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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.

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D. W. CLARK, REAL ESTATE AGENT, HOUSES and Lots for Sale and RENT. Wild Lands for Sale.

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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.

COFFEES, TEAS, SUGARS, SYRUPS, FRUITS, SPICES, HAMS, LARD, AND PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS.

at the lowest cash prices. Goods warranted to be of the best quality.

Jan. 9, '72.

THE ROSES. Two roses bloomed in a garden once; One was red and one was white.

Two maidens lived in beauty once; One like morn, like evening one.

Two strangers came up the garden path; One was burning, one was cold.

The red rose blushed in bridal wreath Like the fresh cheek of the bride.

THE JUDGE'S STORY. "I don't see how I could have done more for him than I did; but still the man should not have punished—he should have been acquitted."

"With these words the Judge awoke to the consciousness that he had a fellow-traveler; and then, as if some explanation of his remark would be in order, he went on:

"We had a very interesting trial in Austin last week, Tom Carberry—Irish Tom he is called—was tried for murder.

"The fellow-passenger queried as to the circumstances attending the alleged murder, and the Judge answered:

"They were very peculiar, and that is the reason why the trial was so very interesting.

"It is the depth of winter," was objected, "and we are hundreds of miles from Austin.

"Kill him in the spring," said the unrelenting woman.

"With the opening of travel in the spring there arrived at Salt Lake City, by the Montana stage, an individual who freely announced that he was on his way to kill Carberry.

"Tom heard of it, but he took no steps either to get out of the way or to be specially prepared to see company.

"The listener entertained doubts at this point, but saying nothing, the Judge proceeded:

"Saturday evening, just as usual with him, Tom came into the city, and after getting shaved and fixed up for his holiday, he went around to the saloons, where many of the people of mining towns spent their leisure, to meet his friends.

"Here the listener interrupted with—"Why did he make insulting remarks? If he had made a journey solely for the purpose of killing Tom, why didn't he shoot him off-hand?"

"Because," said the Judge, "that would have been murder. The community is down on murder, and he would have been dangling from an awning-beam in fifteen minutes.

"Killing is a very different matter. When two men get into a fight, and all is fair between them, and one kills the other, community don't ordinarily seem much concerned in the subject.

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He had said, 'I'm Chief' in a public place and no man had dared to accept the challenge.

"The next morning Tom was standing on the sidewalk, when Montana came along, and they met face to face.

"Stranger, you used me pretty rough last night, but I don't bear malice. Just say that you'd been drinkin' and didn't mean it, and we'll say no more about it."

"Well," said Tom, "you needs 'apologise; come into the saloon and chink glasses with me, and we'll let the matter drop."

"Then Montana said: 'Tom Carberry, either you're generous, or else you're a coward. I don't think you're cowardly, an' if I'd know you at the start it's most likely I wouldn't have waded in. But the matter can't be let drop, for there's hundreds of people in my section an' between here an' there who know that I came here to kill you; so there's but two ways—we must fight, or you must run. If you'll run, it'll be just as good to me as to fight."

"Tom's almost suppliant bearing disappeared on the instant, and he said: 'Stranger, I ain't much in the habit o' runnin', an' if we're to fight we may as well have it out now as any time. Are you heeled?'"

"Tom asked this question, because we have a law against carrying concealed weapons, which is regarded at such hours as people think they will have no use for their arms, and disregarded all others.

"The answer was, 'No; I left my revolver with the barkeeper of the Exchange.'

"Get it," said Tom; "I'll wait for you here."

"I am making a long story of the shooting, which in reality was very soon over. They fired three shots apiece in as many seconds.

"After a pause, the judge added: "I don't see how I could have done more for him than I did; but the man should not have been punished—he should have been acquitted; and he would have been but for one circumstance, which prejudiced the court and jury against him."

"What was the circumstance so prejudicial?" questioned the listener.

"The Montana chap was the fourth man Tom had killed in Austin," answered the Judge, innocently.—Overland Monthly.

A HEROIC WOMAN—THE BEST BEAR STORY OF THE SEASON.

The Roseburg, Oregon, Plaindealer relates: A correspondent, writing from Canyonville, sends us the following interesting incident which occurred near that place: About ten days since Henry Bland and his wife, of Canyonville Precinct, went out into the mountains to look after their sheep.

When about three miles from home his two dogs got after a bear, and, after a severe chase, succeeded in compelling the bear to climb a tree.

About the time Mr. Bland and his wife reached the foot of the tree another ferocious bear suddenly put in an appearance, and savagely attacked the dogs in the immediate presence of Mr. and Mrs. Bland.

The fight now became animated and furious, dogs and bear rolling over each other in the death struggle down a steep mountain into the canyon below.

Bland was armed with a Henry rifle, but dared not shoot for fear of killing his dogs.

Now came the question how to rescue the dogs; only two cartridges were in the rifle, and these had to be used to the best advantage.

Mrs. Bland urged her husband to go to the assistance of the dogs while she, alone and unarmed, undertook to keep the ferocious monster up the tree.

He started down into the canyon, to where the conflict was raging, guided by the growls and yelps of the dogs and bear.

He arrived a moment too soon, for Bruin was evidently getting the best of it, and would only be pacified by the last shot from the now empty rifle.

It was dark when Bland returned to his wife at the foot of the tree. The situation was anything but flattering. The empty rifle was of little use, and upon the determination of Mrs. Bland to sit up with the bear, he started for home for more ammunition.

The lady being reinforced by the bleeding dogs now felt that she was mistress of the situation. With no fire, far from home in the midst of craggy mountains, this indomitable lady held at bay one of the most ferocious monsters of the forest.

The bear, not liking his new home, determined to descend the tree,

but our heroine, with a stick and the barking of the dogs, compelled Bruin to take a sober second thought, and, taking up a position on a lower limb, with eyeballs of fire he stared at the scene below; but our huntress was not to be dismayed by the presence of her horrible companion, but stood guard until about ten o'clock, when her husband and another man came to her assistance.

She then started for home through the deep canyons and gorges of the mountains, entirely alone, and it was midnight when she safely arrived at her own dwelling.

The next morning, as soon as it was sufficiently light, the bear was shot. He proved to be one of the largest of those known as the cinnamon variety.

A MINISTERIAL MUSCLE.

The St. Cloud Journal says: The following particulars of a lively encounter between the Rev. William Copp, a Methodist Episcopal Minister, and Anthony Carey, which took place at Sank Rapids on Saturday evening, have been furnished us:

It seems that Carey had a grudge against Mr. Copp for some temperance remarks, supposed to be personal, made in an out-door religious gathering in Sank Rapids last Summer.

Meeting in the Postoffice on Saturday evening, Carey attacked the minister, after some words, striking him a violent blow and repeating it, while Mr. Copp remonstrated with him.

Other parties interfered and Mr. Copp started for home, and was walking along the street reading a paper, when Carey running up behind, struck him a heavy blow, which staggered but did not fell him.

This was too much for Christian endurance and the expounder of the Gospel, getting his cane well in hand, became an energetic pounder of man, and laid on most vigorously.

Carry did not seem to enjoy this practical illustration of the reverend gentleman's belief in man's free moral agency, and closed in on him.

Being the stronger of the two, he wrested the cane away, and the tide of battle seemed to have turned against the man of peace.

But a fortunate brick lay within reach, and seizing this Mr. Copp gave his assailant a sockdologer on the forehead which laid him out as cold as a codfish, and for the space of several seconds the "further proceedings interested him no more."

Other parties had reached the scene of conflict by this time and when Carey had collected his scattered senses and rose to his feet there was too big a crowd for him to fight.

But getting sight of Mr. Copp's stove-pipe hat, which had rolled off, he ran and jumped up and down on it as though the ministerial caput were inside of it.

Both parties finally got home without any further trouble. There was no doubt but that Mr. Copp was grossly abused, and defended himself by force only when left to his other remedy.

It isn't always safe to pile into a man just because he wears a white choker.

THE PRESENT DUTY.

The way to make easy times is as clear as daylight.

Let every man or woman who owes money pay it at once if it is possible.

Be willing to make a sacrifice in order to meet promptly all your engagements.

Stop grumbling at the faults or mistakes of others, and attend faithfully to your own affairs.

Deal fairly, leniently and cheerfully with all persons who owe you or are in pecuniary trouble.

If you are out of debt thank the Lord, and then go around among your friends, and enemies too, if you have them, and render them all the assistance in your power.

Don't hoard your money; but loan it or use it to relieve the needy, on the same principle as you would give bread to the needy in a day of famine.

Do what you can in every way to relieve pecuniary distress, to check the current of financial embarrassments and restore public confidence.

John Ploughman once said, "I never know a good horse which had not some odd habit or other, and I never yet saw a minister worth his salt who had not some crocheted or oddity. Now these are the bits of cheese that cavaliers smell out and nibble at; this man is too slow, and another too fast; the first is too flowery, and the second is too dull.

Dear me, if all God's creatures were judged in this way, we should ring the dove's neck for being too tame, shoot the robins for eating spiders, kill the crows for swinging their tails, and the hens for not giving milk. When a man wants to beat a dog he can soon find a stick, and at this rate any fool may have something to say against the best minister in England."

A California paper discharged its local editor because he was so much occupied in trying to throw four sixes against some bar-keeper's tray full.

IMPOSSIBLE PARTY. A lady had gone to visit a young couple of the better class of the poor.

They had no children, and the husband being a stoker on the railway, they were above the reach of want.

Under those circumstances it seemed to the visitor that they might have attended to their religious duties at least to the extent of going to church on Sundays, and she ventured to intimate as much to the young woman, who was standing rather idly at the door.

"Will you please walk in till I show you something?" was the woman's answer; and she conducted her visitor to the little kitchen, where her husband sat by the fire.

He had just come for half an hour to have his tea, and was watching the kettle with the most absorbing interest.

He was, of course, in his working clothes, and his face and hands were of a deep oily black, after the manner of stokers.

"Now, ma'am," said the woman pointing to him, "you see that there man. That's my husband, and I'm bound to do a part by him, ain't I?"

"Surely," said the visitor, anxious to uphold 'the duties of matrimony. "Very well, then, would you like to know how I pass my Sundays? A washing of he! Never a blessed moment has he to wash himself through the week; out early and late, and half of the night too, and blacker nor any crow all the while.

Well, on Sunday it is fitting and proper that he should try to look like a christian if he can; so he sets me to it after we eat our breakfast, with a bucketful of soapsuds and scrubbing brush, and I rubs at him, off and on all day, till my arms ache fearfully, and then after we has our tea he says to me, 'Come, Sally, have another try, there! a brave wench,' and I goes at him again and sluices him down till you'd think a born nigger'd come out white; and, if you believe me, ma'am, when I polishes him off with a dry towel afore he goes to bed, he's only a light brown after all."

What was to be said to such stubborn facts—especially when the good woman finished with the unanswerable argument, "So you see, ma'am, them as wants to live religious has best not to marry a stoker."

The army of the United States consist of 29,505 men of all arms—ten regiments of cavalry, 8,947 men and officers; twenty-five regiments of infantry 13,582 men and officers; engineering battalion and other non-combatants, 3,990.

The laying of the corner stone of the new Capitol of Iowa the other day, inaugurated a new era in public occasions. No speeches were made, except a few remarks by a workman who got his fingers pinched, and they were merely of a cursory character.

A parson and a lawyer were talking about the direction of the wind. "We go by the Court House vane," said the lawyer, and the parson replied, "We go by the church vane."

"Well," retorted the lawyer, "in the matter of wind, that is the best authority."

An unstamped letter was deposited in an Indiana post-office last week, and underneath the address was the indorsement, "Let her slide, P. M., she's all hunk; inside air one of them post hole keards."

Medical students are warned not to ask a certain Western minister to preach for them. He has his text ready. "In his diseases Asa sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers."

A photographer in Boston has been astonished by a young woman who came to ask, meekly and innocently, "How long does it take to get a photograph after you leave your measure?"

The oil produced in western Pennsylvania the past year it is estimated would fill a canal 25 feet at the top, 12 at the bottom, 7 deep and 70 miles long.

Scandals over Illinois divorce laws continue. Depriving a wife of either or both of her ears has now been adjudged a sufficient ground for a divorce there.

A Missouri woman turned her husband upside down in the milk churn the other day because he swore at her mother. He respects his mother-in-law now.

Out in Montana, when they start a man down hill in a barrel, they speak of his "appearance in a new role."

"Have you heard my last song?" asked a music writer of a gruff critic. "I hope so," was the reply.

An accomplished bar-keeper in New Orleans mixes drinks in six different languages.

"Doctor, what will cure the fever of love?" "The chill of wedlock, made-moselle."

A panic conundrum—How many mills make a dollar?