

The Forest Republican.

VOL. X NO. 14.

TIONESTA, PA., JULY 4, 1877.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertisements.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Includes One Square (1 inch) one insertion, One Square one month, One Square three months, One Square one year, Two Squares one year, Quarter Col., Half, One.

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. of 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, Leavitt, Hinkell & Co's Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

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

LAWRENCE HOUSE, TIONESTA, PENNA., WM. LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR.

CENTRAL HOUSE, DONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, 1. N. AGNEW, PROPRIETOR.

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

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON offers his services to the people of Forest Co. Having had an experience of Twelve Years in constant practice.

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, PENNA., TAXIDERMISTS.

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL, THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Laeytown), 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 or commission. We pay agents a salary of \$30 a week and expenses.

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 DEMING.) Pictures in every style of the art.

CENTRE STREET, near R. crossing, SYCAMORE STREET, near Union Depot, Oil City, Pa.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S STORE, Tionesta, Pa.

M. CARPENTER, Proprietor, Oil City, Pa.

H. G. TINKER & CO., WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE, Oil Well Supplies, &c.

Working Barrels, Valves, &c., Brass & Steam Fittings, Belt- ing, Lace Leather, Casing, &c., 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!

FRANKLIN, PENNA. Consisting of Parlor, Office and Common Furniture, Mattresses, Pillows, Window Shades, Fixtures, Looking Glasses, &c.

Also, agent for Venango county for the Celebrated Manhattan Spring Bed and Combination Mattresses, manufactured and for sale at my Furniture Warerooms, 13th street, near Liberty. Call and see sample Bed.

You Can Save Money By buying your PLANOS 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.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Blisters, Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery, all of the best quality.

DR. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced Physician and Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store.

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

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

Old Solomon retreated to the corner farthest from that still awful presence, which he watched during those minutes which stretched themselves,

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

A November evening; 6 o'clock. "I thought you would have rung your bell before this time, madam; I guess your fire is extinguished out," said Jerusha Sears, otherwise known as "Aunt Jerusha," bursting into the parlor at twilight, or what she chose to call "early candle lighting."

"The still figure sitting there in the angle of the fire place answered not, but that face did not daunt Aunt Jerusha.

"I should have been in before," she continued, "but I s'posed you had company. 'Twas the minister, wasn't it? I had my hands in the bread when he knocked or I should have gone to the door."

"Still no answer. 'I guess she's asleep,'" commented Aunt Jerusha, audibly; "an' if she is, I'd better hold my tongue and not wake her. It does old folks a deal of good to sleep!"

Just at that moment the fire blazed up brightly, and Aunt Jerusha turned round from her task of blowing it with her apron to look at her beloved mistress. There was something awful in the rigid stiffness of her position.

The fire was burning now, and as Aunt Jerusha rose she put her hand upon the rug to lift herself by its aid. It splashed into a pool of something warm, wet, sticky, that was oozing out upon the hearth.

"I guess the minister set his umbrella down here," she said, and then she glanced at her hand. All the palm was covered by a dark, awful smear, and from her extended fingers dripped the clammy mess.

"Oh!" shrieked Aunt Jerusha. "Law! Oh, gracious! Miss Sweeney! I do believe it's blood!"

She went up to her mistress and clutched her arm. She was alarmed, but her alarm was vague.

"Miss Sweeney! Oh, my! Dear ma'ma! Oh, my mistress! Can't you speak to me? It's Aunt Jerusha den!" and she shook the still figure in her increasing terror, and putting her hand beneath the brow, raised up the drooping head.

And then she saw—oh, what an awful sight! A ghastly wound in the white neck that half severed the head, a horrible stream still oozing down the widow's dark dress, a pallid face with wide open eyes, congealed in that awful stare of horror that preceded her violent death.

Mrs. Sweeney sat in the same tranquil position she always used, with a hand tightly clasping the arm of her chair, and in the other that hung rigidly at her side a tuft of hair still grasped. It was a coarse but brilliant lock, of jetty blackness, long, straight, unplaited.

All this Aunt Jerusha took in, in one quick, horrified glance. And then her shriek summoned all the help upon the premises.

Uncle Solomon Goshare, the lame, decrepit old man who came once a week, "pottering about and doing chores," as Aunt Jerusha said, was now sitting before the kitchen fire, eating some bread and meat, and toasting his old rheumatic legs; and for once Aunt Jerusha was glad of his presence.

He came hobbling through the passages, grumbling and exclaiming! Uncle Solomon thought women very troublesome creatures, "full of notions," and by no means sound of mind.

"What on airth's the matter?" quoth he, stumbling into the parlor. "What ye screechin' for, Aunt Jerusha? Is the house afire, or what?"

"Murder is the matter, ye old fool," answered Aunt Jerusha. "Run down to the village, quick, and call somebody! Can't you see that Miss Sweeney is killed?"

"Oh, Lord! Did ye do it, Aunt Jerusha? Marcy! ye don't say she is dead, do ye?"

"Yes, I do, and here ye stand askin' questions when ye ought to be half way to the village! But law, you would never get there. I suppose I shall have to go myself. But don't you go out of the room."

"Aunt Jerusha, Aunt Jerusha! I darsent stay here alme nohow. Wall, if you will go," shrinking from her wrathful face and uplifted hand, "give me a light. The fire might go out and I never could stand it in the dark."

"Light it yourself," answered the grim woman, pushing one of the candles on the mantel toward him. And in a moment she was out in the stormy night, running along the miry road that led to the village, more than half a mile away.

Old Solomon retreated to the corner farthest from that still awful presence, which he watched during those minutes which stretched themselves,

in his imagination, into years before Aunt Jerusha returned with the doctor and a train of affrighted town people.

No earthly help was available to her who still sat in the quiet, lonely house in the afternoon, but now quite dead. People swarmed into the house, crowding into the room and jostling in the passages, wondering, whispering, ventilating strange theories.

At 9 o'clock the coroner arrived, and found the corpse untouched, still sitting in that awful rigidity.

He was a lusty, choleric man, and before his arrival jumped at the conclusion that Mrs. Sweeney's servants must have committed the murder, for the sake of plunder.

They were, however, permitted to tell their story, and then, as it appeared that they alone knew anything about the mysterious murder, they were retained as witnesses.

The funeral took place in due time, and the excitement which the murder caused in that quiet community subsided.

Mrs. Sweeney had lived among them as a stranger. She had no friends, few relatives and no visitors.

Her name was evidently a foreign one, but she was as evidently an American.

Where her life had been spent, or who was the husband, and who the associates of her youth, nobody could succeed in learning.

Even old Jerusha did not know, or, if she knew, did not impart the secret. Three quiet years, unmarked by any change, had Mrs. Sweeney passed in her cottage near Bennington.

No strangers had ever visited her, except on occasions a lawyer from a distant city, who came on business, and who came as soon as tidings of her death reached him.

He produced the papers necessary to give warrant to his acts, and then took possession of the cottage and all it contained.

He removed Mrs. Sweeney's papers, jewels and such valuables as were most portable, and left the remainder with the house in charge of Aunt Jerusha, who was once more at liberty.

If Mrs. Sweeney had any friends, they communicated with the lawyer. Bennington people knew nothing of them.

Mrs. Sweeney had lived among them a mystery, and her death was the crowning incident of that mystery.

By direction of the coroner, Aunt Jerusha had faithfully preserved the lock of hair which had been clinched in the dead hand.

When the lawyer came and removed the effects of the deceased lady he had taken this, much against the will of Aunt Jerusha, who expected some dire penalty of the law to befall her for permitting it to be removed from her possession.

But no disastrous results followed. Days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, and when the almost forgotten murder was mentioned in Bennington, it was as a matter destined to be forever hidden.

Everything had assumed its usual monotonous course. The strangers who came soon after the murder had long disappeared. It was now known that they were detectives, and had been filled in their investigations.

Suspicion had never fastened upon any one in Bennington, and no stranger had been seen in the neighborhood previous to the murder.

Yet no one doubted that there must have been one, who disappeared as soon as the fatal deed was committed—one to whom that lock of hair, clinched in the victim's death spasm, belonged.

And so two years went by. Aunt Jerusha, taking her solitary breakfast one morning, was startled by a loud, long knocking at the door.

The long unused knocker creaked, under the vigorous blows dealt by the new-comer, and through the empty passages and closed up rooms the echoes answered loudly to the unaccustomed sound.

With many groans and exclamations Aunt Jerusha hastened to the door.

A dark young man stood there, evidently impatient, for he had just lifted his hand to the knocker the second time.

"Mrs. Sweeney," he said, "Does she not live here?"

"She used to," replied Aunt Jerusha; "but she's been dead these two years. What do you want?"

"I want to come in at present, and afterward I shall want some breakfast, and then a room prepared for me, and some talk with you, perhaps. I may want other things, but I can tell you better hereafter."

you are. And as to staying here and getting breakfast, it's agin my orders to have any company."

"A fig for your orders," answered the stranger, rudely pushing past her. "I'm Macbeth Sweeney, and my father was the husband of the lady who lived here, as she claimed, but as I doubt. At any rate, I have a right here, and it will not be well for you to dispute it."

"Be you Miss Sweeney's son?" asked Aunt Jerusha, as with pale, scared face she followed him into the parlor.

"The Signora Sweeney is my mother," he answered haughtily. "And now be so good as to open these blinds and bring me some breakfast. But first show me to a bedroom."

"There's no room ready but the one that used to be Miss Sweeney's," said Aunt Jerusha, tremblingly, "and nobody's slept there since we laid her on the bed there with that great gash in her throat. We never found out who murdered the poor lady. Is it that you have come about?"

"Will you stop your prating and show me the room, woman?" exclaimed the stranger, advancing threateningly. And Aunt Jerusha was compelled to unlock the door of that room associated in her mind with such dreadful recollections, and usher him across that threshold only to be crossed by her, with awe and trembling, on her days of cleaning and inspection.

In half an hour she brought him breakfast, and he detained her to answer numerous questions relative to the late inmate of the house.

But he calculated too little on the native shrewdness of his witness. Aunt Jerusha was firmly determined that no information should be given until she knew whether this intrusive guest was a friend or foe to her late mistress.

On this subject the nature of his questions served very soon to convince her. Macbeth Sweeney was the son of the man whom Mrs. Sweeney had once called her husband, and it was very evident that his feelings were inimical to her, and that his enmity had followed her beyond the grave.

At the close of their conference, Aunt Jerusha went back to her kitchen, shaking her head. She by no means liked the present aspect of things, but she felt herself powerless.

Mr. Sweeney had surely some shadow of right and she had none that could avail against him. All day she heard him rambling about the house and the sounds from the late Mrs. Sweeney's room indicated that he was moving heavy pieces of furniture, and instituting a general search among the deceased lady's effects.

Her clothing, and all papers which did not seem of importance, together with other articles of small intrinsic value, had been left there. Aunt Jerusha regretted now that she had not attempted to fit up some other room for her guest.

But one remedy for her momentary weakness suggested itself. A telegraph line had lately been erected in the village. She resolved to summon the lawyer by means of this mode of communication.

She had no sooner furnished the stranger with his dinner than she set out for the village, where, after ascertaining what it was necessary for her to do, she concocted the following message, which speedily was flashed along the wires:

"There's a feller here with black hair like that you know on. Come as soon as you can."

This done she returned to her home quite satisfied with her errand, and quietly sat herself down to await the result.

She knew that she must wait at least a whole day, but she resolved not to relax her vigilance and permit this man to escape.

Her precautions, however, were in vain. He remained throughout that day, and in the evening called Aunt Jerusha for some purpose.

She found him sitting in the parlor, answered his questions, and provided him with another nicely trimmed lamp and fuel. After securing the doors she retired, and, though she slept ill, heard no alarming sounds until the following morning, when she arose, and having prepared breakfast for the stranger, carried it to his room.

To her surprise it was vacant. Macbeth Sweeney had departed and left no trace.

That afternoon the lawyer arrived, accompanied by an experienced detective, and before nightfall a pursuit was organized.

If found, the stranger would at least be arrested for robbery, for, though there had been little of value for him to take, it was quite evident that Mrs. Sweeney's escritoire and receptacle for papers had been searched, and a few relics, which Aunt Jerusha knew had been cherished by the deceased lady were gone.

Mr. —, the lawyer, who alone knew anything of her history, believed that young Sweeney was her murderer, for he knew much of the persecutions she had formerly endured, and the attempts that had been made to invalidate her marriage, and legitimize the son of the

woman who had become the successor in her husband's affection and her own rights. He also saw that an important paper — no less than the certificate of her marriage — had been lost at the time of her murder.

Once more a great crowd had been gathered at the cottage. Once more Aunt Jerusha and Uncle Solomon were witnesses. It was for them, who alone had seen him, to identify the prisoner who had just been brought in, and this they did at once, unmindful of the terrible frown with which he regarded them.

He was committed to the county jail for forcible entry and robbery of the house, and while he lay there the lawyers were slowly weaving around him a web which was to enmesh him. Having the clue, various circumstances came to light, all tending to show that Sweeney was the murderer.

He was shown to have been in the county at the time and to have arrived at the nearest point by rail, which was near the residence of Mrs. Sweeney, on the very day of the murder.

His object had been, doubtless, to intimidate Mrs. Sweeney, compel her to yield up the documents which proved her rights and his legitimacy. Having failed in this, he had deliberately committed the murder, taken from her the certificate, and departed unseen.

The lock of hair clinched in the fingers of the dead was also a powerful witness against him. Strange enough, it corresponded exactly in color, quality and strength with his own, and just above the temple was a bald spot about the size of the lock, which seemed to be pulled thence.

It was probably thought that time enough had elapsed to render his present visit safe, more especially as no suspicion had ever fastened to him; and this time he came with the hope of securing an important deed which Mrs. Sweeney had once in her possession, and which, in the father's necessary communication with Mrs. Sweeney's lawyer, he had learned had not been transferred to him.

This was found among the effects of Macbeth Sweeney, and he had doubtless discovered it in some secret drawer that had escaped the lawyer's vigilance.

Circumstantial evidence alone convicted him, but the universal comment upon the verdict of the jury declared its justice. He expiated his crime upon the gallows, and Aunt Jerusha Sears became the heroine of Bennington she looked upon herself and was believed by others, to be the principal instrument in bringing to light the perpetrator of a mysterious crime, and punishing all who had been engaged in the persecutions heaped upon a most unfortunate and unhappy lady.

Talent will Tell.

One of the remarkable things about New York is the marvelous number of third-rate men we have in business. We have hundreds of lawyers, yet, if a first-class case comes up, you can count one of ten men who will conduct the case.

You can find a hundred men that can engrave a portrait for a dime novel or a police gazette, not two in 200 could cut a fine line engraving. A thousand men could build a road-bed, but not one in a thousand could engineer the track.

On the street a dozen men rule the Bull side and the Bear side. The rest are mere subordinates. The professions, callings and trades are crowded with small men, yet talent is at a premium and capable men are in demand.

A well-known financier has just accepted the position of cashier of the Nevada Bank on the pleasant little salary of \$80,000 a year. He has brains, probably, and executive force. — Cor. Boston Journal.

Two Smart Girls.

Two daughters of a farmer in St. Lawrence county, desired to pay a debt on their homestead, but preferred not to do it by hard work. They hit upon an idea that suited their purpose, and have made enough money to remove the debt.

They had a large quantity of porous stone sawed into small pieces and thoroughly soaked in an odorous preparation, which imparted to them a durable scent. These pieces they have peddled throughout the State, at twenty-five cents each, representing that they were cut from the rock of a wonderful perfumed cave in South America.

The girls are so demure and pretty, with such an appearance of innocence, that the sales are very large. They have just put a fresh lot of stone in soak, preparatory to a Western tour.

A youth refused to take a pill. His crafty mother thereupon secretly placed the pill in a preserved pear, and gave it to him. Presently he asked: "Tom, have you eaten the pear?" He replied: "Yes, I have."

"You can't come in till I know who