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Table with rates for advertising: One Square (1 inch), one line, one month, one year, etc.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MEETS every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars. TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. of O. F.

MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock. TIONESTA COUNCIL, No. 342, O. U. A. M.

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, Franklin, Pa.

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

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

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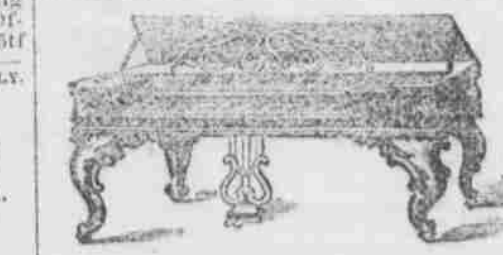
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OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE CENTEN'L EXHIBITION. It sells faster than any other book. One Agent sold 34 copies in one day.

A Practical Joker.

There lived in a village not far from New York City a gentleman, by name Benj. Top, who thought there was nothing in life to equal a good joke.

The first of April was Mr. Top's especial delight, and that was a smart child who could enter his store on that day without being made the victim of a trick.

A few years ago, as the first of April approached, our merry friend looked around to see who would be a fitting subject for a joke.

After considering a while, Top drew the pen and ink near him and wrote as follows: DR. SCROGGINS—DEAR SIR: Please call as early as possible at Messrs. S. & B., No. —Wall Street, New York.

Then folding and directing the letter, he snapped his fingers with childish delight. "I'll send him to New York on a fool's errand," said he, "and have a good laugh at his expense."

Dr. Scroggins, the subject of this heartless joke, was a bachelor about forty years of age; he had been living in the village only six months, and had thus far gotten only a very small practice; not that he lacked ability, but he was awkward in his person, and in his manners not very prepossessing.

The first day of April arose bright and clear: Dr. Scroggins, who was an early riser, prepared his simple breakfast, and after partaking of it and arranging his office, took his seat to await expected calls for consultation.

"What can hinder my progress? I understand my profession," he said; "in not a single instance have I failed to give relief when called to the bed of suffering. Ah, me! If I only had myself to care for, I would be content to live on bread and water till I could gain the confidence of the people. But you, my poor sister, who have already drunk deep of the cup of sorrow, must have more added to it. And what can I do? Nothing!"

The doctor pulled a letter out of his pocket and read: "I would not trouble you, my dear, kind brother," wrote his sister, "knowing, as I do, how poor your prospects are, and how patiently you are trying to wait for practice, did not want to press on me and my child. If you can spare me a little—ever so little—it will come as a blessing, for my extremity is very great."

Just as this time the letter-carrier stopped and handed the doctor a letter; he opened and looked at it in perfect amazement, and read it over the second time.

"Something to my advantage! What can it be?" said he. "Dear sister, should there be anything good in store for me how freely will I share it with you and your darling Emma! Surely the good God has heard and answered my prayer."

The doctor, who had little preparation to make, started for the city, and Top, who was on the lookout for him, could scarcely hide his exultation at sending off an ineffectual man who could barely support himself, on a needless errand of expense and trouble.

The doctor, as he wended his way to the city, was so fully possessed with the idea that some old relative (for he had several) had died and left him a fortune, that he had in imagination made various dispositions of it before he had arrived at the end of his journey.

"Can I see one of the gentlemen belonging to the firm?" asked the doctor, entering the store of S. & B.

He aged but benevolent-looking man. The doctor bowed to S. and said: "My name is Dr. Scroggins."

Both gentlemen sat down. About Mr. S. there was an air of expectancy, which the doctor did not fail to notice.

"I received a letter from your house, directing me to call here as you had something to communicate which would be to my advantage."

"There must be some mistake," said Mr. S.; "no such letter has emanated from us."

"Are you sure?" asked the victim, turning pale, and handing Mr. S. the letter. After looking over it, he said: "There is no truth in this letter; I am sorry to say that you have been made the victim of an idle and reprehensible jest; to-day, you are aware, is the first of April."

"Is it possible!" said the doctor, clasping his hands. "Who could have been so unkind, so heartless and cruel?"

"It is, then, a very great disappointment," asked the kind-hearted merchant, struck with the doctor's manner; and by a few but adroit questions he soon found out more of his history than he intended to communicate.

"I have a widowed sister who would most gladly join me." "That will do just as well. Bring your testimonials as soon as possible. I think your April-fool letter has turned out something to your advantage, after all," laughed Mr. S.

Affairs turned out to the satisfaction of both the doctor and the kind-hearted merchant. In less than a month he found himself and sister settled in comfortable quarters, with a salary of twelve hundred dollars per annum; moreover, for certain duties required of her at the hospital, his sister received two hundred dollars per year in addition.

Mr. Top, in the meantime, looked in vain for the doctor's return, and thought that the mortification of being made an April fool, and the fear of being laughed at, kept him away.

"Where is Dr. Scroggins?" he inquired of one and another. But no one had seen him. Finally he told his friends that he had sent him to New York on a fool's errand, the first day of April, and he was, no doubt, ashamed to come back.

"Look out for next April," said they, "the doctor will be even with you then."

"It will take a brighter genius than he is to fool me," replied Top. The first day of April came around again, and Mr. Top expected certainly to hear from Dr. Scroggins, who, he thought, could never forgive him. Sure enough, he received a letter from New York. He laughed aloud as he read it:

MR. BENJAMIN TOP—DEAR SIR: If you will call at Messrs. W. & H.'s, No. —Wall Street, New York, you may hear of something to your advantage.

"How are you, Doctor?" said he, grasping the hand of the physician and smiling one of the smiles peculiar to his face when he felt that he had played a capital joke on somebody.

pressible glee. "You wasn't sharp enough last April, Doctor."

"You didn't succeed in getting me to the city on a fool's errand."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Top," said the doctor, gravely. "W. & H.'s, Wall Street—something to my advantage."

"I called accordingly and did hear something to my advantage."

"I am above such cold-hearted cruelty, sir," said the doctor, in a tone that marked his real feelings. "The person who could do such a thing must have something bad about his character, and I want to have nothing to do with him."

"Good morning, Doctor," said Mr. Top. The two gentlemen bowed stiffly and parted. Top felt very uncomfortable. He finally decided to call at the place referred to in his letter.

"Far from it," answered the man. "An old gentleman from Ohio came here about that time, and said he had a brother living in this State, and he was in search of him or his children. We heard that a gentleman by the name of Benj. Top lived in your village, and dropped him a line; but as no answer came, we thought the information must be incorrect."

"Dead. Your sister, Mrs. Jessup, who resides near this city, answered the letter we wrote her in person. She took him home with her, and a short time after arriving there he died, leaving her the whole of his property, amounting to fifteen thousand dollars."

"He was my uncle," said Top. "Then, by not attending to our letter you are the loser of at least one-half of this property."

Top went home a sadder man than he was when he left it. He knew that it would be in vain to appeal to his sister's generosity, for she was a widow, and when poor, with five children depending upon her, he had treated her with unkindness and neglect, and there was little likelihood of her sharing her good fortune with him.

Pater familias: "To-morrow is the tutor's birth-day; what can I get for a present?" Charley, who has been watching the dogs in the street: "Get him a mozzie, papa; he is always biting the governess in the cheek!"

The prisoners in a Louisiana jail began to sing hymns so vigorously a few evenings ago that suspicion was excited, and an investigation showed that they had raised the iron plating of the floor, and were nearly ready to escape.

Betsy Hudley, of St. Louis, waited sixty years to get married, and directly after the ceremony her husband went off with all her money. She'll know enough not to be in such a hurry next time.

A Cincinnati widow advertised for "every Christian in the city" to send her ten cents. She realized twenty cents, indicating an unexpectedly large number of Christians in that city.

A Vicksburg man, when drawn on a Justice jury, asked leave to pray that he might be guided aright, but the Justice informed him it was usual to find for the plaintiff.

A Lion Story.

Some time ago, in Tunis, a Sicilian athlete of Rinaldo's circus excited general admiration by his manly beauty and feats of strength. He was in the habit of overcoming a lion during the performance, which, however, was trained to succumb. The Bey of Tunis, hearing of this, sent him an offer of a thousand ducats if he would kill a lion which he possessed. The proposal was accepted, and on the day appointed the Bey and a large company gathered around the pit where the lion was kept.

The beast had been there three days without food, and was furious. The iron door of the pit opened, but instead of the athlete, a trembling dog was thrown forward, which timidly took refuge in a corner. The lion, who was at a distance, turned in surprise at the humble intruder. His tail ceased to lash his side, his roars ceased, and he sat, with paws extended, contemplating his victim. Propelling himself forward upon his belly, he finally made a spring. The dog, however, who had watched him with a vigilant eye, sprang in the opposite direction. The lion seemed astonished at missing his prey, but after rolling over a few times made another jump, which was also avoided. Pity for the dog induced the Bey to order a cord to be lowered for him, and while the lion was gyrating preparatory to a renewed spring, the dog intelligently seized the cord with his teeth and was drawn up. As he ascended the lion sprang again, but was too late. At this moment the Sicilian appeared, calm and fearless. He was in a rich circus costume, and carried a heavy mace. He took his position in the same corner previously occupied by the dog. At first the lion did not perceive him, but, on turning, his eye expressed a vague inquietude.

He slowly withdrew a few steps, watching his enemy with a furtive and sidelong glance. The Sicilian, on the contrary, looked straight in his eye and watched every movement. The lion evidently had misgivings, but impelled by hunger, sprang upon the man with a terrible roar. The Sicilian slipped aside with agility, and before the paws of the lion touched the ground a violent blow from the mace upon the head laid him insensible. The mace was raised for the death blow, when the Bey interposed. He offered the man another thousand for the life of the beast. It was accepted, and the lion was allowed to recover.

"Mix it in at the Beginning." My theory is that a mother's chief duty is the taking care of her children, says a writer. How came I by this theory? I came by it through the newspapers. I never took upon one that did not tell of dishonest clerks, corrupt officials, theft and murder.

One day I went into a kitchen where I found the women-folks in a state of great consternation. The cakes were all fried for tea; but the salt had been forgotten. "Sprinkle some over them," said I; "twill strike through, won't it?"

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. F. "the salt must be mixed in the dough at the beginning."

"There," thought I, "that's the figure of speech I want! Let salt stand for goodness, and dough for the children. The goodness must be mixed in at the beginning; it is too late when the dough is baked into bad men and women. It will be of no use then sprinkling it on the outside; it won't strike through. Yes, yes, mix it in at the beginning; that's it! And mothers must do it."

Every man of sense and refinement admires a woman as woman; and when she steps out of this character, a thousand things that in their appropriate sphere would be admired, become disgusting and offensive. The appropriate character of a woman demands delicacy of appearance and manners, refinement of sentiment, gentleness of speech, modesty in feeling and action, a shrinking from notoriety and public gaze, aversion to all that is coarse and rude, and an instinctive abhorrence of all that tends to indelicacy and impurity, either in principle or action. These are the traits which are admired and sought for in a woman.

A teacher after reading to her scholars a story of a generous child, asked them what generosity was. One little boy raised his hand and said, "I know; it's giving to others what you don't want yourself."

We often find that an eloquent speaker is like a river—greatest at the mouth.

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home for the poor man's summer resort.

The fences around Washington are still full of Ohio men, patiently awaiting their turn.

Nobody has heard a whisper from Stanley Matthews since the strike began. He has probably gone down to the round house and crawled into the pit.—Whitehall Times.