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TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1882.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one year...... I'wo Equares, one year

Legal notices at established rates Marriages and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected parterly. Temperary advertisements must be aid for in advance.

Job work, cash on delivery.

Woman's Trust.

"Good wife, what are you singing for? You know we've lost the hay, and what we'll do with borse and kye is more

than I can say; While like as not, with storm and rain, we'll lose both corn and wheat."

She looked up with a pleasant face, and answered low and sweet: "There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel,

but cannot see: We've always been provided for, and we shall always bel"

He turned around with sudden gloom. She said: "Love, be at rest.

You out the grass, worked soon and late, you did your very best.

That was your work; you've naught to do with wind and rain, And do not doubt but you will resprich fields of golden grain;

For there's a Heart and there's a Hand, we feel, but cannot see; We've always been provided for, and we shall

"That's like a woman's reasoning—we must because we must.' She softly said: "I reason not; I only work

and trust; The harvest may redeem the day-keep heart whate'er betide: When one door shuts I've always seen another

open wide. There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot see: We've always been provided for, and we shall

always be." He kissed the calm and truthful face; gone was his restless pain. She heard him with a cheerful step go whist-

ling down the lane; And went about her household tasks full of a glad content.

Singing to time her busy hands as to and fro she went: 'There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel,

but cannot see; We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

Days come and go-'twee Christmas tide, and the great fire burned clear. The farmer said: "Dear wife, it's been

good and happy year; The fruit was gain, the surplus corn has bought the hay, you know."

She lifted then a smiling face and said: told you so! For there's a Heart and there's a Hand, we feel, but cannot see,

We've always been provided for, and we shall always bel" -Musical Record.

Simeon Pingree's Chance.

A group of men was gathered in the postoffice. A debate was in progshock-headed specimen of humanity, with so large an Adam's apple in his long lean throat as to continually excite surprise that he was not choked by it, and huge feet upon which he had

a way of uneasily shuffling to and fro. Sim had inherited from his father the trade of a shoemaker, but had long ago decided that it was not sufficiently "intellectooal" for him. Occasionally the inhospitable spirit manifested by his neighbors when he was "a-passin' by, and kind o' dropped in" to take his meals with them, drove him to the uncongenial pursuit just long enough to "set the pot a-b'ilin'." To keep it boiling was not in the line of Sim's ambitions; after a day or two of effort he fell back into his old ways with an air

of supererogatory merit. His neighbors, who did not appreciate his "intellectocal" views, regarded him as lazy and "shiftless," and openly pointed to him the poorhouse as his inevitable destination. "As good-for-nothing as Sim Pingree," was the height of invidious comparison in the village. But though he was of so small practical worth Sim had a "flow of language" which caused his society to much sought, and won for him a certain kind of respect. It was generally conceded that if he had been possessed of "sprawl" (the common synonym for energy in Greenhollow), and a little more "book-learnin'," Sim might bave been a schoolmaster; and there were a few who even went so far as to think he could get the better of the minister in a theological discussion whichever side he might take; but this opinion was generally thought sacrilegious, and those who held it were looked upon with mournful suspicion

as being inclined to infidelity. The discussion had begun with theology to-day, and gradually wandered down to luck and chance-subjects upon which Sim was always sure to

"run of an idee," "There was a man that I come acrost up to Gorham more'n twelve year ago that give me some idees that I hain't never forgot," said Sim, his hands buried deep in his trousers pockmotion was feeble and monotonous.

hain't never seemed to come along. And I'm one o' them that believes in a man's bein' sure of his chance. Some time or 'nother it's bound to come. That's the doctrine that this feller preached. Hazlitt—Eph Hazlitt—his name was; and smart? He'd swaller snakes as quick as look at 'em; a boyconstrictor wa'n't no more'n a comf'table mouthful for him! Edicated?

He wouldn't have thought nothin' of makin' a dictionary or an almernick if he had 'a felt so inclined. Kind of a slim, pigeon-breasted feller, too, but terrible hearty to his victuals. He was a master-hand for lotteries, and such kind of resky business, and it alwers turned out well; seemed as if he hadn't nothin' to do but to put out his hand and haul in the money. Made me think of a king that I'd read of somewhere in furrin parts, that everything he took holt of turned to gold. I hadn't never took no stock in the story—them stories about furrin parts is mostly deceivin'-and it didn't seem Hazlitt I begun to think mebbe 'twan't so big a lie after all. Says I to Eph, says I, 'Cur'us what a run of luck you have, ain't it?' 'No,' says Eph, says he, 'it ain't cur'us at all. It's in the nater of things. I've been failin' for a long time, and it was time that my luck come. It had ought to 'a come last year, accordin' to the law o' probabilities; it was bound to come this year, as sure as two and two make four.' Well, I kind of laughed it off as a joke, or a figger of speech as you might say, but he went on and reasoned it out to me till 'twas jest as clear as daylight. You see there's jest about so much good luck and so much ill luck goin', and one is bound to get through with a man

principles." "How you goin' to account for the bad luck that follers some folks all their lives?" said, in a querulous voice, a dejected, wizened little man named Zachariah Avery, and called uncle by everybody, although he was nobody's uncle in reality. Uncle Zach had fallen from the proud position of stagedriver, lower and lower by degrees, until he had become a permanent guest in the low, straggling, dingy building which gave shelter to the town poor.

and let t'other have its turn some time

table, but I never had no head fur fig-

gers. But I had wit enough to see

that what he said was true on gineral

"A man has got to have wit enough to see when his chance comes along; that's where the differkilty comes in,' said Sim. "There's a good many that Elijah Wiswell's store, which was also ain't got understandin' enough to know that it's sure to come, so they ress, and, as usual, Simeon Pingree had get terrible discouraged with their the floor. He was a long, loose-jointed, poor luck and are afraid to take holt that I am enjoyin' the same blessin', head with his bandana in direct perof anything even if it does look prom-

isin'." "Mebbe I'd better 'a went shares raisin' hogs with 'Liph'let Junkins that's goin' to make my fortin' sure, if the well-to-do blacksmith who lived rible hand to git all the fat and leave the lean for other folks, and I calkerlated that would be dretful poor business so fur forth as hogs was con-

"And then there's other folks that ain't got the sense to wait till their chance comes along," pursued Sim, ignoring this interruption. "And them kind is terrible apt to make slightin' remarks about them that don't care about goin' through with all the failures that belong to 'em in the nater of things, but follers Proverdential leadin's and keeps a good lookout for their | make a fortin."

"A Proverdential leadin' to set and twiddle your thumbs is dretful apt to lead to the poorhouse," said Elijah Wiswell, the storekeeper, a brisk little man, who was suspected of great energy in the matter of sanding sugar.

"I never see my way clear to haul them logs for Abijah Sprowl for three and ninepence a day, though I-done it. Mebbe there was where I missed my chance," murmured Uncle Zack, who evidently accepted Sim's theory with profound faith, and was looking back all along the track of his enterprises to discover traces of the chance he had

"You must be all beat out waitin' for that chance of yourn, Sim," said Jim Durgin, who prided himself on being the wit of the village. "I expect it'll get here 'long with the millennium, or Cy Underhill's machine touch the plarnts. Cy has been to like him: work on that nigh upon to fifty year

now, and he ain't a mite discouraged." "He might jest as well 'a been takin' things kind of easy all them fifty years," said Sim, ignoring Jim Durgin's personal inquiries. "He'd ought to 'a found out long ago that he was jest ets and his feet shuffling an accom-paniment to his words. The more ex-chance has come joggin' his elbow cited Sim grew the more energetic be- time an' ag'in while he was t'ilin' away never one that stiddy days' works come almost erect. came his shuffling; on the rare occa- on that ere machine, and he's shet his sions when he preserved silence the eyes to it, or fairly gin it a h'ist out o' the winder. That's where the intel-"He was an all-fired smart feller. The leck comes in; bein' an onintellectooal begrudge him a meal of victuals. So. lightnin' calkerlater, nor the funny man, Cy has done a terrible sight of though I ain't a-goin' to complain of feller that was here with the show last hard work, and missed his chance, nothin', it has been sometimes a little 'tain't every invite that comes along summer wa'n't a circumstance to him. And he wouldn't be apt to see it now mite hard. For there ain't none of us that's a man's chance. A man of in-He was in the show business, too; fact if 'twas p'inted out to him. He can't but what's got feelin's. And now my terleck he discrimernates."

to account that way, but the chance derstandin' darkened through settin' then I'll go home." And Sim shuffled Sim was disappointingly reticent, and too much by stiddy days' works. They off, while the crowd lingered, glad of he kept persistently at work, contrary don't darst to leave 'em, for fear o' an opportunity to talk over his good to the prediction of everybody in the gittin' into the poorhouse, not if their fortune without the embarrassment of chance comes along and yanks 'em by the hair of the head. But, la! you can't expect everybody to be intellectooal; it ain't in the nater of things."

"Well, you won't forget us poor fellows when your chance comes along, will you, Sim?" said Jim Durgin. The mailbag arrived at that mo-

ment and created a diversion. "but I guess, as long as the mail's got

any letter for me."

The men all laughed at this, Sim's standing joke, for he had never been known to have a letter; but their laughter was soon exchanged to exclamations of astonishment, for the postmaster called, "Here is a letter for you, Sim, as sure as you're born." And he came out from behind the partition to which shut the postoffice in sacred prito stand to reason, but when I see Eph | vacy from the store, in a state of great excitement. Sorting the remaining contents of the mailbag was not to be thought of until curiosity concerning Sim's letter was gratified.

Every feature of Sim's face distended with astonishment. He took the letter tenderly between his thumb but I can work some; you know I used and forefinger and looked at it in silence, at the superscription and the postmark alternately. There was no doubt about it; the address was, "Sim- lously. eon Pingree, Esq., Greenhollow, The postmark was almost il-Maine."

legible. The crowd waited in respectful silence while Sim struggled to decipher it. "Californy!" he exclaimed at last, bringing his hand down upon his side and let t'other have its turn some time with a resounding thump. "Cur'us if or 'nother. Eph he'd reasoned all out my chance had come along now,

about hisn, jest like the multiplication "Some advertisin' cirkler - minin' stock or somethin'. They've found out that you are a capitalist, Sim, and into the house, want to get you to invest," said Jim It was a d

> "Or mebbe they want a man of tarlents for president of a minin' company," suggested Elijah Wiswell.

"Mebbe it's from your girl," said one of the boys. But his jest was immediately frowned down, for Sim's sweetheart, Cynthy Jane Reynolds, had deserted him and married his brother, and this disappointment was tress. A very few dry crusts were all thought to have had something to do with Sim's queerness.

Sim proceeded to open the letter slowly and cautiously. He read it some errand that would serve as an aloud. picking his way laboriously along, while his audience listened in

breathless silence. comin'. I've struck a vein of silver Providence, Mrs. Timberly, the wife of chance." of anybody because I ain't forgot the eatables, until Sim's table groaned said Sim, in his old oracular way. good turn you done me lickin' the under such a burden as it had never choolmaster and taking care of me known before. when I had the fever, and nobody else come nigh me. I send a check that will pay your expenses gettin' here and single man," explained Mrs. Timberwhether you're a-comin'.

"Yours to command, "CYRUS BADGER."

"P. S .- You can be sure there wa'n't never nothin' like it for a chance to

There was a chorus of exclama-

"Well, Sim, I begin to b'lieve there is somethin' in your figurin', after all," said Elijah Wiswell, scrutinizing the

"Well, I never had no head for figgers, and mebbe that's the reason Uncle Zach, mournfully. "Gran'ther and he always had more work than he Bazar. he always said a man's luck lay in his could do. He had offered Sim a great

schoolmaster nor took care a feller for a job, Sam Ellis looked amazed. through a fever," grumbled Jim Dur-

And Sim received a great many hearty grips of the hand, for though he was "shiftless" there was somethat's goin' to pull weeds and never thing about Sim that made everybody

> In spite of his firm faith that his chance was on the way Sim seemed almost overcome by surprise. His angular frame trembled and perspiration stood in drops upon his brow.

a somewhat bewildered way, "but I'm a-wrastlin' with fate, and fate was kind of took by surprise, for it's come moment Sim's spirit wavered? But he sooner'n I calkeriated. You see, it's turned again to the shoemaker and tom will make it most agrecable. been a little kind of hard. I wa'nt straightened himself so that he stood nateral to, but I ain't one neither that likes to have folks think slightin' of erlate I'd better tackle it right away. him, and p'int their finger at him and is most of the tarlent nowadays is believe in nothin' but that pesky machine. And there's a sight of folks in pected I be a little upsot. So I'll jest Cynthy Jane were the subjects of a sweat of the poor and the blood of the

his presence.

As he drew near his own gate Sim saw that a group of neighbors was gathered around it. Had the news of his good fortune reached them so soon and had they come to rejoice with him? Sim liked sympathy, but just now, until the first flush of his joy was over, he felt that he would rather be alone. "I was calkerlatin' to go home and But the neighbors fell into the back-set my dinner pot a-b'ilin'," said Sim, ground as he drew near, and disclosed a stranger-a worn and haggard-lookin, I may as well wait and see if there's ing woman, who, with two little girls clinging to her skirts, leaned against

the fence. Sim looked at her with no sign of recognition in his face. But she raised her sad and heavy eyes to his, and said, appealingly: "He's dead, and he told me to come to you. I didn't want to, and I've been tryin' for more'n a year get along, but I fell sick, and I couldn't see my children starve. I've had a hard time, Sim. He didn't luck, poor fellow; everything seemed nateral for Greenhollow folks to talk to go against him. If you'll take me and the children in we sha'n't cost you don't mean no harm by it neithermuch. I sha'n't last a great while, to stitch shoes."

you don't know me," said the woman, sadly. "I used to be so bloomin', and | the makin' of him." now I'm nothin' but a shadder."

"I do know you, Cynthy Jane. I know your voice and your eyes, but I kind of didn't want to believe 'twas you lookin' so pindlin'."

He smoothed back the children's hair from their foreheads and scrutinized their faces gravely. Then he marshaled the little group before him

It was a dreary and sparsely furnished little place. The emptiness and dreariness struck Sim as never before, but a vine nodded at the window, and sank down on the hard little lounge with a long sigh of relief, but the children cried out, in their pathetic voices, that they were hungry.

Sim was filled with shame and dis- differently. that his larder afforded. Dan Wingate had been fishing, and he had inexcuse at about the time when Dan's fry would be likely to be done to a "FRIEND SIMEON" (it ran), "this | whatever to "set his own pot a-bilin'"

"You see we thought you might I hope you'll let me know pooty quick ley, "and, besides, we felt as if we wanted to do something to welcome Cynthy Jane back."

every mouthful that he tried to eat chances. seemed to choke him. He remembered that yesterday he could have eaten his he gets as good a chance as I have I neighbors' food without shame; but won't ask any better for him," said Sim, then Cynthy Jane was not there to still looking a little sheepish, but hold-

"It's the last meal they shall ever check. Elijah was a practical man, have by the charity of the neighbors, and knew that brilliant prospects if steppin' round lively can fetch were often delusive, but the check im- anything to pass," said Sim to him-

eaten he went down to Sam Ellis' many jobs, which he had declined. "Just my luck that I never licked When he asked, with great eagerness,

"Why, they've been tellin' that your "But I'm glad of your luck any- chance had come along, that you was goin' to Californy to make your fortune," he said.

Sim turned away his head and looked out of the window. With the beckon- pardons only. ing finger of his chance lifted above the "stiddy days' works" which he saw stretching before him in a dreary monotony which his soul abhorred, luring him to change of scene and adventure, and to fortune which should drop into his hands like manna from "I'm obleeged to ye all," he said, in heaven, as he had always dreamed it would, was it strange that for a

Folks seem to think I'm goin' to Californy jest because I got a letter from an old friend invitin' on me.

in idea of turnin' my own tarlents this communerty that's got their un- shake hands all round once more and mine days' wonder in Greenhollow, but brave,

town, and was seldom to be found at his accustomed pastime of "settin' in the store."

Cynthy Jane called upon her, and all pronounced her "in a decline," and wondered what would become of those poor children left to the care of "that shiftless Sim Pingree," when she was gone. He was working now, but he

Everybody who had ever heard of

"couldn't become a steady working man any more than the leopard could change his spots."

But Cynthy Jane seemed to make up her mind not to go. Instead of growing worse with the fall of the leaves, as everybody had predicted, she grew The children were well fed and clothed, and sent to school, and Sim's humble domain began to take an air of thriftiness and comfort. One day Sim came home with something on his mind.

"Cynthy Jane," he began, shuffling to and tro in his most excited mantreat me very well, particularly after ner, "they're a-sayin' down in the he took to drinking; but he had hard village—you know it comes kind of village-you know it comes kind of about other folk's affairs, and they they're a-sayin' that you and I had better git married. I know I ain't fit for you, Cynthy Jane, and never was ; "You can't never in this livin' world | but when a woman can git stiddy days' be Cynthy Jane?" said Sim, tremu- works out of a man that he never thought was there, why, if she would "Yes, I am, It's no wonder that bring herself to be so accommodatin' as to have him, seems as if 'twould be

> "Why, Sim, I believe you've forgiven me," said Cynthy Jane, blushing as brightly as when she was young.

And the upshot of the matter was that Cynthy Jane and Sim went to see the minister.

It was about five years afterward that Sim sat in the store one evening with about the same group that had been there when his memorable letter from California had arrived.

"Did you ever hear again from that friend of yours in Californy that was goin' to give you a chance to make it was cool and quiet. The woman your fortin, Sim?" said Jim Durgin. "Yes. He made a pile of money,

and then he lost it, and made more ag'ın, and I don't know jest how 'tis with him now," said Sim, rather in-

"Them minin' fellers has their ups and downs," said Uncle Zach, with the manner of one who knows all about tended to drop in upon Dan upon it. "Seems as if that must 'a been your chance, Sim, seein' no other one hain't ever come along," he added. "I don't see as Sim has anything to

turn. He had made no preparations complain of," said Elijah Wiswell, the storekeeper. "Industrious as any man is hopein' to find you alive and to say | that day. He was rubbing his fore- in Greenhollow, and growin' fore-And likewise have had a run of luck, plexity, when, moved, as it seemed to guess 'twas Cynthy Jane comin' along after I'd begun to think 'twa'n't never | Sim, by some indirect interposition of | in the stage that day that was Sim's

"Well, there is sometimes a thing when he wanted me to," said Uncle | it pans out anything at all as I calker- next door, appeared, bearing a dish of | comes along that seems a man's chance Zach, in a plaintive voice; "but folks late now, and I want an honest man soup, from which was wafted an appear and it ain't, and then ag'in there's a they told me that 'Ligh'let was a ter- to come and help me keep it away tizing odor, and a loaf of bread of thing that don't seem to be and is. from these sharpers that are as furce as wolves after it. I write to you fust goodly size. And following in her wake came other neighbors bringing terleck to tell when his chance come,"

"But this of yourn seemed to be a case of heart more'n interleck, ch, Sim?" said Jim Durgin. Sim hung his head sheepishly.

"Well, now, there's that chubbyfaced youngster of yourn, mebbe he'll git your chance and hisn too. Couldn't that happen accordin' to your theory?" Sim was glad and thankful that his asked Uncle Zach, who had never guests were provided with food, but ceased to puzzle over Sim's theory of

"Well, now, to tell you the truth, if ing his head very straight.

And Sim's content was as great as it seemed, in spite of the "stiddy days' works," though once in a while he did have an attack of laziness, when they became intolerable. But then he went And as soon as the dinner was fishing with Dan Wingate, and brought home a great quantity of fish. And I'm to the bottom of the heap," said shop. Sam Ellis was the shoemaker, Cynthy Jane never scolded.—Harper's

WISE WORDS.

Hope is a fatigue ending in deception. Flattery is effective only with a weak

Man pardons and forgets; woman

To wait and trust, is often the latest lesson we learn in life. There is little in the world but that has cost some one deeply.

One forgives everything to him who forgives himself nothing. To be faithful without loving is to have the patriotism of virtue.

Choose that which is best and cus-We should believe only in works; works are sold for nothing everywhere.

Love comes when we expect it the least and when we dread it the most. You can get the respect of honest men in one way only-by deserving it.

Hate enters sometimes into great souls; envy comes only from little minds.

SUNDAY READING.

An article found among the unpublished papers of the late Dr. J. A. Alexander, on "Circumlocution in Prayer," closes with the following practical suggestions to young men who are forming their habits" in respect to prayer. They are equally applicable to all who pray in public, and especially to those who pray in the Sunday-schools.

1. Let your prayer be composed of thanksgiving, praise, confession and petition, without any argument or exhortation addressed to those who are supposed to be praying with you.

2. Adopt no fixed forms of expression, except such as you obtain from 3. Express your desires in the brief-

est, simplest form, without circumlo-4. Avoid the use of compound terms

in place of the imperfect tense. 5. Hallow God's name by avoiding its unnecessary repetition.

6. Adopt the simple devotional phrase of Scripture; but avoid the free use of its figures, and all quaint and doubtful application of its terms to foreign subjects.

7. Pray to God and not to man.

Religious News and Notes.

Ocean Grove, the famous camp-meeting ground, was unknown thirteen years ago.

The Northern Presbyterian church has 572,128 communicants and the Southern church 124,806. A writer in the Independent ex-

presses the opinion that the Mahommedan power is sick unto death. There are five branches of the Methodist church in England, and

their aggregate increase in membership last year was 22,713, The richest colored congregation in the country is said to be that of St. Augustine's Roman Catholic church, Washington. The best church music at the Capital is alleged to be that of

Professor James D. Dana, of Yale college, who has received higher honors from European scientific societies than any geologist now living in the United States, says of the first chapter of Genesis: "Examining it as a geologist, I find it to be in perfect accord with known science; therefore, as a Christian, I assert that the Bible narrative must

It is related of Rev. William Arthur, the President's father, that while presiding over the Baptist church in West Troy his choir drawled out the hymn with variations, which did not please him, so he took his text and preached two hours and forty minutes. His head deacon grew impatient and consulted his watch. "Keep your watch in your pocket, Deacon Jones," said he. "You had a long sing, and now I am going to preach till I get through."

Rev. Vivian Dodgson was lately engaged in preaching to a crowd of idlers upon the beach at Lowestoft, England, when suddenly loud cries for help were heard coming from the sea. Mr. Dodgson leaped from a barrel on which he was standing and ran to the water's edge. There he saw that a boat had upset in the sea and that five persons were struggling for their lives. Without a moment's pause he rushed into the water and swam out to the struggling creatures. One woman he brought safely to land, two were rescued by others, and a child was saved by a man in the overturned beat that could swim. It is presumed that the Royal Humane society will confer a medal upon Mr. Dodgson.

Rev. Frederick D. Power, who enjoys some reputation as being President Garfield's pastor, and chaplain of the House of Representatives, writes the Christian Union concerning the "Christian" or "Disciple" church: The religious people known as "Christians," or "Disciples of Christ" simply, had their origin in the early half of the present century in Kentucky, parts of Ohio and West Vir-Alexander Campbell, of

Bethany, W. Va., was a prominent teacher of the views held by them, and after him they are sometimes called, but without their consent, "Campbellites." Since Mr. Campbell's death, which occurred in 1866, they have made their mightlest strides. Though the youngest of the religious bodies, they have advanced from the foot of the list to the fifth rank, and are increasing at a rate of not less than 50,000 yearly. They now number 678,000 communicants in this country, and have churches in England, Australia, France, Denmark, Turkey and the island of Jamaica. Their strength in the United States is chiefly in the West and Southwest, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri and Ohio having the largest bodies. They support some forty colleges and sixty religious periodicals.

The gum of the palmetto, which is found in abundance in Florida, makes as good if not better mucilage than

A solid lump of pure silver, weighing nearly a pound, was found near Magnolia, N. C., recently.