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Rates of Advertising.

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MRS. HEATH has recently moved to this place for the purpose of meeting a want which the ladies of the town...

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CHAS. A. SHULTZ, Tuner, Lock box 1746, Oil City, Pa.

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, Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery, all of the best quality...

ADVERTISERS send 25 cents to Geo. A. Powell & 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. One Agent sold 34 copies in one day.

"A NE'ER-DO-WELL."

BY ANNA SHEIELDS.

"You will come home with us, Elsie, of course!" Elsie Conard, gentle, timid, just seventeen, who had come within one hour from her mother's grave...

For the invitation given, as a matter of course, came from her brother-in-law, her mother's staunch friend and adviser for many years, almost a second father to her own shy self from childhood.

Was he not Maggie's husband, and was not Maggie herself ten years older than Elsie, and Robert Wayne seven years older than his wife, actually double Elsie's own age?

Then between her own soft blue eyes and the faces of Robert and Maggie, Elsie saw a pale, dying face, sad, imploring eyes, piteous, quivering lips, and again she seemed to hear the faint, pleading voice say: "Oh, Elsie, care for poor Tom when I am gone!"

Poor Tom, pitiful only in his mother's eyes, a reprobat to all others, weak more than wicked, drinking to excess, industrious only in fits and starts, the black sheep of the family.

"Robert," Elsie said, the tears starting at the sound of her own voice, "you are very kind to wish it, but I will stay here."

"Stay here! Nonsense?" cried Maggie. "How can you stay here?" "Mother left me the house, and next year I shall have the five thousand dollars father left me."

Chill and hard the monosyllable fell from Robert Wayne's lips. "And," said Elsie, desperately, "if I leave here who will care for Tom?"

Then the storm broke. Tom was a disgrace to them all. Tom was twenty-four, and able to take care of himself. Tom had sneaked away from the cemetery, and was probably drunk somewhere. Tom, indeed!

But anger nerve Elsie. Had Robert and Maggie tried coaxing, or even argument, she would have found it hard work to resist them, but she felt she did not deserve reproach, and so braced her heart to resolution, and stood firm.

It ended in Robert and Maggie leaving the house in anger, leaving bitter, stinging words, and in Elsie's lying upon the sofa sobbing her very heart away, for more than two hours.

"And Tom will stay on and on, spending Elsie's small fortune as he spent your mother's," Robert said, fiercely, "disgracing us all."

"I'm sure I can't help it," Maggie sobbed. "I did hope he would go away when the house was closed till Elsie married or came of age."

And Elsie, sobbing faintly, exhausted, was lifted in two strong arms, and a voice that had comforted her many a time and oft, said: "Dearie, don't cry any more. She's out of trouble, and God be praised, we can think of her a saint in Heaven instead of a sufferer on earth."

Elsie nestled close in the old servant's arms. "Jane," she whispered, "it was not for mamma I was crying, but for Tom."

"And indeed somebody may well cry for him, for I'm thinking he'll go down hill faster than ever, now he'll have neither mother nor home."

"But, Jane, he will have his home." "Eh, dearie!" "And his sister, if he can't have his mother. I'm going to stay here—to take care of Tom."

"Heaven save us! What will Mr. Robert say?" "He has said I am a fool, a conceited idiot," Elsie answered, her eyes flashing now through her tears, "but I'm going to stay. Tom is fond of me."

to drown this misery of self-reproach and loneliness. To drink, he must face acquaintances, go through the village streets to the "ale saloon," where ale was certainly not the strongest drink handed over the bar.

And Tom craved solitude. Lying on his face in the rank summer grass, he pictured his life to come, sinking lower and lower. He had not paid too great heed to his mother's prayers and petitions, yet he realized that mother-love and home influence had saved him from the deeper degradation to come.

And Elsie! The one tender spot in Tom's heart held Elsie in a sacred shrine. Her blonde beauty was simply angelic to Tom, and her soft hand and tender voice had led him from evil more than once. Well, mother was dead! Elsie would go to Maggie, "of course;" home was closed. He would go take one look at the darkened room where his lips had last pressed his mother's, and then—

Tom shuddered! Then loneliness, temptation, despair! What mattered it to any what became of him now?

So he went home, slowly, with sullen brow and bowed head. He did not look about him, as he entered the entry of the cottage, where doors, front and back, admitted the evening air. He did not notice the home-look restored, where there had been the confusion of long illness, the desolation of death. He went into the sitting room, where the windows were once more open, and there a little figure stood waiting. Not cloaked and bonneted for farewell, but with a white apron over the black dress, white collar and cuffs, a bow of black ribbon in the fair waving hair—a home figure.

"I am so glad you have come, Tom," was his welcome; "tea is all ready."

"Tea! Elsie! I—I thought you had gone to Maggie's, hours ago." "I am not going to Maggie's."

"Not going to Maggie's! Why, where are you going? Who will take care of you?" "The little figure came very close to Tom's side, the fair head rested on his breast, the sweet, sad face was lifted to his, and Elsie said: "Will you take care of me, Tom?"

A great rush of new-born true manliness choked Tom's voice. A sudden sense of man's protecting power filled his very soul as he looked down at the tender, confiding face. He did not speak until his arms closed about Elsie tightly, his lips pressed hers quivering. Then he said: "God help me, Elsie, to take care of you, if you will trust yourself to me!"

It was a prayer with a promise, and Jane, wiping her eyes as she softly returned to the kitchen, after hearing all, unseen, murmured: "It'll be the saving of him."

The tea table was temptingly spread, and Tom was hungry and weary. There was no temptation after tea was over to leave the wide arm chair, where, with Elsie beside him, he talked of their dead, very solemnly and lovingly.

But the next day the first trial came. Nobody was exactly willing to take Tom Conard into employment. He was a good workman at his trade, a cabinet-maker's, but a ne'er-do-well, not to be trusted as steady, apt to disappoint customers. All day he tried in vain to get work, returning home dull and disheartened.

But Elsie was not discouraged. There were a few hundred dollars in the bank, willed to Tom by his mother, despite Robert's remonstrance, and when that was gone, her own small fortune could be commanded. She cheered him up by every kind, loving word her tender heart suggested, and then a great plan was proposed.

Elsie fairly trembled as she made it, but she had given it hours of thought and prayer, and ventured: "Suppose you take that money, Tom, and open a furniture store of your own. There is none at Heron's Hill, and we have to go to N— for even a chair."

A store of his own! Ambition was a key-note never before touched in Tom's heart. A store of his own! What would Heron's Hill say to that? And if he had such a weight of responsibility as the care of Elsie and a store of his own, he would not have any temptation to idleness, or worse.

Elsie, watching his face, said presently: "There's that little store of Hunter's Tom. Nobody has been there for several months, since he died, and it is right in the middle of Main street. And they couldn't refuse you a trial, if you pay one-quarter's rent in advance; and it will give you quite a holiday to go to N— for goods."

Could he? Dared he? Tom felt his figure straighten, his heart expand. Nobody had for years seemed to consider him fit for any responsible position. His mother's tender pleading was only to lead him from wrong; Robert exhorted him to

"stop making a beast of himself;" Maggie wondered how he could so forget his family, but little Elsie trusted him, asked him to take care of her, proposed to him to open a store.

"I'll do it, Elsie!" "And, after all," the tender heart argued, as Elsie rose from prayer before retiring, "they all said he would only waste the money in drink, and he cannot do worse than lose it in a store."

But he did not lose it! Heron's Hill was in a great flutter when Hunter's store was opened, a great sign put over the door, bearing the inscription, "Thomas Conard, Furniture Dealer;" great vans came lumbering over from N—, full of the new goods, and repairing was promised upon a grand scale.

Curiosity was the first attraction for customers, and trifles of wash-stands, chairs, kitchen tables, and such inexpensive articles were found to be needed in every household. Elsie, perched at a high desk at the back of the store, was the cashier. Tom, important and busy, was salesman, and the two were as merry as babies over a new doll's house.

It was wonderful to see how the new responsibility did steady "wild Tom Conard."

The ale house knew him no longer; the sneers and jokes of his old boon-companions had no effect upon him. Elsie's trust in him, and the fact that he was her protector, kept him in the straight path where all else had failed.

The new store had prospered, and the cashier's place was filled by a clerk Tom was quite able to pay, and Elsie returned to her duty as house-keeper—for Tom; adviser—for Tom; friend, counselor, comforter, all—for Tom.

It took time—years—to convince Robert and Maggie, and Elsie's friends in general, that she had not made a mistake; but they were convinced at last.

Elsie was twenty-one, pretty as ever, gentle and loving, faithful to Tom, when one evening over the cosy tea-table a momentous conversation occurred.

"Elsie," Tom said, "I met Mr. Murray this afternoon, very down-hearted." Mr. Murray was the new minister at Heron's Hill. Elsie grew rosy in a moment, stirred her tea and said never a word.

"Elsie are you treating him quite fairly? He is a good man." "Yes," very faintly. "An upright, splendid fellow; what I call a true Christian gentleman."

"Yes, Tom." "And loves you?" "No answer." "And you love him? Why did you send him away?"

"Oh! Tom," in a burst of tears, "you are cruel. It was all for your sake!" Then she was running away, but Tom's strong arms caught and held her.

"For my sake! So I suspected! But"—and a brown mustache swept Elsie's cheek as Tom whispered—"I was only waiting for Mr. Murray to speak, Elsie, to be sure there was some one to take care of you, before asking—"

"Oh! Tom—Helen." "Yes, dear Helen. Will you let her take—not your place, Elsie, for my heart has room for you both, but my wife's place in my new home!"

So it was settled, and when the fair, sweet wife Tom won would speak loving words of him and her own happiness, Tom would say: "I owe it all to Elsie. My sister's love and trust made a man of a ne'er-do-well."—N. Y. Ledger.

Beat at Her Own Game.

They sat on a bench in the park, and his manly arm was around her yielding waist. Suddenly she twisted around and spoke: "It's a awful warm."

"Yes." Silence for three minutes. The young man ponders on the awful peril that encircles a man who comes from home with only fifteen cents and a sleeve-button in his pocket.

"It's the warmest weather I think I ever knew." "Ye—es, 'tis warm." "My throat is dreadfully parched." "That's too bad. Would you like some water?"

"Oh no; the water is so terrible warm and brackish." Young man grows desperate. "Wouldn't you like a damp handkerchief tied around your throat?" "No, I think I need something refreshing. Dear me, it seems as though I would faint for want of something cooling."

Young man chokes with despair, then braces up. "Darling, let me feel your pulse. One hundred and ten in the shade! Oh, darling, it has come as I feared!

I never can forgive myself. Your mother warned me about keeping you out in the night air on account of the typhus prevalent, and now I have you here and these terrible symptoms tell of the approach of the destroyer. Let me help you home my darling, and should you die, the waters of Lake Erie will close over my helpless form forever. Come, sweet one, let me take you home."

Ten minutes later that young man stood over a sooner of lager in a corner saloon, and wiped the perspiration from his brow as he laid down his last fifteen cents, and congratulated himself on having beaten a woman on the ice cream business, while a young woman sat on the doorstep waiting to be let in, and so mad she couldn't speak. —Cleveland Herald.

A Baby With a Horse's Face.

A male child, four months old, was taken by its mother, Mrs. Margaret O'Hara, to the Eastern District Hospital of Brooklyn, yesterday, to be operated upon for malformation of the face, which gave it somewhat the appearance of a horse. An elongation of the nasal bones, which swelled out toward the chin and met the lower lip, which was thus depressed, gave the appearance of two large nostrils.

The resemblance was increased by the stentorous breathing of the child. Dr. Samuel J. Brady told the mother before performing the operation that it was delicate and dangerous; but the mother, still fondling the infant, begged that the child might be given the semblance of a human face if possible.

Drs. Candius, Hesse, Baker, Preble, Griffin, Mortough, and other surgeons were present. Dr. Brady had the infant put under the influence of chloroform, and in about half an hour handed the child back to its mother with a mouth, nose and nostrils—an ugly-looking child, but still with a child's face. The flesh was cut from the protuberance and the bone was broken off to the length of an ordinary nose. The cuticle and flesh so cut away were formed into the base of the nose, holes being made for nostrils.

The large, cavernous opening then seen was bridged across to make an upper lip by joining the two cheeks. Mrs. O'Hara said the cause of the deformity was an antenatal shock, received through a neighbor who was driving a horse. Her husband is a laboring man, and they have four other children, from two to nine years of age. The deformed child is a hearty, healthy infant, and, it is thought, will survive the operation. —N. Y. Tribune.

Boston captures its dogs in a very philosophical and scientific manner. The dog-catcher neither lassos, grabs, nor forcibly assaults his canine. He reasons with him, reads him passages from Emerson and Malthus, and the dog quietly lays down his tail and goes along. In Chicago we do it in a different, but quite as effective a way, we hit him over the head with a club, and if that don't answer we summon the First and Second regiments. —Inter Ocean.

A catamount, of large size, produced a panic among a party of berry pickers, near Pine Knob, Wayne county, a few days ago. A lad named Frederick Wills, who had separated from the rest of the party was set upon by the catamount, but was saved from injury by the opportune arrival of a dog. The screams of the animal were mistaken for a signal from some one of the scattered party.

Do not kill your grape vines by pulling off the leaves, "to let the sun in." A grape vine or a pear tree needs all the leaves it can raise, to breathe with. That is where the carbon comes from. Pinch off the end of a bud, if desired, for training purposes, but do not practice summer pruning.

Young Hodgo (in expectation of a copper)—"O'll open the gate." Young Lady on Horseback—"You are a very civil lad. You don't come from these parts?" Young Hodgo—"You're a liar. I dew!"

Nothing makes a man so mad as to be passed on the road and have the other fellow look back at him through a cloud of dust. He can swallow the dust but it is the back look that shrivels his soul.

A law suit, begun in Indiana fourteen years ago, to recover \$7.50 for use of a water privilege, has lately been ended by a decision in favor of the defendant. The costs amount to \$2,000.

A Baltimore belle, just from Vassar College, when told by a waiter in a restaurant that they had no gooseberries, exclaimed: "What has happened to the goose?" The waiter faints.