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

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AGENT for the sale of the Official History of the Centennial Exhibition.

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A DOCTOR'S STORY. I am a doctor. I live in London and in one of the most crowded localities.

I had been in my present abode two years, and had never had a patient from the more aristocratic circles, when one night, about half past eleven, I was startled by a violent ringing at my bell, and having just got to bed after a hard day's work, I can't say the summons was very agreeable.

However, I ran to my window at once, and thrusting my head out into the rain, cried, "Who is there?" A voice answered, "Only I, Doctor. It's an urgent case. Please come down to the door."

I hurried on some clothes, and sped down stairs and opened the door. There stood in full light of the hall lamp, an elderly lady dressed in mourning.

She put out the smallest of hands in a black kid glove, and said piteously, "Are you the doctor?" "Yes," I said.

"Thee come with me," said she. "Don't delay. It's life or death. Come!" I hurried on my overcoat, caught up my umbrella and, offering my arm to the old lady, walked down the street with her.

"You must be my guide, madam," I said. "I do not know where you live." She instantly gave me a street and number that surprised me still more. It was a tolerably aristocratic quarter of the town.

"Who is ill, madam?" I inquired, "a grown person or a child?" "A young lady—my daughter," she said.

"Suddenly?" "Yes suddenly," she answered, "Do you keep a brougham? We would have been able to go much faster." "I keep no conveyance," I said.

"Perhaps you are poor?" she said eagerly. "Certainly not rich," I said. "Cure her and I'll make you rich," she said, in a sort of suppressed shriek.

"Cure her, and I'll give you anything you ask. I don't care for money. I'm rolling in gold. Cure her, and I'll shower it on you." "You are excited, madam," I said.

"Pray be calm." "Calm!" she said—"calm! but you don't know a mother's heart!" We had reached the street she had indicated, and were at the door of one of its houses. The old lady ascended the steps, and opened the door with a latch-key.

A light burned in the hall; another one in one of the parlors, the furniture of which was draped and shrouded in white linen.

"Wait here, sir, if you please," she said, as she led me into one of these. I waited what I thought a most unreasonable time in that gloomy parlor. I began to grow a little nervous, when a stout, short, red-faced woman bustled into the room.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said in a singular tone, such as one who had committed a speech to memory might use; "but my missus—the lady who brought you here—is very nervous, and needlessly alarmed. She begs your acceptance of the customary fee, and there is no need of your services."

Thus speaking, she handed me a guinea, courtesied, and opened the door for me. I bowed, expressed my pleasure that the patient was better, and departed.

It was a queer sort of adventure, but rather amusing than otherwise, besides I had a good fee. I arose early next morning, and paid a couple of visits before breakfast. Returning, to my astonishment, I found sitting in my consulting room the lady of the night before. She rose as I entered.

"What must you think of me?" she said. "But no matter. My daughter is very dear to me, and I have heard of your skill. She is worse again. Can you call some time to-day, as early as possible, at my house?"

"I will be there in an hour," I said. The lady took out her purse. "I am an old-fashioned woman," she said. "I retain old-fashioned habits. In my days the doctor received his fee on the spot. It was in ordinary cases a guinea. Will you receive it now?"

I did not know what to say, but she laid the money on the table and departed.

I ate my breakfast, and having dressed myself carefully, made my way to the old lady's house. I knocked. The door was opened by the stout female who had dismissed me the night before.

"The doctor," I said by the way of explanation. "Ah!" said she. "Has missus called on you again?" "Yes," I answered.

"There is no need, I assure you, sir," she said. "I can't really ask you in. There's no one ill here. It's a whim of missus'. I am a better judge of illness than she. No need of a doctor."

I left the house, of course, partly in judgion, partly in amazement. Three weeks passed by, when, lo! the old lady came again. She walked into my consulting-room, dressed as before, as greatly agitated, as carefully, polite.

"Sir," she said, "again I trouble you. My poor daughter! Come at once." "Madam," I answered "it is a doctor's duty, as it should be his pleasure, to obey such calls; but you are aware that I have been sent from your door twice without seeing the patient. Allow me to ask you a question—are you the mistress of the house?"

"Heaven knows I am," said the old lady. "I have lived there forty years. I own it. I am the only person under that roof who has a right to give an order." "And the person who sent me away?" "My old servant Margaret."

"Did she do it at your order?" "No, sir; it was a piece of presumption. But Margaret means well; she loves us." "Then, madam, if I accompany you, shall I see the patient?" "Assuredly, sir."

I put on my hat again, and we went out of the house together. We exchanged very few words as we walked the streets. At the door of the house the old lady paused.

"Don't mind Margaret," she whispered. "She means well." Then she ascended the steps. At the last one the door was opened to us by the woman I had seen twice before.

"The doctor must see my child, Margaret," said the old lady. Margaret stepped back. "Walk in, sir," was all she said.

The old lady beckoned me to follow her. I did so. She went up stairs and opened the first door we came to. It was an empty bed-room. She closed it with a sigh. The next room into which she led me was also empty. So were all the others. In effect, we visited six departments, only one of which seemed to be regularly occupied as a sleeping chamber; and at last the old lady turned to me with a strange glitter in her eyes.

"Stolen," she said, "stolen, somebody has stolen my girl. Sir, do you know, I think it must be Satan!" Then a steady step crossed the sill. Margaret came in, and the old lady, bursting into tears, suffered her to lead her away.

As I made my way down stairs, Margaret rejoined me. "You understand it now," she replied.

"I do, indeed," I said. "She had a daughter once," said Margaret, "and the girl—a pretty creature of sixteen—ran away with a bad man. She came back home one day and begged forgiveness. Her mother turned her from the door in a fury. It was night; the rain and hail beat down upon the poor thing and the wind buffeted her. There is no knowing what happened to her that night; but next morning, she lay dead in the police station. Her mother's address was pinned to her baby's clothing, and they brought her home. From that day, sir, my mistress—who, in her remorse and delirium, called in twenty doctors to bring her dead daughter to life—has always been doing what she has done to you. I try to keep the secret generally, but some find it out and others think odd things of us. I thought I would let you know the truth. If she contrives to call again to you, you can always promise to call, and so be rid of her. Poor soul! she has nobody in the world but me now. She's punished for her hardness, at any rate, and you'll excuse her conduct."

I bowed. I could say nothing. Margaret opened the door for me and I walked out into the fresh air.

As I looked back upon the house, with all its elegance, it seemed to have a haunted air, as though the ghost of the poor girl still hovered about.

"God only knows how many fearful secrets such households may at times shut in," I said to myself, as I turned my back upon it gladly.

I have never seen the poor old lady since that hour. Probably Margaret has kept too close a watch upon her.

"There is something indubitably irresistible," remarked Mr. Adonis, "about a woman's smile." "Yes," replied his friend, an old married man, who had frequently accompanied his wife on shopping excursions, "a woman's smile runs about twenty-three furlongs.—Hawkeye.

Just a few more moons—a few more gliding weeks—and you'll be kicking yourself for having found fault with hot weather.—Free Press.

It's no use; there isn't a vegetable that can keep up with the tomato.

How the Laws Protect Mechanics and Laborers.

Here is a carefully compiled category of the advantages which workingmen enjoy under the laws at present in force in this State:

1. Under the United States Bankrupt law, every workingman has a preferred claim on the fund over other creditors to the extent of fifty dollars.

2. Under the laws of Pennsylvania he has a preferred claim against the estate of a deceased or insolvent employer to the extent of two hundred dollars for work done upon such estate within six months prior to such death or insolvency.

3. He has a similar preference where an estate is assigned for the benefit of creditors. After thirty days have elapsed from the date of the assignment, he may ignore the assignment entirely and proceed as if it had not been executed.

4. He has a similar preference before auditors in the distribution of the proceeds of a Sheriff's sale, having previously filed a notice of his claim with the Sheriff.

5. The preferred claim of a landlord for rent is postponed to the claim of a workman for wages in all cases of landlord's warrants, executions, attachments, and writs.

6. He has a similar preferred claim, which operates as a lien, upon works, mines, manufactories, business property, etc., for work done within six months prior to any sale or transfer of such property.

7. Under the Mechanics' Lien law, the mere filing in Court of his claim, with a description of the property and a specification of the names of the owners and contractors, within six months of the conclusion of work done by him upon the property, which takes precedence on recorded mortgages and judgments created or obtained after work thereon was commenced by the workmen.

8. Certain classes of workmen have a preferred claim upon vessels, which may be entered as a lien, and the property be summarily attached.

9. In the oil and coal regions, special preferences are given to the claims of workmen in addition to those specified above.

10. In appeals from magistrates by employers in suits against them for wages, security must be entered for debt, interest and costs, while in all other cases of appeal the security is entered for costs alone.

11. No stay of execution is allowed upon any judgment given for \$100 or less in a suit for wages.

12. Wages cannot be attached for any debt whatever.

13. In all actions brought in the courts for wages, upon application to the Prothonotaries, precedence will be given upon the trial lists to such cases over all other cases ready for trial.

14. Under the General Corporation act of 1874, stockholders are liable in their individual capacity to the amount of the stock held by each for the wages of workmen.

15. Under the same act the stockholders of mining, manufacturing, and mechanical corporations are personally liable to workmen for wages for work done within six months before demand made on the company, and if a workman obtain a judgment against a corporation for less than \$200, the company cannot obtain a stay of execution. Such corporations cannot withhold wages from employees by reason of a sale of goods to them.

16. By Act of Assembly eight hours is declared a day's term of labor.

A Little off on Quotations.

A hoary, wicked-looking old tramp who has been foraging around Cambridge the past two months was pulled last Tuesday for stealing and eating a bucket of paste belonging to a paper-hanger.

He gave his name as Elah Cabalus, and he said to the officer who arrested him and was taking him to the station, "I'll be cussed if I shan't be glad when I can get something so's I shan't be hungry all the time. I wasn't brought up ter steal; my mother allus taught me when I was young to be 'onest. I learned the minister's trade fore I was twenty-one years old, but I could make more money goin' markerin' than I could preachin'. I've been kicked all round the world, and have allus had hard luck. Well, peace on earth an' good will to man will come bimby, and the lion and ew shall lie down together, and the fatting and the young goats and a little child shall chaw hay like er ox, and a calf shall lead them."

"and—Then the policeman said: 'You can't repeat Scripture any better'n that you better get somebody to tell ye.' And the poor old malefactor was yanked into Station II and locked up.

The Chances of the Battle-Field. An exchange says: Battle-field statistics show that it takes a man's weight in bullets to kill him. This is a very clumsy statement of an interesting fact, and only the absolute absurdity of the idea that it expresses so much more clearly than the one intended would prevent a general misapprehension of the writer's meaning.

The Chicago Tribune has published statistics to show that the same fact exists in regard to riots, and that for each person killed in the late riot in that city, bullets having an aggregate weight equal to that of an average man were discharged by the police. The total weight of metal discharged was one thousand pounds, and assuming the average weight of the men to have been one hundred and forty pounds, the weight of metal divided by the assumed average weight of a man, gives a result of seven and one-seventh people injured.

This result of the Tribune's estimate tallies with the number of casualties, which consisted of seven men killed and one boy wounded. The statistician who made the calculation might have added another to it, showing that the chances against a man being killed by a volley of musketry in a battle or a riot are nearly 2500 to 1, supposing each bullet to weigh about an ounce. For all that, the one chance against a man isn't a pleasant one to face.

How to Preserve Grapes. We have kept grapes perfectly well for some months in the following manner: Take good bunches and pick off all destroyed or defective berries, and hang them by threads placed across the edge of a clean wooden box (a new or thoroughly-cleaned cheese-box answers perfectly) deep enough to contain the bunches without touching the bottom. Hang the bunches close together, but without touching each other. Then take fine poplar, oak, birch, or maple sawdust, clean and free from moisture, but not over-dried, and pour it into the boxes, working it with a small rod among the bunches so that they are completely enveloped. When the box is filled seal the ends of all the exposed main stalks with a drop of sealing-wax or mastic resin. Cover the box first with a sheet of newspaper, and then with the cover, and store the boxes in a cool dry cellar. About ten pounds may be put in an ordinary-sized cheese box. It would have been instructive had you related the methods in which you had failed. We learn as much from failures as from success.—Russell Messenger.

How Samson Slew the Philistines. When I traveled (1871) in Palestine an old servant from the monastery of Ramleh, about fifty miles west from Jerusalem, showed me the supposed place where Samson killed one thousand Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass. When I expressed my doubts as to the length and strength of a jaw-bone, considering the great number of surrounding enemies, the great man explained the case in the following manner: "Well, he took hold of the ass by the tail and swung the animal against the Philistines in such a manner that only his head, and of this especially the jaw-bone, struck the Philistines, keeping off in this way the surrounding warriors, and giving the blow the necessary force to kill. I affirm that in this manner Samson could have slain a million Philistines, provided the tail of the ass did not break."—Sacramento Journal.

A writer in Harper's gives his views in a column article on how to fish. He makes a very elaborate performance of it, but does not say he catches any fish. He says a man ought not to sit down to fish, and we agree with him fully in that particular, unless the man is wearing a pair of borrowed pants. Beyond this the article is of no value. The best way to fish is the simplest way. Just dig your worms before the dew is off the earth, use a cane pole, a line and a finely-tempered hook. Start just before the sun rises, and take a good-sized lunch with you, leaving behind money enough to buy the necessary fish for dinner from the dealer.—Danbury News.

"What are those purple posies down by the brook?" asks Gus. "If you mean," replies Clara, "those glorious masses of emurpled efflorescence that bloom in bosky dells and fringe the wimpling streamlets, they are campanula rotundiflora." Gus plays billiards for a living, and Clara goes to a girls' college.—Boston Post.

The New York Times says that the idea of teaching every girl to thump a piano and every boy to be a book-keeper will make potatoes worth four dollars a bushel in twenty years from now.