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TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22, 1882.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING

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Three Shadows.

I looked and saw your eyes In the shadow of your hair. As a travelor sees the stream In the shadow of the wood; And I said: "My faint heart sight, Ab, me ! to linger there, To drink deep and to dream

In that sweet solitude." I looked and saw your heart In the shadow of your eyes, As a seeker seeks the gold In the shadow of the stream ; And I said : "Ah, me ! what art Should win the immortal prize, Whose want must make life cold

And heaven a hollow dream?" I looked and saw your love In the shadow of your heart, As a diver sees the pearl In the shadow of the sea; And I murmured, not above My breath, but all apart-" Ah! you can love, true girl,

AN EAST BLOW.

And is your love for me?"

The summer hotel among the mountains was almost deserted. Half a dozen of the late-staying guests were gathered in the little parlor for their last evening. A high September wind turned their thoughts to the desolateness of the winter months in the White Hills. Mand Wellington, always a leader in talk and action, called to the landlord :

"Come here, please, Mr. Little; tell us how you ever live here through the

"Wa'al, you jest come up here and try one of our east blows! I tell you, you don't know anything about the maountings. You only come up here when it's warm and nice, and Mr. George he drives his team around, what d'ye call it ?"

Tandem !" suggested George. "Yes, tantrum; and he takes you girls to drive, and it's all very pretty.

Jest let him be here in the winter, and he'd drive tantrum, sure enough."
"Wouldn't it be fun?" asked Maud. "Would you really take us in if we came

up next winter?" "I guess most likely I could. You'd have to kinder put up with things, though. I'd be real glad to see you, naow; the winters is awful lonely !"

"I am in earnest, and I will come if the rest will. I think it would be jolly," said Maud. "Yes, quite too awfully ghartly jolly," murmured her brother George,

The others all promised they would join her if she formed a party, and the all about the plan and the promise, as people do.

It was late in December. The holidays were approaching. Maud Wellington was restless and dissatisfied. The season had been very disappointing. Everybody was dull and stupid; Germans were tiresome, dinners more so, and she was tired of Boston and every one in it. And all this was because a certain Thomas Sedgwick Thornton had not appeared in the city as she had expected. It was none the less true because she would have denied it, and that she had always laughed at him, and professed to hold him in the most perfect contempt. She knew perfectly well that he was a hard working lawyer in New York with little time for holiday making, but she was quite unreasonable enough to think that such trifles as business made no difference. He ought to have admired her enough to have made any sacrifices, door. and made haste to continue the summer's acquaintance. It made no difference to her, also, that there were many others as assiduous in their devotion as he was remiss. He was the Mordecai at the gate, and she was unhappy. The wind howling round the corner of the house took her thoughts back to the last evening in the mountains, and a sudden resolve made her spring to her

"Mother," she cried, rushing into the warm library, where her mother sat dozing before the fire, "I have made up my mind. We will go up to the mountains and see how they look with the snow on them."

"You crazy girl! we won't do any-

Mrs. Wellington always made a point of seeming to oppose her daughter's plans, but she always did just what her children told her to do. Mand wast-ed no words in entreaty, but coolly told The general hilarity flagged not dur-

With Maud to decide was to act. George was delighted with the prospect of such a "lark;" he had not known what to do with the holidays. Notes were immediately sent to those who had been with them when the proposition | tinued. was made, and to several others who might be congenial spirits. When they had written nearly all Maud said, with perfect carelessaess:

" I suppose you will have to write to that Mr. Thornton. I don't think he would add much to the general hilarity, but I am afraid it wouldn't do to leave him out and ask all the rest who were Little called them to see the "churn-

"Right you are!" said George. " I'll send an invite to the old duffer; he's not half a bad fellow, after all.

For some occult reason Mr. Welinton chose to join this wild expedition, and presented himself at the ap-

timized, it was as gay a party as Boston

As usual, it was Maud who was leader and prime favorite. But she was admirably seconded by three of her friends, only a little less brilliant and daring than she. Then there were two or three society men who would have gone anywhere that Mand and her set proposed. Little did they care for the grandeur of mountain scenery in its severe winter dress, but the trip promised much fun ton, a Harvard Sophomore, with an equally reckless and hair-brained classmate, whom the ladies alternately petted, snubbed and used as foils in their most serious schemes.

the summer. He was not keyed to the same pitch of high spirits and unceasment that he saw her he became fascinated with Maud, against his will and better judgment. Her beauty, wit, caprices, would not let themselves be forthat he loved her with a love which he could not reason away nor live down. He was more bitterly enraged with her than ever to-day, as the cars rapidly bore them toward the mountains. He cursed himself and his folly in having joined them. No one seemed to want him. Maud, with her usual perverseness, had given him a careless greeting. and turned away to lavish her brightest smiles and merriest speeches on Gilbert Livingston, a man whom he cordially hated and despised. Mrs. Wellington alone seemed to need him. She was nervous, weak and timid, dreading the journey, and unable to control her children's madness, so she clung to Thornton with instinctive trust in his sober strength. He never dreamed, being blind as men are, that Maud saw every motion that he made, that she had so placed herself as to hear every word he spoke. He only saw, with wrath and shame, that she was flirting openly, desperately, with that soulless, brainless Livingston. But even Thornton shook off his

gloom when they came among the hills. The highest peaks were white with snow, reflecting the setting sun with dazzling brilliancy against the marvelous blue of the sky. It was very cold, but clear and still, when they left the cars for their drive of a few miles. Mr. Little met them with his six-horse next morning they separated and forgot stage; the wind had not left enough snow on the rising ground for sleighing, to Mand's regret. It was an ex-hilarating drive. The clear air made each inhalation an increasing joy. The laughter and the sweet, ringing voices of the girls no longer jarred upon him; he was a boy himself, and startled them by his wit and gayety. Maud was delighted. She warmed toward him, and left poor Livingston shivering out of the sunlight of her favor. It was all going to be a perfect success, she Little she told him what she had thought, and blessed herself for the seen.

inspiration. The hotel, when they reached it, after the stars had come out superbly in the clear air, looked as if prepared for a siege. It was closed, except a few rooms on the ground floor of the west and south sides. On the north and "Have you had an east blow yet?" asked Maud, as they dashed up to the

"No, miss; not yet," said the landlord. "I guess we will hev, pretty quick, though. The maountings hev kinder looked like it all day."

"I hope it will come. I should consider our whole trip a failure if it doesn't. Mr. Little shook bis head and smiled

doubtfully. "I guess when you've seed one you won't be likely to want to see another very quick."

The next day was gloriously clear. There was no wind stirring as yet. It was this stillness that roused the fore-bodings of the landlord. His guests had a magnificent walk, they said; they climbed part way up Starr King and had a view a hundred times more superb than they had ever imagined it been paper. It was all the more ter-could be. It had been hard work rible because not a sound of the falling they came back to the house delighther that she must go, without any more | ing the cozy evening round the huge, open fire, and one and all pronounced their satisfaction and delight—all except Mrs. Wellington, who had not stirred from the fire all day, and who grew more and more nervous as the ally from floor to ceiling through the talk about the expected east blow con-

In the morning Mr. Little's predictions were verified. The city peo-ple's ears were startled by what he had so often described as the "roaring of the maountings." This strange, steadily increasing roar, which seemed so inexplicable, filled some with alarm, some with most enjoyable excitement. Mr. ing of the clouds up the chasm," and, looking, they forgot to smile because he pronounced the ch of the last word as he did in the first. It was a sight not to course he won't put in an appearance." be forgotten, a grand, terrible sight, as
But it is the impossible which hap—the angry clouds came up, rolling over and over, as it seemed, through the gap which opened out toward the east.

Within the house there were hurried

the exception of himself and poor Mrs. went about making everything as fast ton in this danger. If she had not de-Wellington, who looked already vic- as possible, while her husband and his layed the men they could have returned two men went to the barns to give the to the house before it was too late. If them till the storm had passed; for should know how bitterly she had re when it had reached its height, neither pented. man nor beast could stand against it. Thornton, George and his classmate prepared to go down to the barn and help them, for the time seemed very short. Every moment the tempest increased in violence. Quick as thought Maud wrapped herself in her fur cloak, and said she would go with them. Her and unlooked-for opportunities of carrying out certain intentions. Last and noisiest of all came George Welling- Thornton's look of disapproval and disgust, she thought, and then nothing could have prevented her. Seizing her brother's hand she rushed out of the house. The barns were west of the hotel, some little distance down the hill. The wind carried them on as if Mr. Thornton felt out of his element. as he had done so many times during they were straws, and drove them breathless against the building. Maud had never dreamed of its force. When ing gayety. He was grave, quiet—a man who was terribly in earnest about everything he did. From the first mo-

ton said to her, very sternly:
"This is perfect folly. If you do
not go back to the house instantly you

will not be able to go at all." Mr. Little said the same; the storm gotten. He was angry with her, he heartily disapproved of her a dozen times a day; and then, when he was most indignant with her, he discovered that he level has been above the level that he level has been above the level that he level that admiring even while he blamed her. He asked Little to take her and "the boys" back to the house. He himself, being strong and large, would stay and help the men. It was the best plan. The four had a hard fight to return. Holding each other's hands, one keeping behind the other as much as possible, they struggled up the hill. Once they fell flat to the earth, but regaining their feet after a moment they toiled on and reached the protection of the house. Little said he had never seen the "blow come on so fast." There was no use in his trying to go back to the barn; the men would do what was necessary, and his strength was half used up in his efforts already. After Maud had regained her breath she went to the window, and would not stir or speak. Her eyes were fixed on the barne. The others gathered round the fire in awed silence. The terror of the storm was upon them. It seemed as if nothing could stand against its violence. Mrs. Wellington was nearly fainting with fright. She was certain that the house would go. Once Mand turned and said, in a strained, hard voice.

" Mr. Little, how long does this sort of thing generally last?" "Wa'al, it begins abaout noon to be the worst, and it keeps it up till next

morning." " Ought not the men to come up prety soon?" she asked again, with ill-concealed anxiety.

"Oh yes, they'll be up directly, I

But they did not come. Once Mand saw three figures creep around the partially sheltered side of the building, but when they reached its front they were struck down, and she saw them crawl on their hands and knees back in to the sheds. The full horror of the circumstance struck her. Calling Mr.

"Then they must stay there till it is over !" she said, in a low, unnatural voice. anxiously.

"Do try to help them," she pleaded, so earnestly that the men all resolved east every blind was securely fastened. to try, though it was of so little use. Taking a rope Little tied all the volunteers firmly together; even the "howling swell," Livingston, as George called him, offered to help. When all was ready they crept along the west-ern side of the house with little difficulty But when they reached the corner they went down like planks, They tried again and again, and then came back into the house tired and ex-

The short afternoon had passed; the early darkness made the terror of the storm more awful. Maud still strained her eyes through the deepening gloom. The storm at that moment was at its height. Clutching the window frame tightly with her fingers she pressed her dilated eyes against the pane, and saw with speechless horror the roof of the large barn swept off as if it had elimbing over the slippery rocks and timbers could be heard above the

ceaseless roaring of the wind. It was an awful night. No one thought of sleeping. They clustered together about the fire in silent terror. From time to time Mr. Little spoke reassuringly. There was no danger for themselves, he said; the house was firmly built; large beams passed diagonpartition walls; it was not possible that they could give way. But the swed hearts were not easily assured. Mand alone had no thoughts for herself or the safety of the house. She had seen the roofless barn, and she strove to picture the fate of Thornton and the two men with him, without food, without fire, with no roof to shelter them, and perhaps crushed by the falling timbers, for it had been too dark to see the extent of the disaster. She told no one of the sight which she had witnessed. Only she and Little knew what had happened. All that was best in her came to the surface that long, agonizing night. Never again could she silence her better, nobler self. Very base and pointed time at the rendezvous. With preparations. Mrs. Little and her sons her wild folly that had placed Thora- to the bull.

cattle and horses food and water to last he were alive when morning dawned he

She remembered how she had trifled with him when once the summer be fore he had told her that he loved her more than he had ever loved any being before or ever could again. She had not meant to drive him away from her; she had only meant to tease him for a ceased to think of her except to despise the death of a patient under chloroform, her. If he had continued to love her on whom he was operating without aswould he have been so silent? She sincerity could not understand the insincere.

He would never care for her now, of course, and she loved him with all the

down as the sun came up the troubled sky. The ruin of the night was revealed to the weary watchers.

Three men came slowly up the hill, tired, hungry, half-frozen, but safe. They had made a comparatively warm nest for themselves in the hay, where they had passed the sleepless night. The part of the barn which sheltered them and the cattle and horses had been uninjured, and not a man or beast

had been hurt by the falling beams. Mrs. Wellington could not be induced to remain an unnecessary moment in the terrible place, and late in the afternoon the subdued party were on the cars returning to Boston. Thornton confessed that it was the most uncomfortable night he had ever passed, but that he would cheerfully have undergone far greater hardships for the reward that it brought him. # Before they had reached the city he had learned of the agony which the night's suspense had been to Maud, and she had acknowledged her love for him in answer to the passionate reiteration of his devotion to her. And this was the work of an East Blow.—Harper's Bazar.

How Cheaply One Can Live.

Bread after all is the cheapest diet one can live on, and also the best. A the Canadian government, and was over again that a physician must prac-wholly dependent upon remittances tice according to the well-known rules from Canada for his support. On one of the profession, and if he departs occasion these remittances failed to ar- | from them it is at his peril. rive, and as there was no cable in those days he was compelled to write to his Canadian friends to know the reason of the delay. Meanwhile he had just one sovereign to live upon. upon sixpence per day, or about and laughing among themselves, look-twelve and a half cents of our money— ing healthy, cheerful and contented four pennyworths of bread, one pennyworth of milk and one pennyworth of breakfast, dinner and supper, the milk being reserved for the last meal. When afterward he had five shillings remain ing of his sovereign, and he liked his fragal diet so well that he kept it up for over two years, possibly longer, only turning a light, sandy soil, and and is equally efficient as the dry. Try they cents a day is certainly a small they themselves say they are never huramount to expend for food; but a man ried against their will. The method in Minnesota, about three years ago, adopted by a manager to get a good in Minnesota, about three years ago, worried through a whole year on ten dollars. He lived on "Johnny cake."

an Ohio college who, sustained by grace, rice and corn bread, lived thirwere several good apple orchards near the college and the farmers kept no plantation after the expiration of their dogs. It is not the necessities of life that cost much, but the luxuries; and ing them smuggled opium and liquor. it was with the Frenchman who said could dispense with the necessities. Mere living is cheap, but as the hym-nologist says, "It is not all of life to live."-American Miller.

A New Theory of Vaccination,

Many scientists express the belief that vaccination, which has done so much to prevent the ravages of smallpox, will be extended to the eradication of scarlet fever, and many other contagious diseases, the mortality from which in the afternoon. This is one of the

is truly appalling.
At the International Medical congress, held in London, in August, Professor Pasteur, in his lecture on the germ theory, referred to his highly successful results in vaccination of the lower animals for splenie fever and chicken cholera. He said he had successfully vaccinated more than 20,000 sheep, in and about Paris, just before his arrival to attend the congress, as well as a large number of horses and

After reviewing his method of producing the vaccina, Professor Pasteur said: "We may hope to discover, in this way, the vaccine of all virulent diseases." He concluded by saying: "I have given to vaccination an extension which science, I hope, will accept as a immense services rendered by Jenner, one of the greatest men of England." This theory is now fairly before the of me, was the headlight of a locomomedical faculty, and should receive the tive, bearing down upon me at the rate most careful pesearch.

It may be right occasionally to take a contemptible seemed all her wiles, her bull by the horns, but it is always well there was a whistle of down brakes, caprices, her coquetries. It had been to keep in mind that the horns belong and the train was saved. It was the

Anæstheties. Dr. John G. Johnson, of Brooklyn, recently read an interesting paper be-fore the New York Medico-Legal society on "Anæsthetics." The follow-

ing are some of the points of the doctor's statements

Should a patient die from chloro-form inhaled in a sitting position in a dentist's chair it could no longer be urged in behalf of the surgeon, whose patient had been chloroformed out of existence, as it was successfully argued little. But he had taken it all in in behalf of the young Parisian surgeon earnest, and now of course he had in 1853, who had been imprisoned for sistance, that there was no fixed rules for little knew that the man who was all the administration of chloroform. The English chloroform committee appointed by the Royal Medico-Chirurgical society laid down in 1864 the rule that force of her strong, ungoverned heart the recumbent position and never in the recumbent position. The reason of this rule is evident. In natural respiration the rising and falling of the respiration the rising and respiration the r The pale daylight dawned upon her respiration the rising and falling of the white face. The wind died slowly ribs is produced by the intercostal muscles, and the respiration is called thoracic. As the patient comes under the influence of the ansesthetic, these intercostal muscles become paralyzed and cease their action. The respira-tion is then kept up by the action of the diaphragm or abdominal respiration. Those who have seen much of the patients under the influence of anses-

thetics in our large hospitals must have noticed how quickly a patient stopped breathing at this stage if an assistant pressed against the abdomen, to watch the operation or to pass an instrument. Now, as soon as the patient comes fully under the influence of an anæsthetic, she slips down in the dentist's chair. The weight of the upper portion of the body is compressing the abdomenpreventing the disphragm from acting. I think, with the present knowledge of anæsthetics, that a surgeon who should administer chloroform to a patient in the erect position in the dent tist's chair, with her clothes tigh-around her waist, and the patient should die, he would justly be held for manslaughter. During the early ages of anæsthetics the knowledge of the

profession was only experimental. That age has passed. The most distinguished men in the profession, as long ago as 1864, published this rule story is told that shows just how cheap and the reasons for it. Subsequent a man can live, when he gets "down to experimentation has demonstrated the mush," figuratively and literally speak- justice of it. It has been adopted by Colonel Fitzgibbon was, many all our modern writers on the subyears ago, colonial agent at London for ject. The courts have held over and

Labor on a Sandwich Island Plantation. A letter from the Sandwich Islands gives this interesting account of life on the plantations there: In the field and He found that he could live at the mill hands work lazily, talking ing healthy, cheerful and contented and on the best terms with the planters and overseers. The work is what any are not required to start any earlier in day's work out of them is to go among them and talk freely, allowing them op-We know of a theological student in portunities of showing their wit, and then pit one gang against another. The native is particularly susceptible to this Chinese never do, but they haunt a contract, gambling with the hands, sellit is with the major part of mankind as The native, like the child that he is, atmosphere in this section." gives them all he carns in exchange for that if he had the luxuries of life he liquor which he cannot resist. Contracts, which are usually for one to three years, call for ten hours' work per day, but the days they work so long are few and far between. At the Koloa mill they were grinding from 1 would o'clock in the morning till 6 in the tion." evening, with a separate gang for night and day, making eight and a half hours all told, including the dinner hour. Hands employed at feeding the rollers knocked off shortly after 3 o'clock oldest plantations in the kingdom, and never has had any trouble with its men.

The Brakeman's Story. A brakeman on the Erie railroad tells the following story: During the heavy rush of freight last summer I had been on duty for three days and nights, and was completely jaded out. Between Deposit and Hancock our train broke in two, and, running together again, caused a wreck. I went back to flag the first approaching train. After going what I considered a proper distance, I sat down on the outside of the rail to wait. I was soon asleep with my head leaning on my hand, and my face turned on the track. I dreamed I was lying on the track, and that the Atlantic express ran me down, cutting off both my arms homage paid to the merit and to the and mangling me so terribly that I could not possibly survive. I swoke with a start, and there, within forty feet of forty miles an hour. I grabbed my red lantern and sprang from the track, and as I did so the engineer saw me; Atlantic express I saw in my dream.

Two Hands.

A little hand, a fair, soft hand, Dimpled and sweet to kiss; No sculptor ever carved from stone A lovelier hand than was, A hand as idle and as white As lilies on their stems; Dazzling with rosy finger-tips, Dazzling with crusted gems.

Another hand-a tired, old hand, Written with many lines; A faithful, weary hand, whereou The pearl of great price shines! For folded, as the winged fly Sleeps in the chrysalis, Within this little palm I see That lovelier hand than this. -Harriet Prescott Spofford.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

President Arthur is appointing chiefly tall men to office. He is right. The American people want officials whom they can look up to .- Lowell Citizen.

Tommy don't like fat meat. One day the steak was very fat. "Tommy," asked the professor, "will you have some beefsteak?" "Yes, sir; but I don't want any that has pork all round

Eight out of every ten men in this county will do more hard work to trace back the pedigree of a horse or a dog than to establish the fact that they were related to the most noble king of Europe.—Detroit Free Press.

A Cleveland man was robbed in broad daylight, and the Leader spoke of it as an untimely proceeding. But if a man is to be robbed does it make any difference to him whether it be done in daylight or dark ?- Saturday Night.

Teacher: "John, what are your boots made of?" Boy: "Of leathor." "Where does the leather come from?" "From the hide of the ox." "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?" "My father."

He slipped quietly in at the door, but, catching sight of an inquiring face over the stair rail, said: "Sorry so late, my dear; couldn't get a car before."
"So the cars were full, too," said the lady; and further remarks were un necessary .- Boston Bulletin.

How dear to my heart is the school I attended, And how I remember, so distant and dim, That red-headed Bill, and the pin that I bended

And carefully put on the bench under him! And how I recall the surprise of the master, When Bill gave a yell and sprang up with the pin So high that his bullet-head busted the plaster

Above, and the scholars all set up a grin.
That sctive boy Billy, that high-leaping Billy
That loud-shouting Billy that eat on a pin

When little Belle was two years old she used to admire the full moon very much; but when her aunt pointed out the new moon she exclaimed, in the most distressed tone, "Oh, 'tis broken!"
'tis broken!" Johnny, who was just learning to talk, being asked if he saw the new moon, said: "Yes, I see the rind of it."

By a large majority the people of the United States have declared their faith sugar. He made pudding of some of boy or girl fifteen years old could per- United States have declared their faith the break fast, dinner and supper, the milk to school. No matter how far the cane- diseases of the kidneys and liver. Some, diseases of the kidneys and liver. Some, field may be from their houses, laborers | however, have disliked the trouble of preparing it from the dry form. For the morning, and they reach home just as soon in the evening. The hardest shape of Kidney-Wort in liquid form. Work is hoeing, and that consists of it is very concentrated, is easily taken

Owned to His Record.

The editor was sitting in his revolv ing cane bottomed chair when Tornado Tom, the traveling terror of Texas, came in and demanded retraction of the teen weeks on seven dollars; but there treatment. Natives usually reship; statement that he had swindled an orphan out of \$4.

"It's a lie clear through," said the Terror, striking the table with his fist, "I'm as good a man as smells the "Perhaps you are better," said the

editor, meekly.
"My record'll compare favorably with yourn," said the Terror, with a sneer; " perhaps there are a few little back rackets in your life, sir, that wouldn't bear a microscopic investiga-

"Oh, sir," said the editor, visibly agitated, "don't recall the past; don't bring up the memories of the tomb; I know I've led a hard life-I don't deny it. I killed Shorty Barnes, the Bowery boy of New York-hacked him all to pieces with a knife. I have stoned for it a thousand times. I blew a man's head off at a log-roll in Kentucky, and bitterly have I repented of my folly. I slew a lot of inoffensive citizens of Omaha over a paltry four-dollar pot, simply because I got excited. Oh, could I but cheat the tomb of the men I have placed in its maw I would be nappy. But it was all owing to my high temper and lack of early training. I know that I have been wayward, wicked, and you have a right to come here and recall those unhappy memories; but it's mean for all that. Nobody with a heart would treat a man like you have me. Don't leave, stranger; I'll tell you all. I sawed a man's head off with an old army saber just for-" The Texas Terror was downstairs and half way around the corner, while the editor, taking a fresh chew of rattlesnake twist, continued his peaceful avocations as quietly as a law abiding citizen.—Salt Lake Tribune.

The bootblacks of London are divided into societies. One of them known as the Saffron Hill, numbering sixtysix members, carned in the last twelve months about \$18,000.