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The whaling industry, which is declining fast enough naturally, has received another hard blow by the many fatalities which have happened to the ships of the fleet this year in Arctic waters.

In the old colonial times there were only seventy-five postoffices in America. Ten years later there were 900 offices; in 1880, 42,000; in 1883, 67,000, and to-day about seventy thousand have regular postmasters, receive and deliver mail matter and employ 2,000,000 employees, men and women.

One thing which both surprises and exasperates the British troops who are operating in India is the discovery that the hostile tribesmen are thoroughly armed with modern rifles of English manufacture. It appears that the English gunmakers are so eager for business that they have been ready to supply arms to the enemies of their own Government.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale is having a rather unpleasant time of it these days owing to a ridiculous report sent out from Boston to the effect that he advocated the study of the Indian language in the schools. The doctor writes that all he asked of the public school was that New England boys should "know the meaning of the words Massachusetts, Connecticut, Shawmut, Winoosinet and other words which come into their local life as one ought to know why the Tuilerie was so called if he lived in Paris." The doctor also denies that he repeated the Lord's prayer in Indian. He used the two first words of the prayer to illustrate the formation of Indian words, and adds: "In fact, the two first words of it are all that I know, except the amen at the end." By the time Dr. Hale's little talk had filtered through several sources until it reached the newspapers it had become a lecture in which the most extraordinary position was taken, which surprised his admirers everywhere.

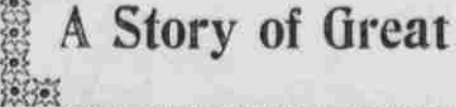
Contrary to the popular opinion, one would make money by backing labor all the year around, maintains the New York Press. The following figures, furnished by the Board of Trade of England, give proof of this. They relate to the year ending August 31, and may, therefore, be trusted to show the actual and present relations of the two great parties. During the twelve months a total of 850 disputes were settled. In 358 the men carried the day; in 265 the masters were victorious, and in 194 the men were partially successful, which means that some sort of compromise was arranged, while thirty-three disputes are classed as indefinite. Of the total of 821,800 men whose wages were increased or diminished, only 55,200 had embarked on actual strikes, while in the case of 766,500 the change arose from the automatic working of sliding scales, together with negotiation, the action of conciliation boards and the voluntary concession of employers. Putting it in the form of a percentage, we have in the case of each 100 workers 85 receiving an advance and 14 suffering a decrease.

The Boston Herald observes: "The law that has been passed in Switzerland rendering compulsory insurance against illness on the part of all the citizens of the republic who cannot show that they have reserved means of support in case of physical or mental disability is only a symptom of the tendency all over the world toward securing social well-being by means of legal enactments. As the State is called upon in the last resort to care for those who are both physically and financially incapable of supporting themselves, the State has the right to demand that those who may at any time become burdens upon the public shall in the days of their strength, health, and activity supply themselves with the means of meeting the ills of life. It is presumable that the State itself might undertake to carry on an insurance business of this kind and exact its premiums in the form of a tax. It could doubtless do the business on a large scale at a much lower cost than if the same service was performed by one or more corporations. Another form of insurance of the social kind is that provided for in New Zealand, this coming out of the annual taxes. Under the New Zealand system every one over sixty-five years of age who has lived twenty years in the country is entitled to draw a pension. The maximum amount is fixed at \$2.50 a week, and the minimum amount at \$1.25. This is not a large sum, but on an average payment of, say, \$100 a year, there are a great many poor men and poor women of over sixty-five years of age who would find life much easier as the result of this official contribution."

WISDOM YOUR TIME.

When fortune treats you slightly, Remember that you still are free To labor and be strong, To him who heavey doom his part, Misfortune is no crime; Just hold your grip and keep up heart And learn to bide your time.

A Story of Great South Bay.



CAPTAIN LEVI Skullearp sat on the gunwale of the Miriam, leaning forward so that his elbows rested on his knees. With both hands he grasped the short stem of his cherry pipe and his eyes gazed seaward across the smoking bowl. The tiller creaked idly and fro and the sail flapped listlessly in the light breeze, that scarcely ruffled the surface of the bay.

"Ye know that young Mr. Archer that's stayin' at the hotel?" The Captain shifted his one eye inquiringly in my direction. I raised my hand in warning and whispered: "Sh!" The Captain acceded to my request in silence, and a moment later another fine fish joined its fellows that were flopping about a box in the cockpit. A faint splash and the treacherous bait was scurrying away in search of new victims.

"Now, Captain, what were you remarkin'?" I asked, glancing up from the water. "I was about to remark that it was right off here that me an' that twenty-week Mr. Archer was one day last week when he says to me, 'Cap'n, he says, 'do you s'pose a man could commit suicide here? He was lookin' mighty melancholy an'..."

The man of hope and energy, Who keeps one goal in sight, Who goes his way with constancy, Will soon find time to fight. To man whose life a glory lends, To every age and clime, Is he whose purpose never bends, Who works and bids his time.

Archer he seen 'em, too, an' watched fer a long time. Then he turns to me an' says, 'Cap'n, the glaws.' "That's just what he called it, the glaws. "A trim little craft, Cap'n, says he. To do 'im credit he knows a good boat. "I don't like the lines o' her body, sir, I ventures. "At that he kind o' smiles an' says: 'I means the lady. "He was right, there, too, for a trim enough craft she looked, with her white duck suit an' sailor hat, though I couldn't see her face. I was just gittin' me eye fixed on that part o' her hull when Mr. Archer jumps up, run for 'd to the mast an' stood there like he was sightin' land after a month adrift on a raft.

"Cap'n, kin you run a leetle nearer that craft? I know her,' he calls. "In this win'?" I asks. "Pole, he yells. "Not as long as you can sail," I answered. "On that score I confess I felt no uneasiness, for I soon saw that, sturdy fellow that he was, Archer was fully competent to handle the boat, for all the power there was in the breeze he got out of it, and though time and again the Miriam keeled over till her lee rail was well awash and my heart was in my mouth, she always swung back again without swerving an inch from her course."

"There is a girl in that boat that I am most anxious to see, Mr. Kemp," said Archer, after a pause. "So I should judge," said I. "I have spent nearly all my life in London," he went on. "I should be there now had I not met her. She sailed for home about two months ago and ostensibly by accident but really by intention I came over on the same steamship. By the fourth day out from Queenstown we had fixed everything up nicely. Then I happened to remember another engagement—sort of a marriage of convenience—and like a fool I told her. She shut herself up in her stateroom for the rest of the voyage and cut me dead the while. I humbly followed her to her home in San Francisco. She fled back East. All trace of her was lost and I came down here to sulk."

vehicle and soon disappeared in a cloud of dust. For some ten minutes I struggled with the rising wind and sea that kept incessantly pounding the boat against the dock. At length I was relieved to spy a cloud of dust rolling down the level stretch of road that led from the village. Preceding it was a man on a bicycle. It was Archer. He reached the dock, sprang from his wheel and tossed it against a post, jumped into the Miriam, and without a word to me pushed her away, seized the tiller and the sheet, and off we scudded.

"The Captain!" I cried, pointing at the approaching cloud, in the centre of which I knew the reliable mariner to be. "Plague on the Captain," growled Archer. Then he added, more softly: "Get to windward, please." "But there he is now," I expostulated. Archer looked around. Standing on the stringpiece of the wharf, violently waving one hand above his head, while with the other he pointed seaward, was Levi Skullearp. The sentinel man at the catboat's helm waved a hand to imply that he saw the speck of a sail to which he was pointing, and turned to the business of navigation. Away we went in pursuit.

When the Miriam had at length settled down to work and was with clock-like regularity sticking her nose into the solid green waves, and then sanctity throwing it up in the air again and sending the water skirting along the rail or flying over me, my new companion broke the silence by appearing for the first time to recognize that I was human. "Mister-r-r?" "Kemp," I answered, bowing stiffly. "My name is Archer." "I think I have seen you about the hotel." "This must seem a strange proceeding to you," he said, laughing. Evidently the peculiarity had just dawned on him. "Rather," I replied, thawing just enough to smile. "And perhaps an explanation is due," said he. "Not as long as you can sail," I answered.

An exciting scene took place in Thorpe, Wis., recently. A. O. Rhea noticed about noon a splendid large deer in his pasture, near the high school. He went to his house, procured his gun, and sent a charge of shot into the buck. The deer jumped the fence and ran into the main street. It had been so long since a deer has been seen roaming about the town that the people were so taken by surprise that they forgot all about guns and stood gazing at the splendid animal as it ran and turned north at the Forest Queen house corner, crossed the railroad track into a mill yard, where Charles Case happened to be practicing at a mark with a rifle. At the third shot Mr. Case succeeded in hitting the deer and killing it. It weighed when dressed 225 pounds.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Flickering Jet-A Criticism-Never Changed-Easily Explained-May Have Mean That-Plat Life-A Flyer From Wayback-How He Loved Them, Etc. (An old, old story.) Gas low, Brave-fair-You know, Been there. Soft eyes, Old theme-Long sighs-Sweet dream. Years pass, Dream's o'er: Low gas, Once more. A yawn, Some sighs-E son Omit!

WISDOM WORDS.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.—Pope. Not education, but character, is man's greatest safeguard.—Spencer. God has never ceased to be the one true aim of all right human aspirations.—Vinet. Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.—Franklin. Fire and sword are slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babble.—Steele. Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds, and though a late, a sure reward succeeds.—Congreve. If you wish to be held in esteem, you must associate only with those who are estimable.—Bryere. One of the God-like things of this world is the veneration done to human worth by the hearts of men.—Carlyle. There is no dispute managed without a passion, and yet there is scarce a dispute worth a passion.—Sherlock. The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be.—Seneca. This is the law of benefits between men—the one ought to forget at once what he has given, and the other ought never to forget what he has received.—Seneca. Wonders at Weddings. Wonder if it is going to be a fine day. Wonder if I can manage to put in one more quiet smoke after breakfast. Wonder if the best man will miss his train, get married to the bride or mixed up with the bridesmaids, offer me a cigarette instead of the ring at the critical moment, put my hat in the pulpit or some other inappropriate place, or what he will be up to. Wonder why I've got such a tremendous appetite at lunch. I've been eating for three-quarters of an hour, and am still hungry. Wonder how much longer it will be before her father turns up with her. I've been acting as general post-opener to the congregation for the last half hour. Wonder if my old serge suit is really too shabby to go away in. Wonder if we, and the blood relations, will part friends after being dragged into the wedding gown to be photographed. Wonder if I've forgotten to invite any of my third-cousins-twice-removed, and how many people will scratch at the last moment. Wonder if I have got everything packed. Wonder if all the luggage has gone on first. Wonder if we shall catch the train.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Deer-Hunt in Iowa.

An exciting scene took place in Thorpe, Wis., recently. A. O. Rhea noticed about noon a splendid large deer in his pasture, near the high school. He went to his house, procured his gun, and sent a charge of shot into the buck. The deer jumped the fence and ran into the main street. It had been so long since a deer has been seen roaming about the town that the people were so taken by surprise that they forgot all about guns and stood gazing at the splendid animal as it ran and turned north at the Forest Queen house corner, crossed the railroad track into a mill yard, where Charles Case happened to be practicing at a mark with a rifle. At the third shot Mr. Case succeeded in hitting the deer and killing it. It weighed when dressed 225 pounds.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Cat Fond of Hunting.

Dr. H. B. Reo, of Millford, Penn., has a cat that has a mania for hunting. This fact was not known until a few days ago, when the doctor's son, Howard, went out upon a hunting expedition in the woods near their farm-house. When he started in the morning the cat followed, and try as he might he could not send it back. Howard had not proceeded far in the woods before the cat "dashed" a woodcock. The hunter said it was a beautiful "point," more graceful than that made by the most accomplished bird dog. Several other birds were "dashed" by the feline pointer, and Howard returned with two woodcock and a partridge.—New York Press.

Animal Worship.

Swine were adored in Crete, wensels at Thebes, rats and mice in Troas, porcupines in Persia, the Laying in New Zealand, bulls in Banarus, serpents in Greece and many of the African countries. The Hindus never molest snakes; they call them fathers, brothers, friends and other endearing names. On the coast of Guinea a hog happening to kill a snake, the King gave orders that all the swine should be destroyed.

More Home Rule.

Singerly—"What would we do with out woman! You know the old maxim, 'The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world!'" Wedlerly—"I don't know about its ruling the world, but I know the hand that rocks our cradle rules the house, and we pay her \$4 a week for doing it."—Chicago News.

Delay Would Be Dangerous.

"According to this cablegram they were married in Paris yesterday," he said. "We must send our congratulations at once," she returned. "By mail or cable?" he asked. "From what I know of both of them," she replied, "we ought to send them by cable if we wish to be sure that they will be acceptable when they reach them."—Chicago Post.

Diamonds.

It is estimated that over eighty tons of diamonds have been unearthed in the South African fields during the last eighteen years. These represent a total value of \$280,000,000. No more slot machines are to be allowed to operate in Lewiston, Me.

THE LOVE-BRIDGE.

Two little feet upon the stairs, Two little arms were open wide, Two little hands would bar the way Trying to reach from side to side, With smiling glances, two bright eyes Look up to mine in the softened light, The sweet child's voice in answer tells Why I must own her playful right. "This is a love-bridge, papa says, This is the gate, my arms so wide, Dividing his path from two broad eyes I'll div it back on the other side."

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

He—"Darling, was there ever love like ours?" She—"Well, not in my experience, at last."—Cincinnati Enquirer. The man who is entirely absorbed in himself is not the only sponge in the apothecary's shop.—Stillwater (Minn.) Frison Mirror. She—"I suppose you have had some narrow escapes in playing football?" He—"I have had some hairbreadth escapes."—Puck. Miss Spokes—"What shall we have for our club colors?" Mr. Pedalman—"I guess black and blue will be all right."—Judge. "Do the police suspect anybody of the murder?" "Yes." "Whom do they suspect?" "Oh! they don't know."—Rochester Gazette.

When we discover the faults of our friends we are happy; when we discover the faults of our friends without being happy we are great.—Puck. "She seems to be lacking in self-confidence." "She is, shockingly so! Why, she doesn't believe she can plan a house better than an architect."—Puck. "After all your boasts, Mrs. Dash, you did not fire off your pistol at that burglar?" "How could I? He was standing right in front of my new stained-glass window."—Judge. Miss Caustic—"Don't you think monkeys are cute?" Blodwist—"No; they remind me too much of some people." Miss Caustic—"Oh, you shouldn't be so sensitive."—Standard. "Are you one of the strikers?" asked the woman at the door. "Yes, ma'am. I'm a pioneer in the movement. I struck thirty years ago, and I've never given in yet."—London Household Words. "What is your idea of fame?" "Fame? Well, in the finest phase, I think it is the incredulous surprise which a man's home folk exhibit when he does anything noteworthy."—Detroit Free Press. She—"Do you remember, Frank, the night you proposed to me, I lung my head and said nothing?" He—"Do I remember? Well, I should rather say I did! It was the last time I saw you act so!" Hans—"And what do you think of the origin of man? Don't you believe man is descended from the monkey?" Elizabeth—"Oh, yes, I think man is; but what puzzles me is where woman came from."—Standard. Biggs—"When I was in Chicago last August, I went skating on the Chicago River." Boggs—"You don't mean to say the river was frozen over at that time?" Biggs—"Oh, no. We used roller skates."—Life. Tommy—"Mother, what is an angel?" Mother—"An angel is a boy who plays the piano by ear." Tommy—"But, mamma, papa calls my governess an angel." Mother—"Then, my dear, who is going to fly immediately."—Standard. Mr. Blinks—"The romance of Mr. Bride's honeymoon lingered still, although he has been married five years." Mrs. Jinks—"How do you know?" Mr. Blinks—"He jokes with his wife about her military blues."—Tit-Bits. "Has your Shakespeare Society started in yet, Miss Jones?" "Yes. We met at Mrs. Wiggles' yesterday. Miss Matilda Robinson read a most delightful paper on the 'Influence of Rosalind on Dress Reform.'"—Harper's Bazar. "I won't submit to being turned away," said the disappointed arrival at the hotel. "See here, I'm flush. And he displayed a roll of bills. "I know," responded the clerk; "but I've got a full house."—Philadelphia North American. Hunston—"I'd like to go shooting to-morrow, if I could only get a dog that was well trained." Ethel—"Oh, I'll let you take Dotie, then? She can stand on her head, and shake hands, and play dead, and say her prayers, and do lots of things!"—Puck. First Thespian—"When I was playing Hamlet in Omaha and getting my fifty-a-night, I— Second Thespian—"Hold on there, Jack! make that five." First Thespian—"No, Tom, 'pon me honor, fifty a night regular. Eggs are cheap out there."—Harper's Weekly. Mr. Woodware—"That young fellow you have in your office is the most conceited puppy I ever ran across." Mr. Queensware—"Yes, I know; but you must remember he is young yet, and his character is not fully formed. He has never been tried by fire." Mr. Woodware—"Then you'd better fire him."—New York Weekly.

It was a Rotonde then. It is fifty years since the sensational discoveries of gold in California. There is a plan on foot to celebrate the anniversary. Fifty years ago, according to the geographers of that time, California was a damp, foggy, miasmatic wilderness, in which Indians, ferocious wild animals and fevers beset the adventurer. It is the scene of the greatest and richest States of the Union.—Savannah News.