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TO-MORROW.

One walks secure in wisdom guarded ways That lead to peaceful nights through happy

Health, fame, friends, children and a gent'e All youth can covet or experience praise,

And use withal to crown the ease of life. Ah, thirsting for another day, How dread the fear

If he but knew the danger near? Another, with some old inheritance Of fate, unmitigated yet by chance-Condemned by those he loves, with no ap-

To his own fearful heart, that ever pants For newer circlings of the cruel wheel ! Ah, thirsting for another day,

What need of fear, If he but knew the help that's near? -Robert U. Johnson, in the Century.

## A COFFIN BOAT.

The other night Major Griddlewood, who long ago won his spurs as an efficient revenue officer, related the following story:

At one time we had a great deal of trouble with illicit distillers in Arkansas. There was one neighborhood the coffin business, but it is such a especially where it seemed impossible to discover the outlaws. This community was away up on White river. Officer after olicer had been sent up, and quite a number of them are there yet, although the department did not receive notification that they intended to leave the service. One day the news came in that one of our best men had just been killed at Dripping Springs, by which name the dangerous neighborhood was known. I was sent for by the marshal, who said:

"Major, you have had considerable success in hunting for distillers. Now we want you to find those fellows and bring them to justice. As you know, none of our men have been able to find them, and-'

"They've been found a trifle too often," I suggested.

"That's a fact," the marshal agreed. "but not by the right man. Now I want you to take as many soldiers as you want, and go to the place and break up the business."

I reflected for a moment and replied: "I think that our mistake has been in taking too many men. It is almost waved my handkerchief at Sophia Animpossible for a party of men to find a wildcat distillery. Their approaca is we had started early, and by the time soon heralded and disaster is certain the shadows began to lengthen we to follow. I will go alone and dis over were a long distance from Dripping the nest. Then I can return and capture the entire outlit."

"Rather hazardous," the marshal said, thoughtfully scratching his head. "Not so dangerous as the course

hitherto adopted.' "All right; use your own judg-

The next day I started on my perilhills and little valleys luxuriantly carhouse of a man named Anderson, a seemed to be devoted to her father. I saw at once that Anderson was an he had been in the army I felt secure under his roof. Still I did not care to ering darkness I could dimly see the tell him my real business, but in an- men, and could hear the splashing of swer to a question stated that I was looking for land in a leisurely sort of way, having just been discharged from the regular army, and especially desiring a rest from that dangerous activity which all army officers incurred.

"Well, sir, you are welcome at my pleasant. My daughter, who can row a boat to perfection, will cheerfully contribute to your enjoyment."
"I understand," looking at him,

"that several government officers have the brain," the first speaker rejoined. been killed by illicit distillers in this neighborhood.

"Yes," he replied, "shamefully mer-dered. Well, I won't say murdered, Anderson's orders is. Git a boat thar for the distillers no doubt considered it self-defense. Up in the hills here, awhile. Go out that to them willows." somewhere, there is a large distillery, but it will be a long time, I think, be is almost impossible to conduct a party of men through the hills, and it is almost certain death, for the distillers only the tip of my nose was above the can see almost every turn. My advice surface. "Thank heaven," I breathed, that's sent away, capture the men the boat brushed the willows. They

the exact location of the distillery." no progress. I was not regarded in chances of turning it over and escapthat light of suspicion which I thought | ing, one of them said : would characterize my appearance among the people, and I was soon concan't hit a man's head? Shove her off," vinced that the farmers around were and I breathed a prayer as the dip of not in sympathy with the distillers. the oars grew fainter. Finally I told Anderson my busi-

"Well," he said, "if I can do anything for you I'll do it cheerfully, but ing through the woods. After a terrilet me advise you not to go into the ble journey of hunger and fatigue I hills. Watch the river, as that is the reached Little Rock and made my reonly way they can possibly ship the port. stuff. I am going up the river to-day will accompany me we may make a with a smile, "but am supplying cheap possible to get coffins to the city fast land and to bring the men to our rest- of the work done,

quite a number of men. Come and

('Il show you my place of business." The shop stood near the river bank. dressing walnut lumber. Coffins were stacked up all around, and a flatboat was being loaded with the deathly furniture. I did not go up the river with Anderson, but took a boat ride with his daughter. She was not devoid of up here some time ago?" charms, and she chatted gayly as she

"I want pa to leave this place," she said. "Mother pined away and died from sheer loneliness, and if I were not so light-hearted I think I should go that way, too,"

"Do you ever see any of the illicit distillers?" I asked.

"I expect I see them, but I don't know them, of course. They are terrible when they get mad, but as long as they are not disturbed you wouldn't know that they were in the neighborhood. When we moved here they regarded pa with lingering suspicion, but finally, satisfied that he was in no way connected with the government, they dismissed their apprehensions and have ever since treated him with the utmost courtesy. Pa is making money out of grim trade that I cannot half enjoy any financial benefit that we derive from it. Say, you're hunting for the wild cats, ain't you?"

"Hush, don't talk so loud," "Nobody can hear us, but you are, ain't you?"

"Suppose I were, do you think I would tell any one?"

"I heard you tell father, but it's all right. I won't say anything about it, haven't any friends among the wild eats, and for my part I wouldn't care

if they were all in prison." "I remained several days longer, and then decided to return to the city, report unfavorably, adopt other measires, and again take up the enterprise. Anderson advised me to sell the horse and go down with a flat-boat load of coffins. I did not like the idea, but reflecting that it would be safer I dis-

posed of my horse and was soon ready or the voyage. I bade my friends an affectionate farewell, and soon stood on a coffin big enough for the Cardiff giant, and Spring. It seemed to me that the men every time I walked around it appeared My suspicions increased as evening

came on, and when I saw the men engaged in a whispered conversation I was convinced that violence was meditated. Happening at last I reached the place I found a dripping from it. Just then I looked most orderly and law-abiding commu another instant a bullet whizzed close eler. peted with grass. I could see no signs to my head, so close that I fell backof lawlessness, but on the other hand I | ward into the water. I did not lose was kindly treated. I stopped at the my presence of mind and kept myself under water as long as possible. When well-to-do fellow, with some education | I arose to the surface, several other and a bright-eyed daughter, who shots were fired, and sinking again I remained under water until I reached the shore, which fortunately was not honest man, and when I learned that far away, when I arose under a thick clump of willows. Through the gath-

"I know he is," a gruff voice re-plied, "fer I rawed a bead on his head, an' a man what can hit a haffer house, and I hope you'll find your stay dollar sixty yards ain't no slouch of a shooter, lemme tell yer. Bet he's got a bullet through the brain ef he's got any brain.

'I'd ruther bet on the bullet than "We've got to be certain about these thing." said a man who seemed Jack, an' you an' Tom paddle out thar

The boat was lowered and the splashing of the oars came nearer and nearer. fore the government breaks it up. It My heart beat violently. Great God, the moon came out and shone full on my face. I eased myself down until would be to watch for the whisky as a cloud obscured the moon just as handling it and compel them to show struck under with their oars, actually struck me once, and just as I was Several days passed and still I made about to seize the boat and take my

He's all right, I tell you. Think I

I remained in this uncomfortable position about a half hour longer, then drew myself out and was soon travel-

Several days afterward I was again after some walnut lumber and if you en route for Dripping Spring, this time with a strong posse of men. discovery. As you have no doubt Touching White river near the place notices, I make a great many coffins.

Not for government officials," he added mounted to rest. We had not been mounted to rest. We had not been there very long until we saw the coffin coffins for the New Orleans market. boat returning. I secreted myself and

enough, and at such times I employ ing-place, instructing them as to a form of interrogation.

When hailed they readily complied and approached the bank. They did Several workmen were employed in not seem to like so much attention, for they did not move up the bank with any great degree of alacrity.

"Do you know," said one of my men, "what became of a United States official named Griddlewood, who came

'No, sir," replied the captain of the coffin boat, "but I heard that he had bought a piece o' land over the mountains an' opened a farm.' Did you ever meet him?"

Believe I did meet him once at Mr. Anderson's house. 'Peered to me like he was sorter in love with the Ander-

"Don't suppose that I could find him, do you?" "Mout find him if you wuster go over the hills."

"That's unnecessary," I remarked, stepping from behind a tree and con-fronting the villains. They threw up their hands and prayed that their lives might be spared. We did not intend to give them the least chance of escape and securely pinioning their hands we took them down to the boat, where, after gaining all possible information, I left them under a strong guard. We were not long in gaining the neighborhood of Anderson's residence. It was a late hour at night, and we surrounded the house without alarming any one. I instructed one of my officers to call Anderson, and again I secreted myself.

" Halloa ! "All right," came from within the house, and pretty soon Anderson appeared.

"Mr. Anderson, I believe," said the

"Yes, sir; won't you come in?" "No, hardly got the time. I've come to this neighborhood in search of Major Griddlewood. Are you acquainted with him?"

"Oh, yes, should say I am, for he and my daughter are to be married soon. I'll show her to you. Here, Soph," and the girl came out. "Here is a gentleman who is looking for your intended husband."

"Good-evening, sir. Looking for the major, ch? How I wish I could sea him.'

" Here I am." I said, emerging from my hiding place and confronting my "intended" and her father. Anderson actually fell on the ground, and his daughter uttered a sbrick that made the woods ring. They were soon made on the boat watched me curiously, for prisoners and taken to the boat. Next day the distillery was easily found and that one of them followed me. destroyed. The collins were found to be lined with tin, and although ominous-looking casks, were not bad as vessels of shipment.

The prisoners were tried and punished to the full extent of the law, and ous expedition. I went horseback, to notice a coffin on which several ever since then the Dripping Spring and my progress was very slow. When others were piled, I saw something neighborhood has been one of the beautiful, rich country, with grand up and saw a gun level d at me In nities in the State.—Arkan aw Trav-

## Too Much Bathing.

There are few greater admirers of the bath than I myself am. I like almost every plan of bathing-with the exception, probably, of the Russian moud ik plan of getting in under the stove and burying yourself in hot ashes. I have never tried that, but doubtless it has its advantages-to a moudjik. However, I must say there is such a thing as overdoing even the an oar which I knew was manipulated bath. Although I should wish that to keep the boat from floating down, every one in this country were like "I reckin he's all right," said one of myself—amphibious, so that if thrown into the water he would only ponder, while quietly swimming out again, where the nearest place was at which to procure dry clothes and a cup of coffee—still, it must be remembered that men are not manatees. We could not live most of our time in the water. like those interesting aquatic animals, People should neither bathe too often in the day nor remain too long in the water at a time, else they will overdo it; they will have too much of a good The after-effects of the bath should in all cases be studied, as well as the state of the general health. Moreover, the temperature of the water deserves consideration; it may suit some people to break the ice on their matutinal tub in winter, with a frozen sponge for a mallet, but a dash of warm water is to be recommended when the mercury crosses the line thirty-two degrees. One bath in winter and two in the heat of summer I would not call overdoing the thing .-Harper's Weekly.

A good swimmer can't drown himself on purpose, says the New York Sun. He may think he can, and go to try; but the man doesn't live who can help swimming, if he is able, just as soon as he begins to choke. Such is the opinion of an old sailor, who adds: "How many times we hear of folks changing their minds after they get under water, and of course there's lots that never let on what they mean to do. When you read about a suicider weighting himself with lead or something, and the paper says it was done to hide the corpse, don't you believe it. Such persons are good swimmers, who know-perhaps from experience-that they've got to have heft to keep them

There are 80,000 acres of unsurveyed land in Montana, and numerous sections will have to be resurveyed, owing During an epidemic it is almost im- ordered my men to compel the boat ( to the imperfect, worthless character

CURE FOR A DREAD DISEASE. HYDROPHOBIA SAID TO BE CURED

BY A POTENT INDIAN DRUG. A Subils Polson Land to Nullify the Deadle America Instructed to Collect the Drug.

"For some time," said a prominent physician of Jersey City yesterday, "I have been investigating the subject of hydrophobia. I think I shall be able to demonstrate that in woorara, a drug prepared by the Indians of South America, we have a remedy for that

"It is a popular impression," he continued, "that hydrophobia almost inevitably follows the bite of a mail dog. This is a mistake. Perhaps not more than once in a hundred cases of

biting does that disease ensue. "For many years the practice of physicians in treating the bite of a mad dog has been to cauterize the voice, "doomed for a certain time to wound as soon as possible. If this operation were performed early enough, it was believed that no serious results would ensue. Youatt, the great writer on the dog, was convinced of the efficacy of this treatment. He allowed himself epeatedly to be litten by mad dogs, and cauterized the wounds successfully. But that the remedy is not infallible is certain. Youatt permitted himself to be bitten once too often, and, in spite of his caustic, he the agony he anticipated.

"The treatment employed in cases where the disease had actually developed varies. The object to be gained is to mitigate the paroxysms of the patient, for in hydrophobia death results from exhaustion produced by the vio-lence of the convulsions. Various and what you going to play?" drugs have been used, but with little success. At last, however, we have a drug which has recently been known to cure several authentic cases of hydrophobia, and which, when its nature is properly understood, may prove of the greatest value. I mean the woorara of the Perdrach Indians. Waterton, writing in 1811, gave an account of a kind of woorara which he found among the natives of Demerara for curing snake bites. He said it was made of many curious ingredients, including the woorali vine, two kinds of

ferred to in scientific works. many treated successfully a hydropho- these fellows with poke bia patient with a species of woorara, and white feathers duces death by paralysis. It relaxes all the muscles, in which respect it

po sons that produce convulsions. "I procured some of it, and, after reducing it to a solution, experimented with it to try its power. Soon after these tests, I used it in a pronounced case of hydrophobia and it proved entirely successful.

sending for me. I prescribed onetwelfth of a grain of strychn'a every three hours, and sent for Doctor Flint, of New York. We decided to continue this treatment. On the fifth day vsms that if repeated three or four times they would surely have proved fatal. He believed he was about to die. I gave him a subcutaneous inje tion of one sixteenth of a grain of woorara. He had slept very little before, but twenty minutes after the inlater he awoke and I gave him an inoction of one-ninth of a grain of He seemed to predominate. But at In about three hours I gave him and in an act from "Richard the Third," and other in ection of one-sixth of a grain, my chum is going to play the China-which was followed by a natural sle-p man of the "Danites," and I guess we I wo hours later he was quiet and will take the cake. Say, I want to rational, declared that he was feeling work in an idiot somewhere. How perfectly well, and all his unfavorable symptoms had vanished. He has never since thown any symptom of the disthing-

obtain genuine fresh woorara of ccessfully combat this disease, pro- him. -Pe k's Sun. vided the remedy be administered early enough. But the trouble with woorara is that its strength varies so feels blue .- "omercille Journal.

that it cannot be safely used until it has been carefully tested. I am now trying to extract from pure woorara its alkaloid, known as curarine, If I succeed, the difficulty arising from the varying strength of woorara in a given volume will be overcome, for the alkaloid will possess uniform strength in equal quantities. With that object in view I entered recently into correspondence with Secretary of State Frelinghuysen, and he instructed the American consuls at Para and other South American ports to forward specimens of the drug, with all the information they can procure about it. We await their replies."—New York

The Bad Boy.

"I am thy father's ghost," said a sheeted form in the doorway of the grocery, one evening, and the grocery man got behind a cheese box, while the ghost continued in a sepulchral walk the night," and, waving a chair round, the ghost strode up to the grocery man, and with [the other ghostly hand reached into a box of figs.

"No, you ain't no ghost," grocery man, recognizing the bad boy. "Ghosts do not go prowling around groceries stealing figs. What do you mean by this sinful masquerade business? My father never had no ghost."

"Oh, we have struck it now," said the bad boy, as he pulled off his mask soon discovered that he was in the incipient stages of hydrophobia. Despairing of being able to recover, he blew his brains out rather than suffer. blew his brains out rather than suffer have the church carpeted, and I am

going to boss the job."
"You don't say," answered the grocery man, as he thought how much he could sell to the church people for a strawberry and ice cream festival, and how little he could sell for amateur

and what you going to play?" "Pa and ma, and me, and the minister, and three choir singers, and my chum, and the minister's wife, and two deacons, and an old maid are rehearsing, but we have not decided what to play yet. They all want to play a different play, and I am fixing it so they can all be satisfied. The minister wants to play "Hamlet," pa wants to play "Rip Van Winkle," ma wants to play Mary Anderson, the old maid wants to play a boarding-school play, and the choir singers want an opera, and the minister's wife wants bulbous plants, the names of which he to play "Lady Macbeth," and my did not know, two species of ants, the chum and me want to play a double strongest Indian pepper, and powderel song and dance, and I am going to fangs of the Laborian snake. The give them all a show. We had a mixture was boiled and then placed in rehearsal last night, and I am the small earthen pots to cool. He sug-gested that if this was efficacious to You see they have all been studying You see they have all been studying cure the bite of a snake it might be of use in the treatment of hydrophobia. Nevertheless, it was never used for in first. He had on a pair of his wife's that purpose, although occasionally re- black stockings, and a mantle made of a linen buggy lap blanket, and he "Recently Dr. Offenberg in Ger- wore a mason's cheese knife such as bonnets obtained from Indians in Brazil. What they get an invitation to a funeral this woorara is, or how it is manufac- or an excursion. Well, you never tured, we do not know. It is beyond saw "Hamlet" murdered the way he did doubt a vegetable substance. It is it. His interpretation of the characsold by the Indians as a cure for snake ter was that Hamlet was a dude who bites, and is brought by them packed talked through his nose, and while he in leaf-covered jars into Para, where was repeating Hamlet's soliloquy, pa, it finds a ready market, as the peptiles who had come in with an old hunting around there are numerous and vene- suit on, as Rip Van Winkle, went to mous. It is a potent poison, and in its sleep, and he didn't wake up till Lady action, when taken in fatal doses, pro- Macbeth came in, in the sleep-walking scene. She couldn't find a knife, so I took a slice of watermelon and sharpdiffers from strychnine and the other ened it for her, and she made a mistake in the one she was to stab, and she stabbed Hamlet in the neck with a slice of watermelon, and the core of the melon fell on pa's face as he lay asleep as Rip, and pa woke up and felt the gob of watermelon on his face and he thought he had been murdered, and "I was called in great haste to visit ma came in a hop, skip and jump, as Mir. C. He was evidently in the incipient stage of hydrophobia. I learned around a deacon who was going to that some months before a young play the grave-digger, and began to Newfoundland dog bit the servant girl, both of Mrs. C.'s children and a nephew. When Mr. C. went to expense. The North sealived a whale," amine the dog the animal bit him and then they quit acting. You'd a through the index finger of the right dide to see Hamlet. The piece of hand. The dog was drowned, Mr. watermelon went down his neck, C.'s wound readily healed. The ser- and Lady Macbeth went off and left vant girl died of unmistakable rabies. it in the wound under his collar, Mr. C. hal been low-spirited, nervous and ma had to pull it out, and and irritable for about ten days before Hamlet said the seeds and the juice was running down inside his shirt, and he said he wouldn't play if he was going to be stabbed with a slice of melon, so while his wife was getting the melon seeds out of his neck, and he was seized with such violent parox-, drying the juice on his shirt, I sharpened a cucumber for Lady Macbeth to use for a dagger, but Hamlet kicked on cucumbers, too, and I had more

trouble than any stage manager ever "By gum," said the grocery man. "I would like to have seen that minection he fell asleep. Three hours ister as Hamlet. Didn't he look funny?" "Funny! Well, I should remark. woorara, which put him to sleep again. the next rehearsid I am going to work would you like to play the idiot. You wouldn't have to rehearse or any-

At this point the bad boy was seen "Now, I am satisfied that if we can to go out of the grocery real spry, followed by a box of wooden clothes-pins uniform strength we shall be able to that the grocery man had thrown after

A man always looks black when he

Remember, when the timid Dawn uncloses Her magic palace to the sun's bright beams,

Romember, when the pensive night reposes Leneath her silvery veil in tender dreams, When pleasures call thee, when thy heart is light.

When to sweet fancies shade invites a night.

List, through the deep woods ring Sweet voices, murmuring, Remember!

Remember, when Fate's cruel hand has broken

For ays the tie that bound my life with thine: When, with long years and exile, grief un-

spoken, Despairing heart and blasted hopes are

Think of my love, think of my last adieu, Absence and time are naught when love is

true. Long as my heart shall beat, Ever it shall repeat,

Remember!

Remember, when beneath the cold ground lying,

My broken heart forever is at rest. Remember, when some lovely flower is

Its petals soft to open on my breast, Thou wilt not see me; but my soul, set free Faithful in death shall still return to thee. Then hark to the sad moan;

Of a deep voice that groans, Remember! -Alfred De Musset.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A thunderstorm is a high-toned affair .- Derrick.

Admitted to bale-The sailor ordered into a leaky boat .- New York

Red is the natural color of a young baby, but afterward it becomes yeller. -New York Journal. "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," How we wonder what you are," Wand'ring trackless space about,

Does your mother know your route?
—Somerville Jonna A Western man called his house "Riches," because it had wings. The heavy mortgage on it kept it from doing much flying, however .- Yonkers

A Lowell gentleman, who claims to be neither an epicure nor a poet, but who is both, says that eating apple pie without cheese is like kissing a girl without a squeeze.—Lowell Citizen.

A fruit grower says it is a good plan to trim fruit trees high, and pasture orchards with sheep. The old plan of allowing the limbs to grow close to the ground, and pasture the orchard with a dog always seemed to us to be very effective, but a sheep that knows his business can also make it very torrid

for boys—Peck's Sun. A young city fellow, dressed in a faultless suit and a pair of shoes that tapered into a point in the most modern style, was visiting in a rural district. A bright little boy looked him all over until his eyes rested on those shoes. He looked at his own chubby feet and then at his visitor's, and then looking up, said : "Mister, is all your toes cutted off but one?"-Courier-Journal.

"You don't mean to say that you slept with a piece of that wedding cake under your pillow, you absurd thing!" said a lady to her husband the morning after they had attended a coupling hee. "Certainly I did." And did you see in y ur dream the person you are going to marry—when I am dead?" she asked, chillingly. "Oh, no; I only dreamed that I had never marriel at all. Susan, I am going to save this bit of cake; I am going to cherish it, my dear. I shall have its portrait painted by an old master, and its statue shall stand in the library. As an heirloom it shall descend—" She snatched it from his hands and flung it out of the bedroom window. "My love, it has descended," she said, sweetly.-San Francisco

## Stupld People.

"Stop trying to kiss me," cried a pretty girl to her bashful beau, "I ain't kissing you," said he, "Well, ain't you going to?" she asked. He ran away like a frightened deer.

A Buffalo bachelor got angry because a nice young lady complimented him on his delicate complexion.

A Brooklyn youth broke off an engagement on account of a difference of opinion as to the color of a mule's

A Chicago crank forbade his motherin-law to visit his house, and afterward discovered that she intended to pay her board,

A school-teacher thrashed a pupil for having an apple on his desk. When he finished punishing the lad he was chagrined to find that the apple was made of wax.—Ne rek Journal. mude of wax.-Ne

Two Chicago girls held their breath so long that one of them fainted and could with difficulty be resuscitated. We suppose some young man unexpectedly called after an onion supper. Philadelphia Neus.

"Well, father," the young man said, oyously, coming home from college, "here I am, with the sheepskin of a graduate." "I see," said the old man, grimly, "and you're wearing it over your bones. That's right."-Burlington Hawkeys.