

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Includes One Square (1 inch), one insertion - \$1.50; One Square, one month - \$4.00; One Square, three months - \$6.00; One Square, one year - \$10.00; Two Squares, one year - \$15.00; Quarter Col. - \$3.00; Half - \$5.00; One - \$10.00.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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. C. A. RANDALL, N. G. S. H. HASLET, Sec'y.

TIIONESTA 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.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA. Collections made in this and adjoining counties. J. S. AGNEW, W. E. LATHY, AGNEW & LATHY, Attorneys at Law, - Tionesta, Pa. Office on Elm Street. May 16, 1875-4f

MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 4th Street, TIONESTA, PA. F. W. HAYS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY Public, Reynolds Hukill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 29-1y

NATIONAL HOTEL, TIDIOUTE, PA. RUCKLIN & MORE, PROPRIETORS. First-Class Licensed House. Good stable connected. 13-1y

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER PROPRIETOR. Opposite S. Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened. Everything new and clean and fresh. The best of liquors kept constantly on hand. A portion of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. 4-17-1y

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 all scientific methods of curing disease and selected the good from all systems, he will guarantee relief or a cure in all cases where a cure is possible. No Charge for Consultation. All fees will be reasonable. Professional visits made at all hours. Parties at a distance can consult him by letter.

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 Tidouite, near Tidouite House. IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery, all of the best quality, and will be sold at reasonable rates. DR. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced Physician and Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately.

MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts., Tionesta. Bank of Discount and Deposit. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made on all the Principal points of the U. S. Collections solicited. 18-1y.

Painting, Paper-Hanging &c.,

E. H. CHASE, of Tionesta, offers his services to those in need of PAINTING, GRAINING, CALCIMINING, SIZING & VARNISHING, SIGN WRITING, PAPER HANGING, AND CARRIAGE WORK. Work promptly attended to and Satisfaction Guaranteed. Mr. Chase will work in the country when desired. 13-4f.

WILLIAMS & CO., MEADVILLE, PENN'A., TAXIDERMISTS. BIRDS and Animals stuffed and mounted to order. Artificial Eyes kept in stock. 2-1y

MRS. C. N. 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, 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. 14-1f

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN. ASSETS Dec. 31, 1875, \$5,735,025.70. MILES W. TATE, Sub Agent, Tionesta, Pa. 45

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DEMING.) Pictures in every style of the art. Views of the oil regions for sale or taken to order. CENTRE STREET, near R. R. crossing. SYCAMORE STREET, near Union Depot, Oil City, Pa. 20-4f

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

FINE GOLD WATCHES, SILVER WATCHES AND JEWELRY! Watches, Clocks, Solid and Plated Jewelry, Black Jewelry. Eye Glasses, Spectacles, Violin Strings, &c., &c.

AT L. KLEIN'S JEWELRY STORE, TIDIOUTE, PA. WATCHES AND CLOCKS. Repaired and Warranted. LEAVE YOUR WATCHES at G. W. Bovard's Store, Tionesta, Pa.

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL. THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Lacytown), Forest county, has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted in first class order, and is now running and doing all kinds of CUSTOM GRINDING. FLOUR, AND OATS. FEED, Constantly on hand, and sold at the very lowest figures. 43-6m H. W. LEDEBUR.

A POT OF MONEY.

They were just then pretty long and wide, and capable of taking in a large amount. "You must dig every foot of land you possess," proceeded the gipsy; "you must grow weary in your search—you must dig and dig, continuously, and plant and harvest, and dig again, if necessary and, mark my words, before a very long time, you will find the pot of money, and the maiden will be yours."

But Ezra was not encouraged. He felt that it was useless for him to ask the squire for his daughter's hand unless he had a good pot of money in his own hand with which to back his proposal. So, instead of trying to compass the desired end by increased industry he neglected his little farm more than before, and spent his whole time in wishing that he could find a pot of money somehow, in the manner of old-fashioned stories—at the foot of a tree; under the foundation of his house. I believe he would even have sought for it at the end of the rainbow, like the boy in the nursery rhyme if he had been told there was a good chance of finding it here.

Suddenly a rumor spread abroad that a wonderful gipsy had appeared, who was telling people fortunes that came true in the most remarkable manner, and all the country side was in a state of excitement on the subject. She was of somewhat exclusive character, this madam gipsy, and could only be consulted in a certain place, in the shadow of a wych-elm in the open air, and during certain hours—these hours being between the last rays of the declining sun, and the first shadows of the coming night.

Of course the rumor of the gipsy's marvelous fortune telling reached Ezra Alden, and equally of course he was much exercised in mind concerning it. He found out the place where the fortune teller divined these fair fortunes; and one evening, after watching the sun slowly disappear behind the western hills, he repaired thither, stealthily and a little afraid of meeting Clara Scudder somewhere in the vicinity, for the wych-elm was on the further side of the squire's farm. However, he met no one, except a hurried squirrel, fast speeding to its home, and it was even more scared at being met than Ezra was, so he hastened to the wych-elm, and there, sure enough, was madam gipsy, sitting curled up against the trunk, and looking precisely as if she were waiting for him. She was a very old woman, bent almost double; her lined and wrinkled face was the color of butternut, and the tangles of her hair hung in selflike, grizzled locks about her brow and over her cheeks; but her black eyes had a wonderful brilliancy and such a keen look that they seemed to see right through him. She was wrapped in a tattered old scarlet cloak, and a hood of the same was drawn well over her head. She gave a quick nod to Ezra, and motioned him to take a seat at her feet, which he did with his heart thumping as if he were before the Delphic oracle. And when she spoke he had to bend his head and listen very attentively, for not only did she mutter her words in a very toothless fashion, but she spoke in so low a tone that he had some difficulty in hearing her. But he made out that she said:

"I was expecting you, my son, and I know what you come for; and then she held out a hand even more butter-nut than her face—a shaking and tremulous hand; and Ezra made haste to cross the palm with silver, that being, as he knew, the time honored custom. This happened before he had begun the return to a specie basis; and silver was scarce, but Ezra had in his pocket a half-dollar piece, with a hole in it, and a cross drawn on its face, which he had kept many years for luck. So, as there could be no more auspicious occasion than the present for using it, he timidly placed it in the gipsy's hand, and again bent his ear attentively to listen to her unintelligible mumbling.

"I know the desire of your heart, my pretty gentleman," said the gipsy. "It is a certain maiden not a hundred miles away, only you have the faint heart that seldom wins a fair lady. But if you can find a pot of money, your spirit would be bolder. Listen to me, and obey me, and you shall have your wish." Ezra did listen, with all his ears, and as you may suppose

they were just then pretty long and wide, and capable of taking in a large amount.

Now, that was dreadful mean of the squire, not to have given Ezra a hint of Clara's presence before; but he didn't mean it. It seems quite impossible for these old gentlemen to realize how serious such matters are to boys and girls.

Squire Scudder rose with a nod and a smile, and went away, leaving Ezra in dire confusion, staring at the window curtains; and wishing the floor would open and swallow him. But it didn't. Instead, the window curtains opened, and a lovely young lady stepped out from them.

"So, Mr. Alden," she said, coming forward, "you consulted the gipsy fortune-teller, too?" "O, Miss Scudder—Clara—you have heard everything," stammered Ezra, sinking into the chair, from which he had risen in his first consternation.

"What a terrible fool you must think me!" "But I don't—I have great confidence in that gipsy's predictions." "Then you consulted her, too," said Ezra. "Dozens of times—she beguiled me of all my small silver."

"Well, she got but a single piece from me, that's some comfort," said Ezra, recovering somewhat, and venturing to laugh slightly. "Was it anything like this?" asked Miss Scudder, producing one from her pocket and holding it towards Ezra on the palm of a hand like cream.

Ezra looked and started and gave a little cry. It was his own lucky silver piece. He glanced into the laughing, blushing face; and then for the first time he looked straight into Clara Scudder's eyes. They were very, very dark, and wonderfully brilliant; but this time they did not seem to look through him—they sank before his glance and veiled themselves under lovely, long black lashes.

"O, Clara!" murmured Ezra; "you were the gipsy?" "Of course I was." "And you knew I loved you all the time?" "Of course I did, you foolish boy—that's why I had to invent a way of telling you so."

Clara's eyes glowed and sparkled. She touched her ponies lightly; and her happy thought rushed off into the future at a pace to rival even their fast trotting. As the neighbors had foretold, Ezra Alden had particularly fine crops that season; and his success at farming having also developed his commercial ability, he sold all that he had to sell to excellent advantage. "Well," said Ezra, as he counted his gains, and tied them securely in his money bag, "I haven't found my pot of money, but this little pile is not to be despised, and I shall keep on. By George! I wonder if this was what the old gipsy meant."

you can talk over that matter with herself—she's sitting there by the window, hidden behind the curtains."

Now, that was dreadful mean of the squire, not to have given Ezra a hint of Clara's presence before; but he didn't mean it. It seems quite impossible for these old gentlemen to realize how serious such matters are to boys and girls.

Squire Scudder rose with a nod and a smile, and went away, leaving Ezra in dire confusion, staring at the window curtains; and wishing the floor would open and swallow him. But it didn't. Instead, the window curtains opened, and a lovely young lady stepped out from them.

"So, Mr. Alden," she said, coming forward, "you consulted the gipsy fortune-teller, too?" "O, Miss Scudder—Clara—you have heard everything," stammered Ezra, sinking into the chair, from which he had risen in his first consternation.

"What a terrible fool you must think me!" "But I don't—I have great confidence in that gipsy's predictions." "Then you consulted her, too," said Ezra. "Dozens of times—she beguiled me of all my small silver."

"Well, she got but a single piece from me, that's some comfort," said Ezra, recovering somewhat, and venturing to laugh slightly. "Was it anything like this?" asked Miss Scudder, producing one from her pocket and holding it towards Ezra on the palm of a hand like cream.

Ezra looked and started and gave a little cry. It was his own lucky silver piece. He glanced into the laughing, blushing face; and then for the first time he looked straight into Clara Scudder's eyes. They were very, very dark, and wonderfully brilliant; but this time they did not seem to look through him—they sank before his glance and veiled themselves under lovely, long black lashes.

"O, Clara!" murmured Ezra; "you were the gipsy?" "Of course I was." "And you knew I loved you all the time?" "Of course I did, you foolish boy—that's why I had to invent a way of telling you so."

Clara's eyes glowed and sparkled. She touched her ponies lightly; and her happy thought rushed off into the future at a pace to rival even their fast trotting. As the neighbors had foretold, Ezra Alden had particularly fine crops that season; and his success at farming having also developed his commercial ability, he sold all that he had to sell to excellent advantage. "Well," said Ezra, as he counted his gains, and tied them securely in his money bag, "I haven't found my pot of money, but this little pile is not to be despised, and I shall keep on. By George! I wonder if this was what the old gipsy meant."

The Slaughter of the Innocents.

September has an "r" in it, and therefore, the truce between man and the oyster is at an end. Since the first of May the gentle bivalve has had passed fair days of repose at the bottoms of the creeks, holding sweet converse with his wives and his pledges of affection, but now his golden dreams are over, and rakes will begin to desecrate his bed.

The oyster is of a calm and placid temper. He is a steady drinker, but yet he is never disorderly. One night a barrel of brandy began to leak in the cellar of a fashionable restaurant, and when the keeper descended he found a large oyster lying in a pool of liquor in a deplorable state of intoxication, and yet that oyster was quiet and well behaved. He was what used to be termed gentlemanly drunk.

He lay decidedly aslant, opening and shutting his mouth in a somewhat maudlin way, and smiling benignly on the company. Gentlemen of the old school used very frequently to get in this condition, and when so were often more offensive in their manners than the oyster. Besides, in this case, the brandy came after the oyster, whereas the gentleman of the old school, and of the new school, too, for that matter, go after the brandy.

What could that unhappy oyster do when the tide of brandy rose around him but get drunk. Put the most advanced temperance man in a pool of brandy, and he will necessarily get drunk by absorption, in spite of his temperance principles. He was as morally irresponsible as the temperance twin of the compact. For the wicked Eng used to drink the whisky, and Chang got drunk. The oyster is a creature of staid and conservative principles. He is never led off by any new-fangled notions or captivating isms. His shell is hard, and thus he is impervious to new ideas. When the oysters are torn from their native rocks and butchered to make a Roman holiday, they never murmur or lament. They come up smiling and say Ave! morituri te salutant. He is always welcome; for a little, little breakfast, he reveals all his finger emotional and moral qualities, when broiled and laid on toast; for a little lunch, raw, lying within his own pearly residence, with just a touch of lemon juice; at dinner he presents himself in many captivating guises; and, at a late supper, wicked and carnal-minded men take unholy delights in him roasted in the shell. From September first to April thirtieth, the oyster is slain by thousands, tens of thousands and millions. The walrus and the carpenter are equally his foes, and he has no one to defend him. He has a heart; his case is very hard.

A Chicopee man had a cat which he cared no longer to possess. He took the animal into the garden, struck it nine times on the head with a hammer, and, as it still moved, he boxed its ears with a spade, and then buried it. Next morning that cat walked serenely in to breakfast, willing to forget the past.

At the French Assembly, 7:15 p. m. Speaker (aside to member): "For heaven's sake finish your speech! I give a dinner party to-night." Member (aside to Speaker): "I know it. Another time you'll invite me."

If anybody doubts that England has a claim to be still called the "tight little isle," he will find on consulting the documents that three hundred thousand Englishmen were arrested for drunkenness last year.

The only quotation which seems to be thoroughly understood by a straw-cutter, is that which says: "All flesh is grass." This leads the cutter into frequent errors, and makes it an unpleasant companion for small children.

The judge the other morning asked a prisoner charged with drunkenness what he intended to do. He replied frankly, that he "wasn't his own boss this morning."

Said Mr. Tapley, of Danbury, feeling softly of his nose, "I don't want to be too hopeful or sanguine, but I believe I'm going to have a boil."

A newsboy says of the new star-splangled handkerchiefs: "If any man aims a blow at the American flag, spot him on the snoot."

Professor of Rhetoric.—"What important change came over Burns in the latter part of his life?" Senior—"He died."

No man should part with his individuality and become that of another.—Channing.

It is proposed to send an amateur brass band to Montana and make the Indians go West.

Thousands of base deceivers are hung every night—on the backs of chairs.