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 Job work, Cash on Delivery.

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.
 S. H. HASLET, N. G.
 J. T. DALE, Sec'y.

Samuel D. Irwin,
ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AT LAW
 and REAL ESTATE AGENT. Legal
 business promptly attended to. Tionesta,
 Pa. 49-ly.

NEWTON PRITTS. MILLS W. TATE.
PETTIS & TATE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
 5th Street, TIONESTA, PA.

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

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

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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 ac-
 commodate the horses of guests. Charges
 reasonable. Residence on Elm St., op-
 posite S. Haslet's store. 25-ly

A. H. PARTRIDGE,
 DEALER IN

FURNITURE,
 CHAMBER SUITS, SOFAS, TABLES,
 CHAIRS, BEDSTHEADS, MAT-
 TRESSES, LOUNGES, MAT-
 SPRING BEDS,
 AC., AC.,
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 custom-
 ers.
 Rooms in second story of Honnar & Mc-
 Kays' new building, Elm St., Tionesta,
 Pa. 29-3m

ORNSTON & HOSEY,

CENTRE STREET, OIL CITY, PA.

BOOKS,
 STATIONERY,
 FANCY GOODS,
 TWINKS,
 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
 FULLY 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 establish-
 ment on Elm St., first door north of M. E.
 Church.

COFFEES, **TEAS,** **SUGARS,**
SYRUPS, **FRUITS,**
HAMS, **SPICES,** **LARD,**
AND PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,
 at the lowest cash prices. Goods warrant-
 ed to be of the best quality. Call and ex-
 amine, and we believe we can suit you.
 GEO. W. BOVARD & CO.
 Jan. 8, '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

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL.

THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Lacy-
 town), Forest county, has been thor-
 oughly overhauled and refitted in first-
 class order, and is now running and doing
 all kinds of

CUSTOM GRINDING.
FLOUR, **AND OATS.**
 Constantly on hand, and sold at the very
 lowest figures. H. W. LEDEBUR.
 43-6m

LOTS FOR SALE!

IN THE
BOROUGH OF TIONESTA.

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

"JONES."

[The following little story with its moral
 though written for the Moon, (Georgia
 Telegraph, is quite too good to be enjoyed
 by the in-mere of the South alone.]
 I knew a man, and he lived in Jones—
 Which Jones is a county of red hills and
 stones,
 And he lived pretty much by getting of
 loans,
 And his mules were nothing but skin and
 bone,
 And his hogs were as flat as his corn-
 bread pones,
 And he had 'bout a thousand acres of
 land.

This man—and his name it was also
 Jones—
 He swore that he'd leave them old red
 hills and stones,
 For he couldn't make nothin' but 'yellow-
 ish cotton.
 And little of that, and his fences were rot-
 ten,
 And what little corn he had, that was
 boughten,
 And he couldn't get a living from the
 land.

And the longer he swore the madder he
 got,
 And he rose and he walked to the stable
 lot,
 And he halloed to Tom to come here and
 hitch,
 For to emigrate somewhere where land
 was rich,
 And to quit raising sock-burrs, thistles
 and sich,
 An wasting their time on barren land.

So him and Tom they hitched up the
 mules,
 Protasting that folks were mighty big
 fools
 That 'ud stay in Georgia their lifetime out,
 Just seratching a living when all of them
 mout'
 Get places in Texas, where cotton would
 sprout
 By the time you could plant in the land.

And he drove by a house where a man
 named Brown
 Was living, not far from the edge of the
 town,
 And he halloed Brown for to buy his place,
 And said that seeing as money was skace,
 And seeing as sheriffs were hard to face,
 Two dollars an acre would get the land.

They closed at a dollar and fifty cents,
 And Jones then bought him a wagon and
 teats,
 And loaded his corn, and his women, and
 truck,
 And moved to Texas which it took
 His entire pile, with the best of luck,
 To get there and get him a little land.
 But Brown moved out on the old Jones
 farm.

And he rolled up his breeches and bared
 his arm,
 And picked all the rocks from off'n the
 ground,
 And he rooted it up and plowed it down,
 And sowed his corn and wheat in the
 land.

Five years glid by, and Brown, one day,
 (Who had got so fat that he wouldn't weigh)
 Was a sitting down, sorter lazily,
 To the grandest dinner you ever did see,
 When one the children jumped on his knee
 And says, "Yan's Jones, which you bo't
 his land."

And there was Jones, standing out at the
 fence,
 And he hadn't no wagon, nor mules, nor
 teats,
 For he had left Texas afoot, and come
 To Georgia to see if he couldn't get some
 Employment, and he was looking as hum-
 ane,
 Ble as if he had never owned any land.

But Brown he asked him in, and he set
 Him down to his victuals, smoking hot,
 And when he had filled himself and the
 floor,
 Brown looked at him sharp and rose and
 swore
 That "whether men's land was rich or poor,
 There was more in the man than there
 was in the land."

KICKED BY CLOCK-WORK.

Eliphalet Perkins was one of the cut-
 test men in all Swamptown. He was a
 blacksmith, carpenter, locksmith and
 jeweler by trade, and also did
 something now and then at horse doc-
 toring and pulling teeth. He was a
 jack-at-all-trades, and master of them
 all. A natural horn genius was Eliphalet
 Perkins, and nothing short of it.

Now Eliphalet took his own calibre,
 so to speak, and decided that he was
 capable of doing something—something
 in the inventive way that would
 startle the world right out of its sen-
 ses. Then he sat down deliberately to
 decide what he should do. It must be
 something excessively novel, that was
 certain, to commence with.

What should it be?
 "I've got it!" shouted Eliphalet,
 after a long thinking spell; "I'll
 make a clock work man that will
 walk and run like a human being.
 That would bring me fame, and would
 be a big card for a side-show at a cir-
 cus or fair."

Immediately Eliphalet, his brain
 surcharged with the great idea,
 brought all the force of his inventive

powers to bear upon it. Three days
 and three nights he wrestled with the
 idea, and on the morning of the fourth
 he successfully evolved the notion—
 mentally constructed the clock-work
 man to its perfection.

During the ensuing six months
 Eliphalet Perkins worked night and
 day at his man. Its construction
 consumed two hundred pounds of
 wrought iron, three thousand feet of
 steel spring, the wheels out of seven-
 teen old clocks, and other materials to
 numerous to mention. But it was
 done at last. It stood complete in
 the back room of Eliphalet's house—
 for he had kept its construction rigid-
 ly secret—complete in all its wonder-
 ful parts. It worked to a charm. A
 keyhole in its back was the winding-
 up place, and when once wound up it
 tramped about the room like a thing
 of life.

Eliphalet Perkins was overjoyed.
 The first thing he did was to go on a
 grand celebratory drunk, which lasted
 a week. When sobered up, he pre-
 pared for an exhibition of his inven-
 tion. Swamptown was flooded with
 handbills, and crowds applied for a
 preliminary sight of the wonderful
 thing; but the inventor steadfastly re-
 fused all applicants. The clock-work
 man should take the first walk at the
 time and place appointed, and not be-
 fore nor any-where else.

The day drew near. Eliphalet
 clothed his man in a new suit of
 broadcloth, oiled his joints, and wait-
 ed impatiently for the hour of his tri-
 umph.

Swamptown was crowded when the
 day finally came. The fame of the
 clock-work man had gone abroad, and
 people flocked in for miles around.
 At the appointed hour main street,
 where the exhibition was to take place,
 was almost impassable. It was with
 the utmost difficulty that a passage
 was kept clear for the expected tourist.

At length a shout went up from the
 crowd nearest Eliphalet's shop, as the
 great invention emerged with his ma-
 chine. The latter was carried into
 the middle of the street and faced in
 the direction of the proposed march
 of triumph. Then the great inventor,
 his face suffused with a glow of tri-
 umph, carefully wound up the auto-
 maton, and pulled out the knob that
 was to start it.

But it didn't start.
 Something must be wrong. Eliphalet's
 heart stood still at the thought
 of failure. He nervously examined
 the vitals of the thing, and they seem-
 ed to be all right.—What could the
 matter be? Eliphalet was almost wild.
 He went around to the front of it;
 and that instant there was a sudden
 whizzing sound among the wheels.

Something broke loose.
 Eliphalet stood with his back to it.
 The spectators saw the clock-work
 man sway and quiver, as if the ma-
 chinery was running down with fear-
 ful rapidity. Then they saw its right
 foot suddenly projected, and, with a
 velocity and momentum terrible to
 contemplate the iron pedal struck
 Eliphalet behind.

Such a kick had never been known
 in the world's history.
 It lifted the recipient about four
 feet in the air, and when he came
 down it had another ready for him.
 The spell-bound crowd, in horrified
 amazement, saw the machine ad-
 vance down the street, kicking the un-
 fortunate Perkins with the precision
 and violence of a walking-beam.

No sooner did his feet touch the ground
 than the out-flying right foot of the
 clock-work man caught him on the
 same spot. Thus the infernal machine
 marched on and out of the village,
 kicking Eliphalet before it, and the
 awe-stricken crowd chasing it far in the
 rear.

"There—a screw—loose—in—the
 —cussed—thing's—right—leg," jerk-
 ed out Perkins, as he was bounced
 from their sight and hearing.

It took six miles to run the clock-
 work down, and every foot of that dis-
 tance was twelve inches of solid ag-
 ony for Perkins. When he was able to
 leave the house again, three months
 afterwards, he seized an ax and smashed
 the clock-work man past the possi-
 bility of reconstruction.

A WOMAN OF COURAGE.

The little suburban village of Bust-
 leton, near Philadelphia, last Friday
 witnessed a runaway, followed by acts
 of bravery and presence of mind on
 the part of a lady who, with her hus-
 band, says the Press, is well known to
 our citizens. The stage coach from
 Smithfield to Frankford, in passing
 through Bustleton, drew up at the
 Bustleton hotel, kept by Mr. Robert
 Murray. There were three ladies and
 a gentleman in the coach, which was
 drawn by two very spirited horses,
 and as the driver alighted and went
 into the hotel for a moment he did
 not hitch his horses, but merely laid
 the reins on the seat of the carriage.

At this moment the animals took
 fright at the sudden emptying of a

pail of water, and at a bound they
 were racing down the street at head-
 long speed. The gentleman, who was
 seated at the front of the coach, made
 his way to the back and got out, and
 was fung heavily to the ground, re-
 ceiving severe cuts about the head
 and face. Meantime, the coach with
 the three ladies was whirled down the
 street at a speed that threatened in-
 stant destruction to the coach and pos-
 sibly the death of its occupants, but a
 lady passenger, Mrs. Bushnell, was
 equal to the occasion. Stooping over
 the seat she secured a firm hold of the
 lines, and taking a turn or two of the
 slack around her waist, put out her
 strength to check the speed and guide
 the progress of the animals. She suc-
 ceeded in checking and finally turn-
 ing the horses around and driving
 them up to the hotel, when half a
 score of strong arms helped the brave
 woman out of the carriage amidst the
 warmest praises of the excited crowd
 who witnessed the transaction.

**THE WESTWARD EXODUS—ITS
 MAIN SPRING.**

BY PROF. J. D. BUTLER.

LINCOLN, Nebraska, 1873.

The West draws new settlers into
 its capacious bosom by its fertility,
 its free homesteads, and its infinite
 demand for labor, whether skilled or
 unskilled. It also drives them to
 take shelter under its wings by com-
 petition.

New England once raised her own
 bread-stuff, but she has long ceased
 so to do. The produce of richer and
 cheaper lands competed with her farm-
 ers, till it proved more than a match
 for their skill and energy. Many of
 them then turned to manufacturers,
 but a still larger number were hence
 driven west. They made their own
 sum of the cheap acres there, and en-
 listed in the ranks of the agricultural
 army which had vanquished them.

Thus the West is constantly acting
 on the East with an increasing weight.
 And that of a larger and longer level.
 Here is one secret of its rapid growth.
 It is forty years since the first white
 families entered Iowa. But no more
 than one-third of its present popula-
 tion were born within its limits; two-
 thirds have come in.

Of twelve hundred thousand to-day,
 about one-half were born in some
 more eastern State. Foreign countries
 being further than the Atlantic slope,
 from the West have hitherto felt its
 influence less—but even they were
 long since driven as well as drawn to
 send their sons thither. The influence
 exerted upon them has been of the
 same nature with that which has
 brought Westward so many from our
 own East. Hence one-sixth of the
 population of Iowa has come into it
 from beyond the Atlantic.

Not one-sixth of the population of
 Nebraska were born within its limits.
 More than twenty-five thousand homesteaders
 and pre-emptors have filed
 claims in the land-office at Lincoln,
 a capital not yet six years old;—and
 within the last three years, about
 three thousand settlers have bought
 farms on the land grant to the Burling-
 ington and Missouri River Railroad
 —so ten years' credit and six per cent.
 interest, and, on contracts made since
 1872, no installment of the principal
 due till the beginning of the fifth year
 —and then only one-seventh.

The Westward tidal wave was never
 so strong as to-day—but it will be
 stronger to-morrow. The stronger it
 grows the more strength it has to
 grow stronger. Nor can it fall to
 wait still more mighty till so many
 of the European millions have migra-
 ted than the density of population and
 the rate of wages shall have become
 well nigh equalized on both sides of
 the Atlantic.

THE PLEASURES OF HORTICULTURE.

The Danbury News says:
 "We suppose there is a time that
 comes to every man when he feels he
 should like to have a garden. If he
 takes such notion he will tell his wife
 of it. This is the first mistake he
 never fully recovered. She draws
 her chair up to his, and lays one
 hand on his knee, and purses up her
 lips into a whistle of expectation—the
 vixen—and tells about her mother's
 garden, and how nice it is to have vege-
 tables fresh from the vines every morn-
 ing, and she will go right out and
 plan the things he self. And so she
 does. He takes his spade, and works
 himself into a perspiration, and she
 tramps round under a frightful sun-bon-
 net, and gets under his feet and