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Table with 2 columns: Advertisement rates (One Square, Two Squares, etc.) and Prices.

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TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening...

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MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA.

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THE SCARLET BUD.

BY ETTIE ROGERS.

The two brown cows came lagging homeward through the dewy clover urged on by a fair woman-child of lithe figure and big, dreaming eyes.

"I am so weary of this sort of life," she sighed, while yet she was enchanted with the serene hush and dusky splendor of the early twilight scene.

A nightingale awoke in the rich willow shadows beside the chattering brook, and filled the mellow air with a delicious burst of song.

"Why are you standing there, Babette? Make haste with the milking, will you? What an indolent child you are to be sure."

The inquiry, command, and reproof, all framed in one shrewish, unloving speech, came from a middle-aged woman who stood on the threshold of the humble parlor door—a woman robed in tawdry silk, but in appearance quite as coarse and rubicund, and unpoetical as the scentless ponies that glowed in a row of red clusters between her and the shrinking object of her will.

"I don't know what I shall do with that lazy girl, Mr. Kenwick," she said, apologetically to her one summer boarder, who looked out quite unconsciously from a window arch of vines, as he heard the rasping tones: "My poor, deceased husband—Mr. Faxon—educated her for a teacher. I got her a school early in May, and two weeks afterward the trustees asked her to resign, which she did, of course, liking her ease too well for her good. I am sorry to say it of my own—but for a smart girl she is the most foolish fool I ever saw. Why, sir, she can read French and German, Latin and Greek, and write compositions on subjects that no one can understand, but they make the tears and laughter come though, and yet she couldn't manage a little school house full of boys and girls. I am ashamed of her."

"How old is she?" inquired Roy Kenwick.

"Why, she is nearly seventeen—quite old enough to teach the alphabet, I think."

"Quite old enough, certainly, if she is gifted with the special talent necessary for success in that profession," answered the gentleman, noting critically the impatient curves of the sensitive lips the nervous restlessness of the lovely figure, and the slender, pointed finger; "but I opine she would make a better artist than teacher. And, by the way, where did you obtain this exquisite little gem?"

He pointed to a rough bracket that held a tiny band, carved of some pale wood, and clasping an exquisitely wrought bud of scarlet coral.

"Oh, that is Babette's work," replied the woman, carelessly, "or her play rather, for ever since the child could use her hands, she has delighted in nothing but bits of wood, and chalk, and stone—anything she can cut into figures with a pen-knife."

"You should have made her a sculptor instead of a teacher," observed her auditor, dryly.

"A sculptor! I thought a sculptor was a man," was the response.

"Nearly always, I admit; but if a woman has been given the genius usually supposed to belong to a man by right, why should she not be allowed to profit by it?"

"Why!" iterated Mrs. Faxon, with an air of wisecracy; "because she is a woman and has no business to meddle with such matters."

"But surely that is not a woman's work," said Roy Kenwick, with an expository gesture toward the inclosure through which Babette was going, laden with milking pails, a picture-target for the belligerent horns of a half-dozen vicious yearlings. Your Babette is too girlish and dainty for the toil that belongs to the farm hands. Give her a chance in the parlor with your boarders. Put her at the piano, anything better than a mere chore boy's work."

"There is no profit in the piano," answered the woman, with a dubious glance, thinking how many precious dollars she had saved by the coarse labor she compelled her daughter to perform.

"Then let her have her wood and

pen-knife," he responded, earnestly. It won't be long before she will take the chisel and marble, and then, she will carve money, or I am mistaken. Give her her own way, Mrs. Faxon, and you will be repaid some day. Would you object if you thought she might win the love of some rich and distinguished man?"

"Certainly not," returned Mrs. Faxon, as her peony-red cheeks flushed with a deeper dye. "It is the aim and end of a woman's life to marry, and I suppose Babette must be a wife sometime. And I am sure I never cared to see her tied to a country clod-hopper."

She went back to her kitchen duties full of new thoughts.

"I think it is plain to see that Mr. Kenwick is in love with my girl," she ruminated; "such a chance must not be thrown away. I must get a kitchen girl to do Babette's work, for he will be better pleased with the child when he sees her in the parlor. How queer that this fine city gentleman should fancy her even in the cow yard."

But in her enforcement of a new regime, Mrs. Faxon only dropped one tyrannical blunder to take up another; for Babette was as illy fitted to act the frivolous, fascinating queen of the parlor and piano, as she was to serve as maid of the milking and scullery.

Only for the kindly notice of Roy Kenwick, she would have been utterly disconsolate.

This gentleman was past forty, grand and handsome, but quite austere in his mien, and the girl never even dreamed of loving him, while something in the quizzing, but interested expression with which he always regarded her latterly, filled her with awe and a shy fear.

She came down to the parlor one afternoon, to find him and Mrs. Faxon together. She was dressed in a simple, cool, white muslin, looped here and there with pale pink ribbon knots, bewitchingly becoming to her dreamy, purple blue eyes, and artistically arranged braids of purplish black hair, in which was fastened a single scarlet bud of some late wild flower.

"You must sing for Mr. Kenwick, Babette," said her mother.

"What shall I sing?" inquired the girl, timidly.

"What you can execute the best, of course," returned Mrs. Faxon, who, believing herself to be a paragon of maternal discretion, abruptly left the two alone.

Babette attempted a simple Italian aria, and in the midst of it, catching a quizzical glance from Roy Kenwick's handsome, cynical eyes, broke down and burst into tears.

Her sensitive soul scarcely liked being the football of her mother's caprices.

Instantly Roy Kenwick was at her side.

"Are you ill, Babette?" he asked, kindly.

"No, sir," she replied, turning her wet face from him in a shamed way.

"What ails you, then?" he persisted, soothing her heavy braids with his firm white hand. "Tell me freely, my child. You know I am very fond of you in the brotherly sort of a way that can never be anything else. Come, tell me. Do you think you would be happier shut up in some solitary place working at such beautiful things as those are?"

He pointed at the crude specimens of her handicraft that adorned the homely walls, and there was something friendly countenance that told her that he had not been quite oblivious to her mother's darling schemes.

"Much happier," she answered, lifting her passionate, dark blue eyes to his face. "That is the only sort of life I care for—an artist's life."

"That you shall have on one condition," he said, holding toward her a small blood stone, rough and fresh from the mine, and streaked through its green surface with red jasper like a dash of gore.

Her task was done, and hiding the pretty toy jealously against her bosom, she left her chamber for an hour of rest among the wild roses, in a woody place beside a gurgling brook that bounded the farm meadows.

"If this pleases him, he will give me anything I ask," she mused. "I shall ask him to find me steady employment in this sort of work."

Just then she stopped, startled.

On the low, green bank she saw a young and handsome man sitting in careless indolence, his lazy fishing line low in the water, and a big dog lolling beside him.

"Walter!" she gasped, drawing her breath hard.

"Babette!" he said, with glad emphasis, springing to his feet. "Oh, Babette, when I despaired finding you, fate has sent you to me, love—"

"I have nothing to do with love," she cried, with bitter impatience.

"Nothing!" She pushed back his outstretched hands, and stood before him white as the dead.

"Babette!" he remonstrated in wonder.

"Don't speak to me, Walter," she moaned, and her voice sounded like a sigh out of a sepulchre.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "Surely you have not ceased to love me! Good heaven! I have suffered enough without such sorrow as that would cause me."

With one agonized effort the girl choked back every open emotion, and when she spoke her words were icily calm.

"It would have been better for me if I had never loved you," she said. "You were a gay collegian, and I an inmate of the seminary opposite your abode, when you first saw me. To you our first acquaintance was an amusing flirtation; to me, it was a sweet and sober reality of love, although I must have been mad when I went with you to a distant village, and in that obscure little parsonage became your wife. I must have been mad, Walter Walworth. That night you left me at the private gate of the seminary. The next day you were gone. On the next I graduated and came home. I have never from that time until now known whether you were dead or alive. Why should I still love you?"

"Because love is love, and because I am yours and you are mine," was the impressive answer. "Babette, I was called home by the sudden illness of my father, from which he as suddenly recovered. Then I tried to tell him of my new relation. At first he laughed; then finding me in earnest he became angry, and vowed he would disown me if I did not at once become the husband of his ward, who, by the way, was as averse to such a union as I was, and who has since happily married. I, in my resentment, left his roof forever, to subsist as best I could on the small heritage left me by my mother. I tried to find you, Babette, but you know that our courtship was so deliciously sweet, that in its brevity I had quite forgotten whether your native Greenville was in Thule or Cathay. I have been in a score of Greenvilles in as many states and have just found you. I have never deceived in but one thing, my darling, and if you will consult the register of the clergyman who married us you will find that the name of your husband is Walter Walworth Kenwick, Babette; my wife you are, and as such I claim you. Surely our love was not such a light thing as to be outlived by you in so short a time?"

Babette had not outlived it, nor would she ever, that she knew; and she said so in a passionate speech broken by a rain of tears.

There was one moment lost in a rapturous embrace, and then Babette felt the scarlet bud stir on her bosom.

Roy Kenwick was coming to-night and he had promised to give her what she asked if the toy should please him. She had often heard him speak of the disobedient son whose strange and unaffable absence had whitened his hairs before their time, and hardened his heart into an unforgiveness that he affirmed should be lasting.

A great light deepened in her pausable eyes.

"I must go and prepare my friends for your coming, dear," she said; come to the house about sunset."

As she sped home through the wild roses, the broad, coarse figure of Mrs. Faxon intercepted her way.

ly, but never answered, nor even paused in her rapid pace.

She realized that if her romantic clandestine marriage brought her no ill, the fact would be as exceptional as providential.

Breathless and fearful, she rushed into the parlor, and placed her treasure in the hands of Roy Kenwick.

He took it and gazed at it long and critically, and then uttered an exclamation of praise and delight.

"Well done," he said; "and I have not forgotten that I have promised you any reward that you might ask. Now name it, my lovely little lady."

"Do you mean it?" she asked, white and trembling.

"I do," he replied, firmly; "you deserve it, and I never yet retracted my given word."

Babette glanced toward the west; the sun was just sliding out of sight and a flood of rosy splendor fell upon her and him, and frowning Mrs. Faxon, and a graceful, gallant figure that had paused just beyond the threshold.

The girl took a step toward him, her exquisite face suffused with the glow of the sunset, and blushed more heavenly still.

"I ask you to take your son back to your heart, and bless him and—me—his wife."

The man started as if stung, and turned his face away, but when he looked again and saw Walter Walworth—his first born and his last—standing before him, with Babette weeping on the breast of her lover-husband, he relented.

"You have won, my daughter," he said, huskily. "I bless you both."

Mrs. Faxon, duly comprehending that the favor of her summer-boarder was gained; and that something was required of her, came toward them all condescension.

"Babette couldn't be a teacher, but I guess she won't be a very bad wife for your son," she said. "May be she will take more kindly to the kitchen when she has one of her own."

It was rather a queer and uncalculated-for speech, but there was a world of wisdom in it.

Of course the occasion demanded not a few explanations that were given with much faltering and many blushes, for although the two loved fondly and truly, they were not a little ashamed of having forestalled fate by a hasty and secret marriage.

"Well—well, my children," said Mr. Kenwick, pater, at length, impatiently; "your escapade was as silly as it was improper, but we will rectify it by having a grand second wedding! But perhaps Babette would prefer the solitude and study of an artist's life to the cares of marriage—eh?"

The old look, quizzical and half-sarcastic, was on his face, and seeing it Babette flushed rosily.

"She shall have no cares, and she shall be an artist if she likes," observed Walter, gallantly. "You deny her nothing; you promised it by that fateful gem you hold."

He smiled, not averse to being conquered by the two he loved so well. And as a proof of his sincere affection and forgiveness, on a gala day not long afterward, he placed conspicuously among other bridal gifts, a beautiful souvenir set, richly in glittering gold.

What a Long-Tailed Yellow Dog Did.

The Virginia (New) Enterprise says: An old fellow just up from the Kern River country says that one day while down in that region he went out hunting. He procured a fine, gentle horse and borrowed a dog that was highly recommended as a noser out of almost any kind of game, from a quail to a full grown buck Indian. He was told that the dog once belonged to some Mexicans who had taught him to ride, and in case of his becoming tired he might be taken upon the horse until a likely place for game was reached. The hunt was but indifferently successful, though the dog seemed to be industrious. He was a long-bodied, short-legged, long-tailed animal of an old-fashioned yellow color. He showed no desire to ride until a start was made for home, when he came whinnying about and was taken upon the horse behind our hunter. All went well enough for a time, but presently the horse started off on a keen run. When stopped he stood quietly enough, but as soon as started up he broke into a run again and could not be held in. Says the old man: "What had got into the 'tarnal critter I didn't know; but presently, happening to look back, I caught that infernal yellow dog standin' on all fours, a whip-pin' the boss just as hard as he could lay on with that long, limber tail o'his'n; he was bound to get out of that loss all the run there was in him."

The music of the sea—Nep-tune's