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Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description (e.g., One Square (1 inch), one insertion) and Price (e.g., 25 cts).

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369. I. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars.

M. ITTEL, N. G. W. R. DUNN, Sec'y.

Samuel D. Irwin, ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AT LAW and REAL ESTATE AGENT. Legal business promptly attended to. Tionesta, Pa. 40-1y.

W. NEWTON PETTIS. MILKES W. TATE. PETTIS & TATE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

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

W. P. Mercillott, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office on Elm St. est. The professional services of the Hon. S. P. Johnson can be secured through me if desired in any business entrusted to me in Forest Co. Collections promptly attended to. Also Real Estate Agent.

F. W. Hays, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY Public, Reynolds, Hunkill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 30-1y

George F. Davenport, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Special attention given to the investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collections in Venango, Crawford and adjacent counties. All business promptly attended to. No. 8 Mercantile Block, Oil City, Pa. 30-1y

F. KINNEAR, N. H. SMILEY. KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, - - - Franklin, Pa. PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties. 30-1y.

J. R. HARRIS, D. D. FASSETT. HARRIS & FASSETT, Attorneys at Law, Titusville Penn'a.

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

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS. J. WILSON, M. D., and J. E. ELAINE, M. D. Having entered into a co-partnership, all calls, night or day, will receive immediate attention. Office at residence of Dr. Wilson, Elm St., Tionesta, Pa. 30-1y

Charles B. Ansart, DENTIST, Centre Street, Oil City, Pa. In Simons' Block.

Lawrence House, WM. LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR. This house has just been opened to the public and the furniture and fittings are all new. Guests will be well entertained at reasonable rates. Is situated on Elm St., opposite Superior Lumber Co. Store. 30-1y

Tionesta House. M. ITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St. Tionesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek. Mr. Ittel has thoroughly renovated the Tionesta House, and re-furnished it completely. All who patronize him will be well entertained at reasonable rates. 20-1y

FOREST HOUSE, D. BLACK PROPRIETOR. Opposite 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 patronage is respectfully solicited. 4-17-1v

Scott House. FAGUNDUS, PA., E. A. Roberts, Proprietor. This hotel has been recently re-furnished and now offers superior accommodations to guests. 25-1y.

Dr. J. L. Acomb, 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 Tidouste, near Tidouste House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cullary, and fine Groceries, all of the best quality, and will be sold at reasonable rates.

H. R. BURGESS, an experienced Druggist from New York, has charge of the store. All prescriptions put up accurately. 4-

J. E. MAY, J. F. 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.

J. J. DALL, Proprietor. TIONESTA SAVINGS BANK, Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa.

This Bank transacts a General Banking, Collecting and Exchange Business. Drafts on the Principal Cities of the United States and Europe bought and sold. Gold and Silver Coin and Government Securities bought and sold. 7-30 Bonds converted on the most favorable terms. Interest allowed on time deposits. Mar. 4, 1y.

TENEYCK & VANDERSAAL WHOLESALE & RETAIL CONFECTIONERS.

STORE: No. 3 South Seneca Street, NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE.

MANUFACTORY: No. 88 North Seneca Street, 23-1y OIL CITY, PENN'A.

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, 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. 4-4-1y. D. W. CLARK.

New Boarding House. MRS. S. S. HULINGS has built a large addition to her house, and is now prepared to accommodate a number of permanent boarders, and all transient ones who may favor her with their patronage. A good stable has recently been built to accommodate the horses of guests. Charges reasonable. Residence on Elm St., opposite S. Haslet's store. 23-1y

A. H. PARTRIDGE, DEALER IN FURNITURE, CHAMBER SUITS, SOFAS, TABLES, CHAIRS, BEDSTEPS, MATTRESSES, LOUNGES, SPRING BEDS, &c., &c., FRAMING PICTURES, A SPECIALTY.

Has a large variety of Moulding of all kinds, and will frame to order all pictures brought to him in any style to suit customers. Rooms in second story of Bonner & McKay's new building, Elm St., Tionesta, Pa. 30-3m

ORMSTON & HOSEY, CENTRE STREET, OIL CITY, PA.

BOOKS, STATIONERY, FANCY GOODS, TWINES, TOYS, INKS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS At publishers rates. 30-1y

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. E. Church.

COFFEES, TEAS, SUGARS, SYRUPS, FRUITS, SPICES, LARD, HAMS, 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.

CONFECTIONARIES. L. AGNEW, at the Post Office, has opened out a choice lot of GROCERIES, CONFECTIONARIES, CANNED FRUITS, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, AND NOTIONS OF ALL KINDS. A portion of the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. L. AGNEW.

COMBATIVE SOUTHERNS.

Foote and Davis were in congress in 1845 (while Taylor and Cass were candidates for the Presidency), and occupied a room together at the Willard hotel. One evening, seated by the same fireside, Mr. Davis read aloud from a political letter of General Taylor, and made running comments for Mr Foote's delectation, which the latter thought were rather too friendly for a Democratic senator to give expression to in the heat of a canvass. In fact, he intimated quite strongly that he thought Mr. Davis at heart was a Taylor man; that spite of his professed support of the Democratic nominee he would secretly rejoice over General Taylor's election. Mr. Davis had married a daughter of General Taylor, and this little circumstance, Mr. Foote suggested, was at the bottom of his colleague's compliment of the letter, adding, in his impetuous way, that it would doubtless be a very nice thing, after all, to be a son-in-law of the president—even of a Whig president.

Dr. Davis could not brook this sarcastic intimation of treachery on his part, and retorted in severe language, one word bringing on another until the "grave and reverend" came to blows.

The noise of the fist-cuff aroused other Congressmen, who rushed into the room and separated the combatants, admonishing them of the shame which would attach to two distinguished Senators from the same State indulging in a disgraceful knock-down. This view of the matter naturally brought the two to terms, and, like the man and wife who "argued" the question of "rat or mouse," they shook hands and made friends.

"Really," said Mr. Foote, after a smile all around; "really, I should not have thought of such a thing as striking Mr. Davis, if he hadn't passed the first blow."

"Are you not mistaken about that?" urged Mr. Davis, apologetically.

"Indeed, I am not," retorted the impetuous. "It is my impression you struck first," pleaded Mr. D.

"Oh, no; it was you." "No, it was you." "But I'll swear it was you." "And I would swear it wasn't." "You did strike first." "I did not strike first." "You did." "I didn't." "You did." "I didn't."

"Well," said Foote at last, rising hastily from his seat, "there shan't be any dispute as to who struck first this time,"—and as he spoke dealt Mr. Davis a stinging blow on the cheek, which resulted in another rencontre, that, but for the interference of mutual friends, might have been going on until now, for both are 'game' all over. The question as to who struck first being thus settled, nothing serious grew out of the matter, especially as either party preferred to have the matter hushed up speedily as possible.

Some time since a little town in Ohio was infested by incendiaries, and all other means of detection having failed, two or three persons clubbed together and purchased a bloodhound, one of the kind used by the chivalry to hunt down runaway negroes in the pleasant days before the war. In some manner the news of this little bit of enterprise became noised about and the fires suddenly ceased, not an opportunity having been offered since to put the animal on the trail of an incendiary. The day before Christmas, however, a citizen discovered that a beautiful evergreen tree in front of his residence had been cut down and carried off the night before, and the long looked for chance was afforded for testing the new purchase. To the astonishment of all, the four-legged detective took a straight line to the house of one of the wealthiest denizens of the town, nearly three-quarters of a mile distant, and placing his fore paws on the window, glaring through and bayed savagely at the owner, who was engaged in decorating the tree for the festivities of the morrow. The scene that followed may, perhaps, be imagined, and a considerable sum of money was readily paid in order to hush the affair up.

A mentionable old lady died in Newburyport, Massachusetts, this week. This was Mrs. Abigail D. Cook. She died on the 73d anniversary of her wedding, and in the same room in which she was married. She was one of the choir which sang at the welcome of General Washington on his visit to Newburyport, and she also sang at the commemorative services on the occasion of the General's death. She was the mother of nine children, and for sixty-five years a member of the church. She is said to have been a very handsome woman in her prime, and she retained her sprightliness to the last.

ANECDOTE OF A GREAT FIDDLER.

Paganini upon one occasion was journeying from London to Paris, when his famous Guarnerius met with an accident, the case in which it was carried having fallen down with so violent a concussion as to unglue one of the inner blocks of the instrument. On reaching Paris he took it to the best and most celebrated maker he could find, to whom he related, in the greatest distress, what had happened, and that his violin in consequence had lost its tone. The gentleman applied to, informed the disconsolate performer that in order to ascertain the precise amount of mischief, it would be necessary to open the instrument; but to this Paganini would not consent, unless the operation was performed at his own house and under his own eyes; and the torture he underwent was indescribable. He seemed, indeed to be suffering the very pangs of martyrdom, and absolutely writhed in his chair at each crack caused by the breaking away of the glue at the action of the knife. The success achieved by the operator in removing the body of the violin induced him, however, to intrust him with it for the space of three whole days, at the end of which his violin was returned to him perfectly restored. A few days afterward, meeting the musical doctor who had by his skill effected so complete a cure for the internal injury, the grateful violinist took him by the arm, and saying, "Thank you, my dear friend, it is as good as before," he drew from his waistcoat pocket a little red morocco box, which he presented to him with the observation: "I have had two pins made; the one for the doctor of my body, the other for the doctor of my violin." When the recipient of the latter gift opened the little box it was found to contain a pin set with twenty-three diamonds, in the form of the letter P.

The London Times publishes an extraordinary story of an escape of six Communists from the fortress of Port Louis, between Brest and La Rochelle. The writer says that he and five companions discovered a way from their dormitory to a cellar under it, and determined to make a road from the cellar to the sea. They sunk a shaft in the earth thirteen feet deep and excavated a tunnel forty-six feet, till they reached the wall of the rampart. All this had been done with nails torn out of the woodwork, but when the rampart walls was reached the nails were useless. It is constructed of enormous blocks of granite, joined by Roman cement, and is sixteen feet thick. The prisoners, however, tore a bar out of a window, and by indescribable labor excavated a hole through which they could creep out on the rocks, whence they escaped to England. The Times brands the story, "An Historical Parallel to Monte Christo."

John Wilson is a brakeman on a Minnesota railway. The other day he heard of a train snowed in seven miles distant, and not being on duty, procured a large quantity of crackers and cheese, enveloped himself in a cloak with a hood, and with the wind blowing a gale and the thermometer twenty-seven degrees below zero, started on foot to relieve the hungry passengers. Although he felt his face and ears freezing, he trudged on until he reached the train, almost exhausted and unable to speak distinctly. The grateful passengers thawed him out as well as they were able and one of them, John Lawlor, Esq., of Prairie du Chien, who had some ladies under his care, took from his own neck a massive gold chain, and putting it around Wilson's neck, remarked, "It's a pretty good man that has worn that chain, but I've found a better, and he shall have it."

We have here a dog story which beats anything of the kind recently at least related. In Clinton, Mass., a dog was in the habit of helping himself from a pail of "odds and ends" belonging to a neighbor. One day he upset the pail and it fell to pieces, upon which the sagacious creature went home and brought back a sound pail which he substituted for the broken one transferring the contents from the old to the new, after which he hid the staves of the broken vessel. We have heard of "sly dogs" before but was there ever a dog so sly as this?

Dollars have been coined by various nations, and they differ in value. After the adoption of the Federal currency it was customary, when abbreviation was desired, to express American money—say one hundred dollars, for instance—"Dolls. U. S. 100." In the course of time the U was written over the S in a narrower shape; afterward the bottom of the U was cut off, and two straight strokes remained to form the present dollar mark, \$.

TIMBER.

Some statistician gives us as a result of his investigations that, about 7,000 acres are cleared of timber each week day in this country. Of the annual crop \$5,000,000 worth goes to fuel, and \$150,000,000 worth to fencing. The Locomotives in this country consume no less than 700,000 cords of wood a year, or 5,000 acres annually. We also see it stated, that a careful estimate has been made of the timber lands in Pennsylvania and the average yield of lumber per acre, and the alarming conclusion is arrived at that three years stocking of mills at the present rate (five hundred millions of feet yearly), will exhaust all the pine timber now standing. These statements being made after very careful estimates and by experienced lumbermen in the State, gives them such an emphatic indorsement that their truth can scarcely be doubted; and taken in connection with the recent heavy sales of timber lands in this and adjoining counties, should admonish those who still have good bodies of pine timber to be careful as to how they slash and cut it down. We have frequently, during the past year or two, tried to impress upon the landholders the necessity of preserving their standing timber, that its increase in value on the stump would yield a greater profit to the owners in the course of a few years, then could be realized in any other investment they could make; and each day is developing the fact that our predictions were correct. And now once more we admonish those who still have good standing timber to preserve it. Take care of it, and don't cut any of it unnecessarily, for the day is not very remote when it will be worth double its present price.—Es.

John James Igalls, the new Kansas Senator, has an article in the Kansas Magazine, for February, on Deane Monahan's "Sons of the Border," a fresh and racy Western book. Says Mr. Igalls: "Civilization is a veneer. The gentleman is a varnished savage. The institutions of society are stucco upon an edifice of barbarism. We all feel that it is humiliating and cowardly to call upon the law to avenge our wrongs, to waive our right to slay the seducer, to smite the insulter, to exact reparation from the thief. Hence spring the secret contempt for arbitration, the ferocious exultation of war. Geneva was well enough for America, because we won the bloodless battle. We can applaud William I., as the pettifogger praises the squire who gives him his cause, because he awarded us the boundary we coveted; but had the decision been averse, there is not an American who would not have called for Grant, the soldier, and the solution of his sword."

The Boston Bulletin, in an article on the ordinary methods of insurance, says: "Let us have policies so drawn that when a man insures his stock or his house, pays the premium asked, and gives the insurer every opportunity to examine the property, and decide, in advance, upon its value, he can, in case of its destruction, go and get the full amount of his insurance, and not be insulted by offers to 'settle,' based on fine print conditions, purposefully so printed that they will not be read. Companies should be protected against fraud; but when a man makes an honest loss, he should be honestly paid."

Yaukee enterprise was strikingly exemplified in features of the cargo and the passenger list of the Tybee, which sailed from New York for Samana Bay a day or two ago. Among the thousand and one notions was a complete hotel, with kitchens and other outbuildings, which can be put up in sections in two days. Among the passengers were commissioners for the selection of a site for a city, and a score of Boston "drummers" with cases of samples.

A newspaper of Iowa city gives rather a discouraging account of what the farmers in those "diggings" are doing, or rather not doing. Here are the prices current: A pair of winter boots cost two loads of potatoes; a night's lodging, a load of oats; the wife wears five acres of wheat; the children each ten acres of corn; the price of an overcoat is a good four-year old steer; of a Sunday suit, twenty fat hogs.

It was at Evansville, Indiana, so the Courier says, that a well-dressed young man entered the portals of a decoction palace, an evening or so since, and, stepping up to the "gentlemanly barkeeper," requested him to mix him a red-hot toddy, for he was going to see his darling's father and meant business.

A New York man has invented an air-gun which throws a bullet through a horse and makes no report. The government refuses to patent it.

DRIVING HENS.

When a woman has a hen to drive into the coop she takes hold of her by the neck, and shakes her, and she quietly towards the delinquent, says, "Shew! there." The hen takes one look at the object to convince herself that it's a woman, and then walks majestically into a coop in perfect disgust of the sex. The man don't do that way. He goes out of doors and says, "It is singular nobody in this house can drive a hen but myself, and picking up a stick of wood buried in it at the offending biped, and observing, "Get in there, you thief." The hen immediately loses her reason, and dashes to the opposite end of the yard. The man straightway dashes after her. She comes back again with her head down, her wings out, and followed by an assortment of stove wood, fruit cans, and coal chinkers, with a much puffing and mad man after her. Then she skims up on the stoop, and under the barn, and over a fence or two, and around the house, and back again to the coop, all the while talking as only an excited hen can talk, and all the while followed by things convenient for handling, and by a man whose coat is on the saw-buck and whose hat is on the ground, and whose profanity and profanity appear to have no limit. By this time the other hens have come out to take a hand in the debate and help dodge the missiles, and then the man says that every hen on the place shall be sold in the morning, and puts on his things and goes down street, and the woman dons her hoops, and has every one of those hens housed and contented in two minutes, and the only sound heard on the premises is the hammering by the oldest boy, as he mends the broken pickets.

They tell a good story in Lawrence, Massachusetts, of a professional gentleman, and wife, who bear the highest reputation for severe propriety. Last Saturday night the gentleman told his wife he was going out on business and might not be back till late. "You are not going to the 'Black Crook,' are you?" she asked. "Black Crook! what do you take me for?" he indignantly exclaimed. "Oh, well," said she, "I was only joking. I'm going out to do some shopping. Don't be alarmed if I am not in when you return." The next day a worthy couple saw of each other was at the aforesaid "Black Crook," where some destiny seated them side by side, to their astonishment.

It is related that a New Hampshire minister recently portrayed the history of Jonah after the following style: "I seem to see Jonah passing along the road to Nineveh; I seem to see him entering the ticket office, buy his ticket and pay for it; I seem to see him walk upon the vessel; I seem to see them lift their anchor and the stately ship move gradually out upon the broad Atlantic."

The first conductor on the Pennsylvania Railroad was Colonel Morton Garrett, who now resides at East Brandywine, Chester county. Prior to the opening of the road, in 1849, he was conductor on the Columbia Railroad for eight years. When he entered the service of the Pennsylvania Central, the rolling stock consisted of one locomotive, the "Millin," three passenger and one baggage car.

Before election a young lady agreed to kiss the editor of the Volga Valley (Iowa) Times once a month for four years if Grant should be elected. She is keeping her word manfully, but is growing thin, her appetite is poor, and unless the winner of the bet desolates his face and quits chewing tobacco, he will have to announce a funeral ere long.

From the 1st of January up to Friday last, there occurred in the United States ninety-one fires, with a total loss of \$3,128,500. There were two in which the loss exceeded \$400,000; five between \$100,000 and \$200,000; twelve between \$50,000 and \$100,000; and fifteen in which no estimate of loss was given. By them thirty-four persons lost their lives.

An agriculture paper says strawberry beds may be protected from birds, by running a wire along the walk to which a cat is chained. Her movements up and down the length of the wire will keep the birds away. Where there is no chain, the wire can be run through the cat, and heated to a temperature that will fill the cat with a longing to keep moving.

One good turn deserves another: Lydia Thompson a few days ago gave the Newsboys' Society, in Cincinnati, the proceeds of a successful matinee. The other evening a small boy jumped upon the stage, and after emitting a speech, presented the fair Lydie with a silver wreath, as an expression of the gratitude of the newsboys of Cincinnati.