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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.



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MEETS every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars.

G. W. SAWYER, N. G. 8. H. HASLET, Sec'y.

TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342,

O. U. A. M. MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, every Tuesday evening, at 7 o clock. P. M. CLARK, C. S. A. VARNER, R. S.

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DR. J. E. BLAINE, OFFICE and residence in house former-ly occupied Dr. Winans. Office days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. 32tf

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May 16, 1875.-17

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TIONESTA, PA., MARCH 22, 1876.

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one to care for, or somebody to care a

surprised if somebody did care for

you!" thought Seymour, as her foot-

step died away upon the garden walk. After that his eyes were even quick-

Mortimer's came to an end. The

morning upon which he went back to

the city for good, he asked Mrs. Mor-timer for a private interview of a few moments, which, of course, was readi-

ly given.
"I have found your little circle so delightful," said he, after all other ar-

rangements had been settled, "that I

wish to carry a part of it away with me. May I be so bold as to ask for what I want?"

ter?" asked Seymour.

Miss Mortimer!" said Seymour.

Seymour came to the rescue to gal

lantly that she was persuaded to list-

en, and, considering it would still be "all in the family," to give Mr. Bowen what he wanted, at last.

And, having gained her consent, he

begged that he might see Miss Lizzie

in the arbor, and as a little matter of

form, ask hers! So it was in her own

favorite nook that Lizzie first learned

that "somebody" did care for her, and

though at first she could hardly be-

lieve it, she was convinced when Sey-

mour took her in his strong arms and

told her that he first began to love

her in that very spot.

Miss Augusta almost fainted when

she first heard the news. But if she

couldn't have the grand city home her-

self, there were plenty of chances to

AN EARLY GEORGIA ROMANCE.

would marry." I asked him who she was. He replied that he didn't know,

but that she suited his ideas exactly.

I went off to Texas shortly after

ward, and when I came back years af-

terward I met Hammond and asked him if he was married. "I am," he

replied. "I married the very girl we

met in the grove that evening; and I

have bought the grove that we met

her in, and we are living there now.'

And so they are,' continued the doc-tor, impressively, 'and that's what I

JAMES PARTON'S MARRIAGE.

I married a widow who had a grown-

up step daughter. My father visited

my house very often, fell in love with

So my father became my son-in-law,

and my step-daughter my mother, be-

cause she was my father's wife. Some

time after my wife had a son; he was

uncle; for he was the brother of my

step-daughter. My father's wife, that

is, my step-daughter, also had a son;

he was, of course, my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she

was my mother's mother. I was my

wife's husband and grandehlid at the

same time, and as the husband of a

person's grandmother is his grandfa-

ther, I was my own grandfather.

my step-daughter, and married

call a romance.'

Poor, lonely child! I wouldn't be

very little for me!"

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ONLY JUST LIZZIE.

"Hallo, Bowen! I thought you had cut the city?" cried Cliff Somers, as he met his friend, Seymour Bowen, in Market street.

"Haven't found a boarding place to my notion yet," said Seymour, as he shook Cliff's hand.

"Haven't you? Lucky, now, that I can tell you the very place. Nice folks, nice house, nice table! Fine girls there, too! Ever heard of the Mortimers?"

"Horace Mortimer's family?"
"Exactly. He died about two years since, you may remember. Widow purchased a place over on the Jersey shore, and keeps boarders. Here, I'll shore, and keeps boarders. Here, I'll will be the met Miss Lizzie again. "My youngest daughter. Mr. give you the address: 'Mrs. Horace Mortimer, King street, East station.'"

"Thank you, thank you, Cliff! I'll go over this very day, and see how I like the look of the land."

"Oh, you'll like it. I stayed there two months last summer. Would this, if I could get away. But, brother Tom is gone, you know, and I have to play puter-families for Laura and the little cubs. Say, Bowen, don't you lose your heart to Miss Augusta Mortimer."

"No danger!" laughed Bowen. "I don't know about that! She's a beauty, and no mistake! Nobody can

"Then how is it you came off scot-

"Oh, she wouldn't have looked at me! I'm not rich, as you are. It would not have done any good. But there; I must be off. See you when you come back from Jersey."

Cliff sprang upon an up town car, and Seymour walked away to his of-

Negotiations in Jersey were success ful. Behold, then, Mr. Seymour Bow-en cozily established in Mrs. Morti-

mer's best chamber, and arranging his household gods to suit himself.

"We wish you to make yourself quite at home here," said Mrs. Mortimer. "My daughter is at present ab-sent in the city, but she will return in a day or so, and be happy in assisting to entertain you. We always endeav-or to make things pleasant to our summer visitors." For Mrs. Mortimer never used the obnoxious word "boarders," but always spoke of her visitors.

Mr. Bowen, having an engagement with a friend in the city, returned before dinner this first day, and came down to his boarding-place again by the four o'clock train.

The evening was lovely, and Mrs. Mortimer's grounds looked inviting. Mr. Bowen bethought himself to take a stroll before supper, so down he went into the garden.

was close beside it before he saw that her. it was already occupied.

he couldnot yet see, dressed in a blue lawn, with collar and cuffs of blue and white striped linen, her only ornament a tiny coral brooch-for even the white fingers which held the pencil she was using were without rings.
"Ah! the daughter has returned."

thought Seymour. "But this is no dashing belle; she is more like a home fairy."

Hearing his footstep, the young girl looked up, blushed quickly, and instantly arose.

"Pardon me; I did not mean to interrupt you," said Seymour, stapping forward, with a courteous bow. little arbor looked so pleasant, I could not resist its attractions. I did not know it was occupied."

"Oh, you are quite welcome!" said the young lady, gathering up her pa-per and poncil. "I was just going to the house, anyway."

"I presume I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Mortimer, said Bowen, touching his hat again,

She looked up with a glance half-sad, half mischievous, which Seymour could not comprehend, as she answer-

"Not Miss Mortimer-I am only just Lizzie. My sister has not returned from town. But you, I am sure, are Mr. Bowen." Seymeur bowed are Mr. Bowen." Seymour bowed again, and expressing himself pleased to make Miss Lizzie's acquaintance, begged permission to accupy her retreat a little while.

"Oh, ves!" she said, with a bright smile, lifting the eyes which Seymour now saw were a beautiful brown "Come here whenever you please! And if you ever want to be very lonely and get away from everybody-see here!" she drew aside a thick screen of mamordica vines, and showed an inner seat quite hidden from outside view. "Glorious! I shall enjoy this vastly!"

cried Bowen. "I hope you will. No one comes here but me, and I give you free per-mission to take possession," said the

"Thruks! If you assure me I am the money, but oh! if I only had some

not displacing you!" "I can assure you that. Besides I shall generally be busy when you are about the house. I must go now to help mamma with the supper.

With a little nod of farewell, which Seymour returned with a polite bow,

her seat and began to wander why he had not heard that Mrs. Mortimer had two daughters.

"Though I'd never mistake this one for the dashing beauty. She is hardly pretty, but, somehow, she has the most attractive face I ever saw anywhere."

So ran his thoughts until the tashed.

bell smmoned him to the dining-room. "My youngest daughter, Mr. Bow-en," said Mrs. Mortimer, indicating Lizzie with an indifferent nod.

Before Seymour could speak the young girl said hastily, "I met Mr. Bowen in the garden, mamma." And Seymour fancied that there

was something of entreaty in her glance toward himself. It certainly made him forbear to make the remark he was beginning, about having sur-prised her in her favorite retreat.

Before many days it became Sey-mour's retreat, too. But he did not meet Lizzie there again, or anywhere sise, for that matter, except at the table, where nothing more than a brief word was ever exchanged.

On Thursday Miss Augusta returned from the city. And as she swept into the room to be introduced, in a costume which was faultless, Mr. Bowen acknowledged that she was a royal beauty, as far as the outside went, any-

Way. But he met so many of that sort in his circle that it was almost refreshing to turn to the simple freshness of Lizzie, who could not make the smallest pretensions to "style," or to the eleaided Miss Augusta to meet the President himself, with entire coolness, while Lizzie would have blushed, fluttered, and probably been unable to

speak at all. After trying to pursue the belle's acquaintance for a few days, Mr. Bow-en decided that she was hardly so well informed upon general subjects as even his brief acquaintance had shown Lizzie to be. But he readily saw that Miss Mortimer's time was fully occupied with fashionable society and its amusements, while Lilzie who seldom went anywhere except to church, had

time for reading and study. One evening, about a month after he went to Mrs. Mortimer's, Mr. Bowen sought his retreat in Lizzie's arbor. Some whim prompted him to seek the inner seat, and when, shortly after, Lizzie herself came into the arbor, A little summer-house at the foot of singing a low song as she sat at her the enclosure attrated him, and he work, he concluded not to disturb

It was rather pleasant to have her when the sweet voice of Miss Augusta was heard, not quite so dulcet as us-

ual, as she said : "Oh, you are here, Miss Liz! Has anybody been with you?"
"Nobody but my thoughts," answer-

ed Lizzie. "Mamma thought ahe saw Mr. Bowen come down this walk," said Miss Augusta.

"It must have been with the spirit ual eyes, then. I haven't seen him with my bodily ones," laughed Lizzie. "Oh, well, it's no matter since he isn't here. But I warn you Missy, I won't allow you to get up a flirtation with Mr. Bowen."

"I shouldn't know how. You never gave me lessens," returned Lizzie with some spirit.

"It will be time enough for you after I am settled," continued Augusta, not condescending to notice Lizzie's remark. "And I mean to get settled this time, for Mr. Bowen is immensely rich, and I may not have many more chances. I am determined not to let such a fortune slip."

"I would never marry him for that if I did not love him," said Lizzie, with more fire than usual in her.

"Well, I would! and perhaps shall! only mind you keep well out of my way," returned Miss Augusta, loft- my father's brother-in-law, and my ily, and with that she walked away, leaving Lizzie quite silent, and Mr. Bowen utterly amazed at what he could not help hearing. If it had not been for sparing Lizzie's feelings, he would have stepped out and confronted Miss Augusta-he felt just like doing so. But he was beginning to learn some things, and he resolved to keep quiet a little longer and see how the enigma would work itself out. Lizzie sat quiet for awhile. Mr.

Bowen hoped she would not discover him, and resolved, if she did so, to be fast asleep! But before long be heard her putting up her work to go. As she rose from her seat she drew a long, deep sigh, and he heard her say to

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iected quarierly. Temporary advertises
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ORIGIN OF THE BAUNSCHEIDT CURE.

Twas on a pleasant day, some fifteen years ago, that an architect by the name of Baunscheldt was sitting near an open window in his house, in the little village of Endenich, on the Kreuzberg, near Bonn. The gout in his arm ceased its twinges for a while, and he fell asleep. When he woke up it was to find that a cloud of gnats had settled on the exposed limb. He brushed them away, and that was the end of the matter until a few hours afterward an eruption appeared, which after some time disappeared, and with it the whole, or a part, of the pain from which Mr. B. had been suffering. Our gouty architect, being of an investigating turn of mind, set himself to work to discover, if might be, the connection between the gnats and the cure, and the result was a small and curious instrument somewhat resembling an air-gun, by means of which twenty-four needles are shot into the skin of the patient, after which the oil of ants is applied, an eruption takes place and he is cured, according to the inventor, of pretty much any

"I am sure I could not refuse you one of the usual mortal ailments.

A New York physician went to see anything," said the lady, bridling and blushing, but with a gracious smile. the ingenious architect at his home on the Kreuzberg, when he told him the "Then, will you give me your daughtale here told to you. Baunscheidt's "Lebenwebker," if it does not cure "Oh, I declare, you overcome me," cried the fond mother. "But, I am sure, if dear Augusta consents—" anything, has been found effective in the hands of several American physi-"But, pardon me, I do not mean cians in many stubborn cases of rheu-matism and neuralgia.—Scribner's "Not mean Miss Mortimer!" echoed the lady.

"No-only just Lizzie!" said he, with a bright smile.

"Lizzie!" The lady gasped the word and fell back into her chair. But Mr. Magazine.

The Jersey City Argus says: Loyd Clark, an engineer on the Long Branch division of the Central railroad, is probably the richest man holding such a position in the country. For several years he ran an engine on the Central Pacific road, during which time, becoming seized with the specu-lative fever, he launched out, buying and selling gold and stocks, always with species and stocks, always with success, until at the end of five years he came East, the owner of be-tween \$75,000 and \$100,000. He established himself in New York with a view of living in a manner consistent with his means, but such a life was too irksome, and after several attempts be gave up the experiment, and securing position on the Central went to work at his favorite business, Mr. Clark is one of seven brothers, all of whom are railroad engineers in different parts of the world.

be met if it was one's sister's. And I tell you "my sister, Mrs. Seymour Bowen," is quite a different person from "only just Lizzie." A man may drink moderately but steadily all his life, with no apparent harm to himself, but his daughters become nervous wrecks, his sons epileptics, libertines or drunkards, the he-The Atlanta (Ga.) Courier relates pathology and unvaried laws, precise-the following: "'Now right there,' said Dr. Powell, halting a Courier reporter in front of Col. Nat. Hammend's are stale truths to medical men, but handsome residence, 'is the scene of a the majority of parents, even those of A glance showed him a fair girl, setting so near, singing so softly, and with brown hair and eyes whose color Mr. Bowen was rather enjoying it, ago, he continued, 'Nat. Hammond There will be a chance of ridding There will be a chance of ridding and myself were sitting near that tree, our jails and almshouses of half their talking about marrying. Hammond tenants when our people ere brought said he would never marry. Just then two young ladies came walking to treat drunkenness as a disease of the stomach and the blood as well as through the grove, going out to the hill younder to see the sun set. Hamof the soul, to meet it with common mond said at once, "If I could win such a woman as that one yonder, I sense, and a physician, as well as with threats of eternal damnation.

They tell this story of a Maine greenhorn, who recently made a visit to Boston: Seeing a hotel sign, he en-tered and inquired the price of lodging. "One dollar," said the obliging clerk, handing him a pen and pointing to the register. "What am I to do with this here pen?" said the rustic. "Why, put your name on the book," said the clerk, "and I will assign you a room at once." "Not as you knows on," said the young man from Maine, "you don't eatch me. My father signed his name onct onto a book, sich as those 'ere patent right fellows earry round—not nigh so big as that—and he had to pay \$1,000. No, sir, 'ee, I ken pay my way, but I don't sign no note, you bet!"

When a man jams his head against a beam in the cellar, no one comes in to sympathize with him. We don't know that he tells the sorrow to outsiders. But when a woman's line of clothes comes down in the mud (a clothes line never falls when there isn't any mud) the whole neighbor-hood is shaken to its very center, and every woman within a quarter of a mile of the disaster comes rushing in to condole with the unfortunate sister, and nothing else is talked of by them for a week after. This is one thing which makes so many men down on famale suffrage. - Panbury News.

Charles Dudley Warner thinks the Germans a frugal people, and illus-A Frenchman who has lived in trates his meaning by the following America for some years says: "When statement of what he saw at the opera they build a railroad, the first thing at Berlin: "As soon as the opera was they do is to break ground. This is over, the man in front of me took done with great ceremony. Then they break the stockholders. This is stopped up his ears, to save the music they break the stockholders. This is stopped up his ears, to save the music he had paid for."