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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, 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.

J. E. BLAINE, M. D. H. EUBERT, M. D.
BLAINE & EUBERT,
OFFICE and residence in house former-
ly occupied Dr. Winans. Office days,
Wednesdays and Saturdays. 23-1y

W. E. LATHY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa.
Office next door to Lawrence House.

E. L. DAVIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa.
Collections made in this and adjoining
counties. 40-1y

J. B. AGNEW, W. E. LATHY,
Tionesta, Pa. 23-1y
AGNEW & LATHY,
Attorneys at Law, - Tionesta, Pa.
Office on Elm Street.

May 15, 1875.-1y

MILES W. TATE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
14-1y

F. W. HAYS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY
Public, Reynolds, Hukill & Co.'s
Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 30-1y

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Attorneys at Law, - - Franklin, Pa.

**PRACTICE in the several Courts of Ven-
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NATIONAL HOTEL,
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BUCKLIN & MORE, PROPRIETORS.
First-Class Licensed House. Good stable
connected. 15-1y

Tionesta House,
ANDREW WELLER, Proprietor. This
house has been newly fitted up and is
now open for the accommodation of the
public. Charges reasonable. 34-1y

CENTRAL HOUSE,
BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, L.
AGNEW, Proprietor. This is a new
house, and has just been fitted up for
the accommodation of the public. A portion
of the patronage of the public is solicited.
40-1y

Lawrence House,
**TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAW-
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is centrally located. Everything new and
well furnished. Superior accommoda-
tions and strict attention given to guests.
Vegetables and Fruits of all kinds served
in their season. Sample room for Com-
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FOREST HOUSE,
S. A. VARNER PROPRIETOR. Opposite
Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just
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W. C. COBURN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON offers his
services to the people of Forest Co.
Having had an experience of Twelve
Years in constant practice, Dr. Coburn
guarantees to give satisfaction. Dr.
Coburn makes a specialty of the treatment
of Nasal, Throat, Lung and all other
Chronic or lingering diseases. Having
investigated the scientific methods of cur-
ing disease and selected the good from all
systems, he will guarantee relief or a cure
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Charge for Consultation. All fees will be
reasonable. Professional visits made at
all hours. Parties at a distance can con-
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below the Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Of-
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DR. J. L. ACOMB,
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 Tidoute, near
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IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND
A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors,
Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Fatets,
Oils, Cullery, all of the best quality, and
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DR. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced
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has charge of the Store. All prescriptions
put up accurately.

H. B. MAY, JNO. P. PARK, A. B. KELLY,
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Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts. Tionesta.

Bank of Discount and Deposits.
Interest allowed on Time Deposits.
Collections made on all the Principal points
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Collections solicited. 15-1y

FELT CARPETINGS, 35 cts. per yard.
FELT CHILING for rooms in place of
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E. H. CHASE, of Tionesta, offers his
services to those in need of
**PAINTING,
GRAINING,
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SIGN WRITING,
PAPER HANGING,
AND CARRIAGE WORK.**
Work promptly attended to and
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Mr. Chase will work in the country
when desired. 13-1y

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MEADVILLE, PENN'A.,
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BIRDS and Animals stuffed and mount-
ed to order. Artificial Eyes kept in
stock. 2-1y

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
country have for a long time known, that
of having a dressmaker of experience
among them. I am prepared to make all
kinds of dresses in the latest styles, and
guarantee satisfaction. Stamping for brai-
ding and embroidery done in the best man-
ner, with the newest patterns. All I ask
is a fair trial. Residence on Water Street,
in the house formerly occupied by Jacob
Shriver. 14-1y

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WATCHES

L. KLEIN,

(In G. W. Bovard's Store, Tionesta, Pa.)

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
DEALER IN

**Watches, Clocks, Solid and Plated
Jewelry, Black Jewelry,
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Particular attention given to
Repairing Fine Watches.

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL.

THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Lacy-
town), Forest county, has been thor-
oughly overhauled and refitted in first-
class order, and is now running and doing
all kinds of

CUSTOM GRINDING.
FLOUR, AND OATS,
Constantly on hand, and sold at the very
lowest figures. 43-40y
H. W. LEDEBUR.

PAUL SMITH'S WAIF.

Paul Smith was a poor old man.
He had a back room in the top of a
noisy lodging house, where he slept
nights and munched his meals of bread
and cheese—or Bologna sausage when
he could afford it—and from whence
he crept, as harmless and unnoticed as
a fly, down the corner of a dingy
street, to the little music shop of Carl
Brettman, a German settler.

There he tinkered all day on broken
violins and other musical instruments,
never absenting himself for a moment,
save on Saturday afternoon, when he
went to the house of a small trades-
man to teach the piano to three or
four very stupid girls. Sundays he
curled up in his den, and amused him-
self, nobody knew how, until Monday
morning.

There are a few certainties. He
never went to church, but he picked
ragged children from the pavement
when they fell near him, and gave
them half-pennies when he had any;
shared his dinner often with a mangy,
dirty cur, who acted as a sort of es-
cape-valve for the ill-temper of half
the men and women in the street, and
he roused Pat Ryan from his midnight
snore in the gutter many a cold night
and literally carried him home to
Norah and the children.

As for his honesty, a neighbor re-
marked, "If he found five shillings in
the street, he'd wear out ten shillings
worth of strength and shoe-leather to
find the owner."

One cold night Paul was returning
from his work, with a loaf of bread
under one arm and a violin under the
other, when at the street door he stum-
bled and nearly fell over a small ob-
ject crouched on the step.

"Bless us! what's this?" cried Paul,
striving to regain his equilibrium.

"Only me, sir!" and the small ob-
ject stood up, and became a very pale,
thin and ragged child.

"Are you hurt, little girl?"
"No, sir."
"What are you doing out here in
the cold?"

"Nothing."
"Why don't you go home?"
"I ain't got any."
"Dear me! Where's your mother?"
"In heaven!"

At this Paul was dumfounded, and
seeing that great tears were stealing
down the child's wan face, he thrust
the violin under the arm which held
the bread, and putting the other
around the tiny figure, he said:

"Oh! I've got a home—a real jolly
place! Come up and see!"

And this is the way old Paul came
to have a neat little housekeeper, and
to be buying gowns and shoes out of
his poor salary.

The winter of 186—came in like a
lion, as many a poor wretch well re-
members, and with the first blast came
Paul's enemy. He turned one night
a sad face from his warm corner in
Brettman's shop among the violins,
and hobbled up the cold street, feeling
the approach of the old rheumatic
pains, and wondering what would be-
come of his poor little Camilla.

His excitement carried him up to
his last flight of stairs, and hearing
Camilla's voice, he paused to rest and
to listen. She was singing in that
sweet and expressive manner which
made her voice seem to him the sweet-
est and purest he had ever heard. At
the end of the stanza she took breath,
and another voice said, "Child, you
astonish me. Either I am a poor
judge of music or else your voice is
the finest I ever heard. You are
right in preferring it to anything else."

An electric thrill shot through old
Paul's frame and quickened his blood
to a rapidity that quite carried away
his rheumatic pains, and in a twink-
ling he was up the stairs and in his
little attic.

He was terrified at the sound of a
man's voice, but the sight of a hand-
some and polished gentleman, with
diamond studs in his snowy linen, a
heavy ring upon his dainty white
hand, unquestionable broadcloth upon
his back, in close conversation with
his Camilla, whose wondrous beauty
had of late startled even his dull per-
ception, was more than Paul could
bear.

He was a very small man—had been
in his youth—and now that Time's
withering fingers had touched him, he
was shriveled and dried like withered
fruit; but in his virtuous indignation
he puffed up to his fullest extent, and
in his falsetto voice piped:

"Camilla, how dare you invite any
one here?"

"Oh, Uncle Paul! this is Mr. Cla-
vering, a gentleman whose—whose—"
"Whose mother she saved from
death. Yont niece, sir, a few days
since, was passing through our crowd-
ed thoroughfare, when my mother's
carriage drew up to the pavement.
The horses were restive, and bidding
the driver attend to them, she began

to descend unassisted. Her foot was
on the step, when the animals sprang
and flung her violently from her foot-
hold. But for the sudden act of your
niece, who received my mother in her
strong young arms, the fall might
have proved a fatal one. My mother
at once entered a shop, and keeping
your niece near her, sent for me. I
came to-day, at my mother's earnest
request, to express our heartfelt gra-
titude, and to offer—"

"You needn't offer Camilla a penny,
sir. She will never suffer while I've a
pair of hands to work for her," said
Paul.

"You mistake me. I do not wish to
insult you, but would raise this child
from her poverty and educate her,
that she might be of use to you and to
herself, and become a refined woman.
Don't let your selfish love stand in her
light, and shut it out from her. She
sings like a prima donna, and wishes
to study music."

The great lustrous eyes of the child
turned imploringly to her guardian.

"Lor, Camilla, I can't stand in your
way. I know you're every bit a born
lady, if your poor forsaken mother did
die in a hovel among wretches who
turned her child into the cold as soon
as the breath had left her body; but,
deary me, I can't part with you."

"And you shall not. Let me save
my little Camilla, and she shall never
leave you, but prove a blessing to you
in your old age."

Paul could say nothing, and the
strange visitor departed, with no fur-
ther injury to his darling than an elo-
quent glance from an expressive pair
of eyes.

Day after day Camilla went with
her books to the teacher so strangely
provided; and after a little time there
came days when pauses paused to
listen to the warbling of the rich
young voice.

"When she had been there six months,
she entered one morning to find Mrs.
Clavering in the music-master's room.
"What do you intend to do with
your famous pupil?" said her soft
voice.

"Madame, Camilla is capable of
doing anything in a musical way. She
will be a songstress of whom this
country will be proud. Ah, here she
is!"

"You have improved wonderfully,
my child," said the lady, holding out
her gloved hand. "I came to bring
you Richard's farewell. He leaves
to-night, and will remain abroad for
many years. Here is a little gift as a
token of remembrance."

She did not understand that Mrs.
Clavering had placed a pretty neck-
lace of coral in her hand, and then
gathered up her shawl and departed;
but when her teacher spoke she cried
out as in mortal pain, and, without a
word, flew down the street toward
home. As she turned the corner she
rushed pell-mell into the arms of a
gentleman, who, on seeing her pale
and tearful, said:

"Why, little Camilla, what is the
matter?"

"Oh, Mr. Clavering you are going
away!"

Richard Clavering's fine face grew
sad and expressive as the tearful eyes
looked into his own, and for the first
time he comprehended that he was a
young man, and that his protegee was
stealing from childhood into beautiful
girlhood, and was undeniably a
beauty.

"Camilla, I am going away, but
will you wait for my return?"
"Wait for you? I am not going to
run away!"

"You do not comprehend me. Well,
it is better so. Perhaps two years
later you may understand me. Good-
bye, Camilla. Kiss me good-bye."

It was a very quiet street, and so
Camilla lifted her head and kissed
him. In all probability the child
would have kissed him in the main
thoroughfare as there, and I only
mention the fact of the street being a
quiet one to silence the startled prop-
riety of those who are shocked at the
publicity of it.

Well, there they parted. He to go
over the sea, she to remain at home
and improve the opportunities he had
placed before her.

II.

The great heart of the music loving
public was agitated with mingled
emotions of joy, pride, astonishment
and awe. A new songstress had been
criticised, picked over piecemeal,
ground down to the finest point, dis-
sected, examined through the most
perfect musical microscope, and pro-
nounced perfect. And now the man-
ager of a first-class, fashion-patronized
theater had engaged her for a single
night at an almost fabulous sum, and
the world was to hear her voice.

The night came. The theater was
crowded from pit to roof. The orches-
tra pealed forth a grand overture, the
expectant crowd filled the air with
perfume, and soft murmurs of whisp-
ering voices and rustling silks arose in

a subdued sound; and then the broad
curtain rolled up and disclosed the
elegantly fitted stage.

Suddenly there was a hush in the
vast building, and eyes grew bright
with eager anticipation as from the
wing came the debutante.

A tall, graceful girl, with gleaming
shoulders, and white, perfectly-shaped
arms, with a crown of purple black
hair upon the regal head, with great
dark eyes scanning the crowd, and
then, with almost childish shyness,
veiling them beneath the long lashes;
a mouth, soft, tender and beautiful,
and a cheek as fair as the pure white
satin of her sweeping robe; and they
had seen the long-talked of and high-
ly praised beauty.

A roar like the rushing of distant
waters sounded in her ears, and then
swelled into a thunder of applause,
and coming slowly down in the splen-
dor of the footlights, her beautiful
head erect, her eyes glowing with ex-
citement, her beauty enhanced by the
elegance of her costume, Camilla, the
poor little waif, the child of poor old
Paul Smith, the protegee of proud Rich-
ard Clavering, received the homage of
the assembled crowd.

When the acclamations had ceased,
the orchestra began a soft symphony,
and then through the building echoed
the clear, pure notes of a voice that
sounded far away, a dreamy, mystic
voice, full of hope, of doubt, of pain.

Nearer, still nearer it sounded, and
hope, had drowned the doubts, but a
plaintive sorrow seemed to remain. It
came nearer, and the sorrow was a
half-expected, trembling glimpse of
something better; and then suddenly
the strange voice broke forth in a tri-
umphal strain, and listeners held their
breath as the wondrous notes rang out
upon the air, and then died away.

For a moment a deathly silence
reigned, but it was for a moment only,
and then the building vibrated with a
crash of enthusiasm that came from
the music-crazed audience. Men arose
in their seats, and hundreds flung their
floral tributes at her feet.

In one of the boxes, above the one
where the music-master and manager
sat, and old, odd-looking man waved
his handkerchief and cheered, with
great tears falling down his wrinkled
cheeks; and Camilla looked up to
that one box, and gave him the only
smile that crossed her lips during the
night.

But at length the curtain fell, and
Camilla, weary and worn, went up to
the dressing-room. Some one stood
in the shadow of a side-scene, and
when she asked permission to pass,
caught her by the hands and drew her
out into the light.

"Camilla, little Camilla, is it you?
Have I been listening to my little girl
all this glorious evening? Speak to
me. I am bewildered and blind."

"Mr. Clavering, when did you come?
Oh! I am so glad, so very happy!"
she exclaimed.

"Are you glad? Are you happy?
Oh! is this my welcome? Have you
waited for me, my love, my darling?"
She put her hands over her eyes,
mourning.

"You do not mean your words! I
am dreaming! I am mad!"
"You are here, wide awake, Camilla,
and I am asking you to love me, and
to be my wife."

She drew him away for a brief mo-
ment, and laid her weary head within
his arms. Then she passed on to her
dressing-room, and when she returned,
she put out her hands, saying:

"Oh, Richard, take me away! I am
soul sick of all this."
"And you will only sing—"
"In your nest. Come, we must not
forget Uncle Paul. He is waiting in
the box for me."

The box was near at hand, and in a
moment they stood near the door. It
was ajar, and Richard pushed it open
to allow Camilla to enter, and saw the
old man sitting in one of the luxu-
rious chairs, his head lying back upon
the soft cushions, and his hands peace-
fully folded.

"Uncle Paul!" cried Camilla.
"Why, you naughty boy, you are fast
asleep! Come, it is time to go home.
Ah!"

She started back with a cry, for the
hand she touched was icy cold, and
fell back, stiff and helpless.

"Camilla, darling, come away; I
will attend to him."
"Oh, Richard!"

"Hush, love; he is beyond us now.
Those strains of music have carried
him to heaven, from whence they
came."

The poor old man was dead. With
the consummation of his heart's wish,
his quiet, unpretending, unoffending
life had passed into the new existence.

There were large growls in the music-
loving world, but nothing ever came of
them, for Richard Clavering removed
their singing bird so deftly that few
knew the cause of her flight, and now
she sings only to him, and to her
brood of young Claverings.

WHAT IS DONE IN JUNE.

In June the land is sorely scourged
with strawberry festivals and other
devices which empty pockets and dis-
order stomachs.

In June a man who can't afford his
wife a hired girl can spend thirty
cents a day for book beer.

In June bananas skins cripple more
people than cannon balls.

In June croquet works woe with
youthful hearts and youthful corns.

In June people turn over a new
leaf, and move to avoid back rent.

In June the tramp trampeth after
anything but a plow.

In June the house fly becometh num-
erous once more, and, as of old, has
no other ambition than to flop into the
butter.

In June the contact of warm lips
through wooden pailings is diviner
than at any other season of the year.
Consequently it is the accepted time
for moonlight swinging on front gates.

In June men invest all their wealth
on their pet base ball clubs, and their
wealth never bothers them any more.

In June a man looks long and earn-
estly for his last summer's clothes—
and he finds only a pair of cheap
vases.

In June asparagus appears on the
table, and is as delicious as a dish of
boiled clothes-pins.

In June Sunday Schools pick up
marvelously, preparatory to expected
pemics.

In June all that a man hath, yea
all that he can borrow, that will be
give to see a base ball match.

In June little girls stretch cords
across pavements and "jump the rope,"
and everybody that passes that way
falls over the rope and wounds his
nose.</