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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE
 No. 369,
L. O. of O. F.
 MEETS every Friday evening, at 8
 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied
 by the Good Templars.
 W. R. DUNN, N. G.
 G. W. SAWYER, Sec'y.

Dr. J. E. Blaine,
 OFFICE and residence opposite the
 Lawrence House. Office days Wednes-
 days and Saturdays. 26-1f.

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

W. P. Mercier,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, cor. Elm and
 Tionesta, Pa. I have
 A. B. Rich-

A Walnut
 associated myself with Louis
 mond, of Meadville, Pa., in the practice
 of law in Forest County.
 19-1y

F. W. Hays,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and **NOTARY**
 Public, Reynolds Hukill & Co.'s
 Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 39-1y

E. KINNEAR, N. B. SMILEY,
KINNEAR & SMILEY,
 Attorneys at Law, - - - Franklin, Pa.

PRACTICE in the several Courts of Ven-
 ango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining
 counties. 29-1y

P. HARRIS, D. D. FASSETT,
HARRIS & FASSETT,
 Attorneys at Law, Blueville, Penn'a.

PRACTICE in all the Courts of Warren,
 Crawford, Forest and Venango
 Counties. 40-1y

CENTRAL HOUSE,
BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK. L.
 Agnew, Proprietor. This is a new
 house, and has just been fitted up for
 the accommodation of the public. A portion
 of the patronage of the public is solicited.
 46-1y

Lawrence House,
TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAW-
BENCE, Proprietor. This house
 is centrally located. Everything new and
 well furnished. Superior accommo-
 dations and strict attention given to guests.
 Vegetables and Fruits of all kinds served
 in their season. Sample room for Com-
 mercial Agents.

FOREST HOUSE,
S. A. VARNER Proprietor, Opposite
 S. Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just
 opened. Everything new and clean and
 fresh. The best of liquors kept constantly
 on hand. A portion of the public patron-
 age is respectfully solicited. 4-17-1v

Tionesta House,
G. T. LATIMER Lessee, Elm St. Tio-
 nesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek.
 Mr. L. has thoroughly renovated the
 Tionesta House, and re-furnished it com-
 pletely. All who patronize him will be
 well entertained at reasonable rates. 37 1y

Empire Hotel,
TIDOUPE, PA. H. EWALD, Proprietor.
 This house is centrally located,
 has been thoroughly refitted and now
 boasts as good a table and beds as any Ho-
 tel in the oil regions. Transient only \$2.00
 per day. 22-6m

C. E. Weber's Hotel,
TYLERSBURGH, PA. C. E. WEBER,
 has possession of the new brick hotel
 and will be happy to entertain all his old
 customers, and any number of new ones.
 Good accommodations for guests, and ex-
 cellent stabling. 10-3m.

Dr. J. L. Acornb,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has
 had fifteen years' experience in a large
 and successful practice, will attend all
 Professional Calls. Office in his Drug and
 Grocery Store, located in Tidoupe, near
 Tidoupe House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND
 A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors,
 Tobacco, Cigars, all of the best quality, and
 will be sold at reasonable rates.
DR. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced
 Physician and Druggist from New York,
 has charge of the Store. All prescriptions
 put up accurately.

H. E. MAY, J. P. PARK, A. B. KELLY,
MAY, PARK & CO.,
BANKERS
 Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts. Tionesta.

Bank of Discount and Deposit.
 Interest allowed on Time Deposits.
 Collections made on all the Principal points
 of the U. S.

Collections solicited. 18-1y.

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

HOUSES and Lots for Sale and RENT.
 Wild Lands for Sale.

I have superior facilities for ascertaining
 the condition of taxes and tax deeds, &c.,
 and am therefore qualified to act intelligently
 as agent of those living at a distance,
 owning lands in the County.
 Office in Commissioners Room, Court
 House, Tionesta, Pa. 4-11-1y.

D. W. CLARK.

NEW BILLIARD ROOMS!
 ADJOINING the Tionesta House, at the
 mouth of Tionesta Creek. The tables
 and room are new, and everything kept in
 order. To lovers of the game a cordial
 invitation is extended to come and play
 in the new room.
 G. T. LATIMER, Lessee.

RESTAURANT.

JACOB SMERBAUGH has fitted up
 the store-building north of Tate's law
 office, for a restaurant, and will be pleased
 to see his friends there. Fresh beer on
 draught. Also ale, domestic wines &c.
 Cold lunches at all times, and oysters in
 all styles, in their season. 13-1y

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 shops to give satisfaction. Partic-
 ular attention given to

HORSE-SHOEING,
 and you will not re-
 gret it. 13-1y.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.
 ELM STREET,
 SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S
 STORE.

Tionesta, Pa.,
M. CARPENTER, - - - Proprietor.

Pictures taken in all the latest styles
 at short notice.

PAPA BALDWIN
 Has opened a

SEWING MACHINE DEPOT
 In his

BOOT and SHOE STORE,
 And in connection with his other business
 he has constantly in store the

GROVER & BAKER,
DOMESTIC,
VICTOR,
WILSON SHUTTLE,
WHITNEY,
HOWE,
BLEES,
WHEELER & WILSON,
HOME SHUTTLE,
 and will

FURNISH TO ORDER
 any Sewing Machine in the market, at list
 prices, with all the

GUARANTEES
 which the Companies give, and will

DELIVER THE MACHINES
 In any part of Forest County, and give all
 necessary instructions to learners.

Needles for all Machines, Silk and Thread
 always in Store.
TIDOUPE, PA., June, 1874. 11-1y

NEW JEWELRY STORE
 In Tionesta.

M. SMITH,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
 At SUPERIOR STORE.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

A Large and Superior Stock of

Watches,

Clocks,

and Jewelry,

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

MR. SMITH has fine machinery for
 making all parts of a watch or clock
 that may be missing or broken. He war-
 rants all his work. The patronage of the
 citizens of Forest County is most respect-
 fully solicited. All he asks is a fair trial.
 4f

NOTICE.

DR. J. N. BOLARD, of Tidoupe, has
 returned to his practice after an ab-
 sence of four months, spent in the Hospi-
 tals of New York, where he will attend
 calls in his profession.
 Office in Eureka Drug Store, 3d door
 above the bank, Tidoupe, Pa. 40f

ROBERT'S ADVICE.

A STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

One sunny Saturday morning, not
 long ago, Robert S. sat on the
 bench in his tool-house busily at
 work. Presently his little sister Bessie
 came in. "I've done something dread-
 ful; though it wasn't my fault either.
 You won't tell will you?" she asked
 looking up doubtfully.

"No, I won't," he replied promptly,
 interested at the prospect of sharing a
 secret.

"Well"—and here Bessie drew a
 long breath—"I went to get a gialk
 of water, and there was one of those
 thin fancy tumblers, you know, on the
 table. I wanted much to drink out of
 it, because mother's so afraid about
 them that she never lets me. I was as
 careful as I could be; but when I was
 just going to put it back on the table,
 somebody opened the door. I thought
 'twas mother, and I was so frightened
 I dropped on the floor, and Bessie
 back—" Bessie then stopped to
 back a rising sob.

"Went all so smash, did it?" in-
 quired Rob, sympathetically. Bessie
 nodded ruefully.

"Whew!" whistled Rob. "What
 did mother say?"

"O! it wasn't mother at all. It
 was only Bridget. O, Rob! do you
 think I shall have to tell mother? I
 would only make her feel vexed if she
 knew one of them was broken; if it
 don't tell her, perhaps she won't miss
 it, and won't feel grieved about it.
 I'm sure I don't want to vex her."

This was quite a plausible view of
 the matter, and Bessie longed to hear
 Robert approve of it. At last he said,
 "Do you really want my advice,
 Bess?"

"Yes, what would you do?"

"Well, if I were in your place, Bess,
 I'd tell her. You know that's the on-
 ly honest thing to do, really. There
 are several reasons why it is better to
 be honest about anything of that kind.
 One is, perhaps she'll forgive you." And
 so Robert took up his hammer again,
 feeling that the minister himself couldn't
 have given better advice in the case.
 As for poor Bessie, she rather resented
 Robert's tone of superiority, and said
 quickly, "I don't much believe you
 would tell her, after all, Rob. It isn't
 half as easy as you think."

"Perhaps it isn't easy. Who said it
 was? But I hope I should be honest
 enough for that." And self-righteous
 Bob brought down the hammer with
 all his might on the knife with which
 he was splitting a piece of wood. Alas
 for him! It struck on an unseen nail,
 which snapped off the slender point in
 a trice. When he drew out the point-
 less, blunted blade, he gazed at it in
 dismay; while Bessie, in spite of her
 trouble, couldn't help laughing a little
 at the sudden changes in his face.

This was anything but soothing to
 Robert's feelings, and he muttered
 that he "didn't see what business that
 old nail had there," and other not very
 amiable remarks to the same effect.

"Why, Rob!" exclaimed Bessie,
 suddenly, "isn't that father's new
 knife—the one he told us not to touch?"

"He meant you!" replied Robert,
 "but I know how to use a knife. I
 never hurt a knife before in my life,
 and this wasn't my fault. It was all
 on account of that nail; and I don't
 know who put that there. I didn't."
 Robert was about as unreasonable as
 unfortunate people are apt to be.

"Well, Rob," said Bessie, at length,
 "we've both done something now. Let's
 go and confess together."

"Confess!" rejoined Robert, slowly;
 "why, I—I don't believe—that is—"
 and without finishing the sentence he
 carefully shut the knife, and going to
 his father's tool-chest, put it exactly
 where he had found it. Bessie's blue
 eyes opened very wide at this proceed-
 ing, and Robert could not meet their
 look as he explained, "You see, Bess,
 John's going to leave next week, and
 if father doesn't find it out before then,
 why, he'll think John did it; and, you
 see, it won't hurt John, because he
 won't be here."

As soon as Bessie could say any-
 thing for her amazement at this speech,
 she began, "But, Rob, I thought you
 said if you were in my place—" but
 Robert rushed off to the garden, not
 caring to hear his own words repeated
 just then.

Bessie stood still on the barn-floor,
 looking thoughtfully towards the door
 where Robert disappeared. A single
 streak of sunlight edged its way
 through a crack, making a perfect
 glory of her wavy, flaxen hair, so that
 she formed quite a pretty little picture,
 as she stood in deep thought for full
 ten minutes. At last a light flashed
 into her eyes, and she ran out to find
 Robert. She came upon him, gloomily
 pulling up weeds in his garden.

"Rob," she said, "I've just this mo-
 ment thought of that verse I learned
 this morning, and I'm going to do it."
 "What was it?" asked Robert, with-
 out looking up.

"I don't remember exactly, but it's
 something about 'whoso confesseth his
 sins shall have mercy'; and so I'm go-
 ing to confess my fault to mother, be-
 cause 'mercy' means she won't care
 much."

To this rather loose explanation
 Robert only replied, "Tell her, then,"
 still keeping his eyes on the weeds.

Robert didn't see Bessie again till
 dinner-time, and then he knew by her
 lively chatter that the burden was off
 her mind at least. How he envied
 her! If he could only have the
 same peace! But no, he hadn't the
 courage to pay the price—confession;
 so he ate his dinner silently enough,
 never opening his mouth except to put
 food in it.

As they arose from the table, Mrs.
 S. said to her husband, "I wish
 you would fasten this window, so that
 it won't rattle in the night."

"Oh, yes, I will!" he answered. "It
 needs a wedge, doesn't it? Robert, run
 to the barn and get my new knife,
 which you'll find in the upper drawer
 of the tool-chest."

Poor, conscience-struck Robert! He
 did as he was bidden, and handed the
 knife to his father, hoping fervently
 that he wouldn't open that blade. Mr.
 S. did, though; and when ques-
 tioned, Robert had to tell the whole
 story. When he had finished, his
 father said sternly,

"Now let us look at what you have
 done. You have wilfully disobeyed
 me; and besides that, you have con-
 cealed your guilt as long as possi-
 ble in the hope of throwing the blame
 on some one else. You may go to
 your room, and stay till I give you
 leave to come down."

All the afternoon Robert spent alone
 in his room, and when evening now
 and then ringing peals of laughter
 reached his ears from the room below,
 where Bessie and Laura were having a
 fine time together, he thought bitterly
 that Bessie had forgotten him in his
 trouble and disgrace. But he was mistaken,
 for when Laura had gone home, and
 it began to grow dark, Bessie went
 to her father's study, and pleaded her
 brother's case very earnestly. "Poor
 Rob! He'll get so lonely; I'm afraid
 he'll throw himself out of the window,
 or do something dreadful."

Robert was sitting by the window in
 his room when Bessie softly opened the
 door and said, "Are you here, Rob?
 It's so dark I can't see."

She drew a breath of relief at his
 answer, "Yes, of course."

"I'm so glad! Well, father says you
 can come down now."

Robert jumped up eagerly. "Did
 ask him to let me?"

"Yes."

"Well, you're a real good girl, you
 are," said Rob, flatteringly, and after a
 pause added, "I'll take it all back,
 Bess, what I said this morning. You're
 twice as honest as I am."

"O no, Rob! but you did give me
 some good advice," said Bessie, mis-
 chievously.

"Don't, Bessie," pleaded Rob. "I'm
 so ashamed of myself."

"Well, I won't ever say a word about
 it." And she kept her promise; but
 Rob never forgot that Saturday's les-
 son.—*Early Days.*

Some one who has tried it says: "I
 discovered many years ago that wood
 could be made to last longer than
 iron in the ground, but thought the
 process so simple and inexpensive that
 it was not worth while making any
 stir about it. I would as soon, have
 poplar, bass-wood, or quaking ash as
 any other kind of timber for fence-
 posts. After having been set seven
 years, they were as sound when taken
 out as when they were first put in the
 ground. Time and weather seem to
 have no effect on them. The posts
 can be prepared for less than two cents
 apiece. This is the recipe: Take boiled
 linseed oil and stir in it pulverized
 charcoal to the consistency of paint.
 Put a coat of this over the timber, and
 there is not a man that will live to see
 it rot."

Did any of our readers ever think
 of the amount of travel it takes to raise
 a crop of corn on a twenty-acre field?
 To break this up would take one hun-
 dred and sixty-six miles; harrowing
 about forty miles; furrowing out nine-
 ty miles, planting forty-five miles, if
 with a planter, and if dropped and
 then covered, ninety miles. And for
 each plowing of two furrows in a row,
 ninety miles. Thus you will see it
 takes about eight or nine hundred
 miles traveling to raise twenty acres
 of corn, not counting going to and
 returning from the field. Besides,
 there is replanting, thinning, rolling,
 etc.

Peter II, of Brazil, is said to be the
 richest monarch in the world, and
 there are many who would like to be
 Peter two.

"Young in years, but an old eloper,"
 is the description of a runaway wife
 left at an Indianapolis station-house.

HOW TO HAVE GOOD CIDER.

Prof. Horsford, of Harvard Univer-
 sity, has published a receipt for im-
 proving and preserving cider, by
 means of which the progress of the
 vinous and acetic fermentations may
 be arrested at pleasure, and the cider
 preserved in just such a state as may
 be desired. It is this:

"Put the new cider into clean casks
 or barrels, and allow it to ferment
 from one to three weeks, according as
 the weather is cool or warm. When
 it has attained to lively fermentation
 add to each gallon three-fourths of a
 pound of white sugar, and let the
 whole ferment again until it possesses
 nearly the brisk pleasant taste which
 it is desirable should be permanent.
 Pour out a quart of the cider and mix
 with it one quarter of an ounce of
 sulphite of lime for every gallon the
 cask contains. Stir it until it is in-
 timately mixed, and pour the emulsion
 into the liquid. Agitate the contents
 of the cask thoroughly for a few mo-
 ments, then let it rest that the cider
 may settle. Fermentation will be ar-
 rested at once, and will not be resumed.
 It may be bottled in the course of a
 few weeks, or it may be allowed to re-
 main in the cask and used on draught.
 If bottled, it will become a sparkling
 cider of surpassing excellence."

Professor Horsford was the first to
 use the sulphite of lime for this pur-
 pose, and to him is due the credit of
 first calling attention to its usefulness.
 It is in no respect deleterious, as the
 sulphate, into which the sulphite is
 changed by the liberation of sulphu-
 rous acid, is entirely insoluble, and re-
 mains at the bottom of the vessel.
 Remember, it is the sulphite of lime,
 not sulphate, must be used.

The quality of the cider will remain
 unchanged for years.

A DISMAL PLACE.

Mr. James Brice, in an article in
 the Cornhill Magazine, describes Ice-
 land in a chilly way. He says there
 are no trees, though apparently there
 were plenty in the tenth century, when
 we hear of men hiding among them
 and being hanged from them. No
 corn is grown, nor any other crop, ex-
 cept a few turnips and potatoes, which
 taste only half ripe. The only wild
 quadrupeds are the blue fox (who
 has probably come, as the white bear
 now and then does, on ice-floes from
 Greenland), and the reindeer—the
 latter introduced about a century ago,
 and still uncommon, ranging over the
 desert mountains. There is no town
 except the capital, a city of 1,800
 people, no other place deserving to be
 called even a village, unless it be the
 hamlet of Akureiri, on the shore of
 the Arctic ocean, with some fifty
 houses; no inns (save one in that vil-
 lage whose resources consist of 2 beds,
 a single jug and basin and a billiard
 table); no hens, ducks or geese (ex-
 cept wild geese), no pigs, no donkeys,
 no roads, no carriages, no shops, no
 manufactures, no dissenters from the
 established Lutheranism, no army,
 navy, volunteers or other guardians of
 public order, except one policeman in
 Reykjavik, no criminals, only two law-
 yers, and finally, no snakes. "What,
 then, is there?" asks Mr. Brice, and
 replies, "Snow, mountains, glaciers,
 hot springs, volcanoes, earthquakes,
 northern lights, caverns, morasses, and
 above all, deserts."

A correspondent of the Richmond
 Dispatch, on an election tour with
 Gov. Walker, relates this incident:

The usual scene at Gordonsville was
 varied by the following episode:
 "Aunt" Martha Webster, a middle-
 aged female, was seated on one of the
 "flat-tops" with a stock in trade, to-
 wit, one "watermillion," one "mush-
 million," and a small tobacco caddy
 full of eggs "just done laid."

She was waiting patiently, even com-
 placently, for a customer, when a
 youthful freedman, with utter disre-
 gard for the law in the case, jerked
 the watermelon and stared off with it.
 But Aunt Martha had her weather eye
 skinned on him, and went for him by
 telegraph. Now that caddy was of a
 size just to fit Aunt Martha's foot, and
 she would doubtless have caught the
 thief, but her foot came down upon
 the eggs, and her attention was thus
 diverted at a very inopportune mo-
 ment.

"Dar now," exclaimed the old lady:
 "dar go my watermillion, dar go my
 nice fresh eggs, and now what am I
 gwine to do?" Looking for some time
 at the "mushmillion" she finally said,
 resignedly: "Well, ef I mus, I mus,"
 and without more ado proceeded to
 cut open and masticate the remains of
 the once prosperous and promising es-
 tablishment.

We never stand by when a woman
 enters a hardware store, shuts her teeth
 together, and inquires the price of
 "them 'ere iron-handled rolling-pins,"
 without feeling that there is rest be-
 yond the grave for her husband.

A Columbia clergyman, who, while
 preaching a sermon on Sunday even-
 ing, perceived a man and woman en-
 der the gallery in the act of kissing
 each other behind a hymn book, did
 not lose his temper. No, he remained
 calm. He beamed mildly at the offend-
 ers over his spectacles, and when the
 young man kissed her the fifteenth
 time he merely broke his sermon short
 off in the middle of "thirdly" and of-
 fered a fervent prayer in behalf of
 "the young man in the pink neck-tie
 and the maiden in the blue bonnet
 and gray shawl, who were profaning
 the sanctuary by kissing one another
 in pew 78." And the congregation
 said "Amen." Then the woman pulled
 her veil down, and the young man
 sat there and swore softly to himself.
 He does not go to church as much now
 as he did.

A young man writing home to his
 mother to select a wife for him, ex-
 pressed himself in the following lan-
 guage: "Now mother I want you to
 pick out a girl for I want one to be
 my wife. She must have dark eyes,
 light hair, pearly teeth, rosy cheeks, and
 Roman nose; and I think Susan Jane
 Sommers fills the description."

Always acknowledge all courtesies
 in a kindly spirit. Throw a bouquet
 and a card of thanks to a serenad-
 ing party, if not prepared to invite
 them in. If you haven't a bouquet or
 a card at hand, throw a bootjack, or
 a brick, or anything of that sort, just
 to show your appreciation of the kind-
 ness intended.