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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.



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

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B. H. HASLET, Sec. y. 27-tf.

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TIONESTA, PA., JUNE 7, 1876.

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CUSTOM GRINDING.

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The old Clockmaker.

Asa Tuttle was an illustration of the fact that man is partly responsi-ble for his own conduct and partly not; and that the boundaries between

not; and that the boundaries between responsibility and irresponsibility are rague, variable and mysterious.

Every Saturday night he got drunk, went home and whipped his wife, cursed and swore, broke semething, and had to be quelled by the police, who took him to the calaboose. Next morning he was sober and repentant, and was let out. He would then go to church, and, after morning service the pastor would request the elders of the pastor would request the elders of the church to remain a while. Everybody always knew what that meant. With many tears, Mr. Tuttle would express his deep penitence, and profess a determination to lead a new life. The pastor and elders would forgive him, and he would be all right again till Saturday. He would teach in the afternoon Sunday school, take his past in the prayer meeting. take his part in the prayer meeting, and be to all outward appearance a most exemplary christian. But Saturday he would fall again. So it went on year after year.—The officers of the church were sorely perplexed. There never was a man more regular in his habits, never a man who exhibited signs of deeper, more heartfelt penitence, or promised more faithfully to amend. A distinguished physician, on being consulted, gave it as his opinion that the unfortunate man had become a prey to a disease which at-tacked him periodically, causing for a time an irrestible thirst for liquor,

which being taken, placed the victim beyond moral responsibility.

On Friday evening Mr. Tuttle was sitting alone opposite his work bench. He had lain down his tools, and was gazing musingly into the street, ob-serving the hurrying passers by, and listening to the tramp of feet on the pavement. He sat thus while the dusk gathered and just as the first street lamp was being lit, he heard footsteps on the stairs, and then the opening of the door, and then walking on the floor, and at the same time
the room was illuminated by the glare
of the most brilliant light he had
ever seen, hardly excepting sun light.
A stranger, past middle age, in his
shirt sleeves, with spectacles on his
nose, advance to the work bench, and
sitting down his lantern began to sitting down his lantern, began to handle Tuttle's tools with a dexterity that proved bim to be an expert. He gathered together a screwdriver, the oil and a pair of pliers. Then turning to Tuttle, who was incapable of speech or motion, the stranger appeared to use the screw-driver about ale's head, appearing really to be ta-king screws out of the middle of his forehead, his temples, and the sides and back of his head. These screws he laid on the table, and turning to Tuttle, lifted off the upper half of the clock-maker's skull and sat it down on the work bench.—Then adjusting an eye glass to one eye, he took up 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, and though he shouted over and over again, with all put his skull on again, and though he shouted over and over again, with all his might the measured tread of the foot-steps passed en and out, and down the stairs and died away on the side-

and precious stones, and glittered and flashed in the light of the wonderful lamp in such a way as to dazzle and bewilder him. Looking under the case, he was startled to perceive a pair of human eyes gazing straight into his own. He found there was a face and part of a body, and the feat-ures seemed very familiar. He soon discovered that if he had met a twin brother the resemblance to himself could not have been more exact. Iudeed, after a little further observation, he found that he was looking into a mirror, which reflected another mirror behind him and that he was actually staring into his own brains, which turned out to be a beautiful system of clock-work, and therein were quite different from what he had expected. But then he had never before been favored with an opportunity of seeing the inside of his own skull.

would sleep. A touch on the shoulder would start a curious spiral movement in the brain, a mainspring would be drawn taut, it would pull upon all the physical faculties and the man to history shaped like human hands—the hour hand pointing to six, and the minute hand at twelve, to preserve the time to history who writes: "We black our boots with 15,000,000 boxes of domestic blacking a year."

The largest feet known to history must be those of the Maryland editor, who writes: "We black our boots with 15,000,000 boxes of domestic blacking a year." motions would cease, and the machine lifetime.
would sleep. A touch on the shoulder A mon

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. But he was able to perceive that while most people's moral faculties are made to run eight days, so that when wound up on Sunday, by a sermon or other religious exercises, they would run till next Sunday without any abatement of vigor, his, by some misfit, were only arranged to run for six days and a half, so that on Saturday afternoon the mainspring would go with a bang, all the works would run down in a minute, and then he was without any moral machinery he was without any moral machinery any more than a cew. He saw also that the mainspring had the appearance of having been filed nearly in two in many places, numbers of the cog-wheels had lest one or more teeth, and is numerous places there was so much dirt and sticky oil the works would hardly move. Now, indeed, his conscience smote him. He recollected that he had filed many mainsprings in that be had filed many mainsprings in two that they might run a few weeks and then break and be brought back to him for repairs, when he would al-ways charge double price for the springs and double price for his work, which prices were always paid cheerfully because the extra amount seemed a sort of guaratee that the work was well done. He also frequently filed a tooth nearly off so that it would break and a new wheel have to be put in. Sometimes he would use sticky oil that would bring him a job of cleaning; and occasionally he would say to his customers, on looking into the works, that a pinion had broken, and though he but cleaned the works, he would charge for putting in a new pinion. He now perceived that every time he had put dirt or bad oil into clockworks, or broken a tooth or pinion, an equal amount of dirt or bad oil had been inserted into his moral machinery, and tooth for tooth and pinion for pinion had been broken there, and consequently if matters continued long thus, the whole machine would fall down in a wreck, and people would discover what had been going on in secret. But this was not the most alarming; he saw a great wheel with only one tooth less. On counting the fractures he found that it had once contained four hundred and ninety

"Four hundred and ninety! four hundred and ninety!! four hundred and ninety!!!" he ejaculated, in a bewildered way, and grasping at a vague, dreadful idea. "Why, that is seventy times seven. And there I have been forgiven four hundred and eighty-nine times, and there is no authority for more than one more chance! Besides there are all the teeth gone but one,

was Saturday morning, he went hastily to hunt up an elder of the church, to whom he related his dream, and inwalk.

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 a good talking to, and that afternoon he missed his customary spree. After the same same and clittered and the missed his customary spree. that every Saturday morning he went to an elder and got wound up. This continued about a year, when one Sat-urdsy morning he could find neither elder nor minister. All had gone off to a meeting of the synod. He was in great distress. That afternoon he got drunk, went home cursing and swearing, broke three chairs and all the china, turned his wife out of doors, locked the door, and went to bed with his boots on. The police did not take him that time, but he remained at home. His wife, who knew and pitied his failities, crept back, through a win-dow after he was asleep, and lying down beside him, slept fill her usual time for arising and going about her

morning duties.

At six o'clock, when she went to wind him up for breakfast, she found he had run down forever. His heart 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. He saw that it was set to run twelve hours, then it would run down, all the voluntary motions would cease, and the machine

of his death, and also by a happy co-incidence, to indicate the doubt his friends were in as to what had become of him. If one hand missed the other would hit.

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 barten-

"Do you want to make a raging volcano of me?" exclaimed the stranger. "I want something as soothing to my tumultous thoughts as the mother's lullaby song to a weary

"Take a milk punch?" "I want to be soothed, I tell you?" who eped the man. "Take a Tom and Jerry?"

"Would a Tom and Jerry drive these wild raving 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 exclaim-

"Ah! that soothes me-that does me good—that turns my raging thoughts into dreams of ecstatic

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 wen'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. He was then taken to the station and locked up. After some three hours he called out:

"I am soothed-I am calm again." But they didn't let him out.

YOUNG BENNETT'S ENGAGEMENT.

The latest story about Jim Bennett's engagement to Miss May, and the postponement of their marriage is as follows: Mr. Bennett gave a dinner party at his house on Eifth avenue, in obenience to Mr. Bennett's request, got up on the billiard-table, were suddenly started by the entrance of two game-cocks, which, amid the shricks of the ladies, who did not dare to get off the table, set to fighting in dead earnest. The ladies screamed. Mr. Bennett laughed, and the cocks fought until, torn and bleeding, they were carried out, and the ladies were free to descend from their perch. Report says that Miss May was so disgusted at the behavior of her intended husband that she was on the point of breaking her engagement, but finally it was agreed that the wedding should be postponed for six mouths, to give him a chance to repent, and if Mr. B. is not on his good behavior during that time, the probability is that he will be able to add one more to the already large list of his broken engagements. -Springfield Republican.

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 "sup posed he was at a meeting of the clergy, and there seemed to be a very respectable attendance.'

At this senson 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 out.
his father's old trousers.

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Legal notices at established rates.

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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 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." "And I guess be drives a street car," put in the old lady, "for I saw him jump off a car one day last week."

Simpkins rang the servant's bell violently a few mornings since, and called Bridget to explain why the hot water brigget to explain why the not water for shaving had not been brought early, as he had ordered. "Shure, sir, didn't I bring it up and lave it at the door last night, so that you could have it in good time. Simpkins did not talk back, but took a cold water shave that morning.

A case of general average: "Aren't you rather old to ride for half-price?" said a cer 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." And he took them.

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 tool, 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 atten-tion 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 epressed 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 dellars 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.

a lion in a hand to-hand combat, the neighbors were greatly astonished, but her husband quietly remarked: "Oh, that's nothing: that woman could lick the devil." lick the devil.

"Have you seen my black-faced antelope?" inquired Mr. Leoscope, who had a collection of animals, of his friend Bottlejack. "No, I haven't. Whom did your black-faced aunt clope with?" The iron prow of the old steamer New Jersey, the first and smallest steamer that ever croossed the Atlan-

tic, is in South Amboy, N. J., and will be exhibited at the Centennial. "I narrowly escaped being cut off with a shilling," said a solemn young man. "How did you escape it?" asked a bystander. "My father had no shilling." was the solemn reply.

"Brother, why don't you ask the stranger to pray?" "Because," reprov-ingly replied a deacon, "this ain't no place for practical jokes. That man's the President of a gas company."

Let us carefully observe those good qualites wherein our enemies excel us; and endeavor to excel them by

avoiding what is faulty, and imitat-ing what is excellent in them. A Milwaukee man went to a meeting in London one evening, and when the cockneys said, "ear, 'ear," took it for a personal allusion, and got

A kiss on the forehead means rever-