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Job work, Cash on Delivery.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE
No. 369,
I. O. of O. F.
MEETS every Friday evening, at 8
o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied
by the Good Templars.
S. J. SETLEY, 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.
W. E. LATHY, J. B. AGNEW.

LATHY & AGNEW,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TIONESTA, PA.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS!
I have been admitted to practice as an
Attorney in the Pension Office at Wash-
ington, 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 at-
tention.
Having been over four years a soldier in
the late war, and having for a number of
years engaged in the prosecution of sol-
diers' claims, my experience will assure
the collection of claims in the shortest pos-
sible time.
J. B. AGNEW,
414.

E. L. Davis,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa.
Collections made in this and adjoining
counties. 40-ly

MILES W. TATE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Oil City, Pa.

F. W. Hays,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY
PUBLIC, Reynolds Hill & Co.'s
Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 39-ly

KINNEAR & SMILEY,
Attorneys at Law, Franklin, Pa.
PRACTICE in the several Courts of Ven-
ango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining
counties. 39-ly

Lawrence House,
TIONESTA, PENNA., C. E. ME-
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.

CENTRAL HOUSE,
BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, L.
AGNEW, PROPRIETOR. This is a new
and well fitted up for the
accommodation of the public. A portion
of the patronage of the public is solicited.
46-ly

FOREST HOUSE,
S. A. VARNER PROPRIETOR, Opposite
O. 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-ly

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. Co-
burn makes a specialty of the treatment of
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. 25-ly

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-ly

WILLIAMS & CO.,
TAXIDERMISTS.
BIRDS and Animals stuffed and mount-
ed to order. Artificial Eyes kept in
stock. 2-ly

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL.
THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (La-
cay town), Forest county, has been thor-
oughly overhauled and refitted in first-
class order, and is now running and doing
all kinds of
CUSTOM GRINDING.
FLOUR, AND OATS.
Consistently on hand, and sold at the very
lowest figures.
H. W. LEDEBUR.

EMPLOYMENT. Male and female, sala-
ry by commission. We pay agent as
salary of \$30 a week and expenses. En-
tirely Manufacturing Co., Hartford, Conn.
Particulars free. 41-4

THE WORK of all kinds done at this of-
fice on short notice.

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 braid-
ing and embroidery done in the best man-
ner, with the newest patterns. All I ask
is a fair trial. Residence on Elm Street,
in the Acorn Building. 17.

Frank Robbins,
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(SUCCESSOR TO DENING.)
Pictures in every style of the art. Views
of the oil regions for sale or taken to or-
der.
CYNAMORE STREET, near R. R. crossing.
SEXTON STREET, near Union De-
pot, Oil City, Pa. 20-ly

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.
OLM STREET,
SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S
STORE,
TIONESTA, PA.,
M. CARPENTER, - - - Proprietor.



H. G. TINKER & CO.
OIL CITY, PA.
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
Dealers in

HARDWARE,
Oil Well Supplies, &c.

Subing, Casings, Sucker Rods,
Working Barrels, Valves, &c.,
Brass & Steam Fittings, Belt-
ing, Luce Leather, Casings, &c.,
Iron, Nails, Steel, Rope,
Oakum, &c.

We make a SPECIALTY of one-and-a-
quarter-Inch Tubing and Steel Rods for
Small Wells.

H. G. TINKER & CO.,
Oil City, Pa.

THE LARGEST
FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE OIL REGIONS!
MILES SMITH,
Dealer in

CABINET AND UPHOLSTERED
FURNITURE!
FRANKLIN, - - - PENN.
Consisting of
Parlor, Office and Common Furniture,
Mattresses, Pillows, Window
Shades, Fixtures, Look-
ing 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. 9 ly



You Can Save Money
By buying your PIANOS and ORGANS
from the undersigned Manufacturers'
Agent for the best brands in the market.
Instruments shipped direct from the Factory.
CHAS. A. SHULTZ, Tuner,
Lock box 1746, Oil City, Pa.

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 Tidouste, near
Tidouste House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND
A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors,
Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints,
Oils, Candles, 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.

ADVERTISERS send 25 cents to Geo.
A. P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, N. Y.,
for their Eighty-page Pamphlet, showing
cost of advertising. 13-44

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CENTEN'L EXHIBITION
It sells faster than any other book. One
Agent sold 34 copies in one day. This is
the only authentic and complete history
published. Send for our extra terms to
agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phil-
adelphia, Pa. 32-4

A Broken Heart.

BY M. QUAD.

A hundred men were digging gold,
and they had named the place "Joe
White's Dream."
Singular name, but they were sin-
gular men brawny, rough, grizzled,
and some of them wicked. They were
men from the East, digging, delving,
in a sort of mad frenzy, for the golden
wealth of California. On this day all
work had ceased. They formed in a
circle on the grass, and in the center
was Jack Bullet. His hands were tied
behind him; there was an old blood
stain on his face, and from his wolfish
eyes he sent murderous glances from
one face to another, and at last called
out:
"I wish I had knifed some of ye!"
None of the men replied. Some were
pale, others nervous, and none seemed
to relish the business on hand, which
was the hanging of Jack Bullet.

By and by, a meek and humble look-
ing man, named Elder Graves by the
boys, entered the circle, and, standing
with one hand on the prisoner's shoulder,
he began:
"Jack Bullet, this is a solemn warn-
ing to all. Here is the rope—there is
the limb—and we are gathered to hang
you. You came to Joe White's Dream
weeks ago, poor, hungry and ill. We
fed and nursed you, and when you
were well enough to work, a full claim
was staked out for you. How have you
repaid us, Jack Bullet? You have
stolen dust from the men, brought dis-
cord and jealousies among us, incited
rows and riots, and last night you
were detected when about to murder
your partner and steal his few hun-
dred dollars. We try to be white in
this camp, and to use all men right,
but we cannot turn your loose to prey
upon some other party. The men are
going to hang you."

"Let them hang; I can't die but
once," sulkily replied the prisoner.

"Jack Bullet," said the Elder, "I
am a praying man, and I want to pray
with you before you swing. I'm sorry
for you. You are a strong man, and
you are to die like a dog: Maybe you
have a mother in the East, or you
may have a wife and children. God
help them!"
The Elder sank down on his knees
before the prisoner, and prayed such
a prayer as the rocks have never eched
again. Before he had finished there
were big tears in the eyes of half the
men, and Big Sam went over to Curly
Jim and whispered:
"Now, that's what I call religion—the
old bang up religion, such as we
used to git way back in New Hamp-
shire!"

When the prayer had ended a new
spirit came to the men. They scanned
Jack Bullet's face and saw it had
softened, and as Elder Graves stepped
aside the president of the camp cut
Jack's bonds and said:
"We don't want your blood though
you sought ours. You are free to go,
Jack Bullet, but don't you ever enter
Joe White's Dream again."

The relieved man moved away
without a word, nor did he look back
as long as he was in view. When he
disappeared from sight the miners re-
turned to their work, each one so busy
with his thoughts that few words were
spoken.

That day two weeks a man came up
from "Carboard city" and reported
that Jack Bullet had been eaten up
by a grizzly. Every man in the camp
felt glad then that his town had escap-
ed the disgrace of a hanging, and in
the afternoon he saw Elder Graves
shoulder a spade and turn down into
a valley. It was a beautiful spot, al-
ways full of the mellowest sunshine
and the prettiest flowers.

When the boys had knocked off
work that day, they all descended into
the place, for what reason no one
knew, but by a sort of common con-
sent. In the center of the valley the
earth had been heaped up like a grave.
At its head was a beard—at its feet a
wild rose. On the board Elder Graves
had cut out with his knife:

JACOB BULLET,
Aged 49,
Men may not have given him a chance,
BUT GOD WILL.

You wouldn't think these rough
men had a sentiment in their hearts,
but they saw through the Elder's mo-
tives in an instant, and the roughest
man in the lot stooped down and care-
fully rearranged one of the sods.

Three weeks more went by, and one
evening Jack Bullet came into Joe
White's Dream alive and well. He
stood on the little square in the cen-
ter of the town, and he said not a word
till the wondering men had gathered
about him. Then he pointed to the
grave in the valley, his eyes full of
tears, and he chokingly said:
"Boys, I sneaked back here this
mornin' to kill some one in revenge,
but I cum across that—that grave
down—down thar, and—"

He held out his hand to the men,
and the tears blinded him so that he
could not see a face. Elder Graves
went down on his knees again, and
there were more tears, and a prayer so
beautiful, and tender, that Jack Bullet
sobbed like a child. His heart was
broken, and all the Satan in his nature
was driven out in a moment.

Joe White's Dream was a mining
camp for many months after that, and
Jack Bullet was one of the best men
in it. The head board grew gray as
the rain beat down and the sun shone
and the wild rose grew till it covered
all the grave, but no one disturbed
the sod. The grave was a sign—a
beacon light, as it were—and perhaps
miners were right when they said of
our town:
"They've had a revival up thar, an'
they are the best chaps an' the hard-
est-workers on the slope."

Truth is Mighty.

An Exalted Position.

When by the death of Gen. Taylor,
Millard Filmore had become Pres-
ident of the United States, Daniel Web-
ster not only gained the office of Sec-
retary of State, but Tom, Booster,
of Roxbury, gained the position of In-
spector in the Custom House, Boston.
He was young and gay, and loved to
enjoy himself, albeit a model youth in
those qualities which go to make up
the reliable. During the summer the
laborers of the Custom House were
granted a vacation, generally of about
two weeks duration. Late in the sum-
mer of '59 Tom took his vacation, and
resolved to spend the first part of it
down on the Cape. With fowling-
piece and ammunition, and fishing
tackle and a pint flask, he set forth,
making his first stop at Plymouth,
where he found a hotel to his liking;
and from this point as his base he made
sorties upon fish and fowl, as his fancy
dictated.

One day the landlord of the "Samo-
set" told Tom of a magnificent trout
brook about five miles distant towards
Marshfield, where if he was careful, he
might capture a handsome string of
speckled beauties. For the famed
brook Tom started, equipped with the
most approved appliances for trout-
ing. He found the brook, and caught
a few minnows. He was upon the
point of giving up in disgust when a
snap at his bait was followed by the
landing of a beautiful trout.

This fired him with new ardor, and
he applied himself afresh to the work.
By and by he reached a point where
the brook was quite broad, and where
he fancied he would have better luck
upon the opposite side. He was look-
ing to see if he could find a conven-
ient fording place, when he espied up-
on the other bank a man seated be-
neath the spreading branches of an
oak tree. He was a strongly built,
heavy-framed man, wearing a broad
brimmed straw hat, a blue coat with
gilt buttons, and high topped rubber
boots. The man had a fishing pole
in his hand and his hook was in the
water, but he seemed to be in a brown
study, careless as to whether his hook
was baited or not.

Ha! a capital idea! The man was
large, and strong, and had on good
rubber boots.
"Hallo!" shouted Tom. "I say?
You man over there?"
The man opened his eyes—great car-
nary eyes—and looked up.
"Say! I want to get over to that
side. What'll you take to come and
carry me across?"
"What'll you give?" asked the man.
"I'll give you a quarter."
"I'll do it. Hold on."

The man drew in his line, and laid
down his pole, and then waded across
the stream, the water not quite reach-
ing the top of his boots.
"Now sir—up you get."
Tom was light and nimble, having
climbed to the summit of the stranger's
broad shoulders, he was borne safely
over to the opposite bank, where he
paid the quarter of a dollar with many
thanks, for the stranger had been very
kind and very gentlemanly. And he
added to the obligation by pointing
out to our hero where he would be
most likely to find good fishing.

Two days after that there was quite
a gathering of noble people at the
Samoet House. They had come down
from Marshfield with Daniel Web-
ster.

"Tom," said a friend just before
dinner, "would you like to be intro-
duced to the foremost man of the
country?"
"Ah—you mean Webster?"
"Yes."
"I should like it above all things. I
have long thought that I would give
almost anything to be permitted to
take that great man by the hand."
"Then now is your chance. He is
feeling in good spirits, and will be
friendly."

And they went into the parlor,
where the friend led Tom to a grand
looking man, who stood at the head
of that apartment—a man in a blue
coat with gilt buttons—a large strong
man, with great cavernous eyes.

"Mr. Webster, may I be permitted
to introduce you to my friend, of the
Boston Custom House, Thomas Boost-
er."
"Mr. Booster, I am happy to know
you."
Poor Tom! he gasped for breath,
and stood like one suddenly stricken
down with a great agony. He saw
before him the man whom he hired
for twenty-five cents to carry him
across the stream!

"Tut tut," said Webster laughing
merrily. "I see you recognize your
friend of the trout brook, but don't let
it worry you. Surely there was noth-
ing in your situation at that occasion
of which you should be ashamed. I
doubt if another man reaches the same
exalted position which you then at-
tained. A glass of wine will settle
your nerves."

There was a witty Christian or sin-
ner in the business-men's Moody meet-
ing at Boston, Thursday, when money
was being raised to lift the tabernacle
debt. A grandfather had given \$10
for a ten-months-old grandson, a fa-
ther \$3 for a three-months-old son, a
father \$13 for a thirteen-months-old
son, another man \$10 for a ten-year-old
son, a son \$25 for his mother—when
a grave gentleman arose and offered \$5
for his mother-in-law, a proposition
which brought forth roars of laughter.
Then a gray-headed old saint angrily
protested against such levity and the
hat was properly passed around.

"See here, wife, you indulge that
boy too much. He is a perfect mule."
"Oh, husband, please don't accuse our
boy of having an ass for a father."
The old man was silent.

Astrologers' Perils.

Formerly they had rough and ready
modes of testing claims to supernatural
powers. "Dost thou know where thou
wilt pass Christmas?" asked Henry
VII. of an astrologer. He could not
tell. Whereupon the King's grace,
which did still love a merry jest, made
answer: "Then I am wiser than thou,
for I know that thou wilt spend Christ-
mas in prison."
John Galleazzo, Duke of Milan, is
said to have even made merrier at the
expense of a gentleman who foretold
him that he would die early. "And
how long do you expect to live?" he
inquired of the prophet. "My Lord,
my star promises me a long life."
"Never trust in your star, man; you
are to be hanged this moment." And
the Duke took care that his own pre-
diction should be fulfilled.

A certain Arab General whom the
French chronicler calls Heggings, was
more courteous in the expression of his
displeasure. He was sick, when an
astrologer, by way of comforting him,
assured His Excellency that the illness
from which he was suffering would
terminate fatally. "Since you have
said it," replied the General, "it must
be so, and I have so great a confidence
in your skill that I should be glad to
have the benefit of your advice in the
next world. You will therefore be so
kind as to go there first and await my
orders." The astrologer was immedi-
ately decapitated.

Indeed, if one may express an opin-
ion in homely English, the wonder is
that astrologers should so often have
been such fools. Few seem to have
had the presence of mind of Trasullus,
who once saved his neck with a com-
mendable readiness of wit. Tiberius,
so the Roman historian informs us,
when living in exile at Rhodes, with-
er he had been banished by the Em-
peror Augustus, loved to while away
the time by consulting diviners. The
interview usually took place on a lofty
eminence overlooking the sea; and
if the diviner, by some foolish answer,
convicted himself of ignorance or trick-
ery, some slaves were in attendance to
pitch him head foremost over the cliff
into the waves below.

It chanced on a certain day that
Trasullus had been invited to one of
these charming seances. "Tell me,"
said Tiberius, with a curious look,
"how long do you think you have to
live?" Trasullus, who was no fool,
appeared to be absorbed in mysteri-
ous calculations; then suddenly, with
an expression of alarm, that was not
altogether feigned, he exclaimed "that
he was menaced at that very hour by
a great danger." Satisfied with the
answer, Tiberius embraced him, and
from henceforth Trasullus became of
the number of his friends.—*Pall Mall*
Gazette.

A Doubtful Convert.

The motives that impel the man of
the world to go to church are not al-
ways of the highest order, though we
doubt whether quizzing him pays as
well as to preach the gospel straight at
him with earnestness and power. There
is such a man in Toledo, and his long
and steady attendance at a revival
meeting finally attracted the notice of
the preacher. Last Sunday evening
the good man made his way to the pew
in which the subject of this incident
sat unmoved by the excitement around
him, and the following conversation
took place:
"My friend, are you a Christian?"
"No, sir," was the reply.
"You seem to be always looking to-
ward the rostrum with great earnest-
ness. I hope an interest has been
awakened in your heart."
"I am just waiting to see what that
man up there in the choir with the
blonde moustache and projecting teeth
will decide to do."
"Ah, my dear sir," said the pastor,
"you must not wait until your friends
come to Christ. You must embrace
your Savior whether any one else does or
not."
"Oh, that ain't it. You see that man
always gets religion at every revival,
and I am just layin' low for him to
come forward and say that he has had
a change of heart, so that I can stand
at the door when he comes out and ask
him to pay me that ten dollars he owes
me before he has a chance to back-
slide!"
The minister turned sadly away.

Fruits from California, it is said,
will be shipped direct to Boston, this
year, instead of through New York,
as in the past.

Bishop Haven says Africa is to be
come Christian through the
mentality of Methodists.