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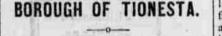
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Tionesta, Pa.,

TIONESTA, PA., DECEMBER 24, 1873.

GRANDFATHER'S DREAM.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Laurence and Clara, where were rou last night? Where were you Char- strong impression at the moment, yet ley, and dear little Atice? You had my auditors invariably remember them all gone to rest, and left old Grand-father to meditate alone in his great if you, my excellent friend, were to do chair. The lamp had grown so dim the same to-morrow morning. that its light bardly illuminated .the alabaster shade. The wood fire had er to himself. crumbled into heavy embers, among which the little flames danced and | ble old chair for beginning the converquivered and sported about like faries. | sation, and begged to know whether it bimself. He knew that it was bedtime; yet he could not help longing to hear your merry voices, or to hold a comfortable chat with some old friend; because then his pillow would he visited by pleasant dreams. But, as neither children nor friends were at ertheless, there are a few omissions hand, Grandfather leaned back in the which I should be glad to see supplied. the great chair, and closed his eyes, for the sake of meditating more profoundly.

And when Grandfather's meditations had grown very profound indeed, he fancied that he heard a sound over his head, as if somebody were preparing to speak.

"Hem !" it said, in a dry husky tone. 'H-e-m! Hem!"

As Grandfather did not know that any person was in the room, he started up in great suprise, and peeped hither and thither, behind the chair, and into the recess by the fireside, and at the dark nook youder near the bookcase, Nobody could he see. "Poh !" said Grandfather to himself,

'I must have been dreaming."

But, just as he was going to resume varnish. his seat, Grandfather happened to look at the great chair. The rays of firelight were flickering upon it in such a manner that it really seemed rs if its oaken frame were all alive. What! against me." did it not move its elbow? There, too! it certainly lifted one of its ponderous Grandfather. "And now, venerable fore legs, as if it had a notion of drawing itself a little nearer to the fire. Meanwhile the lion's head nodded at Grandfather with as polite and sociable a look as a lion's visage, carved in oak, could possibly be expected to assume. Well, this is strange!

the dry and husky voice, now a little clearer than before. "We have been intimately acquainted so long that I think it high time we have a chat to-

gether.' Grandfather was looking straight at the lion's head, and could not be mistaken in supposing that it moved its lips. So here the mystery was all explained.

"I was not aware," said Grandfather, with a civil salutation to his oaken companion, "that you possessed the faculty of speech. Otherwise I should have been glad to converse with such a solid, useful, and substantial, if not brilliant, member of society.'

"O!" replied the ancient chair, in a quiet and easy tone, for it had now cleared its throat of the dust of ages, exist two centuries to find out that 'I am naturally a stlent and incommu-

unwisely utttered my wisdom in the ears of sick persons, when the inquiet-ude of fever made them toss about upon my cushion. An so it happens that, though my words make a pretty

"Nor I, either," thought Grandfath-

However, he thanked this respecta-And here sat Grandfather, all by | had anything particular to communicate.

"I have listened attentively to your narrative of my adventures," replied the chair ; "and it must be owned that your correctness entitles you to be held up as a pattern to biographers. Nev-For instance, you make no mention of the good knight Sir Richard Saltonstall, nor of the famous Hugh Peters, nor those old regicide judges, Whal-ley, Goffe, and Dixwell. Yet I have borne the weight of all those distinguished characters at one time or another."

Grandfather promised amendment if ever he should have an opportunity to repeat his narrative. The good old chair, which still seemed to retain a due regard for outward appearance, then reminded him how long a time had passed since it had been provided with a new cushion. It likewise expressed the opinion that the oaken figures on its back would show to much better advantage by the aid of a little

"And I have a complaint in this joint," continued the chair, endeavor-

"It shall be attended to," said chair, I have a favor to solicit. During an existence of more than two centuries you have had a familiar intercourse with men who were esteemed the wisest of their day. Doubtless, with your capacious understanding, you have treasured up many an inval-"Good evening, my old friend," said uable lesson of wisdom. You certainly have had time enough to guess the riddle of life. Tell us poor mortals, then, how we may be happy."

The lion's head fixed its eyes thoughtfully upon the fire, and the whole chair assumed an aspect of deep meditation. Finally it beckoned to Grandfather with its elbow, and made a step sideways towards him, us if it had a very important secret to communicate.

"As long as I have stood in the midst of human affairs," said the chair with a very oracular enunciation, "I have constantly observed that Justice, Truth and Love are the chief ingredi-

ents of every happy life." "Justice, Truth, and Love !" exclaimed Grandfather. "We need not these qualities are essential to our hap. at old roap.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

COL. CRICKLEY'S HORSE.

I have never been able to ascertain the origin of the quarrel between the Crickley's and the Drakes. They have lived within a mile of each other for five years, and from the first of their acquaintance there has been a mutual feeling of dislike between the two fam-Then some misunderstanding ilies. about the boundary of their farms revived the latent flame, and Colonel Crickley having followed a fat buck all the afternoon, and wounded him, came up to him and found old Drake and his sons cutting him up.

The incident added fuel to the flame, and from that time there was nothing that the two families did not do to annoy each other.

noy each other. One evening, Mr. Drake, the elder, was returning home with his pocket full of "rocks" from Chicago, whither he had been to dispose of a load of grain. Sam Barstow was with him on the wagon, and as they approached the grove which intervened between them and Mr. Drake's house, he observed to his companion, "what a beautiful mark Crickley's old roan is over youder ?

"Hang it !" muttered Drake, "so it

The horse was standing under some rees about twelve rods from the road. Involuntarily Drake stopped his team. He glanced furitively round, then with a queer smile, the old hun-ter took up his rifle from the bottom of his wagon, and raising it to his shoulder, drew a sight on the Colonel's horse.

"Beautiful !" he muttered, with the air of a man resisting a powerful temptation. "I could drop old roan so easy."

"Shoot !" suggested Sam Barstow, who loved fun in any shape. "No, no; 'twouldn't do," said the

as if he was alive. Ha, ha,! fancy the Colonel going to catch him! Ho, old hunter, glancing around him again. "I won't tell," said Sam.

ho, ho! wasn't it a joke?" Old Drake's head then fell upon his "Wal, I don't shoot this anyway breast. tell or no tell. The horse is too nigh. If he was fifty rods off instead of twelve, so there'd be a bare possibility of looked at his rifle. of mistaking him for a deer, I'd let fly. As it is, I'd give the Colonel five dollars for a shot."

At that moment the Colonel himself stepped from behind a large oak, not haif a dozen paces distant, and before Drake.

"Well, why don't you shoot ?" The old hunter stammered, in some confusion : "That you Colonel? 1-1 was tempted to; and as I said, I'll

give you a 'V' for one pull." "Say an 'X' and it's a bargain." "How much is the horse worth ?" he muttered in Sam's car.

"About fifty." "Gad, Colonel, I'll do it. Here's your 'X'."

spirits might have something to do The Colonel pocketed the money, with his condition. muttering : "Hanged if I thought you would take me up !"

"Oh, no," said the old fellow, "I dont't drink enough to hurt anybody. I take something stimulative when I With high glee the old hunter put a get up, and then again just before fresh cap on his rifle, and then standing up in the wagon took a close sight breakfast, then only once at II o'clock, and a little dose before and after dinner



bargain, Mr. Drake carefully selected a perfect bullet and a bucksking patch, and then loaded his rifle. A minute later Drake was driving through the grove the most enraged,

the most desperate of men. His rifle, innocent victim of his ire, lay with . broken stock on the bottom of the wagon. Sam Barstow was really too scared to laugh?

Meanwhile the Colonel was rolling convulsed with mirth, and old roam was standing undisturbed under the trei

When Drake reached home his sons, discovering his ill humor, and the mutilated condiction of his rifle-stock, hastened to arouse his spirits with a piece of news which they were sure would make him dance with joy.

"Clear out !" growled the angry man, "I don't wan't to hear any news; get away or I'll knock one of you down.'

"But father, it's such a trick !" "Hang you and your tricks." "Played off on the Colonel."

noon, went out for deer-'

you shoot the Colonel's hoss?"

"I didn't do anything else."

shot him dead."

to his boys.

dollars a shot."

man.

"On the Colonel," cried the old man, beginning to be interested. "Gad, if you've played the Colonel a trick, let's hear it. "Well father Jed and I, this after-

"Hang the deer-come to the trick."

Couldn't find any deer, and thought

"Shot old roan ?" thundered the old

"And then," pursued Jed, confident

the joke part must please his father,

"Jim and I propped the hoss up and tisd his head up with a cord, and left him standing under the tree exactly

He felt his empty pocket book and

Then in a rueful tone he whispered

"Yes, boys, it's a joke! But if you

ever tell of it-or if you do, Bam Bar-

stow-I'll skin you alive. By the

Lord Harry, boys, I've been shooting

at that dead hoss half an hour at ten

"FAREWELL, EYES."

A Worcester oculist was called upon

by a tough old customer of sixty,

whose eyes showed plainly that brandy

and water was no stranger to him, and

his breath corroborated painfully the statement of his eyes. The doctor ex-amined him and suggested that ardent

"By the Lord Harry, Jed, did

we must shoot something ; so Jed ban-

ged away at the Colonel's old roan-

9-ly. ble rates.

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put up accurately.



month of Tionesta Creek. The tables and room are new, and everything kept in order. To lovers of the game a cordial invitation is extended to come and play in the new room. 637 ff V. T. LATIMER, Lessee.

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nicative sort of character. Once or twice in the course of a century I unclose my lips. When the goatle Lady

Arbella departed this life I uttered a When the honest mint-master groan. weighed his plump daughter against | ed of the dealings of man with man, the pine-tree shillings, I chuckled audi-bly at the joke. When cld Simon bly at the joke. Bradstreet took the place of the tyrant Audros I joined in the general huzza, and capered on my wooden legs for joy. To be sure, the bystanders were so fully occupied with their own feelings that my sympathy was quite unnoticed."

"And have you often held a private chat with your friends?" asked Grandfather.

"Not often," answered the chair. "I once talked with Sir William Phipps, and communicated my ideas about the witchcraft delusion. Cotton Mather had several conversations with me, and derived great benefit from my historical reminiscences. In the days of the Stamp Act, I whispered in the ear of Hutchinson, bidding him to remember what stock his countrymen were descended of, and to think whether the spirit of their forefathers had utterly departed from them. The last man whom I favored with a colloquy was that stout old Republican, Samuel Adams.'

"And thow happens it," inquired Grandfather, "that there is no record nor tradition of your conversational abilities? It is an uncommon thing to meet with a chair that can talk." "Why, to tell you the truth," said the chair giving itself a hitch nearer to the hearth, "I am not apt to choose the most auitable moments for unclosing my lips. Sometimes I have inconsiderately begun to speak, when my occupant, lolling back in my arms, was inclined to take an after-dinner map. Or perhaps the impulse to talk may be felt at midnight, when the lamp burns dim and the fire crumbles into decay, and the studious man finds that is not the first one who ought to have his brain is in a mist. Oftenest I have been

piness. This is no secret. Every human being is born with the instinctive knowledge of it." "Ah !" cried the chair, drawing back

in suprise. "From what I have observand nation with nation, I never should have suspected that they knew this all-important secret. And, with this eternal lesson written in your sout, do you ask me to sift new wisdom for you out of my petty existence of two or three centuries ?"

"But, my dear chair-" said Grandfather.

"Not a word more," interrupted the chair ; "here I close my lips for the next hundred years. At the end of that period, if I shall have discovered any new precepts of happiness better than what Heaven has already taught you, they shall assuredly be given to the world."

In the energy of its utterance the oaken chair seemed to stamp its foot and trod (we hope unintentionally) upon Grandfather's toe. The old gen tleman started, and found that he had been asleep in the great chair, and that his heavy walking-stick had fall en down across his foot.

Pioche, Cal., jury-room scene. First jaror-'You say you are satisfied that this man committed murder, and yet you object to finding him guilty. Give us your reason.' Second juror-Well, see here, old feller, we've all killed our man, and s'pose we kill another one, how would we feel if a set of -d mean cusses should convict us ? Jury in chorus-'That's so; we never thought of that. None of us will be safe if we establish such a precedent." The prisoner was honorably acquitted.

Tweed is the first ex-member of Congress ever sentenced to a penitentiary for crime, although Matthew Lyon was imprisoned for a violation of the alien and sedition laws. But he

chuckled too. Crack went the rifle. The hunter tore out a terrible oath,

which I will not repeat. The Colonel laughed. Old roan never stirred. Drake stared at his rifle, with a look as black as Othello's.

"What's the mattter with you, boy? Fus' time you ever served me quite such a trick, I swar!'

And Drake loaded the piece with great warmth and indignation.

"People said you'd lost your knack of shooting," observed the Colonel, in a cutting tone of satire.

"Who said so? It's a lie!" muttered Drake. "I can shoot-

"A hoss at ten rods ! ha!ha!

Drake was livid. 'Look here, Colonel, I can't stand that," he began.

"Never mind, the horse can, sneered the Colonel.

"I'll risk you."

Grinding his teeth, Drake produced nother ten dollar bill.

"Here," he growled. "I'm bound to heve another shot, anyway.

"Crack away," cried the Colonel, pocketing the note.

Drake did crack away-with deadly aim too-but the horse did not mind the bullet in the least. To the unutterable astonishment of the hunter, backward in telling his wants, the old roan looked him in the face as if nurse addressed him as follows: "Tell he rather liked the fun.

"Drake," cried Sam, "vou are drunk ! A horse at a dozen rods-oh, my eyes!"

"Just shut your mouth, or I'll shoot you !" thundered the excited Drake. whip a grizzly bear, play poker, drink "The bullets were hollow, I'll swear. a gallon of lightning whisky and The man lies who says 1 can't shoot. swear a blue streak, but I haven't seen Last week I cut off a goose's head at the inside of a church for tweaty-five fifty rods, and kin do it again. By the years, and I can't pray. Don't know

Sam Barstow chnckled. The Colo- to help disgestion-lon't take any nel put his hand before his face and thing more till 4 o'clock, and only a little more before and after supper and just before I go to bed." "That all?" said the doctor.

"Never take anything more unless somebody asks me," said the man. "Well, sir," said the doctor, "I think

I can cure your eyes, but it will be necessary for you to leave off drinking eutirely.

"What !" said he in amazement, 'Cac't I take just a little?'

"No, sir; not a drop, and if you do not leave off drinking you are liable to become blind."

"Then farewell eyes," said the old toper, as he seized his hat and made for the door, evidently afraid the doc-tor would prescribe for him before ho could get out.

The Nevada Enterprise says: A clergyman at the hotel has been seriously ill for several days past. A kind-hearted nurse, in the person of au old pioneer of this State, a 49er, has been patiently waiting on the sick man and ministering to his physical wants. The nurse was full of sympathy for his charge, and determined leave nothing undone that was in his power to make his patient comfortsble. Fearing that the sick man was me of any favor that you want, and will be delighted to do it. Don't be afraid to ask !" The clergyman faintly responded, "Pray for me." The '49e stood aghast, and replied : "I can Lord Harry, Colonel you can laugh, but l'il bet now thirty dollars that I can bring down old roan at one shot." The wager was readily accepted. The stakes were placed in Sam's hands. Elevated with the idea of winning his two tens, and making an "X" in the