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TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1883.

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Legal notices at established rates, Marringe and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected marketly. Temporary advertisements must e pridein advances. Job work, cash on delivery,

THE OLD READING CLASS. I cannot tell you, Genevieve, how oft it comes

That rather young old reading class in District Number Three, That row of elecutionists who stood so straight

in line, And charged at standard literature with amiable design.

We did not spare the energy in which our words were clad; We gave the meaning of the text by all the

light we had; But still I fear the ones who wrote the lines we read so free

Would scarce have recognized their work in District Number Three.

Outside the snow was smooth and clean—the winter's thick-hald dust; The storm it made the windows speak at every

Bright sleigh-bells threw us pleasant words

When travelers would pass; The maple trees along the road stood chivering in their class;

Beyond, the white-browed cottages were nestling cold and dumb. And far away the mighty world seemed beckoning us to come-

The wondrous world, of which we conned what had been and might be, In that old-fashioned reading class of District

Number Three. We took a hand at History-its altars, spires

And uniformly mispronounced the most important names;

We wandered through Biography, and gave our fancy play, And with some subjects fell in love—"good

only for one day;" in Romanico and Philosophy we settled many

m point, And made what poems we assailed to creak at every joint; And many authors thats there, you with me

will agree,
Were first time introduced to us in District Number Three.

You recollect Susannah Smith, the teacher's sore distress, Who never stopped at any pause-a sort of

day express t And timid young Sylvester Jones, of inconsistent sight,

Who stumbled on the easy words and read the hard ones right ! And Jennie Green, whose deleful voice was

always clothed in black? And Samuel Hicks, whose tones induced the plastering all to crack ?

And Andrew Tubbs, whose various mouths were quite a show to see? Alas! we cannot find them now in District

Number Three. and Jasper Jenckes, whose tears would flow

at each pathetic word Ole's in the prize-fight business now, and hits them hard, I've heard); and Benny Bayne, whose every tone he mur-

mured as in fear (His tongue is not so timid now: he is an auc-

And Lanty Wood, whose voice was just enand leaped from hourse to floreely shrill with

most surprising range; Also his sister Mary Jane, so full of prudish

Alas! they're bolh in higher schools than District Number Three.

So back these various voices come, though long the years have grown, And sound uncommonly distinct through Memory's telephone:

And some are full of melody, and bring a sense of cheer, And some can smite the rock of time, and

summon forth a tear; But one sweet voice comes back to me, whenever and I grieve,

And sings a song, and that is yours, O peer-

It brightens up the olden times, and throws a smile at me A silver star amid the clouds of District Num-

ber Three. -Will Carleton, in Harper's Magazine.

A HAPPY MISTAKE.

"No, life is not fair. Its troubles are given to the many; its pleasures only to the few!" mused Mrs. Merriam as she stood in her cottage door looking after the fine carriage of an old schoolmate that had just dashed by. "She has so much, and I so little ! and she would have given her eyes, in those days, if Tom Merriam would listened! I wonder if Tom- But down the narrow path as she passed by. have in half an bour's time." what am I thinking of? I am quite sure that Tom could never have cared for her-never!"

Mrs. Merriam's set face softened a little as her memory went back to the nel that the wood-spider wove for a understood by even the more prodays when "Tom" wooed and won her, and when she was so glad to secure him afterher long fear that Hermione

away from the open door with a heavy sigh and entered the plainly-furnished sitting-room where her two little girls

were getting ready for school.
"Put it away! Hide it under your apron, Rosy, or mamma will see it!" she heard her twelve-year-old Inez say half so dear; "and I have had a pleas- the destruction of the hill forests be in a frightened whisper as she laid ant birthday, after all." her hand on the latch of the door.

By the back door sh

were anxious to set off to school before feast had vanished. their usual time, and when the mother A confused murmur of voices had allowed them to do so she saw sounded from the parlor. The diningthem turn out of their road to go to room door stood wide open. There on their father, who was at work in the a table beautifully decorated with hot

field on the hillside, the hilltop, in strong relief against the and creams such as she had never seen pale-blue horizon, and Rosy's apron before; while on an improvised side-was unfolded, and "father" was evidently made the participator in the roast fowl, a ham, in paper frills, secret which "mother" was not to and dressed with parsley, and a tongue.

the discontent with which the next peeped into the parlor, and capable housekeeper went about A beautiful rosewood arm-chair,

that noon when he came to dinner. for, but never hoped to possess he had finished, instead of lingering to talk to his wife as he generally

birthday! Tom might have remem- board. bered it sufficiently to say a kind word or two in praise of the extra good dinner which she had given him. But no; there he was on the hill-side again, and actually leaning over to talk to out of the woods, and—oh, here she is!" Hermione Marabout as she drove by on her way back to the beautiful little from the lips of the children in their villa which her husband had taken for Sunday attire; and Tom Merriam-her during his absence in Europe on also dressed in his best-turned from impostant business.

The hillside conference lasted nearly of Inez and Rosy. ten minutes; then the pony-carriage rolled by the small brown farmhouse once more; but Hermione's face was persistently turned the other way.

"She has forgotten, too!" thought Mrs. Merriam, bitterly. "And yet her the wreath!" cried Rosy, capering about after mine.

She finished washing and putting this morning!" away her dinner dishes and swept the kitchen floor. Her house was none the less spotlessly tidy because her

heart was aching.
She put on a clean dress of pink

of fruitcake-one for each member of | mamma?" the family—which she had made in secret, and the wheaten bread, the graham rolls, the chipped beef and in a low tone, as she kissed her friend. home-made preserves were ready for the supper table on the shelves.

Nowork was pressing for this afternoon. For a week past she had planned to secure four leisure hours at this time, and now they hung heavily and sadly upon her hands.

She wandered around from room to room for a few moments, biting her lips hard every now and then to keep back the unwelcome tears. At last she snatched up her sunbonnet, and leaving the house by the back door she hurried across the garden and a small neck of pasture land, and reached the lesson taught her by that momentary cool, green shadow of the pasture glimpse of the two sides that may ex-

In the silence and beauty of the lives .- V. F. Benton. maples she flung herself down and burst into tears. Long, long she wept, till the sadness and discontent which had been making her heart sore all through the day were entirely gone.

Raising herself on her elbow at last a quick whir of wings close beside her cheek startled her. She searched among the moss, and found under the inches high, a lovely little hair-lined nest with four little, warm white eggs in it, the latest brood of the season.

chirping pitifully. She rose and walked on.

berries, late raspberries and crimson had taken Jacob Marabout, instead of the rest of the herd to higher pastures. telling him that I was engaged to Tom. A woodchuck, standing on his hind All was life, movement, happ ness.

sunshine, blue skies and perfumed breezes, wherever she turned. She stooped to wonder at the curious tun- mate and fertility is as yet but poorly hiding-place in the midst of her net, fessional class of farmers. It is a the rounded shafts sunk through the problem that can be solved only by dried grass by the meadow-mole, and observations extending over consider-

sight under her white pinafore with a as she passed she saw with surprise LIFE IN THE HOP DISTRICT. loss from this cause will not be considvery guilty face. Both the children that the materials for the birthday

house flowers were the lost dainties The two trim little figures stood on in company with cakes, ices, fruits

Speechless with astonishment the It was a little thing, but it added to farmer's wife crossed the ball and

her usual tasks that morning. covered with crimson velvet—a chair Tom Merriam was unusually silent such as she had always secretly longed covered with crimson velvet-a chair He partook of the tempting meal in near the open fireplace. Over the an absent-minded kind of way and carved and arched top Hermione went back to the hillside the moment | Marabout was arranging a wreath of golden-rod and field-daisies, while Tom Merriam was fastening above the wreath a finely-executed inscription, And yet this was her thirty-fourth painted in colors upon tinted paste

the chair and added his embrace to that

"Welcome, dear mother!" said the glowing letters on the tinted board. "Welcome, dear wife!" whispered

her husband as he kissed her. "Inez painted the letters and I made own birthday comes only one week like a mad thing. "And we were so afraid that you would see them both

"And papa bought the chair and hid it out in the barn all last night," chimed in Inez. "And dear Mrs. Marabout has brought you-oh, such a lovely new black silk dress, and such print which she had made ready for lots and lots of nice things for supis very day.

In the pantry were four tiny loaves day in all the world—now isn't it,

> "I married for money, you know, and have it; but that is all. Never once in all my life, Esther, have I known the least tithe of joy that you feel this day. You are a very happy woman, my dear. May God keep you so!'

> With light hearts they all sat down together to share the birthday feast. But in the twilight of that evening, when they two were alone, the wife confessed to her husband all the evil

thoughts that had beset her that day Never again did they trouble her Never has she forgotten the silent ist in the most fortunate of human

Making Cross-Eyes Straight.

A medical expert described to a Nev York Times reporter his method of making cross-eyes straight as follows: "The operation to be undergone by the patient is simple and practically painless. For the convergent cases there is no pain whatever, only a little anroof of three tiny maples, scarcely two noyance while the operator is reaching the little muscle which has to be divided. I have performed the operation hundreds of times on other people, "I will not disturb you, pretty one," sometimes giving anesthetics, and is as sudden and unexpected. I have she said to the small, brown mother often with no such aid. The patient in mind a grower who was some years stout roots are required to support a who sat on a barberry bush close by is stretched on the table. I draw apart with my fingers the lids of his eyes and insert between them a little The great trees rustled and waved steel instrument shaped like the letter he afterward accepted five cents saves them from decay, and a pine their green and golden leaves about O. The sides of this expand by a per pound, which was much stump, forty years after the tree has over her head in the sunlight and fresh spring and force the lids open, disclosing the eyeball and the network of ceived. Another so d his whole crop most the same grim determination as A brilliant red bird, with a jet-black muscles holding it in position and for \$20. One man fel them to his when first cut. But in spite of this, head and wings, flashed past; a golden directing its movements. When this sheep, while another used them for stumps from twenty to forty inches in robin chattered and scolded from a tall expansion is accomplished I lift up the horse-bedding. But in the overturn diameter can be pulled with a good ash at her, and a red squirrel barked muscle with a small pair of tweezers of things produced by last machine at a cost of lifteen or twenty himself awry, just above the robin's and divide it with my instrument, year's supposed immense short cents each. A man who owns a good head, when he saw her coming; sweetscented thistles, honest-faced mul- as if a small band of rubber was being leins, and the cheerful golden-rod snapped. There is no pain at all. were in bloom on every side; black-berries, late raspberries and crimson tions are performed. The muscle has "Scotch-caps" overran the woods, and sometimes been divided too much, and still kept in store, perhaps to pass into and many of them were from three to barberry bushes hung full of yellow- the error has to be rectified. This re-And yet, I once had the opportunity of ish fruit. A bird, unseen in the quires some stitches to be taken and a accepting that rich husband of hers, depths of the forest, sang every money cut to be made. The patient must new cut to be made. The patient must flu tuation of prices are many. Ferment three flute-like notes, half-sweet, be made unconscious while this is going half-sad. Toward the west a deep on." "Can you cure any case of strahave cared for her as he cared for me! bell tinkled melodiously, and the straw- bismus?" "I can benefit any ordinary I wonder how it would have been if I berry roan-cow came in sight, leading case, even when it can't be entirely cured. I have often wished that I could operate on Ben Butler. I think and seeing real tears in his eyes as he feet at the door of his home, bolted I could give him as straight eyes as I

The Influence of Forests. The influence of forests upon cli Macy would be his chosen bride the busy ants carrying their eggs about when a stone chanced to be uplight flashed upon the highly-valuished panels of a rmione's pony carriage far up the corge road. She turned Two hours passed before she was ing of soil which overlays their rocky aware of their flight; and in all that slope will shortly be washed down into time she had forgotten to be unhappy. the valleys and into the beds of streams "The woods have taught me a lesson and rivers. Periodical freshets will that I needed," she thought, as she turned back toward the lonely cottage away the best soil from even the valhome that had never before seemed leys. One authority declares that if a frightened whisper as she laid ant birthday, after all."

By the back door she entered her that State will be sterile in fifty years home again. Glaucing into the pantry — Boston Coarier

THE PASCINATION OF HOP CULTURE

DESCRIBED. How Fortunes Are Made and Lost-An Agri. | York Sun.

cultural Pursuit With the Chauces of the Gaming Table. Whoever makes a summer pligrimage westward from Albany by the Alpany and Susquehanna railroad, after the first thirty miles are passed, begins to see a strange and unaccustomed vegetation. Occasionally a luxuriant growth of vines is met, which covers the earth entirely from the fervent

mid-day sun, and rises from twelve to twenty feet in the air. He is in the outskirts of the hop district. It is only after he has gained the summit, about fifty miles west of the capital city, and rolls swiftly down the long slope of the Susquehanna valley, that he realizes that the heart of hop-growing America is reached. He is in Otsego-a county which excels all others in acreage and amount and

value of hops. Here the hop fields become larger and more numerous. Hop-growers are no longer the exception, but the rule. You may drive the whole day and hardly pass a farm which has not from two to fifty acres of the vine. This acreage is constantly increasing. The his broad fields to-day, and even the timid, old-fashioned farmer of that time has caught the infection, and poasts a modest acreage of his own. The merchant, the mechanic, and even the day laborer not infrequently hires a plot of ground from some neighboring farmer, and "tries his fortune with the rest. Instances are not uncommen of those who rent a few acres and the whole year in an I about the hop yard. It is a mania; and, as in the oil regions nothing is heard save oil yields and oil prospects, to here you hear from year end to year end nothing save a dreary iteration of hop prospects, hop sales, hop yields and hop blight. It is a region of unquestione I fertility, and one of the best graving and dairying sections of the State. All the cereals furnish certain and abundant harvests. The root crops are prolific and the orchards redundant of fruitage. All, however, are subord nate to the uncertain hop industry, and the rich man looks for his luxuries and the poor man for his necessities to the value

of th s crop alone. would be remarkable. Within a much ous self-determination. smaller limit he is safe. But the hop cultivator knows that the price of this year bears no discoverable relation to that of the next. It may be 200 cr

the last few months. When we reflect that hops can under taken by lumbermen. The term favorable circumstances be fitted for "stump land" is no misnomer, for market for ten cents per pound, and there are often a hundred pine stumps that fifteen cents yields a margin of to the acre. From a field of eight profit, we get at the full significance acres in sight of me as I write, 000 of these figures. Eight to ten cents stumps have just been pulled. When per pound has not infrequently been exposed to the weather pine decays the price for a year or more, followed, it may be the next season, by from forty to fifty cents. Yet the decline cut the pine stumps could be easily is as sudden and unexpected. I have pulled; but such is not the case. Long, ago offered sixty-two and a half cents pine tree 100 or 150 feet high, and naa pound for his crop of 5,000 pounds. ture strengthens the roots by saturat-Refusing to sell at that time ing them with resinous pitch. This more some chance been kept, were sold job of 1,800 pine stumps at fifteen for more than they were worth when cents each for pulling, and the same new. It would be interesting to know price for burning. These stumps were if they have at last got into use, or are all standing on thirty acres of land, a greater worthlessness than before, four feet in diameter, The fa tors which produce this vast haps there is no other plant subject to so many vicissitudes of climate as the the depredations of the hop grub, ported by the military. which, working under ground, destroys the roots, and the myriad forms hundred fair and strong," marched out of caterpillars and of insect iffe which in a body and attacked the troops, who,

erable this year, but no one knows its cause or how to successfully contend with it, and no little anxiety is felt lest it reappear next season.—New

The Stimulus of Necessity.

Dr. Carpenter writes as follows in the New York Medical Journal: What can be in stronger contrast than the sluggish life of the Orinoco Indianfor whom one day's labor (in the planting of a banana grove) is said by Humboldt to be sufficient to provide food for the whole year, and who divides his time between sleeping and smoking-and the hardy activity of the Swiss mountaineer, who toils throughout the summer and autumn in the cultivation of his small patch of grain or potatoes for the needs of his family, and scales heights that most men would deem inaccessible to collect their scanty herbage as win-ter's food for their beasts, using the long hours of his enforced confine-ment in some kind of skilled handiwork which may enable him to procure additional comforts for his home or educational advantages for his children? And so, in the higher grades of society, those who are born with a silver spoon in their mouths too often fall into habits of mere diletsmall grower of five years ago shows tanteism, while those who enter upon their career with good educational preparation for it, but without any other means of subsistence than what they can themselves earn, are, as a large experience shows, those most likely to succeed. I need not call to your minds cases so familiar. to you as those of some of your own presidents; but would rather draw my illustrations from the fact well known rely upon the crop produced, spending in my reputedly aristocratic country -that many of the men who have risen to highest eminence in the legal profession, and have thereby gained eats in our house of lords, have begun life upon nothing, while those who go to the bar with an income that places them above the need of exertion, are regarded as almost sure not to "get on." The autobiography of the late Lord Campbell and the biographical notices that have made us acquainted with the early years of the late Lord Justice Lush are most instructive when regarded in this aspect, showing what steady determination may do without any brilliant ability, when nerved in the first instance by the "stimulus of necessity." And so it is with the most Hop growing is always uncertain. of as. In proportion as our path of Therein lies much of its fascination. life is smooth we tend to fall into an It is the spirit of Wall street carried automatic routine; but obstacles arise a-field. The dairyman or grain grower looks for but slight fluctuation in the ertion to surmount them, and then value of his produce from year to only do we become conscious of our year. A gain or loss of fifty per cent. real strength-that which lies in vigor-

Clearing Stump Land.

A correspondent of the Country 400 per cent, higher or lower without Gentleman writes from Michigan exciting great surprise. As great We have here thousands of acres of changes as that have occurred within what is called "stump land"-land from which the pine timber has than many others re- been cut, clings to the ground with al-

T. e Amazons of Kurdistan.

The women of Kurdistan, says the hop. The roots may winter-kill over | London Daily News, are stated to be vast areas. A slow, cold summer may strongly opposed to the census, and retard the growth. A hot, wet August even disposed to resist the curiosity of may bring the mold in the wake of the the enumerators with their lives. Acdreaded insect enemy, the fly. The cording to intelligence published in louse, an immature fly, may cover the the Indian papers they have for the leaves by thousands, causing that pe- moment entirely frustrated an attempt cultar black and shining appearance to take a census among them in Rizan, known as honeydew. Add to these although the consus officers were sup-

The women of several villages, "five make their home in the hop planta-tions, and you get some idea of the turned and fled. It is added that the enem es with which the planter must Turkish authorities will find it no easy contend. During the present year task to overcome the resistance of an there has been added to these a blight, inquisitorial visitation of their homes the nature of which is not precisely de- by the Kurdish women, who are rather termined. Many hills, after attaining famous for their Amazonian prowess, a height of from six to ten feet, sud Those who are familiar with the dedenly stopped growing, and the head tails of the Turco-Russian war of 1855 or terminal point took on a withered appearance. This the plant seemingly went to Constantinople at the head of overcame in a few weeks, but later it a thousand horsemen of her own raisreappeared, attacking the ends of the ing in support of the national cause, branches in the full-grown vine. These withered, dropped their leaves, and in with much effect before the Turkish some cases became dry and hard. The military authorities.

DESPONDENCY.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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(This sonnet was written by "Sharwood Bonner" only a short time before her death;)

A soul which, anguish-smitten, sought release From its own thoughts through weary hours of night

Turned with new life to great the morning light.

And read in golden lines the longed-for peace, When suddenly, 'mid all the fair increase Of hope, the new-found joys that round to

There stood, repreachful-eyed, a familiand

Whose wan, set look bade all delight to cease.

Will it be so hereafter ! Shall we gain The heaven we sought through life's long night of care,

Only to find some word, once heard in vain, Some duty, in sheer exercise of prayer Left unfulfilled, start up to meet us there, Bidding us back to old remorse and pain ? -Harper's Weekly

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Beauty is but skin deep, at the druggists' varying prices per bottle.—The

Yeast compares his boarding-house mistress to a frontiersman, for the reason that she lives on the boarders.

The Newton (Iowa) Journal thinks the new electric wire fence will be splendid around a melon patch. It will be so shocking to the boys.

The scientific angler is the man who goes fishing with \$25 worth of tackle and comes home with twenty-five cents worth of fish .- Norristown Herald.

He talked inanely of the arts,
And said some things about the muse,
But all the point that he could make
Was in his pointed, tooth-pick shoes.
—Merchant-Traveler.

Jealousy is so rampant now that a man can't chase his hat down street without being accused of running after the presidency .- Waterloo Ob-

A young lady, who has probably had reason to doubt the veracity of the male biped, says batches of lies are only equale I by the lies of baches .- Boston

Why is it that a chicken will wander around and never begin to scratch in dead earnest until she gets on the bed containing the most expensive flowers in the garden?-Puck. "Why do you call a stupid person a

asked Rollo one day. And Rollo's father said he didn't know, unless it was because one end was of no more account than the other .- Argo-A young woman in an Ohio town has married her brother's wife's father.

compass and a dictionary trying to study out what relation she was to herself .- Peck's Sun. When you get pretty well up on the White Mountains, it is said you can often see a rain storm below you. It must be a decidedly healthy place.

When last seen she was busy with a

man don't feel "under the weather" there, you know .- Statesman. An Alabama ball club composed of young laties challenged a male nina and beat them by 20 to 11. It might be stated, however, that the males

were all married men, and accustomed

to knuckling under to the women folks.—Burlington Free Press. A young miss of sixteen asks what is the proper thing for her to do when she is serenaded by a party of young gentlemen at a late hour. We are giad to be able to answer this ques Steal softly downstairs and untie the dog.—Rochester Express.

One fellow might hang around a surf swimming place for weeks and never have a chance to rescue a rich man's daughter from a watery grave. Another would grapple a million helress the very first day, and be invited to her house to dinner. It is all luck. -Picayune.

"The race is not always to the swift," especially when a young man is met at the gate of pa's house by his greatly admired leaning on the arm of a rival who had preceded him by several minutes by coming cross lots instead of sticking too closely to stone pavements.—Yonkers Gazette.

A hospital professor was making an amputation in the presence of his students; meantime the patient grouned and sobbed. Irritated at hearing so much groaning, the professor said to the patient: "Do me the favor to be quiet, for we can't hear ourselves talk. There are one hundred persons here at least, and you are the only one who is making any fuss."-The Monitor, Mexico.

"Is the man mad?" "No, the man is not mad?" "Then, what makes him yell so?" "He is talking to a man a mile away." "Through that little instrument?" "Yes, through that instrument of torture called a telephone." "Will he make the man a mile away hear?" "Certainly he will." "But he could do it just as easily by yelling out of a window " Why, does not the telephone work?" "No, it does not work. The man using the telephone works. Jot that down in your mem."-Hartford Post.

it is authoritatively declared that there are 250 000 persons in New York and Brookiya who receive charitable assistance, and that a few AN, only these are entirely dependent upon c' ity for the necessaries of life, larger part of this quarter of a of semi-paupers are children.