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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE

No. 369, I. O. of O. F.

MEETS every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars.

S. J. SETLEY, N. G., 27-47.

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.

H. A. VARNER, R. S.

W. E. LATHY, J. B. AGNEW.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

TIONESTA, PA.

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The Forest Republican.

VOL. X NO. 26.

TIONESTA, PA., OCTOBER 3, 1877.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Table with 2 columns: Rates of Advertisements, and 2 rows of rates for different durations.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

Getting a Drink in Maine.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 8.

Residents of this city smile when they read Neal Dow's assertion that the sale of liquor is practically unknown in Maine. Though familiar with this State for years, and, of course, with the various trials of license and prohibitory laws within its borders, I have never seen in it a greater consumption of intoxicating drinks than now.

Arriving here a few days ago, I at once visited my old friend B. in his office. There were several persons present, and the first cordial greetings were hardly over when B. wrote a few words on a slip of paper, and handed it to me with an air of mystery. I took it and read, "Would you like to have a glass of lager?" I had begun to answer, "Well, I don't care—" when a gesture warned me to be silent, and I wrote on the slip "yes." He then invited me into a back room to see his new desk. Once there, he said: "I don't want these fellows to know," and led the way down a flight of stairs into the cellar, where, at the further end, we found a case of bottled lager.

From B. I afterwards obtained the following facts: Although the law in regard to the sale of intoxicating liquors is not openly defied, save in a few isolated cases, the evasions are so many and ingenious that a great deal of liquor is actually sold within the State. One of the most famous of these evasions is the "egg dodge." This consists in making two small apertures in the shell, blowing the contents from it and filling the empty case with prime old whisky. The holes are neatly sealed with white paper, and these eggs sell readily at \$1.50 per dozen.

Another plan, successfully practiced for several months until it was finally discovered by the sharp-nosed detectives, was the "faucet dodge." An innocent looking cider or vinegar barrel is furnished with what appears to be an ordinary wooden faucet, from which, when turned in one direction, there flows cider or vinegar; but if it is turned the other way, there gushes forth a stream of foaming brown ale. One ingenious invader improved upon this method by connecting a barrel of ale, placed in another room, with his Sebago water pipes, and serving his customers, according to their appearance, with "Frank Jones' ale or Adam's."

A saloon in the lower part of the town baffled the officers for a long time. They were certain that liquor was sold there, but could discover nothing more incriminating about the premises than empty casks and bottles. At last one of them cast a suspicious eye on the high shelf, upon which lay, flat on their sides, a quantity of corkless and, apparently, empty flasks. Mounting to this he discovered that each flask contained brandy or whisky in such quantity that it failed to run out from the uncorked neck.

Bottles of "patent ginger beer," of which two contained alcohol equal to a bottle of whisky, had a ready sale for months. In Portland there are a vast number of small clubs, of from a dozen to twenty members each, formed for the express purpose of drinking. Each member pays a small weekly fee, and receives a certain number of tickets. A room is hired, near the express office if possible, and liquor, generally beer, is sent there in bulk from Portsmouth or Boston. Each of the tickets held by members is good for one drink, but none of the liquor is sold.

The express companies are doing an immense business in the transportation of packages of liquor between Portland and Boston. The Portland agent of the Eastern Express Company told me that they received on an average a car load of liquor per day from Boston. It is dangerous, however, for them to deliver packages C. O. D., as Judge Clifford decides that an express agent thus becomes an agent of the dealers, and that liquor thus delivered is sold within the State.

So stringent is the law that apothecaries are no longer allowed to sell alcohol for medicinal purposes, even when it is ordered by a physician. This has so seriously inconvenienced them that every druggist and apothecary in Maine has bound himself to support only such candidates for the State Legislature as shall favor the passage of a bill, to be presented this coming winter, removing this restriction. This bill, if passed, will allow them to dispense any medicine mentioned in the United States pharmacopoeia. It passed one branch of the Legislature last winter, and was in a fair way to pass the other, when some prohibitionist caused it to be amended with the words, "Except such as shall contain alcohol."

The bill of fare at hotels and restaurants, instead of the usual wine...

MRS. C. M. HEATH, DRESSMAKER, Tionesta, Pa.

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 among them. I am prepared to make all kinds of dresses in the latest styles, and guarantee satisfaction. Stamping for braiding and embroidery done in the best manner, with the newest patterns. All I ask is a fair trial. Residence on Elm Street, in the Acomb Building.

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LAURA'S DOCTOR.

I was thoroughly enjoying myself on one of nature's best early summer mornings; the trees were just in their early green, the meadows were yellow with buttercups, the ditches hidden by the moisture-loving wild flowers.

An old friend had told me of this place, with its pretty village, its rustic rectory, and glorious trout stream; saying, too, how the gentle, kind old rector would, if asked, give me leave to make casts from his meadows across to the high bank under which the fat, speckled trout lay.

Continuing along the foot-path, to where I had been told it turned into the copse, on passing through which I should find myself opposite the rectory garden, I stopped short, for I had suddenly come in view of a stile, by which stood a sweet-looking English maiden, simply dressed in holland-colored grass-cloth, with a plain straw hat covering the dark hair gathered in a cluster behind. She was very pale—a pallor increased by the black velvet tie fastened beneath the little plain collar round her neck, and as I first saw her she stood with the fingers of her right hand lightly resting on the stile, while her left was held up as if to command silence.

It was evident that she had heard my approaching footsteps, for suddenly her face became animated, she clasped her hands together, a joyous smile overspread her face, and she bounded towards me. "At last! at last!" she cried wildly; and then, within a few yards of me, she stopped suddenly, the bright look of animation faded away, as if the sunshine had passed from her young life, and crossing her hands wearily upon her breast, she stood for a few moments gazing at me, as I involuntarily raised my soft tweed hat.

"No, no, no!" she said slowly, with a sigh; and looking at me again wistfully, she turned away, through an opening beside the stile, and was gone. "Poor girl!" I said; "there's a sad story attached to her, I am sure."

I walked on to the stile, crossed the wood, leaped another stile, and stood in a pretty lane, close to a charmingly-kept garden, running down to the road from a beautiful, rustic-looking house; not many yards from me a gray-headed old gentleman in black, with a velvet cap on his head, was busy, trowel in hand, planting scarlet geraniums in one of the beds that dotted the velvet lawn.

He looked up and started slightly as he saw me, then, bowing, he came down to the rough trellis fence that divided the garden from the lane. "A nice morning," he said, pleasantly, as I raised my hat. "Fishing, I presume?"

"Yes," I said. "I was going to try." "And you were going to ask my leave," he said, smiling. "I intended to call after I had been into the village," I said, taken a good deal aback. "Did you leave town this morning?" asked the old gentleman.

"Yes," I replied, "by the first train, and walked across from Hauntly." "Then you must be quite ready for breakfast," he said, referring to his watch; "it will be ready now." "Oh, thank you, no," I stammered, for this offer of hospitality to a perfect stranger was staggering. "I am going down to the inn, and then, if you will kindly permit me to whip the stream, I shall be very glad."

"Oh, certainly," he said; "I am an old fisherman myself, and I believe we of the craft are somewhat Free Masons in our way. The Mayflies are well on, and you will have good sport towards evening—not before." He moved toward the rustic gate as he spoke, and held it open. "But really—" I stammered.

"My dear sir," said the old gentleman, "I lead such a quiet life here that a visitor from the great city is most welcome. You will be favoring me by coming in and partaking of my humble fare, and besides, you will get scarcely anything at the public house below."

This seemed to me quite idyllic, but I felt bound to refuse, till a glance at my host decided me, and almost before I had recovered from my astonishment I was in a cozy little room, looking out upon a rustic verandah, clustered with roses just budding, and being introduced to "my wife," a pleasant, comely old lady, with hair like fostered silver.

The breakfast-table was spread; the snowy cloth, and the glistening coffee-pot; at the other end a bright cover that I was sure would reveal ham and eggs; there was the golden butter, the delicious-looking crusty loaf, and a neat-handed maid, without any fuss, placed an extra plate and chair for me.

"Tell Miss Laura breakfast is ready," said the old rector. "She is in the garden." Then turning to me—"A word so put you at your ease," he said, sud-

ly. "My poor daughter suffers from a terrible mental affliction. Do not speak to her; she would not answer; she rarely speaks to us."

I was quite prepared to see the lady I had encountered in the wood glide into the room and take her place opposite, and this she did without noticing me; and although I had been ravenously hungry just before, somehow her presence so affected me that I made but a poor breakfast.

As we finished the poor girl rose and glided away again, shortly after followed by her mother. "Poor girl!" I said, involuntarily, and then I started, vexed at my indiscretion, for the rector laid his hand upon my arm, saying softly—

"Thank you!"

He looked at me, as I interpreted it, as if he would like to be questioned, and I ventured to say: "Has she been always so?"

"No, no," said the old man, sadly; "the flower was bright and vigorous once, but a blight came upon it, and since then it has faded slowly till it droops as you see it now. 'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done.'"

He said these last words in an almost inaudible tone, but I caught two or three, and I was able mentally to fill the rest.

"I can hardly think it was that," continued the old rector, "but she has faded away ever since this time three years ago, when a gentleman of about your age was down here fishing."

"The old story," I said, bitterly. "No, my friend, no; he was staying at a little farm close by, and asked leave to fish, just as you have, and I showed him a trifle of hospitality. I believe him to have been a gentleman in every sense of the word, and at times I think he must have made a strange impression on my poor child. He was only here for three days, and we have never seen him since. Perhaps it is only fancy, and my poor girl's ailment may proceed from other causes. But come, I will show you the water."

Leading the way, the old gentleman took me across the sloping meadows, and left me at last by a beautiful trout stream as I ever saw.

"There," said he, "I won't stop, but if there is no sign of a rise, come and have a bit of lunch. We shall dine at two, so as to leave you free for the evening, when the trout are sure to come on."

Before I could utter a word of protest he had gone; and then, with that delicious trout stream before me, my tackle in hand, the May-flies darting up and down, I, an ardent fisherman, forgot all and sat down upon a stump, trying to bring up old memories—a half-forgotten story told me by quaint Ralph Darley, my old friend and companion, who had told me to go and try this water; old Ralph, the misogynist, the dry, grumpy old fellow, who had told me one night, in his chambers in the Temple, in one of his rare bursts of confidence, as we sat at the open window smoking, how he had once seen a girl whom he could have loved with all his heart, but poverty, dread of refusal and moral cowardice had kept him back.

"I have got it!" I exclaimed, suddenly, after sitting there for fully an hour; and jumping up, I looked at my watch and the leaf of a time table. Yes, I could just do it—catch the train up. But could I get by the rectory unseen?

I tried and found another way across to the lane by which I came; and making all the haste I could, I just panted up to the little station as the up-train came in.

Two hours later I was in Ralph's room, where he was poring over a dry brief. "Hallo!" he said, looking up, "I thought you were off fishing."

"Yes," I said, putting on the gross deceiver, "I did run down to the place you told me of."

"Indeed!" he said, looking interested, but sinking back, half closing his eyes, with a sad smile upon his lips, which seemed to me to say, "Ah! if that could have been!"

an extent that I lay awake all night lest I should miss the train, I rose and took my bath at four; got Ralph off; and we ran down by the same train that I had gone down by on the previous morning, my friend growing more silent and depressed as we reached the station and walked toward the rectory.

"It's just three years since I was down here," he said, as we approached the copse. "How sweetly the birds sing."

I maneuvered so that he should go first, having for excuse the narrowness of the path; and as I hoped, so it fell about, for letting him get a few yards in advance I hung back as Ralph turned the corner by the stile, when there was a wild cry, a sharp ejaculation, and I saw poor Laura literally leap to his breast and nestle there, exclaiming, "At last! at last!"

"My poor girl!" he cried, in faltering accents, astounded, delighted, and ended by clasping her close to his heart, as she joyfully exclaimed: "It has been so long! But I knew you would come at last!"

"Here, quick! quick!" cried Ralph. "She has fainted!"

It was quite true; and between us we carried the poor girl to the rectory, whence the gardener went galloping off on the rector's cob for the doctor, three miles away.

But Laura wanted no doctor; and a short time afterward I left her lying on the sofa, holding Ralph's hand tightly in both of hers, as he knelt by her side, telling her again and again how he had always loved her and had never dared to hope—words that made her eyes brightened and her heart palpitate with joy.

"And this is why you didn't come back yesterday," said the old gentleman, his voice shaking, as he clung to my hand.

"And we—we—we kept the ducks waiting till they were quite spoiled," sobbed the old lady. "Oh dear! oh dear! I don't know what I'm saying, but God bless you for this! God bless you for this!" and she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me as if I had been her son.

I ran away at last, I felt so ready to act like a child; and the basket of trout that I caught that day was a marvel.

It was getting dark when I strolled back, heavily laden, to the rectory, to hear that the doctor had been and gone away again.

"Smiling, sir, smiling," said the old rector to me, as I remembered I had thought she wanted none.

And I was right; for Laura—I am privileged to call my dear old friend's wife by her Christian name—soon grew strong and well, her mental weakness passing away with her return to bodily health. They have a charming cottage near the rectory, where I stay when I go down to fish; and they have a sweet little girl, who always calls me "uncle," and when there is a boy, he is to be named in my honor.

"Say, mister," said a small boy to one of the assistants at the public library, "I can't find the books I want to get into these here catalogues. I wish yer'd find 'em." "What work do you wish to draw?" paternally inquired the official. "Well, have yer got 'Mulligan the Masher, or Gory Galoot of the Galties?'" The man shook his head. "Well, I'd like 'Red-headed Ralph, the Ranger of the Roaring Rialto.'"

"We don't keep any of that sort of trash, my boy." "Wot sort of a libery is this, any way?" retorted the gambo; "why, its just like everything else in this country—run for the rich, an' the poor workin' men git no show at all.—Boston Traveller.

"Far be it from us to doubt the word of a brother editor," says the La Crosse Sun. "We believe them all to be truthful men; but when the Durand Times says the water is so low at the mouth of the Chippewa river that catfish have to employ mud-turtles to tow them over the bar, we feel as though the editor must be away and some local minister filling his place."

A convention of thirty Greenbackers assembled in Buffalo yesterday and nominated General F. E. Spinner for Secretary of State. His name (written in an appropriate corner) has probably influenced more votes than the name of any other man in the State.—Ulster Observer.