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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. O. F. 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.

LAWRENCE HOUSE, TIONESTA, PENNA. WM. LAWRENCE, Proprietor.

CENTRAL HOUSE, BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, L. AGNEW, Proprietor.

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

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

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

WILLIAMS & CO., MEADVILLE, PENN'A., TAXIDERMISTS.

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

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

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

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

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.

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DEMING.)

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, 114M STREET, SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S STORE.

M. CARPENTER, Proprietor, Tionesta, Pa.



H. G. TINKER & CO., WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE, Oil City, Pa.

THE LARGEST FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT IN THE OIL REGIONS! MILES SMITH, Dealer in CABINET AND UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE!

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

Dr. J. L. Acomb, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors, Tobaccos, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oil, Cutlery, all of the best quality.

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

THE DOUBLE SURPRISE.

Mrs. Symes Symington was engaged in smoothing down the nap of her jolly velvet polonaise with her pretty, white plump hand, on the forfinger of which sparkled a cluster diamond ring.

Naughty, headstrong Cleve listened very respectfully, as he leaned his head on his hand and his elbow on the mantelpiece; listened with an air that demonstrated the perfect uselessness of the arguments his lady-mother advanced.

He leaned his handsome head toward Mrs. Symington, and looked at her in such a proudly coaxing way that in her fond heart she wondered how any woman could resist him.

Then shook her head until the diamonds in her ears sent their brilliant coruscations both far and near.

"How can I, Cleve, when I am mortally sure Miss Lorne wants your money? A hundred thousand isn't to be secured every day; and to marry for money is to be perfectly miserable.

Evidently she had forgotten her mental decision that no girl with a human heart could resist her boy's handsome face. Certainly it was unlike the proud, self-assuring Mrs. Symes Symington to underrate her own importance so tremendously, as she had just done.

She watched Cleve's face anxiously, but there was no sign of change of views in the gay, debonaire face, with the contradicting eyes so gravely and sternly decided.

"You mistake Birdie altogether, mother dear. How can it be possible she wants me for my money when lots of other fellows are after her? She is an heiress in her own right—forty or fifty thousand."

"Oh! is that the case? Well—" Her altered tone, her hesitating words, so delightfully emphasized, were enough for Cleve. He caught her up in his arms, regardless of her elegant toilet, and kissed her until her face was as scarlet as a girl's.

"Cleve! are you not ashamed of yourself? Put me down this minute, or— or you shan't marry Bird—"

"You're down, mother; and in just one hour prepare to see my little darling—all blushes, dimples, smiles and sweetness."

He went out rather hurriedly, caught his hat from the rack and hailed a passing cab that would speed him on his mission.

Mrs. Symington watched him between the plum-colored damask curtains, her eyes kindling with pleasurable, pardonable pride.

"The dear boy! he wants me to think it settled the matter he arranged long ago. Of course he would have married her, any way, but just to think how splendidly he has behaved to me!"

A delightful little octagonal room, hung with the extra shade of dainty pink silk that was most becoming to Birdie Lorne's fair complexion.

door and into the beautiful conservatory by another. A place where tears and trouble ought never to have come; and the sight of both of which uncanny visitants made Cleve Symington pause a second on the threshold, as he caught a glimpse of a golden head buried in two tiny fair hands, and heard the unmistakable sobs that shocks the little white-robed figure crouching in a heap beside a low hassock.

"Birdie, not crying so piteously. Can I sympathize, or do I intrude?" She sprang up in sweet, shy surprise, her face all tear-flushed, her eyes as bright as dewdrops.

"I am as poor as a church-mouse—that is all. A letter from my guardian says everything was invested in a mining company, and the shares are not worth the paper they are printed on."

Cleve fairly worshipped her then, as she honestly explained her position, with the quiet, ladylike way so natural to her.

"It is a misfortune I admit; and yet, Birdie, there will inevitably come one good of it—you will learn who are your real friends."

Somehow he said it so very earnestly that Birdie glanced curiously at him, then dropped her eyes under the blue-veined, long lashed lids. Cleve was close by her side the next instant, with her hands imprisoned in his, and his impassioned eyes fairly scorching her face.

"You surely understand me, darling? You will let me prove my friendship, my love, my adoration? Little girl, say you will be my own. Tell me you love me, and promise me the great privilege of caring for you forever, my little wife."

It was so sweet, this manly, honest, eager avowal, and coming, as it did, on the very heels of her misfortune, and from the lips of the only lover she had ever prayed to hear the words from.

And yet—O, woman's foolish pride!—all her perverse little heart rose in rebellion at accepting anything and giving nothing. It never should be said of Birdie Lorne that she took the first offer she received after her misfortune simply because there was money in it.

"You are so kind, Mr. Symington, and I appreciate every word you say, and I will remember you gratefully to my dying day. But I will marry no man to whom I would have to feel under such obligations as I would feel to you."

She spoke gently, but with a proud ring in her voice. Cleve reeled under the sharp, sudden blow. He clenched her hands so tightly that her ring cut in the tender flesh, but she only compressed her lips and made no sign of how he hurt her.

"But Birdie," and there was such agony in his voice that her own heart quailed a second, "don't speak of obligations to the man who loves you as I do; speak as if you knew you would grace a queen's throne, as you would, Birdie, Birdie, don't be so cruel to me."

Her lips quivered, and her eyes overflowed suddenly.

"You mean what you say, my friend, I know; or, rather, you think you mean it, which is the same to me, since I can not accept it. But you are only pitiful, kind and sympathetic, and the sight of my tears and grief has touched your great heart. That is all."

She drew her hands away from his, softly.

"It is not all. I love you—" Then something in her imperious face made him suddenly desist, and, by the way she looked and acted, Cleve Symington knew she was desperately in earnest. She would not marry him, because she was so proud.

And he went sadly away, feeling numb and stupefied, as he walked home in a strange, dazed way, that his fond mother saw from her peeping

place between the curtains; and her own face lost all its matronly bloom as Cleve came in, whiter than death itself, and threw himself on the sofa.

Then, when he had told her, between spasms of pain that forced him to be speechless, the rosy flush crept softly back and into the eyes, fairly radiated a happy, hopeful light.

"Try to bear it, my boy," she said, gently. "You have proved what a noble woman she is, if nothing more."

Then she went on, smiling to herself: "A plain, large room, situated on the second story, that bore evidence of very recent furnishing, in the new, cheap carpet on the floor, the cheap, coarse, homely chairs and table. Before the small, mahogany framed looking glass that hung between the windows, Mrs. Symes Symington was tying her bonnet strings—narrow black strings to a black straw bonnet, trimmed with Quaker plainness—that compared suitably with her black alpaca dress and dull plaid shawl. She smiled at her reflection, then glanced down at her unaccustomed toilet.

"I think I shall be successful—I will be successful, for my boy's sake. The sight of his patient, pale face will inspire me to any degree, and if Miss Lorne is the woman I take her to be, she will prove it before an hour passes over our heads."

"Since her descent into poverty—genteel, ladylike poverty, however—I learn she passes this house every day at 12 o'clock, and takes her dinner at the restaurant several doors below, so if I intend to meet her I had better be going."

She locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and went down the stairs into the street—exactly in time; for a slight, graceful figure, clad in gray will passed quietly by, and into the restaurant. She knew it was Birdie Lorne, as well as Cleve would have known it, although she had never seen her before.

She walked calmly to the restaurant, and took a seat at the same table with the pretty, high bred girl. The place was nearly full, and Mrs. Symington was glad of it. She could converse all the better with this prospective daughter-in-law of hers; and, naturally, as sensible women the two formed a speaking acquaintance while waiting for the meal. All at once, as if suddenly impressed with the idea, Mrs. Symington looked curiously in Birdie's face.

"I beg your pardon—but are you not Miss Lorne? I am quite sure you must be the young lady my son speaks of so often."

There was something so kind and genial in the air that Birdie did not resent it.

"Your son? I certainly am Miss Lorne; but you have the advantage of me."

"I am Cleve Symington's mother, dear. There, forgive me, but you see I know all about it. I am so thankful to have met you, quite providentially."

Birdie blushed now, as much in surprise as anything else; and involuntarily glanced at the plain, unfashionable attire.

"You understand? We have been as unfortunate as yourself, Miss Lorne. Everything is gone and Cleve goes out—actually goes out every day."

A little exclamation of amazement her vague remarks; and Birdie never stopped to wonder where "everything was gone" or if Cleve "went out, actually, went out every day" for exercise, pleasure, or to earn his living. Only the impression received by her was just the one Mrs. Symington intended to convey.

"Poor fellow. Is—is he well?" "O, yes, perfectly well, and as brave as a lion; only—forgive me, dear—only hopelessly cast down on your account. I am his mother, and to you, the only girl he ever loved, I say—he loves you with an affection that will never abate."

Birdie's cheeks glowed brighter and rozier, her eyes full of happy smiles.

"And I love him, dear Mrs. Symington—did then, only somehow, I could not say so."

I am so thankful we met so strangely, and I am so glad that you live in this poor plain little place—I love you better for it, I know. And when my bills are all paid for the music I teach, at the end of the quarter, why, if Cleve will wait me so soon, we'll get pleasant rooms, and we'll be so happy."

"My darling, you don't regret marrying a poor man, and having to live in a suite of rooms? Look up, Birdie, and tell me, little wife."

She looked merrily up in his eyes, the wife of six hours, as the two sat in the sunny little room after they had been married, and where Birdie had lived since the shires failed her.

"Sorry? O, Cleve, when I think how thankful I am, and how nobly you have endured your sudden loss of fortune, and how happy we will be—why, where has mother gone?"

Cleve laughed as he drew her head to his shoulder and smoothed her hair. "I am inclined to be jealous of mother, who I think has gone to the—gone back home to prepare a homely little dinner for us."

"Let us go now, dear. Don't scold because I ordered a carriage, will you? Mrs. Estlor paid me in full this morning."

Cleve bit his lip to hide a laugh; then gravely escorted his bride to the single-horse vehicle in waiting. The man knew his route and dashed off rapidly, stopping only when he reached the curb in front of a large house. Cleve looked at Birdie in astonishment. She laughed nervously, then began to cry.

"You are not angry dear? I didn't know until a month ago that it was all right. I only lost a few thousands, after all. Cleve, for your sake and mother's I am so happy."

He kissed her almost so earnestly as they sat in the carriage. "My own true, unselfish darling."

They entered, found a delicious little dinner in readiness, and no one to mar the sweetness of the surprise.

Late in the evening towards ten Birdie rung for her wraps. "Mother will be waiting for us. Come, Cleve, let's go after her and bring her here, home."

So they drove off, through so many streets that Birdie wondered where they were going to.

"Darling," Cleve said abruptly, "shall I confess? Shall I tell you I have a surprise equal to your own? Look out!"

See looked out as the carriage stopped at the Symington mansion. An awning was stretched from the door to the carriage mount, and a velvet carpet was spread for their feet. The joyous music of the band, the fitting of the elegantly dressed ladies past the windows—it rushed over her like a flood. Cleve had been masquerading for very love of her.

"You forgive me?" He looked at her with his splendid eyes all alight.

"O, Cleve, how could I help it? How you must have loved me!" He escorted her in, proudly, and Mrs. Symington, in velvet and diamonds, met them at the entrance.

"Birdie's—daughter!" And all went merry as a marriage bell.

He Would Bid. This morning at an auction sale on C street, a lot of worn-out household furniture was under the hammer, when a Chinaman who had been carefully watching operations for some time, put in a bid of "two bittee" for an old dilapidated washstand. "Two bits; do I hear the three?" shouted the auctioneer. There was a long pause, broken at last by the Chinaman bidding again: "Three bittee." The crowd laughed at the Celestial for raising his own bid, and the auctioneer, taking in the situation, called out: "Three bittee; do I hear the four?" and looking over at John. There was another long pause, but at length "Fo' bittee" came from the Chinaman, and a roar of laughter went up, in which even a number of old women joined so heartily as almost to shake their false teeth out. Still the auctioneer held on to the washstand; and the Chinaman, determined to secure it, bid five, six, seven, and eight bittee successively, and it was finally passed over to him for a dollar. He received it with a smile of awful dimensions, remarking, "Me cate'ee washstand, you bettee, heap cheapoo."—Virginia Chronicle.