

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

SIONESTA 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. W. R. DUNN, Sec'y.

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

NEWTON PETTIE, MILES W. TATE, P. T. & TATE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Elm Street, TIONESTA, PA.

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

W. P. Mercilliot, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Tionesta, Pa. Office on Elm Street. 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 Hukill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 39-ly.

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. 39-ly.

F. KINNEAR, N. D. SMILEY, KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, Franklin, Pa. PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties. 20-ly.

J. R. MARSH, D. D. FASSETT, HARRIS & FASSETT, Attorneys at Law, Titusville Penna. PRACTICE in all the Courts of Warren, Crawford, Forest and Venango Counties. 40-ly.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS. J. WINANS, M. D., and J. E. BLAINE, M. D. Having entered into a co-partnership, all calls, night or day, will receive immediate attention. Office at residence of Dr. Winans, Elm St., Tionesta, Pa. 35-ly.

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

Lawrence House, W. M. 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-ly.

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 ly.

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-ly.

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

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, Cullery, 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. M.

B. R. HAY, J. C. F. PARK, A. B. KELLY, HAY, 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. 15-ly.

J. T. DALE, CHAS. 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 Coins and Government Securities bought and sold. 7-30 Bonds converted on the most favorable terms. Interest allowed on time deposits. Mar. 4, 10.

TEN BYCK & VANDERSAAL, WHOLESALE & RETAIL CONFECTIONERS.

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

MANUFACTORY: No. 58 North Seneca Street, 30-ly 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, &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. 4-1-ly. 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. 25-ly.

A. H. PARTRIDGE, DEALER IN FURNITURE, CHAMBER SUITS, SOFAS, TABLES, CHAIRS, HEADSTEPS, MAT-TRESSES, 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. 39-3m.

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

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

Books, Newspapers and Magazines MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS At publishers rates. 39-ly

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.

TEAS, SUGARS, COFFEES, 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. 2, '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. 44-ly.

A LOVE-FAEST SCENE.

HARRISBURG, March 1, 1873.

Strolling into one of the elegant churches of an orthodox denomination on Saturday evening last, I witnessed a scene which was at once so impressive and so unusual, that I make it the topic of this letter. The pew opener, in answer to my inquiry, stated that there was to be no sermon, but that evening service was to consist alone of a Love Feast, preceding the quarterly celebration of the Lord's Supper on the morrow.

I was shown into a pew within half a dozen slips of the altar, and watched with some interest the filling up of the pews around me. I had made not a few acquaintances within the city, but as my Sundays had not been spent at the capital, had not found out at what churches my friends worshipped, and now looked curiously about to catch sight of some familiar face. I was gratified sooner than I anticipated, in a few moments I recognized in nearly the front pew the portly presence of a wealthy gentleman whom I had often met in the office of an insurance agent, and from the latter I had learned that our portly friend owned a hundred tenement houses on Elm street, and was one of the richest men in the city. As he turned by chance and seeing me, gave me a little nod and smile, the pew just in front of me was opened by the usher, and Mr. C—, a private banker of Market street, and his elegant dressed family, grand and stately in seal skins, velvet and laces, humbly bowed in. To my surprise, also, my landlord, keeper of the finest hotel in the city, came in with the air of one who feels his right to a place, and my eyes lighted in rapid succession upon a druggist, a greener, a baker and a number of Senators whose faces were familiar, and I wondered that so many of my friends should worship in the church into which I had struggled by accident.

My curiosity was also aroused, for I knew of no church rite denominated a "love feast," and I was anxious for the services to begin. In looking over the assembled multitude my heart was pained to note the plain gradation of the people according to the evident richness of their dress. There was no mistaking this, and the usher's keen eye made no mistakes. A scanty, but not meanly clad old lady and a tall, elegant dressed lady—whom I recognized as the wife of Colonel A—, a large wholesale liquor merchant—entering by chance at the same instant, did not for a moment puzzle him. He bade the old lady wait, and conveyed the other in all dignity up very near to the throne-like pulpit and seating her, returned and gave the poor old woman a seat near the door and left her, with no notice of the agony of pain which swept like a cloud over the pale, sweet face. I afterwards knew she was partially deaf, and might as well have stayed at home as to have been seated so far from the pulpit.

The service soon began, opening with a hymn by the choir, sung in highly operatic style, as soprano, solo and chorus, and in which any attempt at joining by any of the congregation was greeted by such significant stares as to frighten the intruder into silence—and a prayer by the occupant of the pulpit—the love-feast was soon in full height. The meeting was simple, one in which anyone could speak, but which liberty was only embraced by those who were in no doubt as to their condition in the life after death. I cannot, of course, detail the language of all, for probably a hundred spoke, but the universal conclusion was that of a perfect certainty of getting to Heaven at last. I was full of happiness to see so many followers of the meek and lowly One; and thought what happiness all these must shed about them, for He has said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Mr. C—, whom I had first recognized, with a heavenly light on his countenance, had said that "he was almost home." The banker, that "he felt he was saved by grace. "Jesus paid it all, All the debt I owe."

Mrs. Colonel H. responded: "Sin hath left no crimson stain: He washed me white as snow." The others whom I knew spoke eloquently, glowing with happiness and a consciousness of a spotless life here and a sure rest hereafter, and my heart warmed and throbbled with responsive joy, and I determined to go to them and follow in their footsteps, that I, too, might be as full of faith and peace as they.

At this stage of the exercises, a tall, massive form slowly arose in the midst of the congregation, and with firm steps made his way out to the aisle, thence up to the altar and through the massive door in the black walnut railing, and stood within the altar and facing the congregation. A strange feeling of attraction, like a subtle magnetism bound me to him, and indeed all in the house from the moment he arose had been held as it seemed in like manner. He stood before us all calmly surveying the sea of faces turned in wonder upon him. He was tall and massive as I have said, but when his face was once fairly turned toward us, no further thought seemed possible of aught save the sad blue eyes, the broad noble forehead from which on each side fell his long snowy hair, and the perfect repose of a face smooth and soft as a child's and with that beauty which goodness alone can give. For a full minute a dead silence reigned. It was broken by his voice which awoke the ear as full of such a sadness as must have filled the tones of Brutus while pronouncing sentence of death upon his son. It pealed forth—in its depth and its music could be called a peal—these words: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling sycamore."

"Brethren I write no new commandments unto you but an old commandment which ye had from the beginning. He that loveth his brother abideth in the light and there is none occasion for his stumbling in him." "Whoever doeth not righteous-ness is not of God, neither he that loveth his brother."

"If a man say, 'I love God' and hateth his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" Never, never, can I forget the thrilling eloquence, the grandeur and the power of words or the lightning flashes of the human eye as I saw and heard them there. Rising as the majesty of supermanhood in the presence of arrogant hypocrisy he towered high and flung upon the yielding cowering heads of those who felt their guilt burning its way through their faces to his awful gaze, those words too oft forgotten by those whose voices are often heard chanting their own righteousness then speaking comfort to the sorrowing. In the grandest moments of Ferrest or Booth they never reached that point so successfully where the enunciation of pathos in rebuke—that most difficult achievement in oratory—could produce both trembling and tears as did this unknown Aeschylus.

When the storm of commotion and confusion had subsided he fixed his mournful piercing eyes on my friend, the owner of houses, and again began; but not until all that congregation knew where his look was fixed, for it seemed within his power to direct their very thoughts by his powerful magnetism. "Yesterday, on Elm street, a widow, sick and with two helpless babes, was turned out by a heartless landlord, to die if must be, because the week's rent of three dollars was not, could not be paid. Inasmuch as ye have done unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done unto me."

Rapidly confronting the banker, he continued: To-day an officer of the law pounced upon and sold the last bed, the last chair, and the last stove of a poor carpenter whose wife lay dying of consumption, and to nurse whom he had left his daily labor and to procure comfort for whom he had given a chattel mortgage upon his poor furniture" adding slowly, "And at the suit of a private banker of this city," and as if in solemn mockery, "Jesus paid it all, All the debt I owe."

Again facing a man I did not know he continued, "A poor, dying woman of the town sent for a Christian to pray for her. The messenger found a professor of religion instead, and was told that his character would be jeopardized by such a visit. 'Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.'"

"A poor, penniless traveler applied to-day for food and rest at a hotel of this city, and was rudely repelled and narrowly escaped injury. I was an hungry and ye gave me no meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink, I was a stranger and ye took me not in." I saw his gaze fixed upon my landlord and remembered the scene he described.

I had no time for pity for his ashen face, for again the voice pealed out. "A little starving boy asked a baker for a bun which tempted his hungry gaze, and when refused and kicked out he crept back and took one when he thought no one saw him. He was watched and his hurrying little footsteps were followed home, and the officer found his little sister eagerly devouring one-half while a sick mother was moaning a part for her babe which found no nourishment at its natural fountain."

It was terrible, that calm, fearful review of sins, which, God knows, are all too frequent. Where or when it would have ended I cannot guess, had not a long-faced, villainous-looking Pecksniff, whose turn had not yet come, commenced singing in the voice of a bull, "Shall we Gather at the River?" which was taken up by those

who were glad to escape an exposure of their sins, and amid the confusion the congregation broke up and passed out.

I lingered and saw the good man fall on his knees and with his streaming eyes turned to heaven murmur, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." He was roughly collared by two ushers and hurried away. I followed but lost sight of him and all my questions failed to elicit any information concerning him; no one knew who he was or whence he came.—Cor. Oil City Derrick.

Rev. Dr. Cayler talks in this wise: If the father generally talks money, money, at home, he generally rears a family in worship of the almighty dollar. If he talks mainly horses, games and races, he breeds a batch of sportsmen. If fashion is the family altar, then the children are offered up as victims upon the altar. If a man makes his own fireside attractive, he may reasonably hope to anchor his own children around it. My neighbor Q— makes himself the constant evening companion of his boys. The result is that his boys are never found in bad places. But if the father hears the clock strike eleven in his clubhouse or the playhouse, he need not be surprised if his boys hear it strike twelve in the gaming room or the drinking saloon. If he puts the bottle on his own table, he need not wonder if a drunken son staggers in, by-and-by, at his front door. When the best friend that childhood and youth ought to have becomes their foe, the homes become the starting post for moral ruin.

A neighboring exchange relates this of a girl in its locality who knowing her rights dare maintain them. The fair damsel in question had been receiving attention from a young man for some time. The leap year had almost expired and she began to grow desperate. The other evening he visited her. 'Twas the evening of the last day of '72. After the usual salutation she said to him: "You know what this is, Henry?" "Oh yes," was the flippant reply, "it's 1872." "That's so," was her further remark, "and in less than four hours it'll be gone." He smiled a sickly smile and murmured, "Yes." "Well, I want to know when you are going to marry me?" was her startling question. "I—marry—why, you don't mean it?" "Oh yes I do. When's it going to be?" "I never intended anything of the kind," was his trembling response. She didn't say another word, but taking up the coal scuttle knocked him flat, and then set on his head, and wouldn't let him up until the day for the wedding was appointed.

The presence of mind of some men is most remarkable. Now there is that man who dined at the Atlantic hotel recently. He mistook the horse-redish for some other toothsome dish, and plunged into it with an avidity cheerful to behold. After having appropriated a spoonful to his own use, he suddenly paused, and seemed to be deliberating profoundly upon some subject or other. Then he gave a snort and remarked, in a sort of intense manner: "Blaze, d—n you." Few men would have had the presence of mind to make that speech.

It is no uncommon thing for birds to teach themselves new notes quite different from their own. A tame crow, owned by a gentleman, had been brought up with the chickens, and as his little adopted brothers began to try their powers of crowing, he concluded to do the same. The result was the crow outcrowned them all. He was so proud of his accomplishment that he was given to practicing it all hours of the day, to the great surprise and amusement of strangers who passed that way.

A few years since there resided in one of the counties of South Carolina two respectable citizens. They were of the same surname; they also were cousins. They were members of the same religious denomination; their wives were sisters. They were both nullifiers when South California took the lead in this political adventure. Each one was the father of thirteen children; each of these men had three sons and ten daughters. Where can a parallel to this be found?

Seventy-five car loads of bones, gathered from the plains of Western Kansas, the flames of defunct buffaloes and Texas cattle, have been shipped East during the past season. The best are selected for combs, knife-handles, &c.; the next best are ground into dust and used for refining sugar; the refuse is ground into meal for fertilizing purposes.

A Canadian editor announced that "he had a keen rapier to pick all fools and knaves." His cotemporary over the way said he hoped his friends would take it from him, for he might commit suicide.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. One Square (1 inch), one insertion - \$1.00; One Square, one month - \$3.00; One Square, three months - \$6.00; One Square, one year - \$10.00; Two Squares, one year - \$15.00; Quarter Col. - \$5.00; Half - \$8.00; One - \$10.00.

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.

TALL TALKING.

The Greeks were great inventors of these sayings. On Diogenes, the Spartan, being told the number of Xerxes' army was so great that when they shot forth their arrows the sun would be darkened by their multitude, he answered: "If the Medes darken the sun we shall have our fight in the shade." The American humor par-takes slightly of the same character and extravagance: but it is, nevertheless the growth of the soil. The vastness of the country, which is bounded on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the west by the setting sun, and on the south by the day of judgment, and the peculiar circumstances in which the people are placed, can be traced in most of these stories. The hyperbolic or tall species of American humor was much in vogue some years ago, and such stories as the following were once very common: "A man was so tall that he had to go up a ladder to shave himself"; "another was so strong that his sneeze would kill a buffalo across the Mississippi River"; "a Massachusetts pig was so lean that it was necessary to tie a knot in his tail to prevent its getting through the chinks of the paling"; "an American artist painted a snow storm so naturally that he caught a bad cold by sitting near it with his coat off"; "some land was so rich that a squaw vine, in its rapid growth, overtook a drove of pigs"; "the reason why cream is dear is that milk has risen so high that the cream can't reach the top."

There is a capital story in which it is related that "a coach drove through the country so fast that the milestones passed so quickly that the passengers thought they were in a churchyard." This coach, however, was beaten by the "skipper which went so fearfully fast that, in sailing round Long Island, she left her shadow three and a half miles behind her." Major N., when asked if he was seriously injured by the explosion of a boiler of the "St. Leonard" steamer, replied "that he was so used to being blown up by his wife that a mere steamer had no effect upon him." The evidence of a witness in a life insurance case involved in the blowing up of a steambot on the Ohio is droll, just because it is characteristic. The witness knew the man, and saw him on the deck of the steambot before the explosion. When asked by the lawyer, "what was the last time you saw him?" he answered: "The very last time I set my eyes on him was when the boiler burst, and I was going up. I met him and the smoke-pipe coming down." We all know that the American oysters are large; but that one must have been of extraordinary size which required three men to swallow it whole.

It is not fair that the foreigners should have all the lies to themselves; so we will let the Englishmen put in an appearance. A commercial traveler, boasting that his firm spent £300 a year for writing-ink alone, was answered: "During the last twelve months we have saved in that article alone £2,000 by merely omitting the dots to our i's and the crosses to our t's." One of the best specimens of rhodomontade is the following story: Two men, who were famous for their vaporing, laid a wager as to who could tell the biggest lie. One said that he was in mid ocean, far away from land, when he espied a man swimming. The ship was stopped, and preparations were made for taking the man in, when he cried out: "I am all right, and only want to know the latitude and longitude, for I am swimming to England." This seemed sufficiently improbable; but the other capped it by asking "whether his friend had seen the man again," and being answered in the negative, said: "Then I am he."—British Quarterly.

The following story is told of Rev. Mr. Hammond, who approached a man at Burlington, the other day, asking him if he was a Christian. "No," replied the other party, "I am a railroad man." "Well," said Mr. Hammond, "I know of several conductors in New England that are Christians." "That may work down East all right, but a man can't be both in Iowa," responded the employe.

He that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only ways of exposing himself; and he that has sense, knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.—Steele.

A pert chap at figures has ciphered out that the Niagara Fall is of 11,363,360 horse power. This includes the Horse Shoe fall, but not the "Bridal Veil," which is twelve mile power.

A Georgia negro was ever paid \$100 on a check by a bank, and he returned the money. The local paper says this is another evidence that the race can never be civilized.