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### Drifting.

ommunications.

ond against my heart, m hands held fast in mine, Ups that barely part, arms that fondly twine the silent stream drift as in a dream.

cuelling foliage near with a mournful tone : in trees we hear h winds's dying moan ; the silent stream, and drifting, dream

o winks in the west; wild fowl hurry by ; passing to their rest, cubant a fullaby; le borne upon the stream, cently drift, and dream.

The bittern's lonely cry Comes faintly thro' the night ; The wild swan far in high, Pursues her silem flight-As down the quiet stream We slowly drift, and dream

Ah ! should our voyage last, . Through all cternity, The arms to hold me fast Would welcome fetters be : Porever down the stream To slowly drift, and dream !

### y Experience as a Lunatic.

The Confederate force of General arly had gained the mastery in the henandosh valley, and our demoralized attalions were falling back precipitatethrough Winchester.

Sheridan dashed upon the scene, and is presence checked the retreat and ind new courage into the disordered Our battery reached a knoll to to left of the pike, and unlimbered in front of a timbered slope on the brow of which the Confederates had posted a howy battery. The infantry line on our front was advancing, and I saw the ming crest of bayonets fall when order came for a charge on the

Bright sunshine was streaming the open curtain, and seemed ave awakened me from prolonged r. Slowly my scattered senser ed from dim unconsciousness, and ought assumed definite form the of the battle-field again flashed

What of the charge?" I inquired lously, making a desperate effort to

harn unnatural tone of my ow ples startled me, and my strength was qual to rustle even the covering of

Do not try to talk now, Charlie; on will be stronger very soon." It was the voice of my wife. In a moment 1 palized that I was home, on the shores of the northern lake, I glanced through he window, and the waving branches ciated with my thoughts of the batscene were not there, but the snow heavily on the fields glistening in sunshine. Many months have passaway, a blank period in my existence.

As I recovered my strength and comension I learned the critical ordeal had passed in surviving a severe wound that caused a fracture of the skull, and necessitated the operation of trepanning.

Still many more months elapsed be-fore I was again abroad. The war was he restoration of peace. I was tendered and accepted the old position I had resigned in response to the call to arms—teacher of mathematics in the academy of my native town.

The routine of the position was familties shortly developed the fact that my nervous system had not recovered from the severe shock it had sustained, and my mental powers were impaired. As nearly as I could define the effect

produced, the injury seemed to have inarrupted the harmonious action of the wain, and the right and left lobes ap- of life. But the monotony soon became ake separate and distinct cognizance of motions and sensations conveyed by the ety. Frequently I fancied the recognimedium of the senses. Frequently I fancied the recognition of a familiar countenance on the
streets, that kept me in painful uncertainty. idled a single problem, and the solucocurred, immediately would follow solution again, as if emmating from second mind acting in conjunction and lways a little slower in its perceptions. position in the academy.

The necessity was indeed a hardship, at left me without the means of susnance. My brave and devoted wife sted that I should indulge the repose from ount, and we continued to live comctably for a time on the proceeds of labor. Comfortably, did I say? No. is grieved me constantly to see her toil so arduously with the double responsibility of household cares. And I knew that her assumed cheerfulness was the cover of painful solicitude she experi-

enced on my behalf, This anxiety did not favorably affect my derangement. It grew more marked and depressing. Vague fears happened me by day, and harrowed the long, fested activity, and in time I recalled sleepless hours of night. The strange my identity; then suddenly the recolperception of a double intellect became | lection of my whole life flooded back so far defined that the senses were sym-

ear were repeated, as if by echo; taste and touch were fanciful and erratic, and at night weird, fantastic forms flitted before my eyes, and real objects assumed the semblance of what they were not, and drove me to the verge of delirium, while the effort constantly exerted to retain my reason only the more prostrated the mental powers.

Ultimately my malady reached a stage at which I seemed to realize both physical and mental double existence. At times I could distinctly see the form and features of my second self, directly confronting and gazing upon my more immediate self. And then my own voice addressed me, and we conversed together-myself and my second selfnow condoling in common misery, and then in tantalizing and horrible impreca-

The terrible delusion became unbearable, and I felt that reason could not much longer retain command of the disordered faculties. It was a night when my mental agitation had reached a high degree. My wife had fallen asleep, overcome with constant care and watching. I was pacing the sitting-room of our chamber, about the hour of midnight, as was my habit. Occasionally I reclined on a sofa, in the hope of catching a slight respite from the distress of my terrible hallucination; but it was for a moment only.

I lay down again on the sofa. My brain seemed whirling in a blaze of fire, and I sprang up stricken with madness The horrible specter stood before me and mocked me with a fiendish grin of derision. I grasped a heavy piece of furniture and dashed at it with the fury of a maniac. The specter seemed palpable to the blow, and yielded. I saw it vanish in darkness that spread before me, and my tormenting second self was gone. I broke forth in frantic laughter, that returned in a hundred echoes around me, and sank exhausted, unconscious to the floor.

The morning sun was shining in upon me when I awoke to returning consciousness. A cool perspiration oozed from my forehead. I rose on my elbow, and for some moments endeavored to recall my identity and the recollections of the night. Then a horrible conviction came upon me. Great heavens! It was she! It was my poor devoted wife—the reality of the form I had dashed down and destroyed in my frenzy

Overwhelmed with remorse, I rushed wildly from the house and fied I knew not whither. The greater grief that had some upon me had reanimated my mental power, and I became calm in despair; but I shrank cowardly from the desolation that my own hand had wrought.

It was some weeks after the dreadful night I have described that I reached New York city without detection, a greater portion of the distance working as one of the crew of a capalboat. I wandered along the wharves of the metropolis, searching anxiously for some means of escaping the country, and longing even to flee the fellowship of civilized man. The opportunity was finally discovered in a ship about sailing around Cape Horn for the Pacific coast, on board of which my services were accepted in a menial capacity,

I was soon safe from discovery and

pursuit, and free upon the boundless waters-free as one could feel with the remorse of a terrible deed upon his soul, and the abandonment of all hope of a happy hour in life again.

I need not describe the experience of a long and tedious sea voyage, and the ore I was again abroad. The war was maded, and the people were rejoicing in the restoration of peace. I was tenderwas of little account. But the change of life and scene, and the sea air, had a wonderful effect in repairing my mental and physical strength. It was on a bright September morning that I first ar enough, but close attention to its du- spied the hazy shores of California, and in a day or two thereafter sauntered along the streets of San Francisco, alone in a new world, with only the companionship of bitter recollections.

As necessity required 1 sought employment, and managed to sustain myself, leading a listless, purposeless sort sared to operate independently, and oppressive, and the apprehension of ultimate discovery excited renewed anxi-

The day came in which my worst fears were realized. The miserable wretch in whose house I was sojourning delivered me into the hands of justice. By what means he discovered my idenhis derangement, vexatious and con- tity I could not determine; but I met sing at first, continued to increase as I my fate boldiy; for remorse had so far avoted myself to mental labor, until embittered my existence that I dismally I was compelled to abandon my dained longer to struggle for its con-

tinnance. "Gentlemen," I explained, as the officers inclosed my wrists with iron shackles, "take your accursed reward! te up nobly under the affliction, and I am Charles Harden, the murderer,

I my critical position demanded. They dragged me to the prison, and cantime she turned the fine musical the officers of the law came and quesculties acquired in better days to good tioned me. I told them all, and they transferred me to more secure confinement, lest I should escape again the retribution of crime.

Long I lingered in the solitude of a gloomy cell, awaiting the final decree of fate, until calm indifference succeeded despair, and gradually every emo-tion, even life itself, seemed to subside

in a dream. But a day came when my sensibilities seemed reanimating, like one emerging from a trance. Slowly my mind manipathetic. The sounds that reached my burden of remorse again descended.

An old man, whose kindly countenance had become familiar to me, as in a vision, appeared and sought to rally my despondency with words of hope and encouragement.

"You have had a long, bad spell, Harden," he remarked, "but you are coming around all right now, and will soon be out in the world again." Then I was not in a prison, but an in-

sane asylum. Thank heaven, my wretch-

ed guilt had not been discovered. And then I learned from the old man the circumstances of my arrest as a lunatie, and the nature of my affliction. In the operation of trepanning at the hands of unskilled surgeons, a small splinter of the fractured skull had been left adhering in a position to irritate the membrane of the brain, and this trifling over-

with such sad results, to blast the hap-piness of my life forever, and stamp my memory with the ignominy of murder.

The derangement had been effectively repaired by the skilled surgeon of the asylum, and my mind rapidly recovered its original power. But what availed it, I reflected bitterly; and why had I been restored from peaceful lunacy to a con-sciousness to which death would be a

sight had caused the insanity attended

One morning the old attendant of whom I had spoken interrupted my gloomy meditations with a countenance more than usually cheerful, that seemed to radiate the light of some hidden hope.

"Harden," he remarked, "you are growing vigorous again in both body and mind. I have a message for you that may excite you a little. Do you think you can stand an agreeable surbase 5,

"Anything agreeable to hear would indeed be a surprise," I replied. "But, my dear friend, I fear the world could now hardly afford a message to me sufficiently pleasurable to inspire any appre-ciable excitement."

"Well, if you are confident to that extent, I will permit the bearer of the message to impart it directly to you."

The old man withdrew, and presently returned with a companion. A thrill, premonitory of some great surprise, startled me as I heard the approaching footsteps."

I raised my eyes. Great heavens! they met the old love-look of my wife, ready to advance into my arms.

The ardor with which I returned her

embrace was assuring that my power of nerve was restored. The last great hallucination was dis-

pelled, and a ray of gladness burst in upon my heart, streaming through the dark cloud of despair that had hung over me those long and wretched years, I laughed and wept by turns. And then I drew the restored treasure of my life breast, fearful I was ore firmly to my still in a dream that might vanish and leave me again in misery and despair. "And how did you follow me here?" I demanded, when sufficiently collected

to make the inquiry.
"There is your address," my wife replied, handing me an Eastern paper containing the following paragraph, copied from a San Francisco paper:

'FOR STOCKTON, -An unknown man was taken from a boarding house on Sansome street yesterday, and brought before the commissioners of lunacy, and by them committed to the asylum at Stockton. From what could be gathered from his incoherent talk, his name is Charles Harden, from New York city. and he imagines himself to have committed some serious crime. His insanity is caused by a fracture of the skull which has been improperly trepsnned,' "And who was it that I struck down

"Your own reflection in outpier-glass mirror, which was shattered to atoms the night you disappeared."

And so it was my own second self, and one other.

We remain in California, my wife and I, for its air is genial and its skies blue and bright; and if at times I recall the recollection of those long years of wretchedness and despair, it is that the contrast may render the present more peaceful and happy.

# Cremation in Germany.

At the cremation chapel in Gotha, the only public place for eremation in Germany, the remains of one Stier were burnt, in accordance with his last will and testament. The burial service of the Protestant Episcopal church was performed, as prescribed by the church authorities in Gotha. The body was first conveyed to a sort of chapel or hall and placed over a particular spot. A hymn was then sung; a sermon preached, and a choral chanted by a choir of boys, after which the body was lowered into the furnace to slow music, the clergyman pronouncing a blessing. "Earth to earth" was of course not recited. Friends of the deceased were allowed to make speeches. The vault, a low and narrow apartment, filled with gas previously ignited, was heated to an extraordinary degree. In one hour and a half the coffin and body were consumed. In another two hours the vault had sufficiently cooled down to allow of the mourners entering and collecting the ashes in urns, which were deposited in an adjoining columbarium. In the funeral sermon the clergyman declared that there could be no objections to cremation on the part of the Protestant church, although it was true that the custom ceased and burial took its place when Christianity began to prevail, about a thousand years ago.

The difference between gossip and truth is that no one will ever stop to question your veracity when you are indulging in the first, but he wants you upon me, and all the weight of its great on oath when you are speaking solemi

#### Wanted Mr. Gladstone for a Clerk.

TIMELY TOPICS.

There are 421 Chinese business houses

in San Francisco. In the Celestial direc-

tory are included five boarding-houses,

four opium shops, three doctors' offices

three pawnshops, a photographic gal-lery, an undertaker's store and two

Muskrat farming is a rural industry in Iowa. A good pond or marsh well

turn after two years, the trapping being

done in winter, when there is plenty of

leisure, and affording much amusement

to the younger members of the family.

resident's false teeth and ask to be

shown them, then darting forward

seized them. After living on soup for a

few days, the resident paid his taxes and

Indians in Utah have been induced to

lay aside their blankets and put on the

dress of civilization, and to go to work with shovels on a railroad. They had

been accustomed to loiter around the

stations of the Utah and Northern road,

doing nothing. Negotiations were opened with them by the builders of

the road through an interpreter, and

about a dozen were prevailed upon to

take up shovels and attack a sand-bank.

Martin Zabriskie, or, as he preferred

to be called Zborowski, whose will was offered for probate in the New York

surrogate's office recently, was a re-

markable character. He was a direct

of King John III. of Poland, who came

to America in 1650, and settled on the

east bank of the Hackensack river, among the selaware Indians. Martin

Zabriskie is said to have built his man-

sion in Upper Morrisania in 1838, at a cost of \$67,000. He made a large fortune by the rapid rise of real estate

which he purchased in Morrisania. He

always contended against the payment

rying the matter into the courts. The

name by which he was called was always

a matter of importance to him, and no

one could anger him quicker than by

calling him, as the rest of the family

were commonly known, by the name of

Zabriskie. In his will he takes pains to

say that his name is not Zabriskie, but

Fight With Bottle-Nosed Whales,

whales, finally yielding, follow their

wounded companion and fling them-

selves on the shore, where they lie wal-

ery of triumph, which is borne back

from the women who stand on the cliff,

all the boats are rowed for the shore,

each striving to be first to commence

the fight. With a final cheer the men

drive the boats in among the fish, leap

I threw away the lance and attacked

the nearest with my long hunting knife.

Seizing hold of the monster's fin in spite

lifting me off my feet and throwing me

and kept striking till, with a supreme

encounters were going on all about me;

struck and hewed at the whales as if in-

waves that swept over them every mo-

ment. While recovering my breath and

looking out for another prize, I received

a tremendous blow from the tail of one

behind me; I was stunned for a mo-

ment, and on recovering found I had

been placed in one of the boats. Quite

satisfied with my exertions, I sat still

and watched the strange combat, al-

ready closing, as the poor stupid fish,

ignorant of their strength, fell easy vic-

tims to their determined enemies. The

sight was strange and striking. The

cloudless sun was shining on the waves

of the bay, which was of a magnificent

blue except over a large patch dyed red with blood. Here each wave showed

a streak of crimson as it washed over

the glistening bodies that had lately

swam lords of the deep. Behind a nar-

row beach rose the steep cliff, down

which were running the women and

children, their shrill cries rising above

the shouts of the men and the roar of

the waves. Gradually the tumult

ceased, except where a whale in the last

throes wrapped itself in a cloud of

bloody spray and deluged the men who stood by watching.—Lippincott's Mag-

Digging Up a Palace.

Tradition has long pointed out a cer-

tain field about a mile from Wedmore

church, in England, as the site of the

old palace of King Alfred and the West

Saxon kings. This field is called the

Court Garden, and there have been many

stories of the treasure hidden there.

And now the rector, Mr. Sydenham

Hervey, has dug up in this place the re-

mains of the palace where, 1,000 years

ago, the great peace was signed with the

Danes. The walls are massive, the

mortar of an ancient character, and the

whole appearance of the building speaks

its great age. A large quantity of pot-

but thinly covered with earth,

out and begin to strike right and left.

We redouble our exertions, and the

redeemed his property.

newspaper offices.

Many incidents similar to the following, and quite as amusing, have occurred in the lives of eminent people. The London City Press says :

A curious adventure once occurred in the London offices of the late Mr. W. Lindsay, merchant, ship-owner and an M. P. There one day entered a brusque but wealthy ship-owner of Sunderland, inquiring for Lindsay. As Mr. Lindsay was out, the visitor was requested to wait in an ajacent room, where he found a person busily engaged in copying figures. The Sunderland shipowner paced the room several times, and took careful notice of the writer's doings, and at length said to him "Thou writes a bonny hand, thou

"I am glad you think so," was the re-

"Ah, thou dost; thou machs thy figures weel; thou'rt just the chap I want,"

"Indeed," said the Londoner.
"Yes, indeed," said the Sunderland
man, "I'm a man of few words; noo, if thou'lt come over to canny old Sunderland, thou seest I'll gie thee a hundred and twenty pounds a year, and that's a plum thou dost not meet with every day in thy life, I reckon. Noo, then." The Londoner replied that he was

much obliged for the offer, and would wait till Mr. Lindsay returned, whom he would consult upon the subject. Accordingly, on the return of the latter, he was informed of the ship-owner's tempting offer.

"Very well," said Mr. Lindsay; "I should be sorry to stand in your way; one hundred and twenty pounds is at present more than I can afford to pay you in the department in which you are at present placed. You will find my friend a good and kind master, and under the circumstances, the sooner you know each other the better. Allow me, therefore, Mr. --, to introduce the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, of the Exchequer.

Mr. Gladstone had been engaged in making a note of some shipping re-turns for his budget. The Sunderland ship-owner, you may be sure, was a lit-tle taken aback at first, but he soon recovered his self-possession, and enjoyed the joke quite as much as Mr. Gladstone did.

## She Wouldn't Melt.

A day or two ago, when a servantgirl opened the side-door of a house on Sibley street, in response to a vagrant's knock, her face looked so kind and benevolent that the hungry man had no doubt that a good dinner awaited him. He had, however, laid out a certain pro gramme, and he therefore began :

"My dear woman, I haven't had anything to eat for two days, and I wanted to ask if you would spare me one of these icicles which has fallen from the

"Well, I dunno," she slowly replied, as she looked out, "I suppose we might spare you one, if you are really suffering; but of course you won't take the largest and best?"

He stepped down and selected an icicle about two feet long, and, in a hesitating manner, inquired "If you would only sprinkle a little epper on this I would be forever grate-

"It's rather bold in you to ask it but I suppose I can sprinkle on a little

-a very little," she replied, and she got the pepper and dusted his "luncheon" very sparingly.

He started to move away, but, seeming to recollect something, he turned

"You seem so benevolent I'll ask you to sprinkle on a little salt as well. I like my icicles seasoned up pretty

"You are a bold man, sir, and it's plain you have the appetite of a glutton, but I'll give you a bit of salt, and then you must be gone," she replied.

When the icicle had been duly salted the man expressed his thanks, but didn't move away. His game wasn't working to suit him. Some folks wouldn't have stood there and seen him bite off the end of a big icicle, but this girl did. And further, when he hesitated to go, she indignantly called out : "I know what you want. You want me to warm the icicle in the oven for you, and then put on some mustard;

but I'll never, never do it!" The man moved slowly out of the gate, and, as he threw his icicle at a passing dog, he gave utterance to his disgust in language punctuated entirely with slung-shots.—Detroit Free Press.

# "Pith and Point."

Out at elbows-A badly-fitted stove-The onion originated in Egypt. So

mportant facts leek out, one by one. Happiness is often called a dream, but turns out more frequently to be a

The bulk of a retailer's fortune is most generally his show-window. You can take courage, advice and even smallpox, without being indicted for

"There is a day of sunny rest for every dark and troubled night." So William Cullen Bryant said, and you will find that he was right.

Did you notice that the days are growing longer?-New Haven Register, Yes; and so is the grocery bill.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream," unless it be last | Some of the walls are buried at a depth year's maple sugar, after a vigorous pulverization in an iron mortar, - New York | ten feet; others, which are on rock, are

One Square (1 inch.) one insertion - \$1
One Square "one month - 3
One Square "three months - 6
One Square "one year - 10
Two Squares, one year - 15
Quarter Col. "- - 30
Half " - - 50 one month - - 3 00 three months - 6 00 one year - 10 00

Rates of Advertising.

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.

## Love's Young Dream.

STROPHE.

A young man woke with the kies of morn, Carol and sing, light-hearted boy ; On the woodland echoes his song is born-What is the world but love and joy? Singing be twines for his dear love's breast, Bluebell and violet, daintily pressed ; Tenderly fondled, lightly caressed-Carol and sing, oh, dreaming boy ! ANTI-STROPHE.

A wasp got up at the break of daystocked is said to yield a profitable re-Tenderly spread the plaster on ; And he opened the session the good old way, Pour on the arnins, till it is gone, And he "stropped" his bodkin with auxious A deputy sheriff at Richmond, Ky., being unable to collect taxes from a resident, got a third party to admire the

He whet'ed his edges, keen and bare, Till he gleamed like steel in the morning air -Ring for the arnica! Pour it on!

Run for the doctor! Run like sin! Put on some mud till the doctor comes ; This is the hole where the probe went in ; How it burns, and throbs like a hundred

Yell like a madman; mutter and growl, Trample the violets, rave and howl; Scatter the bluebells-love may scowl, Shriek for the arnica! here it comes. -Burlington Hawkeye.

drums.

#### Items of Interest.

A singular being-A bachelor. A poor fire is a pokerish thing in cold weather,

A dentist ought to make a good actor. He draws well.

A bouquet is a good scenter-piece for the dining-table. Jones' wife wanted point lace, but he

descendant of Albert Sobieski, a relative | denied it point blank. When you come to the guideboard that is illegible—that is a "bad sign." Actions, looks, words, steps, form the

steps by which we may spell characters. No true gentleman will ask a lady if her coral jewelry is made of scaling-Storms generally are a mystery, but

you can always see the drift of a snowof taxes on personal property, even car- storm. A prima donna is naturally a timid creature, for her art is always in her

throat. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosphy, deep; moral philosphy, grave; legic and rhetoric, able to con-

No man is the wiser because he thinks he is not as ignorant as his neighbor, for the latter may have learned something that is not in the text books, but

ought to be. Blessings on him who invented sleep the mouth that covers all human lowing in the shallow water. With a thoughts, the food that appeares hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and, lastly, the general coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with

A strange fatality attended the early discoveries of America. Columbus died broken-hearted: Roldin and Bobadilla of its struggles, I plunged the knife were drowned; Ovanda was harshly surepeatedly into its heart. Its exertions perseded; Las Casas sought refuge and and plunges were incessant, frequently consolation in a cowl; Ojeda died in extreme poverty; Enciso was deposed by under water. I managed to hold on, his own followers; Nicuessa perished miserably by the cruelty of his party; effort, it turned on its back. Similar Vasco Nunez de Balboa was diegracefully beheaded; Narvaez was imprisoned with wild cries and oaths the men in a tropical dungeon, and afterward died of hardship; Cortez was dishenfuriated, regardless of bruises and the ored; Alvarado was assassinated; Almargo was garroted, Pizarro was murdered and his four brothers killed.

#### Philosophy in Small Hunks. After all, fame is but a phantom. Riches does not mean happiness. Respect yourself, if others do not, A scolding wife is a terrible affliction, Modesty nowadays is a very rare bird. Truth is charper than a two-edged

Prosperity follows in the trail of hard, honest work. An hour well spent is worth a week

frittered away. As a rule, puppies make more noise than full-grown dogs.

What is law without justice? What justice without mercy? You will often find as true friends in

rage as in silks and broadcloths. Never confide secrets. Lock them up in the storehouse of your own memory. No matter how much sense a man

may possess, he can stand a little flattery. Jealousy and envy are the hidden rocks on which many stanch vessels are

wrecked. The fates are oftentimes very cruel, But for every cloud there are two warm rays of sunshine.

Happiness is something we are all looking for. When found, introduce the

stranger to your neighbor. Homely people are nearly always of pleasant disposition, and a pleasant disosition is the best of companions.

The kaleidoscope of time shows many changes, but none more wonderful than when a just man conquers his enemies. Punctuality is a good trait in anybody's character, and frequently leaves

an indelible impression upon one's tery has been found, some Roman and some of the early Euglish character. memory. Some men are of the opinion that the world owes them a living. This is an error. You must make the world give beneath the surface of the land of six to you a living .- New York Expresa,