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Marriages and Death notices inserted gratis.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY. TIONESTA LODGE, NO. 477. I. O. G. T. Meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

W. E. LATHY, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN BANKRUPTCY, TIONESTA, FOREST CO., PA.

Holmes House, TIONESTA, PA., opposite the Depot. C. D. Mabie, Proprietor.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN BANKRUPTCY, TIONESTA, FOREST CO., PA.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice.

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NOTICE. DR. J. N. BOLARD, of Tidoute, has returned to his practice after an absence of four months.

WANTED—Land in Pennsylvania for cash and good stocks.

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\$2 PER ANNUM.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us to the end, dare do our duty as we understand it."--LINCOLN.

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AN ADVENTURE ON THE PLAINS.

It was a pleasant event in my life when I was thrown into the company of Grignon.

At last there arose a wild tramp of horses, the sound moving from us, and seeming to show that our enemies had retired baffled from the assault.

Yet we were afraid of some plot. Grignon made us keep our watch, and all that night we lay on our arms, expecting every moment to hear the Indian yells which announce the assault of the savages.

After a long night, which seemed interminable, morning dawned. As the light illuminated the wide plain we looked around anxiously for our enemies, but saw none whatever.

The conjurer, however, was destined for a far more glorious fate than that of the miserably in the desolate American desert.

We resumed our journey. We had started, however like many others in those days, with insufficient preparations.

And now began the troubles of our journey. We had come into the country of the white Indians, and they were not slow to acquaint us of the fact.

Every day they prowled around us in great numbers, threatening and insulting us. Occasionally they used to snatch up something and start away on their horses.

We held a council of war, and determined to bring matters to a crisis at once.

The crisis soon came. One day a big Indian came riding along by us.

Well, then, would we give them our bullets? They were very much in want of bullets.

One of us said in a low voice that bullets were the only thing they would get from us, but the Indians did not hear him.

The Indians now stood talking with one another. Grignon advanced toward them. He whispered something in a low voice to our representative, who immediately withdrew.

"Are you captain?" said the spokesman of the Indians suddenly, as he noticed Grignon.

"No, I'm the medicine man; you can't shoot these men or these horses. I save them."

The Indian trusted this to his companions, who burst into roars of laughter.

Grignon advanced more closely. He was looking steadily at the Indian, and we noticed that the latter appeared to be uncomfortable under his gaze.

"See," said Grignon; "you can't shoot me. Here"—and he drew a pistol from his pocket, a revolver—"fire at me."

The Indian smiled. "You don't want me to kill you?" said he scornfully.

"You can't," said Grignon, falding his arms.

The Indian hesitated a moment. He looked at us suspiciously. Then he looked at his companions, and said something in their language. They all responded vehemently.

Grignon smiled, and, walking forward to the Indian, he handed him a bullet.

The Indians looked paralyzed. Grignon showed him how to fire it again.

by the uproar that arose. For a time there was a confused hubbub of sounds. Horses were trampling; men calling; groans were mingled with cries of rage.

At last there arose a wild tramp of horses, the sound moving from us, and seeming to show that our enemies had retired baffled from the assault.

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and the Indians saw him do it. He handed a pistol to each on loading it. Suddenly, one of those fellows took aim and fired. Grignon, without seeming to have noticed him, raised his hand and seemed to catch a bullet from his forehead.

Then he stood, and told all the rest to fire.

Eight reports sounded in rapid succession. Grignon took off his hat and walked up to the Indians. To their amazement eight bullets were in his hat.

"Do you want to fire again?" asked Grignon.

"Well hand me the pistols," said Grignon.

"You see," said Grignon, "they fired the pistols at me, too, and I swallowed them."

"Swallowed them!" faltered the Indian, and he told this to his astonished companions.

"Yes; do you want them?" The Indian nodded.

Whereupon Grignon opened his mouth, and, rolling back his eyes, he inserted his finger and drew a pistol apparently from his throat.

After this Grignon calmly drew forth six more pistols, then a number of cartridges, and finally a carbine.

"I'm the medicine man," said he solemnly.

The Indians said not a word.

"Do you want to fire again?" said he, and he offered pistols to the Indians.

They all shrunk back in horror. Grignon tossed the pistols, cartridges, and carbine over to us, and smiled benignantly on the astonished savages.

He then shook his hand. A knife fell out of the palm. Another followed and another.

"Perhaps you would like something to drink?" said he smilingly to the Indian who spoke English.

The savage looked at him suspiciously.

"What'll our have? Rum, brandy, gin, whiskey, ale, porter, wine or cider?" The Indian brightened up, and spoke to his fellows. They all preferred whiskey.

Grignon asked the Indian to lend him a loose blanket which he wore. The Indian took it off doubtfully.

He shook it a third time; nine more tumbled fell out. He shook it up again; a corkerew tumbled down.

"Will you take it raw or with water?" asked Grignon, as he proceeded to unsew the cork.

The Indian said nothing.

"Isn't that good whiskey?" asked Grignon, as he poured out a glass.

prise me so much as it did may compare with the other Indians. Grignon simply stood at a distance, waving his arms at times, and giving words of command. Every word was obeyed.

First they all began to dance. Then they all knelt down.

Then they touched hands, and could not sever themselves from one another's contact.

At last, a shout from Grignon, and the charm was dispelled. They sprang back from one another, and stood motionless, like so many statues.

Suddenly they all began to shiver as though they were suffering from intense cold. They gathered their blankets closely around them, their teeth chattering and every limb trembling.

In an instant they were panting as though with extreme heat, drawing difficult breaths, grasping and flinging off those blankets which but a moment before they had wrapping so tightly about them.

This then passed. They began to bark like dogs. They went down on all fours, and evidently imagined that they were of the canine species.

Then they tried to imitate the motion and croaking of frogs. After this they went through performances too numerous to mention.

The two Indians who held the horses looked on in horror, bewildered and stupefied; not knowing what to do.

At last Grignon gave a loud shout. The Indians fell flat on the ground.

They lay there for some time as if dead.

Then Grignon waved his arms, and they rose their feet. All looked bewildered and frightened.

He advanced toward them. They recoiled.

He walked up nearer. They turned and ran toward their horses.

Grignon ran after them. Away they went. They urged their horses at the top of their speed.

Grignon followed them a short distance.

Then he turned back and came into our enclosure.

"Gather up these bottles," said he. "Tackle up the cattle, and let us be unloading."

Instantly our men rose and obeyed. Grignon took a heavy glass of whiskey, and then lay down in one of the wagons, utterly exhausted.

We traveled all that day, and the next night untroubled. Grignon slept long and soundly. After resting a long time, we pushed on our teams, so as to get us far beyond the hostile Indians as possible.

We saw nothing more of them. "They won't dare pursue us," said Grignon, confidently. "They'll go back and tell such a story as will be the wonder of the savages for many a long year."

Grignon was right. Not only did they not pursue us, but for the next, no travelers on that route were molested.

"I don't see," said I, "how you managed to do those tricks on the open ground without any table."

Rates of Advertising. One Square (1 inch), one insertion... \$1.00

Legal notices at established rates. These rates are low, and no deviation will be made, or discrimination among patrons.

Every man must sleep according to his temperament. Eight hours is the average. If he requires a little more or a little less, he will find it out for himself.

"Is that the prisoner?" said one spectator to another, during a trial for manslaughter. "Yes," was the reply.

The opening chapter of a Western novel contains the following: "All of a sudden the fair girl continued to sit upon the mud, gazing upon the briny deep, upon whose heaving bosom the tall ships went merrily by freighted—ah! who can tell with much joy and sorrow, and pain, and lumber, and emigrants and hopes and salt fish!"

It is said that a case has been decided by the Supreme Court, that if a person puts his arm out of a moving railroad train, and the arm is struck by a projecting rock or any other object on the side of the road the passenger cannot recover damages, because he has been negligent and has not taken proper care of himself.

A man at Green Bay Wis., had a pet bear which used to sleep in the same bed with him. The other morning the doctor called and said the man could not live without a lot new intestines. The bear is not allowed to sleep with anybody now, unless he cuts his nails.

A boy at Indianapolis asked his father for twenty shillings to enable him to take his girl to a dance, but the father refused, whereupon the boy took a pitchfork, pinned the old man to the side of the barn and held him there until he shelled out.

A married friend of ours says if he desires to see his wife look handsome, he should have a crimson mantled cheek, eye of fire, flow of speech, he gets the photograph of a female, sticks it in an envelope, and lets it "lie around loose" until she sees it.

A young lady in Montreal, who has both legs cut off above her knee, has received over a dozen offers of marriage within a year and refused them all. Girls who are pining for an offer should have their legs cut off.