## The Forest Republicum.

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#### BUSINESS DIRECTORY.



TIONESTA LODGE No. 369.

MEETS every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars.
S. J. SETLEY, N. G.
27-tf.

TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342. O. U. A. M.

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

W. B. LATHY. J. B. AGNEW.

LATHY & AGNEW. ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA.

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# The Forest Republican.

VOL. X NO. 21.

TIONESTA, PA., AUGUST 29, 1877.

DHESS. C. DO. BEECA'THE. DRESSMAKER, Tionesta, Pa.

I.O. of O.F. 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

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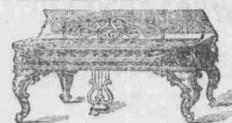
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put up accurately. A DVERTISERS send 25 cents to Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, N. Y., for their Eighty-page Pamphlet, showing cost of adversing.

OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE CENTEN'L EXHIBITION

All very well in theory, but very poor in practice. I fold up Fred. Langey's offer of marriage, and sit down to write him that, before he makes any further plans, with me for one of them, he must know that I are one of those superfluous beings, a girl who came into this world with no especial place prepared for her; that I have clerked depending on me for support, growing poetry, up in gawky, ill-clad ugliness, a shade Then plainer than myself even.

Someway, when I first met him at that pleasant summer resort, the first fied by the name of pride forbade him store for two years, I was so happy, I forgot to mention the scrubbing life I had left behind me at home, and I was so sick of poverty and third-rate people, I was so glad to forget it.

twice; that I trimmed my bonnet my- get faint and dizzy by spells. self; that the diamond ring I were I being the unvalued relic of some forversed.

naivete of mine was learned trying to money of their own to spend. induce customers to buy?

Old Snipper always says when he customer:

smile the dollars out of his pockets, if | Sharp & Sniper's. any one can.'

How round and rosy I grew in those en. Before the spring opens, that she few weeks of ecstatic joy! What love- so longs to see, poor, patient, hardly walks and rides we had up and working Sophia dies.

call him my Fred before he knows tiful. that I clerk at Sharp & Sniper's?

take care of myself. I am no cliug- and May has been at school. ing vine, however, having never had up stiff and straight all myself, like a snatches. weed in the middle of a bare, ten acre

expense to any one since I can remem- and I stay where hearts are hollow. ber, I do not see why I should be so his mind accordingly. So I waste a expenses. great many sheets of paper writing an ful, and yet ladylike.

when he leads me to the altar. think of his elegant sister he has de- now, scribed to me, and of him, a rising

legislature. I piece down my sister Sophia's onesummer silk for her, that I bought at my face is sharpening out, my collar such a bargain, thinking, per adven- bones protrude. I am getting waspy do not scold May when she comes trust in man. home late from the pic-nic with my best sash drenched and soaked through, en kindly, and said : through both her boots, and creeps in- a week or so; this hot weather in the to bed beside me. I hug her up into country will do you good, and you can my arms instead, with that hungry, work the better on your return." unsatisfied longing I always have for kisses and caresses; but she only says, that no trip in the country can make "You strangle me, Jo, you soft, mushy | me happy now; that I am heir hencething!" and moves along out of my forth only to woman's undisputed le-

always been called this on account of ceive.

my enforced manly accomplishments.

I might have known all the time he glimpse of his office window. would never answer that letter; it has always been my luck. Let me see how dress. I find that old maids generalmany lovers have'I had.

My Summer Journey. poor girl thrown on her own resources, on my lonely trip; once seated in the and with no one to take care of her, train by the open window, my spirits it. "If he cannot love me when he hears as he thought that was the true way rise, for I always did love to ride on I am a poor shop girl, he cannot love for a true gentlemen to do; and with the cars; there is a pleasant rush and these sentiments he bowed himself out excitement about them that pleases for the 'ast time.

> he married the same year the daugh- and out into the vast Wisconsin praidone anything harder in her life than of Illinois and Iowa, but rough and curl har front hair over slate pencils, jagged, full of rocks and ragged thick

wrote poetry, and threatened to die or and there like birds' nests in the grass; shoot himself when I refused him- flocks of ragged children troop out of at Sharp & Sniper's ever since I was this was years ago. He is now in good these and stare at the passengers-the seventeen -and I am now twenty- health, with a wife and two children; dear, little, dirty creatures! What an old time kisses, whose unforgotten three; that I have two young sisters but I always bated men who wrote inventory they take of my Milwaukee

Then there was Judge Featherby, starred with swamp lilies, scarlet lobe-He visited me for a year, and told me lias and wild asters. How I long to he loved me; but something he digni- get out and gather them. breath I had out of Sharp & Sniper's from saying anything more, and I and I know by the warning whistle, have been heartily glad since that he that we are within a mile of Fred's was ashamed of me.

But the thought of none of these is already in sight; the sand and sawwell disposed of and settled gentlemen dust and coal smoke is flying. Of How should be, being a man, know any easier for me. I get weary and out of the window, and with my eyes that the dress I wore had been turned cross; my chest is getting weak, and I

Some days when I stand at the lace had borrowed from my married sister, counter waiting on some fashionable usual number of women with boxes, lady who is pricing this and cheapengotten lover of hers; that the beauty ing that, I think I shall fall over in a train. The teachers' association is he said was in my face was due to my dead faint from sheer exhaustion, held here this week, and a tribe of bappiness in his society? For I do Wemen are so much harder to suit lank, sharp nosed, hungry-faced wothink the old saying, "Be good and than men, and, ten to one, go picking you will be happy" ought to be re- over everything and go out, without over them, from their ugly hats to their buying anything, very likely, because | ogly shoes. How did he know that charming so few of them, poor things, have any

The fall winds come, and ZI walk over beds of fallen leaves; then that expects to sell a large bill of goods to long, awful winter of 1874 I wade Fred, with a smile as sweet as the through high drifts and through storms morning; takes their satchels and "Let Miss Jo manage him; she can that take my breath away, to reach shawls and turns to the lady who is

Sophia, the oldest of my young sis-So I smile and smile, and yet I am ters, is ailing this winter, so I get up no villain, for they are enforced and and build the fire at five with numb impudent smiles for bread and butter. fingers, so as to get to the store at sev-

down the woodpaths and ravines! Anticipating the life that was be-What charming sails through the dells, fore her, I have tried to instill into says it rather languadly. through the Witch's Gulch, and about her the principle that work is her end and aim, and that she must not ex-How brilliant and agreeable and pect anything beyond in the life of a in bonnet, my hair all flying and my thus of the occupation which he has

I am no strong-minded woman! I most of the housework for us three,

anything to eling to. I have grown fretful, to help what I could by

She has had about half what she ought to have to eat, and about a Perhaps I will not make such a bad third of what she ought to have had wife, after all. I am a good house- to wear. Well, she is at rest now, and keeper, and, have been no trouble or has gone where "all hearts are filled,"

two sisters thrown in for ballast. Still, our wedding ; take the seventy-five dolty and incumbrances, and make up buy her a coffin and pay the funeral About this time there comes a legaanswer that shall be frank and truth- cy of a few hundred from an old uncle mullein stalk.

of ours. I send May off to school with manner, that he must marry three Sophia. I am left alone. I do my own work. I eat my solitary meals, I send it off in a pink envelope, my salted with lonely tears. I have ceas. Paul. heart beating a painful tattoo, as I ed to even hope to hear from Fred

The June days come again, hot and young lawyer, and a member of the long. There is sunshine without hap-

piness and stillness without rest. I look at the glass-I am all eyes; ture there may be a wedding soon. I and thin; so much for putting my

Old Sniper looked at me to-day, ev-

my lace fichu torn, and her toes "Miss Jo, you must have a vacation

So I thanked him, thinking sadly My name was never Jo, but I have and appreciation she will never re- far.

The big-hearted manager of the ed piano and begins to storm away at him for his fickleness, still have a wo- myself spitafully : "Il Bacio," Fred's favorite waltz, and man's curiosity to ride through his city, even though I only eatch a

I get me a brown poplin traveling ly have a brown poplin, and the old-There was No. 1, waiting on me er they get the more colors they wear,

\$2 PER ANNUM.

me; we are flying so fast, so fast, Most heavenly philosophy! but then through white towns and over bridges Then there was the young man who ets, with little cabins set down here bonnet and dusty suit! Here is a field

I see by the towns on my ticket, never found until yesterday, and I home. The big manufacturing town makes the non-arrival of that letter course I have my head and shoulders upon his bosom. and mouth full of cinders, am gaping

wildly about me. The train grates, jars and stops. The budgets and parasols bundle off the men get off also, teacher written all

Can I believe my eyes? Who is it that steps up and shakes hands with two of the lankest, most wizened, old maidest of them all but my darling teachers came to spend a few day with with him, whom I know by the elegauce of her dress and a certain high bred sweetness about her, is his sister. The oldest old maid says:

"So kind in you Mr. Langley, to meet us. We should have been quite bewildered in this place. So good in you to take so much trouble. "No trouble-most happy:" but he

He glances up at my window, and in spite of cinders and soot, my caved knows me and drops the satchels. "Take the shawls a moment, sis,"

bell begins to ring. I catch one more glimpse of him as the bar or pulpit. I should like to the train moves off, helping his sister have my hearing again, but I wouldn't leave my farm if I had it. I closed her eyes; lay her out in the and their ankles like axe helves, into very much trouble now, even with my summer silk that should have graced the carriage; I see him take the front seat beside the end with red poppies in Fred must know all about the pover- lars I have laid away in the bank, to her bonnet, take the reins and the horses are off like birds. How I envy that old maid, though she has a wart on her nose and looks like a last year's

Something gets into my throat and I inform him, in the most genteel this, determined she shall not be like chokes me, and I refuse the orange the man in the next scat offers me. Something chokes me all the way to St.

> It may be the green peach I have eaten; but I think it is the old maid. Why did I let him speak to me so familiarly, and call me "Mignon," his old name for me? Why did I not pull my nand away?

I busy myself with such thoughts as

I ride along in a sort of mist until wretched exhibitions. we reach St. Paul. What a queer, ele-For a week I sing about the house road, who is acquainted with me, has vated town it is as if every house in like a lark; the next week I do not given me a pass to St. Paul and re- it had climbed up and sat on the top sing so much; the next week I do not turn. I care little which way I go, of a hill. I get out in a pouring rain, he at once begins debating the quessing at all, but go about, heavy-eyed and have selected this route because it greatly to the detriment of my bones. | tion whether it was created to point a and slow, and burst into tears when passes through the town where Fred I stop at one of the grandest hotels moral or adorn a tail. The dog gets May sits down to the old, faint-heart. Langley lives. Though I half despise there, the Metropolitian, and say to

> "I will enjoy myself once, though I starve the rest of the year.'

Rather a dreary magnificence, however, for I get tired the first day wandering up and down the parlors and long halls. I grow restless the second day and want to go home. As to Minwhen my father died of heart disease especially scarlet. I have always hat nehaba Falls, what a muddy fall to out a rest." 

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All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Job work, Cash on Delivery.

Fred Langley's name engraved upon

I try not to make indecent haste down into the parlor, but somehow my feet will take me two steps at a time.

Fred is there with an open letter in

a pink envelop in his hand which I

see by close scrutiny is my poor old ter of a wealthy man who had never ries-not smooth and rolling, like those letter, written a year ago, telling him about my sisters. The sight of it angers me beyand expression. I snatch at it fiercely. Fred holds the letter far out of my reach, and catches me in his arms in-

stead, bestowing upon me some of the sweetness I had trained myself to believe I should never feel again. "Did you think me so mean, sordid, unmanly?" he asked, "as not to answer your letter? It was lost and was

came as soon as the train would fetch me to answer it in person." I asked no questions; I only lay my weary head down on his shoulder,

and cry out my overburdened heart It is not until afternoon, when we are driving in a nice carriage to Minnehaha Springs, near Minneapolis, the noise of St. Authony's Falls in my .

ears, that I ventured to say :

"How in the world did you ever lose that letter ?" "Well, you see, sister took it from the postman, and put it on the high mantle, where it slipped away against the wall and she forgot all about it, and, being a bit of a woman like yourself, she never noticed the edge of it above the mantle, or no one else, un-

til this week two rather oldish lady

us, and one of them, while looking for

nicknacks on this shelf, discovered and brought to light your letter." "Did she have red poppies in her bonnet and a wart on her nose?" I inquired, eagerly.

"Yes; on the whole I believe she had."

Heaven bless that old maid.

A young man, a graduate of Dartmouth, and a noted law student in Merrimac county, Maine, who had the misfortune to lose his hearing, has settled on a farm in the West and writes how handsome my Fred was! Dare I woman who is both poor and unbeau- cheeks burning like live coals, he chosen: "There isn't much glory on a farm, but you get a good, sure living. You are your own master; heard him say, and in another second starve or be turned out of business; frankly confess that I do not like to while I have been at Sharp & Sniper's be is on the train, leaning over my and as far as work is concerned, in seat, with my hand tightly in his ask- these days of horse-power, a man I have come home, worn out and ing me a dozen questions in a breath. needn't kill himself farming any more "I am going to St. Paul," is all I than at any other business. It is bave time to answer; and he replies, brains that win on a farm as well as "Good bye, Mignon, I will see you everywhere else, and the smart one is ngain;" and he is off the cars as the going to ride and the stupid one goes on foot, in the cornfield as well as in

> Thirty - three years ago Nicholas Coyen, a Parisian merchant, failed. His son, Alphonse Coyen, set himself to pay off his father's debts and remove the stigma of insolvency from his name and has now succeeded. The requisite amount, some \$25,000 for principal, interest and costs, has been paid to the creditors, their representatives or heirs, and some \$5,000 additional has been paid into the Court for creditors whose whereabouts are unknown. In ordering the old man's rehabilitation, the public council paid a high tribute to the devotion of his son, and the net in all its details was didered to be inscribed in the records of the Court and published in the Journal Official.

A recent writer says: "In no other these until we have crossed the boun- country have we seen so much show dary line and have entered Minneso- and tinsel in the churches as in some ta; here tee scenery gets wilder and of our own cities. In Europe-not wilder, the broad Mississippi winds only in England, but on the Continent lazily along at the foot of its tall such display is rigidly forbidden, not bluffs, with trees toppling uncomforta- by law, but by the recognized canons bly along their steep sides; close to of good taste. Nothing is considered the car windows great walls of rock | more vulgar-a more certain mark of rise, oh, so high up in the air! The low breeding-than this kind of osten-train balances dizzily along like a tation in a place of worship. It is only rope walker over high skeleton bridges the "new rich"-what we should call and ledges of limestone rock, where the "shoddy" that try to exhibit themit seems as if the least jar would send selves in the house of God. But as gacy, tears, and longing after the love | us down, down, I dare not think how | that class is larger in this country than anywhere else, we have more of these

> When a small boy with a prejudice against yellow dogs observes an old oyster can in a condition of inactivity the first news of the decision.

> The Roy. Philips Brooks says that a backwoodsman on hearing Bishop Mead, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, preach a sermon in a frontier church without manuscript said : "He is the first of them fine fellers that I have ever seen who could shoot with-