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Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Includes 'Rates of Advertising' and 'Local notices of established rates'.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MEETS every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars. A. B. KELLY, Sec'y.

PETTIS & TATE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA.

W. W. HANCOCK, TIONESTA, PA.

Mason & Jenks, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

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HARRIS & FASSETT, Attorneys at Law, Tionesta, Pa.

J. H. Heivly, SURGEON DENTIST, in Schenck's Building, between Centre and Sycamore Sts., Oil City, Pa.

Charles B. Anstett, DENTIST, Centre Street, Oil City, Pa.

Lawrence House, TIONESTA, PA., G. G. BUTTERFIELD, Proprietor.

FOREST HOUSE, Opposite Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened. Everything new and clean and fresh.

G. T. LATIMER, Leases, Elm St., Tionesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek.

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, Oil, Cutlery, all of the best quality, and will be sold at reasonable rates.

MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS, Office of Elm & Walnut Sts., Tionesta.

NEW BILLIARD ROOMS! ADJOINING the Tionesta House, at the mouth of Tionesta Creek.

D. W. CLARK, (COMMISSIONER'S CLERK, FOREST CO., PA.) REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Dr. J. E. Blaine, OFFICE and residence opposite the Lawrence House, Office days Wednesday and Saturdays.

THE BOOT & SHOE STORE OF TIDIOUTE!

N. E. STEVENS, Proprietor, Parties in want of FINE BOOTS and SHOES will always find a good assortment at 8 events.

FINE GROCERIES, CHOICE CIGARS, TORACCO, CANNED FRUITS, STATIONERY, AND NOTIONS.

for sale at J. B. Agnew's Store, in Bonner & Agnew's Block.

ALSO, FRESH BUTTER, by the can or served in order.

New Boarding House, Mrs. S. S. HULLINGS has built a large addition to her house, and is now prepared to accommodate a number of permanent boarders.

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO BERING.)

Picture in every style of the art. Views of the oil regions for sale or taken to order.

CENTRE STREET, near R. R. crossing, SYCAMORE STREET, near Union Depot, Oil City, Pa.

LOTS FOR SALE! IN THE BOROUGH OF TIONESTA.

Apply to GEO. G. SICKLES, 79, Nassau St., New York City.

WM. F. BLUM, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON-MAKER.

Corner of Church and Elm Streets, TIONESTA, PA.

This firm is prepared to do all work in its line, and will warrant everything done at their shop to give satisfaction.

HORSE-SHOING, Give them a trial, and you will not regret it.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, Water Street, Tionesta, Pa.

OVER HILBRONNER & CO.'S STORE, Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.

ELGIN WATCHES, E. KLEIN, TIONESTA, PA.

All repairing in his line neatly done and warranted. Particular attention paid to the repairing of Watches.

NEW GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE IN TIONESTA.

GEO. W. BOVARD & CO., HAVE just brought on a complete and carefully selected stock of FLOUR, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS.

and everything necessary to the complete stock of a first-class grocery house, which they have opened out at their establishment on Elm St., first door north of M. L. Church.

COFFEES, TEAS, SUGARS, SYRUPS, FRUITS, HAMS, SPICES, LARD, AND PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS.

at the lowest cash prices. Goods warranted to be of the best quality. Call and examine, and we believe we can suit you.

GEO. W. BOVARD & CO., Jan. 9, 72.

MEMORY, Where the tree of life with its branches wide, Shades gray graves of the past, There thoughtful Memory doth abide, And counts the years from first to last.

A golden harp stands by her side, And as she counts, she softly sings: And restless ever her fingers glide, Back and forward o'er the strings.

And these are many of different tone, Like the countless deeds of life: Each has a cadence of its own That tells the tale of peace or strife.

She sits and sings; the sounds that rise In e'er changing sink or swell, Are hopeless means, tear-burdened sighs, The sighs of the buried soul.

Now high and loud in riotous notes; Now sinking to a whisper low, This mystic song forever flows Around the years that come and go.

"A BOLT ALWAYS IN ORDER," Squills declares that his wife is always taking some kind of a mean advantage of him.

"The best woman in the world, sir," says Squills, "but now and then she will act mean, and she can't help it."

"Lat Saturday at breakfast," said Squills "she was as smiling as a bundle of chips."

"Are your chops done to your liking, Squills, dear?"

"Deliciously, my love."

"I broiled them myself, dear."

"I knew it was going to be hot," said Squills, and when I got into the hall to leave, Mrs. S. was there with my hat in one hand and my overcoat in the other.

"Squills, dear," she began, "I thought it time to pitch in here," said S., "so I said quietly."

"How much, Mrs. Squills? Out with it, my love."

"My Squills," said she, "Don't be nomanly sir, I beg; not to say ridiculous. Gussy wants a silk dress to go to church in; the poor child really isn't decent—you are very sorry? well so you ought to be."

"Let her say her prayers at home," No, Mr. Squills, she shan't stay at home, and she shan't say her prayers, and Mr. S. you're enough to aggravate a saint, and your conduct is disgusting, and it's enough to drive a woman to bolt right off to Chicago and get a divorce."

"I thought this was a good time to fire off my pet joke," said S., "so I said, 'Mrs. Squills, a bolt is always in order.' Then I bolted myself, for Mrs. S. comes of a fighting family."

"When I went home at night, Gussy, dear child, played all my pet Offenbach music, and I knew I was in for the dress, only I wanted to hold out till morning, just for the look of the thing."

"For five years after we were married," said S., "Mrs. S. would persist in looking under the bed for a man. It's the same man every woman looks for, I suppose, because they all do it. Well, failing to find the man, Mrs. S. finally gave him up in disgust and took to something else. I suppose," said Squills, "they all take to something else after they can't find the man under the bed. Mrs. Squills' weakness is bolting the door. 'Mr. Squills, have you bolted the door?' is always the last thing at night."

"This particular night," said S., "Mrs. S. was very dignified and distant. 'No familiarity, Mr. S., if you please; you wounded my feelings in your tenderest part this morning, and I cannot forget, though you did, that I am your wife, sir, and the mother of your children, Mr. Squills.'"

"This was pitching in uncommonly strong, you know," said S., "and I was about to surrender, when Mrs. S. turned off the gas and then coiled herself up in a pet, somewhere on the outside bed-rail. Not even 'good-night, Squills.' I felt pretty bad about it, I can tell you, but I went to sleep. I don't know how long I had slept, but some time, when I experienced a kick in the back, as if a playful mule had been fanning me. Perhaps it was necessary, as I always sleep hard."

"Mr. Squills," at least I heard Mrs. S. say, 'Mr. Squills, have you bolted the door?'"

"Now I leave it to any man," said S. appealingly, "whether that is the correct thing for the mother of a family to do? Of course I got up and bolted that infernal dog, and I said, 'Mrs. S., why the deuce didn't you think of bolting the door before I went to sleep, and not to wake up a man in the middle of a cold night to do it? And what do you suppose her answer was?'"

"Why, Mr. Squills," said she, "I thought a bolt was always in order."

"What did I say? What could I say? And the worst of it all," said Squills, "I'll be hanged if she wasn't laughing at me; I could feel the bed shaking—St. Louis Republican.

MARRIED OVER THE EDGE OF A WAGON, Emigrants must not stand upon ceremony. Many a wedding on wheels has signaled the passage of Western trains through the last "cities" on the great frontier.

The Warrensburg (Mo.) Standard says: Last Friday afternoon, as one of our popular justices from Ashbury in meditation upon the papers pertaining to his law cases, a swift and heavy step was heard on the stairway and along the hall leading to his office.

The door was opened without ceremony, and in rushed a man in a state of high excitement not usually seen in our quiet city.

"Are you the 'Squire?'" he asked, as he wiped the perspiration from his heated brow.

"I am," replied the justice.

"Well, I want to get married, and want the thing done right away."

"All right," said the justice, "bring on your woman."

The excited individual then informed the Squire that the fair and expected one was in town, and that he wanted the Squire to go to her with him, and perform the ceremony.

After a few preliminary arrangements, which included the fee and marriage certificate, the justice followed the gentleman, and finally brought up with him at the side of a covered wagon on the street near the public square.

"Here, Mary," said the man, "I have brought the Squire, and raising the side of the wagon cover, the form and features of the handsome young woman were revealed to the astonished justice."

"Marry, do you wish to marry this man," inquired the justice, solemnly.

"I do," faltered the blushing bride.

"Shall—shall she get out on the street, sir," stammered the soon-to-be husband.

"No," said the justice.

"Sh—shall I get into the wagon, then?" continued the man, who had some faint idea of the impropriety of the thing.

"No," said the justice, "stand by the side of the wagon, and take Mary by the hand."

This being done, the two were solemnly made one under cover only of the white-sheeted wagon, and the blue canopy of heaven. A number of ladies and gentlemen passed near the parties, but knew nothing of the interesting ceremony that was taking place.

Thus the legal forms were born around the altar by united souls of William Metz and Mary Catherine Palmer.

THE PESTS OF SOCIETY, Time is said to be money, but we doubt if many believe it; few at least, seem to be aware of the value of the article, considering the manner in which it is thrown away, or the manner in which it is stolen from friends, neighbors and acquaintances.

Time-stealers are the very pests of society. They abound in all small towns, and are pretty numerous in every city. They are not all idlers. Possibly they pursue professions, and are themselves objects of plunder to others; nevertheless, that does not prevent them stealing your time, provided they can lay hold of it.

They are cunning, and wait for opportunities. They have ends to serve, they are great advice-seekers, and what do they care for robbing you of half an hour, if it suits their necessities or conveniences? Time-stealers are certainly born without conscience. We have known them to commit a robbery of an hour with the most consummate coolness. No matter how you are engaged, how busy you are, or how important and important are your duties, there is their horrid rap at the door, or their distracting ring at the bell. They wish to see you for a single moment; it is an affair of some importance to them, no doubt, and they will not detain you a minute, and so forth; all of which is, of course, a pretence to get themselves edged into your privacy, and give you a world of botheration about nothing.

A demure citizen of Portland was walking down town one morning last week, when a stranger addressed him: "Do you know where the post-office is?" "Yes," answered the Portlander, affably, and walked on without further parley. After proceeding for about ten steps he looked back, and inquired in his turn, "Why? Did you want to know?" "No," replied the victim, with great earnestness; and then, the account having been balanced, the two shook hands gravely, and walked off toward the Fatmouth.

John Paul says when they want to find out in the country if a girl is courting, an old lady steps in and remarks: "I say, there ain't no one sick in this house or outhouse, is there? I seen a light burnin' 'igh on to twelve o'clock last night, but I don't smell no camphire nor nothin' 'round."

A REMINISCENCE WITH A MORAL, "Squelching" a newspaper is, we suppose, a rather exhilarating pastime. But it has its risks.

Not very many years ago, a newspaper made itself very disagreeable to the (then) most powerful man in New York. It called out "watch" and "stop thief" and the like. It took a drugged and snoring community by the shoulders and fairly shook and pummeled it into wakefulness.

The most powerful man in New York resented this conduct very highly—as was natural. It was given out that the offending newspaper would be "squelched." He had the complete control of the City Government. He owned the Mayor, the Common Council, the army of minor officials, even a Judge or two. He was the acknowledged head and autocrat of a great political organization. All the depraved and dangerous elements in society recognized in him their natural leader. He had immense power, immense wealth, an immense personal following. Even among the respectable classes, even among the bankers and importers and merchant princes, there were found not a few to discredit the newspaper's charges; not a few to ensure it as going too far, and indulging in unnecessary violence of language; not a few to charitably insist that, after all, the powerful man had done a good deal for the City; not a few to argue that he was a great deal too powerful to be unseated, and that it was very useless and ill-advised in the newspaper to make such a fuss.

A drugged City, a lethargic public sentiment, possibly roused by a desire to be let alone. The prospect for a successful issue to the "squelching" experiment seemed excellent. Most of the other newspapers of the City stood afar off, gleefully rubbing their heads in anticipation of what was coming. Some of them were in the powerful man's pay; others had not even that shamful excuse, but were governed simply by a mean and petty hatred of a business rival.

Notwithstanding all which, the New York Times is still publishing regularly at the old stand, and, to all appearance, is enjoying very fair newspaper health; while the address of the powerful man, at last accounts, was "Penitentiary, Blackwell's Island." The verb "to squelch," you see, has a passive voice—a little circumstance which amateur jargonists are apt to forget, but which it is rather important to remember.—Springfield Republican.

Every one who has the ability to do it should make it a special point just now to settle all bills, small or large, without delay. If it is only a dollar that is outstanding, it should be paid promptly, for that one dollar may pay twenty others in the course of a day. A five dollar bill may pay ten times five by being put into circulation at this season, and so all other sums up to hundreds and thousands may be multiplied in the payment of debts, by passing from hand to hand in the course of prompt settlements. The tradesmen whom each of us may owe have their own debts to settle with others, and those others are waiting to be able to pay others still further removed. All wholesale trade and all payments of money move in circles. The true rule is to make as few debts as possible, but when debts are made and become due, the best investment that can be made with any money in the purse, the pocket book, in the bureau drawer or in bank, is to pay. The man who is not in debt is, in one word, important sense, the most independent man.

Speaking of duels, we have just been informed of a most sanguinary meeting which took place near this city during the war, and which, we are told, has never been publicly mentioned. The parties to the affair were members of a Mississippi regiment. One of them was a lieutenant, and the other had held the same grade of officer, but had resigned to become sutler for the regiment. The lieutenant had credit with the sutler, and had purchased sundry articles, which he had charged against him. When settling time came around, a dispute arose between the two concerning a furrow candle which was charged in the bill. They both stubbornly maintained the positions they had taken with regard to this trifling matter, and finally decided to resort to the "code" for a final settlement of the disagreement. The weapons used were Mississippi rifles, and our informant says he saw both men stretched upon the ground dead, the aim of each having been unerring and fatal.—Richmond Journal.

John Paul says when they want to find out in the country if a girl is courting, an old lady steps in and remarks: "I say, there ain't no one sick in this house or outhouse, is there? I seen a light burnin' 'igh on to twelve o'clock last night, but I don't smell no camphire nor nothin' 'round."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY, A very remarkable case of mistaken identity recently occurred in London. A few weeks ago an old man sat down on the doorstep of a coffee shop and suddenly died. Some of the passers by recognized him as one who had been in the employment of the gas company, and nine or ten of the men that service identified the body as that of their fellow-workman. A deputation of their number was appointed to wait upon his wife, who, after listening to them for a short time, told them her husband was upstairs in bed. This turned out to be a fact. The body was removed to the workhouse mortuary, where it was identified by fourteen of the officers as that of a pauper who had been in the workhouse from twelve to fifteen months, and intelligence of the death was sent to his daughter in Manchester. One of the sons-in-law came up and identified the body as that of his father-in-law, and expressed his deep sorrow at the death. An inquest was held, at which the daughters attended and swore that the deceased was their father, and after entering off a look of his hair, directed an undertaker to conduct the funeral, at which they attended as mourners. On their return home they related the circumstances connected with the death to some friends in Devonshire, who replied in the course of a fortnight that the old man was living there and in good health. The son-in-law wrote to the undertaker, saying he did not wish to incur expense in burying a stranger. The clerk suggested that a reply should be sent expressing regret at the mistake, and hoping that it would not occur again. Some of the officers still refused to believe that the old man was alive, and one of them was in correspondence with him to prove that he was mistaken.

A man about forty years old, and a woman seemingly seventy years of age, were at Detroit on Monday, one week ago, waiting for a train, when the man strolled out on the dock and caught sight of one of the city life-preservers hanging to its hook. He asked what it was, and a laborer told him, and then he asked: "How long will it preserve a feller's life?" The man told him a hundred years, and the information staggered the stranger. Walking around for a few minutes, as if meditating, he stepped to his informant and said: "See here, stranger, I'll take one of them preservers, and if it wouldn't be askin' too much of you, I'd like to have you tell the old woman, in there, that you haven't another one for sale, and that the machine which made 'em has busted."

An absent-minded man entered a Troy shoe store the other day and wanted his boy measured for a pair of shoes. "But where's the boy?" asked the dealer. "Thunder!" said the man, "I've left the boy at home. I'll go and get him;" and off he started for his house, six o'clock away.

The Governor of Wyoming winds up his Thanksgiving proclamation in this style: "Give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the great seal of the Territory to be affixed, etc."

"Wife, do you know I have got the pneumonia?" "Now, mein, indeed! Such extravagance! You are the spendthriftest man that I ever did see, to go and lay out your money on such trash when I used a bonnet so much."

"Three and sixpence per gal.?" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, looking over the Price Current. "By, bless me, what is the world coming to when the gals are valued at only three and sixpence?"

A dry-witted soldier of the Tenth Vermont, during the war, was heard to pray once, when the bullets were falling in showers, as follows: "O Lord! make me thin as a knife."

There was a room with eight corners. In each corner sat a cat; before each cat sat seven other cats, and on each cat's tail sat a cat. How many cats in all?

When they told Jim Oxford of Virginia that he was dying, he replied, "Well, don't forget to put them shingles on the outhouse pen afore it rains again."

"What comes after T?" asked a teacher of a small pupil who was learning the alphabet. He received the bewildering reply: "You do—to see 'Liza.'"

A physician writes, asking the remedy of a lady, and says: "We are in a horrible crisis; there is not a sick man in the district."

"Homuggin, ho-muggin, from a forin' shore," is the way a Denver belle renders the words of a popular song.

A Kansas farmer, at a recent meeting, moving that a vote should be taken "vice versa."