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A WELCOME.

For in the sunny South she lingers, Yet slowly comes along, With fairy garlands in her fingers, With anatches of sweet song. Her eyes with promise are beaming. Her smiles will rapture bring, The sunlight from her hair is streaming-Thrice welcome, lovely Spring.

She brings us gifts, the royal maiden, Fair flowers to deck the hills; With primroses her arms are laden. Bluebells and daffodils.

Pale crosuses have come before her, Wild birds her welcome sing; Ten thousand longing hearts adore her-The gray world's darling, Spring.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

"Thus, you see, my own Hortense, that I must leave you. I shall provide an income of a hundred louis for your expenses. Look forward constantly to my return; and when fortune again smiles upon me I shall come back, never again to be separ-ted until death."

he weeping wife could not be comforced. It was hard that, so soon after ner marriage, when the world seemed her, all should be swept away, and she left, like a lone widow, to protect her-The husband was almost diser. His heart had been bound up in bis autiful Hortense. She had been his dol from boyhood, the bright dream tained the distinction of one of the merchant princes of Montreal he mar-

heart of luxury. Misfortunes came on swift wings to the happy pair. One by one his possessions left him, and worse than that, ness. Every window where he sat others were involved in his affairs who | with her, every arbor where they had could not look upon the ruin of those they had walked, or whose trunk he heart and would not wrong any one a farewell look. for the world. They that lost by his ill fortune admitted that M. Valentin est?" he asked, after his painful jourwas a strictly honest man; and that is great praise from those who are injured by a man's ill luck. People are "Eugene! do not name it," she said; "you will break my heart." but too apt to call it dishonesty.

There was but a single bright spot before M. Valentin. Australia gleamed was a nine days' wonder as to where if possible, speaking to you."
he was gone and to what purp se; and it was his last night on earth. When then he died out of the thoughts of the the morn broke his eyes were closed in community as thoroughly as if he had the slumber of death.

been dea I and buried.

another locality; the fashionables who spirit. There was nothing that had had strained every nerve to get in- been touched by Eugene that had not now? vited to the house of the rich mer- a solemn and a sacred value in her chant, never pause I to ask after his wife; and lonely and miserable, without friends or relatives, Hortense ing to her that no one else could undrooped and pined, until the beauty derstand; and yet upon each one of which her husband so praised was these and upon her whole heart and married, but still free! A painful rechanged into dimness. She never life seemed written, "the glory has deheard from M. Valentin. No single parted." word had ever cheered her solitude month dragged its slow weight along the fond husband, the courageous adand no tidings reached her, her heart | venturer. At first he was almost disshe think? It was better to think so than to believe him unmindful of her, and day after day she watered his gether, never to part; and perhaps furnished it richly, brought a number impression at once affords the means memory with tears of genuine serrow. as one sorrows for the beloved dead.

She put on the deepest mourning, kept her room for months, and when plainly in the face, which if it had lost young Eugene Stanbury, an Englishman of unblemished character and prosperous business. He saw her pedient to be introduced, and begged The lady pleaded her inability to enterreasons why he should not visit her.

friend, a brother, anything in short, if he might be permitted to see her some-

Once having renewed the delicious consciousness of a protecting presence, she found it hard to give it up for the mere punctilious fear of what the that if Hortense were dead she would world would say of her. Indeed she appear to him then in his need. had long since shaken hands with the world, and parted from it. She owed

in an hour of more than usual lone- the boy.

her; and all these combined operated all until she became his wife.

treal, was surrounded with trees and flowering shrubs of every description. of Hortense awoke to life, to love, to of the deep scars? happiness; and to see her thus, rejoiced that of her husband.

Two years of almost unmingled bliss went by, but the third year commenced with some alarm for the health of Eugene. Twice had Hortense seen him draw a handkerchief from his lips, which was steeped in blood; and often his nights were passed in coughing until nature was exhausted, and so bright and gay, and when wealth and fortune smiled so serenely upon the terrible sweats which so surely portend consumption Hortense struggled against this new and terrible sorrow. It was the first time that she acted with the thought of leaving had watched over one dear to her. It was the first time that she had seen the effects of this insidious disease, and hope and fear alternated in her of his existence; and when he had at- breast, until at length she hoped against all hope, and the blow came down upon her all the harder that she ried her and placed her in the very had not schooled herself to feel its approach.

It was hard to see him parting with were less able to lose than himself. He rested, every tree under whose shades around him; for he had a kind had carved with her name, all received

"But you must hear it, Hortense. I cannot stay with you long. Thank heaven that I leave you above want. up warm and golden, and with a des- Promise me, dear, that you will never peration born of love to his wife and leave this home. Trust me; I will be justice to his creditors, he secretly em- with you in spirit when the form is barked for the land of promise. There laid in the earth; watching, guarding,

Hortense wandered for months about The weeping Hortense removed to her beautiful home like a perturbed year ago.

It is time to go back to the days of since he left her. As month after M. Valentin, and see what became of self. utterly sunk within her, and she be- tracted at the thought of parting with the door, and managed to secure the they take impressions from their lieved him dead. What indeed could Hortense; but once the Rubicon

they would be all the happier for the separation. Full of hope he went to the mines of Australia. Day by day he wrought | the movements of his neighbor. He | the power many men have of distorting she finally went out again, and that there, enduring hardships unheard of chose all his private rooms on that side or altering the actual features, etc., only to church, her sorrow was written before, but bearing them with the of the house that overlooked hers. courage and fortitude of a hero. Ever some of its beauty, was yet most before him was the word Hortense, It deeply interesting. So at least thought nerved his arm in the rough mines, before him was the word Hortense. It in the garden. She looked still hand- our plan of taking the criminal's porwhen he struck his iron into the goldgiving soil; it soothed him when he lay burning with fever in a rude shanty in at church, devised some ingenious ex- the mountains; his thought by day and his dream by night was still his own the privilege of waiting upon her. Hortense Not a word, however, ever reached him from her; and often he tain company, the impropriety of her shuddered at the fearful probabilities receiving gentlemen, and a thousand that arose to his mind. Hortense might be sick, suffering; might deem him He overruled them all, besought her dead or unfaithful; no, that could to waive all ceremony with him, to never be-she would have faith in him consider him as a deeply-attached as in the sun. Come what would she would not be shaken in her trust. But as he lay in the miserable shed which times; and Hortense, weary of her held his sick bed he would have given monotonous and dreary life, at last worlds for one glance from her eye, one quest that he might call on the lady. pressure of her hand to show that he was not forgotten, and as he watched the stars overhead; shining through the crevices of the low roof, he thought

The rude miners were too intent on gain to watch beside his bed, and that it must be fancy. She found her her conduct. Thus she reasoned while which he lay untended. Aid came at did not neglect any opportunity of listening to Eugene's impassioned en- last in the shape of a child-a young being with her. They rode together, treaties that she would lay aside her boy whose father was at work in the sorrow for the dead and become his mines, and whose mother supported would thrill through the soul of Horherself and child by washing. Hours Still she hesitated. She truly be- did little Ben Cole sit beside him, far-off land. lieved in her husband's death; for watching every movement and trying would he not have written had he to give him ease; or, bringing water been living? Of the many letters she from the spring, he would bathe his she had instituted, no answer could be A tender nurse indeed was little Ben, obtained. No one knew anything of and on his recovery M. Valentin made by death-but Hortense saw it in that Since Mr. Booth's success was an-

the laundress happy by providing for light. More and more tender grew nounced he has received invitations

herself that should Eugene press his warded for his enterprise. Gold had was scarcely surprised, and certainly suit anew she would consent to marry | showered in upon him in almost fabuhim. She liked him. She was weary lous profusion, and now he seriously his hand, of her own life, caged and cribbed as thought of returning home. Someshe was; she longed for freedom from | what enfeebled by his late illness, he the restraint that poverty and widow- was struck with dismay at again being hood were constantly imposing upon prostrated, and to find that his disorder was the dreaded smallpox. That wonderfully in Eugene's favor. The he lived through this was only because marriage was strictly private; and his constitution was so excellent that half Mr. Stanbury's friends had no even this enemy could not vanquish it. suspicion that she had ever married at He did live, but his own mother could not have known him, so deeply scarred He took her to a pleasant home, as and disfigured had he become. With comfortable if not quite as luxurious his first returning strength he set out as the one she had shared with M. forhome. Hortense! Montreal! were Valentin; and all that she could ask now the beginning and end of his aspifor was showered upon her with gen- rations. One only thing marred his erous profusion. Their dwelling, two joy on the homeward route. Would or three miles from the heart of Monured face that looked at him from the little glass in his cabin? Would she Inside there was every comfort that a endure the long, shaggy beard by

He had taken passage in an Amerarrived safely, and the next hour saw his course to the neighborhood where Hortense had proposed going after his departure. He inquired everywhere for Madame Valentin. No one knew But Hortense awoke to life, awoke her. He himself was not recognized, even when he haunted the old places of business. Another name, of course, was upon the familiar door; and hither he turned his steps, to see if haply some old friend of former days might not have heard of her. Even the name was unremembered, or pretended to be; and yet the person he asked was one whom he remembered as plotting zealously to be invited to his din-

ner parties. "They will remember me when they find I am rich again," said Valentin to himself, bitterly.

He turned into a by-street and saw a beggar sitting in the sunshine. It was the most cordial and happy face that had met his gaze since he came back. The man did not ask for anything either, nor show him the withered arm that hung loosely under his coat; and hopeless as the question seemed, he thought he would ask it.

As he dropped money into the ragged hat that lay on the ground beside the beggar, he said, carelessly:

"Can you tell me where Madame Valentin lives now, my man?" "I used to know her when she lived

in Queen street. Was that the one?" It was the street where M. Valentin's grand house stood. "She is gone from that house, but she did not forget old Jack, and many's

the penny she has given me since.

Glad enough was I when I heard she was married again." "Married!" exclaimed M. Valentin.

Stanbury; but, poor man, he died a

would be a hopeless task. Hortense vulsion took place in his mind, and he

that he would not yet discover himhood of Hortense, read "Stanbury" on of servants, bought a fine carriage and

he settled down to watch at his leisure

late husband's. He soon became satisfied that she lived a very retired and quiet life; that she had little company and kept early hours. It was early spring, but he had plenty of flowers and fruit in the greenhouse, and he sent some for her acceptance with Mr. Richie's compliments, Again and

delicate taste.

neighbor whom she had not seen. The flowers had been sent several times when he added to them a re-Hortense, The sound of his voice husband; but she persuaded herself sung together, and often his voice tense like a remembered lay from some

Insensibly she was becoming interested in him. He had told her much that was true of his past life, and said was lost to him-he did not say their intercourse, for the lady seemed from nearly all the principal theatres iness and trouble she whispered to M. Valentin had been richly re-utterly to disregard his sears, until she in Germany.

not offended, at receiving an offer of

She was alone in the world; she had no one to consult, no one who had any right to blame her for trusting to one of whom she knew so little. It was her own risk, and she accepted him, frankly telling him how well she had loved him who had gone from her sight, and promising that she would try to love him as well.

M. Valentin exulted greatly in this

answer, and came near discovering himself; but he had desired to delay it to a certain date, and he checked himself in time. The wedding day was appointed, and everything was in read iness for the occasion. In exchanging rings Hortense looked fixedly at the one which the bridegroom gave her. It was the very ring which M. Valentin had given her at their first wedloving heart could suggest. The heart | which he was enabled to cover a part ding! She fainted on the spot, and he began to think that he had carried matters too far. He hung over her ican vessel bound for New York. He with an anxiety such as he never knew before. If she died now by his him on his way to Montreal. He bent own folly, what would become of him? He execrated his scheme, and repented

to the new joy of his presence, to ask his forgiveness for the past, and inspire new hope for the future. There had ever been an inexplicable attraction toward him on her part, from their first interview, and, as she confessed this, her husband was quite inclined to be satisfied, and to forgive the apparent disrespect which he fancied she had paid his memory.

As M. Valentin predicted, the inhabitants of Montreal, as soon as they found out his wealth, were happy to make his acquaintance, and remembered him as an old friend. With the true spirit of an honest man, he has liquidated his debts to the last farthing; and now, with his still beautiful wife, he is traveling through Europe, happy as any couple can possibly be on their bridal tour.

Thumb Portraits.

If the "ball," or cushion-like surface of the top joint of the thumb, be examined, it can be seen that in the center-as, indeed, in the fingers also -is a kind of spiral formed of fine grooves in the skin. The spiral is, however, rarely, if ever, quite perfect -there are irregularities, or places where lines run into each other here and there. Examining both thumbs, it will be seen that they do not exactly match; but the figure on each thumb is the same through life. If the thumbs of any two persons ar: compared, it will further be found to at no "Bless you, sir, yes; married to Mr. two are alike. There may be, and tanbury; but, poor man, he died a generally is, a "family resemblance" between members of the same family, "Do you know where she lives as in other features; there are also national characteristics; but the in-"Somewhere out of town, I don't dividuals differ. All this is better go so far now I am so old. I think it seen by taking "proof impressions" is in Bloomsbury Place, West Terrace." of the thumb. This is easily done by To paint M. Valentin's feelings pressing it on a slab covered with a film of printers' ink, and then pressing it on a piece of white paper; or a little aniline dye, Indian ink-almost anyresolved, as all seemed to forget him, thing-may be used.

The Chinese take advantage of all this to identify their important That night he visited the neighbor- criminals, at least in some parts of the empire. We photograph their faces; next house, which happened to be thumbs. These are stored away, and of comparison. The Chinese say that, horses, and under the name of Richie considering the alteration made in the countenance by hair and beard, and their method affords even more certain. The first time that he saw her was and easy means of identification than some, but very sad and pensive. He trait. Perhaps we might with adwondered if it was for his loss or her vantage take a leaf out of their book. -World of Wonders.

Edwin Booth's Success in Germany. A London paper thus describes the phenomenal success met with by Edwin Booth, the American actor, in again he repeated the gifts, and each let " to a house crowded in every part. Berlin: Mr. Booth opened as "Hamtime with a selection that marked a The crown prince occupied the royal box, attended by his suite, and fol-Hortense was charmed with her new lowed the play most attentively. At the termination of the piece, and after being recalled twenty-four times, Mr. Booth had to receive a deputation of artists and literati who had witnessed She returned a favorable answer, and the performance. The crown prince under the cover of the twilight hour also complimented him personally, he found himself in the room with The performance of the company was in German, and exceedingly satisfacfilled her with indescribable emotion, tory, the play going without a hitch. because it resembled that of her first The engagement up to now has proved a far greater success than could have been anticipated. The papers are it no favor. It had no right to criticise many were the long days and nights in neighbor agreeable and attentive. He unanimous in placing Booth in front of Salvini and Rossi (both favorites in Berlin), and it is difficult to get a 'ace unless booked the day before. speculators got fourteen to eighteen marks for six-mark seats, a pretty sure indication of business. The crown princess has been twice and the crown prince four times out of five performances. He was accompanied once by Fad written him, the many inquiries fevered forehead with his little hands. openly mourned some being whom he his late tutor, the great German Shakespearian scholar, Professor Werder.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

On August 1 an international electric exhibition will be opened at Vienna, and a fine display is anticipated.

The coal deposits of Colorado are practically inexhaustible, and they are to be found in almost every portion of the State. Two millions of tons were mined last year.

A German firm has put upon the market some transparent paints to use on coarse-lined cloth. The effect is said to be a perfect imitation of Gobelin tapestry work for wall dis-

In Great Britain the large sum of I \$40,000,000,000 is invested in railways. Some of the engines weigh forty-live tons and take a lond of ninety tons at And we are near them, for last night I heard a speed of from forty to fifty miles an

English silk merchants are thinking about acclimatizing a species of spider which has been discovered on the African coast. This spider makes a thread very like yellow silk and almost as strong.

It has be a proved by numerous experiments that flour cannot bear the action of the sun, even when not exposed directly to its rays. When flour s exposed to the heat of the sun an alteration takes place in the gluten similar to that produced by the heating of the stones. For this reason it is advisable that the transportation of flour should take place, if possible, on cool days or by night, as well as that

flour should be store 1 in a cool place. The applients knew a great deal for which they get very little credit. A short time ago a collection of surgical instruments was dug up at Pompeli. It was evidently the property of some single establishment, and was quite elaborate. Of course, the "find" was removed to the saples museum. One of the appliances attracted great attention. It was a long rod with a metallic place fixed at one end at an angle of 135 degrees. At first it was thought to be a cautery for internal operations, but its resemblance to the modern laryngeal mirror suggests the probability that it was so used.

The increasing cost of wood in America has led to a great number of experiments in preserving from decay all kinds of wooden structures exposed to the weather. Among the more recent plans suggested is one for impregnating wood with asphalt, combined with some kind of antiseptic material. The finished wood, ready to be put together, is first submitted to heat to drive out the moisture, and is then placed in a hot lath composed chiefly of asphalt and carbolic acid. On cooling, the solvent of the asphalt evaporates, leaving a skin or coating of the asphalt on the surface of the wood that resists water and keeps the antiseptic material securely locked within the pores of the wood. The exterior of the wood presents a smooth, black surface that does not need to be

WISE WORDS.

Study to be what you wish to seem. Woman is most perfect when most womanly.

The man has not lived in vain who plants a good tree in the right place. Hard workers are usually honest; industry lifts them above temptation

He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his own

suffering compels them to follow their killed several doctors in this city,judgment. The sleep of memory is not death;

forgotten studies are certain aptitudes gone to sleep.

friends. While they live we are too and exclaimed; "Manma, how I wish sensitive to their faults; when we I was deaf and dumb in my nose." have lost them we only see their virtues.

character are to talk little and hear scrubber in the Covent Garden theatre. much, to reflect alone on what has Her voice, therefore, should be passed in company, to distrust one's scaprano, but it isn't .- Pittsbury Taleown opinion, and value others that graph.

It is easy to live in this world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is keeps with perfect sweetness the in- tries, in bringing him wealth unless dependence of solitude,

If there is anything which even a gratulate himself on, it is the knowl- "Women are called the 'weaker sex' the chances are that the mistake may try has shown enough intellectual spoil him; while if he proves to be a weakness to embark in the weather genius, the world will find it out before prophet business, or attempt to eat he does.

It has never been ascertained precisely what the scorpion lives on. Per-haps he is sustained by the consciousness of knowing that he is a pedipalpous pulmonary arachnidan. We have known some people with high-sounding titles whose mode of making both ends meet was a profound mystery to the general public. Nobody ever has been known to die from the rebuke of a scorpion, but that they cause a specles of madness will not be denied by anybody who has been stung. If the sufferer is not mad for the time, he talks as if he was .- Siftings,

THE HAPPY ISLANDS.

BATES OF ADVERTISING.

He roams about the town from dawn to dark,

an old man with bent form and whitened hnir.

Who dreams the earth he treads on is a bark That sails to find a shore forever fair, The shore so many seek and do not find. Among the busy crowd, he heeds it not, But goes and comes to all our pleasure

blind; The world he lives in seems by him forgot.

far? know full well the vessel's course is

wrong. For farther south the Happy Islands are, The sound of music coming from their

shores, And caught the scent of flowers, and one bright bird

Flew homeward, over us, to roam no more I almost thought I saw them in the dawn, Fair as the rosy peaks of Paradiset But when the day broke fully they were gone.

Far, farther south the shore we search for Pray God they turn the vessel ere too late!

Must we sail by, as many times before? They make mistakes and lay it all to Fate That we have never reached the longed-for

And as he talks the old man's eager eyes Are looking southward, where he hopes to

purple peaks, crowned with strange glory, rise 'Neath fairer skies than those of Italy.

No sight of land breaks on his hopeful eyes. "Ah, we have missed them, as so oft be-And we were near, so near to them," he

cries. "Must we sail on and on forevermore?" Where are our Happy Islands? Must we sail Forever past them when so near they

seem?

dream!

Blow from the shores we left, Oh favoring And waft us to the shores that haunt each

Oh, fellow voyagers, pray God we find The land we seek and do not pass it by! Oh, blow us to the south, inconstant wind! For there, we think, the Happy Islands lie -Eben E. Rexford, in The Continent.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A fat office-The soap-boiler's. Headquarters-The hatter's store. Carvers of their own fortunes-Butchers.

The early angler catches the worm and a cold. Every carpenter has a plane duty

before him. To the average Athenian the dear-

est spot on earth is the Greece spot. A sermon always seems short to the woman who wears her new bonnet to church for the first time .- New York

Commercial. "There is a coolness between us; good-bye," said the fish under the ice to the fisherman on top, who was trying to break through and catch him.

The Drummer. If the report that General Sherman kisses every girl to whom he is introduced has any truth in it, we don't wonder that so many of our young men have military ambition, -Oil City

Oliver Wendell Holmes says that oad air, bad whisky and irregular babits keep the doctors alive. He must Men usually follow their wishes till be mistaken. Those very things have Picayuns.

A man at a New York hotel table, the other day, had some Limburger cheese sent to him. A little boy who We never know the true value of sat beside him turned to his mother

Mme, Scalehi, of the Patti troupe, sings three times a week and gets The best rules to form a man't \$2,500 per month. She began life as a

This is the way that a Galveston Texas) paper "drops into poetry": Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise; but he who, in the midst of the crowd, still it won't work, however hard he he advertise."

What can a man say to this exclavery clever young man ought to con- mation from the Woman Suffragist: edge, early acquired, that he is not a and yet, up to the hour of going to genius. For if he thinks otherwise, press, not one of her sex in this counsixty quail in thirty days.'

> THE ELOPEMENT. -A TALE. From win-Dow ope There hung Their pa-Rents said They must Not wed. A rope, By which To slope. Quoth he,
> "Let's fly
> To parSon nigh."
> Quoth she,
> "Ay! Ay!" Without A sound

One night
She rose,
Took her
Best clothes,
While Pop
Did doze.

She reached The ground, They fled, Were wed, Enough said.

Arthur Let, in Puck.