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Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Includes rates for One Square (1 inch), Two Squares, etc.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MEETS every Friday evening, at 8 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.

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.

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.

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

FRANKLIN HOUSE, TIONESTA, PENN. Wm. Lawrence, Proprietor.

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER, Proprietor, Opposite Court House, Tionesta, Pa.

W. C. COBURN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, offers his services to the people of Forest Co.

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

WILLIAMS & CO., TAXIDERMISTS, P. O. BOX 10, TIONESTA, PA.

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL, THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Laurelton) Forest county, has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted.

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

EMPLOYMENT, Male and female, salary or commission. We pay agent as salary of \$10 a week and expenses.

JOB WORK of all kinds done at this office 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 county have for a long time known.

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DENING.)

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

M. CARPENTER, Proprietor, Tionesta, Pa.

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Oil Well Supplies, Etc. Subing, Casing, Sucker Rods, Working Barrels, Valves, Etc.

Iron, Nails, Steel, Rope, Oakum, &c.

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

THE LARGEST FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT IN THE OIL REGION!

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 Venetian counter 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.

By buying your PIANOS and ORGANS from the undersigned Manufacturers' Agent, for the best brands in the market.

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.

DR. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced Physician and Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store.

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

OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE CENTEN'L EXHIBITION. It sells faster than any other book.

CECILE'S PEARLS. It was during the late rebellion, I was an officer in the Federal service and it chanced, through the fortune of war, that my command was sent to New Orleans on special duty.

This duty, to most of us, was not very pleasant; and we were awaiting eagerly our summons to another quarter, when I met with a rather romantic adventure.

Passing down a secluded street, late one evening, I was startled by a loud shriek, evidently in a woman's voice, followed by an appeal for help.

Darting forward, I perceived in the dim, gray shadows of twilight, which fell upon all things, the slender figure of a woman, enveloped in a waterproof cloak, struggling in the grasp of a burly ruffian.

It was but the work of a moment to deal him a blow, which laid him at my feet. He arose, and with muttered curses and threats of future vengeance, to which I, at the time, paid no heed, considering them but the ravings of an inebriate, staggered onward.

All this time the woman had stood trembling with terror, leaning against an adjacent building. "How can I ever thank you, sir?"

It was a low, clear, sweet voice, the unmistakable tones of refinement. I raised my hat.

"If you will allow me, madam" I replied, "I will escort you home. It is not safe for ladies to be out alone, in these troublous times."

"I know it," she responded, somewhat haughtily. "But since your army has demoralized the city, and forced its citizens to an observance of laws, which are only the laws of tyrants—the power of the stronger over the weaker—since New Orleans has become what it now is, we are obliged to submit to much and do many acts which are repugnant to us!"

She turned away, with a quick, imperious gesture of disdain, and ere I could advance a step, had vanished down an adjoining street.

That night we left New Orleans, and years elapsed before I saw that city again.

Turning our faces northward we moved through Mississippi; here we had several skirmishes, but from all I escaped unhurt.

Months elapsed, and still I wore the pearls safely hidden, and as I fondly imagined, unsuspected by anyone. But I was doomed to find out my mistake.

We were encamped not far from Chattanooga, Tennessee. We were expecting marching orders daily, and lying idly in camp, were glad of any diversion to while away the long hours.

When, one day, a strolling musician, an old man with a long white beard, and carrying a violin in a dilapidated case, was brought into camp.

He had been observed prowling around, and so had been "taken in," as one of the men laughingly remarked.

But, subsequent circumstances proved that the "boot was on the other foot."

Worn out with inactivity, the boys, one and all, welcomed the old fellow; and when we found that exquisite music he drew forth from that worn, old violin, we decided unanimously, that the new arrival was a grand addition to the camp.

But, once, I caught him looking at me; there was a peculiar glitter in his steely-blue eyes, which did not please me; an impression that we had met before, crept over me, and from that hour I became suspicious of him, and was ever on the alert.

I had "turned in" for the night. All the camp lay quietly sleeping beneath the clear, white, moonbeams; no sound broke the silence, save the occasional challenge of the sentinel; and I lay, restlessly tossing on my rude couch, uneasy and filled with a vague distrust, a feeling that something was to happen.

The moon-rays penetrated my shelter, and draped in great, white patches on the ground, before my bed. I lay with my eyes fixed upon them; when, suddenly, I saw a dark shadow cross their whiteness; then a form drew cautiously near, and I saw that it was our strolling minstrel.

But he was no longer bent and gray, and in that moment I found out two things; that he had obtained access to our camp in disguise for some unlawful purpose; and, also, that my good memory had not played me false; this midnight prowler was the man whom I had struck, for assaulting the young lady, some months before.

In a flash I saw it all. He had attempted to rob her of her jewels; but, failing in his vile design, had secretly observed my possession of them, and had followed our regiment and dogged my steps for the purpose of robbing me at last.

Something prompted me to close my eyes, and feign sleep. I felt the villain approach me—closer—closer—then a sponge saturated with chloroform was held to my nostrils; with a quick spring I bounded to my feet and caught the ruffian by the throat.

Just then, the sound of a bugle pealed through the quiet night, "boots and saddles." With a desperate wrench the robber escaped me; and I—before I was scarcely aware of my own movements—found myself in my saddle, and, with the rest of the command, on my way to the scene of action.

Here we met the opposing army, and a fearful battle ensued.

Through all that dreadful engagement, I kept the pearls jealously guarded; it was a point of honor with me, and I would never give them up. Such thoughts were fitting through my mind when I felt a strong grasp on my bridle, and, glancing down, stood face to face with the pretended old man, the would-be robber of the night before.

At that moment I felt a sharp pain in my side, followed by a numb, dead feeling.

I saw the red-hot torrent which poured forth, and knew that I was wounded; then I lost consciousness.

I was aroused by a rough and hasty touch; and, opening my eyes I found my enemy bending over me, his hands busily removing my outer garments, and I knew he was searching for the pearls.

Whence came my strength I know not; but with a sudden, mighty effort I seized my saber, and struck him a heavy blow. I saw him reel, and fall backward—and then—once more—I swooned away.

On my second return to consciousness I found myself lying on a hospital bed, with kindly faces around me. My first thought was of the jewels, and my heart thrilled with exultation when I found that they were safe.

For many weary months I lay upon my bed; and, during the interval, the war ended. But my health was very feeble, and when I was removed to my native New York it was the general impression that I had come home to die.

However, that was not my intention, and in the course of a year I found myself on the fair way to recovery. The secret of the pearls I had never shared with any one. They had been in my possession for the space of five

years, and yet I had never really despaired of returning them to their owner.

About that time it occurred to me that a trip to Louisiana would be very beneficial to my health; and so, in the year 1868, I found myself once more in New Orleans.

My first step was to insert a "personal" in all the daily papers, addressed to Miss Cecile Tremaine, and requesting her present address. But I received no response.

Day after day passed by, and I was rapidly losing hope, when it chanced one morning that I strolled into the printing office of a friend, and stood watching the nimble fingers of the compositors, among whom were several ladies.

At length I heard the foreman address one of the employes as "Miss Tremaine." With a wildly-throbbing heart I cast a furtive glance in her direction. Great heavens it was she! I was sure of it.

In a few moments I had acquainted my friend with the facts, and my belief that this was the young lady of whom I was in quest. He told me then of her poverty, and that from one of the first and wealthiest families of New Orleans she was reduced to earn her bread.

He said that there was no doubt that I was on the right track, as she had already told him of the loss of her pearls. On the night that I had rescued her, she had been on her way to dispose of them for her father lay dying, and she had no means with which to furnish him food and medicine.

He was dead now, and she, poor girl, was all alone in the world.

I will pass over my introduction, and the astonishment with which she listened to my story. Time had softened her asperity toward the "Yankees," and, as months flew by, she seemed to have quite forgotten all past animosities, so that, when at last I asked her to become my wife, I was prepared to hear her answer "Yes," and I was not disappointed.

And on the day that she became my bride, amid the lace of her snowy veil, and crowning her heavy waves of raven hair, like drops of ice, were the jewels which I had cherished, and defended with my life, for all those dreadful years—my Cecile's Pearls.

are words of kindness, of persuasion. He takes men by the hand, and in that manner which bespeaks the sensitive nature, he without saying too much, lets them know he fully understands their feelings and condition, and gradually leads them to sign the pledge and take the first step which is to result in others which will place them in their proper sphere in society as men entitled to respect and sympathy.

There is also the element of personality, the one man power, which gives character and unity of purpose to popular enthusiasm, and this Mr. Murphy possesses in a remarkable degree. He has the gift of oratory, the magnetic presence, the convincing sincerity of manner, and what is of not less importance, the physical capacity for tremendous hard work that might be predicated of him from an acquaintance of his career.

And, furthermore, he seems to possess a faculty for organization which perpetuates the impression he makes by personal appeal, and leaves a competent society, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the work, to continue the mission in every locality which he visits.

Such, in brief, is the natural philosophy of the Murphy movement. Practically, it inculcates the literal acceptance of the Christian belief in human brotherhood, and its method is to reach out the hand of fraternity to the broken down drunkard and lift him again to the standing of upright manhood.

No matter how degraded, how sunken in the depths of despair the victim may be, the apostle of temperance says: "Brother, give me your hand. I'll save you yet." Trusting literally to the Biblical assertion that the Kingdom of Heaven is within, and, consequently, can not be utterly destroyed, this appeal is urged, and, where successfully made, never fails to work even seeming miraculous salvation.

Why Nye Refused the Arabian Horse. The following anecdote of the late Senator Nye is told by the Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise:

"He was telling us incidents of a journey to Europe, from which he had then just returned. Among the rest he said the Sultan of Turkey ordered in his honor, as a Senator of the United States, a grand review of the army in Constantinople, and the Grand Vizier mounted him upon a steed which he described as magnificent. Said Nye, 'He was a pure Arabian. He had a coat like velvet; he felt like a myriad of steel springs beneath a man; his eye was between a lion's and a woman's, with all the courage of the one and all the human gentleness and beauty of the other blended; he knew I was an old man, and was as tender of me as a child. When I dismounted I could not refrain from expressing to the Grand Vizier my admiration for the incomparable creature. He heard me through an interpreter, and then, bowing low, begged me to accept the horse as a mark of the profound regard which the Sultan entertained for me. 'Did you accept him, Senator?' we asked. A peculiar look came into the old man's eyes as he replied: 'I made a rapid calculation and saw that I had not enough of money, and could see to no place for enough money, to pay the freight on the animal to New York, so I took high ground. I bowed low in return to the Grand Vizier, and bade the interpreter explain to him that while touched to the heart by this appreciation and generosity of the Sultan, it was, I was sorry to say, against the laws of my country for a Senator of the United States to accept a present from any foreign Prince, potentate or Power.'

A certain clerk in a Western village recently made the following comment on Pocahontas. Said he, 'Pocahontas was a great man; Pocahontas was a kind-hearted and true man.' 'Hold on,' cried his companion, 'Pocahontas was a woman.' 'She was eh?' said he. 'Well, that's just my luck. How am I expected to know? I never read the Bible.'

"Do you really believe, Mr. Pedkins, that any body could make a head from butter?" asked the landlady. "Well, yes, ma'am I should think they might," said Pedkins, as he pushed back his individual butterplate, "somebody has got as far as the hair with this."

The Philadelphia Express, in a complimentary notice of Francis Murphy's labor, says:

Mr. Murphy will probably close his meetings in this city for the present about June 1st. It was his first intention to carry on the work "until the city was redeemed," as he once expressed it, but for certain reasons it has been thought best not to continue the exercises through the summer.

As we look over our exchange newspapers, and notice the many Temperance Murphy meetings held in different cities and towns, and read of the thousands of converts made, we cannot but say, that "surely the hand of God is in this movement."

Saved himself from a drunkard's fate, the tale of his own redemption never fails of awakening the warmest sympathies of man's nature, and encouraging others to make the effort which will finally bring the same happiness and contentment he now enjoys. Seven years ago he was stripped of everything; separated from his wife and children, and he in a dungeon. The latter at last became in strengthened circumstances, not even having food to eat. We can portray the agony of his soul as he paced his lonely cell, and thought that ere his release came, death might take them from him. His earnest prayers to God were at last answered. Murphy found a friend in the person of Capt. Sturtevant, of Portland, Me., the same who now speaks from the platform upon the subject of temperance. Through the latter's influence he was released. As he clasped his wife to his bosom, well did she know as he said "God helping me, wife, I will never touch a drop of liquor, and never sell another drop," that that vow would be sacredly kept. Soon his little home was made comfortable, and in the fulness of his heart at the great good which a temperance life had accomplished for him, he said: "I must tell others. I must save my fellow man. I must tell him to forever put away from him the intoxicating bowl."

Experience has made him eloquent. Who, then, could resist such appeals as the following, which came from his heart when addressing an audience at the annex to the Academy: "I see before me, beneath the tattered coat or torn blouse, the noble heart of many a kingly man. Assert your manhood to-day. Put on your armor, and though the love of Jesus Christ, you will be able to wear it."

Mr. Murphy's success is further attributable to his avoidance of every word calculated to wound the feelings of those who have fallen. His words