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TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11. 1885.

other.

Archer dropped his piaco).
"Wouldn't this have been a fine come
off;" continued the old man. "I am a
great mind to take a stick and beat all

of you. Let us go to the house. Break-

fast is about ready."

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

ING BOURS.

when all we say, ur bliss to-day s summer sky slowly die, a to dreary gray.

as best I may fudes away; moss or cry

ntter "nay," things must decay; or question why, I dream, tenderly, my darling pray,

SOUTH. -All the Year Round.

ED FRIENDS

CHAPTER L.

and Louis Plover were together by the interlacip that they were rarely from each other. They I in the same department w State government; they same room, read the same the restaurant, as Archer i, always ate off the same Both Archer and Plover given to study. The war on just in time to spoil the professional course at colyoung men after the giant ceased, found themselves financial level with the demald Southern governor, who, if he could not aid in the of of a railway, replied, "You, may not believe it, but I lamed cent," Archer's par-lead; Plover's father, mother

lived a short distance from old red brick house, where friends often spent much leisure time. Young vas especially devoted to r, a tall young women short hair. She possessed a ring voice, but her eyes were she was easy of manner, but s of greeting echoed with the as of insincerity. Vain and eniteful and jenlous, the keen perf young Archer told him that

id not granted to herthat rich gen-"Plover one day said to his sis-hat do you think of my friend?"

Archer?" you know I always speak of him riend." I like him because he is your

And for no other reason, Ella?" 'You mustn't ask me that, Lu." "Well, but I want to know, sis."
"Are you afraid that I will marry

"Afraid! Why, I would give any-thing if you should. He is a noble fellow, and quite worthy of you. In fact, he is the only man I would like to see you marry. Tell me, now, don't you

num "Lu, you must be crazy. Do you supose that I am going to tell you that I ove a man before I find out that the man loves me? Tell me, Lu, did he ever

say anything about me?"
"Oh, it is hardly time yet, for you short time. Do you know that I cannot bear the idea of your being a governess any longer? I couldn't stand it, that's all."

"You are getting off the subject, Bud. Are you sure you never heard him say anything about me?" Quite sure. I have never asked him

and he is not the man to tell me unless I should. "I tell you one thing I've noticed. Every time he comes home, with you-no,

won't say it, "Yes, you must. What were you going to say?"
"No, it is better to leave it unsaid. It

would sound selfish." "Remember, girl, that you are talking your brother. What were you going

any?"
"That while down here he always goes to Qladrow's.

What of that?" goes to see Eva Gladrow. That's

there is of it." think not. I have never heard him

of her." But have you asked him? You said

now that he was not a man to tell such things unless you should ask I declare the friendship existing en you two men is peculiar. You confide your secrets to each other." cause we have none, doubtless."

o, it is because you don't know how friends. You make a pretense of ing much of each other, but I just knw it wouldn't take anything hardly to med you fight.'

If he should insult me I would fight bim, of course; but understanding each other so well, there is no likelihood of a quarrel. Believe I'll take a stroll. Want to go, pet?"

Say, Lu, sometime I wish you would ask him."

'Ask him what?" "Don't you remember? Oh, pshaw,

your recollection is not as long as my finger. Ask him what he thinks of me.

CHAPTER IL.

Young Archer sat in the Gladrow arlor. Beside him sat a girl with sunny hair, glowing cheeks, and eyes expres-sive of tenderest love. So you had no idea that I loved you,

little girl?" taking her hand. HI had hoped so, but I thought you must love your friend's sister."

"I don't see what put that into your

" Because she is so intelligent, I Nonsense, little woman. If she

"Tell me, Mr. Archer," she anxiously asked, "are you quite sure that you really love me? If you should ever discover that you had made a mistake, how awful it would be."

"Such a time will never come," he replied, arising, leaning over and kiss-ing her. "I could love no one else, for I believe that we were created for each other. I know that such words must have an old sound, but they are true, Eva, and old truths are the truest truths that exist."

"Are you going so soon?
"Yes. The Plovers' will keep dinner waiting. Good-bye, sweet girl," putting his arm around her. "I shall see you

again soon."
She accompanied him to the door and

CHAPTER III.

"Hello!" cried Piover as Archer was passing through the orchard. "Which

"Just going to the house," stopping and joining his friend. "I didn't want them to keep dinner waiting."

"Where have you been roaming

know. With an easy place to sit and an entertaining book I can content myself without killing time by muscular force."
"Have you been reading a book,
Archer?" asked Plover, looking slyly at

his friend. "Yes, a book of beautiful poems. Shall we return to town this evening?" "Just as you say. I am willing at any time. Father complained this morning because we do not come down oftener.
He is growing old and I must humor him. Ella shall not go out again as governess. It makes me mad every time that I think she has been compelled to work for a living. If shall not occur again. Tell me, Archer, what do you

think of her !" "How could I think otherwise than well of my friend's sister? I am astonished that you should ask such a question old bar"

tion, old boy."
"I am rather astonished myself, but it was anxiety, Archer, for it would be a grievous disappointment to know that you did not like her. There's the dinner bell now. We are just in time."

Mr. and Mrs. Plover were quite old Mr. and Mrs. Plover were quite old people. They looked as though their spirits, once gay and vigorous had been broken. The empty row of cabins falling into decay; the once rich land now fluted with innumerable gullies: the black stumps where the boughs of the walnut grove once whispered in luxuriant drowse; the falling roof of the gin house—all may have had much to do with throwing the shadow of sadness on the faces of the old man and his

After dinner the family assembled in the parlor. One by one they went away until Archer found himself and Ella to be the only occupants of the room. "We are much gratified with

visits, Mr. Archer," said the young lady, "and we hope that you will accompany brother every time he comes home.

"I warmly appreciate the kindness you have all shown me, Miss Ella. This place reminds me so much of my own old home, whose smile was blighted by the frown of war, that I never tire of con-

templating its surroundings." "I hope the inmates, too, receive a share of your attention." "Oh, yes. To the inmates, I think,

belong the especial charm." "Thank you. I did not think you could be so gallant," "You are mistaking mere truth for

gallantry." "Do you know that that your conversation was surely as that your conversation was surely as "Do you know that I once thought and I could in imagination see you rak-

ing the cobwebs from your voice. 'An inconsistent conceit, Miss Ella, for in the first place I do not read musty books. Some of them may be oldwhich makes them all the better-but they are not musty. Mustiness does not necessarily accompany age. If so, old wine would be no longer sought. Where did Louis go? It was our intention, to return this evening."

"If you are not entertained I will call

He looked up quickly, and studying her face, to discover whether the remark

were in jest, replied: "Another inconsistent conceit. You must think that I am beyond the range of entertainment,"

"Oh, no, Mr. Archer. I know that I spilled?"

whom you can find keener enjoyment." Archer began to grow nervous and long for a chance of escape. Her face was flushed, and with a stare almost brazen, she gazed into his eyes. "You would rather talk to Eya Gladrow, and you can't deny it. Oh, I know I am

"You are certainly peculiar, Miss Plover.

An adroit admission. Peculiar people are always dull. Shali I call my

brother?" "If you please."
Louis and his father were standing in the yard. She went to the window and

called. A moment later Louis entered "Your friend is very restless," she

said. "You'd better take him back to " Ready any time, Arch. The horses

are at the gate. Good-bye, sis, be down again pretty soon. Good-evening, Miss Plover. "Good-evening, sir."

Louis looked in astonishment. "What makes you so silent?" asked Plover to his friend, when they had ridden some distance toward town.

"Your own silence, Louis, must have

were the only being in the world I could suggested the remark. You have not spoken since we left the house."

"I was thinking of sister."
"So was I," Archer could not help but rejoin.

"She is a dear girl, Arch, but I fear that you do not understand her."

"Hather strange, I think."

"How strange!" Louis engerly asked.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Of course not. If you knew, sho would not be strange. Mystery ceases when we understand it, and the fact that you do not understand her, makes her strange. Don't you think she is like my mother?"

"Like my father, eh?"
"No, she is unlike any one I have ever

"You are not in a very good humor, Arch. I don't believe I ever before found you to be so gloomy."

CHAPTER V.

Archer went down into the country the next day, but instead of stopping at Plover's, he went direct to Gladrow's. A negro girl met him at the door, "Can I see Miss Eva?"

"But for a moment, sir," replied the young lady, appearing in the hall. Archer advanced, not without perturba-tion, and extended his hand. The girl drew back.

"What on earth is the matter?" he asked. "I don't wish to see you again, sir. You are unworthy of any one's confi-

dence. I do not care to hear an explana-tion. Oh, you are a villain," bursting into a flood of tears. "Leave this house or I'll call my father. Go, I tell you!" Archer was stunned. Mounting his horse he rode away. He could not understand the cause of the treatment he had received. He had not proceeded far when he met a young lady with whom he was acquainted—a friend of Miss Glad-

"Did you see Eva?" asked the young

lady. "Yes, but she-" "I understand, and have tried to reason with her, but her heart is most bro-

"Great heaven, what is the cause of all this?" "I will tell you, but you must not allow my name to be mentioned. Late yesterday evening Ella Plover, in whom scene, who, it is hoped by reaching the scene, who, it is hoped by reaching the zenanas, may reach the real source through which a higher enlightenment in India is possible. An immense field is open to them along with every encouragement, and were but some of the many young ladies at home who are Eva has great confidence, came over, very much excited, and told Eva that she had just rejected your offer of mar-riage. 'I told him,' said she, 'that I thought he was in love with you, but he laughed derisively, and replied that you were a weak little thing, credulous and

without force of character.' That's the cause, put please don't say I told you."

Archer did not go to his room until late at night. The thought of meeting Louis made him shudder. When he entered the room, Louis was lying on the bed, reading.

"Hellow, Arch; been down in the country, eh? Did you see sister?"
"See the dickens!"

has ruined me. "Ruined you!" had proposed to her, that-oh, she made

me out a wretch, and-" "I don't believe a word of it?"

"Well,"

"And more than that, you shall not speak in that manner of my sister.' "You have heard what I said." "Yes, and you shall hear what I say. You have a friend handy, I suppose?" "I am not altogether friendless."

"Very well," getting up and putting on his clothes. "My friend will call on you, sir. Good night."

CHAPTER VI.

An hour afterward arrangements for a duel were completed. The young men were to meet in the country, not far from the Plover residence. Louis had expressed this wish, so that one or both of them, as the case might be, could be conveyed to the old house. The sun had just risen when the parties met in a little field surrounded by woods.

"Louis" said Archer, "even though we fight, let us remain friends. I cannot bear to think that the long time we have spent together was wasted. word friendship was not to be blotted from the page of human intercourse."

"Archer," replied Plover, "as a man my heart warms toward you, but as a brother I can shoot you." "Gentlemen," said one of the seconds,

'can't we somehow arrange this unfortunate affair so that blood will not be "I am afraid not," Archer replied.

"It can be," exclaimed Plover. "Tell me from whom you got your information. Then we can investigate,' "I cannot."

"Then sir, I am ready," "I don't see any harm in telling him,"

said Plover's second. "Even though you were to violate a promise you could find consolation in the thought that you had saved human life." "Your remarks are kind, but unavail-

ing," rejoined Archer. "I believe that my informant told the truth."
"I am ready," remarked Plover. "Who is that climbing the fence?" lieves in Homocopa sked Archer's second. "Your father, and in shampooing. asked Archer's second.

Yes, and he's got a gun. The old man slowly approached. Taking his gun from his shoulder and cocking it, he said:

says anything about fighting. heard all about it. You are a fine lot of color, dotted with specks. The horns fools. Going to shoot each other, ch? are snow-white, and at the points very Louis, Archer is right,

is at my house, waiting for you,"

CLAUS SPRECKELS, AND THE POWER HE WIELDS.

Louis and Archer embraced each ers in New York Spreckels Hecame the Master of Millions. A San Francisco letter to the St.

"I never saw Eva look so happy," re-marked old man Gladrow to his wife. "Well she may be, David, for she's got a good husband, and what more could a girl ask, I'd like to know?"-Arkunsaw Traveler. Native Treatment of Diseases in India. Regarding the native treatment of dis-eases, one of the most curious things I ever witnessed was a half-clad native movements like a puppet, so that he is actually the ruler of the pigmy realm and its financial ministry. His dream is to exercise equal sway on the coast. Spreckels is a South German, born in shouting through the streets of a country town: "Does any one want back his sight? One rupee only!" as if he were hawking fruits or sweetmeats; and to my astonishment, a patient soon presented himself to be operated on for cataract. There, and then, standing in the bazaar, the itinerant oculist took out his penknife and performed the operation in a few minutes, bound up there as a man of great shrewdness and of the thrift which is proverbial of his race. He came to California soon the man's eyes, and telling him to keep in the dark for a fortnight, received his fee of one rupee, and shouted his warcry for more patients.

The operation was most unvaryingly successful; one instance among my servants being a woman of eighty, who had charge of my fowl house, and had for many a day been sightless, except to distinguish light from darkness, and who in this way was successfully operated upon. Beside this operator are bonesetters and medical rubbers, male and female, especially represented by the hereditary low caste accoucheuse of each village, whose skill in shampooing is such an aid in her lowly calling—as to supplant much of the useless medicine and enforced rest of more civilized countries, and save endless mischief and suffering to her sex. What skill they have is, of course, almost purely traditional. None of the science of the world or British usage has yet

straining health for a future pittance in

one or another of the spheres of teach-

altered in the slightest degree either the customs of the native or his horror at

the idea of male physicians for women.

To supply a vacancy so long unfilled,

lady doctors have now appeared on the

Rachel's Tomb. A correspondent of the New Orleans Times Democrat says in a letter from the Holy Land: Still further on we arrived Louis sprang up. What do you mean?" at Rachel's tomb, a modern square white structure, made out of coarse plaster, rend to speak so harshly. Your sister render over a dilapidated dome. By a roofed over a dilapidated dome. By a singular coincidence of traditions, Jews, Moslems, Armenians, Greeks, Latin and "Yes. She told Eva Gladrow that I Protestant Christians all unite in pronouncing this the spot where Rachel's life went out and Benjamin's began, when Jacob and his family were journeying Southward from Bethel. The pillar which Jacob sorrowfully set up to mark the site which has now passed away, but the general locality is faithfully cherished in the hearts of the people. The tomb lies at the very junction of the Bethlehem and Hebron roads. We took the latter, of course, pursuing a journey that had been trodden before us by Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, David, Saul, Samuel, Solomon and most of the patriarchs and prophets of the Old Testament. Across the valley to the right, as we turned our backs on the tomb, was the modern village of Beit-Jela, with some 4,000 inhabitants, all Christians, and the majority Latin and Greek church dignitaries. The village was apparently one of the most attractive in the Holy Land.

The Empress of Austria. According to a French paper, hardly any one at Vienna knows the empress, and many Viennese have never seen her. Though a grandmother she has still an elegant figure. She owes this to horseback exercise and to early rising. Her disdain for popularity and the people has its source in her attachment to the old prerogative of the crown which the emperor has resigned. She guards the court against the invasion of new ideas, and would consent to mingle with the people at fetes if she thought they still respected their princes. But she knows the sacred character of the throne has disappeared in their eyes. The empress who disdains to show herself at balls, is curiously enough the intimate friend of circus riders. On the eve of the grand religious processions, in which former empresses took part, escorted by pages and ladies, she has convenient illnesses, which enable her to go to the country; but she has one virtue, rare in em perors' consorts: she never meddles with politics. She is despotic mistress of her household, the first huntress in the world, and might be the first professor of circus equitation of her time. She believes in Homocopathy, violent exercise

The Air Flower.

One of the curiosities of the New Orleans exposition is an air flower from the "I've got fifteen buckshot in each city of Mexico, It is two inches long, barrel, and I will kill the first man that and resembles a bettle with wings and horns. The wings are of light sea-green short. The body of the flower is pale Louis dropped his pistol.

"Elia confessed it to me. She and slight hyacinth perfume. Including the say, a matter of life and death?"

Eva have made friends, and, Archer, she broad, banana-shaped leaves, the entire "Easy enough. Stop advertis" plant looks as though molded in wax,

KING OF THE SUGAR TRADE.

How From Selling Cheese and Crack-

Louis Globe-Democrat thus details the career of a great sugar monopolist. Claus Spreckels, commonly known as the "Sugar King of the Sandwich Islauds," wields a power more democratic, if not greater, than than that of any other monopolist in the world. He is sometimes more than a Warwick, because he has not remained content with making the king, but has guided all his Hanover, a man of small education, who came to this country about 1830, and started in the retail grocery business in Church street, New York. He made the impression on those who knew him after the gold fever broke out, and at once engaged in the grocery bus-iness in this city, preferring it to the hazards and hardships of mining. Every thing which he touched seemed to turn to gold. He made large profits in his business. Combining with several of his brothers who had come out to the coast, he bought a quarter interest in the Albany Brewery, in this city, for \$40,000. This was the foundation of his present large fortune and commer-cial importance. After running the brewery a few years, his keen business instincts saw in sugar-refining a far more profitable field of enterprise. The story of his conquest of the Sandwich Islands in a nutshell, is that he took advantage of the ignorance of a king who wanted money, and that he works his coolies to

Of Spreckels' wealth it is impossible to form any accurate estimate, because much of his property is mortgaged, and it is understood the greater part of his for-tune is embarked in the sugar business, which is apt to depreciate. He makes daily, the year round, however, 630 barrels of sugar, containing 275 pounds of sugar each, worth an average of \$30 a barrel. This makes a business of \$18,000 a day, or \$6,570,000 a year. He makes a clear profit of \$10 a barrel, or \$6,000 a day, which amounts to \$2,190,000 a year. He controls the entire sugar trade of the coast, which represents \$10,000,000 a year. Down at Honululu he puts on more the airs of an autocrat, and his course there lately has put him into disfavor with both the native and foreign population. Last January he loaned the king \$1,000,-Among his employes Spreckels is probably more popular than any other millionaire on the coast, because he has

always treated his people well. He is of medium height, compactly built and dresses neatly. He has the face of a typical German, with the high cheek-bones, fair skin and blue eyes of the Fatherland. His eye is as clear as that of a young man, and his skin though browned by exposure, is also clean and healthy. His round head is covered with a thick growth of hair, rapidly changing from gray to white. This is the only indication of his years. He has the alert look and movement of a man of thirty, in his steel-blue eyes is a look which goes far to reveal his character. He married years ago, when he was a poor man, a comely German girl, who was then employed as a domestic in the family of a large Eastern sugar refiner, and she has proved a good wife and mother. They have four sons and one daughter. The father and the three elder sons, among whom is Adolph, who shot De Young, are members of the Pacific club, in this city, where the sons are general favorites. They are all finelooking men, of polished address, and

have traveled much in Europe. Mr. Spreckles is an easy man to get access to, but it is another matter entirely to draw any information out of When told of the object of the visit he said: "You may put it down that I know what is always good for Claus Spreckles, and never fail to turn this knowledge to account.'

Tanned Snake and Frog Skins.

Even the delicate skin of a frog can be tanned. An opera glass covered with the handsomely marked skin of a garter or a small water snake will soon b fashionable. Card cases, small books and little bed-room clocks are some of the articles in the manufacture of which they are used. The surface of the skin is thickly glazed and in such things it takes a long time before the scales begin to stand up. The upper portion of slippers and shoes and even dressingcases are made from the larger snakes Nearly all of them come Africa, but a good many are also obtained from Brazil and other parts of South America. It is a singular fact that the skins have to be taken to France to be tanned. - New York Mail and Express.

How to Avoid the Press of Business. "It is a matter of life and death. You are overworked, sir, and must take a

"That is impossible, doctor. My best men are all sick, my customers are coming in by the hundreds, and I must be at

my post. 'If your custom should temporarily drop off you could then find time to rest, couldn't you?" "Certainly; but how can I temporarily

stop off my old patrons from rushing in on me, even if the case should be, as you Easy enough. Stop advertising!"-

Philadelphia Call.

THE HOUSE OF CLAY. There was a house-a house of clay,

Marriage and death notices gratis.

Job work-cash on delivery.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Haif Column, one year 5

All bills for yearly advertisements collected qua-terly. Temporary advertisements must be paid advance.

Wherein the inmate sang all day, Merry and poor.

For Hope sat likewise heart to heart, Fond and kind-fond and kind, Vowing he never would depart-Till all at once he changed his mind-'Sweetheart good-bye!" He slipped away.

And shut the door. But Love came past, and looking in, With smiles that pierced like sunshine thin,

Through wall, roof, floor, Stood in the midst of that poor room

Grand and fair-grand and fair Making a glory out of gloom, Till at the window mocked old care-Love sighed-"all lose and nothing winf"

He shut the door. Then o'er the barred house of clay, Kind jasmine and clematis gay

Grew evermore-And bees hummed merrily outside Loud and strong-loud and strong, The inner silentness to hide,

The steadfast silence all day long-Till evening touched with finger gray The close shut door. Most like the next that passes by,

He takes in kind arms silently

Will be the angel whose calm eye Marks rich, marks poor; Who pausing not at any gate, Stands and calls-stands and calls; At which the inmate opens straight-Whom e'er the crumbling clay house falls

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

And shuts the door.

The old slipper strikes the hardest in

the fall. - Lowell Courier. Motto for crazy quilt manufacturers: "Blessed are the piece-makers."— Chi-

Although photographing is dull, new features are constantly being introduced in it. - New York News. Mrs. Partington says that it is not true that her son Ike has ulsters in his

throat .- Somerville Journal. In newspaper parlance the merchant who gets ahead of his fellows is the one who has the "ad" vantage.—Philadelphia

There's love on a railroad,

Lote in a carriage;
Lote of it in courtship,
Not much in marriage.
—Chicago Ledger. Boy (with feeling)—"I'm an orphan, and father's broke his legs and is in jail, and mother's in an insane asylum, and if I go home without any money they'll lick me."—Boston Beacon.

A young man, ressed in elaborate style,
Put on the skates with a confident smile;
"But in spite of his "gall."
His pride got a hard fall.
And now his head is too big for his tile.
—Norristown Herald.

A clothing dealer hung out an overcoat for a sign, and marked thereon "Hands off! Beware!" A thief observed it, and, shouldering the responsibility, remarked, "Hands on! Beworn!"—

Pittsburg Chroniele. When old Jacques broke through the ice: "Your name? Your address!"
"Yes, but—" "Not a word! It is forbidden to bathe in this lake, and I am not here to listen to extenuating circumstances."-La Caricature.

When you hear the old veteran with a head like an oyster bowl, telling the old story of the weather back in the twenties, you perceive that, in spite of the progress of invention, there has been no improvement in lying worth mentioning. -Lowell Courier.

"I wish I was an owl," said the young lawyer, as he sat by her side late one evening! "Why?" she asked. "Because I could stay up all night, you know, dear," he replied. "What would you want to do such a ridiculous thing as that for?" she tittered. "To wit: to woo."-Pittsburg Chronicle.

Between infancy and the ballot-box a man tumbles into many pitfalls of terror, but about the biggest mistake he ever makes with his eyes open, is when he goes carefully along, with the lantern of reason in one hand, the staff of prudence in the other, seeking happiness in the pathway of matrimony, and then, like an old fool, tells his wife what a staving good cook his mother is .- Chicago Lad-

The Horse-Trader and the Horse.

The habitual trader is not al

ways a bad man and neighbor; but he is always supposed to need especial watch-He, certainly, is a double moralist except where he sometimes merges his private code into his official one wholiy. For, the horse, which is among the noblest of animals really, is somehow, practically, a corrupting institution. He contains in himself pretty nearly all possibilities of the good and the bad. His scale of developments is of immense reach; and the worst of it all is, that his qualities are only to be known, within any moderate approximation, by an expert. It is hardly credible that under the visage which seems so guileless there can be hidden so much deception. But we know, to our sorrow, that it does hide there. We generally find out the day after an unfortunate purchase that the animal driven up so proudly before us yesterday is not the one that now limps and wheezes. The real entity was marvelously concealed. It is a wonder that the head of the mythical sphyex was not mounted upon a horse. had been, Œdipus would have been worse baffled to unravel the mystery. The slipperiness, therefore, of the horse trader, is easily accounted for. | He cannot very well help it. It is altogether probable that he is half the time chiefed himself. That he has more virtue than he is credited with is extrent from the fact that he is rerely, if ever, known to be rich, and is giver a millionaire. - New York Hour.