

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 8 o'clock.

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ATTENTION SOLDIERS! I have been admitted to practice as an Attorney in the Pension Office at Washington, D. C.

Having been over four years a soldier in the late war, and having for a number of years engaged in the prosecution of soldiers' claims, my experience will assure the collection of claims in the shortest possible time.

W. E. LATHY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA.

E. L. DAVIS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA.

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

R. W. HAYS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA.

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

LAWRENCE HOUSE, TIONESTA, PENNA. C. E. McGRAY, Proprietor.

CENTRAL HOUSE, BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, L. AGNEW, Proprietor.

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER 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.

W. C. COBURN, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS, Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts., Tionesta.

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

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL, THE GRIST MILL, at Nebraska (Lacy) town, Forest county, has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted in first-class order.

CUSTOM GRINDING, FEED, FLOUR, AND OATS.

EMPLOYMENT, Male and female, salary or commission. We may act as a reference for a weak and exp. care.

The Forest Republican.

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TIONESTA, PA., APRIL 4, 1877.

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Table with 2 columns: Rate, Price. Includes 'Rates of Advertising' and 'Legal notices at established rates.'

MRS. C. M. HEATH, DRESSMAKER, Tionesta, Pa.

MRS. HEATH has recently moved to this place for the purpose of mending a want which the ladies of the town and county have for a long time known.

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DUNNING.)

Pictures in every style of the art. Views of the oil regions for sale or taken to order.

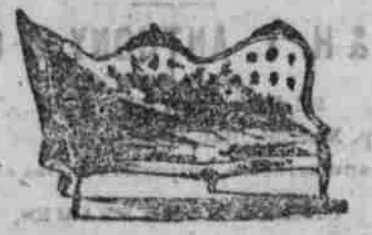
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, ELM STREET, SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S STORE.

Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.



Pictures taken in all the latest styles of the art.

NEW Furniture Rooms!



The undersigned begs leave to inform the citizens of Tionesta, and the public in general, that he has opened a FURNITURE ROOM, in his new building at the junction of Elm St. and the Dutch Hill road.

FURNITURE,

Consisting in part of Walnut Parlor Sets, Chamber Sets, Cane Seat Chairs, Wood Seat Chairs, Rocking Chairs, Dining Tables, Extension Tables, Marble Top Tables, Kitchen Furniture, Bedsteads, Washstands, Lounges, Mattresses, Cupboards, Book Cases, Fancy Brackets, Looking Glasses, Picture Frames, and

PICTURES FRAMED.

SASH & DOORS

His rooms being large, and well situated he is prepared to offer superior inducements to purchasers.

UNDERTAKING.

A full assortment of Coffins and Caskets constantly in store.

THE LARGEST FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT IN THE OIL REGIONS!

MILES SMITH, Dealer in CABINET AND UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE!

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 Warehouse, 13th street, near Liberty. Call and see sample Bed.

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, and will be sold at reasonable rates.

DR. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced Physician and Drugist from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately.

ADVERTISERS send 25 cents to Geo. P. Powell & Co., 41 Park Row, N. Y., for their Eighty-page Pamphlet, showing...

A PERFECT MISER.

'A miser, sir; miser! It is bad enough to see an old man avaricious and saving, but in a man of Stephen Bascomb's age, it is simply contemptible.'

The old lawyer who spoke was one who had known Stephen Bascomb from a boy, and he looked his indignation as plainly as he spoke it.

'But is he wealthy, as they say?' 'He inherits half a million under the will of his uncle Charles Bascomb. I drew up the will myself, and more than that, I manage the estate. With such a fortune at his command, Stephen Bascomb lives in a half room in a small boarding-house, wears the cheapest apparel to be found in New York, and hoards his money. I put it in the banks when I collect the rents and interests, and there it lies. I hate such a niggardly spirit.'

'But he comes to Long Branch, that is the odd part of it. He haunts the best society, and the best society courts him, knowing his real wealth, and attributing his manners to eccentricity. Eccentricity! rubbish! I like him, for all,' said Mr. Russell, the companion of the old lawyer, Judge Ellerton, 'I like him.'

'Of course you do,' snapped the Judge, 'everybody does. He is the very soul of honor, a man of undoubted talent, brilliant in conversation, and a perfect gentleman. Before his uncle died, he was one of the most fastidious and elegant men I ever saw. Now look at him.'

Mr. Russell looked. He saw, leaning up against the pillar of a porch, a tall, handsome man of twenty-five in an ill-fitting suit of coarse material, gloves, with clean but cheap linen, and a common straw hat. And yet a man who carried his head erect and looked at the world from a pair of large, brown eyes, that were the fearless, honest eyes of a man who carried an easy conscience.

As these same eyes looked out over the groups upon the beach, they suddenly lighted with a flash of radiant pleasure, then shaded gravely till they expressed only a proud sadness. Mr. Russell, following their glance, found it rested upon his own niece, his pride and darling, Edna. She was coming toward the porch, but was still at some distance.

'Ellerton,' he said, suddenly, 'have you no other reason to ascribe to Stephen Bascomb's eccentricity, as you call it, to any other cause than a mean, avaricious spirit?'

The lawyer looked keenly into the face of his friend. 'An odd question,' he said gravely. 'But one I hope you will answer. You know how dear Edna is to me, and you may have seen that she accepts Stephen Bascomb's attentions with pleasure. He has spoken no words yet to bind her to him, and yet he loves her. Would you give a daughter of your own into his keeping?'

'A year ago I should have said yes, with all my heart. But now, since his uncle died, he has changed so—and yet—'

'There, there, tell what I know is near your lips. Is it meanness, or may there be some other motive?'

'In Charles Bascomb's will there was a sealed letter for his nephew, to be delivered after the will was read. I delivered it; what it contained I never knew.'

'H'm! It's a queer world! Stephen Bascomb thought it was a queer world, too, as he sauntered into the hotel just as Edna Russell reached the porch steps. He saw the look of painful surprise in her eyes, and yet he went on her through his heart went out to her with all his burden of love. In his own room he took from his bosom a sealed letter, broke confining wax, and read it slowly.

'Only this to burn,' he thought, 'and love, wealth and happiness are mine. I have searched faithfully! But my time of probation has only commenced: If Edna knew—she shall know. She, shall, at least, know how I love her!'

Full of this new resolution Stephen Bascomb once more sought the porch, where Edna still lingered by her uncle's side. She was a lovely girl of about nineteen, with soft, violet eyes, and auburn hair that clustered in sunny ringlets above a low, broad brow. Without startling beauty, her face was winsome, and it had charmed Stephen Bascomb from the first hour when his eyes rested upon it.

The afternoon sun was creeping to the wide porch, and most of the guests of the hotel were enjoying a nap before the evening should call them out from the rooms in all the glories of a full dress. Edna herself was thinking of going up stairs, when Stephen joined her uncle.

There was earnestness that was almost solemnity in the young man's face as he came forward, and his words were scarcely lover like, though they made Edna's heart throb with agitation.

'Will you grant me an interview in your private parlor, Mr. Russell?' he said, 'and will you, Miss Edna, join us? I wish to speak to you—before I leave for Saratoga.'

Wondering, Edna obeyed, leaning upon her uncle's arm, but upon Mr. Russell's face there was a strange, tender smile, as if he was scarcely surprised at the summons. Once seated in the small, private parlor, Stephen Bascomb in mainly, straightforward words told his love story, but kept his eyes resolutely from Edna's face, asking no answer to his confession.

'I should do wrong to ask for a return of love,' he said steadily, 'unless I told you exactly how I am situated. The world believes me a rich man. I know myself a pauper. The fortune my uncle left me I hold in trust for his daughter.'

'True, I never heard of his marriage until I read the letter he left for me in his will. When he was a very young man, not twenty, he married a West India heiress, a girl of sixteen, eloping with her. At Key West, where the runaway couple were hiding for three months, they were found at last by the bride's father, who took her home and obtained a legal separation upon the grounds that both bride and groom were under age.

'Still my uncle hovered about the house, and saw his wife, as he still considered her often, but secretly, until after his child, a girl was born. Then the father carried both mother and child to Europe, leaving my uncle in ignorance of their departure. For years he vainly tried to find some clue to his wife's whereabouts, and his own conviction of his faithful love, his own adherence to the perfect legality of his marriage kept him from ever taking another woman into his heart or his home. And he loved me dearly, and trusted me implicitly. So by his will he has left me his heir, while by a letter of trust he charges me to seek his wife and child, and if I find them, transfer the property to which they are entitled to them.'

'Only a letter of trust!' said Mr. Russell, slowly, 'then you are not bound in any way.'

But the old gentleman understood in the glance and tone how firmly this bond held Stephen Bascomb.

'And what clues have you by which to trace this visionary couple? Is your whole life to be spent in this quest?'

'No. If in ten years they are not found I am to consider myself my uncle's heir. In the meantime I spend from the income of his estate only what is absolutely necessary to my search. Judging that the widow and daughter are people of fashion and standing, I have commenced my search at the watering places, where so many West Indians are found every summer.'

'H'm, yes. How will you know them if you find them?'

'The mother's maiden name was Riouda—'

Edna started, while her face grew deadly pale, but Stephen did not see her agitation as he continued.

'I do not think my uncle knew how his child was named, but Miss Riouda's name was Natalia. In the letter was enclosed a ring, set with diamonds and rubies, two hearts held by a circle of diamonds. If I find my uncle's wife she will have the companion ring?'

'Edna,' said Mr. Russell, very quietly, 'will you get me your mother's ring?'

The young girl, pale to her lips, glided away to the next room, and Mr. Russell said gravely:

'Stephen Bascomb, you did well to give me your confidence, to prove to me what a honorable man loves my niece. Were you a pauper, I should be glad to call you my son. I am Natalia Riouda's step brother. Her mother was my mother, though my father died when I was but a child. My mother married Hernandez Riouda, a wealthy West India sugar planter, but when Natalia was but ten years of age our mother died. I was then at Harvard College, and I never returned to Cuba after my mother's death. It was not until my sister also died in Paris some six years ago, that I heard from her the story of her marriage. Hernandez Riouda died a poor man, and Natalia sent for me, begging my love and protection for her child. I need not tell you how very dear Edna soon became to me; and my own wealth was sufficient to make me independent of her father's assistance. Natalia never blamed her husband, and, like himself, considered the marriage a sacred tie, binding them for life. She suffered persecution at her father's hand because she refused to accept offers from others, who believed her a widow.

'Then it is to Edna I am to transfer the property I hold in trust?' said Stephen eagerly.

'No. You are to hold it. Destroy that letter, or give it to me.'

Stephen silently handed the letter to the old gentleman. Very carefully he read it through, then struck a match, and burned it in the empty open grate.

'So ends that chapter,' he said, 'You love Edna. The property in your hands becomes hers in a measure, as your widow, and no questions will be asked. But if you transfer it to her, do you not see that this whole miserable story will be public talk, will be twisted and distorted, and Edna's name bandied about upon the tongue of every gossip?'

'I see, and appreciate the generosity of your decision. You shall never regret your trust in me.'

'I have no fear. Here comes Edna, and here is Natalia's ring. Put it upon your finger, Edna, and wear it as your mother wore it, as a token of undying love. Stephen has the companion!'

'Here!' said Stephen, taking the glittering jewel from his pocket-book, and slipping it on her finger.

'May your love have no cloud—no separation,' said Mr. Russell, leaving the room as he spoke, while Edna crept into her lover's extended arms.

Judge Ellerton never exactly understood the sudden change in his wealthy young client, but he willingly obeyed his letter, bidding him arrange to re-open Charles Bascomb's splendid house, and fit it up for the return of the bridal couple after their extended wedding tour in the fall. But he shakes his head gravely when his old friend Russell, asks him about the avarice and miserly habits of his nephew, and says savagely:

'He fell in love, Russell! His affections for his uncle's money gave away before his love for his pretty niece, and her guiles worked a cure. But it is none the less true that for more than a year after he became sole heir to half a million of money, Stephen Bascomb was a perfect miser—a perfect miser.'

And John Russell shakes his head, points to Edna, in her splendid home, with every luxury as her command, and refuses to believe any such scandalous accusations against that prince of liberality, his nephew, Stephen Bascomb.

The Danbury News gives this picture: I have an active fancy, and I see pictures in wood fires. Shall I tell you of that picture, the wonderfully life-like picture, which always comes to me out of the glowing coals? It is the picture of a sawbuck with a crooked stick on the back, and a contrary saw in the stick, with a very much outraged boy attached to the saw. And I see the boy try to pull and push the saw, which will neither be pulled nor pushed, and I hear him cry and scream, and sob and yell, and moan and howl, and I see him jump up and down, and kick the back, and trample on his hat, until my heart aches and my eyes grow dim.

A French humorist writes: A doctor at a sick man's bedside says to the wife of the invalid: 'It is my painful duty to inform you that your husband has but a short time to live.'

'What!' exclaims the surprised wife. 'Do you not see,' says the doctor, 'that already his hands are purple?'

'I know it,' responded the wife, 'but he is a dyer.' 'When that's so,' coolly continues the doctor, 'I must confess that you are very fortunate, for if he had not been a dyer he would be a dead man.'

A writer in the Universalist says Holland windmills have arms of enormous length, and carry three thousand yards of canvass. American windmills have arms of only ordinary size, but when they are sent to Congress they can stand up and tire out any windmill that ever spread its sails to the rising gale in Holland.

Two French ladies are conversing on the qualities and demerits of their own fair sex. Said one with a twinkle in her beautiful eyes: 'I have never known but two women who were really perfect.' 'Who was the other?' asked her companion with a smile on her fine thin lip.

A boy, five years of age, having stolen a can of milk, his mother took him to task with moral suasion, and wound up her discourse by exclaiming 'What in the world were you going to do with the milk, anyhow?' 'I was going to steal a little dog to drink it,' was the laughing reply.

A young lady named Viola, whose father didn't like young men, remarked the other evening: 'I don't see why my father gave me such a name, if he didn't want me to have a beau.'

Springfield, Ill., has a female dentist. She is said to be a lady of gentle extraction.

Custer's Mark.

It was a horrible scar. Commencing at the roots of the hair, just over the left temple, it ran down across the face to the right-hand corner of the mouth. The flesh had closed together in a great ridge, and the nose seemed to have been shortened half an inch by the process of healing. The man with the scar sang two or three songs, and then passed his hat around for pennies.

'Did a blow of an Injun's tomahawk do that?' he repeated. 'No, sir; I got cut down in Old Virginia during the war, 'bout the time it looked as if Jeff Davis was the biggest patriot in the country.'

'You were in the cavalry?'

'You bet I was! I smashed up so many horses that I was owing the Confederate government \$400,000 when it collapsed. If she hadn't collapsed, I'd been forced into bankruptcy.'

He chuckled, and raised his hat so as to reveal the scar in all its hideousness, and continued:

'I don't believe a tomahawk could leave a scar like this. It takes a good sharp sabre to spoil a man's face so that he daren't look in the glass or have his photograph taken. A Yank slashed me, of course; but who do you suppose it was? You couldn't guess to save your neck, and so I'll tell you—it was Custer, that long-haired, dare-devil Yankee general, who used to ride around with blood in his eyes and an extra sabre between his teeth. He thought he'd done for me when he gave me this lick, but he didn't know our family.'

'How was it?'

'It was down at Travillian Station. He was riding around with a lot of cavalry, and our folks got around him on all sides, and we had cavalry, infantry and artillery. We were two to one, had him fairly cooped, and by all decent rules of warfare he ought to have hung out the white flag, handed over his sabre and politely said: 'Boys, you've got the grape-vine twist on me, and I cave.' We expected it; but, blast him! he didn't do any such thing. No, sir. He massed his troopers, gave 'em to understand it was 'hell or home,' and the whole caboodle of 'em come from a dozen hills; our infantry fusiladed 'em good and strong, and our troopers got the word to charge.

'Durn my buttons, but wasn't it a hot fight? We were all mixed, bullets flying, sabres hacking, men yelling, horses neighing, everybody shouting, and it was the devil's dance all around! I heard a Yank shouting orders as if he was some big gun or other, and I worked up to him through the smoke. It was Custer. I had seen him before, and I knew what a fighter he was. I pushed right up to him, gave my old sabre a twist and a cut, and off went his head!'

He looked up with a wicket twinkle in his eyes, and added:

'In a horn! I rose in my stirrups, and struck at him with force enough to cut clean down to the saddle, but he parried the blow, leaped over, I saw a flash, and the next thing I knew I had been in the hospital for two weeks, and the surgeons were trying to look into my boots through the sabre cut across my face. I was a whole year getting over it, and then I looked so handsome that I was turned over to the home guards for the rest of the war. Sometimes I feel like suicide, and ag'in I don't care. I didn't bear no grudge ag'in Custer for the slash, but he might just as well put his cheese knife through me as to give me this 'X his mark' to lug around. And that's what ails this old reb, and that's how I feel.'—N. Y. Sun.

At a Southern hotel bar an eager controversy was pending 'twixt various generals, majors, &c., when a quiet fellow observed, 'I happened to be there, gentlemen, and possibly may be able to refresh your memories.' Thereupon he proceeded to give a succinct account of a smart action. 'What might have been your rank, sir?' asked the hotel keeper. 'I was a private. About to start next day, he demanded his bill. 'Not a cent, sir; not a cent. You're the very first private I see met.'

Off the coast of Virginia about fifty miles from the mainland, is an island upon which roam numbers of ponies as wild as the Mustang. How or when they settled there is not known.

The times are hard for prize fighters. Joe Coburn is in Auburn prison, Joe Goss in a Kentucky prison, Jim Maca a fugitive in Canada, and Clark and Weeden are in jail in New Jersey.

A French boarding school for girls is mentioned, where a prize is offered to the best member of old clothing in addition to those for general excellence in studies. This is the first case of kind chronicled.

Academy of design—a new boarding school.