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 annonymous communications.

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. IV. NO. 17. TIONESTA, PA., TUESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1871. $2 PER ANNUM.

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 "	"	50 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, we will make it to the advantage of men doing 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. 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. RAMSDEEL & 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. 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. 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.

AND

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

TIONESTA, PA.

27-tf

JOHN A. DALE, PRES'T.
ORN A. PROPER, VICE PRES'T. A. H. STEELE, CASHR.

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—AGENTS FOR

Triumphs of Enterprise,

BY JAMES PARTON.

A New Book, 700 octavo pages, well illustrated, intensely interesting, and very instructive. Exclusive territory given. Our Terms are the most Liberal. Apply to us, and see if they are not. A. S. HALE & CO., Hartford, Conn. 19-4w

GREAT EXCITEMENT!

at the Store of

D. S. KNOX, & CO.,

Elm St., ionesta Pa.

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

GROCERIES

and

PROVISIONS,

EVER BROUGHT TO THIS MARKET

BOOTS & SHOES!

FOR THE

MILLIONS!

which we are determined to sell regardless of prices.

HARDWARE

AND

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

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.

INSURANCE

CO. OF NORTH AMERICA,

No. 232 Walnut St Phila.

Incorporated 1794. Charter Perpetual

MARINE, INLAND & FIRE INSURANCE

Assets Jan; 1, 1869, $2,348,323 39

$20,000,000 losses paid since its organization. WM. BUHLER, Central Agent, Harrisburg, Pa.

MILES W. TATE, Agent in Tionesta, Forest County, Pa.

8 6m

REDUCTION OF PRICES
TO CONFORM TO
REDUCTION OF DUTIES

GREAT SAVING TO CONSUMERS.

BY GETTING UP CLUBS.

Send for our new Price List and a Club Form will accompany it, containing full directions—making a large saving to consumers and remunerative club organizers

The Great American Tea Company,

31 & 33 VESEY STREET,
P. O. Box 5643. NEW YORK. 12-4t

500 VOLUMES IN ONE.

AGENTS WANTED

FOR

The Library of Poetry and Song,

Being Choice Selections from the Best Poets, English, Scotch, Irish and American. With an Introduction by

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Under whose critical supervision the volume was compiled.

The handsomest and cheapest subscription book extant. Over 800 pages, beautifully printed, choicely illustrated, handsomely bound. A Library of over 500 volumes in one book, whose contents, of no ephemeral nature or interest, will never grow old or stale. It can be, and will be read and re-read with pleasure by old and young, as long as its leaves hold together.

"A perfect surprise. Scarcely anything all all a favorite, or at all worthy of place here, is neglected. It is a book for every household."—*N. Y. Mail.*

"We know of no similar collection in the English language which, in copiousness and felicity of selection and arrangement, can at all compare with it."—*N. Y. Times.*

Terms liberal. Selling very rapidly. Send for Circular and Terms to

J. B. FORD & CO.,
27 Park Place, N. Y.

June 6, 1871.

SUBSCRIBE for the Forest Republican. It will pay.

Sturgeon in Harness.

Two citizens of Easton, Pa., Mr. Samuel Phillippi and Col. J. R. Sitgreaves, have for many years entertained the notion that sturgeons might be so managed as to draw a pleasure boat. For the last three summers they have been making experiments to solve the problem, and at last have succeeded. The mode of procedure been every spring when the sturgeons have made thir way up the Delaware as high as Bristol to buy a pair, and towing them from behind a boat on the Lehigh Canal to bring them to Lehigh dam, where these gentlemen have a boat house and a pond enclosed for their aquatic ponies.

The mode of harnessing the sturgeons is peculiar. A broad India-rubber band encircling each fish just behind the pectoral fin has a brass ring attached on top. Through these rings a stout ashen pole about eight feet long is inserted, and to two staples in the pole the traces are fastened. There is also a narrow gum elastic band around each sturgeon, just behind the dorsal fin, with a loop in the side holding the opposite ends of a much slighter pole, to compel them to swim at a regular distance from each other. Mr. Phillippi, who acts as driver, has his seat in the bow and directs their course with a goad, which is a long pole, and thick as one's wrist, with a sharp spike sticking out at right angles from the end, and it is surprising with what alacrity they obey. When they are to be turned to the right or left, a sudden prick on the opposite side of each sturgeon causes the pair to take the desired course. When a greater speed is disired they are pierced near the trail; when they are required to halt the goad is reached forward, and they are pricked in front of the head.

There was much difficulty at first in preventing the fish from seeking the bottom and drawing the boat under. They were consequently driven in water not over four feet deep. Dr. Slack, however, an eminent fish-culturist in the neighborhood, who had travelled in Egypt and had observed the mode of managing sturgeon attached to boats on the Nile, overcame the difficulty. He had two large hollow floats made in the shape of swans, and painted white to resemble those birds. To each of these floats a cord of three feet was attached and fastened into the rings on the pole to which the traces are made fast; the wooden swans thus serving an ornamental as well as a useful purpose. To create the delusion that the boat is drawn by swans, a pair of gay reins reach from the bird-like floats to the bow. The boat is shaped like a shell, and Col. Sitgreaves, sitting in the stern with his trident which he frequently carries is no bad representation of Neptune. His Palinurus, Sammy Phillipdi, who keeps a fast team, is as skillful in directing the course of the aqueous steeds as he is in driving the pair on the road.

Love of the Beautiful.

Place a young girl under the care of a kind-hearted, graceful woman, and she, unconscious to herself, grows into a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going, straight-forward business man, and he becomes a self-reliant, practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, and scenes, and actions always impress, as you influence them, not by arbitrary rules, nor by stern example alone but in a thousand other ways that speak through beautiful forms, pretty pictures, etc., so they will grow.

Teach your children, then, to love the beautiful. Give them a corner in the garden for flowers, encourage them to put it in the shape of hanging baskets; allow them to have their favorite trees; teach them to wander in the prettiest woodlets, show them where they can best view the sunset; rise them in the morning, not with stern "time to work!" but with the enthusiastic "see the beautiful sunrise!" buy for them pretty pictures, and encourage them to decorate their rooms in his or her childish way. Give them an inch and they will go a mile. Allow them a privilege, and they will make your home beautiful.

Hampton Court, London, was once the scene of asingular epidemic. One Sunday a youthful beauty fainted, and handsome Sir Horace Seymour carried her out. The following Sunday another fair damsel was similarly attacked, and Sir Horace, with like gallantry, sprang to her relief. And thus the epidemic went on. So successive beauties fainted, and the handsome Horace carried them successively out, till he grew tired of bearing such sweet burdens. An announcement was made that in future all swooning nymphs would be carried out of the chapel by the dustman, whereupon the malady rapidly disappeared.

A Cincinnatian whose whose reading of Greeley's "What I Know About Farming," drove him into agricultural pursuits, says: "No wonder Cain killed his brother. He was a tiller of the ground. The wonder is that he didn't kill his father, and then weep because he hadn't a grandfather to kill."

Put Yourself in Her Place.

A young lady visiting in New York, the grand daughter of a Massachusetts statesman, same home recently from a ball, and bidding her good night at the door, proceeded, as she supposed, to her chamber. To her consternation on turning up the gas, she discovered a number of trifles scattered about that told as plainly as inanimate things could tell that she was in the apartment of a luxurous young bachelor. At the moment of this discovery she was horrified to hear a heavy step in the hall, which was apparently coming toward the room into which the young lady had so unfortunately blundered. Following the impulse of her mind, she locked the door on the intide, and soon heard a hand trying the lock. She remained as quiet as a summer's day before a shower, and in a moment heard a tempest of words issue from entry, which were evidently the upbraiding of an elderly gentleman to his son for too frequent dissipating unthe dawn "chased the session of the stars from the night." Receiving no answer the voice gradually died away in the distance with murmurings about bringing a mother's hairs, in sorrow to the grave, and then the young lady, quickly unlocking the door, glided noiselessly down the stairs, through the front vestibule into the street, thence to her own house, which was in the next block.

Now, mark the sequel, which points points a moral for all believers in black spirits and white, red spirits and gray. The possessor of the voice referred to above—an elderly gentleman of unquestionable respectability, and who was never known to make a joke in his life—asserted that on a certain night, at the hour when the churchyards yawn and graves give their dead, he was anxiously awaiting the arrival of his son, when he heard the front door of his residence open and some one enter the young gentleman's room. He immediately ascended, to have an interview with his boy, but he found the bedroom door locked, and there was no response to his knock. Subsequently he saw a sight that chilled his blood. A female figure in shadowy robes glideed out of the apartment and down the stairs, and about an hour afterward his son came home utterly ignorat of the mysterious occurrence. After believing for a time that there were more things in heaven and earth than we dream of in your philosopy, pater families was informed by the pretty ghost herself how she inadvertenly found herself in a delicate position, and how her woman's wit got her outof it.—*Boston Gazette.*

A Story with a Moral.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* says that dealer in pork has a precocious son who is an expert in cards, and, in playing with his young companions was seldom on the losing side. He began at first to bet on the game, and ere long could play regular for money with any of his age disposed to take the risk. He came home one day, bringing several dollars, which he had acquired in his small way of gaming, and exhibited his gains to his father with quite an air of triumph. The thoughtful parent shook his head and told his son that the money was not honestly acquired.

"But I did not cheat," said the boy.

"I hope not," replied the father, "But did you give the loser any equivalent whatever for it?"

The boy hung his head, and the parent added:

"Money is honestly acquired when there is an exchange of products or services, and the receiver gives an equivalent for it; to take another man's property and give him no equivalent for it, is to rob or cheat him."

A few months after, the father came home from the Produce Exchange with an elated aspect, and announced that he had settled his speculative contracts in pork by the receipt of fifty thousand dollars. His son eyed him steadily a moment, and then said:

"What did you give the other man, father, as an equivalent for the money?"

AIN'T GOT 'EM!—Three of the dirtiest, most ragged little ragamuffins in this city entered one of the magnificent drug stores in our place. Marching up to the counter, one said:

"I want a cent's worth of rock-candy."

"Get out, you ragamuffins! we don't sell a cent's worth of rock candy?"

Slowly and sadly they filed out of the store. On the sidewalk a consultation took place. They re-entered the door.

"Mister, do you sell three cents' worth of rock candy?"

"Yes."

"Well, we ain't got 'em;" and the procession moved out again.—*Ex.*

While wading though a bucketful of sloppy "original poetry," an eastern cotemporary sighs "for the time when young people will cultivate the poetic art, as many of them do music, merely as a private accomplishment, to be hushed up in the family and among friends."

Good Story of a "Boston Party."

A correspondent writing from San Francisco, is responsible for the following: A good story or two is told of the "Boston Party" which was here last Summer. The members of this party were, for the most part, men who were in the habit of knowing where their money went, and of making and requiring exact change. This trait led them into many prolonged and not wholly decisive contests, and eventually attracted a good deal of attention. A Californian was characterizing their small ways with more emphasis than good taste, when another California took up the gauntlet in their behalf. "They can't help it," said he, "they don't act from penuriousness, but from education. They have always been used to close calculations and exact settlements, and they can't go back to life-long training."

"Well, there's one thing they can do," said the other, "they can stay at home and not expose their breeding."

The same party visited the Nevada Silver Mines, and upon coming out of the tunnel one of them offered their guide—who chanced to be one of the principal owners of the mine—a half dollar for his trouble. The miner looked at the money a moment and then turning to the man said, "May I ask you how much you are estimated at home to be worth?"

"About twenty-five thousand dollars," replied the Bostonian.

"Well," said the miner, "I guess I won't take your half dollar. I made a quarter of a million here last month."

Valuable Invention.

A Birmingham, England, invention consists of a machine designed to punch the holes through the webs of steel rails, near their extremities, which are required in "fishing" joints. Two holes are simultaneously punched, each being one inch by one and a quarter in dimension. The pressure is applied by means of a hydraulic cylinder of fourteen inches diameter; and the water is supplied from an accumulator having a compressed air-chamber, in which the pressure is raised to 300 atmospheres, The total pressure which the press is capable of exerting amounts therefore to nearly 400 tons. The upward stroke is effected by means of a smaller cylinder which is always in communication with the accumulator, so that the small piston always tends to lift the ram and punch. When a down stroke is to be made, the water is admitted to the main cylinder by opening a stop-valve, this valve being combined with a discharge-valve, which is opened on the completion of the downstroke, the ram being then raised by the action of the small piston, and the water in the main cylinder flowing off through the waste-pipe.

If any of our young lady friends are impecunious, in other words hard up for pin money, we can tell them how to make a raise. At least, we can tell them how a Nevada girl spotted $3,000. One night she presented herself at the bedside of a young man of susceptable bosom, and asked him the conundrum, "did he love her." Now, we ask, where is the youth who would answer "no!" to such a question, under such circumstances? If such there be, go mark him well and shoot him on the spot. Since Joseph left his coattails in Potiphar's house, there "don't was" any such young man. This Nevada youth answered, "yes," of course. And then that gentle maid went away and sued that natural young man for $3,000 on a breach of promise. And got her money. Daughter of Eve in Chautauqua, can you not draw your own moral lesson. We charge nothing for this hint—nor for the advice to any young lady who proposes to try this neat and expeditious manner of raising chignon money not to make any mistakes and try it on married men. It is not safe.—*Jamestown Journal.*

A well known New Orleans minister, walking along the street a few days since, met a lady for whom he had recently performed the marriage service. Desiring to renew the acquaintance (for the lady had interested him greatly at the time) he accosted her with the remark:

"Madam, did I not have the pleasure of marrying you a few days since?"

"I was married a few days since sir."

"Yes—I thought I was not mistaken. I married you."

"Indeed! Well, I thought my husband was a much younger man than you are but I have not seen enough of him to make his acquaintance thoroughly. By the way, my dear, my chignon is getting shabby; please give me some money to buy a waterfall."

Evidently this was more than the minister bargained for, and with a hasty bow, accompanied by

"No you are not the lady—I'm mistaken," he took his leave.

Out in Iowa kisses are sold at fairs by the fair. A man pays a certain sum to the general fund, and then selects the girl or woman he desires to kiss.

Tanking a Swim.

Out in Ohio, last week, twenty Baptist clergymen, who were attending a Convention, went down to a secluded spot on the river bank, in the afternoon, for the purpose of taking a swim. These score of brethren removed their clothing and placed it upon the railroad track close at hand, because the grass was wet. Then they entered the water and enjoyed themselves. Presently an express train came around the curve at the rate of forty miles an hour, and before any of the swimmers could reach dry land, all those undershirts and socks and things were fluttering from the cow-catcher, and speeding onward toward Kansas. It was painful for the brethren—exceeding painful—because all the clothing that could be found, after a careful search, was a sun umbrella and a pair of eyeglasses. And they do say that when those twenty marched home by the refulgent light of the moon, that evening, in single file, and keeping close together, the most familiar acquaintance with the Zouave drill, on the part of the man at the head, with the umbrella, still hardly sufficed to cover them completely. They felt conspicuous, somehow; and the situation was made all the more embarrassing, because that night all the Dorcas societies, and the woman's Rights Conventions and the pupils at the female boarding school, seemed to be prancing around the streets, and running across the route of the parade. Most of the brethren are now down on immersion, and altogether in favor of the use of water only in sprinkling.

In the early stages of his ministry, the celebrated Dr. Strong, of Hartford, Connecticut, preached some time in a neighborhood village. One day a committee called upon him to settle with him for his services; and, after stammering a while, signified to him, that his further services were not desired. "What does this mean, gentlemen?" asked the Doctor. "Why," replied the spokesman, with some hesitation, "the people have got the impression that you are inclining to universal salvation." "Gentlemen," answered the Doctor "I never have preached that doctrine; but, if I ever should, I promise to make the people of this town an exception?"

In New York a man last week made awager that he could run a closed umbrella down his throat to the handle. No sooner had he accomplished this feat than the base wretch who made the bet seized the umbrella by the handle and opened it all the way, clinching it on the catch. He then fled. Of course all efforts to close the umbrella and remove it have been utterly useless, the poor sufferer walks about with his person distended in a manner that is inexpressibly painful. These practical jokes are very wrong. Just for the sake of a moment's amusement this man is obliged to carry that umbrella with him to his grave.

On the great farm of Col. Thompson, in Wells, Minnesota, is a cheese factory which has a capacity for making into cheese the milk of 3,000 cows, but now only works up the daily product of 225. It is three stories high; the main building is 35 by 82 feet, built of brick. A steam engine of 24 horse power drives the machinery. Water is supplied from an artesian well. There is a butter room attached with steam churns and all necessary appliances. Col. Thompson intends to increase the number of his cows to 600 soon.

"I was going," said an Irishmen, "over Westminister bridge the other day, and I met Pat Hewins. "Hewins," says I, "how are you?" "Pretty well" says he, 'thank you, Donnelly." "Donnelly!" says I, "that's not my name." "Faith, no more is mine Hewins," says he. So we looked at each other again, and sure it turned out to be naither of us."

A Virginia editor has come to the conclusion that a man might as well undertake to hold himself at arm's length and then turn a double somersault over a meeting-house steeple as to attempt to publish a paper that will suit everybody.

A young lady became so dissatisfied with her lover that she dismissed him. In revenge, he threatened to publish her letters to him. "Very well," replied the lady, "I have no reason to be ashamed of any part of my letters except the address!"

Said a pompous husband, whose wife had stolen up behind him and given him a kiss, "Madam, I consider such an act indecorous!" "Excuse me," said the wife, "I didn't know it was you."

A Belfast gentleman wears an old-fashioned silver fourpence attached to his watch chain, in affectionate remembrance of the time when it was an equivalent for a square, honest drink of old cognac.

"You'd better look out for yer hose's feet above here, mister," said a ragged boy to a Jimtown traveler. "Why?" said the gentleman nervously pulling up. "Cos, there's a fork in the road there," was the candid reply.

A Wonderful Clock.

Mr. R. D. Munson, an old resident of Williston, Vt., has just completed a wonderful musical calendar clock, which has attracted visitors from far and near. It is in every detail his handiwork, the old farmer having spent his spare hours in working upon it, for the past eight years. He has produced an eight-day clock, whose dial marks the second, minute, hour, day of the week, day of the month, month and year; a thermometer rests against its pendulum, giving the state of temperature; the ball of the pendulum contains a miniature time-piece, which derives its motive power solely from its vibrations, and keeps accurate time. There is also a cylinder musical attachment, which may be set to play any one of seven tunes at the end of each hour. In this last feature it can be so adjusted—and such was the intention of the maker—as to play "Old Hundred" at the end of each hour on Sunday, and "Old Folks at Home," "Swiss Waltz," "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle" and "Sweet Home" respectively on each successive day of the week. The entire mechanism is placed in a black walnut case, which measures ten feet high, twenty inches wide and ten inches deep. The case is highly polished, and its front bears the inscription in raised letters, "Our Union forever," "U. S." Mr. Munson, who is sixty-two years old and quite feeble, feels proud of what he has accomplisheed.

A Colorado saloon keeper said of a rough crowd: "I couldn't get their whiskey strong enough for them, so after trying every way, I at last made a mixture of poison oak and butternut. That fetched them. I called it the sheep herder's delight, and it was a popular drink. The first Pike I tried it on yelled with delight; the next one took two drinks and turned a double somerset in the road before the house. A peddler came along, and after he took several drinks of my sheep herder's delight, he went off and stole his own pack, and hid it in the woods."

A schoolmaster in Binghamton, N. Y., has been fined $1,700 for circulating a copy of verses found upon the floor of his school-room, in which the character of a young lady in the neighborhood was maligned. The action was brought under the new law, making it an offense to impute a want of chartity to a woman; and it is said that some of the jury were in favor of placing the damages at $10,000. The writer of the verses is now to be proceeded against.

The Lynchburg, Va., Republican says: "Lynchburg boast of a sun dial which was made in London in the year of 1428, and which, consequently, is now 443 years old, and which, when Columbus cressed the ocean blue and planted his standard on American soil, enjoyed the ripe old age of sixty-four years. The age of this venerable noter of the sun's course appears to be unquestioned, and is doubtless the oldest specimen of man's handiwork which this country can furnish."

A Woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. How much we owe to laugh! It turns the prose of our life into poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are travelling; it touches with light even our sleep, which is the image of death, but gemmed with dreams that are the the shadows of imortality.

A gentleman from Philadelphia was recently commending a young friend to the notice of a Chicago merchant, and closed his appeal by saying: "He comes of a very good family; both his father and grand-father were prominent men in the east." "Were they?" responded the merchant; "that is good, but it is of no account with us here. There is less daddyism in Chicago than any other place in the United States."

A raw Jonathan who had been at a garden in the vicinity of New York, in which were several marble statues, exclaimed, "Just see what a waste. Here's no less than six scarecrows in this ten foot patch, and any one of 'em would keep the crows from a five acre lot."

A joyous damsel rushed into a citizen's arms at Savanah, exclaiming, "Oh, you are long-lost brother!" She soon discovered her mistake, and rushed off in a confused manner, accompanied by her long lost brother's pocket book.

I pressed her gentle form to me, and whispered in her ear, if, when I was far away, she'd drop for me a tear. I paused for cheering words, my throbbing heart to cool; and with her rosy lips she said, "Oh, Ike, you're such a fool!"

Out West they tell a story of a dog who was greatly interested in music. He attended a singing school, and was subsequently found in the back yard with a music book in front of him, beating time with his tail on a tin-pail, and howling "Old Hundred."

Mowing and threshing machine accidents are doing well.