

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.

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.

MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 5th Street, TIONESTA, PA.

F. W. HAYS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Royalds Hukill & Co.'s Block, Second St., Oil City, Pa.

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

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W. C. COBURN, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON offers his services to the people of Forest Co.

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

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EMPLOYMENT, Male and female, salary or commission. We pay agent a salary of \$30 a week and expenses.

JOB WORK of all kinds done at this office on short notice.

The Forest Republican.

VOL. X NO. 11. TIONESTA, PA., JUNE 13, 1877. \$2 PER ANNUM.

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 DEMING.) Pictures in every style of the art.

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

OVERSHOOTING THE MARK. BY SUSAN ARCHER 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.

There was one drawback to Mrs. Sutton's satisfaction in this arrangement; and it was that that her remarks, on closing the letter, referred to "this will be a capital chance for you, Isabel," she said, addressing her daughter; "in fact, the best probably that you will ever have."

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 proven with some persons a greater charm than the bold beauty of the rather "fast" Isabel Sutton—Col. Sawyer, especially, to entrap whom the anxious mother and daughter had employed the whole of their talent and energies.

That evening at tea, Mrs. Sutton, rather adroitly leading the conversation in the proper direction, remarked to her husband: "By-the-by, my dear, when did you last hear from your Aunt Curtis? I fear that we have of late rather neglected the old lady."

"Well, it is such a lonely, out-of-the-way country place," returned his wife, "that really to go there seems quite an undertaking. Yet I don't wish to neglect 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 niece. I am sure that she would be gratified at a visit from us."

It must necessarily be a brief visit, for Charlie was expected home—Mrs. Sutton had not said a word to any one except her daughter about expecting Mr. Warrington—and so, after a day and a night at the old farm house, they prepared to return to the city.

"It seems a pity to leave the poor old lady so soon," said Mrs. Sutton.

"She is so infirm, and that housekeeper of hers is not, I suspect, over-attentive to her comfort. Then she is so fond of you, Alice, and enjoys your reading so much. I wish one of your 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 ways of nursing and comforting the sick, and making dainty little dishes to tempt a feeble appetite.

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 welcome Charlie and his friend. It was a disappointment to find that Charlie had arrived without his friend Mr. Warrington.

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.

"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, beneath a canopy of crimson and gold foliage, she gazed in dreamy delight over the lovely scene before her.

A rustling in the neighboring thicket startled her. There was a sudden shot, a whirring past of a brood of partridges, and the next moment a dog 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 not have fired if I had known a lady was near."

"Alice took it up gently. "Poor little thing! It was cruel to kill it!" she said pityingly, as she lifted her brown eyes, full of tender compassion, to the face of the stranger.

"Then I am sorry that I have killed it, and in penance, will not fire another shot to-day." "I have no right to require that sacrifice of you," she answered shyly, as she turned away.

"It appears that our pathways lie in the same direction. If you are going to Mrs. Curtis's, will you permit me to accompany you? The lady is an old friend of mine, and I was on my way to see her. It was for her that I intended these birds."

"I am staying with my aunt Curtis," she answered, "and in consideration of the motive, I forgive you for shooting the poor birds."

"You have just returned from Europe? Then you are my cousin Charlie Sutton's friend, of whom he wrote so often?"

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

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.

There is no place on earth (excepting, perhaps, on shipboard) where two young persons, thrown together, are so apt to fall mutually in love as in a quiet house in the country. Certainly in this instance the being thrown together was not entirely accidental.

Now it was to bring her a new paper, or a message from the doctor; then to read her some very interesting extracts from a new book; and then again to offer larks or partridges, forgotten of the cruelty of shooting them.

And so it came to pass that Mrs. Sutton, anxiously waiting at home, and still taxing her ingenuity for excuses to keep her niece "out of the way," suddenly heard something which sent her flying up to Copeley Farm by the next day's train, in a state of mind by no means amiable.

And the first person she saw on reaching Copeley was Alice, standing on the old-fashioned stoop, canopied by autumn roses, with a remarkably handsome and elegant-looking young 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.

A Dead Sure Thing.

A few years ago Mr. Hammond was coming up the Mississippi on a steamboat. 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 influence, not a card had been played or a bet made by anybody.

"Yes, I see them," said Mr. Hammond. "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 five; 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.

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

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

New York Mail: Whatever else may be said against the Chinese, no one can truthfully say that he ever saw one who parted his hair in the middle.

Table with 2 columns: Advertisement rates. One Square (1 inch), one insertion - 50 cts. One Square " one month - 2 00. One Square " three months - 5 00. One Square " one year - 15 00. Two Squares, one year - 30 00. Quarter Col. " " " " - 10 00. Half " " " " - 5 00. One " " " " - 2 50.

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 by a chute. This chute is only a short distance from where the house stands.

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?"

"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 be."