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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.

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

J. B. AGNEW, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS! I have been admitted to practice as an Attorney in the Pension Office at Washington, D. C.

MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA.

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THE MISSING FINGER JOINT.

It was my first visit to London since I had taken up my abode and entered on the practice of my profession as a solicitor at Southampton.

Our first greetings and friendly inquiries over, I longed, yet feared, to ask the cause of my friend's melancholy. I felt sure, in due time, of being made the confidant of the secret, provided no motive of delicacy prompted its concealment.

To sacrifice her fortune to her heart's choice would not have cost Julia Parsons a moment's hesitation; and nothing could have more delighted George Dickson than so fair an opportunity of showing how superior his devotion was to all considerations of personal advantage.

Young Parson, the nephew, had not the magnanimity to forego his ungenerous advantage. He might have been content with his cousin's fortune alone but his right to that depended on his offer and her rejection of an alliance which she felt in consequence bound to accept.

When we reached the theater, the performances had already begun; but we succeeded in finding seats which commanded a fair view of both the stage and audience. In a few moments George touched my elbow.

"Observe the gentleman nearly opposite, in the front row, seated next column, leaning his arm on his cane," he whispered. Looked in the direction indicated, and saw a face whose striking resemblance to one I had seen before caused me to start with surprise.

"Do you know the exact date of Mr. Parson's death?" I asked when we had gained the street at the close of the performance. "Yes," said George; "it was the 23d of December. His daughter received a telegram from her cousin, announcing the fact the same day. But why do you ask?"

gagements for the whole of the next day, I parted with my friend, promising to meet him on the following evening.

Next afternoon found me at the abode of Mr. Parsons, the surgeon. "Mr. Parsons, I presume?" were the words with which I accosted the man I had seen at the theater.

"I am the solicitor on whom you called to take a draft of a will." He turned pale, but made no reply. I saw a copy of that will at Dr. Commons this morning." I resumed, "and—"

"Simply that your uncle's signature to that will is a forgery!" I answered, rising and confronting him. "He died on the 23d of December. Your own telegram to that effect is in existence. It was on the 24th, the day before Christmas, that you called on me to prepare that document now on record as his will. The inference is plain; you undertook to manufacture this spurious testament after your uncle's death, and wishing to clothe your villainy in legal form, you procured from me the required draft.

"Enough, sir," he ejaculated, placing his back against the door; "you have shown yourself in possession of a secret the custody of which may prove dangerous!" "I am not unprepared for threats," I replied. "In the first place, I did not come here unarmed, in the next, I have prepared a full written statement of the facts to which I have alluded, with information, besides of my present visit to yourself. The paper will be delivered to the friend to whom it is directed; unless within an hour I reclaim it from the messenger, who has been instructed for that length of time to retain it."

His face grew livid. His frame quivered with mingled fear and rage, and his eye gleamed like that of a wild beast at bay. "What is your purpose?" he exclaimed in a voice hoarse with suppressed passion. "To keep your secret while you live," I answered, "on one condition."

"That you write instantly to Julia Parsons, renouncing all pretension to her hand, and absolutely withdrawing your proposal of marriage." After a moment's pause he hastily penned a brief note, which he submitted to my inspection; it was quite satisfactory. "Be so good as to seal and address it," I said. He did so. "I will see that it is delivered," I remarked, taking it up and bowing myself out.

When I met George Dixon that evening, his old college look had come back. He had great news to tell me. The next thing was to take me to see Julia; and it was needless to tell what a happy evening we three spent together, and what a happy marriage followed not long after. Elbridge Parsons, I have just learned, emigrated for Australia, on board the London, and went down in that ill-fated ship.

TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN.

When they reached the depot, Mr. Mann and his wife gazed in unspeakable disappointment at the receding train, which was just pulling away from the bridge switch at the rate of a thousand miles a minute.

"I have not seen them," said the lady, setting her hat; "didn't you lay them down on the window sill in the sitting-room last night?" Mr. Mann remembered, and he went down stairs on the run. He stepped on one of his boots and was immediately landed in the hall at the foot of the stairs with neatness and dispatch.

"You threw it on the hat-rack," she called; "good bye dear." Before she got to the corner of the street she was hailed again. "Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor Mann! Did you wear off my coat?" She paused and turned, after signalling the street car to stop, and cried: "You threw it on the silver closet!"

And the street car engulfed her graceful form and she was seen no more. But the neighbors say that they heard Mr. Mann charging up and down the house, rushing out of the front door every now and then, shrieking after the unconscious Mrs. Mann, to know where his hat was, and where she put the valise key, and if he had any clean socks and undershirts, and that there wasn't a linen collar in the house. And when he went away at last, he left the kitchen door, the side door and the front door, all the down stair windows and the front gate wide open. And the loungers around the depot were somewhat amused, just as the train was going out of sight down in the yards, by a flushed, perspiring man, with his hat on sideways, his vest buttoned and necktie flying, and his grip sack flapping open and shut like a demented shutter on a March night, and a door key in his hand, dash wildly across the platform and halt in the middle of the track, glaring in dejected, impotent, wrathful mortification at the departing train, and shaking his fist at a pretty woman who was throwing kisses at him from the rear platform of the last car.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton (see an exchange) has a new grievance. With the help of some other ladies, she educated a promising young divinity student for the ministry, and provided him upon his ordination with a new suit of clothes. Joyfully she assembled her co-laborers to hear his first sermon, when she was startled and disgusted to hear him announce as his text: "Let the women keep silence in the churches." Mrs. Stanton has abandoned the business of educating young men.

At Watertown, New York, the other evening, a young gentleman (that city called on a beautiful accomplished lady acquaintance spent two very agreeable hours. About 10 o'clock, the old folks having retired, he concluded it was time also to leave his charmer. The young man accompanied him to the door, him good-night, and then passed stairs to her chamber. Some minutes later she had occasion to visit the sitting room, when entering, horrors! she was utterly confounded to see the young gentleman she had recently hidden good night, sitting on one corner with the servant girl on his lap. She gets less pay at the place, but she has more privilege.

Sundry old ladies in Detroit are that, from a careful estimate, the average number of Detroit girls who get out each year after autumn leave is 400; the number who get any is 39; the number who discover men, and forget all about her 361.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Rates include One Square (1 inch), Two Squares (one year), Quarter Col., Half, One.

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