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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.

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

J. B. AGNEW, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA. I have been admitted to practice as an Attorney in the Pension Office at Washington, D. C.

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. Office in Street.

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

KINBAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, Franklin, Pa. PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties.

LAWRENCE HOUSE, TIONESTA, PENN'A., C. E. McGRAY, PROPRIETOR. This house is centrally located. Everything new and well furnished.

CENTRAL HOUSE, BOKNER & AGNEW BLOCK, L. B. ANSLEY, PROPRIETOR. This is a new annex, and has just been fitted up for the accommodation of the public.

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

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.

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

WILLIAMS & CO., MEADVILLE, PENN'A., TAXIDERMISTS. BIRDS and Animals skinned and mounted to order. Artificial Eyes kept in stock.

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

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

EMPLOYMENT, Male and female, salary or commission. We pay agent as salary of \$30 a week and expenses.

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.

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.

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

Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.



NEW Furniture Rooms!



The undersigned begs leave to inform the citizens of Tionesta, and the public in general, that he has opened a FIRST CLASS FURNITURE STORE, 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, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Washstands, Lounges, Mattresses, Cupboards, Book Cases, Fancy Bracketts, Looking Glasses, Picture Frames, and

PICTURES FRAMED, ALSO, SASH & DOORS always on hand.

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!

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, 13th Street, near Liberty. Call and see sample Bed.

Dr. J. L. Acomb, 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, Tobacs, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery, all of the best quality, and will be sold at reasonable rates.

DI. CLAS. O. DAY, an experienced Physician and Drug-ist from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately.

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

A Tale of St. Petersburg.

"Waiter, another glass of tea for this gentleman," said Lieutenant Dmitri Soboloff, as we sat at the open window of Anton's Hotel in the main thoroughfare of Orenburg.

"Well," resumed the lieutenant, "I was in St. Petersburg the winter before last and a fine time I had of it there. That's the place for a man to live, instead of a hole like this, where there is nothing to do but drink cognac and smoke papirossi—paper cigarettes, or sit on the boulevard and watch the Ural flowing past underneath."

"Now I ought to tell you that just about that time, there was a great do about street robberies. There are always plenty of them for that matter; but at this particular time there seemed to be quite an epidemic of robbing. One fellow in particular seemed to have a regular system of his own; he used to take a cabman and make him drive slowly about the streets after dark, till somebody came in sight with a specially good fur cap on; and then while the cabman put his horse to the gallop, the thief would lean forward, snatch off the man's cap as he passed, and be out of sight in a moment. However, he caught a Tartar at last, for a man who had heard of him, went out one night with a now cap tied on tightly, and when the thief clutched it, seized him by the wrist, whisked him out of the drosky on to the pavement and gave him such a thrashing that every limb of his body was as soft as buckwheat porridge."

"But this was not all; for now there began to get around strange tales of people who had gone out to evening parties and never come home again—of cabmen with rich furs and silks found in their possession, which they could not account for—of bodies discovered under the ice of the canals—and other tales of the kind, till at last there was a regular panic, and no lady would stir out alone after dark. As a matter of course while all these pretty stories were going about they revived for the hundredth time, the old tale of the lady being put under the ice of the Moika Canal by a cabman, and her husband happening to remember the number of cab and tracing the man out by it. I've heard the tale myself at least fifty times, and there's no more truth in it than in the history of Bova Kerolevitch (a mythical Russian champion), but the people will believe it the same for all of that."

Well, as you may think, when these became the stock subject of talk about town the fellows at our mess must have their say about them, too; and after a time they became a regular subject of dispute with us after dinner. Most of the subalterns—and I myself among them, I must confess—poo-pooed the whole thing, and said it was nothing more than a big hoax gotten up to take in people who knew no better; but the older heads among us, who had seen such things before, thought otherwise. They allowed there might be a good deal of exaggeration about some of the stories, but nevertheless they maintained that theseascalities were going on, and was of no use saying that they were not. At last, one night, when the argument was going on, and had run pretty high, our senior major, a battered old fellow, who had been all through the Crimean war, said to me very quietly: "Well, you'll begin to believe in these things when you get a taste of them yourself." And so I did too as you shall hear.

That was a great winter in St. Petersburg for for fancy balls—things that I am very fond of, and you can get more sport out of them than any thing else I know. Dozens of times for a wager, I have gone to them in some queer disguise, and not one of my comrades, though they all were there, could find me out; and rare fun it used to be next day, when I repeated the things they had said in my hearing, and watched their faces of astonishment.

Well, one night, just after the new year, there was a grand fancy ball at Princess P—, and some of our fellows were invited, among the number. A famous evening we had of it; and wasn't till two o'clock—the very dearest and loneliest time of the whole night in fact—that I started to go home.

Now, I should tell you, as my luck would have it, I had just bought a new fur coat the day before—a regular Siberian, glossy as velvet, and covering me right down to the heels; so that, what with that, and what with my fur cap and collar, I was regularly rolled up like a parcel, and proof against any frost in Russia. But unluckily, other people have eyes for good fur as well as one's self; and the moment my cabman set eyes upon this new shoo of mine—worth a hundred and fifty rubles, good, if it was worth a kopeck—I saw them glitter like fire. Just for one moment—I can't deny it, the old major's warning came back to me rather unpleasantly; but I laughed it off, scrambled into the sleigh and away we went.

There were two ways to go to my quarters, one rather long but passing through well frequented streets; the other somewhat shorter but going past one of the great burial grounds though the very loneliest part of the whole town. I took for granted, of course, that he'd go by the frequented way; and indeed, being rather tired from being on my feet all night, I fell asleep before I could see whether he did or not.

All at once I was awakened by the sleigh stopping suddenly, and the first thing I saw when I looked out was the great black waste of the burial ground right ahead, with the white graves glistening here and there in the moonlight. Not a living soul in sight, not a sound to be heard; everything was silent and lonely as if we had been in the middle of a desert. Then the fellow turns round to me and says roughly, "Get out."

A Struggle for Appearance.

"I have tickets for the concert to-night, Annie," said James Henley, coming into the sitting room where his wife was working the sewing machine with a busy whirr.

"Oh, James, how I wish I could go!" The light died away from the husband's face in a second.

"With you could go, Annie! Why of course you can go." "I can't James. I must finish these three dresses before Sunday, and it will take every minute."

"Three dresses?" "For Jennie, Susan and Lottie. All the spring things are ready but these dresses." "But this is only Wednesday."

"I know, James; but look at the work. There are overskirts to each and ruffles on all the waists. Jennie's has three flounces. All the children in the congregation are well dressed, James. You cannot afford to put the sewing out, so I must do it."

"Let the children dress more simply then. Come Annie, stop that buzz for once, and come to this concert." "Can't you go?" "And leave you? I should not enjoy it if I knew you were stitching here. Come."

With a heavy sigh, as if James were exacting a sacrifice instead of giving her a pleasure, Annie left the room and went to her own apartment to dress for the concert.

All through the evening, while her husband drank in the sweet sounds in which he delighted, Annie, her face all polite interest, was thinking of the unfinished work.

"Was it not delightful?" James said. They walked home in the soft, spring moonlight.

"Delightful! I am glad I went, James; Mrs. Gordon had on her new spring dress, and her dresses all came from London. The trimming on her basque is quite a new style, and I am sure I can put Jennie's on in the same way."

Sunday morning shone clear and cloudless. Mrs. Henley had, put the last stitch into Lottie's dress as the clock struck twelve, and she awakened with a pain in her chest and a headache, but a feeling of triumph. Her children would wear their new things, and that cost nothing but the material. Nothing! Mrs. Henley did not estimate the hours spent over the machine, the wearing, the neglect of many little duties. There had been no actual money laid out in dress-making, so it is clear gain on the material.

and better in the simple clothing suit-

to-day because I sat up late last night. But I must dress for church or we shall be late."

The services passed over Mrs. Henley with but little impression. To her chagrin, the little Goodwins, who had all their dresses direct from London, had an entirely new style of overskirt that made Jennie, Susan and Lottie quite old fashioned in the eyes of their mother.

Summer came, and the long June days were spent in preparing a seaside wardrobe for the children, for Mr. Henley, by the advice of his physician, was going to take his wife to the seaside.

The pain in her side had become very troublesome, and there was a little hacking cough that meant wakeful nights. The pale cheeks were seldom tinged with a healthy color, and the eyes were languid and heavy. People spoke pityingly of Mrs. Henley as "quite an invalid," and her husband mourned over the alteration in his wife.

He insisted upon having a physician, who advised fresh air and exercise and a tonic. And Annie obediently swallowed the tonic, took a daily walk, and she made up for "lost time" by stitching at night. For were not the Goodwins, the Wilcozes, and all the leading fashionables of Langport going to the same place where Mr. Henley had taken rooms, and could Jennie, Susan and Lottie have one inch less tucking and ruffling than they possessed?

He shrugged his shoulders when his little girls minced along with dainty fine-lady airs, instead of bounding with the freedom of childhood. He bore the steady whirr of the sewing machine in the evening, instead of the voice or music of his wife.

But when Annie's health began to give away he exercised his authority, and found that he had been silent too long.

But, the summer wardrobes completed, the dainty dresses trimmed, the trunks packed, Annie faithfully promised James to rest during the summer's sojourn at the seaside. With a sudden consciousness of growing weakness there came to her an appreciation of her husband's love and patience that had been numbed. She began to realize that she had let her ambition for dress overshadow her love for her husband, and that she had wronged him in depriving him of the companionship he prized so highly.

"I will rest while I am gone, and when I come back, James, I will give my evenings to you as I did when we first married."

That was her parting promise, never to be exacted. Only a few days of rest were allowed her before an acute attack of lung fever prostrated her. James left his business to hurry to the seaside, a nurse was engaged and medical skill did its utmost. But the constitution weakened by confinement and overwork, could not resist the disease, and while the summer days were still in their full beauty, Mrs. Henley knew she was dying.

It was a bitter thought. Life held so much that was precious; her kind, loving husband, her beautiful children, her happy home, all these must be left.

"A mysterious dispensation of Providence," said Mrs. Goodwin; "such a good mother. And these children are just the age when they most need a mother's care."

Annie Henley, in the dread hour when she bade farewell to hope, wound her arms around her husband's neck and sobbed:

"If I had only listened to you, James, I might have been a guide to our children, a companion to you for many years, and when I died have left loving memories instead of a trunk full of fine clothing. I have wasted my life."

And James Henley, in widower's weeds, with his three little girls in sombre black beside him, wondered mournfully how many mothers of the land are wasting their lives in the same struggles for appearance.

A mother may never find words in which to express the emotions which surge through her heart on finding her babe, just dressed in its Sunday best, stirring the contents of a bottle of ink into the coal ashes with the hair-brush, but she will try to, and try with all her might.

Nobody likes to be nobody; but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody. And everybody is somebody; but when anybody thinks himself everybody, he generally thinks everybody else nobody.

A woman only stubs her toe on to a man's six, but when she does goes down like a tipped over chair and cuts a postage stamp out of her elbows.

"But I do it all myself, James." "Exactly. You are stitching your life into the garments of your children, who would be far happier, healthier

and better in the simple clothing suit-

to-day because I sat up late last night. But I must dress for church or we shall be late."

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