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Half Column, one year	30.00
One Column, one year	40.00

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.  
Marriages and death notices gratis.  
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements to be paid in advance.  
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There are now 3715 places in the United States which have a population of more than 1000.

The attendance of women at the Boston University, amounting as it does to 800, illustrates how the cause of woman is progressing nowadays with a rapidity that surpasses even that of geometrical progression.

New Mexico has a very wide range of climate. The temperatures registered in the Territory during January varied considerably over 100 degrees. The hottest place during the month was La Luz, Dona Ana County, where the thermometer registered seventy-six degrees one day, and the mean temperature for the month was 60.7 degrees.

A GOLDEN HOUR.  
A beckoning spirit of gladness seemed soft.  
That lightly danced in laughing air before us:  
The earth was all in tune and you a note Of Nature's happy chorus.

THE RUNAWAY  
BY PATIENCE STAPLETON.

OULD they put her in the asylum," she wondered, "if they caught her?"  
Folks would surely think she was crazy.  
She stopped at the stone wall to rest, and looked back timidly at the old familiar scene.

Far behind her stretched the meadow, a symphony of olive and green in the late fall. Here and there the sunken boulder stood soldierly, golden rod, or berry bushes clothed now in scarlet and gold. At intervals in the long slope stood solitary trees, where fluttering, brittle leaves fell in the gentle, chill air.

and generous, sharing their baskets with her and seeing the changed cars right and her carstage was safe. She was like any of the dear old grandmas in Eastern homes, or to grizzled men and women like the memory of our dear mother, as faint and far away as the scent of wild roses in a hillside country burying ground.

"But as the day wore on, and still the long, monotonous land showed no human habitation, no oasis of green, her eyes dimmed, something like a sob rose under the black kerchief on the bowed shoulders, and the spectacles were taken off with trembling hand and put away carefully in the worn tin case.

He had bought her a cup of coffee at the last station, and had pointed out on the way things he thought might interest her.

LIFE ON AN OCEAN LINER.  
A WEEK SPENT ON A GREAT ATLANTIC STEAMER.

The Life of the Passenger is One Continuous Round of Rest and Pleasure—Entertainments on Board.  
DESCRIBING a trip on a big Atlantic liner, the Philadelphia Times says: Directly the ship leaves the dock at New York the search begins for those who have resolved to go to England free, and they are generally discovered and routed out in time to go off with the pilot.

Very few acquaintances are made the first day, and if they were they would all have to be made over again, as the next morning every one appears in their sea togs, and it is very difficult to recognize the howling swell of the day before in the miserable individual clad in a huge ulster, nearly all cape, and a steamer cap drawn down closely over his eyes.

Then he found out who sent the telegram and paid the bill, who blushed and stammered like a girl and did not want to take it.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Electric welding is now applied to the work of manufacturing iron wheels. Zinc expands up to the melting point. A bar of hammered zinc six inches long will expand 1-100 of an inch in raising the temperature 100 degrees F.

A design of an electric boat, propelled by a sea-water battery, has been exhibited before the French Academy of Sciences. The battery plates are under the boat, in the form of a keel, and the current generated drives a motor operating the screw.

It seems perfectly marvelous that people, active and pushing on shore, could absolutely dawdle through a week and wonder at its end where the time has flown, but such is the case, and though you are supplied with reading matter enough to last you through each minute, it is doubtful if you read one volume to the end, so much of outside interest is continually occurring to distract your attention, and eat—it seems improbable that four good meals a day, with many a bite between them, could leave you still hungry, so that beef broth, sandwiches or cold chicken will taste good at eleven when at nine you consumed a breakfast of four or five courses and intend to do likewise at luncheon, but an hour and a half later.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME

With the kingle, klangie, klinge,  
Far down the dusky dingle.  
The cows are coming home,  
Now sweet and clear, and fat and low,  
Like chiming bells from a far off tower.  
Or patterings of an April shower  
That makes the daisies grow.  
Kolling, kolang, kolingolinge,  
Far down the darkening dingle  
The cows come slowly home,  
And old time friends and twilight plays,  
And starry nights and sunny days,  
Come trooping up the misty ways  
When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jangle,  
Soft tones that swaying singe,  
The cows are coming home;  
Malvine, and Pearl and Floured,  
DeKamp, Red Rose and Gruschen Schell,  
Queen Bees and Syph and Spangoos,  
Across the field I hear their looo-o  
And clang of silver bell,  
Golling, golang, gologinge,  
With faint, far sounds that mingle,  
The cows come slowly home,  
And mother songs of long gone years,  
And baby jays and child's toys,  
And youthful hopes and youthful fears,  
When the cows come home.

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,  
Through fern and petal-twinkle,  
The cows are coming home;  
A-lottering in the checkered stream,  
Where the sun's rays glaze and gleam,  
Clarine, Peachbloom, Phobe and Phillis,  
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,  
In a drowsy dream,  
Tolink, tofank, tolinklinkle,  
O'er banks with buttercups a-tinkle,  
The cows come slowly home,  
And up through memory's deep ravine  
Come the brook's old song and its old-time  
shen,  
And the crescent of the silver queen,  
When the cows come home.

Few people perhaps are aware of the fact, believes the Boston Transcript, that the woman was once a Postmistress-General. She did not serve in this country in the present century, but the fact that a woman ever served in that capacity is indeed remarkable.

People who think that the free-pass business is carried to extremes in the United States should note how they do it in Russia. The Railroad Gazette says that the Russian railroads have been accustomed to give free passes not only to their employes, but to relative of their employes, a practice which may have been heard on this side of the Atlantic.

The idea of the bicycle railroad finds favor at Seattle. A line is soon to be constructed between that city and Tacoma. The contract calls for its completion within a year. The following description is given of the road: "There will be two tracks, each of a single line of steel rails. A timber will be laid on the ground across the width of both tracks at intervals of twenty feet, and across these, lengthwise of the track, 10x12-inch stringers will be laid, to which the rails will be spiked. To each end of the sills will be bolted upright timbers 2x18 inches and eighteen feet high, with 4x6-inch braces. These uprights will be connected overhead by a cap, which will support a 4x6-inch wooden guide-rail, directly above each line of rails. The cars will run on wheels under their centre on the single line of rails, and, when running on a straight track, will be held upright by their own impetus. When rounding curves, however, the cars will be held upright by two rubber wheels affixed to their roofs and running one on each side of the guide-rail, while a third rubber wheel will revolve against the under side of this rail, pressing against it and keeping it in position. It is intended in the course of a few years to replace the timber with steel superstructure. Steam power will be used, but ultimately electricity will be the motive power."

Not a soul in sight in the coming twilight. John, the children and the scolding wife who made her so unhappy, would not be home for an hour yet, for East Mills was a long drive.

"But what will you do if Sam ain't in Denver?" asked the farmer.

He gave her his address as he got off at the Nebraska line, and told her to send him word if she needed help. With a warm hand clasp he parted from her to join the phantoms in her memory of folks that had been kind to her, God bless 'em, and then the train was rumbling on.

When he was sitting there after his message had gone on its way, she leaned over and handed him a peppermint drop from a package in her pocket.

Living near Booneville, Mo., recently went to the County Poor Farm and selected a wife from among the paupers there being cared for. He said that he had no time to be going courting among women and thought he could get just as good a wife from the Poor Farm as anywhere else.

It was only a straw, but a kindly wind might blow it to the right one after all.

No Wonder Indians Are Dying Out.  
The conversation had drifted on to Indians, and apropos of the topic a lumberman in the office remarked that at the last camp on Prairie River, from which he had just returned, he had seen a goodly group of these noble aborigines camped near the lumber shanties.

The Canning Industry.  
The total pack of corn last year was 2,778,453 cases, against 1,588,000 cases in 1890, 1,760,390 in 1889, 3,491,474 in 1888, which was the largest in the history of the trade.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.  
Startling figures—Ghosts.  
A catch phrase—Sick him!  
A man may be lantern-jawed and yet his face never light up.—Easton Free Press.

Easy to Become Ambidextrous.  
A majority of those persons unfortunate enough to lose an arm, lose the left arm it is said, but once in a while some one loses a right arm. Now then, did you ever think as to your probable digital facility in case you should lose your right arm to-morrow? In the language of the exhorter, "It may be your turn next!"

Masterpiece of Burmese Art.  
Prince Bismarck has just received a valuable present from the German colony in Burmah. It consists of a centre-piece of solid silver two feet long and three feet high. The pedestal is entirely covered with beautifully worked figures, and at each corner are artistically wrought dragons, each of which carries a huge ivory tusk, which is hollowed out and decorated with Burmese carvings.

The Astronomers Are Puzzled.  
One of the most mysterious changes witnessed in the ever-changing solar system is the variation in the brightness of the moons of Jupiter. Two of the four satellites occasionally cross the planet's disc as dark objects, although it is known that on their sunny sides are presented to us and should appear no less brilliantly illuminated than the planet itself.