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4th Street, TIONESTA, PA.

Isaac Ash, Attorney at Law, Oil City, Pa.

Will practice in the various Courts of Forest County. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

19 1/2

W. W. Mason, George A. Jenks, Attorneys at Law, Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

Mason & Jenks, Attorneys at Law, Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

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FOREST HOUSE, 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. 4-17-1/2

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Exchange Hotel, LOWER TIDWOUTE, PA., D. S. RAMBO, Proprietor. This house having been refitted is now the most desirable stopping place in Tidwoute. A good Billiard Room attached. 4-1/2

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Dr. J. L. Acomb, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice, will attend at Professional Office in his Drug and Grocery Store, located in Tidwoute, near Tidwoute 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. 1/2

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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 Coins and Government Securities bought and sold. 7-30 Bonds converted on the most favorable terms.

Interest allowed on time deposits. Mar. 4, 1/2

SLOAN & VAN GIESEN, BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON-MAKERS.

Corner of Church and Elm Streets, TIONESTA, PA.

This firm is prepared to do all work in its line, and will warrant everything done at their shops to give satisfaction. Particular attention given to

HORSE-SHOEING, Give them a trial, and you will not regret it. 13-1/2

LLOYD & SON, WATER STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

HAVE JUST OPENED an extensive Stock of

FLOUR AND FEED, GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

Which they offer to the public at rates as low as can be offered by any other establishment in town. Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. 40-3/4

LLOYD & SON.

The Republican Office

KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Subpoenas, Warrants, Summons, &c. to be sold cheap for cash. 1/2

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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TIONESTA, PA., TUESDAY, JUNE 18, 1872.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Includes One Square (1 inch), One Square, One Square, Two Squares, Quarter Col., Half, One, Business Cards, Legal notices, etc.

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

D. W. CLARK, REAL ESTATE AGENT.

HOUSES and Lots for Sale and RENT. Wild Lands for Sale.

I have superior facilities for ascertaining the condition of taxes and tax deeds, &c., and am therefore qualified to act intelligently as agent of those living at a distance, owning lands in the County.

Office in Commissioners Room, Court House, Tionesta, Pa. 4-41-1/2.

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Pine Lumber, Lath, Shingles &c.

Mills on Tionesta Creek, Forest Co., Pa.

Yards & Office cor. 22d & Rail Road Sts., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Jos. Y. Saul, PRACTICAL, Harness Maker and Saddler. Three doors north of Holmes House, Tionesta, Pa. All work is warranted. 1/2

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Dithridge's xx Flint Glass

PATENT OVAL LAMP CHIMNEYS.

AND Silvered Glass Reflectors.

These chimneys do not break by heat. Ask for DITHRIDGES. Take no other. 25-1/2

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MRS. S. S. HULINGS has built a large addition to her house, and is now prepared to accommodate a number of permanent boarders, and all transient ones who may favor her with their patronage. A good stable has recently been built, to accommodate the horses of guests. Charges reasonable. Residence on Elm St., opposite S. Halet's store. 25-1/2

JONES HOUSE, CLARION, PENN'A.

S. S. JONES - - - Proprietor.

NEW GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE IN TIONESTA.

KLINORDLINGER & CO.

HAVE just brought on a complete and carefully selected stock of

FLOUR, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

and everything necessary to the complete stock of a first-class Grocery House, which they have opened out at their establishment on Elm St., first door north of M. E. Church.

COFFEES, TEAS, SUGARS, SYRUPS, FRUITS, SPICES, LARD, HAMS, AND PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS, at the lowest cash prices. Goods warranted to be of the best quality. Call and examine, and we believe we can suit you. N. KLINORDLINGER & CO., Jan. 9, '72.

A MIRACLE!

Mr. Samuel Bell, of W. E. Schmertz & Co., Wholesale Boot and Shoe Manufacturers, 31 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., has been afflicted with chronic rheumatism for thirty years, from his right hip to his foot, having to use a crutch and a cane, at times so great as to utterly incapacitate him from attending to his business. Having tried every remedy known, without effect, except Gilliland's Pain Killer, he was finally induced to try it. A second application enabled him to lay aside his crutch, and a third effected a permanent cure. Mr. Bell is a popular and well-known citizen, is a living monument of the efficacy of that great medical discovery, Gilliland's Pain Killer. The afflicted should ask their grocer or druggist for it, and try its wonderful power. Mr. Gilliland, we understand, wants a respectable agent in every town and county for it. The principal office is at 72 Third Avenue, Pittsburgh Pa. 31-4/8

AGENTS WANTED—Bound canvassing book

SENT FREE! of postage on receipt of 75 cents, and exclusive territory granted on the

PICCOLI HOME BIBLE. Contains over 300 illustrations. Is a complete Library of Biblical Knowledge. Excels all other Bibles. In English and German. Wm. Flint & Co., Phila., Pa. 27-4/8

THE BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

IF YOU WANT a perfect fit and a good article of Boots and Shoes, of the finest workmanship, go to

H. L. McCANE'S, 39 CENTRE STREET, OIL CITY, PA. Satisfaction guaranteed. 2-33 1/2

Troublesome Change Making.

A German woman soon signaled the car, and the conductor sprung the bell. With gravity walked up to the woman after she was seated, and held out his hand for her fare. The German woman gave him a three cent piece and two pennies. The conductor put the three-cent piece in his vest pocket, and dropped the pennies in a side pocket of his overcoat. Then turning to the lady he said:

"I want another cent, madame."

"I gave you five cents," she replied.

"Ever since the Fourth Avenue Railroad has existed the fare on this line has been six cents," replied the conductor proudly.

"Well," answered the woman, "I haven't got another cent." After some hesitation she added, "Have you any change?"

"I can change anything, madame, from twenty-five cents up to an eleven-dollar bill," said the conductor.

Thereupon the German lady handed him a fifty cent stamp. He took the stamp between his teeth, and counted out a handful of pennies into the woman's lap. She counted them very carefully, and then looked up into his face.

"Haven't you made a mistake?" she asked.

"Just hand the pennies back here, then," the conductor said, holding out his double hands.

The German woman took up her dress with one hand and laded out the pennies with the other. The conductor then counted them over, and threw them back into the lap saying: "That's all right—forty-four cents, and six for your fare is fifty. What's the matter with you?"

"Yes," returned the woman, "but I want five cents more."

"No you don't," he replied. "The fare's six cents, and you've got forty-four cents in your lap. That's all right."

"Well, give me back the five cents that I gave you before, then," said the woman with a touch of asperity.

This apparently dumfounded the conductor. He remembered that the woman had given him five cents, but the thing had become so intricate he seemed at a loss to know how to straighten it out.

"I gave you a three-cent piece and two cents," the woman said.

The conductor nodded, but rubbed his head as though endeavoring to comprehend and unravel the whole momentary mystery. His face bore a troubled expression. Finally he got it.

"Well," he said at last, "give me back those pennies."

The woman scooped them into his hands, and he dropped them into his pocket. He then fished up the fifty cent stamp and passed it to her, with the words, "There madame, there's your fifty cents." In another second he took out a three cent piece from his vest pocket, saying, "And there's your three cent piece," and in five seconds more, "There's your two pennies. I don't know whether they're me or not, but I guess they'll do." By this time the troubled expression had left his countenance. Richard was himself again.

Addressing the astonished woman with great dignity, the conductor said: "Now, we'll begin over again. Your fare, madame, with his hands on his lips.

The lady laughed and again tendered him the fifty cent stamp. He pocketed it with the remark, "As counting specie seems to bother you, madame, I'll give your change in stamps," which he did.—New York Paper.

"Sorry He Did Not Learn a Trade."

A young man, well dressed and of prepossessing appearance, called at our office recently and inquired in great earnestness if we had employment of any kind to give him for but a few days, if no longer, as he was a stranger in the city, out of money, and unable to pay for a few days' board and lodging. He further stated that he was a book-keeper, but after a diligent search, he had found no one who wanted any help in that line, nor could he obtain employment at anything that he felt competent to perform in a satisfactory manner. The positions of clerk and book-keeper, he said, were all filled, and applicants for them far in excess of the demand. "I am sorry," said he, "that I did not learn a trade."

The appeals of the young man excited our sympathy, but requiring no further assistance in the office, we were compelled to reply to his eager questioning that we could not employ him.

The door closed after him, and he again went out to continue what, in all probability, proved to be a fruitless search for employment. But his words lingered behind him, and, as we sat musing on them, recalled to mind the oft-repeated expressions of the mechanic, in which he reproves himself for want of foresight in selecting an occupation. Here I am doomed, he says, to toil in a shop, at work which is hard, affording but poor pay. Like a dog, I must come at the call of a whistle, or like a servant, obey the summons of a bell; had I studied book-keeping or entered a store as clerk, I might have been leading a much easier and more pleasurable life.

In the cases cited, we find each one dissatisfied with his selection, and wishing to exchange places. And the difficulty at once presents itself, as to how we shall decide for them and the classes they represent, so that the seeming mistakes in selection may be remedied. We acknowledge we are unequal to the task.

Food, clothing, tools, machinery, houses, ships, and an almost endless variety of other things are continually in demand, which require the labor of farmers and mechanics; while that class which makes exchanges (merchants) is of necessity comparatively few in number, and, therefore, needs but a small force of assistants. The necessities of the millions of earth require by far the largest number of persons to be employed in agriculture and manufactures. Whenever then, through pride or any other motive, parents disregard the law and encourage their sons in seeking after situations, as clerks, book-keepers, etc., rather than to engage in those pursuits for which there is always a natural demand, there must be a corresponding amount of suffering as a penalty. Hence we find the so-called respectable occupations are glutted, while the mechanical branches are suffering through the lack of skilled laborers. An advertisement for a clerk will quickly bring to the office door a small army of applicants of all sizes and ages, while the want column may plead several days for a good mechanic, and fail to meet with a response.

"Sorry he did not learn a trade." Let apprentices and journeymen, who may be bewailing their lot, at once resolve to this repine no longer, but by hard study and close application master their trades, and having done so, demand a fair compensation. Then by adding to skill, honesty, punctuality and economy in expenditures, there need be no fear that they shall be compelled at any time to beg for sufficient employment to pay for a day's board and lodging.—Coach Maker's Journal.

Students' Duels in Heidelberg--An American the Champion.

A letter to the Chicago Tribune from Heidelberg contains the following:

The largest corps student that ever appeared in Heidelberg was an American, who came here an average sized man, and went away something wonderful to behold, and having the honor of being the best drinker, and also the best duelist in Heidelberg. So you see America bears the palm here as everywhere else. He fought something like a hundred duels, and never got defeated till nearly the last one he fought, when he got his nose almost cut off; but nothing daunted, he stepped up to his adversary, holding his nose with his hands, and challenged him to another duel, which was accepted. They fought, and the indomitable American, the hero of a hundred duels, came out ahead, to the great gratification of all his admiring friends. He is considered to have been the greatest man in Heidelberg (which he certainly was as regards size), and his name will probably be handed down from generation to generation, and looked up to as something superior, something almost immortal, by the students.

The house which they use for their duels is situated a short distance out of town, and when a duel is going on sentinels are placed communicating from the house to the town; but this is entirely unnecessary, for, although the duels are against the law, yet they are winked at by the authorities; in fact, the inhabitants are rather proud of them than otherwise, and would be very sorry if they were put a stop to. The student who took me to see the duels, and myself, started at about half-past ten in the morning, and walked for about fifteen minutes. We arrived at the house, and after introducing me to all of his corps, we sat down by a table, and talked and drank beer, and waited for the duel to commence.

The duels are arranged so that there are duels on three days of the week, whether a provocation is given or not. The way of it is this: The director of the duels takes the names of the members of the corps in regular order and pairs them off, and they are compelled to fight, although they may be the very best friends in the world, or, perhaps, even relations. So you see that when a fellow goes into one of these corps he is compelled to fight, although he may be a very peaceable fellow; for, as I said before, they don't wait for a provocation, but fight anyway. The swords that they fight with are made of a long and very thin piece of steel, which bends very easily, and is as sharp as a razor, so that the least touch leaves a mark. The students are cut up horribly, and some of them are really disgusting to look at, their faces are so frightfully scarred.

Last Friday I saw four duels. Each pair fought for a quarter of an hour, unless the doctor declared one of them too badly hurt to fight it out for that length of time, when, of course, the opposite party was declared victor. When a student got cut, the students all walked up and examined it in the most unconcerned manner possible. The director wrote down in his book how long a cut it was, and also how deep it was (the longer and deeper it was, the more the sufferer was thought of); and the doctor washed it out and the duel continued, unless the student that was cut was unable to do so, when he was declared to be the loser; and the next duel went on in the same manner. All this reminded me very much of a barber shop, with the barber calling out "Next," when his chair is empty.

There was considerable fun at a representation of "Romeo and Juliet" in a wretched little theatre during the first French revolution. Madame Deharme, the Juliet of the occasion, was lying dead on the tombstone. It was raining torrents; a drop came through the roof and fell on Juliet's nose; she made a face; another drop fell on her eyelids; she winked. It was a facial expression not taught by Delsarte. Finally she took to watching the drops and dodging them. The audience caught the idea and sympathized with her.

"Look out, Mrs. Juliet," said one fellow, "there's a whopper a-coming—I see it!"

"Mind your eye!" said another.

"Madame," said a third, raising, "will you accept the use of my umbrella?"

Of course the tragedy ended in a farce.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago Rev. Charles G. Finney, now President of Oberlin College, was carrying on a series of revival meetings in some Eastern city, Boston, we think. One day a gentleman called to see him on business. Mr. Finney's daughter, perhaps five years old, answered the bell. "Is your father in?" asked the stranger.

"No," replied the demure little maiden. "But walk in, poor dying sinner! Mother can pray for you."

In the Saddle.

A cavalry camp immediately after the battle, says Gen. Custer in his "Life on the Plains," always presents an animated and most interesting scene. As soon as the rolls are called and the reports of absentees made to headquarters, the men of the companies, with the exception of the cooks, are employed in the care of horses. The latter are fed, and while eating are thoroughly groomed by the men, under the superintendence of their officers. Nearly an hour is devoted to this important duty. In the meanwhile the company cooks, ten to each company, and the officers' servants, are busily engaged preparing breakfast, so that within a few minutes after the horses have received proper attention breakfast is ready, and being very simple it requires but little time to dispose of it. Immediately after breakfast the first bugle call indicative of the march is the "General," and is the signal for the tents to be taken down and everything packed in readiness for moving. A few minutes later this is followed by the bugler at headquarters sounding "Boots and saddles," when horses are saddled up and the wagon train put in readiness for "pulling out." Five minutes later "To horse" is sounded, and the men of each company lead their horses into line, each trooper standing at the head of his horse. At the words "Prepare to mount," from the commanding officer, each trooper places his left foot in the stirrup; and at the command "Mount," every man rises in his stirrup and places himself in his saddle, the whole command presenting the appearance to the eye of a huge machine propelled by one power. Woe betide the unfortunate who through carelessness or inattention fails to place himself in the saddle simultaneously with his companions. If he is not for this offence against military rule deprived of the services of his horse during the succeeding half day's march, he escapes luckily. As soon as the command is sounded the "Advance" is sounded, and the troops, usually in "column of fours," move out. The company leading the advance one day march in rear the following day. The successive changing gives each company an opportunity to march by regular turn in advance. Our average daily march, when not in immediate pursuit of the enemy, was about twenty-five miles. Upon reaching camp in the evening the horses were cared for as in the morning, opportunities being given them to graze before dark. Pickets were posted and every precaution adopted to guard against a surprise.

We heard a story the other day that is good enough to print. It runs thusly: Dukely Dodge was a noted character in this country a few years ago. He was considerable of a sport and was always looking for a chance to make "an honest penny" by beating some one at a game of 'draw poker'. One day he picked up a fellow and had just made arrangement for a quiet sitting, when a big green-looking countryman, who measured six feet in his stockings, asked if they had any objection to making the game three-handed. Dukely said, certainly not, in fact, he was glad of the addition to the party as it would give him more opportunities to 'fix' the cards. The game had progressed but a short time when Dukely in dealing, gave the countryman four queens, and the other four kings, reserving for himself four aces. Of course the betting was lively. At last the countryman had his whole pile on the table, some \$550, and claimed a show for his money. Dukely, who was one of the most polite men in the world, said certainly, he should have it when the countryman threw down his four queens and commenced to rake in the pile.

Hold on, said the other stranger, I can beat that.

What have you got? said the countryman.

"I have got four kings," said the stranger, and he commenced raking down, when the countryman hit him square between the eyes, knocking him about ten feet, then turning to Dukely, at the same time drawing back ready to deal another of his sledge hammer blows, he said: now d---n you, what have you got?

Nothing, nothing sir! exclaimed Dukely, throwing his hand into the pack, "I was only blowing!" The countryman raked in the stamps.

Dukely afterward said, he thought that if a man was knocked ten feet for having four kings that the chances were he would go through the side of the building if he called four aces.

An old bachelor recently gave utterance to the following *jeu d'esprit*: He was introduced to a beautiful widow, of the same name as himself. The introduction was in this wise: "Mr. Evans, permit me to introduce you to Mrs. Evans." "Mrs. Evans!" exclaimed the spirited bachelor, "the very lady I have been in search of for the last forty years!"

The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts there is nothing to keep heavy bodies, like husbands, from flying off into space.

A terrible tale of a woman's frailty and an injured husband's revenge comes from Arkansas. A woman eloped from her home about two weeks ago. Her husband discovered her flight on returning from his work in the evening, and at once took his rifle, mounted his horse and started in pursuit. He rode without food and almost without rest for nearly two days, when he overtook the fugitives. The betrayer of his family fired at him, but missed. The avenger in a moment knocked him from his saddle disdaining to kill the seducer, but reserving him for a more terrible punishment, and seizing his wife with an iron grasp, despite her prayers for mercy, gave her her false teeth which she had left behind. His work of vengeance done, the husband rode leisurely away.

It is not safe to trifle with the affections of the factory girls of Providence. They are expensive commodities and if damaged have to be paid for at ruinous rates. An imprudent but wealthy bachelor of 69 was wont to rise at six o'clock in the morning to walk to the mill with Julia Vallot. Julia became sick and he gave her a pair of stout shoes and lent her his book of mortgages to read. Afterwards he took her to ride and in an unguarded moment the ardor of the venerable wain led him to make proposals of matrimony. They were accepted and when the ancient lover in his cooler moments desired to retreat and offered a dollar to settle with Julia, he found himself caught in the gauzy meshes of Julia's web. A suit for breach of promise followed, and \$14,000 was allowed by her intelligent jury as the value to Julia of her venerable bachelor.

A touching incident is reported from Chattanooga. An utter stranger called on a respectable farmer last week and asked him if his horse had not been robbed during the war. The farmer replied that it had. "I," said the stranger, "was one of the marauding party that did it. I took a little silver locket." "That locket," said the farmer, bursting into tears, "had been worn by my dear, dear child." "Here it is," replied the stranger, visibly affected; "I am rich; let me make restitution; here are \$20 for your little son." He gave the farmer a \$50 bill and received \$30 in change. He then wrung the farmer's hand warmly and left. The farmer has since dried his tears and loaded his shot-gun. The \$50 bill was bad.

The masculine intellect is taxed to its utmost capacity when the mysteries of the female garb become involved with the other intricacies of jurisprudence. A woman was shot lately in California, and the coroner attempted to illustrate the course of the bullet through her corsets by putting this strange device around his waist. He got it wrong side up, wrong side in front, and wrong side out, and though a married man, and assisted by the suggestions of several jurymen, he couldn't get it right until an experienced reporter stepped up and neatly adjusted the bit of mechanism for the waist.

A Burmese potter, it is said, became envious of the property of a washerman, and, to ruin him, induced the king to order him to wash one of his black elephants white, that he might be "lord of the white elephant," which in the East is a great distinction. The washerman replied that, by the rules of his art, he must have a vessel large enough to wash him in. The king ordered the potter to make him such a vessel. When made it was crushed by the first step of the elephant in it. Many times was this repeated; and the potter was ruined by the very scheme he had intended should crush his enemy.

An inveterate old beggar, who frequented a certain entry, was tolled in to one of the offices by the inmates, out of curiosity, to know what was in his particular plea for charity on that day, since he always had a new one. On being pressed with the question as to what was really the matter with him, he replied at last, "Well, gentlemen, I guess I've kinder lost my energy powers."

An ingenious schoolman in Iowa punished a boy for kissing the big girls, by making him show how it was done before the whole school. It didn't work well, however, for the idea became altogether too popular at once.

Move with the multitude in the common walks of life, and you will be unnoticed in the throng; but break from them, pursue a different path, and every eye, perhaps with reproval, will be turned towards you.

That compositor had his own way of punctuating and spelling, and this is the way he treated a familiar passage of Scripture: "The wicked flea, when no man pursueth but the righteous, is as bold as a lion."

A box containing a black bear was received at an express office in San Francisco the other day; outside was this inscription: "Black Bear—Efy yew don't want to get bit, kepe your fingers out of the crax."