The Forest Republican.

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Marriages and Death notices inserted gratis.

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us to the end, dare do our duty as we understand it."--LINCOLN.

VOL. III. NO. 45. TIONESTA, PA., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1871. $2 PER ANNUM.

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One Square	"	one year	10 00
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Quarter Col.	"		25 00
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Local notices at established rates.

These rates are low, and no deviation will be made, or discrimination among patrons. The rates offered are such, as will make it to the advantage of most of business in the limits of the circulation of the paper to advertise liberally.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE, NO. 477,

I. O. G. T.

Meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

W. R. DUNN, W. C. T.
M. W. TATE, W. S.

S. NEWTON PETTIS. MILES W. TATE.

PETTIS & TATE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Elm Street, TIONESTA, PA.

Isaac Ash,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Oil City, Pa. Will practice in the various Courts of Forest County. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. 16 1y

W. E. Lathy,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN BANKRUPTCY, Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa., will practice in Clarion, Venango and Warren Counties. Office on Elm Street, two doors above Lawrence's grocery store. tf.

W. W. Mason,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

C. W. Gillilan,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Franklin, Venango Co., Pa. tf.

N. B. Smiley,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Petroleum Centre, Pa. Will practice in the several Courts of Forest County. 35-1y

Holmes House,

TIONESTA, PA., opposite the Depot. C. D. Mabie, Proprietor. Good Stabling connected with the house. tf.

Jos. Y. Saul,

PRACTICAL Harness Maker and Saddler. Three doors north of Holmes House, Tionesta, Pa. All work is warranted. tf.

Syracuse House,

TIDIOUTE, PA., J. & D MAGEE, Proprietors. The house has been thoroughly refitted and is now in the first-class order, with the best of accommodations. Any information concerning Oil Territory at this point will be cheerfully furnished. 1-1y J. & D. MAGEE,

Exchange Hotel,

LOWER TIDIOUTE, Pa., D. S. RAMSDELL & Son Prop's. This house having been refitted is now the most desirable stopping place in Tidioute. A good Billiard Room attached. 4-1y

National Hotel,

IRVINETON, PA. W. A. Hallenback, Proprietor. This hotel is NEW, and is now open as a first class house, situate at the junction of the Oil Creek & Allegheny River and Philadelphia & Erie Railroads, opposite the Depot. Parties having to lay over trains will find this the most convenient hotel in town, with first-class accommodations and reasonable charges. tf.

Tifft Sons & Co.'s

NEW ENGINES. The undersigned have for sale and will receive orders for the above Engine. Messrs. Tifft Sons & Co. are now sending to this market their 12-Horse Power Engine with 14-Horse Power Boiler peculiarly adapted to deep wells.

Offices at Duncan & Chalfant's, dealers in Well Fixtures, Hardware, &c., Main St. next door to Chase House, Pleasantville, and at Mansion House, Titusville.
tf. E. BRETT & SON, Agents.

John K. Hallock,

ATTORNEY AT LAW and Solicitor of Patents, No. 56 French street (opposite Reed House) Erie, Pa. Will practice in the several State Courts and the United States Courts. Special attention given to soliciting patents for Inventors; infringements, re-issue and extension of patents carefully attended to. References: Hon. James Campbell, Clarion; Hon. John S. McCalmont, Franklin; H. L. & A. B. Richmond, Meadville; W. E. Lathy, Tionesta. 27

Dr. J. L. Acomb,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice, will attend all Professional Calls. Office in his Drug and Grocery Store, located in Tidioute, near Tidioute House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND

A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery, and fine Groceries, all of the best quality, and will be sold at reasonable rates.

H. R. BURGESS, an experienced Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately. tf.

W. P. Mercilliott,

Attorney at Law.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

—AND—

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

TIONESTA, PA.

27-tf

JOHN A. DALE, PRES'T.
O'NN A. PROPER, VICE PRES'T. A. H. STEELE, CASH'R.

TIONESTA SAVINGS BANK,

Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa.

This Bank transacts a General Banking, Collecting and Exchange Business.

Drafts on the Principal Cities of the United States and Europe bought and sold.

Gold and Silver Coin and Government Securities bought and sold. 7-30 Bonds converted on the most favorable terms.

Interest allowed on time deposits.
Mar. 4, tf.

NOTICE.

DR. J. N. BOLARD, of Tidioute, has returned to his practice after an absence of four months, spent in the Hospitals of New York, where he will attend calls in his profession.

Office in Eureka Drug Store, 3d door above the bank, Tidioute, Pa. 49tf

WANTED.—Land in Pennsylvania for cash and good stocks. Townsend Ross, 139 South Third St., Phila. 24-tf

GREAT EXCITEMENT!

at the Store of

D. S. KNOX, & CO.,

Elm St., Tionesta Pa.

—:o:—

We are in daily receipt of the largest and MOST COMPLETE stock of

GROCERIES

and

PROVISIONS,

EVER BROUGHT TO THIS MARKET

—:o:—

BOOTS & SHOES!

FOR THE

MILLIONS!

which we are determined to sell regardless of prices.

—:o:—

HARDWARE

—AND—

House Furnishing Goods, Iron, Nails, Machine tools, Agricultural Implements, &c., &c., &c., which we offer at greatly reduced prices.

—:o:—

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!

of all kinds,

PARLOR SUITS,
CHAMBER SETS,
LOUNGES,
WHATNOTS,
SPRING BEDS,
MATRESSES,
LOOKING GLASSES, &c., &c., &c.,

In ENDLESS VARIETY. Call and see.

7-1f D. S. KNOX, & CO.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE LIBRARY OF POETRY AND SONG.—The handsomest and cheapest work extant. It has something in it of the best for every one,—for the old, the middle-aged and the young—and must become universally popular. Excepting the Bible this will be the book most loved and the most frequently referred to in the family. Every page has passed under the critical eye of the great poet,

WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

Rare chance for best agents. The only book of its kind ever sold by subscription. Send at once for circulars, &c., to

GEO. MACLEAN, Publisher,
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SEASON OF 1870-71.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS.

Important Improvements.

Patent June 21st and August 23d, 1870.

REDUCTION OF PRICES.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., have the pleasure of announcing important improvements in their Cabinet Organs, for which Patents were granted them in June and August last. These are not merely meretricious attachments, but enhance the substantial excellence of the instruments.

They are also enabled by increased facilities a large new manufactory, they hope hereafter to supply all orders promptly.

The Cabinet Organs made by this Company are of such universal reputation, not only throughout America, but also in Europe, that few will need assurance of their superiority.

They now offer Four Octave Cabinet Organs, in quite plain cases, but equal according to their capacity to anything they make for $50 each.

The same, Double Reed, $65. Five Octave Double Reed Organs, Five Stops, with Knee swell and Tremulant, in elegant case with several of the Mason and Hamlin improvements, $125. The same Extra with new Vox Humana, Automatic Swell etc., $150. Five Octaves, three sets Reeds, seven stops with Euphone; a splendid instrument, $225.

A new illustrated catalogue with full information, and reduced prices, is now ready, and will be sent free, with a testimonial circular, presenting a great mass of evidence as to the superiority of these instruments, to any one sending his address to MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., 154 Tremont Street, Boston, or 596 Broadway, N. Y. 20-4t

4.00 P. M. Freight and Accommodation daily.

CRUMBS SWEPT UP

By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage,

The most Popular Preacher in America.

Agents wanted everywhere, male or female, to sell this great work, is better than Mark Twain, and no trouble to sell. Big Profits. Send for terms and illustrated 12 page circular, Evans, Stoddart & Co., Publishers, No. 749 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa. 33-4t

Sincerity.

Give me sincere friends, or none. This hollow glitter of smiles and words—compliments that mean nothing—protestation of affection as solid as the froth upon champagne—invitations that are but pretty sentences, uttered because such things are customary,—are worthless to me. There is no need of them. It is proper to be civil and courteous to the most indifferent stranger; but why assume friendship's outward show when no reality underlies it? When one feels friendship, the object of that sentiment cannot suffer, and leaves our hearts untroubled—cannot be slandered, leaving us unharmed. To see our friend successful even beyond our own powers of success, is a great joy to us; to hear that friend applauded is a pleasure. Yet, every day men who fancy themselves friends, show mean envy of each other's lucky hits; and women, who kiss on both cheeks when they meet, will whisper treacherous little stories of each other—yes, and whisper them to men. So that, when most women say to me, "We were talking of you just now!" I wonder only—for one is not sincere enough to say it out—whether it has been possible to squeeze one drop of scandal into the humdrum story of my life; or, failing that, how many times they have been multiplying my age by ten, to prove me older than I confess myself to be. But it is not sincere to praise everybody. It sounds amiable; but men cannot all be "charming," and women all "so sweet." I like to know from the speech of a man or woman that this one is a friend; that, a mere acquaintance. I think warm hearted people are never general admirers. All cannot be loved sincerely; all cannot be really even pleasant. Constant laudation of every body may be a pleasant form of insincerity, but it is insincerity, after all, for me. If heaven will help me, I will be sincere. I will not abuse my intimate friends when their backs are turned; I will not praise any one I do not like; I will not kiss women I hate, nor give men loving looks and loving smiles when I do not like them. And as I do unto others, may they do unto me, for I deserve no better.—*Ex.*

Thirst Quenched Without Drinking.

It may not be generally known to our readers that water, even salt water, imbibed through the skin appeases thirst almost as well as fresh water taken inwardly. In illustration of this subject, a correspondent has sent us the following abridged quotation from a "Narrative of Captain Kennedy's losing his Vessel, and his Distresses afterwards," which was noticed in "Dodsley's Annual Register for 1769:" "I cannot conclude without making mention of the great advantage I received from soaking my clothes twice a day in salt water, and putting them on without wringing. It was a considerable time before I could make the people comply with this measure, although from seeing the good effects produced, they afterwards practiced it twice a day on their own accord. To this discovery I may with justice attribute the preservation of my own life and six other persons, who must have perished if it had not been put in use. The hint was first communicated to me from the perusal of a treatise written by Dr. Lind. The water absorbed through the pores of the skin produced in every respect the same effect as would have resulted from the moderate drinking of any kind of liquid. The saline particles, however, which remained in our clothes became incrusted by the heat of the sun and that of our own bodies, lacerating our skins and being otherwise inconvenient; but we found that by washing out these particles, and frequently wetting our clothes without wringing twice in the course of a day, the skin became well in a short time. After these operations we uniformly found that the violent drought went off, and the parched tongue was cured in a few minutes after bathing and washing our clothes; and at the same time we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment. Four persons in the boat who drank salt water went delirious and died; but those who avoided this and followed the above practice experienced no such symptoms."

Confidence.

Yesterday a couple of chaps, going east on the express, made the acquaintance of a gentleman from Utica, Venango county, before reaching this point. They explained to him their business, telling him they were merchants, doing business in this city under the firm name of Moreton Tick & Co., and wished the old gentleman to lend them some money on a check. He finally gave them eleven dollars, for which he was allowed to hold a check for eight hundred dollars. They monopolized his time until the train left, when they got off safely. The Utica man began to see clearly by this time, and notified Chief Boyd, but the sum was not deemed sufficient to look after, and he just left his check for Mr. Boyd to study.—*Meadville Republican.*

The Whitford Arrest.

We characterized yesterday morning, as we felt the wrong deserved, the arrest, at Erie, of H. C. Whitford for the murder of James H. Wisner. Yesterday afternoon, boys were crying "The Erie *Dispatch*—Full account of the arrest of Wisner's murderer!" through our streets, the columns of which contained a string of circumstances, and a chain of evidence pointing to Whitford as the assassin, as impotent and infamous as the addled brain of a blood thirsty reporter could make them. Very few of our citizens caught the bait, but those who did take it in, did so simply to see how big a fool the Erie City *Dispatch* could make of itself. The job was accomplished in a masterly manner. Nearly a column and a half of witless speculations, dark muendoes, strange movements of poor half-demented Whitford, and unaccountable expressions from the same individual were given with remarkable preciseness and wonderful adaption to the fixing of this deed upon the unfortunate victim of "a detective's" shrewdness!

See how plain a tale shall put the schemers to flight, and set their captive free. On the night of the Wisner murder, Henry C. Whitford was miles away from Titusville, where he had had been for nearly two weeks, engaged in chopping wood. He knew nothing of the murder until he returned here on Friday last, a week after the occurrence, and we are told, never knew the man, or of him, until told who he was! The infamous charge set up that Whitford killed Wisner because of his intimacy with his wife, months or years ago, is so base a libel upon the dead, that we marvel that the *Dispatch* should publish it. The conclusions and suspicions, from beginning to end, as set forth by the *Dispatch* with so much particularity, are of the same valueless character, unworthy of sober thought, save in the direction of regret for so shameless a prostitution of the public press.—*Courier.*

The Home Paper.

One of our city exchanges makes the following truthful observation concerning local papers, and the duty of giving them wholesome support:

The local paper is an absolute necessity to the county and community where it is published. All the city papers cannot supply the first love of every man or woman, for with the paper is the locality identified. The paper gives the county and town, where printed, much of their importance in the world, and gives in detail the local news, which cannot be gained by any other source. Every-day's issue of the paper is so much local history, and the rise, growth and development of the town and county can be measured and recorded only by the local newspaper that constantly is gathering its items. People do not properly appreciate their house newspaper. They measure the value of a paper too much by the number of columns it contains. The home paper at any price is the cheapest paper one can take, for in it is found matter that cannot be had from any other source. Another thing to be taken into consideration. Every county has one or more newspapers. Hence, the circulation of each paper must be limited. There is, therefore, the greatest need of activity and interest on the part of the people, to give their own paper good vigorous and substantial support

Harmony of Colors

Many ladies with small fortunes lavished on their dress, look dowdy and and gawky; while others, with only a scanty purse to fall back upon, outshine them in every particular, because the harmony of colors was studied in the latter case, and disregarded in the former. Women should study, individually, the colors that are most becoming to them. The real secret of success in dress is to wear those colors which hormonize with the hair, eyes, complexion, and general appearance. It is not so much the style or texture of a garment, as the colors. If only our American ladies would be more independent and select for themselves whatever is most becoming, without regard for what is worn abroad, they would soon establish for themselves a reputation for taste in dress, which can never be attained by blindly following the fashion set for them by the dames of the Continent.

Mark Twain has this advice for young men with literary aspirations: "Write without pay until somebody offers pay. If nobody offers pay within three years, the candidate may look upon the circumstance with the most implicit confidence as the sign that sawing wood is what he was intended for."

John Randolph was once, on a race course, solicited to bet by a stranger, who said, "Smith, here will hold the stakes." "Just so," replied the descendant of Pocahontas, "but who'll hold Smith?"

The Little Church Around the Corner.

The story of "The Little Church Around the Corner," illustrates from what apparently unimportant events in the affairs of men most important results will follow.—At the solicitation of a committee of actors, Joe Jefferson called on the Rev. Mr. Sabine to arrange with him for reading the funeral services over poor George Holland. Mr. Sabine had consented without hesitation, and Jefferson was about departing, when it suddenly occurred to the latter that Mr. Sabine might not understand who Holland was, and Jefferson said: "Mr. Holland was actor, will that make any difference to you?" Mr. Sabine hung his head and a moment and then replied, "Yes it will, I cannot read the service for an actor." Mr. Jefferson then inquired, "can you tell me who will?" to which Mr. Sabine replied, "There's a little church around the corner where they do such things." Jefferson bowed and quietly remarked, "All honor to the little church around the corner," and bade Mr. Sabine good morning. He then went around the corner and secured the services of the Rev. Dr. Houghton. Jefferson made no mention of the event save to the committee, and the whole affair seemed likely to pass by without the slightest publicity. A day or two after however, one of the committee, in conversation with one of the editors of the Globe, chanced to repeat the incident. In the next issue of the Globe the story appeared headed "God Bless the Little Church Around the Corner." The next morning papers took it up, and during the day Jefferson was besieged by reporters, none of whom, however, gained audience, Mr. Jefferson declining to aid in the publicity of the affair. But it was too good to keep and, and the "Little Church Around the Corner" has been made immortal. The great prejudice against the dramatic profession has crumbled at one blow, and the true spirit of Christianity seems better understood than ever before. The change is wonderful, and no hater of bigotry or lover of the good can refrain from exclaiming with Jefferson, "All honor to the church around the corner."—*N. Y. Globe.*

A Cure for Catarrh.

Take one part finely pulverized saltpetre, and mix with two parts white sugar reduced to flour. This is an effectual remeday in all stoppages of the head, catarrh, etc. It must be snuffed up the nose a dozen times or more a day, according to the severity of the affection. Persons frequently die from catarrh in the head, the disease becoming so bad that the mucus, instead of discharging through the nose, as it should do falls down the throat and lodges on the lungs, producing many a sore throat, the cause of which is not suspected, and terminating fatally, in many instances, in that most dreaded of all diseases, consumption.

Dr. Guthrie says: "Before God and man, before the Church and the world, I impeach intemperance. I charge it with the murder of innumerable souls, In this country, blessed with freedom and plenty, the word of God, and the liberties of true religon, I charge it as the cause—whatever be the source elsewhere—of almost all the poverty, and all the crime, and almost all the ignorance, and almost all the irreligion that disgrace and afflict the land. 'I am not mad, most noble Festus. I speak the words of truth and soberness.' I do, my conscience, believe that these intoxicating stimulants have sunk into wretchedness more men and women than found a grave in that deluge which swept over the highest hill tops, engulphing a world of which but eight were saved."

Did any ever think of a surgeon's troubles when a pretty girl is his victim? The people of Fort Dodge, Iowa, voted that Miss Kitty Underwood was the most beautiful young lady in town. Kitty had a felon on her hand, and a surgeon was called to lance it. The glitter of Kitty's eyes caused his hand to tremble, and in a second Kitty's blood spurted into his face from a artery he had severed. The Republican says the wound bleeds so profusely that it is feared the arm must be amputated.

While a Mississippi stamboat was taking on some like stock, a mule refused to budge, so the mate told a deck hand to twist his tail. He twisted his tail a twist or two, or perhaps three, when something appeared to give way there behind the mule, but the man never knew what it was. It was a lot of mule heels, and the deck hand left a wife and two children in New Orleans.

An Illinois postmaster gives notice as follows: "After this date everybody must lick their own stamps, for my tongue's given out."

It is a remarable fact that however well young ladies may be versed in grammer, very few are enabled to decline matrimeny.

Max Ring, the German author, has published a new book, entitled "Louis Napoleon Bonaparte," in which he gives the following anecdote of the early years of the ex-Emperor: When a very little fellow, he used to pass, on his way to school, a blacksmith shop, around which he sometimes loitered. One day he made the discovery that the blacksmith was in the habit of lighting his pipe with a long rod of iron, and, watching for a favorable opportunity, he drew the rod out of the fire and replaced it with the hot end left sticking out, so that when the smith returned in a few seconds after a temporary absence, and, unconscious of the change, took hold of the rod to draw it out of the fire, to light his pipe as usual, he burned his hand badly. His exclamation of pain and surprise was responded to by a burst of uncontrollable laughter from the irrepressible Louis, who had hidden himself away somewhere to enjoy the success of his nice little practical joke, and who thus, despite of himself, had revealed his secret and his hiding-place. The consequence was that he received the best beating that he probably ever got in his life (Sedan excepted) from the old smith, whose name was Mayor, and who is still living and well to do near Elbing.

How much greater is the power of an old song, with simple air and words, than of those more difficult and artistic ones which sometimes throw the professional musicians into ecstacies of delight. It may not be because there is more music or more feeling to them; but they are endeared to the hearts of the common people through familiarity, and associated with home scenes of love and affection, and appeal to sentiments and feelings that could not be awakened, no matter how artistic, or sparkling with gems of beauty. When these have become familiar, and associated with the loves and joys of a lifetime then, they will also become "household words," and awaken the same feelings; but until such is the case, the simple songs of yesterday will be the most popular.

"There is no such thing, my wife tells me," said a professionel man to me, lately, "as obtaining a good cook with a good character at anything like reasonable wages. And I believe it. We had one, a very plain cook, both in accomplishments and manners, to whom we gave $100 per annum. Finding she knew nothing, I paid $15 to have her properly instructed at a cookery. This done, she immediately demanded that her wages should be doubled. As we declined to comply, she left us, and obtained easily $200 elsewhere. Reflecting on the loss of our $15, my wife proposed that she should herself take a course of lessons at the said school, to which I joyfully agreed, and never has our money been better invested.

There is a story extant of an absent minded man who had the toothache. He was a quarry man by profession, and he concluded that the best way to rid himself of the afflicted tooth would be to blast it out. So he filled his mouth with powder, fired a slow match and ran around the corner to get out of the way of the result. When the explosion occurred he was surprised to find how close it seemed. It was very successful so far as the tooth was concerned; but when the Mount Cenis tunnel chap went home the general aspect of his mouth resembled that of the Delaware gap. The dentist says he would not undertake to fit him with a set of teeth, of the necessary size, for less than a thousand dollars.

Many a man of respectable intellectual powers has gone down to ruin, and died miserably, because of his limpness, which made it impossible for him to break new ground or to work at anything whatsoever, with the stimulus of hope only. He must be bolstered up by certainty, supported by the walls of his groove, else he can do nothing; and if he cannot get into his his friendly groove, he lets himself drift into destruction. In no manner are limp people to be depended on; their very central quality being fluidity, which is a bad thing to rest on.

At a late meeting of the Farmers' Club, in New York, there happened to be a peculiarly fine apple of one variety, which the chairman was requested to present to the handsomest lady present. This was rather a poser for the chairman, but with his customary readiness, he first bowed graciously to the ladies, and then pocketed the fruit, remarking that he dared not introduce an apple of discord into such a harmonious and intelligent assembly.

A gentleman at Elmira wanted to build a warehouse on the Chemung river, and found it necessary to drive a lot of piles, so he wrote to Horace Greeley to find out what he could get a driver for in New York. Horace wrote to him that he had been inquiring of the proprietors of the stage lines there, and found that he could get one for $25 a month, and board and washing, but he advised him to employ some countryman to drive for him as the city drivers were always getting drunk.

Miscellaneous.

Law is like a sieve; you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

The difference between a country and a city greenhorn is that the one would like to know everthing, and the other thinks he can tell him.

A little Boston girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses—she had seen a man in a shop just finishing one of them, for he was nailing on his last foot.

Little Jimmy Wens, a New York newsboy, is the inventor of "walking off on his ear." He throws his heels into the air, places his ear on the floor and propels himself rapidly across the room by his hands.

A Detroit girl, who wears a beaver and carries a cane, tried to kiss a hotel waiter t'other day. The insulted youth complained to the landlord, who informed the offener that she must respect the men about the house, or leave.

A gentleman of Washington, hard-pushed for a compliment to a fair lady, whose face was marred by an undeniable flat nose, remarked—"Madam, you are a fallen angel from Heaven, but you fell on your nose."

Jno. Jacob Astor was addressed by a poor person once like this: "I wish I had your wealth." "Would you take care of my property for your bread and clothes asked Astor. "No," exclaimed the querist. "That is all I get;" replied Astor.

A printer dunned a man for the amount of his bill. The debtor said he was "Sorry very sorry, indeed that he couldn't pay it." "Well," said the printer, "I took you for a man that would be sorry; but if you are sorrier than I am I'll knock under."

A gentleman having a pony that started and broke his wife's neck, a neighbor told him that he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride upon. "No," says the other, "I will not sell the little fellow, because I intend to marry again."

Mr. Hoffman, of Texas, was in a barber's chair, getting shaved, when an unknown man entered and shot him dead. The gross impropriety of such familiarity, without the formality of an introduction, will be we think, universally conceded.

At Cedar Falls, Iowa, says an exchange they get mad if a man goes into the theatre with a cigar in his mouth and puts his heels on the shoulders of the man in front of him. A man got arrested just for that out three. There is no socibility about some people.

A strong movement is afloat at Boston for the relief of the needle women and other working girls, many of whom are now out of employment. Boarding places where living may be had at small expense will be established, and other philanthropic plans will soon be carried out.

And now Phil. Sheridan is turning his attention to legal acquirements. He is to be married on his return from Europe to Miss Bessie Law, one of the belles of Zanesville, Ohio. He evidently wants his phil of relations in-law, A father-in-law Law, a mother-in-law Law, a sister-in-law Law—La!

—Frank Buckland, the well-known naturalist, says the best way of securing one's portmenteau a speedy transit through any custom-house, British or foreign, is to have a live snake on the top of the articles contained in it. This is about the first suggestion for utilizing snakes since *Punch*, years ago, had a picture of a Kentuckian cleaning his meerscham pipe by "walking a live rattlesnake through it."

A countryman was standing on one of the wharves the other day watching the progress of hoisting an anchor of a schooner, which was getting under weigh, and as he saw the huge iron rise from the water to the "Yo heave oh!" of the sailors, he remarked: "You may heave high and heave low, but you will never get that crooked thing through that little hole! I know better."

Harrison county can beat the meanest man in Indiana. A farmer in the north part of that county has his aged father living with him, and employed at low wages. Last week the farmer's child died, and naturally enough the old man attended the funeral of his grandchild. The dutiful son in settling with his father a few days after the funeral, docked him for the time he had lost in attending the child's burial.

A worthy old gentleman in a neighboring town is very absent-minded, and has a short memory. It is a common habit with him in the pulpit to forget something, and then after sitting down to rise up again, and begin his supplementary remarks with the expression: "By the way." A few Sundays ago he got half-way through a prayer, when he hesitated, forgot what he was about, and sat down abruptly without closing. In a moment or two, he rose and pointing his forefinger at the amazed congregation, he said: "Oh! by the way—Amen."