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It never dies-a mother's holy love Strengthens with every ill that may be-

TRINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

In every phase of life its waters move With corrent strong, and fathomless, and

From the heart's other flames may rise, And while they seem as warm, and grand, and high,

The incense of one lives to reach the skies A mother's tender love can never dia-

They never die-the songs of other days, The unstrung harps all covered o'er with

Are in some rambling storshouse laid away With many other wrecks of love and trust, At eventide, when all around is still, Each harp throws off the dust with gentle

And voices long since hushed our chamber fill

With songs of other days that never die. It never diss-the memory of a wrong

Done to an innocent and trusting heart; Though outwardly it seemeth well and A pain is there which never can depart; Time o'er the spot may weave a fair new

skin. And every trace be hidden from the eye, But all the agony is closed within, And wounds thus healed are never known

They never die-the kindly deed and word Given to the needy without pomp and pride;

Sooner or later they reap their reward Who pass not over to the other side: And crumbs thus east upon the sea of life May not return as man is sailing o'er But when he rests from agony and strife, He'll find the loaves upon the other shore

It never dies-the bow of promise set In every landscape, be it bleak or fair, There's hope for all upon life's billow yet, For God's own hand had placed the toke

there; Though overwhelming storms of wind and rain

Chase every sunbeam from the pilgrim's After much peril 'twill gleam forth again,

For rainbows come and go but never die. They never die-the moon, and stars, and

Have shone upon the wicked and the just Since God's most glorious handiwork was

And men arose so mighty from the dust; For when we close our eyes upon this world, To open them in Heaven by-and-bye, The same blue banner there will be un furled.

With sun, and moon, and stars, that never

-Mrs. E. O. Jewell.

A CLOUDED MIND.

Lu stood behind the little counter where she passed so many hours of her life, her fingers resting upon the glass of the show-case, which she tapped impatiently, while her eyes roved from Ned Snyder, behind the opposite counter, to the door through which she hoped some customer would enter.

Ned's attention was divided between leering at Lu with his shocking contortions of face, and volunteering va rious clownish remarks, each of which elicited from their object only a movement of impatience, a sharper tapping of the glass with her fingers, but no word of answer. Finally Ned left his place, sauntered around behind Lu's counter, and ende I the maneuver by thrusting his fare up before hers.
"Oh, go away, Nel," she exclaimed,

turning from him, "do go now !" What'll I go away for?" he demanded, creeping up again in front of

her face. "Go, because I am tired and you want to go," this in a tone of marked impatience, which Ned evidently understood that it would not do for him to disregard. "Go back behind your own counter, or stay here and I'll go ers would think to see you acting in this way?"

Ned hustled over to his own side of the room before he answered, in a mat- be ungrateful, and as he could think of ter-of-fact way :

"Suppose they'd think we ought to

"Married-you foolish fellow! Why do you keep talking such nonsense?" of folks that talk in that way, whether | for single moment to a realization, and you'd think it or not, and course they're annoying as was Ned's constant referright about it. Tell you one thing— ence to the purpose of his heart, it when we be married you don't drive had become his mental food and drick me round this way; just make up your

mind about that.' The last part of Ned's information had been volunteered as the door Lu had scowled stience at the wagging tongue in vain. But if that young man who entered had heard anything of what was being said he did not indicate it by any change of expression. He greeted the twain with a friendly word to each, and passed through to the dining-room. When his footsteps died away, Lu turned her great brown

eyes to Ned, and said, sorrowfully : "Ned, why will you talk so, and be-fore people most of all? Don't you know that I don't want you to talk that way, and you mustn't!"
"Mustn't! Lard, what words you

use! But you'll ret over it some day
won't always fee! as bashful."
A voice from bulow called Ned, and
be tumbled from sight, much to Lu's

Her mother, broken-hearted, struggled with adverse fortune for a few years, and then she, too, died, leaving very comfortably situated in life, and her little daughter to the care of her having for several years taken his only relative, a married aunt. The aunt was kind, in so far as her nature knew the meaning of the word; but she had made Mammon her God, and nature had given her great power for physical endurance—two dangerous qualities for the same person to possess, especially if that person be a woman.

Lu's uncle was the proprietor of a bakery, and in connection was a salesroom and a boarding-house. Mr. Towner superintended the former; his wife the latter; and so it was that when Lu had mastered the rudiments of the common school education, she was taken in as a sort of general help for her aunt. It was as though the sun-light of her dawning life had gone behind some great cloud. There was so much that she could do, and she was so willing to do whatever might be demanded of her. From peeling pota-toes, chopping hash and washing dishes, her sphere of usefulness gradually extended through all the departments of the boarding-house and sales-room, till now we find her, at the age of twenty, after eight years of incessant toil, with no prospect of any change so long as life and health should

From very early in the morning till very late at night, through seven long days in every week, with only an hour or two of respite on Sunday, the was here, there, wherever her services were demanded, not conscious that she was doing more actual physical labor than two like her should perform, beside shutting out from her young life the joys of companionship, and ignoring all those social privileges which are so dear to young life.

Lu was not especially pretty. At first glance she seemed so-her small, compact figure, oval features and great brown eyes, so full of honest truth, were certainly the elements of beauty -but her incessant toil had wrought its lines upon hands and face, insufficient sleep, continued care and the absence of social joy, tinged and shaded

her whole life with a hue of sadness. Ned Snyder was familiarly known as "the fool." In some respects the epithet was quite appropriate, for while he had sufficient intelligence to be of much service in the bakery, and even in the salesroom, he was yet of such uneven mental balance as to puzzie the most acute philosopher as to his degree of soundness and accountability. Ned, too, had been adopted by Mr. Towner, just as he would have taken a horse for its keeping. It would be handy to have such a boy about the establishment, there was always something for him to do, and there were fragments enough left after the thirty or forty boarders had finished their

meals to give the poor fool a royal repast. At first, life had not many pleasures for Ned, but as his sphere of usefulness began to develop and he sometimes talked about "packing up his duds" and going to sea-for Ned had a way of talking whatever came into his mind-he began to receive better clothes, and occasionally little presents, and spare half days, till his lot really in comparison became quite enviable.

Lu had always been kind to him, out of the kindness of her heart, and many a favor she had taken pains to bestow upon him because she pitied his forlorn condition. Generally at the table she would procure for him a nicer piece of meat or some little delicacy which had never been intended for him, and this she delighted to do, even though he soon What do you suppose custom- came to look upon such favors as a matter of course, and to scold and growl if they were not bestowed.

Yet, after all, Ned did not mean to no other way of repaying Lu's kindness, he had grown up into a conviction that he must marry her at some time in the unknown future. Dreadful as such a thought must have been Wal, now I tell you there is lots to her, could she have brought herself the inspiration of his life. No more he talked of the sea; no more of shoulder-ing his "Turk." Even his nature bowed to the sway of love, and in the the fire department reached the scene opened to admit Homer Harkness; and presence of Lu only was he happy or

Naturally enough the belief soon gained ground that Ned did not speak unadvisedly, and that some arrange-ments had been made by which Lu was actually to become his wife. The girl's uncle and aunt came in for more blame than they deserved.

"It's just like them," sall boarder to another, standing at a little distance and looking upon Lu, busy behind the counter, while Ned, near by, was feasting his weird eyes upon her. "Lu's indispensable to them, and Ned is a treasure, in his way. Get the two married, and they are bound to stay as long as they can render any service.

cheerless her young life really was. An a good, faithful, kind-hearted girl as remained on earth of Ned Snyder, evil star had seemed to rule at her Lu to that born idiot! I'd kick the Lu, recalled from the strange dr

through the salesroom, which was deserted save by Ned. Mr. Harkness was a young business man of the bity. meals there, he was on quite friendly

terms with the feeble-minded youth. "Ned," he asked, bending over the counter, half-confidentially, "you are going to invite me to the wedding, I

suppose?" "What-me and Lu?"

"Yes." "Yes, going to invite all the boarders," the fool said in a very businesslike manner.

"When will it probably take" place, "Blamed if I know-Lu won't say.

Say Lu," the door had opened to admit her at that moment, "when be we goin' to get married? This gentleman wants to know."

Lu looked up at Mr. Harkness, for it was getting dusk in the salesroom, and the gas had not been lighted. A moment her lip quivered, and then tears sprang to her eyes.

"Go downstairs, Ned," she replied, turning away. "Mr. Towner wants

"No he don't either. You've got to tell me now," and the poor youth sprang forward with a sort of frenzy, but at that moment the sharp tones of his master sounded his name so emphatically that he at once turned and went blundering away down the

Lu was so evidently pained by the occurrence that the young man, self-accused, went near to her and stam-

mered out an apology.
"Indeed, you are not to blame," she said, quickly, smiling through her it took millions of prismatic hues, till tears. "I am foolish to let this talk she seemed to be scrubbing with rainannoy me; but I—I can't help it. I don't blame the poor fellow much, but I can't stand it; at least I feel as though there to wash, her petticoat tucked I couldn't, though I don't know how I can help myself."

"I will tell you how you can put a stop to his nonsense."

"Will you? Then tell me."

Lu's lip trembled as she cast a furtive glance up into the young man's face, and her whole soul thrilled as she caught the magnetic love-beam of his

dark eves. "What do you mean?" she demanded.

you prefer me to Ned. Now what say you-will you be mine?"

What could she say? She knew Mr. Harkness too well to suppose for a in her limited circle of acquaintances wife. Why did his request touch so deed a chord in her soul? Was it because it was an answer of an aspiration she had not dared acknowledge, much less to cherish? Before she could command herself to frame an answer a dull foot-fall sounded upon the stairs.

"Let me go; uncle is coming." And she tried to withdraw her hand.

"Quick, then; yes or no?"
"I guess so," and with a skip she bounded into the dining-room to hide the joy-flush which would mantle her cheeks with a strange glow.

Homer Harkness did not allow the matter to rest long in that state. Satisfactory terms were arranged with the uncle and aunt, and it was decided that the marriage should take place in a month.

Early in the evening the ceremony was very quietly performed, and the happy husband started with his bride for a flying visit to the home of his parents in a neighboring town. Ned had been given a holiday for twentyfour hours, which he was passing with a relative in another portion of the city; so that an unusual sense of quiet, almost amounting to desertion, settled over the usually bustling establishment of the Towners.

But at midnight the quiet was rudely broken and the neighborhood rang with the sharp cries of "Fire!" rused the misfortune; the flames that leaped rapidly from room to room of tomed to such a common sight. the old wooden building, so that when The method of breaking them in they found the fire bursting out from pasement to attic.

Just the firemen commenced operations Ned dashed upon the scene, breathless and excited. He saw the dense smoke pouring from the broken window of Lu's room and wildly inquired for the occupant. But no one shouting began. The horse plunged answered his question, for none under- and galloped off, expecting to get rid stood his meaning.

Calling her name wildly, he rushed up the stairway. What transpired man power that made him go here and afterward only the eye of the Infinite there, fast or slow, occasionally stopsaw. A daring fireman attempted to follow him a few moments afterward, but the hall at the head of the stairs mentors led him back to the stable. was a sea of flames, through which none could pass and live.

"I hope you are wrong," the other tinguished, from out the rifus was the horses, making them hard-mouthed returned, "for I don't like to think taken something which, though hear- and vicious with both heels and teeth

Any person seeing Lu Towner, day anybody can be that mean. It would ing little resemblance to the human by day, would have understood how be a downright shame to marry such form, could still be identified as all that

Lu, recalled from the strange dream birth. Her father, formerly engaged in a comfortable business, had taken to drink, ruined his custom, squandered to the at her born takes. It was Homer Harkness who said story of his death. The memory of drink, ruined his custom, squandered his little property, and finally died, this and shortly afterward passed the disagreeable days and years was all soon after Lu's birth. gone now; she remembered only his many uncouth acts of devotion and the heroic manner of his death, in a supposed effort to save her from the

"Who would have though that he cared so much for me?" she said,

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!"
"Yes, dear Lu," her busband responded, "you see that even such as he may love so that life is disregarded in of that love. Poor fellow, indeed; but his death shall not be in vain, for I will 1-arn from his example to devote my life to you, as long as life shall last, and it would indeed be to my shame should my love prove less unselfish than the love of a fool."

Street Scenes in Oberammergan.

In the Century, Mrs. Jackson has a sketch of travel, entitled "The Village of Oberammergau," where the "Passion Play" annually attracts thousands of visitors. We quotethe following picture of Oberammergau life:

The open square in front of the house is a perpetual stage of tableaux. The people come and go, and linger there around the great water-tanks as at a sort of Bethesda, sunk to profaner uses of every-day cleansing. The com-monest labors become picturesque performed in open air, with a background of mountains, by men and women with bare heads and bare legs and feet, Whenever I looked out of my windows I saw a picture worth painting. For instance, a woman washing her windows in the tanks, holding each window under the running stream, tipping it and turning it so quickly in the sunshine that the waters gliding off there to wash, her petticoat tucked up to her knees, her arms bare to the shoulder, a bright red handkerchief knotted round her head, and her eyes flashing as she beat and lifted, wringing and tossing the clothes, and flinging out a sharp or a laughing word to every passer. Another, coming home at night with a big bundle of green grass under one arm, her rake over her shoulder, a free, open glance, and a smile and a bow to a gay postilion watering his horses; another, who had brought, apparently, her whole stock "Just what I say, Lu. I admire of kitchen utensils there to be made splashed them in and out! She did not wipe them, only set them down on the ground to dry, which seemed likely to leave them but half clean after all. moment that he was trifling with her; Then there came a dashing young fellow but it seemed impossible to realize from the Tyrol, with three kinds of that the man she most revered of all feathers in his green hat, short brown breeches, bare knees, gray yarn stockhad really asked her to become his ings with a pattern of green wreath knit in at the top, a happy-go-lucky look on his face, stooping down to take a mouthful of the swift-running water from the spout, and getting well splashed by missing aim with his mouth, to the uproarious delight of two women just coming in from their haymaking in the meadows, one of them balancing a hay rake and pitchfork on her shoulder with one hand, and with the other holding her dark-blue petti-coat carefully gathered up in front, full of hay; the others drawing behind her (not wheeling it) a low, scoopshaped wheelbarrow full of green

se-Breaking in Japan.

grass and clover-these are a few of

any day's pictures.

Kusai, Japan's greatest artist, was never weary of studying horses and their funny ways, and of all creatures Japanese horses are the most amusing These nags, which wear laced-up shies of straw, drink out of a dipper, take hip-baths of hot water, and stand in the stable with their mouths tied up higher than their ears, are broken in to the pack or saddle in a very rough way. In Hokusai's days, horses were never harnessed to wagons, nor did they draw anything. The ponies were usually "broken in" in the large open vards attached to temples. Fires, also, are usually kindled, and the colts Sective flue in the bakery had are driven close to them, so they may become accuswas as follows: The young horse was duly harnessed, and a man on each side held a bridle to jerk him to the right or left, while another in the rear beat him with a bamboo stick, keeping well away from his hoofs. Twelve or more men and boys then took hold of the long ropes or traces, and a lively of the noisy crew, but soon found that this was no easy task. It was a twelveping him short and giving him a tum-When ut elly exhausted, his tor-After a few such trials the pony was considered broken. Such crude train-Hours later, when the fire was ex- ing, though fine fun for the men, rains

REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

HOW A MAN LIVED THREE YEARS WITH A HALF-BROKEN NECE. Receiving Injuries Which Resulted in Total

Parniyees. Unable to Move Hand or Foot A Case Which Puzzled the Doctors. The Hartford Times gives the details of the most remarkable recovery of Mr. Eddie Crowell, now in hi eighteenth year: In February, 1880, young Crowell, while practicing on a trapeze bar in a German gymnasium, lost his hold and went head first, with tremendous force, to the floor, striking upon a sawdust stuffed lag. His youd (he was in his sixteenth year) probably saved his i fe. It was found that the blow had broken the atlas, the peculiar ringlike bone which articu-

lates with the occipital bone, and thus sustains the head, and makes practicable its free movement. Partially stunned he arose, with a feeling, as he expressed it, "as if his head had been ammed down between his shoulders." He walked home alone, but soon found himself unable to move his head without moving his body with it. This state of things continued. It was decided, after due consultation with medical authorities, to let the boy fin-ish his course at the high school, and he accordingly rejoined his class and engaged actively in his studies. His inability to turn or bow his head continued, and, after awhile, other indications began gradually to point to the advisability of removing him from school. He was at length kept most in the house, though the torchlight parades of the presidential election drew him out one evening, eager to march with his companions. This did not prove to be well for him; he became worse, and soon paralysis ensued. This speedily became total. He could not move hand or foot. His parents, distressed beyond measure, omitted no possible means of relief. Dr. Jarvis and other eminent surgeons were consulted, but they, after carefully exam-

ining the case, could not give much, if any, hope of the boy's living. Dr. Jarvis was convinced, to use his own expression, that "the boy's neck was broken," meaning, of course, that one of the vertebræ had been dislocated. The puzzle to the surgeons was, how the boy could have lived as long as he had. They had no hope of his surviving long. Of course he could not have lived had the spinal cord been actually separated. The fracture was so great, as it was, as to render the right in the middle of the bed; what fact of continued life remarkable; but will poor Harry do?" "Well, ma," he it is even more remarkable that this could be, with the "atlas" actually split or splintered, and a piece of it broken off. The paralysis was atthe vertebrae we have named keeper of one instead of two servants; you; love you. I have long wanted to clean—jugs, and crocks, and brass (with its accompanying bendtell you so, and to ask you this. Surely pans. How they glittered as she ing of the spinal cord) than to any housekeeping hereafter, I declare ing of the spinal cord) than to any housekeeping hereafter, I declare a new growth of bone to make good I'd never die."—Burlington Hawkeys. the displacement of the piece that was broken off. The new growth, it is believed, pressed directly upon the now somewhat displace! nervous matter of the spinal cord, and the more the bone grew the greater the pressure; hence the paralysis. The only hope afforded by the doctors was that life might possibly last until the effort of nature to repair the broken bone had ceased, and that, if this improbable state of things should fortunately occur, the boy, being aided by his youth, might then possibly survive, and recover partially (or perhaps even wholly) from the paralysis. (The piece of bone broken off from the atlas is, we think, supposed to be retained by the ligaments, side by side with the injured vertebræ). The chances being at least one hundred to one against any other than a speedily fatal result, the surgeons were not a little surprised at the fact that the paralyzed boy continued to live; and now, after a long period of slowly increasing power—first, the ability to move a little finger; later, the power

to stand, to walk and to ride out.

pected.

now goes out daily to walk or ride, and

his complete recovery is confidently ex-

Tanuing. The appended recipe for tanning skins with the wool or fur on-for use in sleighs or wagons, as house rugs or other purposes-is given by City and Country, and will interest some: If the hides are not freshly taken off soak them in water with a little salt until they are soft as when green. scrape the flesh off with a fleshing knife, or with a butcher's knife with a smooth round edge, and with sheepskins the wool should be washed clean with soft soap and water and the suds be thoroughly rinsed out. For each skin take four ounces of alum and one-half ounce of borax. Dissolve these in one quart of hot water, and when cool enough to bear the hand stir in sumeient rye meal to make a thick paste with half an ounce of Spanish whiting. This paste is to be thoroughly spread over every part of the fiesh side of the skin, which should be folded together lengthwise, wool side out, and left two weeks in an airy place. Then remove the paste, wash and dry the skin; when not quite dry it must be worked and pulled and scraped with a knife made for the purpose, shaped like a chopping knife, or with a piece of hard wood made with a sharp edge The more the skin is worked and scraped as it dries the more pliable it

No person wants straw spelt back-ward on the end of his nose.

BLANDER

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

"Twee but a breath-And yet the fair, good name was wilted; And friend once fond grew cold and stilled, And life was worse than death.

One venomed word, That struck its coward, poisoned blow, In craven whispers, hushed and low-And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whisper-one That, muttered low, for very shame, The thing the slanderer dare not name-And yet its work was done.

A hint, so slight, And yet so mighty in its power, A human soul, in one short hour, Lies crushed beneath its blight f

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The money lender never neglects his business. He takes all the interest has can in it .- Picayune.

Patent medicines are now made that will cure everything except hams. Philadelphia Chronicle,

" Ma, may I go on the street?" "Yes, my dearest daughter, Provided the young man will treat

To cake and soda water." A Detroit architect has calls from nine different cities. He estimated the cost of a certain building for \$14,000, and it was finished for \$11,000 .-Detroit Free Press.

"If you fall off that balcony you'll get hurt," said one friend to another, "No, I shan't," said No. 2; "there's nothing about me to break; I'm broke already."-The Judge.

An after-dinner speaker who was called upon after many of the company, said many of his bright sayings fell dead because it was impossible to get a "smile" out of empty glasses.

His excellency: "You have brothers?" Captain—"One, your excellency." His excellency—"It's curious. I was talking with your sister, and she said she had two brothers. How is

that?"—Fliegende Blatter.
A New York music teacher boasts that he has taught 1,500 boys to play on the violin, which goes to prove that sometimes men can become so depraved that they will actually beast of and glor; in their crimes.—Siftings.

A little boy of four years was sleep-ing with his brother, when his mother said: "Why, Moses, you are lying right in the middle of the bed; what replied, "Harry's got both sides."

A family paper published a long article entitled, "Housekeeping Hereafter." "Oh, dear!" grouned a distributed less to the dislocation of tracted mother of five children and

> The Ithaca Journal tells of a little four-year-old, who, upon retiring, proceeded to say her prayers as usual. When she had repeated the line, "If I should die before I wake," a thought seemed to strike her, and after pausing a moment, she added: "What a rumpus there would be in this house ?" She then repeated the concluding line of the prayer and scrambled into bed.

HEALTH DINTS.

Apples before breakfast, well masti-cated, are an aid to the digestive organs.

It is reported, says Dr. Foote's Health Mouthly, that a club of business men has been formed in New York, pledged to slow eating at lunch. A good movement.

To relieve the swollen joints of the feet, paint the joints with iodine morning and night; wear shoes big enough for the feet, even if they are large; shoes require to be long as well as broad, and have low heels; new shoes will not hurt if they are large enough.

In a paper read before the Imperial German Congress of Surgery the case is described of a woman who, having lost the whole of the biceps with the exception of a thin strip of flesh, was grafted with a piece of muscle taken from a dog. Complete healing took place, and subsequent treatment with electricity restored motion to the limb.

The Boastful Goose.

A goose stood on the bank of a pond and said: "To what animal has Providence been so lavish of gifts as to me? I belong to the air, earth and water; I can walk, fly and swim." The astute serpent, hearing this selfadulation, said: "Don't be such a boaster. You can do nothing well; you can neither run like a doe, nor fly like a dove, or swim like a perch." It is better to know how to do one thin well than many things awkwardly.

W. A. Croffut, in one of his New York letters, avers that "most of the famous editors this country has produced have been large men. Horace Greeley weighed 200. Thurlow Weed weighed 216. Henry J. Raymond weighed 180 or more; so did Samuel Bowles. Hugh Hastings and General James Watson Webb turn the scales at 200. Robert Bonner weighs nearly 250. George Jones weighs more than 200, so does Charles A. Dana, so does General Hawley, so does Murat Halstead, so does George Alfred Townsend, so does Mr. Hurlbert, so will White-Inw Reid in five years more."