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Rates of Advertising.

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Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. 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 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 arrears of pay and bounty will receive prompt attention. 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. J. B. AGNEW, 41M.

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

MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA. F. W. Hays, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY Public, Reynolds, Hukill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 40-ly

KINKEAD & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, - - - Franklin, Pa. PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties. 29-ly

LAWRENCE HOUSE, TIONESTA, PENNA. C. E. McGRAY, 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, BONNER & 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. 26-ly

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER, Proprietor, Opposite S. 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. 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 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 consult him by letter. Office and Residence second building below the Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Office days Wednesdays and Saturdays, 25M

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., MEADVILLE, PENNA., TAXIDERMISTS. BIRDS and Animals stuffed and mounted to order. Artificial Eyes kept in stock. 2-ly

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EMPLOYMENT, Male and female, salary or commission. We pay agent a salary of \$50 a week and expenses. Nebraska Manufacturing Co., Hartford, Conn. Particulars on application. 41-ly

JOBS, Meadville, kinds done at this office.

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. I am prepared to make all kinds of dresses in the latest styles, and guarantee satisfaction. Stamping for binding and embroidery done in the best manner, with the newest patterns. All I ask is of fair trial. Residence on Elm Street, in the Acomb Building.

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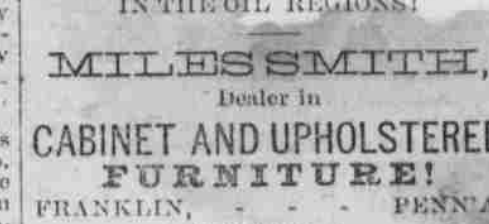


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Also, agent for Venango county for the Celebrated Manhattan Spring Bed and Combination Mattresses, manufactured and for sale at my Furniture Warerooms, 12th Street, near Liberty. Call and see sample Bed. 9 ly



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 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. CHAS. O. BAY, 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 4t

OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE 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 Geo. A. P. Rowell & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 35-1

Boarding-House Mystery.

There was a little square patch of paper on the floor-post. In passing by, Mr. Thomas Thompson saw it. He mounted the steps and read the inscription, which was written in pale, blue ink. It is a fact, gleaned from a large experience, that boarding-house keepers invariably write their luring notices in blue ink, and this particular paper was a boarding-house keeper's notice: "Furnished rooms, with board, for single gentlemen."

"Just what I'm looking for," said Thomas Thompson to himself. "I'll see what they are. The house looks as if it might be economical." He rang the bell, which was exceedingly ricketty, as boarding-house bells always are. A bedraggled, wild-eyed woman came to the door. Thompson knew, the moment he put eyes on her, that she was a landlady; she had the look of the tribe.

"What are the rooms that you have vacant?" asked Thomas Thompson, demurely. He had been so often crushed, subdued, and tyrannized over by landladies that he always addressed them with misgiving.

"I've got just one," was the reply. She did not seem very fierce, and Thompson plucked up courage. "What are your terms?" he asked. She did not reply for a moment, and during that moment she critically surveyed Thompson from head to feet.

"Well," she said at last, "perhaps you'd better step in and look at it. You look like a brave man." Wondering at her last strange remark, Thompson followed her into the hall and up two pair of stairs. She led the way into a good-sized room, tolerably furnished.

"I'm afraid," said Thompson, "that your charges for this room would be too high." "Don't you be too sure of that," replied the woman, mysteriously; "wait till you hear my offer. If you will take this room and keep it for one month, sleeping in it every night, I will not charge you a cent."

"Why, what—" "Don't ask me any questions. These are my terms, and you can accept or decline them."

Thompson glanced around the room. It looked comfortable enough. His purse was light, and the terms were certainly tempting. "But I have one condition to impose," added the landlady; "if you leave before the month is out you are to pay me at the rate of twelve dollars a week."

"I agree," said Thompson; "I'll take the room." He moved in his trunk that day, and made his first appearance at Mrs. Griffin's table to dinner. After dinner he went out for a stroll, and congratulated himself on his good fortune over a good cigar. He was not entirely calm in his mind, however. There must be something queer about the room, or the landlady would never have offered such remarkable inducements to an occupant. So it was not with a very quiet anticipation that Thompson retired, and before doing so he fortified himself with rum—so much so, indeed, that he was a little fuddled.

He examined every part of the room carefully, locked the door, blew out the light, and went to bed. His quotations had made him sleepy, and he soon dropped off into unconsciousness. Thompson knew not how long he slept, but he awoke to witness a strange phenomenon. The room was pitch dark; but toward the far side of the room was a round, luminous spot, bright and staring, like a great, round, fiery eye.

The first thing that Thompson did was to throw the bed clothes over his head, and tremble like a shaken jelly. "I must have dreamed it," he finally mused; "the rum went to my head, and I imagined I saw it."

There was the fiery eye, as bright and staring as ever—a horrible disk of light, apparently about six inches in diameter and quite round in shape. Transfixed with horror, Thompson gazed upon it; but even as he did so it began to move. Slowly it passed along the wall, finally sinking out of sight, leaving nothing but darkness.

It was long before Thompson could again get to sleep, and when he did so his dreams were peopled with ghosts and hobgoblins of the most terrible nature. Sometimes they took the form of Mrs. Griffin, and again they resolved themselves into innumerable globes of light, like that which he had seen. In the morning he awoke but little refreshed by his night's sleep. He thought the matter over, and tried to convince himself that he had seen nothing—that the strange vision was the creation of the rum that he had drunk. But there must be something queer about the room, else why had Mrs. Griffin offered such strong inducements for an occupant? Pondering

over these things, he went down to breakfast.

The eyes of Mrs. Griffin searched his face, but she said nothing. Neither did he. "I'll not let her triumph over me," he bravely resolved; "I'll try it another night. Beside, poverty drives me to it."

Throughout the day Thompson's thoughts were not upon the ribbons which he was selling, for he was a clerk in a fancy goods store, and when bedtime finally came, he perturbedly sought his room. This time he discarded stimulants to bolster up his courage. It was rather late, and he read a while before retiring. Then he carefully examined every portion of the room, but could discover nothing unusual or unaccountable. Getting into bed, he reached for the lamp, blew it out, and sat it on a chair.

The moment he did so the phenomenon appeared exactly as before, and in nearly the same spot—a great glowing eye, that seemed to burn into his very soul.

Probably Thompson would have had fits of spasms if relief had not soon come to his overwrought nerves. As he gazed, spell-bound with horror, the thing moved slowly away as before, and disappeared. Thompson nervously lit the lamp, resolved not to endure the darkness at least. His first impulse was to fly from the room; but the idea of free board for a month suggested itself to him so sweetly that he could not bear to relinquish it. Beside, he felt bolder in the light, and resolved to be a man. Musing over it he fell asleep.

At breakfast his paleness caused remark, and his nerves were not entirely under control. He spilled his coffee repeatedly, and his appetite did not seem good. During the day his troubled spirit found no rest, yet he bravely resolved not to give it up. Another night would he face the horrors of the haunted chamber.

He retired early, blew out his lamp, and lay with wide open eyes awaiting developments. No luminous disc appeared and he congratulated himself thereat. He began to doze at length, and would have dropped off into sleep had not a faint glimmer of unearthly light started him. He sat up wildly in bed, and gazed upon the well remembered spectacle. The refrilgent spot appeared in a further corner of the room and slowly moved to the position which it had occupied on the previous nights; and there it shone and glared like a very demon flaming from the lower regions. Thompson's blood curdled and he could scarcely repress a shriek of horror. Just then a slight sound met his ears, as if of cautious footsteps across a bare floor, followed by subdued whisperings. Gradually these grew louder and then there was an explosive sound. Thompson knew the nature of that sound too well to be deceived. It was

"A large amount of lovers' bliss Let off in one tremendous kiss," and it sounded as if it came from an adjoining room. Then he heard the voices, loud enough to be distinctly understood.

"Sure, don't do the like of that, Barney," said one, reproachfully. "Why not, me darling," said the other; "sure it's good to take, and harmless as pure whiskey."

"If they're ghosts," thought Thompson "they're quite earthly in their brogue." The voices were here lowered, and Thompson could not distinguish the words; but he concluded that the speakers were in the adjoining room. But why were they so plainly heard. He arose to investigate. In one corner, partially hidden by a shelf, was a round, stovepipe hole leading into the room from which the voices proceeded.

The mystery was explained. The round spot of light had been thrown through this hole from a lamp in the next room.

Thompson moved a table beneath the hole, climbed upon it, and looked through. There sat Barney, the manservant, and Kate, the maid-servant, courting in vigorous style. The room was used for storage, and the couple had used it for a trysting place. On a barrel stood the lamp which had caused all the trouble.

Thompson was worldly wise, and so he staid out his month of free board silently. Then he explained to Mrs. Griffin the phenomena which had previously scared away a dozen boarders.

A large lion was killed in the mountains recently, between Santa Cruz and Santa Clara, Cal., by two young men named Tompkins and Reed. The beast got in among their horses on Mr. Mair's ranch, and killed three. The young men chased him all night with their dogs, and finally despatched him. He was treed seven times during the night. He measured nine feet in length.

A Successful Ruse.

The Philadelphia Record recalls the following story of Richard Vaux's administration as mayor of Philadelphia: "Handsome Dick," as he was familiarly called, was able to so disguise himself that his most intimate friends could not recognize him when he had tucked his long and sparkling brown beard under his shirt collar and made some slight alterations in his hat and clothing. Whenever it was a dark night, through the rain or snow and sleet, Vaux would make his venture out among the police, in order to quietly and personally observe their manner of doing business. He went everywhere, especially where it was dangerous.

One cold winter night, when the snow was lying deep on the ground, four policemen might have been seen standing at the northwest corner of Eleventh and Washington streets, holding an amiable caucus on matters in general, to the detriment of the interests of their respective beats. Presently along comes, crossing the street, an old man, meanly clad and staggering slightly, as if he had taken one whisky punch too much. As he reaches the pavement where the officers are leaning against the railings of the graveyard located there (so as best to enjoy their social chat), the poor fellow stumbles and falls into a snow bank.

"Won't you please help me up?" he faintly cries: "I am freezing." "Lie there, you spalpeen! It's the best bed you deserve." Is the comfort he received. "If it wasn't so cold I'd look you up; but I'll not dirty my hands with you." And the officers walked off to a neighboring tavern to warm themselves.

They had no sooner disappeared than the old man quickly regained his feet, moved hastily on to Twelfth street where he took a carriage in waiting and rode home.

The next morning the lieutenant of the down town district was astonished to receive an order to have all his force at the mayor's office at ten o'clock. The men all spruced themselves up, imagining that some unexpected honor awaited them. When they were drawn up in line in front of his honor, in his public office, he requested the lieutenant to call out the names of the four men whose beats were in the vicinity of Eleventh and Washington avenue on the previous night. The four were called and boldly stepped to the front, sanguine of some great reward for extra service.

The mayor then briefly related to them the story of a poor old man who had fallen into a snow bank at the corner of the street mentioned and the refusal of the four officers gathered there to assist him, leaving him there to perish.

It didn't take many minutes for the quartet to most positively and unequivocally assure the mayor that no such an occurrence had ever taken place. They hadn't seen each other excepting for the moment they might accidentally meet as they faithfully treaded their beats. Each of the four was willing to substantiate the other's positive denial of every circumstance related by the poor old man.

"Stop!" indignantly exclaimed the mayor. "You are liars as well as brutes. Lieutenant, strip these men of their badges of office (there were no uniforms then); dismiss them from the service, disgrace and forfeit their pay to the city. The poor old man stands before you! He was your mayor!"

In the House of Peers, during the examination of the magistrates of Edinburgh, touching the particulars of the Porteous Mob, in 1736, the Duke of Newcastle having asked the Provost with what kind of shot the town-guard, commanded by Porteous, had loaded their muskets, received the unexpected reply, "Ou, justic as ane shoots dukes and fools wi!" The answer was considered as a contempt of the House of Lords, and the poor Provost would have suffered from misconception of his patois, had not the Duke of Argyll (who must have been exceedingly amused) explained that the worthy chief magistrate's expression, when rendered into English, meant to describe the shot used for ducks and waterfowl.

At the Paris School of Arts and Trades experiments were lately made with a paper alleged to be incombustible. Sheets of it exposed simply to the fierce flames of a spirit lamp without other effect than to slightly wither it. When the paper was exposed in bulk no effect was apparent. It was thought very desirable for the manufacture of bank notes. The secret of the manufacture rests with the experimenter.

A prominent citizen in Alameda, Cal., while leading a fractious cow by a rope recently, had his thumb pulled off at the first joint.

An Imperial Joke.

It is well known that the Emperor Joseph II., of Austria, disliked parade and ostentation and indulged his taste for simple and private habits. One day when riding out in a small caleche, when he drove himself, and attended only by one servant, he was overtaken by heavy rain and returned toward Vienna. He was yet at some distance when a person on foot, who was also going in that direction, hearing the noise, turned and made a sign to the driver to stop.

The emperor stopped his horse. "Sir," said the traveler, who was a sergeant, "if it be not too great a liberty, I should be glad of a lift; you have room enough and I should save my uniform, which I put on new this morning."

"Let us save the uniform, my brave fellow," said Joseph. "Place yourself here. Where do you come from just now?"

"Ah, ah! where do I come from? I come from the house of a gamekeeper, one of my friends, who has just given me a famous breakfast."

"What had you, then?" "Guess." "Nay! how can I guess? Beef? soup?" "Well done; yes, soup, and better than that."

"A breast of veal, then?" "No, better than that." "Well, then, said the facetious sovereign, "I can guess no longer, I must give it up."

"Why, then, a pheasant, my worthy; a pheasant killed on the preserve of his majesty. What do you think of that, eh?" cried the sergeant, slapping his unknown companion on the shoulder.

"Ah, indeed?" replied he, "killed on the emperor's preserve! It must have been all the better for that, I'll answer for it."

As they approached the city and the rain continued to fall Joseph asked him where he wished to be set down. The sergeant made his excuses. "No, no," said Joseph. "Your street?" and at length the sergeant informed his majesty where he lodged and begged to know to whom he was indebted for so many civilities.

"It is now your turn," said Joseph; "guess." "A military man—I dare say a lieutenant?" "Better than that," said the monarch.

"A captain, then?" "Better than that." "A colonel?" "Better than that." He began to open his eyes. "A general, then?" "Perhaps better still."

"What, the dickens?" said the poor sergeant, shrinking into a corner of the caleche. "Can you be a field marshal?" He feigned a grave voice and said: "Something better still."

"Ach! it is the emperor." "Himself," said Joseph, unbuttoning his plain coat and showing his decorations.

The poor fellow in an agony entreated the emperor to let him alight. "No, no; not yet," said Joseph. "After having eaten my pheasant you would be too lucky if you got rid of me so easily; I shall certainly see you to your quarters."

And thus continuing to amuse himself he drove him, to them, after promising to forgive the sergeant for having made a poaching meal at the imperial expense.

Barbers often assert that razors get tired of shaving, and that they will perform satisfactorily if permitted to rest for a time. It has been found by microscopic examination that the tired razor, from long stropping by the same hand and in the same direction, has the ultimate fibres of its surface or edge all arranged in one direction, like the edge of a piece of cut velvet; but after a month's rest these fibres rearrange themselves heterogeneously, crossing each other and presenting a saw-like edge, each supporting its fellow, and hence cutting the beard instead of being forced down flat without cutting, as when laid by.

The number of wolves in Russia is estimated at 200,000, and their annual consumption of cash 23 cwt. per head. Last year the active as well as the passive cause of this 0,000. Hunting has been through the self emancipation of the careous wolves have increased. A girl the tongue granted her rejected lover's parting kiss, and he, availing himself of the opportunity, bit her cheek in a way that disfigures her for life. An Oil City man recently died of love, but it was love for whisky.