

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY W. R. DUNN. OFFICE IN ROBINSON & BONNER'S BUILDING...

The Forest Republican.

VOL. X NO. 10. TIONESTA, PA., JUNE 6, 1877. \$2 PER ANNUM.

One Square (1 inch) for one month... Legal notices at established rates.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369. I. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening... TIONESTA COUNCIL NO. 342. O. U. A. M. MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room...

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...

E. L. Davis, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA. Collections made in this and adjoining counties.

MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA. F. W. Hays, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds Hill & Co.'s Block...

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

LAWRENCE HOUSE, BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, N. W. LAWRENCE, Proprietor. This house is centrally located. Everything new and well furnished.

FOREST HOUSE, A. YARNER 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 Twelve Years in constant practice...

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

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

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

FEED, FLOUR, AND OATS, Constantly on hand, and sold at the very lowest figures. H. W. LEBDEUR.

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

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 DESINGER).

Pictures in every style of the art. Views of the oil regions for sale or taken to order. CENTRE STREET, near R. R. crossing, SYCAMORE STREET near Union Depot...

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

ELM STREET, SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S STORE. Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.



Pictures taken in all the latest styles at art.

H. G. TINKER & CO.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE, Oil Well Supplies, etc. Sizing, Casting, Sucker Rods, Working Barrels, Valves, etc.

Brass & Steam Fittings, Belt-ing, Lace Leather, Casing, etc., 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!

Consisting of Parlor, Office and Common Furniture, Mattresses, Pillows, Window Shades, Fixtures, Locks, Hair 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.



You Can Save Money By buying your PIANOS and ORGANS from the undersigned Manufacturers' Agent...

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, Crockery, all of the best quality, and will be sold at reasonable rates.

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

ADVERTISERS send 25 cents to Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 31 Park Row, N. Y., for their Eighty-page Pamphlet, showing cost of advertising. 13-41

OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE CENTEN' 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 extra terms to agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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. I stood, for a moment, staring blankly in the direction that she had taken, and I must confess it, thinking very much of the soft tones of her voice, and the bowdlering dark eyes with which she had glanced into my face, while she uttered her tirade against the army, to which I had the honor of belonging.

"Whew! The little rebel," I exclaimed half aloud as I turned to move away. Just then, my eyes fell upon a package lying upon the pavement, and I raised it with a start of surprise. It was evidently a small box, carefully wrapped in tissue paper. Thrusting it in my pocket I started in the direction which she had taken with a faint hope of overtaking her; but I had proceeded but a few rods, when I heard my name called, and glancing around, beheld the colonel of my regiment.

"Major," said he, hurriedly, "report at once at headquarters. I have received important news, and wish to see you and some of the other officers immediately."

He passed rapidly onward before I could answer with more than the customary salute, and was lost to sight in the distance. With a feeling of impatience which I could not restrain, I obeyed my superior's commands, and hastened to headquarters. Here I soon discovered that we were to leave New Orleans at once and proceed northward. Important military movements rendered this change imperative.

I sought my own quarters, and proceeded to examine the little package. Removing the numerous strings and wrappings, a small box stood revealed. With an odd sensation at my heart I raised the lid. Within the inclosure, upon a bed of azure satin, there rested a magnificent set of pearls, bearing the inscription, in old English letters: "Cecile Tremaine, from her Father."

My heart filled with pity for the young girl whom I felt convinced was Cecile Tremaine. Where was she going alone so late, and with so costly a burden? Who could tell what story of want, and woe, and despair it might be in her power to relate? My experience in the war-devastated South had shown me clearly the suffering and poverty, and desolation of many of the first and best in the land, and may not her errand have been to convert the jewels into bread for some suffering loved one? Hard old soldier though I was, I felt the tears start in my eyes. And from that hour I determined to protect the jewels, and sooner or later, if it were in the power of man to do so, I would return them safely to her possession.

But I had no time for sentimentalizing; the army was already in motion, and my place was with my command; so, stifling my sighs of regret, I prepared for immediate departure. Taking the pearls, I sewed them carefully into a large, leather belt which I wore on my person concealed beneath my outer clothing, and determined to defend them with my life.

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 "hoot" was on the other foot. Worn out with inactivity, the boys, one and all, welcomed the old fellow; and, when we found what 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 glimmer 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 drapped 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, "boats 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 flitting 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 I 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 employees 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.

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 I 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 employees 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.

The Temperance Cyclone.

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 straightened 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 sorely 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 a many a kingly man. Assert your manhood today. Put on your armor, and through 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

are words of kindness, of persuasion. He takes men by the hand, and in that manner which speaks 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. He believes in awakening the desire for reformation which does indeed dwell in every breast, or as another states it: Faith in man's ultimate integrity, in the Divine spark of immortality that burns in the soul, no matter how dimly; hope that the breath of sympathy may reach and enliven this sacred fire, and brotherly love to stretch out the hands and save the fallen and the perishing. These seem to be the elements—the faith, the hope, the charity that inspire this movement.

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 sunk 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 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 Pochontas. Said he, "Pochontas was a great man; Pochontas was a kind-hearted and true man. 'Hold on,' cried his companion, 'Pochontas 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 Podkins, as he pushed back his individual butterplate, "somebody has got as far as the bait with this."