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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.
G. W. SAWYER, N. G.
S. H. HASLET, Secy. 27-4f.

TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342,
O. U. A. M.

MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock.
G. W. SAWYER, C.
S. C. JOHNSON, R. S. 31.

D. J. E. BLAINE,

OFFICE at Capt. Knox's residence. Office days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
32-4f.

J. B. AGNEW, **W. E. LATHY,**
Tionesta, Pa.
AGNEW & LATHY,
Attorneys at Law, - Tionesta, Pa.
Office on Elm Street.

May 16, 1873.-ff

E. L. Davis,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa.
Collections made in this and adjoining counties.
40-ly

MILES W. TATE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
in Street, TIONESTA, PA.

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

F. KINNEAR, **F. B. SMILEY,**
KINNEAR & SMILEY,
Attorneys at Law, - Franklin, Pa.

PRACTICE in the several Counties of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties.
38-ly.

R. C. & M. V. LAWSON,
BARBERS and Hairdressers, Smearbaugh building, Elm St. Switches, Frizzes, Braids, Curls, &c., made from Combing. Having settled permanently in this place, they desire the patronage of the public. Satisfaction guaranteed. 15-3m

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TIDIOUTE, PA.
W. D. BUCKLIN, - Proprietor.
Frist-Class Licensed House. Good stable connected.
13-1y

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46-ly

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TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR. This house is centrally located. Everything new and well furnished. Superior accommodations and strict attention given to guests. Vegetables and Fruits of all kinds served in their season. Sample room for Commercial Agents.

FOREST HOUSE,
S. A. VARNER 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.
47-17v

C. B. Weber's Hotel,
TYLERSBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER, has possession of the new brick hotel and will be happy to entertain all his old customers, and any number of new ones. Good accommodations for guests, and excellent stabling.
10-3m.

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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 Tidioute, near Tidoule House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND

A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oil Cloth, all of the best quality, and will be sold at reasonable rates.

DR. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced Physician and Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately.

H. R. MAY. JNO. P. PARK. A. B. KELLY.

MAY, PARK & CO.,

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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.

4-4t-y.

D. W. CLARK.

DOUBLE YOUR TRADE.

Druggists, Grocers and Dealers! Pure China and Japan Teas in sealed packages, screw top cans, boxes or half chests. Growers' teas, Send for circular. The Wells Tea Company, 201 Fulton St., N. Y., P. O. Box 450.

18-4t

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Marriage and death notices, gratis.
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MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF AN AERONAUT.

Then, what? A splash of crimson and orange on the white wall of the house; a cry from Fanny. We both turned and looked. Up in the midst of the far meadow there rose a column of fire, and I had locked poor innocent Williams up in it, to be roasted alive.

"Oh, Fanny," I cried, glancing at the horrible sight. "I'm a murderer—a murderer—don't touch me."

And away I flew to undo my mischief, if there was time. There might be perhaps.

Never was such a run as I took across that long meadow.

But when I reached the door, pluming my hand in my pocket for the key, I could not find it. I had dropped it somehow. It was not about me.

"Williams!" I cried; "Williams! are you there? I am outside; courage!"

There was no answer.

"For heaven's sake, if you can speak do," I shrieked, but silence answered me.

Doubtless the smoke had already smothered the poor fellow, but I set to work and tore away the burning boards. I was scorched. My hair, my face, my eyebrows. Twice my clothes were on fire, but I rolled on the grass, and was up and at the flames again. Oh, it was horrible, horrible! If he had been my rival it would have been bad enough, but an innocent young fellow, his sweethearts waiting for him somewhere. What a wretch I was.

"Just look in," said I, "and see if that will suit you."

"Can't see anything," said he. "It's pitch dark. Wait, I have a match."

He took one from his vest pocket and stooped to strike it on the sole of his boot, and then I gave him a push and over he went, and I had the key in my pocket.

"You'll not make any one hear very soon, lad," said I, grinning to myself, "and you'll not kiss Fanny Martin going over the bridge this evening."

Then I went away and laid myself flat upon the porch in front of the house, and felt happier than I had before for a long time. Revenge is sweet now and then. I don't pretend to have none of the old Adam in me. I'd been there about half an hour, and the chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp of the crickets was lulling me off to sleep, when suddenly I heard a little light step close beside me, and saw a woman's white dress fluttering, and jumping up, I stood before Fanny Martin. The first thought that came into my mind was that she was looking for her beau, and it made me flinch.

"That you, Miss Martin?" said I.

"Yes, Mr. Burling," said she; and though I'd said Miss Martin how it hurt me not to be called Ben. "I came over to see your mother. Is she in?"

"No," said I; "gone to prayer-meeting at Deacon Dull's."

"Then I'd better go home," said she; but she lingered.

"Not looking for any one else," said I.

"No," she said, very sadly. "Good night."

But I could not let her go without a cut.

"I thought you'd be on this wonderful moonlight drive," said I.

"There you were mistaken," said I.

"Did he forget to come for you?" said I—"Mr. Williams, you know."

"I haven't been asked to the drive," said she. "I don't know why you speak so. The city folks are all by themselves, said Mr. Williams, I suppose, is with the lady he's engaged to. She came down last week with her mother."

"Oh," said I, and I began to wish I had asked a few more questions before locking young Williams up in the cow-house.

We stood still apart from each other. I saw her lip quiver. Was it for him? Had he jilted her? That was it for that, anyhow. But she was so pretty, so sad, and so winning, I felt my heart give a throb. I took a step nearer—she took another.

"Oh, Ben," cried she, "I can't stand it if you stay angry with me. I always have liked you the best, but you've been so awfully cross," and she was crying on my shoulder.

Did you ever make up with some one you'd quarreled with, loving her all the time? Did you ever feel, holding the deer face between your two palms, pressing sweet kisses on the dear, soft mouth, that it had all come back, all the old love and trust and sweetness and hope that you thought dead? If you have, you know what I feel that minute.

I found myself again. I was Ben Burling once more. Not the hot, angry fellow, with a curse upon him. I had seemed so long, and all for a silly little woman; a dear, sweet, silly little woman, how strange it was. Out of all my life, I'd like to have that one

moment back; it was the sweetest I ever lived through.

Then, what? A splash of crimson and orange on the white wall of the house; a cry from Fanny. We both turned and looked. Up in the midst of the far meadow there rose a column of fire, and I had locked poor innocent Williams up in it, to be roasted alive.

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