The Lorest Republican.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.



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 lafe war, ean 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. tention.

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. aible time. 4116.

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E. L. Davis, A TTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa. Collections made in this and adjoin- ing counties. 40-1y	
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The Forest Republican.

VOL. X NO. 11.

TIONESTA, PA., JUNE 13, 1877.

MRS. C. M. MEATH, OVERSHOOTING THE MARK.

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 braid-ing and embroidery done in the best man-nor, with the newest patterns. All I ask is a tair trial. Residence on Elm Street, in the Acomb Building. tf. ton.

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ing, Sucker Rods.

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im Fittings, Belt-

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BY SUSAN ABCHER WEISS. "I really don't see what is to be done," said Mrs. Sutton, meditatively,

as she folded a letter stamped with a foreign postmark. The letter was from Charlie, who was spending his college vacation in Europe, and who now wrote to announce his speedy return, accompaniod by his friend, Mr. Philip Warring-Charlie Sutton was evidently very

proud to call Mr. Warrington his friend. He had met him in the course of his travels, and always wrote of him as "a splendid fellow, clever, handsome, and -with a view to the special consideration of his mother and sister-"rich, and of one of the first families of B---.

And now, in accordance with his mother's instructions, he had invited his friend to spend a week with them, before going on to his more Southern home, and she might expect them in a few days.

There was one drawback to Mrs. Sutton's satisfaction in this arrangement; and it was to this that her remarks, on closing the letter, referred.

"This will be a capital chance for you, Isabel," she said, addressing her daughter ; "in fact, the best probably that you will ever have. But it requires more tact than you have ever shown; and besides, there is Alice, who may interfere and spoil all, as she did in the affair with Col. Sawyer. I really don't see what is to be done as regards Alice."

Alice was Mr. Sutton's niece, whom he had brought to his home on the death of her parents. She was at that time fifteen, and as her cousin Isabel had just made her entree into society. she was found to be somewhat in the way, and was sent to a boardingschool.

Here she had remained until the past winter, when, being nineteen, it was found positively necessary that she should come home and be introduced into society.

But unfortunately, as Mrs. Sutton considered, Alice's sweet face and graceful, winning manners had provon with some persons a greater charm than the bold beauty of the rather neath a canopy of crimson and gold "fast" Isabel Sutton-Col. Sawyer, especially, to entrap whom the anxious over the lovely scene before her. mother and daughter had employed

"She is so infirm, and that housekeeper of hers is not, I suspect, over attentive to her comfort. Then she is so like strangers. fond of you, Alice, and enjoys your reading so much. I wish one of you girls could remain longer ; I am sure it would be a great comfort to the poor old lady."

Alice needed no persuasion. She was a kind-hearted, amiable girl, and her sympathies had been enlisted for this lonely, infirm old lady, her mother's aunt, who seemed so forgotten and alone in the world. Her own mother had been of very delicate health, and the young girl, accustomed to attend upon her, had learned many little sick, and making dainty little dishes to tempt a feeble appetite. Then she could read to Aunt Curtis in the low, sweet voice which had been such a also what the old lady had said, that "the very sight of a bright young face in the silent house was as cheering as a ray of sunshine on a cloudy day."

So Alice remained at Copeley Farm, and her aunt and cousin, rejoicing at the success of their innocent little scheme, returned to the city to wel-

come Charlie aud his friend. It was a disappointment to fin1 that Charlie had arrived without his friend Mr. Warrington. That gentleman, it appeared, had had a previous engagement to spend a few days with a relative, whom they found awaiting them upon the arrival of the steamer ; but he would make his appearance in a week or so, and meantime Mrs. Sutton wrote to Alice that she could remain at Copeley until Charlie and Isabel went up for her.

Alice had no objection. She was greatly enjoying her visit to the Farm. It was the first of October, when the country is most beautiful, with a lingering of summer glory mingling with the deepening lines of autumn.

She was an impassioned lover of nature, and yet, city-bred, had never before seen nature in this glorious revelation of autumnal beauty, and it dawned upon her like the reading of some new and beautiful poem.

"Strange that people are content to live in the city, when the country is so beautiful," she thought, one evening, as standing knee-deep in ferns, befeliage, she gazed in dreamy delight

A rustling in the neighboring thicket startled her. There was a sudden \$2 PER ANNUM.

It seemed a very pleasant mutual discovery, and the two were no longer

Aunt Curtis was delighted to see "Phil." He had grown so wonderfully, she said-quite a big boy.

And she related many well remembered bold boyish adventures of his, in the old time, that seemed so long past to him, so short to her. Finally she by a chute. This chute is only a short insisted that, as he had had a long distance from where the house stands. walk, he should "stay to supper ;" and Last Saturday Mr. Carrico and several he, apparently nothing loth, accepted the invitation.

ing, perhaps, on shipboard) where two started down. By some means the log young persons, thrown together, are so did not get a straight start and away ways of nursing and comforting the apt to fall mutually in love as in a it shot down the bluff like an arrow, quiet house in the country. Certainly on its "own hook." Mr. Carrico saw in this instance the being thrown to-that the log would inevitably strike gether was not entirely accidental, his house, and fearing for the safety of since Mr. Philip Warrington, in his his wife and children, all of whom were comfort to her mother, and she felt interest in the old lady, every day in the dwelling at the moment, he found something to bring him to Copley Farm.

Now it was to bring her a new paper, or a message from the doctor; had it would have been next to an imthen to read her some very interesting extracts from a new book ; and then again to offer larks or partridges, forgetful of the cruelty of shooting them. derbolt on the building. It struck one

And in the soft, rich and dreamy October evenings, he and Alice, stroll- and crashed its way clear through. ing in the old fashioned garden, or Mrs. Carrico was sitting in the house, down the lane, rich in autumnal flow- and a small child was lying in the eraers, or seated on the meadow stile, beneath the golden marles, spent such the mother, and passing on struck the hours of happiness as can come to us eradle, knocking it into splinters and but once in a lifetime-with the first pitching the babe several yards to one dream of dawning love.

Sutton, anxiously waiting at home, which was also crushed to pieces. Very and still taxing her ingenuity for excuses to keep her niece "out of the way," suddenly heard something which also did the mother and other children. sent her flying up to Copley Farm by the next day's train, in a state of mind posed, was dreadfully frightened at the by no means amiable.

And the first person she saw on reaching Copley was Alice, standing find his wife and children crushed to a on the old-fashioned stoop, canopied by autumn reses, with a remarkably by autumn reses, with a remarkably ascertaining that they had all escaped handsome and elegent-looking young without the slightest injury.--Portland man by her side, the attitude and expression of both revealing at a single glance what Mrs. Sutton felt to be a death-blow to all her scheming and hopes. She had aimed well, but as often is the case with the most clever schemers, had strained too hard, and overshot the mark.

+----A Dead Sure Thing.

A few years ago Mr. Hammond was shot, a whirring past of a brood of par- | coming up the Mississippi on a steamtridges, and the next moment a dog boat. Among the passengers was a certain well known gambler. The boat had been out from New Orleans two days and owing to Mr. Hammond's in- teresting inquiry we submit to the lawfluence, not a card had been played ar a bet made by anybody. This was rainous to the gambler's business. He difficulty in the inquiry. Lazarus died had tried everything on the boat for a game of some kind, or a bet on some-He was getting desperate. Along in the afternoon he approached Mr. Hammond, who was walking on the hurricane deck, and calling his attention to a couple of gulls flying across the river a few hundred rods ahead of the boat.

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A Remarkable Escape.

About two miles below Albania, on the east side of the river, Mr. Carrico lives, whose avocation is that of a logger. His house is situated near the river bank, behind which stands a high steep bluff. The logs are hauled to the bluff and shot down into the river men were employed in sending down logs into the water. A large log was There is no place on earth (except- rolled into the mouth of the chute and shouted at the top of his voice for them to run for their lives. They did not head the warning, but even if they possibility to escape, so rapidly did the log move. In a moment the huge piece of timber came down like a thunside of the house with terrific force, dle at the moment. The log missed side of the room. The child was hold-And so it came to pass that Mrs. a doll in its arms when the log struck, strange as it may appear, the child escaped without a scratch or a bruise, as posed, was dreadfully frightened at the accident. He hastened with all speed to the foot of the bluff, expecting to jelly. Imagine his joyful surprise on Oregonian.

A Legal Dilemma.

At an examination for the admission to the bar of Ohio, the examiner propounded this question : "A great many years ago there lived a gentleman named Lazarus, who died possessed of chattels, real and personal. After this event to whom did they go ?". The student replied, "To his administrators

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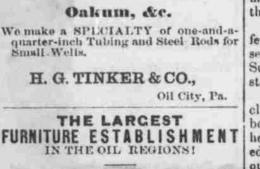
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the whole of their talent and energies. He had, upon seeing Alice, transferred his attentions from Isabel to herself, and had actually proposed to Mr. Sutton fer the hand of his niece, instead of that of his daughter.

It made no difference that Alice declined the honor. Isabel had lost her best chance ; and although, of course, her cousin could not be properly blamed in the matter, yet she was "dangerous." And now that another still better chance was about to offer, in the person of Mr. Warrington, Alice must, feot.

in some way, be got rid of for the time. That evening at tea, Mrs. Sutton,

rather adroitly leading the conversation in the proper direction, remarked

"By-the-by, my dear, when did you last hear from your Aunt Curtis? I lected the old lady."

"So I have often told you," replied her husband, who was an enterprising business man, and not so worldly- she turned away. minded as his wife. "Aunt Curtis was

very kind to me when I was a boy, see her."

"Well, it is such a lonely, out-of-the- tended these birds." way country place," returned his wife, undertaking. Yet I don't wish to neg-lect the old lady. She wrote last year that she would like to see the girls,

now that they are grown ; and Alice's mother, you know, was her favorite I may as well run up to Copeley Farm for a day or two. What do you

"Let us go, aunt, by all means,' was Alice's quick reply. "I should like to see my mother's aunt ; and you know it is lovely in the country at this | hood, then ?" season."

Isabel shrugged her fair shoulders, but prudently said nothing; and the a frequent visitor to this neighborfollowing day the three ladies were at hood. Perhaps I ought to introduce ed the quiet, old-fashioned little farm myself. I am Philip Warrington, of house, some twenty miles from the B-, and nephew of Dr. Gray." eity.

It must necessarily be a brief visit, for Charlie was expected home-Mrs. except her daughter about expecting had become familiar with it from member of the Electoral Board. Mr. Warrington -- and so, after a day Charlie's letters, and said, impulsively : and a night at the old farm bense, they prepared to return to the city.

"It seems a pity to leave the poor eld lady so soon," said Mrs. Sutton. | so often ?"

rushed forth, deliberately followed by a gentleman in a gray shooting dress, As his eyes fell upon the young girl,

standing in a graceful, half-startled manner, he lifted his hat courteously. "I hope I have not alarmed you," he said. "I would net have fired if I had known a lady was near.'

The dog bounded back with a dead partridge, which he laid at his master's

Alice took it up gently.

"Poor little thing! It was cruel to kill it !" she sai I pityingly, as she lifted her brown eyes, full of tender com-

passion, to the face of the stranger. He smiled-a curious smile, in which

appeared interest and amusement. "Then I am sorry that I have killed fear that we have of late rather neg- it, and, in penance, will not fire anoth-

er shot to-day." "I have no right to require that sac-rifice of you," she answered shyly, as

But he again addressed her :

"It appears that our pathways lie in and certainly deserves more attention the same direction. If you are going than we have had time to bestow. She | to Mrs. Curtis's, will you permit me to is old, and infirm, too, and yet in four | accompany you? The lady is an old years not one of my family has been to friend of mine, and I was on my way to see her. It was for her that I in-

"I am staying with my aunt Curtis," "that really to go there seems quite an she answered, "and in consideration of further. Now, there is a good bet, undertaking. Yet I don't wish to neg- the motive, I forgive you for shooting what do you say ?" the poor birds."

They walked in the lingering sunset, slowly along the wood-path that led to the farm house, pausing a moniece. I am sure that she would be ment on the brow of the eminence gratified at a visit from us. Indeed, that overlooked it, as it lay like a now that we speak of it, the girls and brown bird's nest, embowered in trees, in the meadows below.

"Time has forgotten this little nook," remarked the gentleman. "It is as unchanged now as I remember it fifteen

years ago." "You do not reside in this neighbor-

"No. My home is in the sunny South. But when a boy I used to be

Dr. Gray was her aunt Curtis's physician, and resided on the pext farm but it was the name of her companion "You have just returned from Eu-

"Yes, I see them," said Mr. Hammoud.

"Well, I'll bet you five dollars one of them falls into the water before we get by them."

"I never bet-you ought to know that," was the reply.

"Well, I'll make it twenty to fivo; now come."

Mr. Hammond turned on his heel and left him.

The gambler looked mournfully after him for a few moments, and then continued his walk. Presently he came back and accosted Mr. H. again.

"I'll bet you twenty to five that this boat blows up before we go ten miles

He was informed again of Mr. H.'s. calling, and that such propositions were scandalous.

"But that's a dead sure thing-you cannot possibly lose; come, what do you say

Mr. Hammond sought another part of the deck and left the obtrusive gentleman with the "dead sure thing" to himself.

The boat had scarcely proceeded five miles, when, sure enough, it did blow up. Mr. H. somehow got an earlier start than his late persecutor, and went up quite a distance. As he was coming down he was met by our sporting filend, who cried out as he pass-

"Hellow, parson! Bet you ten dollars I go higher than you did ; what do you say ?'

That man is now a well known Detroit editor, and hasn't bet a cent on Sutton had not said a word to any one that now attracted her attention. She anything since Bradley was made a

New York Mail : Whatever else may rope? Then you are my cousin Char- be said against the Chinese, no one day. In our phone borhood the trampa lie Sutton's friend, of whom he wrote can truthfully say that he ever saw one refuse to le other remain on the lie Sutton's friend, of whom he wrote can truthfully say that he ever saw one who parted his hair in the middle.

and his heirs." "Well, then," continued the examiner, "in four days he came to life again; inform us, sir, whose were they then ?" Which inyers. I am not a lawyer, but I see no and was buried. As soon as he died, his property, if he left no will, vested in his heirs. The law gives no man thing, but had failed in every attempt. the right to die for four days and then come to life again. Legally Lazarus couldn't rise. I have no doubt the supreme court would decide that the Lazarus who rose was not the Lazarus who died ; he was a new Lazarus. The new Lazarus would of course feel within himself himself that he was the old Lazarus and go round boring his legal friends about his legal wrongs, but every lawyer would leave him as quickly as possible, saying in parting, "It's a hard case ; but if your heirs can prove your death, and they came in legally under the statute, there is no way to make them disgorge. All you can do is this-you're a young fellow about sixty ; hire out as a clerk, try to save something from your salary so as to go into business again, build up a grand estate, and perhaps your beirs will rec-ognize your identity."- Cleveland Her-

> "Do you believe in predestination ?" said the captain of a Mississippi steamer to a clergyman who happened to be traveling with him.

"Of course I do."

"And you also believe that what is to be will be ?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I am glad to hear it." "Why ?"

"Because I intend to pass that boat ahead in fifteen consecutive minutes, if there be any virtue in pine knots and leaded safety-valves. So don't be alarmed, for if the boiler ain't to burst, then it won't."

Here the divine began putting on his hat, and looked very much like backing out, which the captain observing, he said :

"I thought you said you believed in predestination, and what is to be will

"So I do, but I prefer being a little nearer to the stern when it takes place."

New York Herald : A Chicage girl is so modest that she refuses to let the cluthes remain on the line during the refuse to le line durh Treasught.

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