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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—AND—

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

TIONESTA, PA.

27-tf

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M. ITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St., Tionesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek. Mr. Ittle has thoroughly renovated the Tionesta House, and refurnished it completely. All who patronize him will be well entertained at reasonable rates. 29 1y

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D. BLACK PROPRIETOR. Opposite Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened. Everything new and clean and fresh. The best of liquors kept constantly on hand. A portion of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. 4-17-1y

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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.

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.

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Give them a trial, and you will not regret it. 13-1y.

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Mar. 4, tf.

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Jos. Y. Saul,

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

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In ENDLESS VARIETY. Call and see.

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Relative Rank of Cities.

The cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn maintain the same relative rank as to population that they did in 1860. There has been considerable shifting of places, among those that now constitute the remainder of the twenty foremost cities of the Union.

During the last decade St. Louis has ascended the scale from the eighth to the fourth.

Chicago, in a similar proportion, changes from the ninth to the fifth.

Baltimore, which in 1860 was the fourth, retrogrades to the sixth.

Boston pursues the same direction, from the fifth to the seventh.

Cincinnati retires a step, from the seventh to the eighth.

New Orleans falls back from the sixth to the ninth.

San Francisco, taking a noble, forward leap, vaults from the fifteenth to the tenth.

Buffalo lags behind from the tenth to the eleventh.

Washington makes a stride from the fourteenth to the twelfth.

Newark, New Jersey's thriving metropolis, drops, nevertheless, from the eleventh to the thirteenth.

Louisville, twelfth in rank in 1860, is now assigned to the fourteenth.

Cleveland, four steps forward, mounts from the nineteenth to the fifteenth.

Pittsburgh alone retains the same relative rank now as then, the sixteenth.

Jersey City rises from the twentieth to the importance of the seventeenth.

Detroit recedes from the seventeenth to the eighteenth.

Milwaukee from the eighteenth to the nineteenth.

Albany, which was, ten years ago, the thirteenth, now takes the old place of Jersey City, twentieth.

Tell us not in idle jingle "marriage is an empty dream;" for the girl is dead that's single, and things are not what they seem. Life is real, life is earnest, single blessedness a fib; "Man thou art, to man returneth," has been spoken of the rib. Not enjoyment and not sorrow is our destined end or way, but to act that each tomorrow finds us nearer marriage-day. Life is long and youth is fleeting, and our heart, though light and gay, still like pleasant drums are beating wedding marches all the day. In the world's broad fields of battle, in the bivouac of life, be not like dumb, driven cattle—be a heroine—a wife! Trust no future, howe'er pleasant; let the dead past bury its dead; act—act in the living present, hoping for a spouse ahead. Lives of married folks remind us we can live our lives as well, and departing, leave behind us such examples as will "tell"—such examples that another, wasting time in idle sport, a forlorn, unmarried brother seeing, shall take heart and court. Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart on triumph set; still contriving, still pursuing, and each one a husband get.

The Fincastle (Va.) Herald says a lively trade has sprung up in acorns in the last few weeks, the price for good acorns ranging from 25 to 35 cents per bushel. For fattening hogs they are found nearly as good as corn. This recalls the history of a farm near Baltimore which had been sold three times, and of each sale had come back to the seller's hands in discharge of the mortgage for unpaid purchase money. Soon after he had sold it the fourth time he visited the property and found the purchaser's wife and children gathering acorns. Riding home the gentleman called out to his son. "The old place is gone at last"—and it was. The purchaser has grown wealthy off the land where others had failed, by the practice of an industry which would not even let the acorn crop go to waste.

If the parallel holds in the case of Fincastle, then Bottetourt county, Virginia, in beginning to save her acorn crop, has set out upon the path of prosperity and wealth.

A penniless young lawyer asked a millionaire for his daughter's hand.

"I shall give my child a hundred dollars on her wedding-day," answered the merchant. "It is a pretty little sum, enough to provide breakfasts for the family. Now will you have the kindness to tell me how you propose to furnish the dinner?"

"Oh, for that matter," returned the unabashed youth, "those who have breakfasted so well will not need any dinner at all."

It has been ascertained that there are but 2,000,000 cannibals in the world, and the number is rapidly decreasing, not on account of a deficiency in the supply of their peculiar food, but owing to the yearly increasing badness of its quality. It is said that some tribes have lately abandoned it in disgust, and have taken to rattle snake.

We are informed that the Rothschild family is about to "celebrate the centenary of the banking house to which it owes its fortune." Would it not be more correct to describe the celebration as a Jewbilee?

A Tale of San Francisco.

Hospitality is a virtue, but abuses of its privileges are so common that one is tempted to regard it as generally better in theory than in practice. That is to say, it is a virtue to be exercised with caution, and of the truth of this opinion a Mrs. B., of San Francisco, has been disagreeably convinced. Mrs. B is described as one of those ladies moving in the "best circles," and lately she was informed by letter that a beautiful and accomplished niece of an intimate friend was about to make her a visit. Glad to welcome an eastern belle, Mrs. B. determined to omit nothing that could render her stay pleasant. In due time Georgie Mandeville arrived, and her beauty, her rare accomplishments, and, above all, her luxuriant golden tresses, became at once the theme of conversation among the San Francisco bachelors. The story is easily guessed: She came, she saw, she conquered. A wealthy broker offered the fascinating niece his hand and heart, and being fortunate in his suit, pressed for an immediate marriage Mrs. B. rejoiced, and to her rejoicing came the anxious niece. What should she do for a trousseau? she had written to her banker, but it took time to receive money. Of course Mrs. B. was only too glad to advance the necessary $5,000, and a magnificent array of laces and other goods was at Miss Georgie's disposal. Meantime, having told her predicament to her bethrothed, he too had handed his check for a like amount to his enslaver. As they say on the stage, "Exit Georgie; enter police." A trunk of cast off clothing and a profusion of golden hair was all that the fictitious niece but clever swindler had left behind her.

A good story is told of a rather verdant agricultural laborer, who having by hook and crook scraped together fifty dollars, took it to his employer, with a request to take charge of it for him. A year after the laborer sent to another friend to know what would be the interest on it. He was told three dollars. "Well," said he, "I wish you would lend me three dollars for a day or two. My boss has been keeping fifty dollars for me a year, and I want to pay him the interest for it."

"I am glad," said the Rev. Dr. Young to the chief of the Little Ottawas, "that you do not drink whisky, but it grieves me to find that your people use much of it." "Ah, yes," replied the chief—and he fixed his eye impressively on the doctor, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it—"we Indians use a great deal of whisky, but we do not make it."

"How do you feel with such a shocking looking coat on?" said a young clerk, of more tailors' bills than good sense, one morning. "I feel," said old Roger, looking at him very steadily with one eye half closed, as if taking aim at his victim—"I feel, young man, as if I had a coat on which has been paid for. I hope you may enjoy the luxury some time."

A white-haired old negro preacher in New Orleans thus addressed one of the meetings of the disatisfied colored folks recently: "What you grumbling about? Yer all better off dan ye ever expected to be. Did yer tink when Massa Linkum guv ye yer freedom he was gwine to buy tickets in the Louisiana State Lottery for yer besides?"

Some fathers are too hard-hearted for anything. A man scolded his twelve-year-old son fully five minutes the other day because the child used his (the father's) best Sunday razor, to open oysters with. We don't see how the razor could hurt the oysters anyhow.

A parsimonious sea-captain, answering the complaints of his men that the bread was bad, exclaimed: "What! complain of your bread that is made from flour? What do you think of the Apostles? They ate 'shew bread,' made from old boots and shoes."

A lady having accidentally broken her smelling-bottle, her husband, who was very petulant, said to her, "I declare, my dear, every thing that belongs to you is more or less broken." "True," replied the lady; "for even you are a little cracked."

The following notice appears on a bridge at Denver, Colorado: "No vehicle drawn by more than one animal is allowed to cross this bridge in opposite directions at the same time."

The editor of a country paper remarks that half the people who attend musical entertainments in his town "don't know the difference between a symphony and a sarding."

Said a gardener to a friend who had a very rubicund countenance, "Pray gaze over my garden wall for a little while; my cucumbers are very backward."

An Irish student was once asked what was meant by posthumous works. "They are such works," said Paddy, "as a man writes after he is dead."

Advice to mothers—A switch in time saves nine.

Shakspeare and the Bible.

A writer in Oliver Optic's Magazine has made a collection of curious parallel passages which show the familiarity of the great dramatist with the Scriptures, and account for the common saying in regard to many a familiar quotation: "It must be found either in the Bible or Shakspeare:"

Othello.—"Rude am I in my speech."

Bible.—"But though I be rude in speech.,—2 Cor., xi., 6.

Witches in Macbeth.—"Show his eyes and grieve his heart."

Bible.—"Consume thine eyes, and grieve thine heart."—1 Sam. ii, 33.

Macbeth.—"Life's but a walking shadow."

Bible.—"Man walketh in a vain show."—Ps. xxxix., 6.

Macbeth.—"We will die with harness on our backs."

Bible.—"Nieaner lay dead in his harness."—2 Mac., xx., 28.

Banquo.—"Wo to the land that is

Bible.—"Wo to thee, oh land, when thy king is a child."—Eccles. x., 16, governed by a child."

Timon of Athens.—"Who can call him his friend that dips in the same dish?"

Bible.—"He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me."

Two members of the West Virginia Legislature lately took a sleeping car at Grafton. The cars were crowded, and the two had to sleep together. One was fat; the other was lean. The fat man snored, and the lean one had to lay awake. At about midnight the insomnic legislator could no longer stand the stentorious breathing of his mate, and he arose and sat by the fire. An old lady entered and wanted a place to sleep. 'Go to my berth,' said the sardonic lean one; 'I left my little boy there asleep. I shall sit up. I must think of legislative things.' So the old lady went to her berth, disposed of her garments, and laid down. Presently the 'boy' kicked. Then the lady patted him on the back, and said: 'Lie still, sonny; pa said I might sleep along with you.' 'Oh, no!' roared the bison—a boy no more, but a bison: 'Thunder! who are you? I ain't a boy—I'm a member of the West Virginia Legislature.' The lady then went into a swoon; nor could she be aroused until the fat man had promised her that he would have the lean one impeached.

The drill inspector in an English regiment—one of the old stamp of martinets rgeants—who was the terror of every recruit and the remorseless tyrant of the awkward squad, was putting a firing party through the funeral exercise. Having opened the ranks so as to admit the passage of the supposed carriage between them, the instructor ordered the men to 'rest on their arms reversed.' Then, by way of practical explanation, he walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying as he moved: 'Now, I'm the corpse! Pay attention!' Having reached the end of the party, he turned and regarded them steadily with a scrutinizing eye for a moment or two, and then remarked, in a most solemn tone of voice: 'Your 'ands is right, and your 'eads is right; but you 'aven't got the look of regret that you ought to 'ave;'

Sophia, a six-year-old pet, after looking thoughtfully at the new moon a little while, turned to her uncle and said: 'Uncle Will, I can see God's thumb nail. That is it.' she added, pointing to the narrow crescent; 'and I can almost see God's thumb.' At another time she found a shelless egg under the currant bushes, and, in a high state of excitement, brought it in and showed it to her aunt. 'See auntie,' said she, 'what I found under the currant bushes! And I know the old hen that laid it, I'm just going to put it back in the nest and make her finish it.'

The High School of Springfield, Ohio, graduated the young ladies of its last class in calico dresses, as pleasing to the eye of taste as to the hand of economy. This was brought about by the thoughtful suggestion of the superintendent and the hearty acquiescence of the girls themselves, on the only ground on which high schools can long be perpetuated, namely, that being supported by taxation they must be open to all classes in society and confer their advantages upon the poorest of their pupils, without precription by fashion or creed, expenses or anything else.

Some paper says: "Texas has a new game in cards; one holds a revolver, the other holds the cards. A coroner holds the inquest." In case any one should wish to try the game, and finds the instructions not sufficiently full, we may add that the holder of the cards "turns up," and that the firer of the revolver "cuts." In New York, we presume, the coroner would hold the stake, in the interest of the next *felo de se* when he turns up.

A conceited young parson once said: 'This morning I preached to a congregation of asses!' 'I thought of that,' retorted a lady, 'when you called them your beloved brethren.'

American Women.

This is what Dr. Holland says on the subject of the physical condition of American women: 'There are other signs of improvement in the American, and these relate mainly to the female side of the nation. The American woman has long been regarded by Europeans as the most beautiful woman in the world. This she is and has been for twenty-five years, without a doubt; and as the circumstances of her life become easier, her labor less severe, and her education better, she will be more beautiful still. America never possessed a more beautiful generation of women than she possesses to-day, and there is no doubt that the style of beauty is changing to a nobler type. The characteristic American woman of the present generation is larger than the characteristic American woman of the previous generation. It comes of better food, of better clothing, better sleep, more fresh air, and less of hard work to mothers during those periods when their vitality is all demanded for their motherly functions. We venture to say that the remark has been made by observers thousands of times during ing the past summer, at the various places of resorts, that they had never seen so many large women together before. Indisputably they never had.

Mocking a Minister.

Caubasson relates a laughable anecdote of a Gibraltar ape, which he brought up tame, and which became so attached to him as to be desirous of accompanying him wherever he went, so that when he had to perform the divine service he was under the necessity of shutting the ape up. One day, however, the animal escaped and followed his master, remaining perfectly quiet until the sermon began. It then crept forward, and overlooking the preacher, imitated his gestures so grotesquely that the whole congregation was convulsed with laughter. Caubasson, surprised and displeased at this ill-timed levity, reproved his auditors for inattention; and on the obvious failure of his reproof, he, in the warmth of zeal, redoubled his gesticulations, and vociferations. These the ape so exactly imitated that all respect for their pastor was swallowed up in the scene before them, and the whole congregation burst into a loud and continued roar of laughter. A friend of the preacher at length stepped up to him; and, on learning the cause of this hilarity, it was with the utmost difficulty that he could command a serious countenance while he ordered the ape to be taken away.

A correspondent of the St. James Magazine cites an instance, which occurred as late as twenty-five years ago, of a couple married with the church key instead of a wedding ring. There appears to be some doubt as to the validity of this substitute, but in point of symbolism, at any rate, a church key is surely, in comparison with a marriage ring, the more suitable instrument of wedlock.

A boy asked a certain preacher if he would have a light. 'No, child,' said the Doctor, 'I am one of the lights of the world.' 'I wish then,' replied the boy, 'you were hung at the end of our alley, for it is a very dark one.'

'You must not play in the street with the boys now, my dear; you are seven years old,' said an old lady to her grand-child. 'But, grandma,' was the innocent reply, 'the older I grow the better I like the boys.'

A German porter and a French girl were married in Hartford last week, after forty-eight hours acquaintance. Neither of them understood the language of the other, so it will be some little time before they can fight in peace.

A clergyman once posted the following notice on the gate of the church: "Found, two hats in my strawberry bed. The owners can have the same by proving property." We don't believe the owners will call for them.

Mrs. Malaprop, who was early left a widow, has an obliging neighbor to whom she applies in all her little difficulties, one of those handy men who can do anything and everything; she calls him her Teetotum.

Auntie—'Well, Lucy, I suppose you're pleased with the new baby?' Lucy—'No, I ain't. Auntie—'It will such a nice play-fellow for you.' Lucy—'How can it be a play-fellow when it's a girl.'

A young man in the street being charged with laziness, was asked if he took it from his father. 'I think not,' said the disrespectful son, 'father's got all the laziness he ever had.

'Our children will have an immense tax on their hands,' said a gentleman. 'O, horrible!' exclaimed an elderly lady. What a blessing we have nails on ours.'

"This is capital ale," said an old toper, "see how long it keeps its head!" "Ay," said a by-stander; "but consider how soon it takes away yours!"

A universal want—Want of money.

Deal Gently.

What a world of happiness and love this would be, were we all to obey this simple command! A few words of love and kindness are more sure to guide the erring in the path of right, than a lifetime of harsh dealing. Sisters, deal gently with an erring brother, for the kind words of a loving sister are sweeter far than music in a brother's ear. Brother, listen and obey the commands of a loved sister. If you are traveling in the downward path, I admonish you, hear the gentle words of a sister. Her words may fall unheeded now, but perhaps when the voice of that loved one is hushed, when she can no longer plead with you, her gentle and loving admonitions will haunt you day and night, and the pleasure you sought for will not be found until you seek and travel in the path that she has pointed out to you.

I have often thought, were wives to deal more gently with their husbands, husbands to treat their wives in a like manner, there would be thousands of happy homes where now misery reigns. Should it be the lot of any young lady to be wedded to an intemperate husband, deal gently, for you will never reclaim him from the paths of vice by dealing harshly.

'Indeed you are very handsome,' said a gentleman to his lady love. 'Pooh! pooh!' said she, 'so you would say if you did not think so.' 'And so you'd think if I did not say so,' he answered.

"Susie," said a mother to her little daughter of five summers, "what would you do without your mother?" "I would put on just such a dress as I pleased, every day," was the prompt reply.

Come here, you mischievous little rascal you,' 'Won't you lick me, father?' 'No.' 'Will you swear you won't?' 'Yes.' 'Then I won't come, father, for parson Atwood says that he who swears will lie.'

The fall and winter crop of female lecturers bids fair to be very heavy. All sorts of subjects will be introduced. 'How to keep down the family' is announced by a beautiful Indiana lady of 25.

A cross old bachelor says, "The reason why women do not cut themselves in two by tight lacing, is because they lace around the heart, and that is so hard they cannot effect it.'

Penelope Ann, an old maid, hearing her cousin, Jerusha Jane, complaining of chapped hand, said she wished she had them, for she hadn't had a chap on her hands for twenty years.

A man counting a young woman was interrogated as to his occupation. 'I am a paper-hanger on a large scale,' he replied. He married the girl and turned out to be a bill-sticker.

An Elmira editor, speaking of the marriage of a brother quill, says: 'It's sad, however, this parting with old friends. One by one they drop off and double up.'

"Women, wake up!" exclaims the Revolution, and an indolent rural editor adds: "Yes, and turn out and make a fire and put the tea-kettle on."

A modern thinker says that many people will be astonished when they get to heaven to find the angels laying no schemes to be made arch-angels.

A French wit said of a man who was exceedingly fat, that nature only made him to show how the human skin would stretch without breaking.

A sick man was told that his wife would probably marry again. 'All right,' said he, 'for there will be one man to lament my death.'

A Veteran merchant says that although his clerks are very talkative during the day, they are always ready to shut up at night.

"Pa, isn't that man in what they call the spring time of life?" "Why, my son?" "Because he looks so very green."

A gardener's wife made a pin-cusion out of a Spanish onion, but she found it brought the tears into her needles' eyes.

You talk of your troubles, but yours is not such a hard case as mine, as the oyster said to the fisherman.

Among the last things out in pathetic song are "My Darling's Shoes." They are out at the toes.

'I am receiving my back rations,' as the soldier said when he was flogged for stealing beef.

No dust affects the eyes like gold dust, and no glasses like brandy glasses.

A Western gentleman advertises for a 'self supporting wife.'

Is it for a garret window to suffer room-attic pane?

'Do you keep accounts, Dick?' 'Yes, I reckon.'

The cup after the cup that cheers—The hic-cup.

A black bird—A raven hue officer.

An attached couple—Oyster shells.