The Lorest Republican.

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pot, Oil City, Pa.

W. B. LATHY.			3. 1	. A 01	NE
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TIONESTA, PA.

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ATTENTION SOLDIERS!

I have been admitted to practice as an Attorney in the Pension Office at Wash-ington, D. C. All officers, soldiers, or sallors who were injured in the late war, can obtain pensions to which they may be ontitled, by calling on or addressing me at Tionesta, Pa. Also, claims for arrearages of pay and bounty will receive prompt at-

Having been over four years a soldier in the late war, and having for a number of years engaged in the prosecution of sol-diars' claims, my experience will assure the collection of claims in the shortest pos-sible time. J. B. AGNEW. 4116.

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A TTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa. Collections made in this and adjoining counties. 40-1v

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VOL. X NO. 25.

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PHOTOGRAPHER

TIONESTA, PA., SEPTEMBER 26, 1877.

APPLES.

Madame sat in the sunny window, sewing. The needle twinkled in her

MRS. HEATH has recently moved to this place for the purpose of meeting a want which the ladies of the town and rapid fingers, and the scarlet stuff she stitched, glittering in the sunlight, shed a reflected lustre on her black hair, her tintless face, the bits of coral in her well-set ears.

A-high window this, into which the sunlight streaming illumines the sitter -very high-the topmost in the rambling, jambling, wheezing old tenement.

from the dust and noise of the street, Also, it costs less. Also, she will tell you gayly, she can see the tops of the sails, and the sunlit masts of the ships that come and go at the wharves toward which this dingy street looks down. The ships bring wealth and plenty to somebody. Some of them come from France ! Ah, beautiful France! It is like being a post, or having a five imagination, to own a window one can see the world out of.

ficiously offer her sympathy, she will shrug her shoulders magnificently, spread out her bands and say, "What will you ?" glancing toward her window as though the world was at her feet. Has she not her sunshine, her sewing, and her little Fifine, who flits up and down the ladder-like stairs like a butterfly? Fifine has black eyes and a dancing smile. Fifine is Madame's poem, her princess ; she does not know poverty. They had been poor in Paris, but Fifine had never gone hungry ; they had wanted many things in Paris, but Fifine had always her gay frilled dresses and her tiny polished slippers. Was not her father a professor? was not her mother a lady Should they, then, associate ou equal terms with that degraded and degrading thing called poverty ? Nay, indeed! it might own the house, but it should not sit at the board.

It was poverty that had driven this family, thoughtlessly thoughtful, to America. Professor Pierre would come here and teach the people French. It was a wide country, a roomy country, and the people needed education. Prefessor Pierre set sail, and died on the passage.

"Ah, but he was a scholar !" says Madame, sighing. "If he have live (Madame's English is not quite so perfect as her French,) we shall by this this time have the little maison champetre, the pretty place in the country,

and the little school, and the garden

which we have talk of and dream of so

much in Paris. For there is of room

in America-ah, so much of room !"

\$2 PER ANNUM.

and breathless, was deposited at the door

"Oh. mamaa !" she cried, clapping her hands, "see what we have brought you !- And here is Monsieur Jack. Outside, abashed, blushing, stood the young man with the basker. Madame appearing on the threshold put him to utter confusion. She had the

bearing of a duchess. "What will you ?" queried she, haughtily.

"Excuse me, ma'am," was the stammering reply, as the intruder doffed

his great straw hat, "I mean-I did not mean-that is, I promised the little one a ride."

"And ?" said Madame, sternly.

"And," answered the youth, gathera little bit of change; a ride would

not harm her, madam." "It is a liberty unpardouable. In my country it is not known that a ven dor-a street vendor-will intrude himself on a lady's apartment. People know their place, and -- "

"I beg your pardon, madam. You are right," interrupted the stranger, his cheeks flushing hotly. "But this is America, not Paris. Good-day."

He was gone. The place was blank am poor ! I am poor ! I am poor !" and desolate. The apples lay on the floor. The sunlight had faded from the window. Fifine set up a frightful cry of disappointment. Ah! no ride no pleasure, no delights in prospect

She did not go dancing off to school next day, singing as he went. She came back with a headache, carrying it gloomily up to the top floor and the waiting mother.

Two days, three, passed. Fifine was really ill. She chatted incessantly of the ride and the beautiful country. She cried to see Monsicur Jack, as she had named her friend.

One day Madame slipped down stairs to buy some apples. It was the child on the head-"not if you will go day for Monsieur's appearance. The youth bowed when he caught sight of this princess from the top floor. Should he carry the apples up stairs for her? Little Fifine, sitting flushed and feverish among a heap of pillows, lit up radiantly at sight of the sunbarned face and the great straw hat.

"Ah ! maman," she cried, clapping her hands, "now we shall go in the country !!

But Fifine was ill. Not for a day There was a little old woman, in a

laughing, and Fifine, eager, joyful 'he was not the inventor of gunpowder.' But we also laugh and are happy. I city with the canaille.' have my pot of flowers; I have my fete days. It costs but a few sous to man's cheek, He did not reply at be happy. Ah I why did we ever come once. away, my petite, to be reminded that we are beggars !"

Madame caught up her white handkerchief and wiped her eyes. There trifles. A man who owns his little was an awkward pauce. Monsieur Jack played with Fifine's long locks, looking down silent and reproved.

Fifine, not knowing what was the matter, began to cry.

"Ah ! yes," said Madame, excitedly seeing the child's tears. "We can have laughing ; "and for the rest, I am, afall these things here, my Fifine, yet ter ali, a poor man." thou hast nothing. In Paris we need "Such poverty?" cried Madame, not be told that we are poor. If we lifting her hands. "Here, I repeat, I know that the last sou is being spent, could stay forever, my friend. ing up courage, his honest, kindly eyes we will buy some charcoal, shut ourlooking straight into hers, "she needs selves in the pleasant little room with the flowers and the sunlight, and die dealy to her. "See, Madame, how decently, making no trouble; but in happily we have spent the day togeth-America it is not so. Here it is rude er. Let us have many such. and outre. People will meddle. You cannot mapage your small scrapling laughing and singing. of life for yourself. You must starve and beg -and steal, if need be, but you must live. It is, therefore no fault of have us away." mine, Monsieur, that my little Fifine is ill and pining. I cannot advertise whispered Monsieur Jack, mischievthat I must have her helped; and I ously.

It seemed to be a relief to Madame's mind that this well kept secret was out | ing, looked down at the cardinal flowat last.

"Madame," said the visitor, rising, "I also am poor."

"Excuse me, I pray you," said Madame, her face paling suddenly; "I have talked much ; it is weak. I ask your pardon."

"When shall we go-when shall we go in the country ?" asked Fifine, seeing a pause.

"Thou canst not go alone, little one," replied the mother, smiling, and rallying her spirit.

"She nzed not go alone, Madame,' suggested Monsieur Jack, patting the with her."

Ah! what can poor people do? Was not Madame the wife of a professor, and was not her pride very great therefore ?- Could she go out riding with an apple-vendor? "When ?" repeated the tiny invalid,

imperatively.

And the mother, driven into a corner, answered, "To-morrow."

nor a week, but for a long, weary month yellow gown stepping quickly about a the little creature pined and sickened farm house kitchen. The yellow gown in the upper story of the tenement was short, revealing her blue woolen ery day the young man's step sounded ing fine biscuit, her brisk, horny hands on the stairs, and Monsieur Jack's face moulding them deftly and quickly. the crowded, dingy street and the as he made his way to the topmost white cloth, taking down the shining dishes from the old-fashioned dresser. "They will soon be here, I think," and charmed Madame by stepping she says, ever and anon looking from softly in spite of his big boots. Fifine the great door, of which the upper half swings in, after the manner of old She comes out presently, smiling and courtesying to a party who drive One sunny afternoon she stood up in a neat little home-horse wagon. smoothing her glossy hair before the "This is my mother," says the young its level best to kick the hole out. cracked looking-glass. The day was a man who drives the equipage. He hopeful one. The air was clear, the lifts down Fifine ; he helps Madame to

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silk gown. He will not traffic in the

A deep flush rose to the young

"Madame," said he at length, "in this country there are no peasants. We are all free and we do not care for farm in independent; he can make his own market if he chooses. That is enterprise; and that is what keeps the fences trim, and the little old mother stirring. I buy and sell where I can. I have no wife to object," he added,

"And will you ?" said Monsieur Jack, turning his sunburned face sud-

Fifine came flitting up the path,

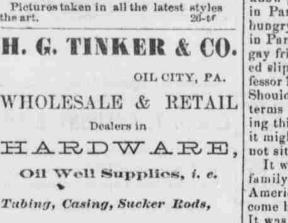
"Oh stay ! Oh stay, maman !" she cried, the dear old mother will not

I shall buy my wife a silk gown,"

"Say yes, maman," cried Fifine. And Madame, blushing and smilers and said "Yes," -- Harper's Weekly,

-The most interesting and amusing exhibition of the season took place at the Green county National bank a few days ago. The pair were newly married, and were up from Arkansas on their wedding trip. They sauntered into the national, and, seeing but one chair, the lady took that, and her lord occupied her lap. This caused the modest bank officials to blush, and an additional chair was offered, which the happy couple refused. By way of a change the lord took the chair and the lady his lap. He then produced a black bottle and proposed her health ; but she refused to drink. He took a long, strong pull, and, looking around and seeing a hundred gazing eyes and everybody laughing, remarked that it was "darned strange a fellow couldn'thug his wife without attracting the attention of the whole town." And with an air of supreme contempt be took his lady and strode off, much to the disgust of the patrons of the show .---Springfield (Ark.) Advertiser.

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Madame prefers to be on the top story, she says. One is there away Should any one pity Madame, or of-

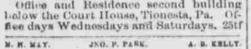
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She looks up, smiling, from her work, as a light footstep comes flying along the ladder-like stair.

"So come the angels !" said Madame devoutly, as Fifue dances in. She has her tiny apron full of red apples, which tumble out and roll upon the floor. The sunlight, gleaming on Madame's scarlet sewing, seems to recognize the ripe, round fruit, and glows anew as having met it elsewhere in sweet familfar-away hills.

"All for you, mamma, he will give Colebrated Manhattan Spring Bed and Combination Mattresses, manufactured and for sale at my Furniture Warerooms, the beautiful country and the little old mother !"

Madame's cheeks flush, her eyes scintillate with an angry light. "What is it you say, Fifine? And

who gave you these ? But the child only answered breath-

but Madame did not like strangers nor school.

The street was long and winding, I ever worthy of thee ?" grimy and decaying; but people swarmed in it as if life was not undesirable. They throve in the scents and stifling air; they laughed, they chat- their sparkle. He brought a bunch of in hand. ted, they congregated in the tumble- pinks for Fifme. down doorways; and looking their poverty square in the face, shook hands with it, as it were.

But the street had its pleasures, too, once in a while, and its pictures. As at this instant, when Madame, looking down from the high window, saw a wagon-load of apples come jolting along, ruddy, shining and mellow. A boy in a brimless hat and a blue shirt sat in the midst of the heap, and a tall flowers and parks, andsunburned young fellow, with trousers tucked in his boots, walked alongside, hand in hand with a child, who danced about him, with her golden hair flying and her pretty eyes twinkling, as she pointed up, laughing, to the far window where Madame sat.

published. Send for our extra terms to agents, NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phil-adelphia, Pa. 28-4 Up stairs

house. And it fell out that nearly ev- hose and sturdy shoes. She was mak-"So says Madame, looking down on beceme familiar to all the neighbors She has set out a round table with a floor.

He petted Fifne, he chatted to her, watched hungrily for his coming, and thus it was, doubtless, that Madame Dutch farm-houses. also found herself sometimes listening for his footstep on the stair.

iar orchards and on sunny slopes of sun shope, Fifine was better. Madame's alight.

eyes brightened as she stood at the glass. She adjusted the knot of that of a cherub new fledged in parame a ride in the great wagon out to ribbon, she touched up the white ruffle dise. She kisses the little old mother, about her shapely throat. Without, and they are friends instantly. there was a creaking of the rickety stairs. The eyes shone brighter in the dim little mirror. Madame stopped in quiet orchard. Blissful scents float on her toilet suddenly, seeing their ex. the air. There is corn rustling on the pectant glitter.

"Can it be possible ?" she said to lessly and confusedly. The apples herself. "Have I come to this-to sewwere delicious, and Fifine was happy, ing in a garret, to starving, to begging, almost, for Fifine, and to looking forstrangers' gifts. She sat anxiously at ward every day to the visit of a young the high window next day, looking man who is an apple-vendor? Is it

threshold, Madame's eyes did not lose

"Ah !" cried Fifine clapping her hands, "they came from the country, ma chere maman! When shall we gooh, when shall we go, plaman ?"

The mother looked at her tenderly, pitifully. The child had grown so thin with long illness.

"My little one," she said, "I wish I was back with thee in my beautiful and sweetness of the summer-time Paris, where we should have music and

"You can have them all here," interrupted Monsieur Jack, quietly. There were tears in Madame's eyes,

but she turued upon him hotly. "What will you ?" she said, "Shall I take shame to myself that I am poor? In one sudden moment she saw the not so. In my own country I have a everywhere.

Fifine's little face is shining like

The sun shines down on hedge and meadows, the quaint old house, the sunny slopes, there are blackberries ripaning in the lane. The whole air is hazily sleepy with its freight of sunshine and sweetness.

After that rare, that delicious lunch in the old kitchen, they wont wondering about the place-to the old red down fer Fifine as she came from that I must at heart belong to the barn, to the pasture, where two cows canaille ! Paul-Professor Paul, was stood patiently and stupidly looking through the bars. "They are tame ! But when she opened the door, and said Fifine, who had once been to a

Monsieur Jack stood modestly on the menagerie. The little motherlaughed, and the two prattled gaily along hand

Madame, with a wild rose in her hair, stro'led ahead with elate Monsieur Jack. Round them rolled the billowy hills, a faint automnal haze floating at their low summits, and the

smoke from there and there a farm house wreathing up to the sunlight. Some birds twittered softly in the copse, scarcely disturbing the silence hush. A tiny brook running along the hodge glittered with cardinal flowers. Her companion gathered a hand-

ful of the flaming spikes for Madame. "Ah, how beautiful they are !" she cried. "How beautiful it all is here" One could, indeed, live here forever !! She glanced about at the purple I was poor in Paris, but I named it bills, the fields, the peace and plenty

little one caught up, deposited in a pleasant, gentle life. My Paul is very "How can you have these glories, Give the boy of the period a pair of half-full basket, and both, lifted on wise, very quiet. He will not have and be poor?" she asked. "In my low-cut shoes and fancy stockings, a the young man schoulder, disappeared touch himself with what is rude and country a peasant would call himself large seal ring and a revolver, and the rough. The neighbors say he will rich with all these. He will have happiness and pride of a new-ma Up stairs they came, tramping, never be rich. They say, and laugh, many friends, and his wife will wear a bride will be as nothing to his.

from the Burlington Hawkeye, mules are not the safest and best article of freight for reilroads to carry :

"Six car · loads of mules passed through this city from the West, en route to the Eastern market. The door of the first car was dragging along by one hinge, the other cars had no doors, the air was filled with flying splinters, one of the cars had about three square feet of roof, one of them had two boards left in the forward end, two of them were trundling along on a pair of trucks, and one car had nothing left of it but the hole the end window used to be in, and the cargo was doing -Nothing so awful has been seen in Burlington since the strike."

While Dr. Mary Walker was lecturing lately in one of the rural towns, it is said that a youth cried out, "Are you the Mary that had a little lamb?" 'No !" was the sharp reply, "but your mother has a little jackass !"

It is thought that B. Young ought to have recovered from his chelera. morbus, but when it came to fighting with twenty-seven women, each one with a different kind of mustard plaster for her husband, and a new kind. of herb tea, it was too much for him. Every woman laid her plaster where there was room, and the prophet went down to his grave like a sandwich .--Hawkeye.

Says the New York Commercial : Preparations are being actively made for the resumption of fall studies at the various large universities. Entire new sets of bats and balls throughout have been provided at Yale, and Harvard is reported to have ordered a large consignment of euchre decks from a London dealer.

A camp-meeting orator down in Connecticut advised, in his religious fervor, the other day, that all "croquet tools" be burned. And he was right. Croquet is truly the wielectest of games .- [Ex. Honi soit que mallet pins, adds the Philadelphia Press.

A contemporary tells of a young man who woke up the other night and saw a ghost in his room. Seizing his six-shooter, he approached it and found it was his collar which was standing on the floor. He calls it a case of collar in phantom.

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 Drug ist from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately.

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