

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.

S. A. VARNER, R. S. W. E. LATHY. J. B. AGNEW.

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

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TIONESTA, PA., SEPTEMBER 5, 1877.

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BY ETTIE ROGERS.

The two brown cows came lagging homeward through the dewy clover urged on by a fair woman-child of lithe figure and big, dreaming eyes. Her homely garments were tucked up about a supple waist, disclasing a pair of dainty feet, bare and damp, and white as snow flakes. She drove the lazy, docile creatures into the inclosure in front of the farm house door, and put up the rough wooden bars

with her own delicate, tanned hands. Then she leaved against the upper rail and turned her tintless, exquisite face toward the cloudless, yellow west, where the young moon hung like a crescent of pearl guarded by a single star like a speck of white flame.

"I am so weary of this sort of life," she sighed, while yet she was enchanted with the serene hush and dusky splendor of the early twilight scene.

A nightingale awoke in the rich willow shadows beside the chattering brook, and filled the mellow air with a delicious burst of song.

As she listened, a harsh, hard voice aroused her from her momentary ecstacy of rest to the grosser duties of the time.

"Why are you standing there, Babette? Make baste with the milking, will you? What an indolent child you are, to be sure."

The inquiry, command, and reprov al, all framed in one shrewish, unloving speech, came from a middle-aged woman who stood on the threshold of the humble parlor door-a woman robed in tawdry silk, but in appearance quite as coarse and rubicund, and unpoetical as the scentless peonies that glowed in a row of red clusters between her and the shrinking object of her will.

"I don't know what I shall do with that lazy girl, Mr. Kenwick," she said, apologetically to her one summer boarder, who looked out quite unconsciously from a window arch of vines, as he heard the rasping tones; "My poor, deceased husband-Mr. Faxon -educated her for a teacher. I got her a school early in May, and two weeks afterward the trustees asked her to resign, which she did, of course, liking her ease too well for her good. I am sorry to say it of my own-but girl, timidly. for a smart girl she is the most foolish fool I ever saw. Why, sir, she can read French and German, Latin and Greek, and write compositions on subjects that no one can understand, but they make the tears and laughter come though, and yet she couldn't manage a little school house full of boys and girls. I am ashamed of her." "How old is she?" inquired Roy

Kenwick. "Why, she is nearly seventeenquite old enough to teach the alpha-

bet, I think," "Quite old enough, certainly, if she is gifted with the special talent necessary for success in that profession,' answered the gentleman, noting 'critically the impatient curves of the sensitive lips the nervous restlessness of the lovely figure, and the sleuder, Parlor, Office and Common Furniture, Mattresses, Pillows, Window Shades, Fixtures, Looker. And, by the way, where did you

obtain this exquisite little gem?" He pointed to a rough bracket that held a tiny hand, carved of some pale wood, and clasping an exquisitely wrought bud of scarlet coral.

"Oh, that is Babette's work," replied the woman, carelessly, "or her play rather, for ever since the child could use her hands, she has delighted in nothing but bits of wood, and chalk, and stone-anything she can cut into

figures with a pen-knife."
"You should have made her a sculptor instead of a teacher." observed her auditor, dryly.

"A sculptor! I thought a sculptor was a man," was the response.

"Nearly always, I admit; but if a to profit by it?"

"Why!" iterated Mrs. Faxon, with an air of a wiseacre; "because she is a woman and has no business to meddle with such matters."

"But surely that is not a woman's postulatory gesture toward the inclosure through which Babette was going, que target for the belligerent horns of give you sufficient leisure." a half-dozen vicious yearlings. Your hands. Give her a chance in the parlor with your boarders. Put her at she had never known before. the piano, anything better than a mere chore boy's work."

"Then let her have her wood and the most of their use.

THE SCARLET BUD. pen knife," he responded, earnestly. It won't be long before she will take the chisel and marble, and then, she will she left her chamber for an hour of carve money, or I am mistaken. Give her her own way, Mrs. Faxon, and you will be repaid some day. Would you object if you thought she might win the love of some rich and distinguished man?"

"Certainly not," returned Mrs. Faxon, as her peony-red cheeks flushed with a deeper dye. "It is the aim and end of a woman's life to marry, and I suppose Babette must be a wife sometime. And I am sure I never cared to see her tied to a country clod-hop-

She went back to her kitchen duties

full of new thoughts. "I think it is plain to see that Mr. Kenwick is in love with my girl," she ruminated; "such a chance must not be thrown away. I must get a kitchen girl to do Babette's work, for he will be better pleased with the child when he sees her in the parlor. How should fancy her even in the cow

yard." But in her enforcement of a new regime, Mrs. Faxon only dropped one tyrannical blunder to take up another; for Babette was as illy fitted to act the frivolous, fascinating queen of the parlor and piano, as she was to serve as maid of the milking and scullery.

Only for the kindly notice of Roy Kenwick, she would have been utterly | that would cause me."

disconsolate. This gentleman was past forty, in his mein, and the girl never even calm. dreamed of loving him, while something in the quizzing, but interested expression with which he always reawe and a shy fear.

on together. She was dressed in a

Babette," said her mother.

"What shall I sing?" inquired the should I still love you?"

two alone. Babette attempted a simple Italian aria, and in the midst of it, catching a then finding me in earnest he became quizzical glance from Roy Kenwick's

and burst into tears. Her sensitive soul scarcely liked being the football of her mother's ca-

Instantly Roy Kenwick was at her side.

"Are you ill, Babette?" he asked. "No, sir," she replied, turning her wet face from him in a sham d way. "What ails you, then?" he persisted, smoothing her heavy braids with his firm white hand. "Tell me free'y, my child. You know I am very fond of you in the brotherly sort of a way thing, my darling, and if you will con- souvenir set, richly in glittering gold. that can never be anything else. Come, sult the register of the clergyman who

those are?" He pointed at the crude specimens of her handicraft that adorned the homely walls, and there was something speaking dumbly on his keen and friendly countenance that told her that he had not been quite oblivious to her mother's darling schemes.

"Much happier," she answered, lifting her passionate, lark blue eyes to his face. "That is the only sort of life I care for -an artist's life.

"That you shall have on one coudition," he said, holding toward her a woman has been given the genius usu-small blood stone, rough and fresh ally supposed to belong to a man by from the mine, and strenked through right, why should she not be allowed its green surface with red jasper like a dash of gore.

"Take this and carve it into a scarlet bud, like that youder, in a set of leaves of its own natural greenness, and when you bring it to me perfect ed with the artistic touch of which I work," said Roy Kenwick, with an ex. | think your genius capable, anything you ask shall be yours. I am going home for a month or more, but I will laden with milking pails, a pictures. fix things with your aunt, so she shall

And with a true politic duplicity, Babette is too girlish and dainty for Roy Kenwick did arrange matters the toil that belongs to the farm with Mrs. Faxon, so that Babette was safe in a dolce fur niente of liberty that The month and more time still pass-

ed swiftly, and under Babette's deft "There is no profit in the piano," fingers the rough, silicious stone had answered the woman, with a dubious been transformed into a gem of amaz grimace, thinking how many precious ing art and beauty; for Roy Kenwick dollars she had saved by the coarse had sent her the sharp, cunning imand her surprising talent had made shame!"

Her task was done, and hiding the pretty toy jealously against her bosom, rest among the wild roses, in a woody place beside a gurgling brook that bounded the farm meadows.

"If this pleases him, he will give me anything I ask," she mused. "I shall ask him to find me steady employment

in this sort of work." Just then she stopped, startled.

On the low, green bank she saw young and handsome man sitting in careless indolence, his lazy fishing line low in the water, and a big dog lolling beside him.

"Walter!" she gasped, drawing her breath hard.

"Babette!" he said, with glad emphasis, springing to his feet. "Oh, Babette, when I despaired finding you, fate has sent you to me, love-

"I have nothing to do with love," she cried, with bitter impatience.

She pushed back his outstretched queer that this fine city gentleman hands, and stood before him white as the dead. "Babette!" he remonstrated in won-

> "Don't speak to me, Walter," she moaned, and her voice sounded like a

sigh out of a sepulchre. "What do you mean?" he demanded. "Surely you have not ceased to love me! Good heaven! I have suffered enough without such sorrow as

With one agonized effort the girl choked back every open emotion, and the breast of her lover-husband, he regrand and handsome, but quite austere when she spoke her words were icily lepted.

"It would have been better for me if I had never loved you," she said. You were a gay collegian, and I an that the favor of her summer-boarder garded her latterly, filled her with immate of the seminary opposite your was gained; and that something was She came down to the parlor one out first acquaintance was an amusing afternoon, to find him and Mrs. Fax- flirtation; to me, it was a sweet and sober reality of love, although I must I guess she won't be a very bad wife simple, cool, white muslin, looped have been mad when I went with you for your son," she said. "May be she bere and there with pale pink ribbon to a distant village, and in that ob- will take more kindly to the kitchen knots, bewitchingly becoming to her scure little parsonage became your dreamy, purple blue eyes, and artisti- wife. I must have been mad, Walter black hair, in which was fastened a the private gate of the seminary. The single scarlet bud of some late wild next day you were gone. On the next whether you were dead or alive. Why

"What you can execute the best, of am yours and you are mine;" was the and secret marriage. course," returned Mrs. Faxon, who, impressive answer. "Babette, I was believing hersalt to be a paragon of called home by the sudden illness of Kenwick, pater, at length, impatiently; maternal discretion, abruptly left the my father, from which he as suddenly handsome, cynical eyes, broke down if I did not at once become the husband of his ward, who, by the way, was as averse to such a union as I was, and who has since happily married. I, in my resentment, left his roof forever, that our courtship was so deliciously ful gem you hold." sweet, that in its briefness I had quite forgotten whether your native Greenville was in Thule or Cathay. I have And as a proof of his sincere affection been in a score of Greenvilles in as and forgiveness, on a gala day not long many states and have just found you. afterward, he placed conspicuously I have never deceived in but one among other bridal gifts, a beautiful tall me. Do you think you would be married us you will find that the name stone - Babette's Scarlet Bud. happier shut up in some solitary place of your husband is Walter Walworth working at such beautiful things as Kenwick, Babette; my wife you are, What a Long-Tailed Yellow Dog and as such I claim you. Surely our love was not such a light thing as to

be outlived by you in so short a time?" Bahette had not outlived it, nor she said so in a passionate speech broken by a rain of tears.

There was one moment lost in a rapthe scarlet bud stir on her bosom.

and he had promised to give her what told that the dog once belonged to she asked if the toy should please him. She had often heard him speak of the lide, and in case of his becoming tired disobedient son whose strange and unfilial absence had whitened his bairs til a likely place for game was reachbefore their time, and hardened his ed. The hunt was but indifferently heart into an unforgiviness that he af-

firmed should be lasting. A great light deepened in her pausy-

"I must go and prepare my friends ed no desire to ride until a start was for your coming, dear," she said; come made for home, when he came whinto the house about sunset."

Faxon intercepted her way.

labor she compelled her daughter to plements necessary for its perfection, coquette with strange gentlemen. Oh, him."

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ly, but never answered, nor even paused in her rapid pace.

She realized that if her romantic claudestine marriage brought her no ill, the fact would be as exceptional as providential.

Breathless and fearful, she rushed into the parlor, and placed her treasure in the bands of Roy Kenwick. He took it and gazed at it long and

critically, and then uttered an exclamation of praise and delight.
"Well done," he said; "and I have not forgotten that I have promised you any reward that you might ask. Now

name it, my lovely little lady." "Do you mean it?" she asked, white

and trembling. "I do," he replied, firmly; "you deserve it, and I never yet retracted my

given word." Babette glanced toward the west : the sun was just sliding out of sight and a flood of rosy splender fell upon her and him, and frowning Mrs. Faxon, and a graceful, gallant figure that had paused just beyond the threshold.

The girl took a step toward him, her exquisite face suffused with the glow of the sunset, and blushes more heavenly

"I ask you to take your son back to your heart, and bless him and-me-The man started as if stung, and

turned his face away, but when he looked again and saw Walter Walroth -his first born and his last-standing before him, with Babette weeping on "You have won, my daughter," he said, huskily. "I bless you both."

Mrs. Faxon, duly comprehending

abode, when you first saw me. To you required of her, came toward them all condescension. "Babette couldn't be a teacher, but

when she has one of her own," It was rather a queer and uncalledcally arranged braids of purplish Walworth. That night you left me at for speech, but there was a world of wisdom in it.

Of course the occasion demanded I graduated and came home. I have not a few explanations that were given "You must sing for Mr. Kenwick, never from that time until now known with much faltering and many blushes, for although the two loved fondly and truly, they were not a little ashamed "Because love is love, and because I of having forestalled fate by a hasty

> "your escapade was as silly as it was recovered. Then I tried to tell him of improper, but we will rectify it by my new relation. At first he laughed; having a grand second wedding. But perhaps Babette would prefer the soliangry, and vowed he would disown me tude and study of an artist's life to the cares of marriage -- eh ?"

"Well-well, my children," said Mr.

The old look, quizzical and half-sarcastic, was on his face, and seeing it Babette flushed rosily.

"She shall have no cares, and she to subsist as best I could on the small shall be an artist if she likes," observheritage left me by my mother. I tried ed Walter, gallantly. "You deny her to find you, Babette, but you know nothing; you promised it by that fate-

He smiled, not averse to being conquered by the two he loved so well. It was a curiously wrought blood-

## Did.

The Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise

says: An old fellow just up from the would she ever, that she knew; and Kern river country says that one day while down in that region he went out hunting. He procured a fine, gentle horse and borrowed a dog that was turous embrace, and then Babette felt | highly recommended as a noser out of almost any kind of game, from a quail Roy Kenwick was coming to-night to a full grown buck Indian. He was some Mexicans who had taught him to he might be taken upon the horse unsucessful, though the dog seemed to be industrious. He was a long-bodied, short-legged, long-tailed animal of an old-fashioned yellow color. He showing about and was taken upon the As she sped home through the wild horse behind our hunter. All went roses, the broad, coarse figure of Mrs. | well enough for a time, but presently the horse started off on a keen run. "Who was it you went to meet, When stopped he stood quietly enough, Bab?" she demanded, shaking with but as soon as started up he broke inrage. "Oh, that I have lived to see to a run again and could not be held this day, you sly, ungrateful creature! in. Says the old man: "What had You shall go back to the kitchen and got into the 'tarnal critter I didn't the milking, miss, after this To think know; but presently, happening to after the schooling I gave you, you look back, I caught that infernal yalshould turn out like this. And there lar dog standin' on all fours, a whipis poor Mr. Kenwick waiting for you pin' the hoss jist as hard as he could now, and you might just as well have lay on with that long, limber tail married him as not if you had behaved o'his'n; he was bound to get out of yourself; but he will find out how you that hoss all the run there was in

Babette looked at her mother grave- The music of the sea-Nep-tune