

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars.

S. J. SETLEY, N. G. D. W. CLARK, 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. A. A. VARNER, R. S. W. E. LATHY, J. B. AGNEW.

LATHY & AGNEW, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA.

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

J. B. AGNEW.

Having been over four years a soldier in the late war, and having for a number of years engaged in the prosecution of soldiers' claims, my experience will assure the collection of claims in the shortest possible time.

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Table with rates for advertising: One Square (1 inch), One Month, One Square, Three Months, One Square, One Year, Two Squares, One Year, Quarter Col., One Year, Half, One Year, One Year.

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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. Stamping for braiding and embroidery done in the best manner, with the newest patterns. All I ask is a fair trial. Residence on Elm Street, in the Acomb Building.

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OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE CENTEN'L EXHIBITION

It sells faster than any other book. One Agent sold 34 copies in one day. This is the only authentic and complete history published. Send for our extra terms to agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 35-4

Match-Making.

"I won't marry the best man that ever lived!" And she meant it, or, what answers the same purpose, she thought she meant it. After all, how few of us ever really know what we do mean!

"I engaged myself once when a girl, and the simpleton thought he owned me. I soon took the conceit out of him, and sent him about his business." The voice was now a trifle sharp.

"What wonder with so galling a memory?" "No man shall ever tyrannize over me—never! What the mischief do you suppose is the matter with this sewing-machine?"

"Annoyed at your logic, most likely," said my friend, a bright-eyed young matron, as she threaded her needle.

"My husband is not a tyrant, Miss Kent." "I am glad you are satisfied," was the laconic answer.

It was quite evident by the expression of the dress-maker's face that she had formed her own opinion about my friend's husband, and was quite competent to form and express an opinion on any subject.

Miss Kent was a little woman, as fair as a girl and as plump as a robin. She wasn't ashamed to own that she was forty years old and an old maid. She had earned her own living most of her life, and was proud of it. Laziness was one sin Miss Kent could not forgive. She was a good nurse, a faithful friend, and a jolly companion; but she had the wrong way, and you'd wish you hadn't in much shorter time than it takes me to write it. Her views on all subjects were strikingly original, and not to be combated.

"What are you going to do when you are old?" persisted the mistress of the establishment.

"What other old folks do, I suppose." "But you can't work forever." "Can't say that I want to."

"Now, Miss Kent, a husband with means, a kind, intelligent man—" "I don't want. I don't want any man. I tell you, Mrs. Carlisle, I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, if he was rich as Croesus, and would die if I didn't have him. Now if you have exhausted the marriage question, I should like to try on your dress."

That there was something behind all this I knew well. My friend's eyes danced with fun; and as Miss Kent fitted the waist, she threw me a letter from the bureau.

"Read that," she said, with a knowing look. "It may amuse you." This is what the letter said:

"My DEAR JENNIE: I shall be delighted to spend a month with you and your husband. There must be, however, one stipulation about my visit—you must promise to say no more about marriage. I shall never be foolish again. Twenty-five years ago to-day I wrecked my whole life."

"Better embark in a new ship, hadn't he?" put in Jennie, sotto voce.

"So unsuitable was this marriage, so utterly and entirely wretched have been its consequences, that I am forced to believe the marriage institution a mistake. So, for the last time, let me assure you that I wouldn't marry the best woman that ever lived, if by so doing I could save her life."

Your old cousin, MARK LANSING."

"Rich, isn't it?" said Jennie, and then pointed to the chabby little figure whose back happened to be turned.

I shook my head and laughed. "You'll see," returned the incorrigible Jennie.

"See what?" inquired Miss Kent, quite unaware of our pantomime.

"That particles which are chemically attracted will unite. Of course an alkali and an acid—Don't you think this sleeve is a little too long, Miss Kent?"

"Not after the seam is off. But what were you saying about alkalis and acids, Mrs. Carlisle? The other day at Professor Boynton's I saw some wonderful experiments."

"Did they succeed?" inquired Jennie demurely.

"Beautiful." "So will mine. I never botched a job in my life."

"I don't think I quite understand you," said Miss Kent, perplexed.

"No? I always grow scientific when talking about marriage, my dear."

"Bother!" was all the little woman said, but the tone was much better natured than I expected.

The next week Cousin Mark arrived and I liked him at once. An unhappy marriage would have been the last thing thought of in connection with the gentleman. He had accepted the situation like a man, Jennie told me, and for fifteen years carried a lead of misery that few could have

endured. Death came to his release at last, and now the poor fellow honestly believed himself an alien from domestic happiness.

Singular as it may appear, Cousin Mark was the embodiment of good health and good nature; fifty, perhaps, though he didn't look it, and as rotund and fresh in his way as the little dressmaker was in hers. As I looked at him, I defied anybody to see one and not be immediately reminded of the other. True, he had more of the pelish which comes from travel and adaptation to different classes of individuals, but he was not a whit more intelligent by nature than was the bright little woman whom Jennie had determined he should marry.

"I was surprised you should think necessary to caution me about that, Cousin Mark," coaxed the plotter, as she stood by his side looking out of the window. "The idea of me being so ridiculous!" and in the same breath, with a wink at me: "Come, let us go to my sitting-room. We are at work there, but it won't make any difference to you, will it?"

"Of course Cousin Mark answered 'No,' promptly, as innocent as a dove about the trap being laid for him.

"This is my Cousin—Mr. Lansing, Miss Kent," and Mr. Lansing bowed politely, and Miss Kent arose, dropped her scissors, blushed and sat down again. Cousin Mark picked up the refractory implements, and then Mrs. Jennie proceeded, with rare caution and tact, to her labor of love. Cousin Mark, at her request, read aloud, drawing Miss Kent into the discussion as deftly as was ever fly drawn into the web of the spider.

"Who was that lady, Jennie?" Cousin Mark inquired that evening.

"Do you mean Miss Kent?" said Jennie, looking up from her paper. "Oh, she is a lady I have known for a long time. She is making some dresses for me now. Why?"

"She seemed uncommonly well posted for a woman."

Under other circumstances Mrs. Carlisle would have resented this, but now she only queried: "Do you think so?" and that ended it.

Two or three invitations to the sewing-room were quite sufficient to make Cousin Mark perfectly at home there; and after a week he became as familiar as this:

"If you are not too busy, I should like to read you this article;" and this is what Miss Kent would say:

"Oh, I am never too busy to be read to. Sit down by the window in this comfortable chair and let's hear it."

After a couple weeks, when the gentleman came in, hoarse with a sudden cold, Miss Kent bustled about, her voice full of sympathy, and brewed him a dose which he declared he should never forget to his dying day; but one dose cured him. After this, Miss Kent was a really wonderful woman.

Ay, Jennie was an arch plotter. She let them skirmish about, but not once did she give them a chance to be alone together—her plans were not to be destroyed by premature confidences—until the very evening preceding Cousin Mark's departure for California. Then Miss Kent was very demurely asked to remain and keep an eye on Master Carlisle, whom the fond mother did not like to leave alone with his nurse.

"We are compelled to be gone a couple of hours; but Cousin Mark will read to you, won't you, Cousin?"

"Certainly, if Miss Kent would like it," replied the gentleman.

The infant Carlisle, thanks to good management, was never awake in the evening, so the victims of this matrimonial speculation would have plenty of time. The back parlor was the room most in use during the evening, and out of this room was a large closet with a large blind ventilator, and out of this closet a door leading to the back stoop and garden. Imagine my surprise when I was informed that Mr. Carlisle was going to lodge, and that we, after profuse warnings about the baby, and promises not to be gone too long, were to proceed to this closet overlooking the back parlor via the back gate and garden. In vain I protested.

"Why, you goose," laughed Jennie, "there'll be fun enough to last a lifetime. John wanted to come awfully, but I knew he'd make a noise and spoil everything, so I wouldn't let him." The wily schemer had taken the precaution to lock the closet door from the outside, so there was no fear of detection. On a high bench, as still as two mice, we awaited results.

Cousin Mark (as if arousing from a protracted reverie) "Would you like to have me read?"

Miss Kent. "Oh, I'm not particular."

Cousin Mark. "Here is an excellent article on elective affinities; how would you like that?"

Jennie's elbow in my side almost took my breath away.

Miss Kent. "Who is it by?"

Jennie (clear into my ear). "That's to gain time; see if it isn't."

Cousin Mark. "It's by a prominent French writer, I believe."

Miss Kent. "I don't think I care for a translation to-night."

Cousin Mark. "Nor I; nor reading of any kind. This is my last evening in New York, Miss Kent."

Miss Kent. "I hope you've enjoyed your visit."

Jennie (into my very head this time). "She's as shy as a three-year-old colt."

Cousin Mark. "I didn't think I should feel so sorry about leaving."

Jennie. "He is the wreck, you remember."

A long pause.

Miss Kent. "I think I hear the baby."

Cousin Mark. "Oh, no. You are fond of babies, aren't you, Miss Kent?"

No answer from Miss Kent.

Cousin Mark. "I have been a very lonely man, Miss Kent; but I never realized how lonely the rest of my life must be until I came to this house."

Jennie. "Oh, how lonely!"

Cousin Mark. "Now I must return to my business and my boarding-house. Think of that, Miss Kent—boarding-house—boarding-house, for a man as fond of domestic life as I am, Miss Kent."

Just then we very distinctly heard a little purr, which sounded very much like a note of intense sympathy, from Miss Kent.

Cousin Mark. "I have friends in San Francisco, of course; but no friends like this, nobody to care for me if I am ill, nobody to feel very badly if I die."

Jennie. "That'll fetch her."

Miss Kent (voice a little quivering). "I wish I lived in San Francisco. You could always call on me if you needed anything."

(Jennie in convulsions.)

Cousin Mark (abruptly). "If you will go to California with me, Miss Kent, I'll wait another week."

Miss Kent. "Why, Mr. Lansing, what do you mean? What would folks say?"

Cousin Mark. "We don't care for folks, Miss Kent. If you'll go, we will have a house just as nice as money can make it. You shall have birds and flowers and horse and all the scientific monthlies you want—decided if you shan't—and you shall never see a stitch for anybody but me. Will you be my wife?"

Just then Jennie and I stepped up another peg, and there was that little old maid, who wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, hugged close to the breast of the man who wouldn't marry the best woman that ever lived, not even to save her life. We came away then, but it's my opinion that they remained in just that position till we rang the bell just half an hour after.

"How did you know?" I asked of Jennie.

"My dear," she answered, "my whole reliance was upon human nature; and let me tell you, goose, whatever else may fail, that never does."

"Why, Miss Kent, what makes your face so red," inquired Jennie, upon entering; "and Cousin Mark, how strangely you look; your hair is all mussed up."

"And I hope to have it mussed often," said Cousin Mark, boldly. "Miss Kent and I are to be married next week."

Jennie laughed till her face was purple, and when I went up stairs Miss Kent was pounding her back.

It is Mrs. Mary Clemmer's opinion that the size of the fourteen ears and seven noses of the Cabinet is something remarkable, and she makes that observation palatable by saying that "you never saw a man who amounted to anything for action who had a little pinched-up nose, ears or mouth."

Speaking of Attorney General Devens she declares that he is reported to have said to a visitor: "You see in me the biggest fool in Massachusetts. I left a place that suited me exactly for one that does not suit me at all."

"Young man, where have you been?" said an angry father to his son, who came in about 11 o'clock after his first evening with his boyhood's fair charmer. "Been to a committee meeting of the general court," was the reply. Then the old gentleman remembered when he was a boy, changed his tone, and remarked: "Well, I suppose they will progress and advance the subject one stage, and pretty soon will go into regular night sessions."

Children are sent into the world to teach us how lovely the angels are; but when a man finds himself pasted to the seat of a chair by a piece of spruce gum he never thinks of this.

A malicious exchange wants a bounty offered for tramps' scalps. The Williamsport Gazette endorses the idea and suggests \$2 per head.

Why don't You go to Work.

Mrs. Knocstant was sewing when there came a knock. Going to the door she found a boy who begged for something to eat.

"Why don't you go to work?" asked she, with a hard look on her face.

"I can't get any work," he said.

"Well, people who won't work can't expect to eat," she testily replied.

"And you shan't get a mouthful here. You are big enough to do something for a living, but as you don't you can leave here at once. I shan't encourage idleness."

And she shut the door in his face and went back to her work, proud of her firmness and the great moral lesson she had taught.

Three days later another knock disturbed her. She went to the door and saw a boy with a small tin pail in his hand. It was full of grated horse radish, and he wanted her to buy some.

"Go away, I don't want to buy any thing," she snapped.

"It is only fifteen cents for a pint," he said.

"I don't care how much it is. I won't have any peddlers around here anyway. Go away I tell you. Take yourself off at once, and don't let me see you again."

And with a snort she slammed the door to and went back to her work, well satisfied with her firmness in resisting a peddler.

As it was the same boy who came begging three days before, and was now on a mission to earn something, it would be interesting to know what he thought. However, that does not impair the symmetry of the moral.—Danbury News.

What Men Have Died For.

Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog; Colonel Ramsey is one about a servant; Mr. Featherstone in one about a recruit; Sterne's father in one about a goose; and another gentleman in one about an acre of anchovies; one officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to enjoy the second goblet, and another was compelled to fight about a pint of snuff; General Barry was challenged by a Captain Smith for declining wine at a dinner on a steamboat, although the General had pleaded in excuse that wine invariably made him sick; an Lieutenant Cowther lost his life in a duel because he refused admittance to a club of pigeon shooters. In 1777 a duel occurred in New York city between Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh of the 76th, and Captain McPherson of the 42d British regiment, in regard to the manner of eating corn, one contending that the best eating was first the cob and the other that the grain should be cut from the cob before eating.

Lieut. Featherstonehaugh lost his right arm, the ball of his antagonist's pistol shattering the limb dreadfully, so much that it had to be amputated. Graham, Major Noah's assistant on the National Advocate, lost his life in 1827, at the duelling ground in Hoboken, with Barton, the son-in-law of Edward Livingston in simple dispute about "what was trumps" in game of cards.

A writer who is familiar with virtues, says: "I have known many men, and women, too, who, from serious causes, had become so affected with nervousness that when they stretched their hands they shook like aspen leaves on a windy day, and by moderate daily use of the blanched stalks of celery as a salad, they became steady and strong in limb as old people. I have known others so nervous that the least noise put them into a state of agitation, and they were constantly anxious and fever, who were speedily cured by a moderate use of blanched celery as a salad meal time. I have known others who were cured of palpitation of the heart. Everybody engaged in labor owing to the nerves should use celery daily in the season, and onions instead when not in season. We get daily to our canny birds, and it's them of figs; they are little animals very delicate nerves, easily frightened and therefore they need such a very much, and the relish with which they take it is a proof that the strict guides them to eat what is for them."

Mistress: "Come, Bridget, how longer are you going to be about that pepper-box?" Bridget (a importation from where they don't pepper-casters): "Shure, ma'am, it's meself can't say how long I takin' me to git all the stuff the little holes in the top."

Wendell Phillips the other day a favorite setting hen. In the heat of his heart he took home, talked to them warily, and then minutes about Susan B. and they hatched out.—Herald.