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#### THE ICE KING.

Since the d ys of old a geni bold Has reigned in the frigid North; His stature so high he reaches the sky, And shakes the clouds in his wrath; His body is broad as broad may be, And he strides alike over land and sen.

When he sallies forth from his throne in the

He is elad in armor bright, And his shield and spear and helmet queer Shine like the stars of night: And woe to the foe he finds in his path, For none may resist his terrible wrath.

Wherever he goes before him he throws A carpet soft and white, and marshy brakes and the givers and lakes

He bridges in a night; And he covers the fallen in his train With a winding sheet of frozen rain.

His breath, like the breath of the tyrant Death,

Destroys as it passes by; You may know his path by the marks of his

On the plain and the mountain high: He filehes the warmth from the noontide

Nor stops on his way till his work is done. Then he hies him back o'er the self-same

track To his throne on the polar shore, be places a ban on the efforts of man ross his barriers o'er:1

With the flashing rays of the polar lights.

And he brightens his days and illumines his

## NINON'S PRINC .

It was the siege of Paris. The Empress Eugenie had fled from the Tuileries, the provisional government had been organized under 'rochu, Paris was in a state of wil's alarm and the Prussian armies were steadily making their way toward fae city, investing one point after a other and rapidly the besieged city and the surrounding ness was er tirely suspended; the bou- him. levards were filled with idle, aimless loungers, gazing with sad and hungry eyes up on the long files of troops that march ed before them.

It to the quiet and aristocratic preciracts of the Faubourg St. Honore the not made their way, and the luxurious entresol of the fashionable hotel where Ninon, the gay little Baronne de Valcour, took her abode during the gay Parisian winter, was all alight with sunshine. Ninon was leaning back in her cushioned fauteuil with the toes of her slippers extending toward the fire, and her head thrown back wearily, looking the very personification of ennui.

"Fifine, you bother me. Go away." fine departs but returns again in pace of two minutes. "Madame, vici monsieur."

Madame turns her pretty little head and takes a comprehensive glance at the tall young officer in the uniform of the national guard. "The Prussians have not eaten you

up yet?" inquires Ninon, with a yawn that she does not take the smallest pains to conceal. "Not yet. Would it be a great

source of relief to madame if such an event was to take place?" " Rather."

"Don't you care for me at all, Ni-

"Don't be silly, my child. Tell me what his excellency General Trochu is about, and when you propose to stain that elegant uniform with Prusslan gore?"

sighed and shook his head. "Paris is very nice-all but the Prussians; and no one is giving any parties. That annoys me.'

"Poor Paris!" The young officer

"Ninon, are you really as heartless you seem?"

Just about. What do you want "Tell me you love me, Ninon, just a

"But I don't." The boyish lips trembled, and a great wave of sorrow spread itself over the fair, fresh countenance. Then he knelt down by her side, and a single tear fell on the little hand that

he stooped to kiss. "Ninen, Ninon, won't you love

"You are a stupid boy, and you must a sudden impulse seizes her, "I will go or I shall never eat my breakfast. go and find him." You are a very nice boy, Armand, but you look as if you were going to cry."

"Ninon!" The word sounded like a cry of pain. Then he kissed her hand again and

turned to leave her. "I shall not come again, Ninon." pretty lips with an incredulous little warning gesture from the nurse at-

Paris in a state of siege—a city of must get well first." 2,000,000 inhabitants surrounded by

n the luxurious quarters of the Fau- have found him, the prince." ourg St. Honore, where Ninon de Val-

cour wore out her days in wailing over whispers, gently and pityingly, "Madthe duliness and dreariness of the gay ame, he will be blind. capital. The high prices demanded for all the necessaries of life began to ex-haust even the princely De Valcour Then she lifts her tear-stained face, haust even the princely De Valcour Then she lifts her tear-stained face, revenues. The establishment must be lit up with its wonderful light of love reduced, and Baroness Ninon awoke and pity, and, looking at the sympalaziness to face life for the first time whispers, "He shall see with any

One among Ninon's friends was missing. The boyish form of the young the lovely eyes raised to hers, and officer, with his untarnished uniform thinks, "He is not much to be pitied, and unused sword, appeared no more the brave man." among her guests. At first she smiled at his absence, then insensibly she be- days of weary restlessness Ninon gan to watch for his coming, and as watched by her lover's side. strength the days passed one after another, returns to the crippled body, but the Ninon grew anxious.

November. Ninon was sitting alone, blind, and the strong right arm is when a quick, hurried trend sounded represented only by an empty sleeve. behind the chair and the clanking of a sword startled her.

"Armand!" she exclaimed, as she turned and encountered the excited of her dress as she bends over him, he glance of the young officer.

aroused. To-morrow will be a grand it ?" sortie. With 100,000 men we shall leave Paris, march upon Champignyon to Villers. Ducrot has sworn to re-enter Paris only victorious or dead. I have come to say good-bye. Before and blind." to-morrow night Prussian ball or bayonet may have quieted forever the and your eyes you gave to France. heart that loves you so passionately. Kiss me, Ninon, and God bless you."

the fair young forehead; a moment her lips rested there, and she murmured, "God bless you, my Armand!" And meet hers she whispers: "Armand, my prince, I love you."—From the his heart, and left her.

In the morning the troops were in motion. With stern and set determination they moved ferward, looking neither to the right nor left, lest the sorrowful faces of the women they loved should unnerve their hearts and unsteady their hands.

At the head of his company rode Armand de Rochceœur. He did not turn his head, but the hand that held cutting off all con munication between the bridle rein shook as the heavy tread of his powerful horse bore him country. Wigher was coming on; slowly on beyond the gaze of the food and fu'd becoming scarce; busi-bright eyes that looked down upon

> Quietly Ninon watched him go, steadily she looked after his retreating form. A soft mist clouded his flashing eves, and as the distance hid him further from her view she murmured gently, "Armand, God watch over

All day long, that terrible 30th of November, the incessant roar of cannon echoed back into the stillness of the city's streets. Paris held her heart in shawl or blanket around you, covering anguish. Outside the walls the sickening drama of battle, with all its horrid accompaniments of tumult, noise the door of the stairway. There is and bloodshed; inside the no less hor-rible torture of suspense, as those left bated breath for news from the scene of conflict.

Among the foremost in the strife on officer, Armand de Rochecceur. The pure blood of his Norman ancestry courses wildly through his veins today. France is his life, and he would give his life for France.

Early in the afternoon Champigny rielded to the passionate attack of the floor. French troops. Amazed at their defeat, the Germans fell back to recover from their bewilderment produced by this almost their first reverse. Then, rallying from their surprise, reinforced by fresh troops and protected by their always to fill them in the morning, batteries, they fell upon the French never doing so after nightfall. A With a wild feelwith a sudden fury. ing, half fury, half despair, Armand saw the line give way. "Cowardst" he muttered below his breath. Then turning suddenly to his men he cried: Courage! Will you go back to your women and tell them you fled from Prussian guns? On! on! Conquer or die like Frenchmen? Then he rode forward; but the terrified, panicstricken men were deaf to his call, and suffered him to go alone. With his right arm uplifted he rushed toward the Prussian line.

Ninon has listened all day to the sound of that terrible cannonading, waited all night in frightened suspense for news from the scene of battle-for tidings from Armand de Rochecœur. In the morning no word has come. Dark circles have appeared under the brown eyes and their brilhancy is all faded, gone out in that long night of watching. Restlessly Ninon paces the long salon. Finally

She finds him at last. As she approached his bedside she trembles. She locks upon the white bandages that lie upon his eyes and shoulders, Then she speaks to him, and the glad smile that flits across his lips reassures her. His single hand goes out Madame de Baronne disfigured her to meet hers, and he tries to speak. A move, and the door closed upon her tract Ninon's attention, and she whispers: "Do not talk, Armand; you

From an old soldier who watches the force of a powerful enemy, and all over him Ninon learns the history of supplies gut off. The streets were the sortie. As she listens to the story filled with a gaunt and hungry crowd of how bravely the young soldier bore of desperate men and despairing wo- himself on that dreadful day there is a look of newly-found happiness in the The sounds of distress and suffering brown eyes. Suddenly they fill with egan to make themselves heard even tears, and her lips murmur softly, "I

"Armand, my lovel God help out of her long dream of luxury and thetic countenance of the poor sister,

The sister looks into the depth of

Through long nights of fever and sorrowful eyes always wear that help-It was the evening of the 24th of less, vacant expression peculiar to the

He is not forbidden to speak now; and one day as he hears Ninon's footstep by his bodside, and the soft rustle says: "You are always with me, "Yes, Ninon! At last Paris is Ninon, are you not? or do I dream

"I am always with you, Armand." "What bring you here?"

"Because I love you, dear." "Love me? But I am a cripple

"Yes, Armand. Your right arm Will you give the rest to me?" "Ninon !" and the left arm, the only

Ninon lifted the brown hair from one he has, draws her quickly and passionately to his side. Her soft breath plays against his cheek, and as his lips

### What to Do Ia Case of Fire.

The papers have lately told us of a number of distressing deaths by fire. Great hotels and warehouses have suddenly burst into sheets of flame in the night, and frantic people have either perished in the dreadful blaze or, throwing themselves from win-dows, have been dashed to pieces in the street. I hope that none of my young friends may ever have to pass through so awful an experience. But if you should be surprised, at night or in the daytime, by the presence of smoke in your rooms, do not lose your wits if you can help it.

Remember at such a moment that although you are in great danger, there are friends near who will try, if possible, to come to your assistance. Do not open doors or windows wildly, and waste no precious moments in standing and screaming for help. Instead, think if you can of the straightest way out, quickly wrap a thick your head and your hair, and then creep on your hands and knees to

If you are in the room with others behind waited with blanched faces and and a lamp ic upset or some floating drapery takes fire, recollect that you must smother the flames by throwing a rug on them, pulling curtains or that terrible morning rode the boyish kangings down, and covering them with a carpet or a quilt, or in some similar way stop the current of air on which fire feeds. If a child's apron catches from the grate or stove, wrap a shawl or blanket about the little creature promptly, and roll her on the

You cannot be too careful with regard to matches, candles and lamps. Those of you whose homes are lighted with kerosene or other oils should ask the person who takes care of the lamps properly filled lamp is not likely to ex-Servants should be warned to be extremely careful in the use of kerosene. They should not be allowed to pour it upon their kindling wood in order to light a fire quickly. Make it a rule never to triffe with fire, which is a great comfort in its proper place, but a dreadful foe when beyond our control.—Harper's Young People.

## A Wolf's Dislike for Music.

It is well known that domestic dogs dislike music, but the hatred of it seems to be much stronger in a wolf. Dogs become familiar with it, and have learned to endure it; but to the wolf it is intolerable. It would be well for those who live in countries infested by wolves to arm themselves with some loud-sounding musical instrument, as

the following anecdote would suggest. A Scotch bagpiper was traveling in Ireland, when he encountered a wolf, which seemed to be very ravenous, The poor man could think of no other way to save his life than to open his wallet and try the effects of hospitality. He did so, and the savage beast swallowed all that was thrown to him with such voracity that it seemed as if his appetite was not in the least degree satisfied.

The whole stock of provision was, of course, soon spent, and now the man's only resource was in the virtues of his bagpipe. This the monster no sooner heard than he took to the mountains as suddenly as he had left them. The poor piper did not wholly enjoy his deliverance, for, looking sadly at his empty wallet, he shook his fist at the departing animal, saying; "Ay! are these your tricks? Had I known your humor, you should have had your music before your supper."—Harper's Young People.

Advice to farmers-Improve the mind in winter, the soil in summer

### FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The population of Manila was being decimated by cholera, says a colonial paper, when a tremendous hurricane swept over the island and acted as a meteorological antiseptic, for on the following day not a single additional case of tholera broke out, and none have been reported since.

Beyond the Missis ippi river there are 1,200,000 square miles not settled by white men, and of this area 240,000 square miles, embracing much of the best land, are included within Indian reservations, while much of the re- ten to twenty-five cents a day. mainder consists of mountainous tracts, lands inaccessible or sterile, and arid regions which cannot be irrigated.

Lumber is now being manufactured from straw, the standard size being thirty-two inches in width, twelve feet turned to England and obtained some in length, and the thickness the same as the average of surfaced boards. One ton of any kind of straw will yield 1,000 feet of boards that may be handled as ordinary ones. This lumber can be produced and sold in competition with wide walnut at about onehalf the price of the latter.

The New Yorker of forethought now goes downtown attended by an ambulance and a nurse, and his wife keeps a room prepared after the fashion of a hospital ward to receive him when he is brought home to her as a victim of the gas company, or the named Jones, who cared for him until elevated railway, or the steam-heating corporations, or prostrated by an unexpected shock of electricity, crushed by a falling telegraph pole, or burned in a fire trap of some kind. How unhappy is the provincial!

It is estimated that there are 200,-000 vagabonds and beggars in the German empire, including thieves, pickpockets and other swindlers, and the authorities estimate the annual loss to honest people by their operations at the enormous sum of \$25,000,-000. Many of these evildoers are brought before the magistrates from time to time, but both judges and juries are accused of administering too mildly even the mild laws of Germany against vagabondage. The evil has become so great that the government is understood to be preparing a severe law for bringing scoundrels of the vagabond class to justice.

Mme. Nilsson, the Swedish nightingale, tells a reporter that she will probably make her home in New York. "I have really nothing to bind me to the other side of the water," she said. "I, as you know, come from a pensant family. I am proud of it. about thirty-two millions sterling. My father and mother, who were Sweyoungest of a family of seven child-Well, my brothers and sisters ren. are still alive. They are yet peasants, fond of their free life and will never change. I can understand them, but with the change that has taken place in me by education, musically and otherwise, and by my association in the world, they cannot understand

Some of the Southern railroad companies have gone into the business of raising forests, and the results are likely to be advantageous. It has been discovered that the moisture of the soil in many parts of the South is very destructive to the ties, and the creosoting process to protect the wood has proven so expensive that the companies have determined to use the wood of the catalpa and ailantus trees. These woods are said to be more durable in a moist soll than any others now used, and to secure a supply large plantations have been seeded for both varieties in equal proportion. Upon the Iron Mountain read catalpa ties have lasted nearly fifteen years. Both trees are rapid in growth and easy of propagation, and flourish in the moist soils of Missouri, Arkansas and Texas. They, however, are not likely to turn the prairies into sweet-smelling for-

The Journal des Mines gives an account of a most wonderful and valuable process just discovered at Brunon's works on the Loire, France. The Journal says a lump of African ore, weighing thirty-two pounds, was broken up into small fragments and placed in a crucible, and as soon as the ore was at red heat a reacting substance was added, when, in three minutes, the liquefaction of the ore was complete. The product obtained is complete, iron. All those employed in the establishment, engineers and woramen, were stupefied at the result. The acting substance above mentioned cost twenty-five cents per ton. By means of this process a blast furnace, instead of producing twenty-two tons of east iron every twelve hours, would turn out twenty-two tons every fourteen minutes, besides which the furnace would be self-cleaned at each operation. These facts are making quite a stir in the manufacturing district of the Loire.

E. A. Denison, son of Lord Londesborough, died in Denver, Colorado, a short time ago. The career of this oung gentleman was romantic and checkered. His father was a member changed his some to Denison on re. land.

borough died young Denison's mother married Lord Fitzgerald; between him and his step-children much ill feeling existed. At eighteen years of age the young man was required by his stepfather to enter the army, but this he refused to do, and ran away to Belglum. Here he was reduced to such straits that he was compelled to dispose of all his personal property, and, as a last resort, he shipped on a vessel to Philadelphia as a cabin boy. He landed in this country penniless, and eccepted employment at pickstrawberries, making This means of livelihood could not last long, of course, and he was compelled to write to his step-father for assistance, and was granted an annuity of £100 until he became of age. In 1881, having reached his majority, he reof the private fortune that belonged to him. While on this visit he received a document from a Welsh lady recommending him to all patriotic Welchmen, which afterward proved of great value to him. Shortly after his return to this country his means again became exhausted, and in "roughing it" in the West he contracted a pulmonary disease that eventually took him off. Arriving at Denver, he secured a situation as an express driver, but afterward worked on a sheep ranch. About a year ago, being taken suddenly ill, he went to board with a Welchman his death

#### A Bank of England Story. A London correspondent of the Boss

ton Journal writes: The first person I met on entering the Bank of England was a venerable porter in a quaint uniform, which dates back, I think, a hundred years or more; it left a greenand-buff impression upon me, but I cannot accurately describe its details. The porter led me to a room where the executive officer of the bank was to be found. This officer, Mr. Gray, is en-titled "chief accountant," and his position corresponds very much to that of cashier of one of our banks. Mr. Gray, who sat at his desk surrounded by a corps of busy clerks, and who is a gentleman of the most courteous and unassuming manners, gave me a cordial weicome, and under his guidance I visited every department of the bank, and had everything which I did not understand at a glance explained to me. The capital of the bank is fourteen and one-half millions sterling; its circulation in the hands of the public about twenty-five millions sterling; its deposits, on no portion of which is interest paid, average in these days about thirty-two millions sterling. the building is a canceled note of the Bank of England for a million pounds sterling, and, if I remember rightly, the banker poet Rogers had hanging in his library a canceled note of the same institution for £30,000. I have heard that a note for £10,000

once had a singular history. It was paid out to one of the directors of the bank who soon afterward lost it under such circumstances that he was satisfied, and succeeded in satisfying the bank, that it had fallen into his fireplace and been destroyed. He was given a new note, for which he returned a proper receipt and guarantee. Many years afterward the original note was presented for payment; the bank endenvored to disown it, but could not, for it was genuine and in the hands of an innocent person, and the bank it. Its history was had to pay then looked into, and it was ascertained that, instead of being burned, it had been carried up the chimney by a draught, and had found a safe lodgment in some cranny in the flue. Here t had remained until alterations in the house necessitated the removal of the chimney; then it was discovered by a workman, who regarded it as a legitimate find, and who presented it for payment. Right here I may as well relate another story of the bank, of which there are many, both in print and as legends, but of which I will let these two serve as specimens. A sewer workman, while poking under ground, found that by raising a flagstone he could penetrate into the bullion room of the bank. Amazed at the discovery, he pondered over it, and finally concluded that he would utilize it to his pecuniary benefit without stealing. He therefore wrote to the directors, asking what reward he would receive if he should meet them at any appointed hour of the night in the bulion room, and thus reveal to them a mode of ingress of which they were entirely ignorant. They named a sum which would make him indedenpent for life, and to their overwhelming surprise he kept his promise by popping up through the sewer, for which he received ten thousand pounds or so. This is supposed to have happened long ago,

The meanest slight a girl can put upon an admirer is to use a postal card in refusing an offer of marriage. It proves that she doesn't actually care two cents for him.-Philadelphia Chronicle,

The use of instrumental music in of the Cunningham family, but church worship is increasing in Eng-

### STRIVE, WAIT AND PRAY.

Strive: yet I do not promise The prize you dream of to-day Will not fade when you think to grasp it, And melt in your hand away; But another and holier treasure You would now perchance disdalu, Will come when your toll is over And pay you for a'l your pain.

Wait: yet I do not ie'l you The hour you long for now Will not come with its rad auce vanished, And a sludow upon its brow; Yet far through the misty fature, With a crown of starry light, An hour of joy you know not

Is winging her silent flight. Pray; though the gaft you ask for May never comfort your fears, May never repay your pleading, Yet pray, and with hopoful tears; An answer, not that you long for, But diviner, will come one day; Your eyes are too dim to see it.

Yet strive, and wait, and pray-

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The best butter-A goat. The children's kingdom-Lapland. A man's mind is like his bed-it must be made up occasionally.

A three-year-old boy in admiring his baby brother exclaimed: "He's got a boiled head like papa."

A man never loses much time in interviewing a bee. He generally comes right down to the point .- Statesman.

There are in France 28,000 people who never remark, "I will see you later." They are blind.—New York Commercial. Pies date back to the time of the Ro-

mans and came originally from Picardy. Some of the original pies are still on sale at railroad restaurants. The man who believes in a place for everything and everything in its place

never has a postage stamp when he wants to post a letter .- Puck. Since the recent hotel fires, the landlords find themselves like the feebleminded class, a little empty in the up-

per stories.—Boston Transcript. A Pittsburg firm has brought out a new masculine hat which they have christened the "Jersey Lily." It wouldn't be economy to invest in such a hat. It is "too easily "mashed"-

Norristown Herald. "Look at you!" shricked Mrs. Ecomi, as the nurse let the baby tumble. Two inches nearer the wall and that child would have smashed a fifty-dollar statuette and the hall lamp. And then they picked up the baby .- Hawk-

Never despise small things. The mosquito that sings sweetly by your bedside becomes a power when it gets its work in. The little tack that lies so meekly on the floor may turn in an neguarded moment and make you howl with pain.

Pittsburg has a new steam hammer which can strike a blow of 44,000 potends. It is consoling to a man to know that there is something in the world that can go down as hard as he does when his feet get on a coal-hole cover .- Boston Post.

An Englishman shooting small game in Germany said to his host that there was a spice of danger in shooting in America. "Ah!" said the host, "you like danger mit your sport. Then you go out shooting mit me. The last time I shoot mine bruder-inlaw in the schtomack."

A German statistician estimates that 6,000,000 rats were drowned by the late floods in that country. "Over here," remarks the Detroit Free Press, "if a man works for two weeks with a \$1 trap and a pound of cheese to catch one poor old rodent, he brags over it as if he had won a horse race."

PHILOPENA. We walked adown the spring-clad Lane-The winds were vague and vernal; We split the almond-shell in twain, And ate its double kernel.

She crushed within her hand the sweet
Pungent-perfuned verbena—

"Who first cays 'Yes,' when next we meet,"
Quoth she, "Tays Philopena."

4

The fall had dropped its frosty dews, The leaves of gold and crimson Were taking on such soberer hues As skies the sunset dims on. We walked the lane, now bleak and bare, I and my Augustiua: And she said "Yes," and, then and there,

She paid her Philopena.

## Realing Breath of the Pines.

The air of the pine forests is always grateful to the senses and soothing to the lungs, and it is not difficult to believe that it may exert some direct curative influence. The idea of pine trees exercising a balmy influence is a very ancient one. Pliny considered that the air of pine forests was more useful in asthmatic difficulties than the voyage to Egypt, recommended in such cases, in those days. But beside merely inhaling the air of pine forests, people have made use of the pine in baths -vapor baths and inhalations, Even this is not entirely modern, for the ancients recommended the internal use of decoctions of strobili and pinetops, and thought pine-nuts very useful in diseases of the chest; and at a modern time, beside the use of inters nal drinks made from the spruce and the tar-water so long in vogue, we had inhalations of tar and of various