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TIONESTA, PA., JUNE 7, 1876.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369. I. O. O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock...

TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342. O. U. A. M. MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock...

DR. J. E. BLAINE. OFFICE and residence in house formerly occupied Dr. Winans. Office days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

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

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

MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa. Office on Elm Street.

F. W. Hays, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds Hill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, - Franklin, Pa. PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties.

NATIONAL HOTEL, TIDIOUTE, PA. W. D. BUCKLIN, - PROPRIETOR. First-Class Licensed House. Good stable connected.

Painting, Paper-Hanging &c.,

E. H. CHASE, of Tionesta, offers his services to those in need of PAINTING, GRAINING, CALCIMINING, SIZING & VARNISHING...

WILLIAMS & CO., MEADVILLE, PENN'A., TAXIDERMISTS. BIRDS and Animals stuffed and mounted to order. Artificial Eyes kept in stock.

MRS. C. M. HEATH, DRESSMAKER, Tionesta, Pa. MRS. HEATH has recently moved to this place for the purpose of meeting a want which the ladies of the town and county have for a long time known...

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN. ASSETS Dec. 31, 1875, \$5,735,925.70. MILES W. TATE, Sub Agent, Tionesta, Pa.

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DEMING.) Pictures in every style of the art. Views of the oil regions for sale or taken to order.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY. ELN STREET, SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S STORE. Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, - - - Proprietor.

I SHALL ATTEND TOMY Business as Usual! L. KLEIN, (In G. W. Bovard's Store, Tionesta, Pa.) PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER & JEWELER, DEALER IN Watches, Clocks, Solid and Plated Jewelry, Black Jewelry, Eye Glasses, Spectacles, Violin Strings, &c., &c.

Repairing Fine Watches. NEBRASKA GRIST MILL. THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Lacytown) Forest county, has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted in first-class order...

CUSTOM GRINDING. FLOUR, AND OATS. FEED, Constantly on hand, and sold at the very lowest figures. H. W. LEDEBUR.

The old Clockmaker.

Asa Tuttle was an illustration of the fact that man is partly responsible for his own conduct and partly not; and that the boundaries between responsibility and irresponsibility are vague, variable and mysterious.

Every Saturday night he got drunk, went home and whipped his wife, cursed and swore, broke something, and had to be quelled by the police...

On Friday evening Mr. Tuttle was sitting alone opposite his work bench. He had laid down his tools, and was gazing musingly into the street...

He gathered together a screwdriver, the oil and a pair of pliers, poked a little about his brain, shook his head, laid down the instruments and started out, leaving his lantern. Mr. Tuttle called out to him to come back and put his skull on again...

In his distress, Mr. Tuttle cast his eyes upward, and at once saw what arrested and diverted his attention. In a case were three clocks running. They were made of precious metals and precious stones, and glittered and flashed in the light of the wonderful lamp in such a way as to dazzle and bewilder him.

Whether something or somebody spoke to him, or how it got into his mind, he could not tell, but he was able quite clearly to understand that one of these clocks governed all the physical movements.

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would be wound up again and set running for another twelve hours. It was very strange that after all his damaging remarks about old clocks, Mr. Tuttle should find that he was nothing but an old clock himself.

His intellectual faculties were also regulated by clock-work, but arranged for perpetual motion. His moral faculties, too, were regulated by clock-work.

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HE WANTED TO BE SOOTHED.

A man with an ugly light in his eyes entered a saloon on Tillary street yesterday. The bartender slid behind the counter and smiled at prospective profits, but the stranger waved his hands and said: "I want none of your vile decoctions. Mix me something to soothe my raging thoughts?"

"Gin and sugar?" said the bartender. "Do you want to make a raging volcano of me?" exclaimed the stranger. "I want something as soothing to my tumultuous thoughts as the mother's lullaby song to a weary child."

"Take a milk punch?" "I want to be soothed, I tell you!" whooped the man. "Take a Tom and Jerry?" "Would a Tom and Jerry drive these wild raging thoughts away?"

"I think it would," replied the bartender, and he mixed one. He made it unusually good, and the man sipped it with great satisfaction and exclaimed: "Ah! that soothes me—that does me good—that turns my raging thoughts into dreams of ecstatic bliss!"

As he wiped his mouth on the back of his hand the bartender said: "Change, please." "Yes, that has changed me," was the reply. "I want fifteen cents, if you please, for that Tom and Jerry."

"Look out, sir! I am soothed now, and don't get me raging again!" "Rage be hanged! I want pay for that drink!" "Look out for the reaction!" warned the man. "I am calm and peaceful now, and I hope you won't bring back those terrible, fiendish thoughts which burned in my heart as molten lava slips down the rugged sides of Mount Vesuvius!"

"You pay for that drink!" "Now I rage again!" yelled the man. "Now the soothing influence has passed away. Nothing on earth can calm me again!" He hit the bartender between the eyes, tore down the stove, and would have made a sad wreck of things if the police hadn't stopped him.

It is related by Sydney Smith that on one occasion, on entering a drawing room in a West End mansion, he found it lined with mirrors on all sides. Finding himself reflected in every direction, he said that he "supposed he was at a meeting of the clergy, and there seemed to be a very respectable attendance."

At this season the question which interests a boy is not so much whether his life will be crowned with glory and honor as whether his new Summer's vest is going to be made out of his father's old trousers.

A London letter contains this: Now and then one sees in London a young girl extraordinarily pretty and fresh; but of the old ladies not one have I seen to compare with those beautiful old women of America, who wear their years like so many added charms, whose silver hair shines like a glory around gentle faces that years and sorrow, perhaps, have refined and spiritualized to a beauty beyond the rounded outlines of youth.

Three or four Detroit girls were the other day discussing the character and standing of a certain young man, and an old lady was a close listener. One of the girls finally remarked: "Well, I guess he's rich, for I saw him coming out of a bank the other day."

A case of general average: "Aren't you rather old to ride for half-price?" said a car conductor to the elder of two boys. "Well," remarked the youth, "I am under fourteen, and the boy with me is under six. That don't make twenty, and you will take two boys under ten for half-price each."

When the Hon. S. S. Cox was looking at the great Corliss engine at the Centennial last week, he asked the guard standing near what horse power the engine had? the reply came, with an amazed look: "Why, you d—d fool, you! it don't run by horses; they use steam."

A Wisconsin editor illustrates the prevailing extravagance of the people of the present day by calling attention to the costly baby carriages in use now, while, when he was a baby, they hauled him around by the hair of the head.

He was too solemn a preacher; he didn't suit in Nevada. The chairman of the farewell committee expressed it well; said he: "Now you can git, pard; we ain't agin religion out here, and it riles us to see a feller spilin' it. Git."

"Why is it, my dear sir," said Waffles' landlady to him the other day, "that you newspaper men never get rich?" "I do not know," was his reply, "except it is that dollars and sense do not always travel together."

Any excuse better than none. A toper says he would be a temperance man in a minute if it wasn't for his wife. He knows she'd be lonesome if she hadn't something to jaw about and find fault with.

Norwich Bulletin: An indignant correspondent wants to know which is the worse, a highwayman, or a grocer who gives false measure. We should say it was about the same—both of them lie in weight.