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TIONESTA, PA. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1882.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Legal notices at established rates.

Marriages and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be baid for in advance.

Job work, cash on delivery.

What Is Life?

Eyes opening to the fight, a feeble cry; A few short years, some joys, more fears ! Eyes closing into night; a quivering sigh; And this is life.

Hands tolling, ne'er at rest, but more and more

Eager for gain; oft tired in vain: Hands folded on the breast, the battle o'er; And this is life.

A dauntless breast, where weak may rest; Heart-eilent, ne'er to move; a quiet grave; And this is life, A promise of rich harvests, sowing done;

Heart beating warm with love, a spirit brave

Bright hopes and trusts; but "Dust to dust Is murmured sadly e'er the setting sun ! And this is life,

A dawning fair and bright, a toil-filled day, Some passing showers that bring forth flower At even-tide light- a heavenly ray; And this is life.

FOR LIFE.

Eleven days on the road. By no means the Union Pacific, or any other line of continuous travel, where the minimum of bounce and jerk is com bined with the maximum of comfor possible under steady motion. A road still unknown to surveyor or engineer, beyond reach or thought of railroadman or speculator, and but just opening up its two hundred miles or more of primeval forest. A road trodden only by Indians or crossed by stealthy fox or lynx, its length winding through treacherous marsh and bog, and swift-stream and deep, unbroken forest, only a " blaze" here and there, indicating at some points the course to be followed, and where too obtrusive trees were cut away, the stumps left standing at just the right height for impaling wagonbodies and stiring up a degree or two of profanity in the drivers. From Pembina to Crow Wing, and in

those two hundred miles of a loneliness only the traveler of that region can know, what had not the patient oxen undergone? Twelve miles the average day's accomplishment, until Leech Lake and some suggestion of a civilized road had been reached. Heavy rains, swol-len streams. fathomless mud-holes. Often a morning was spent in hauling wagons across a turbid and turbulent little river, and, while the oxen stood drenched and dripping after their rediscovered, or vaiting while the two | below. The woman laughed. half-breeds swam across with them on their heads. Neddo, silent and calmly acquiescent in whatever pfate might bring, served as fore and background for Boulanger, who swore in all dialects from French and English through to Oreek and Chippewa, his black beads of eyes shooting fire, his small and gayly-bedecked legs dancing wildly among the packages, and his lean arms

emphasizing the whirlwind of invective. Even this had ceased to amuse, Drenched through by constant rains, tormented day and night by mosquitoes, in size, numbers and ferocity beyond the wildest imagination of the Eastern mind, endurance was all that remained. Even water-lilies palled, and for weary body and more weary mind but one desire had force-to see the low stockade of the Crow Wing agency, and an actual inn, where a real bed, even if one of four in a row, would be hailed as deliverance, and where one would find a postoffice and a daily stage, connecting this last outpost of civilization with St. Cloud, eighty miles below, and | patch-work cushions, and "light stand" the first point where railroads could be

Again a broken bridge gave another morning of unloading and swearing ing between the windows, its of and reloading, and when at last the face shining like everything else. rushing river was passed and the wagon once more under way, a treacherous and shelving mud-hole suddenly swallowed with rage and Neddo examined pole and wheels and fished out the provisionbasket, putting the contents on a damp log to dry, patience at last took flight, and like the ancient prophet in one of his very many trials and predicaments, "I spake with my tongue; I opened wide my mouth."

" I will not stay in this nest of mosthis final catastrophe to unsnarl. I shall march on to Gulf Lake, where there is a beach, unless this last flood has turned it to water, and there I can sit in the sand and get dry. Of course, now there is no reaching Crow Wing

For this journey was by no means a first or second one, and the ox-team was simply one more experience of frontier crawl, inch by inch, as it were. At Gulf Lake, the first camping point the previous year, ten miles above Crow Wing, had been a solitary wigwam, tenanted by a toothless but amiable squaw, who gave me fresh pickerel roasted in ty as she could give, there waited may,

for me the clear, still, blue water in its setting of silvery sand, the blasted pine with its eagle's nest, the hush and serenity of the silent forest. Five miles under the pines, where one was less tormented by mosquitoes, and then

came a final one-a wade rather than a walk. I had forgotten the bog and the corduroy had sunk quite out of sight, though I could feel it now and then below the black mud which held tens ciously to each foot by turn and yielded with a long, slow suck, like a smack of

evil satisfaction over my tribulations. Ten thousand hands could not have availed against that gray column of mosquitoes, whose sound seemed at last a trumpet call to other columns, and which, in spite of headgear and leather gloves, penetrated the unknown and unguarded chink or crevice.

Through the swamp at last and out once more under the friendly pines, and I ran, knowing the goal was near, and seeing soon the flashing sunlight on the blue water. There was a bending figure near the lake. Along the brook emptying into it corn and peas and beans were growing, and, actually, balsams and even sweet-peas at the

"My squaw has been brought over to white man's fashions," I say half aloud, and then stopped short, as the figure sprang up and turned with a subdued "my gracious!" when she saw the mud-coated and caked, torn, and most disreputable-looking apparition before So wan a face, such watery and faded, yet somehow intense blue eyes, so infinitesimal a nub of hair, so shadowy yet resolute a wraith, I had never yet encountered, even in remotest and most unfriended cabin, where a woman's life means the speedy loss of every trace of comeliness and grace.

"Well, I call it a providence!" she said, coming forward with a sort of silent rush as if carried by the wind.

"The first day I've ever been lonesome a mite or thought to care, but he's gone below three days now, an' Shahweah off or berries, an' I did say jest now, be the pond there, it was a leetle lonesome. An' then to think of a white woman bein' what I should see! It does beat all! Where be you from? I reckon it's a dry country you've left behind you," she added with a twinkle, for you have brought all the mud with you. Now you come straight up along Where's your folks?"

still strong upon me. The voice was luctant swim to the other side, bringing only a husky whisper, and a nearer about a passel of men together.' 'Then over the loads, package by package, on view only intensified the bloodlessness the more reason for findin' out, an' Frederick Otto Von Puffnitz Steinburg, daughter of Baron of the skin hardly hiding the poor bones seein' if they can't be made decent,' burg, was born at Wismar, in Mecklen-

"Youthink I'm a poor show," she said. "Folks gin'ly do; but I'm health itself to what I was."

"You were not here when I went up a year ago?" "No; I come in November. When

you're in some of my clothes an' have had a cup of tea I'll tell you all about it. There's the house. Aint that pretty for Gulf Lake? Kinder comfortable?" Comfortable! A palace could not have held a tenth of all the word meant!

A "but and a ben" only, but how spotlessly nest! Morning-glories and hops climbing over door and window, where white curtains hung; a snowwhite bed, shut in by mosquito-bar; a square of rag carpet on the floor; stove and tins polished to their utmost capacity—one of shining blackness, the other of shining brightness—a dresser holding civilized dishes; a shelf, where two or three books lay—the Bible, Whittier's poems and "David Copperfield" and a rile of well ware present field," and a pile of well-worn papers; an old-fashioned rocking-chair with near it; and, to complete the curious mixture of old New England farmhouse and frontier-cabin, a warming-pan hanging between the windows, its copper

"You think that's a queer thing to tote out West?" said my hostess, who had already spread a cloth and put on up oxen and fore-wheels, dumped load fresh water to boil for the promised and owners into its very depths, and cup of tea. "I'letted on it before I for five minutes seemed likely to hold was big enough to reach it, hangin' them there. Then all struggled out there in grandmother's kitchen up in together, and while Boulanger shrieked Vermont, an' when I went West, least-Vermont, an' when I went West, leastways what was West forty years agoto Pennsylvany-I took it along for old times, and then to Illinois an' Minnesota an' here we both are up here You'd say it wasn't much more use than Timothy Dexter's ship-load for the West Injies; but he made a fortune out o' that, an' I sort of expect good luck "I will not stay in this nest of mos-quitoes and flies and wait hours for kettle biles, you might freshen up a The heft of it we won't do mite.

nothin' to till you've had your tea," Words can never tell the delight of that fresbening-first in cold water in a real wash-basin, then the tea, drank to an accompaniment of narrative to-night, and we must make our camp poured out as if mere speech were a gift straight from heaven. An indomitable cheerfulness, a resolute grasp of these shadowy threads of life, seemed the strongest characteristic of traveling. Canoe and flat-train and this creature in whose faded eyes quick Indian pony had all been tried, and gleams of expression came and went, either was better than this frightful and whose alertness and even vivacity were miraculous testimonies to the imperious will that governed the frail body, no matter what human weakness

interposed. In the beginning, the story proved one I had often heard-the exodus of the scales over her fire, and affording a forty years before, when New England, new sense of what flavor and savor more especially its northern portion, natural methods may hold, and pota-toes hardly bigger than walnuts, but the white-covered, heavily-laden wagons dug in my honor from the field she had passing day by day through the old Perhaps she would be there towns, gazed upon by the more couday. In any case, alone or with such servative with apprehension and dis-

"I hankered after home; I do it even now, once in a great while," the shadowy woman went on; "but I ain't goin' to dwell on that. Likely's not, an' then swore right out: "Be goin' to tell you now. He came from up, it come easy to put out o' Illinois, where farmin' never suited him, an' where there wasn't a stick o' timber, except along the river-bottoms, an' he always half pinin' for it. He knows his business an' soon feil into work, an' we settled down in Minneapolis; that's about as folksy a place as you'll find. But you see I wasn't never over strong, an' I'd shook in them bottoms till it's my belief there wasn't an inch inside of me that kept jest the place the Lord had laid out to have it keep. Folks said the trouble was your gall ran out into your liver; but I said your liver ran where it was a mind to, an' your stomach into whatever else there was, an' morn'n likely interfered with your lungs an' kept you from having a long breath. That's the way it looked to me, even after I got settled in Minneapolis, for mine got shorter an' shorter, an' at last, in spite of me, I was in bed, an' the folks sayin' I shouldn't never

see spring.
"Now, the children had died as fast as they come almost. There wasn't one left; an' Hiram is set by natur' on what's his own, an' it seemed as if he couldn't stand it to lose me, too. We'd been unlucky, too-burned out once an' the bank broke that had our money in it, such as it was-an' he was pretty low; an' when time come to go up to camp he half broke down, an' he said: Malviny, I can't. Supposin' you shouldn't be here when I came back. I had better go as hand in a mill, an'

earn less.' "'Hiram,' I said, 'you take me along with you.' You never saw a man look more scared, for he thought I was goin' out o' my mind. But I hadn't noticed fotks an' ways for nothin,' an' I said: Don't you know jest as well as the next one that the doctors keep sendin' consumptive folks up into the pineries?
an' if your camp ain't as good as another, I'd like to know. I can't more'n die, anyway; an' I'm sick of bein' tucked up in bed an' an air-tight chokin' me with me, an' I'll scrape you off some.
Where's your folks?"

"Six miles back in a mud-hole," I answered, with the ghostly impression make a place,' says I. "Tain't fit,' says he. 'Women don't know anything says I, 'if that's what you mean. I feel to know I shan't die if I can git up an' can't do more'n ten steps a day.'

"Well, he knew I was set, an', though I didn't put my foot down very often, I had it down then, square, an' he set in a brown study awhile, an' he says: Well, Malviny, 'tain't no time to cross you, an' I never wanted to yet. If you think you'll hold out, I'll start up the country to-morrow an' see about havin' a separate cabin next to camp. They're fixin' for winter now, an' I kin go an' will.' 'Then I can be buried in the woods,' says I; 'I always did have a hankerin' to lay down for good under

pine trees. "Well, he went off; an' I will say] didn't see myself how I could live till he got back, for I had another time of raisin' blood that very night, It came pourin' straight out; but I said: 'I I calculate there'll be enough left to

keep me goin.' to the window. I sot there when he Baron Steinburg, having found that came in sight, an' he was astonished as Sweitzer had left Wismar, suspected load, Malviny, an' fix up a bit, an' then and the young man exchanged hard I'll come back an' take you up on a words, and a duel, in which the baron empty sled, so's to make room for a bed | was severely wounded, resulted. an' things for you to go easier.' 'I wan't to go now,' I says; 'I shall be dead if I don't.' Well we argued some to America, where they landed at Castle back an' forth, an' at last he says: 'It ain't no use, Malviny. All's ready now, an' I'm goin' now, an' I'll come back the barn. I was up that minute an' Smith tryin' to stop me, an' when he to the door. 'No, you don't,' he says, bed an' run.

I stuck to the runner and wouldn't let sake, go back, Malviny, an' I says, 'For the Lord's sake I bound to go on that one, we'll try it, that's all;' an' off we went.

"Well, whether 'twas the notion or husband died a few years ago. the air away from the air-tight, or carryin' the p'int, I couldn't tell, but I grew more an' more chirp with every mile, I eat quite a dinner, an' slep' all night, periment has been tried for the importaan' Hiram he jest kept still an' waited.

you've heerd forty folks say the same you turnin' into a blamed fool at your thing. But what you hain't heerd I'm time o' life, to be bringin' a dead woman into camp? he says. But I Maine, as maybe, I don't say-born a knew I wasn't anywheres near dyin', lumberman, an' his father one before an' Smith knows it too, now. I'd him. An' so, when Minnesota opened give a sight if he wasn't below. He's so contented to have me round again, he says he don't care if we never stir from here the rest of our lives; an' I'm sure I don't an' wouldn't. I walk under them pines, an' small 'em deep in' an' I says, 'Here's your life-elixir, an' no mistake;' an' if folks knew it they wouldn't die in little close rooms, but come out under 'em. I was always a master-hand for out-doors, an' he helps along the house-work, so't we can garden together, an' Shahweah does what he an' me ain't a mind to. Mostly as long as daylight lasts I putter round outside; an' I ain't sure but what I shall be an old woman yet, even if I

hain't but a piece of a lung left.' "As for them men, you never see twenty fellows more set on bein' agreeable than they was. For all havin' to whisper, I always managed to make em hear, an' I did odds an' ends for 'em, an' they went in an' out, an' told stories, an' sung, an' one night I even danced; an' I never had a more sociable winter. I thought he'd be a leetle lonesome when they went below; but he takes a sight of comfort in the paper—we've had it from the beginnin'—an' he don't seem to mind one mite. I always read considerable, an' I go over an' over the few books we've got, an' find somethin' new every time. And I expect you'll laugh when I tell you the only thing that ever makes me lonesome or skeery. 'Tain't Injins; I don't see but what they're folksy enough, when you git over their blankets. It's loons. I say they're the lonesomest thing in natur', an' when they holler I jest crawl all over. But then I can git along even with them. An' now I'd like to know how you come here, an' all about it, every word; but I'm dreadful sorry he ain't to home."-Helen Campbell, in Lippincott.

Sad Career of a Baron's Daughter.

The recent death of Mme. Laura Sweitzer, at Port Jervis, N. Y., recalls one of the saddest and most remarkable careers ever recorded. The story of her life, as told by Mme. Sweitzer, reads like a romance and seems almost too strange to be true. Laura Von burg, Germany, on the 10th of October, 1819. Her father was of an ancient there; but go I will, if I have to walk and highly-honored family, and Laura was a younger daughter. She was given all the advantages of an expensive education in music and the German

language. At sixteen years of age she met a very poor young nobleman with a very long and honorable name, the Count Frederick Kolstedt Schleswick Sweitzer. The young man was handsome and pretty well educated, but his poverty was a bar to their union. Laura come in a week. But I don't see how felt that she loved him so deeply that you'll stand it, an' I don't believe you she could marry no one but him. Her she could marry no one but him. Her old father would not listen to her entreaties, and finally he sent her to Altona, a town near Hamburg, on the Elbe river, where he placed her in a convent until she became cured of her passion. She contrived to let her lover know where she was, and thither he followed her. Having no money he won't give in. It can't all run out, an' under-gardener in the convent at s modest compensation. He and were thus enabled to Laura "Folks wouldn't believe it, but by meet daily, and affairs were the time Hiram got back I could crawl going on swimmingly when the old you'd want to see. But he had to lay the true state of affairs, and came in an' git picked for goin' up, an' the posthaste to Altona. He arrived in posthaste to Altona. He arrived in very morning all was ready I must needs time to catch his daughter in an arbor come down again. Well, he waited a in the convent garden conversing with day, an' then he says: 'I'll go with the the forbidden lover. The old baron Young Sweitzer and his sweetheart fled Garden, New York, almost penniless. Sweitzer obtained employment and they lived comfortably several years. for you as I said;' an' off he started for Finally his health failed, and the couple came to Port Jervis, N. Y., and took into my warm things in spite of Mrs. up their abode in a little shanty in a suburb. Madam Sweitzer made drove round an' come in I jest walked enough money to keep them alive by sound." There was a moment's hesipeddling matches and notions among an' jest took me up an' laid me on the the farmers, and by begging during the winter. She frequently walked fifty "What got into me then I couldn't miles a day, and on a recent occesion tell; Lord carried me along, I reckon. took part in a pedestrian contest in Anyway, I run too, Mrs. Smith after Port Jervis, where she made a record me, an' Hiram jest drivin' off, an' there of ninety-eight miles in twenty-three hours, and earned considerable money. go. Hiram was pale as a ghost, an' During her begging excursions she most cryin', an' he says, 'For the Lord's | told the above story of her life. She was known in Pike county as "Meeshy Maumie" or "the Countess." won't,' an' jest crawled up into death was horrible. She was trying to the buffaloes alongside o' him. 'There's steal a ride on the night freight train one chance in a million of your gettin' to Middletown, thirty-four miles south there alive, he says, 'an', if you're of Port Jervis, when she fell under the engine and was so crushed that her body was scarcely recognizable. Her

From Berlin it is announced that an important and somewhat successful ex tion of meat from the Russian steppes, I knew he was waitin'. But we got through at last, an' into these very pine woods beginnin' at Crow Wing. I perish after the hides have been semiffed 'em, an' knew life was in 'em if

How Rugs Are Made.

How many who stop to admire the show windows of our carpet dealers know how the rug is made? That it is woven somehow is all that is apparent as it lies there warm, soft, bright with a dozen colors, fruits, birds or figures. The rug'is twice woven, and this is its history: First, the border and center that is to form the pattern is designed; then painted in straight lines upon paper, containing a ruled scale, and in the proper colors that are afterward to appear on the rug. This paper rug is then cut up into strips, each containing two spaces of the scale, and these papers are the pattern that the first or weft weaver is to follow.

In weaving weft a warp beam of say 200 threads in width and a wheep beam of 100 threads in width are required. Two threads of the first and one of the second pass through the same split in the reed at regular intervals of say one-third of an inch, the intervening splits of the reed being empty. The paper pattern is fastened to the middle of the work, and the weaver follows it exactly as it is painted; that is, the pattern may need six threads of crimson, two of black, twelve of corn, ten of green olive, and so on, the weaver filling the "spot" exactly as to length and color. Having woven the full length of the paper as painted on the left-hand space the paper is begun again and the painting in the right-hand space is followed, and when all the papers which, laid side by side, form the rug, have been thus gone over the west for the rug is fin-

The roll of weft-cloth is then run through the cutting machine, a ten-inch cylinder, around which a continuous thread of knife blades is wound. The cylinder is revolved at a high rate of speed, and the west-cloth, passing within range of the knives, is cut into strips by them. These strips do not unravel, because in weaving the wheep-thread is twisted about the two warp-threads and the filling is locked in. After twisting each strip to change it from being a flat thread into a round thread, it is wound upon a bobbin, and is ready for the second weaver, who is called the setter. The warp of the rug is black flax;

and the setter uses two shuttles, alternately-a small one, containing a bobbin of two-ply or three-ply flax, and a large one for the unwieldy bobbin of weft. A white thread on each side, and one in the middle of the black wrap are the guides to the setter, who sees that certain parts of the weftpobbin of west will weave about three inches of the rug; so, if the rug is one yard long it will require about twelve bobbins, which mean twelve pieces of weft-cloth to complete it. But these twelve pieces, having each been cut up into ninety-six identical strips, will make ninety-six similar rugs. Therefore should the weft weaver put in, say, eight threads (one-half inch in length) of a wrong color or shade, that error would appear in ninety-six rugs. The setter having finished the ninety-six sets of twelve bobbins, the rugs are ready for finishing. The machine through which they pass cuts the surface off evenly, and brushes them free of fragments of the materials used. This treatment brings out every detail of the design and heightens the colors. Most of the rugs made here are of flax and wool; others of silk and are silk. The weft for the silk rugs has applied for and obtained a position a requires 288 knife blades, each one of which must have a razor edge. The west cloth and the blades must be set to a nicety, since the variation of the sixteenth of an inch would make the knives cut the 288 threads instead of the filling between the threads. There is a firm in Glasgow, Scotland, who manufacture for the royal houses of Europe such elaborate designs as the Lord's supper, the west-weaver, in some cases, using 400 different shuttles.

Ingersoll's Position Sound, In his recent lecture in New York city Bob Burdette, the Burlington (Iowa) journalist, made a sensation by his allusions to Bob Ingersoll. The latter's success, Burdette thought, was owing to his overwhelming humor, which made his audience laugh at their own dearest creeds. "And I believe," continued Mr. Burdette, seriously, while his audience was hushed-"I believe Colonel Ingersoll's position is tation, and all the tittering stopped "I blessed neck.—Texas Siftings. know," continued the speaker, "it isn't the thing to say in this hall and to this audience; but I have said it, and won't go back on anything I have said." It appeared for a moment that Mr. Burdette's candor had got the better of his discretion. He continued: "But that is the trouble with Ingersoll, it is all sound, like a bass drum, and no sense." Then a good orthodox roar went up, and everybody felt relieved.

The Panama Canal.

Should the projected canals across the Isthmus of Panama ever be com-pleted, it will be at a terrible cost of human life. The climate is very unhealthful and laborers cannot; be provided with proper food .- Dr. Foots's Health Monthly.

General Budlong A. Morton, alias Thomas A. Marvin, the celebrated swindler and bigamist, has earned'a term of solitary confinement by an attempt to break out of the Virginia pen-

Broken Strings.

There is no minstrel ripe in years, But, as his song he sings, Feels musingly across his harp To find some broken strings The early songs that from his lyre His youthful fingers flung, Have lost their first Promethean fire Since love and life were young.

The world may listen to the strains Which from each harp-string float But still unto his ear remains A discord in the note. And still his beart, unsatisfied, Seeks, yearningly, in vain, To find the music which has died And mend the broken strain.

Oh, world ! that listens, when too late, Unto the voice which sings, And loves the music, when the years Have chattered many strings, But little owes the bard to you For praises from your tongue, Who heard not when the harp was new, And love and life were young.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"I am not so bad as I am painted," said the fashionable woman. The bashful lover who can't express

his feelings often sends them by Though manufactured abroad, a

home-spun article-A top.-Richmond

"If I thought I was going to become gray, I know I should die!" exclaimed Miss Springle. When she turned gray, she did dye, sure enough,-Boston Transcript.

A certain doctor of divinity said every blade of grass was a sermon. The next day he was amusing himself by clipping his lawn when a perishioner said: "That's right, doctor—cut your sermons short.'

A lesson in language: "So your daughter has married a rich husband?" "Well," slowly replied the father, "I believe she has married a rich man, but I understand he is a very poor husband."-Hartford.

Student (not very clear as to his las-son)—"That's what the author says, any way." Professor-"I don't want the author; I want you!" Student (despairingly)—"Well, you've got me."—Harvard Crimson.

"Johnnie, here you are at the break-fast table and your face is unwashed," said his mother, with a sharp look. "I know it, ma. I saw the animalcules in pa's thread come under those white threads | microscope last night, and I ain't going before he presses the weft in Each to have those things crawling all over my face with their funny little legs."

"I ne'er was more infatuated
Than now, beneath your glances,"
Said Jones unto the bonny maid
Whose love his heart entrances;
"Except," said she, "when in that tub
Of butter you prostrated,
That was the time, you'll own yourself,
Still more in-fat-you-waited."

Frame Senting

-Rome Sentine .. She sat down at the piano, cleared her throat and commenced to harmonize. Her first selection was, "I cannot sing the old songs;" and a gloom that was colder and bleaker than a Sunday dinner fell on the company when the stranger in the corner said, "And we trust that you are not familiar with the new ones."-St. Louis Hornet.

This is a Fashionable Restaurant. Do you not see the pink Chewing Candy and the Angel Cake in the Window? Angel Cake is Nice, but you can get more Molasses Ginger-bread for your money. See the Young Man and his Girl outside of the Restaurant. Will they go in? He is telling her Some one was Poisoned last week by eating Oysters at the Restaurant. She exclaims "How Dreadful!" and says she is glad they have other Things to eat in the Restaurant Besides Oysters. Yes, they will go in, but he Wishes he had thought of a better Lie to tell her .-Elevated Railway Journal.

Mrs. Emma Q. Housh is making the Woman at Work very pleasant and entertaining. — Indianapolis Sentinet. Emma can do more than we have succeeded in doing. We have on several occasions found a certain woman at work, and when the last time we found her at work, we tried to make her pleasant and entertaining by making humorous allusions to the flatness of the biscuit, and by telling her of the exceeding lightness of the pie crust that Brown's wife makes. She, in the most pleasant and uninteresting way suggested that she wished we would either go and board with Brown's family or fall down the stairs and break our

A Relic of Guiteau.

A relic at once of Guiteau and of the great Chicago fire has been found in an old safe, which was being rummaged over by Snydacker & Co. Upon a faded sheet of note paper was written the following:

May 12, 1870.—Received of Messra. Suy-

dacker & Co:
One judgment note vs. Ernest Boss, \$35,
One note vs. L. S. Warner, \$265,
One judgment note vs. Jacob Forsyth, \$300,
One note vs. McGonegal, Straus & Co.,

One judgment note vs. Louise Free - \$200. (Signed) No. 2 Methodist Co Ing Lucate.

Mr. Snydack r says the A LIVERY STABLE a good reputation as a charion Co. and am pre-time these notes a travelers with first-class he sustained historiable raies. Stages will be ing a portion read, making connections at Tyover a Cirabucg Station.

JOHN WALTER. Tel Tylersburg, Pa. Maron 1st, 1882.