The Forest Republican.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

W. R. DUNN.

Office in Knox's Building, Elm Street.

TERMS, $2.00 A YEAR.

No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

Marriages and Death notices inserted gratis.

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. W. Mason,

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

C. W. Gilfillan,

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. -1y J. & D. MAGEE,

Exchange Hotel,

LOWER TIDIOUTE, Pa., D. S. RAMSDELL & SON Prop's. This house having been refited 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 accomodations 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. K. BRETT & SON, Agents.

John K. Hallock,

ATTORNEY AT LAW and Solicitor of Patents, No. 565 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. 2 7

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.

—AND—

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

TIONESTA, PA.

27-tf

JOHN A. DALE, PRES'T.
JOHN A. PROPER, VICE PREST. 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 returnsd 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

$10 MADE FROM 50 CTS.

Something urgently needed by everybody Call and examine, or samples sent postage paid for 50 cts that retail easily for $10. R. L. Wolcott, 181 Chathrm Sq., N. Y. 46-4t

DEAFNESS, Catarrh and Scrofula. A lady who had suffered for years from Deafness, Catarrh and Scrofula, was cured by a simple remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompts her to send the receipts free of charge to any one similarly afflicted. Address Mrs. M. C. Doggett, Jersey City, N. J. 48-4t

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. IV. NO. 8. TIONESTA, PA., TUESDAY, MAY 23, 1871. $2 PER ANNUM.

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-tf D. S. KNOX, & CO.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE LIBRARY OF POETRY AND SONG. The handsomest and cheapest work extent. It has so...thing 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, 36-4t 719 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SEASON OF 1870-71.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS.

Important Improvemen s.

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 instruments, $225.

A new illustrated catalogue with full information, and repured 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. 30-4t

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. 740 Sansom St., Philadelphia. 23-4t

Belle Alden's Traveling Bag.

A train bound for St. Louis had just left the depot of Bellefontine, when a gentleman entered the smoking-car and laid his hand upon the shoulder of his traveling companion—a tall, hand some man of thirty, who sat musingly blowing rings of smoke into the sir.

"Marcy," said the new comer, "if you want to see at once the sweetest and saddest sight you ever beheld, go into the last car but one the train. There's an emigrant German woman with four children, and during the afternoon the youngest, a baby, has died. The mother and the other children are inconsolable."

"I can understand," interrupted the smoker, "sadness of such a scene, but where is the sweetness you spoke of?"

"I'm coming to that. The whole party have been taken in charge by a young lady. Such a beauty! She dried the mother's tears and wiped the children's noses. She's a divinity! She only needs a few feathers on her shoulder-blade to make a full-fledged angel of her. If I was not a married man, I'd never leave her till I'd made Mrs. Angelica Townsend of her."

"That's a speech which I shall faithfully report to Mrs. Agnes Townsend," said the gentleman addressed as Marcy, rising. "I shall go back and feast my eyes on this beautiful 'Sister of Charity,' and," he added, taking his traveling satchel and shawl from the rack, "as we stop at the next station, which is due in ten minutes, I may as well take my traps through with me, and join you on the platform."

Thus saying, Richard Marcy threw his shawl over his shoulder, and sauntered leisurly through the long train—rushing blindly and and calmly to his fate. For, as he entered the last but one car, he became a witness and an actor in the scene that influenced his whole future life.

The poor, grief-stricken German, of whom his companion, Dr. Townsend, had spoken, with the dead infant in her arms, sat silently weeping over the little dead face.

The three sturdy children grouped in childish sorrow about their little dead brother, was indeed a touching spectacle. But standing beside them was the divinity of Dr. Townsend's admiration, and she who was most certainly to "share ends" with the unhappy Richard.

She was a tall, slender girl of eighteen, with magnificent eyes and hair. Ass he entered the car she was speaking, her lovely face flushed, and the small rosy mouth disclosing a beautiful set of teeth, turned bewitchingly toward thet all stranger at the door.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the sweet voice, "this poor woman, friendless, speaking no English, with four little children, was expecting to find work in St. Louis to support them. If everything had gone well with her, it would have been hard; but with her little dead baby and sorrowing heart, she is certainly a deserving object of charity; and I propose that such as feel willing will contribute their mite toward a little purse for her immediate wants and the burial of he. poor baby. And," she added, with a bewitching smile, "if any gentleman will lend me a hat, I will go round and take up a collection."

In an instant the gallant Richard pulled his travelling cap from his blonde curls and offered it to the angel of mercy, who accepted it with a smile, this time all his own, and commenced gathering the readily forthcoming dollars her generous, graceful appeal brought from the purses of all in the car.

Richard watched the slender figure in gray gather the money, and, looking at the plaid cap in white jeweled fingers, he bethought him of his donation, and stepping to the seat she had just occupied, he laid his satchel and shawl upon a family of its kind, belonging to the angel in gray, and took from his pocket a ten dollar bill, which he placed in the little hand that returned him his cap. Further damage the poor fellow received, when a smile and warmly-worded thanks for his contribution were dealt from the beautiful mouth.

Dick was in the midst of an elaborate reply, when the cars stopped. He lingered yet another moment, seized his satchel and shawl with his eyes on the face of his charmer, and then, even as the cars were again in motion, he bethought himself of the doctor, and hurriedly left the car and joined his friends on the platform.

"Well," ejaculated the worthy, "I began to believe you'd concluded to go and bury the dead baby, and make the protecting beauty Mrs. Angelica Marcy. Isn't she a stunner?"

"Townsend," returned his friend, "don't use slang in speaking of the noble creature." He looked after the train just disappearing in the distance. "I wish to heaven," he continued, "I'd remained aboard. How stupid I was to leave it. I might have learned her name and residence. And now—"

"Now, in all probability," broke in the doctor, "you'll never meet her in this vale of tears. But you'll know her in heaven, if you behave yourself well enough to get there, by her wings; she'll have the biggest o them all seeing they've commenced to sprout on earth."

And thus rallying his thoroughly-captivated friend, the two made their way to the house of an acquaintance, with whom the were to remain that night, and go on next day to their destination—St. Louis.

After the first salntation, our hero went of his room to remove some of the evidences of his long ride from New York. He had removed his coat and vest collar; he had splashed and washed, till his damp curls clung close to his shapely head, when he made a startling discovery.

Flushed and breathless, he burst into the next room upon his friend.

"Townsend," cried he, "what upon earth do you suppose? I've got the wrong bag; I've changed baggage with the angel of mercy. Look at the slipper. See that thimble. Contemplate that glove!"

"It's evident you've got the lady's satchel. And what was there in yours?"

"Don't bring up that dreadful idea," said Dick. "Cigars and a hair-brush, a pack of cards, pocket-flask and a tooth-brush—everything disreputable. If I am judged by that bag, I'm a lost man."

"And this I took for a clean shirt," and Dick held up a frilled and fluted sack, such as do duty for more extensive nigat dresses with ladies when traveling. "I'd like to see Angelica when she opens my satchel."

And Dick fell to musing, with the slipper perched on two fingers, and the frilled white laces pread out tenderly on his knees.

* * * * * *

In the upper apartment of a handsome mansion in St. Louis, on the evening of the day our heroine first made the reader's acquaintance, beautiful Belle Alden, the petted and only daughter of the house, sat contemplating the various articles her confidential maid was disposing upon the table—articles taken from no less a receptacle than Dick Marcy's traveling bag.

The cards and cigar case lay side by side, and a highly scented party they were.

"What's in the little silver flask, Rosa," said the the fair mistress.

"Brandy, ma'am," replied the maid.

"He can't be very dissipated to travel with such a little bottle. That's in case of sickness, I suppose," returned Belle.

"It's my belief," said Rosa, who was a shrewd girl, "that the gentleman was a mighty nice one, else you'd not so readily excuse the cards and the bottle."

"For shame, Rosa. All gentlemen play euchre, traveling, and even clergymen take a little brandy in case of sickness," answered Belle. "And this man is a gentleman, and a liberal one, too, for he gave th; poor emigrant woman ten dollars. What's that, Rosa?"

For at that moment Rosa held between her fingers a letter.

Whether it was wrong to read a stranger's letter vexed Belle for a moment, as her eye glanced at the superscription and handwriting.

"Why, of all things!" exclaimed the delighted girl, seizing the letter. "Why, Rosa, this is Jenny Marcy's writing, and addressed to Richard Marcy—her only darling brother—who was in Europe when we two graduated at Madam Ritter's, in Brooklyn."

Belle read rapidly till she reached the middle of the letter, when she burst into a merry laugh.

"Hear this, Rosa," she said, and she read from the letter:

"Above all things, Dick, dear, don't fail while in St. Louis to see my best friend and schoolmate, Belle Alden. I know you will fall in love with her, for, besides being the best girl in the world, she's a beauty and an heiress, and father's choice above all others for his son's wife. He used to talk it over at home, and hoped Belle would not marry before you came home from Europe. She is full as anxious to know you, and wears your hair and mine in a locket father gave her last year. Give her lots of love, and beg her to overlook your many imperfections for the sake of her old schoolfellow, Jenny."

"Then this gentleman is, of course, Miss Jenny's brother," said Rosa, "and what will she say when she hears of your having met in a romantic way?"

"I don't intend to tell her of it till I go to New York this Fall," said Belle. "Perhaps her brother will call."

But in this supposition Belle was wrong. The month passed, and she saw no more of the golden-haded Richard.

She carefully separated the yellow lock in the little keepsake from the dark tress of Jenny's, and put it back into it's place alone, while another locket held a piece of Jenny's. And somehow, Belle looked very, very often at the wee, golden curl, and she never did so but the rest of the handsome head sprang up beside the locket; and she would sit and contemplate the picture her fancy had wrought for her, little dreaming the interest she was allowing to grow in her bosom for Jenny's brother.

In the Fall, Belle and her father went to New York, and the first day after her arrival found her sitting with her old friend, who, after the evasive meeting, sat down to empty her soul.

"I am so glad you are here this month," Jenny said, "because I'm to be married in October, and I have always been crazy to have you for bridesmaid, and Dick is to be Harry's best man." Belle blushed.

"But Dick has fallen hopelessly, madly in love." Belle turned pale.

"Yes, I was dreadfully provoked when he passed through St. Louis, and never went near you. But he went wild over some lady he met on that fatal trip.

"He will talk to me by hours of Angelica. And when I have spoken of you he has been positively rude, and asked me to have done bothering him about my freckled school friends—you know your picture shows freckles; but bless me, you haven't any now. And your picture don't look any more like you than it does me, not a bit."

"But tell me," asked Belle, "is your brother engaged to this lady?"

"Engaged! Why, dear heart, he don't know her name. He just found some of her old clothes somewhere. He's got her old slippers under a glass case; he's got her gloves stuffed under another, he's got her nightgown done up in lavender; he's got her gold thimble hung on his watch-chain; and I do believe he's got a hair-brush and and some hair-pins next his heart! Oh, it's folly to interfere! He's beyond all hope! I did think the excitement of my wedding would wean him from it, but not a bit of it. He looked at my new things as calmly as an oyster, and only said—it is not kind of me to repeat it, though," broke off Jenny.

"What was it he said?" inquired Belle, laughing now heartily. "Don't fear for my feelings."

"Why," he said, "I'll stand up with your friend Belle, and see you safely married; and then I'm off to winter in Paris. I'm done with love on my ow account. It's positively awful."

And so Belle thought, as she looked at her on slipper and glove lying beneath a globe on either side of the faithful Richard's mantle.

"And," said Belle "since he desires only to meet me on the morning of the wedding, so it shall be. I will be introduced only as we are leaving the house, and he can do as he pleases about continuing the acquaintance afterwards.

Belle was radiant with happiness when she returned to her father, and delighted his fond heart by the change, for she had been very quiet of late.

Jenny and Belle shopped and talked and visited together for the next few days, and when the eventful morning arrived, and amid a bevy of beautiful girls, Belle shone like a queen, the bride was eclipsed, and delightfully acknowledged it.

"Oh, Belle!" she said, "I long to have old stoical Dick see you. Hark! there's his step. Come into the next room now and be introduced. Don't wait till the carriages come—it is an hour yet."

And Belle, with a beating heart, swept through the door and stood even as Dick first saw her, only in the place of the gray traveling dress, a magnificent white satin fell in rich folds about her, and upon her lovely white throat lay the turquous locket that held Dick's golden curl. Upon the beautiful head, crowned by its chestnut hair, a coronal of pearls added to that grace and beauty of an image that, shrined in Dick's heart, was already an angel.

Belle did not look up, but she felt the presence, as Richard Marcy came up and was introduced to little Jenny's old schoolmate. Then, as he held out his hand, she raised her eyes, and laid her tiny hand in his, and said:

"I think we had better rectify that mistake about the traveling bags, Mr. Marcy!"

"Good heavens, Jenny!" said Dick Marcy. "Why didn't you tell me that your friend Belle was my angel of mercy?"

"Because I didn't know it till last night, and then Belle made me promise not to tell. And, besides, you didn't want to meet the freckled school girl till it was positively necessary," returned Jenny mischieviously.

It would be hard to say which of the four that made Jenny's bridal party was the happiest that day.

Dick did not go to Paris that winter. He found that St. Louis contained more attraction than any foreign city.

But the next fall will see Dick and Belle on their wedding tour, and he vows he will have the two romantic traveling bags brushed up for the occasion. Dr. Townsend, who is to be along, says he knew the minute he saw the girl she would one day be Angelica, as he "felt it in the air."

A good story is told of a German shoemaker who having made a pair of boots for a gentleman of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, made the following reply to him when he called for the articles: "Der poots ish not quight done, but der bill ish made out."

DRUNK.

Drunk! Young man, did you ever stop to think how terrible that word sounds? Did you ever thank what misery and woe you brought upon your friends when you degraded your manhood by getting drunk? Young man, did you ever for a moment stop and think how you looked in the eyes of respectable people and christians, when drunk? Hear him as he reels along the street, asking God to damn his soul. Suppose they should have their drunken words heard and answered? How many thousands would daily have their souls damned? Oh! it is a fearful thing to trample under foot the high claims that God and man have upon you. Drunk! How it rings in the ear of a loving wife! How it makes the heart of a fond mother bleed! How it crushes out the hopes of a doting father, and brings reproach and shame upon loving sisters! See him as he leans against some friendly house. Drunk! He stands ready to fall into the open jaws of hell, unconscious as to his approaching fate! The young wife, with tearful eyes and aching heart, sits at the window to hear her husband's footsteps, but alas! they come not. He is drunk! The husband the parent, is drunk, spending his time and money when he should be at hom enjoying the plasures and comforts of the family circle. Drunk! He is spending the means of support for liquor, while his family is starving for bread, and his children suffering for clothing. Drunk! His reputation is going, gone! His friends, one by one, are reluctantly leaving him to his miserable fate. He goes down to his grave "unhonored and unsung." No one cares when he dies; he is nothing but a drunkard. Drunk! God have pity on the drunkard. Drunk! young man, think of the life which you are now leading, and turn from it before you become a confirmed drunkard, scorned and scoffed at by all respectable people. Drunk! Drunk!!

A letter written by the Hon. Horace Greeley to the Iowa Press Association has been variously interpreted. The generally accepted translation runs as follows:

"*Tribune* Office, N. Y., April 18, '71.
Dear Sirs: I have wondered all long whether any d—n squirt had denied the scandal about the Pres't meeting Jane in the woods on Saturday. I have hominy, carrots and R. R. ties more than I could move with eight steers. If eels are blighted dig them early. Any insinuation that brick ovens are dangerous to hams gives me the horrors. Greeley."

But an Iowa editor who has worked many years as a type-setter in the New York *Tribune* office, contends that the proper reading is this:

"I have waited till longer waiting would seem discourteous, and now decide that I cannot attend your Press meeting next June, as I would gladly do. I find so many cares and duties pressing upon me, that with the weight of years, I feel obliged to decline nearly every invitation that takes me over a day's journey from home, yours among them. Horace Greeley."

At last accounts the controversy on the subject was very warm.

AN ENGLISH COURT RECEPTION.—Of late a concession on the score of costume has been made in favor of the gentlemen; they can go to Court now without putting on silk stockings and knee-breeches, All they have to do is to turn up the collar of their coats and put a little silver braid round it, and another band of silver down the seams of their best black trowsers, and then they are in full dress for Court. But for the ladies, full dress still means the undress of evenings, and it is impossible to conceive anything more melancholy than the long string of carriages in St. James' Park, on a drawing-room day in spring, filled with half-naked women, with pallid waxen cheeks and red noses, half awake from last night's ball, shivering in the bleak wind and waiting the slow advance of the procession, amid the cynical scrutiny and brutal jeers of the street lads: "Oh, my, here's a fat 'un," cries one; "Lo', Jack, ain't she a bag o' bones," exclaims another, as the fine ladies are passed in review.

Courts of justice in Havana have a low standard of decorum. In the Supreme Court at Havana, two Judges had a squabble in the entrance hall, in the course of which one slapped the face of the other. With a disregard of the requirements of their office characteristically Spanish, these judicial swaggerers proceeded early in the morning, to end the difference by a duel with swords. We have the gratifying intelligence that neither was hurt, and that they breakfasted together after obtaining the "honorable satisfaction." It is added that other duels are on the *tapis*. It is highly probable that such events will become the rage after receiving the indorsement of the Bench.

The ladies who will gaze for hours upon statuary and paintings, which represent nature, and then faint at the mention of a leg, do what is generally called "swallow a camel and choke at a gnat."

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (1 inch,)	one insertion	$1 00
One Square	one month	3 00
One Square	three months	6 00
One Square	one year	10 00
Two Squares,	one year	15 00
Quarter Col.		30 00
Half		40 00
One		100 00

Business Cards, not exceeding one inch in length, $10 per year.

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 medium business in the limits of the circulation of the paper to advertise liberally.

Labor Conducive to Long Life.

In view of the short duration of life entailed by some occupations, it must be regarded as a consoling, yea, a sublime fact, that labor in general does not tend to shorten life; but, on the contrary, by strengthening health, lengthens life; while, on the other hand, idleness and luxury are productive of the results as the most unhealthy occupations. Dr. Guy, an Englishman, in calculating the average duration of life of the wealthy classes, arrived at the very surprising result, with regard to adults, that the higher positions in the social scale, the more unlimited their means, the less also the probability of a long life.

We have so long been accustomed to consider the posession of riches as the best guarantee for physical welfare that many will be surprised to hear from Guy that "the probability of the duration of life lessens, with regard to the adults in each class of the population, in the same degrees as the beneficial impulse of occupation is lacking. If a person who for a long time has lived an active life, retires from business, it may be taken for granted, with a probability to ten to one, that he had seized the most effective means to shorten his life." We may smile at the soap-maker who, after having formally retired from business, went, nevertheless, on each day of soap-boiling in his workshop; but it must also be acknowledged that his instinct did not mislead him. Of all conditions of life, idleness is hardest for nature to combat; and this is especially true of persons who have accustomed themselves to busy life.

A California editor warned by recent events, turns over a new social leaf in these words:

"All men's wives who have hitherto enjoyed the advantage of our acquaintance, are hereby notified that this ceases to-day never to be renewed. Somebody perishes ingloriously every day for being on speaking terms with married women, and we do not care to have our turn come round. Deeply gratified for the past forbearance of aggrieved husbands, we make our bow and retire. Hereafter our nods and smiles will be lavished upon girls and widows exclusively; and no others need apply. Whoever shall attempt to introduce his own wife, or any man's will be regarded as a conspirator against our precious life, and subjected to abuse in the columns of this journal."

A Boston trader called at a house in Maine some time ago to buy cheese, but when he came to look at the lot, he concluded not to take it, as it was so full of skippers. As he was going off, the farmer said to him: "Look here, how can I get my cheese to Boston the cheapest?" The trader took another look at the cheese, and seeing more and more evidence of its being alive, replied: "Well, let it be for a day or two longer, and I guess you can drive it down."

Boys will be boys, any way you can mix 'em up. At Altoona, Pennsylvania a youth had his pocket full of gunpowder, and as he was smoking a cigar stump he saw his mother coming, so he hastily thrust the cigar into his pocket. The old lady couldn't find enough of her Johnny for the coroner to hold an inquest over. She says she never believed in spirits until she saw her boy disapper so sudden from before her face and eyes.

A disguised bully at New Paltz, N. Y., taking offense at something he had seen in the Times, of that place, recently entered the sanctum to bounce the editor. He made known his errand, aggregated his forces for an attack, moved with vehemence upon the editor and after a short but very entertaining skirmish, was most effectually stood on his little head, then wafted out of the office in advance of a No. 8 boot pitched to the key of Oh!

A young British officer in India, who was shockingly mutilated and disfigured in battle, after mature reflection requested a comrade to write to his betrothed in England, and release her from the bridal engagement. Her noble reply was worthy of a true woman: "Tell him if there is enough of his body left to contain his soul, I shall hold him to his engagement."

An insane woman rushed into a school-rom in Richmond, Va., a few days ago, and told the affrighted teacher that she had been sent to teach the children gymnastics, and the teacher being afraid to object, she put the children through a series of the most extravagant antics, after which she quietly departed.

A Peekskill man writes the editor of the local sheet that "youl git yur hed punched if you print in yur paper that my yf had twins." The Peekskill man has our sympathy. To be made a plural father at one fell swoop is enough to give any man a "bad spell."

A gentleman in this State had a reception at his house the other evening, and when the guests went away, it took the host all night to wash the tar and pick the feathers off himself.