyond the most kindly remonstrance, and had never hinted at anything like coercion. Young Parson, the nephew, had not the magnanimity to forego his ungenerous advantage. He might have been content with his cousin's fortune alone but his right to that depended on his offer and her rejection of an alliance which she felt in consequence bound to accept. The brief season of grace, which she had been compelled to beg even with tears, had already almost passed, and a few more days would witness the condemnation of two lives to hopeless misery. At the conclusion of my friend's narrative, in which, for reasons that may hereafter be developed, I felt a peculiar interest, I prevailed upon him to accompany me to a place of amusement, to which I had previously procured tickets. When we reached the theater, the performances had already begun; but we succeeded in finding seats which commanded a fair view of both the stage and audience. In a few moments George touched my elbow. "Observe the gentleman nearly opposite, in the front row, seated next column, leaning his arm on his cane," he whispered. I looked in the direction indicated, and saw a face whose striking resemblance to one I had seen before caused me to start with surprise. "Who is it," I asked. "Elbridge Parsons," was the reply. "The one of whom you spoke?" "The same," my friend answered. "Does he resemble his uncle?" I was on the point of inquiring; but just then the stranger drew the glove from his right hand, and I saw that the first joint of the middle finger was wanting, a circumstance which, for sufficient reason, absorbed my attention. "Do you know the exact date of Mr. Parson's death?" I asked when we had gained the street at the close of the performance. "Yes," said George; "it was the 23d of December. His daughter received a telegram from her cousin, announcing the fact the same day. But why do you ask?" "I have a reason which may or may not prove a good one," I returned; and stating that I had business en-

gagements for the whole of the next day, I parted with my friend, promising to meet him on the following evening.

Next afternoon found me at the abode of Mr. Parsons, the surgeon. "Mr. Parsons, I presume?" were the words with which I accosted the man I had seen at the theater. "Yes, sir." "You may not remember me, Mr. Parsons, but I believe we met before." "I beg your pardon sir, for not recollecting the occasion." "You were in Southampton last winter, were you not?" "I was," he answered with some embarrassment. "I am the solicitor on whom you called to take a draft of a will." He turned pale, but made no reply. I saw a copy of that will at Dr. Commons this morning." I resumed, "and—" "You speak of my uncle's will," he hastily interrupted. "And yet," I continued, "you said it was yours when you applied to have it written. You represented yourself as desirous of executing such a document preparatory to embarking on a perilous voyage. The paper was drawn in accordance with your instructions, leaving the date to be filled up at the time of signing, your locks were grey then, and you certainly looked old enough to have a marriageable daughter; but your disguise was not perfect." And I pointed to the mutilated finger. "What do you mean?" he shouted, in a defiant tone. "Simply that your uncle's signature to that will is a forgery!" I answered, rising and confronting him. "He died on the 23d of December. Your own telegram to that effect is in existence. It was on the 24th, the day before Christmas, that you called on me to prepare that document now on record as his will. The inference is plain; you undertook to manufacture this spurious testament after your uncle's death, and wishing to clothe your villainy in legal form, you procured from me the required draft. You, or some one at instigation, simulated the signature of the deceased. The witnesses who have since perjured themselves in their deposition, were procured in some manner best known to yourself."

"Enough, sir," he ejaculated, placing his back against the door; "you have shown yourself in possession of a secret the custody of which may prove dangerous!" "I am not unprepared for threats," I replied. "In the first place, I did not come here unarmed, in the next, I have prepared a full written statement of the facts to which I have alluded, with information, besides of my present visit to yourself. The paper will be delivered to the friend to whom it is directed; unless within an hour I reclaim it from the messenger, who has been instructed for that length of time to retain it."

His face grew livid. His frame quivered with mingled fear and rage, and his eye gleamed like that of a wild beast at bay. "What is your purpose?" he exclaimed in a voice hoarse with suppressed passion. "To keep your secret while you live," I answered, "on one condition."

"That you write instantly to Julia Parsons, renouncing all pretension to her hand, and absolute, withdrawing your proposal of marriage."

After a moment's pause he hastily penned a brief note, which he submitted to my inspection; it was quite satisfactory. "Be so good as to seal and address it," I said. He did so.

"I will see that it is delivered," I remarked, taking it up and bowing myself out. When I met George Dixon that evening, his old college look had come back. He had great news to tell me. The next thing was to take me to see Julia, and it is needless to tell what a happy evening we three spent together, and what a happy marriage followed not long after.

Elbridge Parsons, I have just learned, emigrated for Australia, on board the London, and went down in that ill-fated ship.

If a mechanic or clerk saves only 27 cents per day, from the time he is twenty-one until he is threescore and ten, the aggregate, with interest, will amount to \$2,900; and a daily saving of 274 reaches the important sum of \$29,000. A sixpence saved daily will provide a fund of \$7,000—sufficient to purchase a good farm.

"Mrs. Spinks," observed a boarder to his landlady, "the equal adjustment of this establishment could be more safely secured if there was less hair in the wash and more in the mattresses."

Fit subjects for prison discipline—the cypher dispatch "reformers."

TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN.

When they reached the depot, Mr. Mann and his wife gazed in unspeakable disappointment at the receding train, which was just pulling away from the bridge switch at the rate of a thousand miles a minute. Their first impulse was to run after it, but as the train was out of sight and whistling for Sagetown before they could act upon the impulse, they remained in the carriage and disconsolately turned their horses' heads homeward. "It all comes of having to wait for a woman to get ready," Mr. Mann broke the silence, very grimly. "I was ready before you were," replied his wife. "Great Heavens," cried Mr. Mann, with great impatience, jerking the horses jaws out of place, "just listen to that! And I sat in the buggy ten minutes yelling at you to come along until the whole neighborhood heard me."

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Mann with the provoking placidity which no one can assume but a woman, "and every time I started down stairs you sent me back for something you had forgotten."

Mr. Mann groaned. "This is too much to bear," he said, "when everybody knows that if I were going to Europe I would just rush into the house, put on a clean shirt, grab up my grip sack, and fly, while you would want at least six months for preliminary preparations, and then dawdle around the whole day of starting until every train had left town."

Well, the upshot of the matter was that the Manns put off their visit to Aurora until the next week, and it was agreed that each one should get himself or herself ready and go down to the train and go, and the one who failed to get ready should be left. The day of the match came around in due time. The train was going at 10:30, and Mr. Mann, after attending to his business, went home at 9:45.

"Now, then," he shouted, "only three quarters of an hour's time. Fly around; a fair field and no favors, you know."

And away they flew. Mr. Mann bulged into this room and flew through that one, and dived into one closet after another with inconceivable rapidity, chuckling under his breath all the time to think how cheap Mrs. Mann would feel when he started off alone. He stopped on his way upstairs to pull off his heavy boots to save time. For the same reasons he pulled off his coat as he ran through the dining room and hung it on a corner of the silver closet. Then he jerked off his vest as he rushed through the hall and tossed it on a hook in the hat rack, and by the time he had reached his own room he was ready to plunge into his clean clothes. He pulled out a bureau drawer and began to paw at the things like a Scotch terrier after a rat.

"Eleanor," he shrieked, "where are my shirts?" "In your bureau drawer," calmly replied Mrs. Mann, who was standing before a glass calmly and deliberately coaxing a refractory crimp into place. "Well, by thunder, they ain't!" shouted Mr. Mann, a little annoyed. "I've emptied everything out of the drawer, and there isn't a thing in it I ever saw before."

Mrs. Mann stepped back a few paces, held her head on one side, and after satisfying herself that the crimp would do, and would stay where she had put it, replied:

"These things scattered around on the floor are all mine. Probably you haven't been looking into your own drawer."

"I don't see," testily observed Mr. Mann, "why you couldn't have put my things out for me when you had nothing else to do all the morning."

"Because," said Mrs. Mann, settling herself into an additional article of raiment with awful deliberation, "nobody put mine out for me. A fair field and no favors, my dear."

Mr. Mann plunged into his shirt like a bull at a red flag. "Foul!" he shouted in malicious triumph. "No buttons on the neck!" "Because," said Mrs. Mann, sweetly, after a deliberate stare at the fidgeting, impatient man, during which she buttoned her dress and put eleven pins where they would do the most good, "because you have got the shirt on wrong side out."

When Mr. Mann slid out of the shirt he began to sweat. He dropped the shirt three times before he got it on, and while it was over his head he heard the clock strike ten. When his head came through he saw Mrs. Mann coaxing the ends and bows of her necktie.

"Where's my shirt studs?" he cried. Mrs. Mann went out into another room and presently came back with her gloves and hat, and saw Mr. Mann emptying all the boxes he could find in and about the bureau. Then she said:

"In the shirt you just pulled off." Mrs. Mann put on her gloves while Mr. Mann hunted up and down the room for his cuff buttons.

"Eleanor," he snarled, at last, "I believe you must know where those cuff buttons are."

"I haven't seen them," said the lady, settling her hat; "didn't you lay them down on the window sill in the sitting-room last night?"

Mr. Mann remembered, and he went down stairs on the run. He stepped on one of his boots and was immediately landed in the hall at the foot of the stairs with neatness and dispatch, attended in the transmission with more bumps than he could count with Webb's adder, and landed with a bang like the Hell Gate explosion.

"Are you nearly ready, Algernon?" asked the wife of his family, sweetly, leaning over the banisters. The unhappy man groaned. "Can't you throw me down the other boot?" he asked.

Mrs. Mann pityingly kicked it down to him. "My valise?" he inquired, as he tugged at the boot. "Up in your dressing-room," she answered.

"Packed?" "I do not know; unless you packed it yourself, probably not," she replied, with her hand on the door knob; "I had barely time to pack my own."

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She was passing out of the gate when the door opened, and he shouted: "Where in the name of goodness did you put my vest? It has all my money in it!"

"You threw it on the hat-rack," she called; "good bye dear."

Before she got to the corner of the street she was hailed again. "Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor Mann! Did you wear off my coat?"

She paused and turned, after signalling the street car to stop, and cried: "You threw it on the silver closet."

And the street car engulfed her graceful form and she was seen no more. But the neighbors say that they heard Mr. Mann charging up and down the house, rushing out of the front door every now and then, shrieking after the unconscious Mrs. Mann, to know where his hat was, and where she put the valise key, and if he had any clean socks and undershirts, and that there wasn't a linen collar in the house. And when he went away at last, he left the kitchen door, the side door and the front door, all the down stair windows and the front gate wide open. And the loungers around the depot were somewhat amused, just as the train was going out of sight down in the yards, at a flushed, perspiring man, with his hat on sideways, his vest buttoned and necktie flying, and his grip sack flapping open and shut like a demented shutter on a March night, and a door key in his hand, dash wildly across the platform and halt in the middle of the track, glaring in dejected, impotent, wrathful mortification at the departing train, and shaking his fist at a pretty woman who was throwing kisses at him from the rear platform of the last car.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton (she has an exchange) has a new grievance. With the help of some other ladies, she educated a promising young divinity student for the ministry, and provided him upon his ordination with a new suit of clothes. Joyfully she assembled her co-laborers to hear his first sermon, when she was startled and disgusted to hear him announce as his text: "Let the women keep silence in the churches." Mrs. Stanton has abandoned the business of educating young men.

At Watertown, New York, the other evening, a young gentleman, that city called on a beautiful and accomplished lady acquaintance and spent two very agreeable hours. About 10 o'clock, the old folks having retired, he concluded it was time also to leave his charmer. The young man accompanied him to the door, to him good-night, and then passed stairs to her chamber. Some minutes later she had occasion to visit the living room, when entering, horrors! she was utterly confounded to see the young gentleman, she recently bidden good night, sitting one corner with the servant girl on his lap. She gets less pay at the place, but she has more privileges.

Sundry old ladies in Detroit report that, from a careful estimate, the average number of Detroit girls who out each year after autumn leave 400; the number who get any 39; the number who discover men, and forget all about leave 361.