

The Forest Republican.
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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.
NEWTON PETTIS. MILER W. TATE.
PETTIS & TATE,
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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.
19 1/2 ly
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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. 19
W. W. Messer,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.
C. W. Gillman,
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N. B. Smiley,
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TIONESTA, PA., opposite the Depot.
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Jos. Y. Saul,
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TIDOUPE, PA., J. & D. MAORE, Proprietors. The house has been thoroughly refitted and is now in the first-class order, with the best accommodations. Any information concerning Oil Territory at this point will be cheerfully furnished. J. & D. MAORE, 19-1/2 ly
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National Hotel,
TIONESTA, PA., W. A. HANCOCK, Proprietor. A first-class house, situated at the junction of the Oil Creek & Allegheny rivers 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. 19
Tipton & Co.'s
NEW ENGINES. The undersigned have for sale and will receive orders for the above Engine. Messrs. Tipton & 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, Tittusville. 19
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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 Tidoupe, near Tidoupe 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. 19
W. P. Mercillott,
Attorney at Law.
AND
REAL ESTATE AGENT.
TIONESTA, PA.
27-1/2
JOHN A. DALL, PREST.
OHMA PROPER, VICE PREST. A. H. STEELE, CASH.
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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, 19.

DR. J. N. BOLARD, of Tidoupe, 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 Europa Drug Store, 2d door above the bank, Tidoupe, Pa. 4911
\$10 MADE FROM 50 CTS.
Something urgently needed by everybody and examined, or samples sent postage paid for 50 cents that retail easily for \$10. R. Wolcott, 151 Chatham St., N. Y. 49-4

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.

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Legal 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 men doing business in the limits of the circulation of the paper to advertise liberally.

GREAT EXCITEMENT!
at the Store of
D. S. KNOX, & CO.,
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We are in daily receipt of the largest and MOST COMPLETE stock of

GROCERIES
PROVISIONS,
EVER BROUGHT TO THIS MARKET
BOOTS & SHOES!
FOR THE
MILLIONS!
which we are determined to sell regardless of prices.

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

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!
of all kinds,
PARLOR SUITS,
CHAMBER SETS,
LOUNGES,
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ES, &c., &c., &c.,
IN ENDLESS VARIETY. Call and see,
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The handsomest and cheapest work extant. It has so much 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.
Bare 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 Octaves 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 repaid 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, on 50¢ Broadway, N. Y.
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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, Spodart & Co., Publishers, No. 740 Sanson St., Philadelphia, Pa. 33-4

Making Love in Spanish.
In Seville, which is popularly believed to be in Spain, there is a most felicitous invention in the way of making love--clandestinely. After dark young caballeros steals beneath the lady's lattice--which, perchance, is in the third story--and softly unscrewing the handle of their walking sticks, proceed to extract from the same, which are hollow, length after length of hollow tubing, screwing them together after the fashion of a Japanese fishing pole, or the old apparatus wherewith sweeps clean chimneys. A mouth-piece is fitted into each end, and one raised to the window above. Soon, by the aid of this improved speaking tube, two souls with a certain unanimity of thought and two hearts with a possible union of pulsation are softly communicating.

Now this is all very nice, seductively romantic, all that sort of thing, but mark what the knowledge of it brought to a certain youth of Baltimore. He had read of it, or heard of it, and happening to have a superstitious affection for a young and wealthy lady which she as superstitiously reciprocated, he determined, with her connivance, to avail himself of it. He got a tin pipe of the desired length, made by a tinner, and in each end of it placed, for want of a better mouth-piece, a funnel. Delicious conversation went on, he sitting on the top of a water barrel and she leaning from the window above. They would converse for hours, and exchange all the soft nonsense in the world, and then he would unship the apparatus, put the funnels in his pocket, wrap the pieces up in a newspaper, and go home in a condition of ethereal bliss. The course of true love never did run smooth, and one evening the old gentleman, smoking in the back garden at an unusual hour, saw the young gentleman arrive, fix up his apparatus and commence his soul-combining operations.

He made up his mind in a minute. He went into the kitchen and asked for a pitcher of boiling water; it was handed to him and he posted up stairs. Just as he reached his daughter's door he commenced calling to her. So telling her lover to wait a moment, she came to the door. "Nellie, my dear, run up to my room and get my spectacles; I'll wait here till you come down." She disappeared up stairs, and he stole cautiously to the window. The minute he touched the funnel the amorous and unsuspecting youth clasped his mouth to it to resume where he had broken off--"my darling, you cannot imagine how--" Just then the old gentleman commenced assiduously sipping the funnel with hot water, and the rest of that miserable youth's sentence was never heard. He wore four on his face for a fortnight after, and declines to go into society just at present.

The Philadelphia Ledger, in an article on the support of clergymen, tells a very good story, for the truth of which it vouches. There lived in Philadelphia two brothers, one of whom adhered to the faith of his fathers and was a prominent Quaker, while the other went among the world's people and became connected with a church that employed salaried preachers. The brothers occasionally had good-natured discussions on religious matters, in the course of which the Quaker brother did not fail to harp upon the subject of hiring preachers. One day the "hiring" advocate showed his brother a list of missionaries belonging to his denomination, with their stipends set against their names, from \$50 up, but none exceeding \$500 per annum, and few reaching two-fifths of that amount. "There, brother," he said, "you are always talking of hiring ministry, what do you think of that list? Do these men serve for hire?" "I'll tell thee what I think," said the other, handing back the paper; "if I pretended to pay preachers at all, I would pay them better than that."

The Boston Post says: "A piece of human hair may be seen at 17 Essex street, with which is connected a most romantic story. It weighs 7 ounces, is 64 inches in length, of dark brown hue, and as soft as silk. This is, probably, one of the finest specimens that has ever been publicly exhibited in America. It is from the head of a Swabian peasant girl, of whom it is said she had two suitors. One was rich, the other poor. The rich one (a miller) who owned the cottage in which the fair one and her mother lived) threatened to drive his tenants from the roof unless he was accepted. They had already paid a portion of the price demanded, and only desired time to meet the remainder. A hair merchant, at this juncture, appeared in the village, and, being offered an uncommon price, she determined the part with her flowing locks. These were taken to Leipzig, and sold at the annual fair for \$175 to an American dealer; and from thence the magnificent specimen found its way to this country. It is valued at \$500.

The latest novelties are evening shoes for ladies, which are made with gilt heels and a great deal of gold embroidery over the instep and caps to

The Rat-Killer.
Adam Bepler keeps a tavern in Allegheny. One rather gloomy evening recently, when Adam was in rather a gloomy humor, a stranger presented himself about bed-time, and asked to stay all night.
"Certainly," said Adam, eyeing the rather seedy-looking stranger. "If you take breakfast it will be about one dollar."
"But I have no money," said the man. "I am dead broke, but if you will trust me--"
"Ah!" said Mr. Bepler. "I don't like that kind of customer. I could fill mine house every night with that kind, but that won't help me run this house."
"Well," said the stranger after a pause, "have you any rats about here?"
"Ya," replied Adam, "you'd better believe we have. Why, de place is lousy with dem."
"Well," rejoined the man, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you let me have lodging and breakfast, I'll kill all the rats to-morrow."
"Done," said Bepler, who had long been desperately annoyed by the number of Norways that infested his premises.
So the stranger, a gaunt, sallow, melancholy-looking man, was shown to bed, and no doubt had a good sleep. After breakfast next morning, Mr. Bepler took occasion to remind his guest of the contract of the previous night.
"What kill your rats? Certainly," said the melancholy stranger. "Where are they the thickest?"
"They are poety thick in der barn-yard," answered Adam.
"Well, let's go out there," said the stranger. "But stop? Have you got a piece of hoop-iron?"
A piece about fifteen feet long was brought for the stranger, who examined it carefully from one end to the other. Expressing himself entirely satisfied, finally, with its length and strength, he proceeded to the barn, accompanied by Mr. Bepler and quite a number of idlers who were anxious to see in what manner the great rat-killer was going to work. Arriving there the stranger looked around a little, then placed his back firmly against the door and raised his weapon.
"Now," said he to Adam, "I am ready. Fetch on your rats."
How this scene terminated we are not precisely informed. It is said that, although no rats answered the appeal of the stranger, Mr. Bepler began to smell one pretty strongly at this juncture, and became very angry. One thing is certain, and that is that the new boarder was not at Adam's table at dinner, nor for any subsequent meal. He had suddenly resolved to depart, probably to pursue his avocation of rat-killing in other quarters.

A Portland paper is publishing what purports to be extracts from a diary kept by Hawthorne, when a boy of ten years, while he was spending some time in Maine. This is a paragraph: "This morning the bucket got off the chain, and dropped back into the well. I wanted to go down on the stones and get it. Mother would not consent, for fear the well might cave in, but hired Samuel Shane to go down. In the goodness of heart, she thought the son of old Mrs. Shane not quite so valuable as the son of the Widow Hawthorne. God bless her for all her love for me, though it may be some selfish."

"Every man ought to do something for the Home Missionary cause," said a wealthy man in Maine to a missionary the other day, "and I hope you will visit every man in this parish, as all can do something. I can just as well make my contribution now as any time. These are hard times, but every man should do his part. By the way, you needn't call on my son--he's sick and I'll give enough for him and me too." And then that wealthy man gave the missionary a ten cent stamp.

PROF POSITIVE.--"Why do you oppose the giving of the ballot to women?" asked a lady, the other evening, of a confirmed bachelor. "Excuse me, madam," replied he, "but I have not sufficient confidence in their capacity to conduct government affairs."
"What evidence of their mental inferiority to mankind can you advance?" queried the lady. "A simple fact is enough to satisfy my mind, and that is the frightful way in which they do up their back hair."

A Washington school-boy has a grievance, and writes about it to the Star thus: "When a boy goes to school in the morning an Forget to Sharpen his Pencil Why then of Crose he Has to do it in School An if he do his Teacher Takes His knife away from him. Then he goes home an tells his Father an he Makes a fus. But he never gets his knife."

A philosophical individual, who suddenly sat down on a slippery sidewalk in Milwaukee, disarmed the usual ridicule incident to accidents of that character by coolly taking a cigar out of his pocket, and lighting it before getting up.

Iron Boats on the Ohio.
Iron boats for the Ohio River have finally come into competition with wooden ones, and, of course have won the day. Captain Boardman, of Cincinnati, has just completed an iron steamboat, the John T. Moore, and on Monday she was ready to take her first cargo for New Orleans and Red River. Having an iron hull, divided into eleven water-tight compartments, which makes it particularly impossible to sink her, she is entitled to an abatement of rates of insurance on the cargo according to the diminished risk. But the masters of the wooden boats did not fancy this just discrimination against them, and so brought their combined influence to bear on the Cincinnati insurance company, by a threat to withdraw their risks if they insured on the iron Moore for less than the wooden rate. The home companies yielded, but some of the agents of foreign companies gave Captain Boardman reduced rates of insurance and he was enabled to lessen freight rates accordingly. This is one significant fact for Pittsburgh river men to consider. Another of equal import is that the friends of Captain Pittsfield, the builder of Boardman's iron boat, have in contemplation the formation of a joint stock company, with \$500,000 capital, in Cincinnati, for the purpose of building iron hulls. A number of prominent steamboat builders have already signified their intention of becoming shareholders in the enterprise. There is an immense advantage in being first to build the iron boats, which will soon be the only kind used on the Western rivers. Shall Cincinnati get ahead of Pittsburgh in what should be our own field?--Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Truth in Opera.
One night when Carlotta Patti was in Brooklyn she sang with Ferranti. Just as the buff singer was leading her out the door to the platform some one in the room behind him cried out that his coat had burst at the seam in the back. It was too late to recede, for the audience had seen him, and the two singers advanced to the footlights. But the knowledge of his mishap took all the humor out of Ferranti, and the duet (which was sung in Italian) was so dolefully devoid of the usual humor that Patti noticed it before they were half through, and dropping the text of the song, she fitted the following words to it in Italian:
"What is the matter with you tonight? I got undressed your nervousness. Nobody laughs at you."
Whereupon Ferranti, in mellifluous baritone and equally mellifluous Italian, responded:
"By the Virgin, I have bursted my coat. Everybody will laugh when I am going off."

At this unexpected interchange of personal feelings, Max Maretzek and his orchestra began to laugh immediately. Then the people in the front seats, seeing the orchestra and the artists laughing, joined themselves, and the merriment presently broke out in applause all over the house.
"Ah," said one of the Brooklyn papers, "there is always something majestic in Ferranti's singing of that song. People burst into sympathetic laughter without being able to tell why!"

Absent-minded people are funny. Sir Isaac Newton wanted his servant to carry out a stove that was getting too hot. A fellow stole his dinner before his eyes, and he afterwards thought he had eaten it because he saw the dishes empty. A Scotch professor walked into the middle of a horse-pond while pondering on Final Cause. Ben Franklin punched down the ashes of his pipe with the finger of a young lady sitting at his side, and severely burned the little white poker. A gentleman in Troy, N. Y., received a letter in the dark, and used the letter to light his lamp, and then looked about for it to read. Pere Gratty, one day in Paris, thinking he had left his watch at home, took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go back after it. Neander, the church historian, used to go to his lectures in his night cap and sometimes walked in the gutter.

A poor soldier in New Hampshire, who, after three applications, succeeded in getting \$100 bounty, sent at once \$10 to an uncle who had loaned him that amount when he was in desperate need. A few days ago the uncle died, and by his will he left the penniless soldier all his estate, valued at \$200,000, giving as his reason for so doing, that he had many times lent money to his relatives, and he alone had repaid him.

An acquaintance from the country having visited some friends, and being about to depart, presented a little boy, one of the family, with a half dollar, in the presence of his mother. "Please, is it a good one?" said the lad. "Certainly," replied the gentleman, surprised; "why do you ask?" "Because I'd rather have a bad one; they'd let me keep it; if I get any good money it goes into the bank, and I never get it again."

A Novel Gun Carriage.
There is a comical story connected with the Ordnance Select Committee. It was at one time proposed to fire mountain-guns off the backs of mules that carried them. It was urged that this would obviate the necessity of dismounting the gun from the mule's back and mounting it on its carriage; a mountain battery could thus come into action in far less time. This proposal was warmly taken up by the committee, who forthwith proceeded to test its feasibility. A mule or donkey was procured, and a small gun strapped firmly to a cradle resting on the pack-saddle, so that the weapon pointed over the donkey's tail. The animal was then led into the marshes at Woodwich, accompanied by the committee and several "big wigs" who were attracted by such an experiment. On arriving at the butt the gun was loaded, the donkey turned with his tail towards the earthen mound, and the usual preparations made for firing by means of a lanyard and friction tube. Hereupon one of the committee remarked that this mode of firing might derange the aim by the jerk on pulling the lanyard. A discussion followed, and it was finally arranged to fire the gun by the piece of slow match tied to the vent. This was done, and the match duly ignited. Hitherto the donkey had taken rather a sleepy interest in the proceedings; but the firing of the match on his back caused him first to prick up his ears, then to lay them back, and finally to begin to turn round. The committee were thunder-struck, and "skeddaddled" in all directions; the secretary threw himself flat on his face; there was an agonizing moment of suspense; then--bang--the shot went ricocheting away in one direction, while the wretched donkey turned a complete summersault in the other.

A Fiji Comedy.
The Fiji Islanders have just established their first theater, and a native has written a tragedy for it. The heroine of the tragedy is a girl who loved a noble young cannibal. The father of the latter forbade him to marry the girl, because she had no fat and juicy relations who could be sliced down and fried for the wedding breakfast. But the lover made her swear they should never be separated. In fulfillment of her vow she ate him one night at their old trysting-place, and, after the last mouthful of him had disappeared, she wept tears of joy to think that now their two hearts would beat as one.
The father, when he hears the sad news, goes up stairs, puts on his best barava-leaf, and dies, and the villain of the piece is about to lurch off the remains, when the heroine rushes in, kills the villain, eats both of the bodies herself, and chokes to death on the villain's rib, which sticks crosswise in her throat, and strangles her as the curtain comes down amid frantic applause.

A farmer cut down a tree which stood so near the boundary line of his farm that it was doubtful whether it belonged to him or his neighbor. The neighbor, however, claimed the tree, and prosecuted the man who cut it for damages. The case was sent to court. Time was wasted, temper soured, and temper lost; but the case was finally gained by the prosecutor. The last he heard of the transaction was that the man who gained the cause went to the lawyer's office to execute a deed of the whole farm, which he had been compelled to sell to pay his costs! Then, hopeless and homeless, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and triumphantly exclaimed, "I've beat him!"

In all the novels, when woman are alluded to, they are described as ethereal creatures that a man can take under his arm and carry off anywhere, but a man who has investigated the matter says, you take the lightest girl of your acquaintance, throw her over your shoulders and undertake to elope with her and you will think she is made of pig iron, while the romantic stories about carrying girls against their will is all bosh. It would take at least three men to elope with one girl, if she is anything of a kickist.

The discovery of a lock of hair in the heart of a tree in Kentucky, is thus explained: In olden times, when wizard cures for diseases were more in vogue than at present, a cure for phthisis was prescribed as follows: Take a lock of hair from the head of a patient, especially if a child, and bore a hole in the tree, place the hair in the hole and then plug the hole up. The simultaneous growth of the child and the tree takes the malady from the child, and it is supposed to be transmitted to the tree.

An eccentric minister in a large parish had seventeen couples to marry at once in a grand common service at church, in the course of the wedding he asked one of the men to pledge himself to the wrong woman. The man naturally protested, but was told, "Hold your tongue! I will marry you all now right here; you can sort yourselves going home."

The hotel in Chetopa, Kansas, is temporarily closed on account of a little difficulty between the cook and the proprietor, which was settled with a pistol. The proprietor is in his grave and the cook is in jail.
"Will you dake something?" said a German tottalar to a friend, while standing near a tavern. "I don't care if I do," was the reply. "Well, let us dake a walk!"

Hasty Words.
The evil that is in the world, that rushes down our streets, devastating homes, ruining happiness, and laying waste the pleasant places, has many fountains. Sin does its deadly work in many ways, and sorrow comes from a variety of sources. Hasty words have much to answer for among the rest. We are apt to think that a word or two does not matter; that we need not trouble ourselves to be over-particular as to what we say. But this is only one of our many mistakes. Words live. There is so much vitality in them that they take root even upon very unlikely soil. Hasty words are almost sure to have little sense and less kindness in them. They are not the offspring of meek and quiet spirits, but of hot, passionate tempers. "All men are liars!" Who but a man in a passion would have said that? The assertion is so sweeping and unjust, that if David had not professed it by his profession, "I said in my haste," we should not have understood it. Perhaps the reason why such are spoken is, that the speaker feels himself aggrieved. We often do in this life of ours; we cannot have all we wish from our brothers and sisters, and so we allow ourselves to grow fretful and angry. We are unreasonable enough to suppose that all things should be ours, and when we find only few things coming to our share, then we become discontented and peevish, and speak hasty words.

Precious Stones and Millstones.
A rich nobleman was showing a friend a great collection of precious stones, whose value was almost beyond counting. There were diamonds, and pearls, and rubies and gems from almost every country on the globe, which had been gathered by the possessor with the greatest labor and expense; "and yet," he remarked, "they yield me no income." His friend replied that he had two stones which cost him about ten florins each, yet they yielded him an income of two thousand florins a year. In much surprise the nobleman desired to see the wonderful stones, when the man led him down to his mill and pointed to the toiling, gray millstones. They were laboriously crushing the grain into snowy flour for the use of hundreds who depend on the world for their daily bread. The two dull, homely stones did more good in the world, and yielded a larger income, than all the nobleman's jewels.

Some people's notions of comfort differ from those of others. Mr. Matthews once went over Warwick gaul, and when he came to "the place of execution," he observed to the goaler, that, considering the extent of the country, and the number of executions which might take place, the drop struck him as being very small. "I don't know," said the man; "to be sure six 'ould be crowded, but foive 'ould hang very comfortable!"

A learned clergyman was accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher who despised education: "Sir, you have been to college I suppose?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "I am thankful!" rejoined the former, "that the Lord opened my mouth without any learning." "A similar event," retorted the clergyman, "took place in Balaam's time; but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day."

The new trowel bayonets being manufactured at the Springfield armory are shaped almost exactly like a sharp pointed trowel, and the dimensions are the same. Their design is not so much for charges as for a skirmish line, and, being furnished with finger pieces where they are joined to the guns, they can be used either to lop boughs or dig holes for picket defence.

A drawing-master, worrying his pupil with contemptuous remarks upon his lack of ability ended by asking: "Now sir, if you were going to draw me, what part of me would you commence with first?" The boy, with a meaning look into the master's face answered very quietly, "Your neck."

A rich man in Brattleboro' was applied to for a contribution in building an iron fence round the cemetery in that town. But he declined on the rather irreverent but witty plea that a cemetery does not need any fence, as those inside cannot get out, and those who are outside do not want to get in.

A writer says, "I have seen women so delicate that they are afraid to ride for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail for fear the boat should overset and afraid to walk for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to get married."

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