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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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Meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

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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.

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A Wild Cat Story of Western Hanging.

Several years ago, when the West was a comparatively new country, an individual presented himself at the door of a log grocery, in the settlement of which we write, and asked if there was a judge in the place. Upon being informed that the store-keeper himself was a judge, the stranger proceeded:

"Well, Judge, you see the facts of the case is this: I was travelin' along with a pardner down here a piece, an' he showed me a silver dollar which he had. Well, I wanted the money, and he wasn't lookin' I popped him under the ear with my pistol. Then I took his silver and tobacker and cum along alone; but I got to thinkin' the matter over, and I don't think I did just the right thing by my pardner. My conshuns has been troublin' me, and I think I ought to be hung. Now, Judge, if it wouldn't be too much trouble I'd like to have you try me pretty soon and have me hung. If you doubt the facts in the case, there's the dollar I took from my pardner, and you'll find his remains down the road a piece, under a log. I'll feel obliged to you, Judge, if you will have me hung."

The judge told the stranger to make himself comfortable at the hotel until he could send some men down the road to investigate the matter, and if they found the body he would call a jury and try the stranger, as was desired. The dead man being found, the judge summoned a jury and sent word to the stranger at the hotel, that if he would step over to the store they would give him a trial.

The stranger appeared immedeately, shook hands with the judge and jury, invited the court to take a drink, and appeared grateful and satisfied with the proceedings.

The trial preceded socially, and the tenderhearted jury brought in a verdict of guilty of manslaughter in the first degree. A look of anxiety, which the stranger had worn up to this time, faded from his face as he stood up to receive his sentence. "You have been found guilty," said the judge, "of the crime of manslaughter, for which you are undoubtedly penitent." Here the stranger again began to get anxious and uneasy.

"And if," proceeded the judge, "it meets with your approbation, we will try to hang you next Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock a. m. In the meantime try to make youself as comfortable at the hotel as possible."

The stranger looked a little sad, and the Judge asked him if he wasn't satisfied? If there was anything he could do for him?

"Judge, I hate to be particular and fussy," said the stranger, "but havin' the ager an' fever, the chills come on at 10 o'clock in the mornin', an' if you could have me swing off before that I should feel obliged."

"Of course," said the Judge, "we always respect a party's feelings. No trouble at all. Come round at 9 o'clock, and may be we'll get through before church time."

Sunday morning at 9 o'clock the stranger came out of the hotel and proceeded to the grocery. There he met a deputation of citizens, one of whom threw a lariat over the limb of a tree, and, as soon as the stranger had taken a chew of tobacco and shaken hands all round, they hauled him up.

A certain professor was noted for having a certain set illustrations, from which he could not well deviate without running the risk of a blunder. In illustrating the powerful effects of prussic acid, he was wont to inform the class that a drop placed on a dog's tongue was sufficient to kill him. On one occasion, when lecturing to his class, he said:

"Mr. Smith," addressing a young man whose chance of passing was very slender, "what can you say of prussic acid? Is it powerful or otherwise?"

"It is rather powerful," said the student, dubiously.

"Rather powerful!" said the professor, indignantly. "Put a drop on your tongue and it will kill a dog."

The shout of laughter which followed, and Smith's confusion, revealed to the professor that his illustration had served a double purpose.

There is a story in the Des Moines *Register* about an Ohio girl who came to Muscatine in the spring of 1861, and in the fall enlisted in the 24th Iowa Infantry, in which regiment she served till the close of the war. Then she went back to her father's house, where she was received with open arms, but never said anything about her war history; she invested several hundred of her savings in Northern Iowa land, and became rich; a member of her own regiment fell in love with her, never dreaming that she had fought at his side, so changed was her appearance; but she told him her history and they were married. Then she told her father about her military career, and he didn't believe her; but he visited Des Moines, consulted Gen. Baker and the records, and found that it was even so.

Why do we admire the pretty feet of a maiden? Because all's well that ends well.

Kiss My Wife or Fight.

There are a few married men who are not averse to seeing their wives kissed, but a correspondent relates the particulars of a case in which a newly-wedded Benedict felt himself insulted because his wife was not kissed. The bridegroom was a stalwart young rustic, who was known as a formidable operator in a "free fight." His bride was a beautiful and blooming country girl, only sixteen years of age, and the twain were at a party where a number of young folks of both sexes were enjoying themselves in the good-old-fashioned style. Every girl in the room was called out and kissed, except R., the beautiful young bride aforesaid; and, although there was not a youngster who was not dying to taste her lips, they were restrained by the presence of her herculean husband, who stood regarding the party with a look of sullen dissatisfaction. They, however, mistook the cause, for suddenly he expressed himself:

Rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and in a tone of voice that at once secured marked attention, said:

"Gentlemen, I have been noticing how things have been working here for some time, and I ain't satisfied. I don't wan't to raise a fuss, but—"

"What is the matter, John?" inquired half a dozen voices. "Have we done anything to offend you?"

"Yes, you have; all of you have hurt my feelings, and I have got just this to say about it. Here's every girl in the room has been kissed nigh a dozen times apiece, and there's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of 'em, has not had a single one to-night; and I just tell you now, if she don't get as many kisses the rest of the night as any other girl in the room, the man that slights her has got me to lick—that's all. Now go ahead with your plays."

Seeing is Believing.

A notorious scamp was once brought before an Onondaga justice of the peace. He was accused of having "come the strap game" over a native. The portly justice, wishing to decide understandingly, asked to see a sample of his skill. "The party" instantly produced a leather strap, gave it a scientific whisk across the table and remarked:

"You see, judge, the quarter under the strap?"

"What!" interrupted the dignified functionary, "do you mean to say there is a quarter under there?"

"Sartin!" was the reply.

"No such thing," said the justice.

"I'll go you a dollar on it," exclaimed the prisoner.

"Agreed!" said the justice.

With accustomed adroitness the strap was withdrawn, when lo! there was the quarter.

"Well," said the astonished Shallow, "I should not have believed it if I had not seen it with my own eyes. Here is your dollar, and you are fined five dollars for gambling, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided."

The elongated countenance of the gambler required no additional evidence to testify his appreciation of "the sell."

It is no mark of a gentleman to swear. The most worthless and vile, the refuse of mankind, the drunkard and prostitute swear, as well as the best dressed and educated gentlemen. No particular endowments are requisite to give a finish to the art of cursing. The basest and meanest of mankind swear with as much tact and skill as the most refined; and he who wishes to degrade himself to the lowest level of pollution and shame, should learn to be a common swearer. Any man has talents enough to learn to curse God, and imprecate perdition on themselves and their fellow men. Profane swearing never did any man any good. No man is the richer, or wiser, or happier for it. It helps no man's education or manners; recommends no one to any society. It is disgusting to the refined; abominable to the good; insulting to those with whom we associate; degrading to the mind; unprofitable, needless, and injurious to society; and wantonly to profane His name, to call His vengeance down, to curse Him, and to invoke His vengeance, is, perhaps, of all offenses, the most awful in the sight of God.—*Louth.*

The following letter, addressed to a gentleman of Harrisburg speaks for itself:

SUMNER CITY, Kansas,
March 7, 1871.

DEAR SIR: We have just organized Sumner county. We have 600 inhabitants in Sumner county. There are 550 bachelors in Sumner county. Could there be that number of good, industrious single ladies of your State induced to come to Sumner county, Kansas? If so, I think they can find good, honest, hard-working husbands.

Yours, &c.

The ex-Emperor Napoleon says that his return to France is only a question of time, and that sooner or later he will be restored to power.

Legislating on Hoops.

In the Canadian House of Assembly, some time since, they had quite a spirited debate on the bill to prohibit crinoline, introduced by Mr. Aikens. We publish a few of the most brilliant passages.

Mr. Drummond was an ardent admirer of hoops from childhood. He was born with a love of hoops. When he was a child of tender growth he used to trundle his hoop, all unconscious of the fate that was in store for him. Later in life he swallowed a ring which resulted in a whooping cough, and even now the sight of an empty hogshead bought tears to his eyes.

Mr. Brown complained that it was impossible now to choose a wife, since her defects were so hidden by hoops and enveloped in crinoline that the naked—

Speaker—Order.

Mr. Brown—Mr. Speaker.

Speaker—The honorable gentleman is out of order.

Mr. Brown—But, Mr. Speaker, the naked—

Speaker—Hold your tonge, sir.

Mr. Brown—The naked—

Speaker—Upon my soul, Brown, silence, or I'll have you arrested.

Mr. Brown—Permit me to explain, Mr. Speaker. When I said the naked

Speaker (yelling)—Clear the galleries of ladies, Mr. Sergeant.

Mr. Brown—In the name of the seventeen graces and fifteen muses, Mr. Speaker, let me apologize. I only meant to say that hoops and crinoline had reached to such a rotundity that it was impossible to arrive at the naked—

Speaker (frantically)—Death and blue devils! Stop, or I'll brain you with the mace. Consider the impropriety of—

Brown (wildly)—Truth! truth! truth! Naked truth was what he was going to say.

Mr. Dunbar Ross understood his honorable friend to say that the people friend to say that the people could not pass along the streets without being assaulted by highwaymen. Now, surely, the honorable member Lake Ontario could not but be aware that the character of every member of the House was affected by such dam—

Mr. Talbot objected to such unparliamentary language.

Mr. Ross protested against interruption. He was going to say dam—

Mr. Cameron—The honorable member should not swear in that dreadful manner.

Mr. Ross—Wasn't doing anything of kind, but would be tempted to do so if not allowed to finish his sentence—but such a dam—[order, order!]—a dam—[confusion]—he would repeat it—by such dam—[tremendous uproar.]

Mr. Wright stood up and moved, amid the wildest confusion, that Mr. Ross be expelled from the House for such awful language.

Mr Ross (black in the face) exclaimed that damaging statements was all that he meant to say when he was interrupted by a fool—

Mr. Talbot—Who's a fool?

Mr. Ross—Foolish ass—

Mr. Cameron—Who's an ass?

Mr. Ross—Foolish assertions of profanity.

How Count Rumford Freed Bavaria of Beggars.

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

Bavaria was eaten up by pauperism and beggary, in town and country. This had long been the despair of her ministers of state and religion. It was reserved for an adventurer from beyond seas to free the state from these cleaving mischiefs. Thompson laid his plans so wisely and took his precautions so prudently, that the miracle was accomplished in one day. On the morning of the 1st of January, 1790, the hosts of beggary went forth in their strength to spoil the land. Before night they were all under arrest and the next morning humanely provided for. The helpless and inpotent were more comfortable than they had ever been before, while the sturdy and able-bodied were set to work and made useful members of society. And this was done with so much discretion and wise humanity, that no vested interest or even prejudice was disturbed, while the whole population breathed freer at being released from this odious burden. Even the ancient guid of beggars was so tenderly dealt with, that they blessed the change which had abolished it; and on one occasion when their benefactor was ill, they went in procession to the cathedral to offer up prayers for his recovery; and on another, they set apart an hour every day for the same service in his behalf.—*Atlantic Monthly, for April.*

"Long engagements," writes a young lady, "are going out of fashion, young men being at last convinced of the stupidity of making matrimonial engagements until they are in a position to fulfill their promise at once."

"Bridget, what has became of the tallow I greased my boots with this morning?" "I fried the buckwheat cakes in it." "O, I was afraid you had wasted it."

Sixteen Reasons.

A writer in one of our exchanges gives the following plain and forcible reasons for abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. It is a view sanctioned both by religion and common sense:

1. Because ale, porter, gin, rum, brandy, etc., all contain a spirit which is calculated to derange the human system.

2. Because none of these drinks, as an habitual beverage, are ever useful, but always injurious to persons in health, and many professing Christians, both young and old, have been ruined by them.

3. Because drunkenness is a besetting sin, and leads to idleness, quarrelling, swearing, fighting, stealing, adultery, murder, and almost every other sin, and finally to eternal misery.

4. Because drinking produces poverty, bankruptcy, destruction of property, loss of reason, disease and premature death.

5. Because a great deal of valuable time, labor and capital, are worse than wasted upon making, vending and using these drinks.

6. Because over seventy millions of money, being more than the whole revenue, are annually expended upon them in the United Kingdom, which ought to be laid out in food and manufactures.

7. Because nearly six millions of bushels of good grain are annually destroyed in this Christian land to make those liquors, while the markets are high and many of the poor are starving.

8. Because intemperance obstructs the progress of civilization, education, the religion of Jesus, and every useful reform.

9. Because abstinence is sure and safe, but drinking moderately is dangerous, and has lead to all the drunkenness in the world.

10. Because I find I cannot effectually warn the drunkard, or set him example, unless I am myself an entire abstainer.

11. Because I like to join those who are exerting themselves to promote the temporal and spirital reformation and happiness of man.

12. Because it is important to set a safe example of perfect sobriety to our children, friends and associates.

13. Because it is our Christian duty to deny ourselves even of lawful things to promote the happiness of others.

14. Because, while millions in time and eternity have repented of drinking, not one has ever repented of abstaining.

15. Because, while no blessing is pronounced upon drinking, God's approval is frequently recorded in favor of abstinence. (See Jer. xxxv; Luke i, 15; Rom. xiv, 21; Prov. xx, 1.)

16. Because I should be ashamed to touch, taste, handle, or keep in my house, the article which is filling the land with dissapation, vice, poverty, misery, lamentation and woe.

Too Poor.

Moore, of the Rural New-Yorker, was sitting in his office, one afternoon, some years ago, when a farmer friend came in and said: "Mr. Moore, I like your paper, but times are so hard I cannot pay for it."

"Is that so, friend Jones? I'm very sorry to hear that you are so poor; if you are so hard run I will give you my paper."

"Oh, no! I can't take it as a gift."

"Well, then, let's see how we can fix it. You raise chickens, I believe."

"Yes, a few, but they don't bring anything, hardly."

"Don't they? Neither does my paper cost anything, hardly. I will continue your paper, and when your go home you may select from your lot one chicken and call her mine. Take good care of her and bring me the proceeds, whether in eggs or chickens, and we will call it square."

"All right, brother Moore;" and the old fellow chuckled at what he thought a capital bargan. He kept the contract strictly, and at the end of the year found that he had paid about four prices for his paper. He often tells the joke on himself, and says he never had the face to say he was too poor to take a paper since that day."

The following is told of a young society gentleman, who graduated from Harvard: at the examination of physics he was asked: "Mr.——, What planets were known to the ancients?" he responded, "There were Venus and Jupiter, and,"—after a pause, "I think the Earth, but I am not quite certain."

An Arkansas man, sentenced to be hanged, is in a bad way. The neighboring carpenter refused to build the gallows, and the Sheriff don't know how. The prisoner is a carpenter himself, and the Sheriff has tried several times to have him build it, but he says "he'll be hanged if he will."

Almost any young lady has public spirit enough to be willing to have her father's house used for a court-house

A Practical Joke.

The *Congregationalist* has an anecdote: A few days ago two young men went from Massachusetts to Hartford to make a visit. They were excellent in every way, and carried little religious cards in their pockets with suitable mottos, in order to sow seed by the wayside. They were very anxious to see Dr. Bushnell, and yet did not feel bold enough to call on the great man. The relative whom they were visiting, was engaged in one of the banks, and told them that the doctor was in the habit of dropping in there pretty often; and that, in fact, he must come in soon, as there was some money awaiting him. One morning while the two were in the bank, thinking that perhaps the Doctor might happen in an elderly man with a felt hat, put on rather slouchily, a grayish black suit, a big oak walking stick, and the air of a well-to-do and bluff, outspoken farmer came in as though he belonged there, and received a thick roll of greenbacks from the cashier. They had that vile smell which money much handled gets, and the old gentleman (it was Dr. Bushnell) began in his sharp way to jerk out something about this "filthy currrency," and to stigmatize it with terms a good deal more forcible than elegant. The young men looked at the elderly one with a good deal of commiseration, and overhauling their religious cards, picked out one, and approaching him, put it into his hand. It contained the words, "Are your thoughts sure?" What the doctor thought can hardly be imagined, but we can conjecture what the young men thought, when their friend came out from behind the counter, unconscious of what had passed, and introduced them to the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of whose piety they had heard so much, and whom they so greatly desired to see. History drops the veil on the scene at just this point.

Gunpowder.

When gunpowder was first discovered to possess a projectile power, its military application was confined to a kind of mortar or bombard, intended as a substitute for the enormous battering machines then usually constructed. The commencement of the fifteenth century was the time of their origin in the field; for though the more modern author, Vilani, asserts that they were used at the battle of Cressy, the more accurate Froissart is enterely silent about them. Bilius, a noble and learned Milanese, who lived at the time, speaks in his history of handguns as first used at the seige of Lucca in 1430. The Fiorentines had artillery which discharged large stones by means of gunpowder. "But the Lucchese," says Bilius, "besides darts and arrows, invented a new kind of weapon; in their hands they held a kind of club, about a cubit and a half in length; to this were attached iron tubes, which, being filled with sulpher and nitre, by the force of fire emitted iron balls. The blow, if it struck, was certain destruction; neither armour nor shields were sufficient protection, for often two or three deep, if fired upon, would be transpierced by a single ball."

"A Large Contract."

A pretty good story is told of himself (says the Boston Traveler) by a season ticket holder on the Boston and Maine Railroad—a wide-awake, jolly, generous, joke-loving gentleman, Democratic in his politcs and liberal in his religion. Riding in a horse car a short time since, with the Catholic priest of his village, who has been active in trying to induce his flock to become temperate, he familiarly addressed him in language sometaning as follows: "Father ——, you are doing a pretty good work just now—I don't know but you are doing as much good as all the other clergymen in town." The priest quietly replied that he was doing what he could to improve his people. "I'll tell you what it is," continued the gentleman, "I have been thinking about attending your church, but was afraid it would cost too much to get all my sins parndoned." "Oh," said the priest, "we can manage your case; when we have a very large contract we make a liberal discount!" The laughter that followed this response only closed when the cars reached the end of their route. And the captain laughs over the story as he repeats it until this day.

An optical illusion.—A chandler having had some candles stolen, a person bid him be of good cheer, "for, in a short time," said he, "they will all come to light."

Ladies want to be employed as post-office clerks. One of their strangest recommendations is that they will secure greater regularity in the arrival of males.

A young man being asked why the hair on the top of his head was so thin, exclaimed, "The girls pulled it out pulling me in at the window."

A fence in Detroit bears the inscription:—"For sore eyes or piles, read the *Tribune*."