The forest Republican.

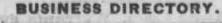
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of the country. No notice will be taken of monymous communications."



TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I.O. of O. FMEETS every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars. S. J. SETLEY, N. G. D. W. CLARK, See'y. 27-t 27-tf. TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342. O. U. A. M.

MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, VI every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock. P. M. CLARK, C. 31 A. VARNER, R. S.

J. R. AGNEW W. E. LATITY. LATHY & AGNEW, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

TIONESTA, PA.

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tention. Having been over four years a soldier in the late war, and having for a number of years engaged in the pro-secution of sol-diers' claims, my experience will assure the collection of claims in the shortest pos-sible time. J. B. AGNEW. 4111.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

TIONESTA, PA. * ben Storard,

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VOL. X NO. 13.

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MRS. HEATH has recently moved to a want which the ladies of the town and 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-ner, with the newest patterns. All I ask is a tair trial. Residence on Elm Street, in the Acomb Building. tf.

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ing, Lace Leather, Casing, &c.

TIONESTA, PA., JUNE 27, 1877.

THE DOUBLE SURPRISE.

Mrs. Symes Symington was engagd in smoothing down the nap of her and the sight of both of which uncanjetty velvet polonaise with her pretty, ny visitants made Cleve Symington white plump hand, on the forefinger of pause a second on the threshold, as he plump, rosy little lady, not as tall by a head as the handsome young fellow who called her "mother," and in whom her whole heart's affections were centered, and to whom she was at this present moment administering as severe a reproof as she ever had found occasion to do.

Naughty, headstrong Cleve listened very respectfully, as he leaned his head on his haud and his elbow on the mantlepiece ; listened with an air that demonstrated the perfect uselessness of the arguments his lady-mother advanced. Then, when she paused in tri-umphant breathlessness-breathless beumphant because she certainly accept- took her handkerchief from her pocket at her reflection, then glanced down cause of her long sentences, and tried Cleve's silence as the consent she aspired to securing ; after all this, Cleve grant, and essayed to smile as she wipsmiled--so sweetly, so coolly, right in her face.

"But I shall marry little Birdie Lorne, mamma, that is, if she will have me. Now don't frown so, you look so much prettier when you smile and blush, little mother. Tell me to propose to my little sunny-haired girl and bring her here for the maternal bless-

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 hear head urtil the diamonds in hear ears sent their brilliant al to her. corruscations both far and near.

"How can I, Cleve, when I am mor-tally sure Miss Lorne wants your moncy? A hundred thousand isn't to be secured every day; and to marry for money is to be perfectly miserable. I married for money, Cleve, and you know the life I led until your father died. You are my only comfort-

door and into the beautiful conservatory by another. A place where tears and trouble ought never to have come; which sparkled a cluster diamond ring, caught a glimpse of a golden head bur-on the third finger of which clung a ied in two tiny fair hands, and heard softly back and into the eyes, fairly anter rooms, and we'll be so happy." plain heavy wedding ring. She was a the unmistakable sobs that shocks the radiated a happy, hopeful light. nump rost little lady, not as tall by little white-robed figure couching in a "Try to bear it, my boy," she said, gently. "You have proved what a noheap beside a low hassock. He only hesitated a second ; then, with a look ble woman she is, if nothing more." Then she went on, smiling to herself. of tenderest love, pity and sympathy,

crossed the room to her side. "Birdie, not crying so piteously. Can I sympathize, or do I intrude ?"

She sprang up in sweet, shy sur-prise, her face all tear-flushed, her cheap carpet on the floor, the cheap, coarse, homely chairs and table. Beeyes as bright as dewdrops. She was fore the small, mahogany framed lookone of those Heaven-favored mortals ing glass that hung between the winthat weeping beautifies. She only dows, Mrs. Symes Symington was tylooked fresher, and fairer, and so piti- ing her boanet strings-narrow black ful and Cleve's arms fairly ached to strings to a black straw bonnet, trimtake her to his heart and kiss her tears | med with Quaker plainness-that com--a little lace affair, white and fra- at her unaccustomed toilet. ed the tears from her lashes. "I am afraid I appear very childish, Mr. The sight of his patient, pale face will afraid I appear very childish, Mr. Symington—but when I think—when it is all gone—" Her exquisite lips quivered again, she will prove it before an hour passes Mrs. Estlor paid me in full this morn-ing." Cleve bit his lip to hide a laugh;

but she checked the rebellious tears over our heads. bravely.

"I am as poor as a church-mousethat is all. A letter from my guardian savs everything was invested in a at 12 o'clock, and takes her dinner at ed the curb in front of a large house. mining company, and the shares are the restaurant several doors below, so Cleve looked at Birdie in astmishnot worth the paper they are printed if I intend to meet her I had better be on.

Cleve fairly worshipped her then, as she honestly explained her position, with the quiet, ladylike way so natur-

"It is a misfortune I admit ; and yet, Birdie, there will inevitably come one as well as Cleve would have known it, good of it-you will learn who are your real friends."

Somehow he said it so very earnest- She walked calmly to the restaurant, ly that Birdie glanced curiously at and took a sent at the same table with him, then drooped her eves under the the pretty, high bred girl. The place blue-veined, long lashed lids. Cleve was nearly full, and Mrs. Symington was close by her side the next instant, was glad of it. She could converse with her hands imprisoned in his, and all the better with this prospective don't pain me by bringing home a wife with her hands imprisoned in his, and all the better with this prospective daughter-in-law of hers; and, natur-

Evidently she had forgotten her mental decision that no girl with a hu-man heart could resist her boy's hand-some face. Certainly it was unlike the proud, self-assuring Mrs. Some Tell me you love me and need to me out need to me out need to me and need to me out need to me

Rates of Advertising.

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legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, grass, All bills for yearly advertisements col-lected quarterly. Temporary advertise-ments must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

I am so thankful we met so strangely, and I am so glad that you live in as Cleve came in, whiter than death this poor plain little place-I love you itself, and threw himself on the sofa. better for it, I know. And when my Then, when he had told her, be- bills are all paid for the music I teach, tween spasms of pain that forced him at the end of the quarter, why, if Cleve

"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." A plain, large room, situated

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 Lad lived since the sheres 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 bewhy, where has mother gone ?"

Cleve laughed as ho drew her head away. And he would, he vowed, rap-turously in another five minutes. She dress and dull plaid shawl. She smiled "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?

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 reachment. She laughed nervously, then began to cry.

"You are not angry dear? I didn't her pocket, and went down the stairs know until a month ago that it was all right. I only lost a few thousands, slight, graceful figure, clad in gray twill after all. Cleve, for your sake and passed quietly by, and into the restau-rant. She knew it was Birdie Lorne, He kissed her almost solemnly as

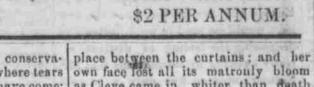
they sat in the carriage. "My own true, unselfish darling."

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." ally, as sensible women the two formed

So they drove off, through so many street that Birdie wondered where said abraptly

Cleve



on the second story, that bore evidence

of very recent furnishing, in the new,

"I think I shall be successful-I

will be successful, for my boy's sake.

"Since her descent into poverty-genteel, ladylike poverty, however-I

learn she passes this house every day

She locked the door, put the key in

into the street-exactly in time; for a

although she had never seen her before.

going.'

CENTRAL HOUSE,

BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK. L. BAGREW, Proprietor. This is a new neuso, and has just been fitted up for the persus modation of the public. A portion of the patrenage of the public is solicited. 46-17

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the proud, self-assuring Mrs. Symes Tell me you love me, and promise me Symington to underrate her own im- the great privilege of caring for you portance so tremendously, as she had forever, my little wife."

ington's "other side." She watched Cleve's face anxiously, from. but there was no sign of change of views in the gay, debonair face, with the contradicting eyes so gravely and rebellion at accepting anything and sternly decided.

"You mistake Birdie altogether, mother dear. How can it be possible she wants me for my money when lots fortune simply because there was monof other fellows are after hers? She is ey in it. So-while Cleve waited, in heiress in her own right-forty or smiling patiently at her bowed head, fifty thousand."

Mrs. Symington opened her bright, black eyes.

"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, oror you shan't marry Bird-"

He dropped her instantly.

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

He went out rather burriedly, 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." And something very like the diamonds in her ears glittered in her fond mother oyes as she turned away.

A delightful little octagonal room, hung with the extra shade of dainty Birdie Lorne's fair complexion. A pink carpet that covered the floor in an unbroken expanse of velvet. Chairs, ottomans and cushions upholstered in pink and ebony ; with little lace tidies, and snowy, zephyr mats scattered gracefully around, with elegantly designed and executed affghans on the ottomans and sofas ; with lace curtains Cleve Symington knew she was des-CENTER'L EXHIBITION It sells faster than any oter book. Cne Agent sold 34 copies in one day. This is the only authentic and complete history published. Send for our extra terms to aments. National Punetsnixo Co., Phil. The back drawing-room by one the back drawing-room and pink and satin drapery ; with the perately in earnest. She would not

It was so sweet, this manly, honest,

proudest and haughtiest people have their "other side" that only a few friends know; and this was Mrs. Sym-ingtro? "Gather of the only lover genial in the she had ever prayed to hear the words

> And yet -- O, woman's foolish pride ! -all her perverse little heart rose in of me.' giving nothing. It never should be said of Birdie Lorne that she took the first offer she received after her misnever doubting that his whole earthly happiness was just at hand, dreaming such rapid, blissful dreams of the fu-ture, Birdie deliberately made up her stubborn will, through horrid pangs of pain ; then she lifted her head in a quick, haughty way that it had often

delighted in before. "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

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 out 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 obigations to the man who loves you as grace a queen's throne, as you would. | not say so." Birdie, Birdie, don't be so cruel to

Her lips quivered, and her eyes overflowed suddenly.

"You mean what you say, my friend, I know; or, rather, you think you meau it, which is the same to me, since pink silk that was most becoming to pitiful, kind and sympathetic, and the Symington." sight of my tears and grief has touch-ed 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,

"I beg your pardon-but are you not Miss Lorne? I am quite sure you must be the young lady my son speaks

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

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

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 involun-tarily 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 amaze met 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, dearnever abate."

rosier, her eves full of happy smiles. I do ; speak as if you knew you would | ton-did then, only somehow, I could | the Chinaman, and a roar of laughter

"You do ?-you are sure you do? or, better yet, come home with me, Still the auctioneer held on to the and tell him yourself. He may be in, or not, I won't say; but if he is-"

with happy grateful tears in her eyes, while Mrs. Symington brought pencil

and paper, with a curious twitch of ber mouth that meant smiles or tearseither or both. "He must have stayed over noon, deat ; but you just write what you please, and leave it. He will be so happy when he gets it. He will come to see you at once, I know. Express.

in every available niche. A charm- numb and stupefied, as he walked heart completely conquered now, and father's affectious by being all

"shall I confess? Shall I tell you 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 flitting of the elegantly dressed ladics past the windows - it rushed over her like "I am Cleve Symington's mother, 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.

"Birdis-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 di-lapidated washstaud. "Two bits; do I hear the three ?" shouted the auctioneer. There was a long pause, broken only hopelessly cast down on your ac-count. I am his mother, and to you, the only girl he ever loved, I say-he loves you with an effection that will loves you with an effection that will and the auctioneer, taking in the sitever abate." Birdie's cheeks glowed brighter and I hear the four ?" and looking over at John. There was another long pause. "And I love him, dear Mrs Syming- but at length "Fo' bittee" came from went up, in which even a number of old women joined so heartily as al-Then tell me to tell him, won't you? most to shake their false teeth out. washstand ; and the Chinaman, determined to seeure it, bid five, six, seven, Birdie blushed violently, then lifted and eight bittee successively, and it her frank eyes, "I will ask him if he was finally passed over to him for a I can not accept it. But you are only thinks I am worthy. Come, dear Mrs. dollar. He received it with a smile of awful dimensions, remarking, "Me In the cheerless room she sat down, catchee washstand, you bettee, heap

> He told her he cherished every hair of her head, but they hadn't been married more than three months before he exclaimed one day at dinner : "Wal, I'm confounded if I can eat soup with long hairs in it like this."-Buffala

Many a boy has lost his grip of