BUSINESS DIRECTORY.



by the Good Templars, C. A. BANDALL, N. G. S. H. HASLET, Sec'y.

TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342, O. U. A. M. MEETS at Odd Fellows' Ledge Room, every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, P. M. CLARK, C. S. A. VARNER, R. S.

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TIONESTA, PA., AUGUST 9, 1876.

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"I should like to do that every day, for a year to come," said Mr. William Everett, rubbing his hands together, quickly, in irrepressible pleasure.

Mr. Everett was a stock and money broker, and had just made an "operation," by which a clear gain of five thousand dollars was secured. He was alone in his office; or, so much alone as not to feel restrained by the presence of another. And yet a pair of dark, sad eyes were fixed intently upon his self-satisfied countenance, with an expression, had he observed it, that would, at least, have excited a moment's wonder. The owner of this to have his mind turned aside for a pair of eyes was a slender, rather poor-dressed lad, in his thirteenth year, whom Mr. Everett had engaged, a short time previously, to attend in his office and run errands. He was the son of a widowed mother, now in greatly reduced circumstances. His father had been an early friend of Mr. Everett. It was this fact which led to the boy's introduction into the broker's office.

"Five thousand dollars!" The bro-ker had uttered his satisfaction; but now he communed with himself, silently: "Five thousand dollars! A nice little sum, that, for a single day's work. I wonder what Mr. Jenkins will say, to-morrow morning, when he hears of such an advance in these securities."

From some cause, this mental reference to Mr. Jenkins did not increase our friend's state of exhibaration. Most probably, there was something in the transaction by which he had gained so handsome a sum of money, that, in calmer moments, would not bear too close scrutiny-something that Mr. Everett would not like blazoned forth to the world. Be this as it may, a more soher mood, in time, succeeded, and, although the broker was richer by five thousand dollars than when he arose in the morning, he was, certainly, no happier.

An hour afterward, a business friend came into the office of Mr. Everett, and said:

"Have you heard about Cassen?"

"No; what of him?" "He's said to be off for Europe, with forty thousand dollars in his pockets more than justly belongs to

"What!" "Too true, I believe. His name is in the list of passengers who left New

York in the steamer, yesterday."
"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Everett, who, by this time, was very

considerably excited. "He owes you, does he?" said the

"I lent him three hundred dollars, the day before yesterday."

"A clear swindle." "Yes, it is. Oh, if I could only get my hands on him!"

Mr. Everett's countenance, as he said this, did not wear a very amia- ther is in trouble, it may be in my ble expression.

"Don't get excited about it," said the other. "I think be has let you the other. "I think he has let you ly, coming up to Mr. Everett, and, in off quite reasonably. Was that sum the forgetfulness of the moment, layall he asked to borrow?" "Yes."

"I know two, at least, who are poorer, by a couple of thousands, by his

But Mr. Everett was excited. For half an hour after the individual left, who had communicated this unpleasant piece of news, the broker walked the floor of his office with compressed lips, a lowering brow, and most un- through. happy feelings. The five thousand "Speak freely, my good lad," said dollars gain in no way balanced, in he, kindly. "Tell me of your mother. his mind, the three hundred lost. The pleasure created by the one had not penetrated deep enough to escape obliteration by the other.

Of all this, the boy with the dark, sad eyes, had taken cognizance. And But there are three of us children, and he comprehended all. Scarcely a mo- I am the oldest. None of the rest can ment had his glance been removed from the countenance or form of Mr. Everett, while the latter walked, with uneasy steps, the floor of his office.

ed away; but it left a sense of depression and disappointment, that completely shadowed his feelings.

Intent as had been the lad's observation of his employer, during all this time, it is a little remarkable, that Mr. Everett had not once been conscious of the fact that the boy's eyes were steadily upon him. In fact, he had been, as was usually the case, too much absorbed in things concerning himself, to notice what was peculiar to another, unless the peculiarity were | lad. one readily used to his own advantage.

"John," said Mr. Everett, turning suddenly to the boy, and encountering his large, earnest eyes, "take this note round to Mr. Legrand." John sprang to do his bidding; re-

the expression of his sober face and not speak, for strong curotion choked lone sweeps everything behind her.

The Blessing of a Good Deed, humid glance from the vision of Mr. Everett. In fact, from some cause, tears had sprung to the eyes of the musing boy, at the very moment he was called upon to render a service; and, though his motions were quicker than usual, he had failed to conceal them.

A new train of thought now enter-ed the broker's mind. This child of his old friend had been taken into his office from a kind of charitable feeling-though of very low vitality. He paid him three dollars a week, and thought little more about him, or his widowed mother. He had too many important interests of his own at stake. trifling matter like this. But, now, as the image of that sad face-for it was unusually sad at the moment when Mr. Everett looked suddenly toward the boy-lingered in his mind, growing every moment more distinct, and more touchingly beautiful, many considerations of duty and humanity were excited. He remembered his old friend, and the pleasant hours they had spent together, in years long since passed, ere generous feelings had hardened into ice, or given place to an all-pervading selfishness. He remember-ed, too, the beautiful girl his friend had married, and how proudly that friend presented her, to their little circumstance would have possessed no world, as his bride. The lad had her power to lift him above the shadowed, large, dark, spiritual eyes—only the light of joy had faded therefrom, giv-

ing place to a strange sadness.

All this was now present to the mind of Mr. Everett, and though he tried, once or twice, during the boy's a warming sense of delight.

absence, to obliterate these recollectory. Thus it is, that true benevolence tions, he was unable to do so.

"How is your mother, John?" kindly asked the broker, when the lad returned from his errand. The question was so unexpected,

that it confused him. "She's well—thank you, sir. No-not very well, either—thank you, sir."

And the boy's face flushed, and his eyes suffused. "Not very well, you say?" Mr. Everett spoke, with kindness, and in a tone of interest. "Not sick, I hope?"

"No, sir; not very sick. But-"
"But what, John?" said Mr. Everett, encouragingly. "She's in trouble," half stammered

the boy, while the color deepened on "Ah, indeed? I'm sorry for that.

What is the trouble, John?" The tears, which John had been vainly striving to repress, over his face, and, with boyish shame

for the weakness, he turned away, and struggled for a time, with his o'ermastering feelings. Mr. Everett was no little moved

waited, with a new-born consideration for the boy, not unmingled with respect, until a measure of calmness was restored.

"John," he then said, "if your mopower to relieve her."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed the lad, eagering his small hand upon that of his employer, "if you will, you can."

Hard, indeed, would have been the heart, that could have withstood the

appealing eyes lifted by John Levering to the face of Mr. Everett. But Mr. Everett had not a hard heart. Love of self and the world had encrusted it with indifference toward others; but the crust was new broken

What is her trouble?"

"We are very poor, sir." Tremu-lous and mournful was the boy's voice. 'And mother isn't well. She does all she can; and my wages help a little. But there are three of us children, and earn anything. Mother couldn't help getting behind with the rent, sir, because she hadn't the money to pay it with. This morning, the man who parted. As the afternoon waned, the bro-ker's mind grew calmer. The first excitement, produced by the loss, pass-told him that she had none, he got, owns the house where we live, came O! so angry, and frightened us all. He said, if the rent wasn't paid by tomorrow, he'd turn us all into the street. Poor mother! She went to bed sick."

"How much does your mother owe the man?" asked Mr. Everett.

"O, it's a great deal, sir. I'm afraid she'll never be able to pay it; and I don't know what we'll do. "How much?" "Thirty dollars, sir," answered the

"Is that all?" And Mr. Everett

my compliments." The grasped the money eargerly, about it." and, as he did so, in an irrepressible ceived the note, and was off with un-usual fleetness. But, the door which burst of gratitude, kissed the hand closed upon his form, did not shut out from which he received it. He did thing before her; the woman of fash-

all atterance; but Mr. Everett saw his beart in his large, wet eyes, and it was overflowing with thankfulness.

"Stay a moment," said the broker, as John Levering was about passing through the door. "Perhaps I had better write a note to your mother." "I wish you would, sir," answered

the boy, as he came slowly back. A brief note was written, in which Mr. Everett not only offered present aid, but agreed, on account of her

son's faithfulness, to double his wages. For half an hour after the lad departed, the broker sat musing, with his eyes upon the floor. His thoughts that the unfortunate man should be were clear, and his feelings tranquil. He had made, on that day, the sum of five thousand dollars by a single transaction, but the thought of this large accession to his worldly goods did not give him a tithe of the pleasure he derived from the bestowal of fifty dollars. He thought, too, of the three hundred dollars he had lost by a misplaced confidence; yet, even as the shadow cast from that event began to fall upon his heart, the bright face of John Levering was conjured up by

fancy, and all was sunny again. Mr. Everett went home to his family that eyening, a cheerful-minded man. Why? Not because he was richer, by nearly five thousand dollars. That fretful state the loss of three hundred produced. Why? He had bestowed of his abundance, and thus made suffering hearts glad; and the consciousness of this pervaded his bosom with

carries with it, ever, a double blessing. Thus it is, that in giving, more is often gained than in eager accumulation, or selfish withholding.

AMATEUR CORNET PLAYING.

At the trial of an amateur cornet player, named Montrose, on a charge of disturbing the public peace, Mrs. Johnson, his landlady, testified that when he came to her house it was full of boarders, but that many of them ! ly. left at the end of a week because they bad not slept well. A boarder swore that Montrose played at all hours of the night; that he couldn't play more d'you do it for anyway?" than three consecutive notes without ly excruciating to drive an ordinary through you to bring you back to man insane. A man who lived two life." blocks away testified that he had once Bring me back to life? Why you got out of bed, supposing that the must be crazy. Back to life? I was noise was made by a cow that he had no more dead than you were." lost a few days before. A second boarder didn't like the music, and had frequently gone up in the canon and some sleep. He was of the opinion that a man living in the next block would have no grounds for complaint provided he stuffed enough cotton in his ears to shut out the sound. "How much cotton would be necessary to accomplish that result?" the prosecuting attorney asked. "I think an ordinary bale of New Orleans cotton. XX prime, might last a man two weeks-if his ears were large, like yours, it might take more," was the reply. An old man, put on the stand for the defense, said that the sound of the cornet lulled him to sleep. In the cross-examination, the opposing attor-ney whistled "Beautiful Blue Danube," and the witness swore on oath that, in his opinion the tune was "Yankee Doodle." The only other witness for Montrose had never been disturbed by the cornet, although he slept in the next room, but the fact came out that he was too deaf to hear anything fainter than a steam whistle. Montrose was fined \$10 .- Virginia City Chroni-

SOMETHING WRONG.

A man, a satchel, an umbrella, and a great deal of puffing, entered the Central depot yesterday afternoon and asked if the Saginaw train had de-

"Just out of sight" was the reply of an official. "Didn't they know I was coming

in?" inquired the stranger. "I guess not; didn't hear any one

say anything about it."
"That's strange," mused the traveler. "I live out here nine miles, and yesterday I sent in word by one of the squarest men in our town that I'd No other use or advantage to the decome in here this morning and go out fendants from it than calling their on the Saginaw train. I'm here to workmen to the factory was claimed the minute, but where's the train?"

"Gone, as I told you before,' replied the official.

"Something wrong here-something wrong," said the man, shaking histhrust his hand into his pocket. "Here head. "If your trains can't connect are fifty dollars. Run home to your with a man after he's walked nine out on Ninth street, worked three mother, and give them to her, with miles it goes to show bad management. I think I'll see some lawyer

The woman of works sweeps every-

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It was reported to one of the chief physicians in the hospital of an almshouse the other day that there was a man lying in one of the wards in a camatose condition. The nurse declared that he had been insensible for twenty-four hours, and she bad tried in vain to rouse hirs. The doctor. said that it was probable that the patient was under the influence of some powerful narcotic; perhaps he had taken a large dose of laudanum. He said it was imperatively necessary resuscitated at once by some powerful stimulant. Accordingly be directed two of his assistants to take a strong galvanic battery and apply it to the patient until he recovered. The assistants went into the hospital with the battery, while the nurse stopped for a few moments in the laundry. When they reached the man's bedside they placed the battery ou the floor, and baring the patient's ankle they wrapped the wire around it. When everything was ready they turned on the current full head. A second later the prostrate form of the patient bounded about four feet into the air, and as it came down upon the bed a second

meantime exclaiming: "Yow-wow-wow! O, murder! murder-r-r-r-r! 0!0!0! Thunder and lightning! Murder-r-r! Yew-wowwow! Graspus! let up on that! Owwow-wow! Another of them'll kill me! O! Merciful Moses! don't do that again."

shock sent it up again, the patient

When he came down the fourth time, the doctors turned off the current, with the remark that they guessed that would be about enough. Then one of them asked the patient how he felt, and attempted to feel his pulse. But the patient, furious with rage, said:

"You diabolical scoundrel, what d'you mean by hitching that thing to me in that manner, say?"
"Now, be calm," said the doctor,

"It's all right: you'll be better direct-"But it isn't all right. I've a mind to knock your head off for blowing me up with that infernal machine. What

"My friend, don't excite yourself," stopping to take breath, and that his said the doctor. "You've been in a performance was of a nature sufficient- very bad way, and we ran the current

"Now, keep cool. You have been unconscious for twenty-four hours. Narcotic poisoning, no doubt. We by so unexpected an exhibition. He laid down in the old tunnel to get saved you from an early grave. It was the closest shave I ever saw. It

> was, upon my honor." "Well, well, if this don't beat all the -. You took me for the man in ward 49. Why, I'm one of the keepers of the asylum, and I lay down on this bed for a nap. The fellow you're after is over yonder. An early grave! Well, now, I have heard of foolishness in my life, but this takes the rag right off. And I gave you warnin' that if you come around yer with that apparatus again, tryin' experiments on me,

I'll wrench your brain-pan off you. Then the doctors moved off in search of the right man, while the keeper went out to hunt a dog to kick in order to relieve his feelings.

When James T. Brady, the celebrated lawyer of New York first opened a lawyer's office, he took a basemont room which had been previously occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and irritated by the fact that he had few of his own. One day an Irishman entered:

"The cobbler's gone, I see," he said. "I should think he had," tartly responded Brady. "And what do you sell?" he inquired, looking at the solitary table and a

few books. "Blockheads," responded Brady.
"Be gorra," said the Irishman, " must be doing a mighty fine business, -ye hain't got but one left."

In one of the New York Courts the other day, Judge Curtis granted a motion enjoining a manufacturing firm from using their steam whistle, to the annoyance of the plaintiffs. workmen to the factory was claimed on the argument. The Judga was of the opinion that this calling of the men could be effected in other ways, and granted the injunction asked for.

Mrs. J. C. McWhelter, who lives weeks building a rockery out of eracked boulders, and threw the whole pile away in fifteen minutes yesterday afternoon, bombarding a neighbor who said her baby's hair was red enough to heat its catvip ten on .-Burlington Hawkeye.