

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.

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.

W. W. Mason, George A. Jenks, Mason & Jenks, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

C. W. Gillilan, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

J. R. Harris, D. D. Fassett, HARRIS & FASSETT, Attorneys at Law, Titusville Penn'a.

PRACTICE in all the Courts of Warren, Crawford, Forest and Venango Counties. 49-4F

W. P. Merrellhoff, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW Tionesta, Pa. Office on Elm Street.

M. ITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St. Tionesta, Pa. All the month of June, Mr. Ittel has thoroughly renovated the Tionesta House, and re-furnished it completely. All who patronize him will be well entertained at reasonable rates. 29-1y

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. 4-17-1y

Holmes House, TIONESTA, PA., opposite the Depot. C. D. Mabie, Proprietor. Good Stabling connected with the house. 1f

Syracuse House, TIDIOUPE, 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. 4-1y

Exchange Hotel, IRVINGTON, PA., W. A. Hallenback, Proprietor. This hotel is new, and is now open as a first class house, situated 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. 1f

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 Tidoupe, near Tidoupe 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. 1f

H. B. BAY, 250 P. PARK, A. B. KELLY, MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS, Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts. Tionesta.

Bank of Discount and Deposit. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made on all the Principal points of the U. S. Collections solicited. 18-1y.

J. T. DALE, Prop., J. T. DALE, Cashier, 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, 1f.

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-SHOING.

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

The Republican Office. KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Blank Books, Mortgages, Subpoenas, Warrants, Summons, &c. to be sold cheap for cash. 1f.

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. V. NO. 21.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1872.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates and prices. Includes 'Rates of Advertising', 'Business Cards', and 'Legal notices'.

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, 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. 4-41-1y. D. W. CLARK.

THE SUPERIOR LUMBER CO., MANUFACTURERS OF

Pine Lumber, Lath, Shingles &c.

Mills on Tionesta Creek, Forest Co., Pa. Yards & Office cor. 23d & 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. 1f.

Wm. Fellers, LICENSED AUCTIONIER, will attend to all business in that line promptly, at reasonable rates. Address, Wm. FELLERS, Newmansville, Pa. 9-3m. Clarion Co. Pa.

EDWARD DITHRIDGE, E. D. DITHRIDGE, FORT PITT GLASS WORKS. Established A. D. 1827.

DITHRIDGE & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF

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. 25-1y. DITHRIDGE & SON, Pittsburgh, Pa.

New Boarding House. MRS. S. S. HULLINGS 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. Hasket's store. 25-1y

JONES HOUSE, CLARION, PENN'A. S. S. JONES - - - Proprietor.

NEW GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE IN TIONESTA.

GEO. W. BOVARD & 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, HAMS, LARD, 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. Geo. W. BOVARD & CO. Jan. 9, '72.

LLÓYD & 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. 40-3m. LLOYD & SON.

A MIRACLE! Mr. Samuel Bell, of W. E. Schmeitz & 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 painful 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 in Pa. The principal office is at 72 Third Avenue, Pittsburgh Pa. 31-4t

Poking Fun at a Railroad.

Mr. Derrick Dood writes as follows to the Washington Capital about the branch railroad between Baltimore and the Capital:

But about this railroad. Of course I want it abolished, every one does. The reckless velocity with which the trains are run between here and Baltimore, is absolutely frightful. I was delighted years ago when this road was established, because I thought we had got rid of the old rickety and dangerous fast stage coaches, but the speed they are beginning to run the trains on this road is worse yet. Now, every one knows that Baltimore is forty miles from Washington, if it is an inch, and three days and a half is plenty quick enough for the trip, but the managers have already reduced the schedule time to three days and four hours, and what with making the engine fires too hot, and racing with cows along the road, and all that, the conductors are even cutting that time down.

Why it was only the other day, on the down trip, we happened to spy Simm's old mule about two miles out of town. What should the reckless wretch of an engineer do but clap on full steam and race every foot of the way into the district? We didn't exactly pass the mule, but we caught up with him twice, and came into the depot neck and neck--and which was puffing the most, the mule or the engine, you couldn't have told to save your life. Now it was all very exciting, and all that, I know, but I hadn't purchased an accident ticket, and I don't believe the other four passengers had either. This is all wrong, Mr. Editor, all wrong.

And then on another occasion, I remember, we came within a hair's breadth of having a very serious accident. The engineer had gotten off to snowball a chipmunk, and the conductor was minding a young widow's baby for her--the result was the train happened to get on a down grade and we started off at a terrific rate, every bit of four miles an hour, I should think. We were just half a mile above the Annapolis junction, and the first thing we knew--there being no whistle to wake up the switch-tender--we were turned off into the Annapolis road and went down the track at full speed. Imagine our consternation, when just at this moment we heard the whistle, not a half mile ahead of us of the Annapolis up train. We were paralyzed with terror. Here were two trains on the same track approaching each other at the dizzy speed just mentioned. Evidently our time had come! In a few short hours the engines would meet, and then--destruction! With great presence of mind, a minister on board organized a prayer meeting. Pale but calm the doomed band of passengers sat, and though with the very shadow of death upon them, raised their voices in a parting hymn.

"Send for the baggage master," said a young man with a sad smile. "Why?" was asked. "Because we are all about to pass in our checks."

Everybody wept. From the rear platform we could see the miserable engineer straining every nerve to catch up, but he had tight boots on and didn't gain anything to speak of. At this moment a ray of hope dawned upon us. I had just finished writing my will on the back of a visiting card, when I observed a young lady in the act of detaching her bustle. Placing the article--which was composed of eight hundred Capitals and a hair mattress--under her arm, the heroine marched through the car. We followed her anxiously.

She climbed up on the tender and then over the engine. It was very interesting and thrilling to see her climbing over the wheels and brass things on her way to the cow-catcher. It reminded me of a country girl getting over a wire fence. But never mind about that now. Let me see where I was. Oh! yes--on the cow-catcher. Holding on by the cross bars with one hand, the noble maiden tied the bustle on the sharp prong with the other.

You can guess the result. In the course of the afternoon the collision came off. Protected by the bustle, the engine received a gentle bump, and we were saved!

I took up a collection for the woman on the spot. I always take up a collection on such occasions--always. There is nothing mean about me. I suppose you have noticed my clothes?

A Western paper describes the man of love-making practiced among some of its readers, in the following paragraph: "The young people who were seen feeding each other dove fashion, over a gate post the other evening, had better be a little more cautious in the future."

An unscrupulous writer says that Tinnie C. Clafin's spurs penetrate the equine flanks from opposite directions. To this fabrication she indignantly replies: "I'm no rooster; I don't wear spurs nor ride straddle legs. The writer is a liar."

Earnings of Magazine Writers.

The other day I observed a statement that Bret Harte had made an arrangement with the proprietors of the "Atlantic," by which he was to receive \$12,000 a year for twelve articles to be contributed--one a month--to that magazine. I venture to say that the foundation for this story is very slight. The "Atlantic" people are not inclined to pay any such price for contributions; and, though they gave Mr. Harte a very extravagant rate last year, they were exclusively for their periodicals, neither they nor he, I understand, were satisfied with the engagement, and both were glad to discontinue it at the close of the twelve-month. The literary men and women who have written extensively for certain publications have, so far as I know, been much pleased at the expiration of the time of their contract. They say that they always feel not only cramped and confined, but that something extraordinary were expected of them. They lose, to a large extent, the stimulus and motive for composition, and feel convinced that under the circumstances they cannot do their best work. One of the most desirable engagements a follower of the quill can make (I have long been looking for just such a one) is to be restricted to a single publication, and not even to write for that. Were I immensely wealthy, and philanthropic at the same time, I should certainly buy up in this way many industrious and concealed scribblers, who, in season and out of season, inflict their productions upon a patient and long-suffering public. To return to the Atlantic. It is not in the habit of bestowing any such munificent price upon authors as that associated with the name of Mr. Harte. The highest rate which it allows to its most favored contributors, like Emerson, Lowell, Holmes and others never, if I am rightly informed, exceeds \$250 an article, while \$100 is regarded by them as a handsome figure for a first-class contribution. Few things are more delusive than writing for the magazines, unless one likes to write for pleasure, which, assuredly, is not the feeling of a professional. I hear almost every day ambitious desires and rash menaces to make a livelihood by this sort of labor. The livelihood so made would, I opine, be meagre and unremunerative, indeed. In the whole country there are not more than eight or ten monthlies, and of these only five or six are really prosperous, and capable of purchasing manuscripts at fair rates.

It is hardly possible, under the most favorable circumstances, to get more than three articles printed a year in any one periodical, so that all the very highest, fifteen would be the amount of achievement. The contributions would not average more than \$80 a piece--in all probability not so much and, consequently, their authors would realize \$1,200 per annum. He or she who should have fifteen articles a year in all the magazines would seem to be a perpetual and irresponsible scribbler, and however well they might be written, they would tire the public and provoke hostile criticism from their frequency. I question if anybody has any such number printed, and I am sure that the majority of literateurs who are considered regular contributors to the monthlies, do not usually earn \$1,000, or even \$800 per annum in that particular field. I can't see how any one not lifted above daily wants and weekly needs can afford to pursue literature save as a recreation. Whenever I hear a man talk of living by his pen, outside of a journalistic position, I have a shuddering suspicion either that he is vaporing, or that he has found some extremely economical method of supporting existence.

Some very curious discoveries have been made by medical gentlemen in the service of life insurance companies, not generally apprehended by well-informed physiological savants. It is this, viz: the children of long-lived parents live a little longer than the parents. If only one is long-lived and the other is from a stock with less vital force, then the children have a sort of division of vitality among them. One will live to be very aged, while another falls considerably short of the life period of the shortest lived parent. But there is another fact still more surprising, pretty nearly as well established. When a child arrives at the age at which either parent died, aside from accidental cause, it will become indisposed, gradually sicken, and may die. If it survives at that time, it may pass through a similar state of vital disturbance on or about the anniversary of the other parent's death; but if that is passed, some years more may be safely predicted as a life-lease for the individual. Laws of limitation are not exclusively legislative acts. Nature established them before congresses and parliaments were organized.

The following notice may be seen on a blacksmith's shop in Essex: "No horse shod on Sunday, except sickness and death."

A Showman's Sick Child.

Doctor Lemoni was one of the most courteously and affable of Paris physicians. He was once called upon by an athletic, ruddy personage, who certainly seemed in no individual need of the distinguished doctor's advice; the latter, too, in kind effort to reassure the embarrassed visitor, addressed him with his usual politeness and condescension.

"Monsieur, I am the proprietor of a menagerie," said the square shouldered man, "and one of my children is sick--"

"Exactly, my friend. Of what nature is the disease?"

"He ran a splinter into his thigh; it is very ugly monsieur, but I am rich enough to pay well."

"Very well, my man," replied the doctor, unable to suppress a smile at the simplicity of his visitor, "we will talk of that after a while. Tell me explicitly what is the matter with your child?"

"Monsieur, the splinter is festered in his thigh, and he will not let any one touch it; he is headstrong, for all he is very gentle. It will be necessary, I know, to perform a slight operation; but he is violent and headstrong about it--"

"Leave his violence to me. How old is he?"

"Four years only. But I am afraid he will bite or scratch you if you attempt to touch it. You must administer chloroform."

"Not at all, my good man. Your child cannot be very dangerous on the exercise of his temper if he is only four years old."

"But he is large for his age--"

"No; I will go with you to see your boy. It were folly to administer chloroform in such a case."

"But, monsieur, you do not know him so well as I," continued the man, importunately. "I pray, I beseech you to take the chloroform all the same, in case you should need it."

"To dispel the anxiety of the nervous man, Doctor Lemoni carried with him the required anesthetic, and shortly arrived at the house of the beast-tamer."

"I have put him up stairs, doctor, where the poor fellow would be undisturbed. Ascend with me, please."

"They mounted to a kind of loft. The doctor having entered, the showman followed and closing the door behind him, quickly locked it. The former, turning in some surprise, descried a full grown lion slowly approaching them, with an unquestionably wicked and menacing snarl.

The beast-tamer grew pale; and when he addressed some soothing brute language to the animal, his voice trembled. The doctor became ghastly pale and covered with a cold sweat.

"For heaven's sake, doctor, be quick!" whispered the beast-tamer, hoarsely; "he is ugly to-day."

Still showing his white teeth, the lion crouched in the attitude preparatory to a spring. He dashed the chloroform which he held in the animal's face. The latter recoiled and began to droop under the effects of the drug. This permitted a still further administration of it, till he was finally stretched powerless before them. The operation required was then made upon the wound, and the proper restoratives applied.

Neither the doctor nor showman, spoke a word until they had descended the steps.

"Monsieur," said the showman, "you have saved, by your wonderful presence of mind, a life whose value is incalculable to me. Permit me to offer you my grateful thanks and to give you your fee." And he handed the other a hundred-franc note.

"Thank you, Monsieur Domteur," replied the physician, "and when you have need of services for a similar case, I pray you--"

A Human Kangaroo.

A Chicago paper well calls the subject of the following sketch a "human kangaroo."

Coming into the city on a Chicago, Burlington and Quincy train as it entered the suburbs recently, a youngster about ten years old, with one leg amputated to a very brief stump, was observed handling his crutch briskly along the side of the track, evidently with a skilled purpose to get his momentum up to that of the rapidly moving train. He did it, and climbed upon the rear platform, and sat down as cool as though his feat had not excited the wonder of a score of passengers who watched him. The appearance was as if a lame lad had taken some risk to take a ride downward. But at Canal street he climbed down from his perch, and went back down the track with flying leaps, like a kangaroo, with evident purpose of boarding a long freight train, already under good headway in the opposite direction. It was an exploit only the most adroit and venturesome railway employees would think of attempting, so great was the speed of the train; but again the brisk monopede achieved it, elung like a monkey to the iron ladder on the side of the car, near the rear of the train, and went up, hand over hand, with his crutch under his arm. The next instant he was running or rather hopping, with long leaps at full speed along the top of the cars, taking the interspaces as easily as a boy skips over a crosswalk. And then we learn that this prodigy is the victim of an extraordinary passion for riding on the cars. Of course he lost his leg in this way, at the Great Eastern crossing, eighteen months ago, and was provided with attendance and a light crutch by the railroad company. Any one would think the loss of a leg would be a lesson for a life-time, but instantly on recovery he resumed his sport, which had become a passion. Since that time he passes his whole day in the manner above noticed. His misfortune has really equipped him with means of locomotion with which he distances all two-legged youngsters. He captures every train that passes, takes excursions into the country at will, sure of being able to compass his return in the same way. Railroad employees scold and put him off, but his crippled condition secures him immunity, and as he never mounts a train until it is in motion, he gives them the option to stop the train or throw him off. There is no moral to the story beyond the mention of the fact. If the loss of a leg is no lesson to boys to keep off moving trains, there seems to be no remedy except to shorten them at the other end. Perhaps, after all, it is as well for the trains to carry this youngster as a prominent advertisement to the other lads of the peril of the practice of which they are so noted an example.

A Big Dinner.

A couple of flat-boatsmen on the Mississippi River, having made an extraordinarily good speculation--made, in fact, six hundred dollars, a very large sum to that kind of folk twenty years ago--concluded that while they were in New Orleans they would for once in their lives see what it was to have a real first-class hotel dinner. They could afford it, and they would just like to see how it would go. So they went to the St. Charles Hotel, and ordered the very best dinner that that establishment could afford. When they had eaten to their complete and entire satisfaction (and the probable astonishment of the waiters), they called for their bill. The waiter in attendance misunderstanding them, and supposing that they wanted the bill of fare, laid it before them, with the wine-list uppermost.

"Whew, Bill!" said Jerry; "here's a bill. Just look at it! Here, you add up one side, and I'll add up the other, and we'll see what the old thing comes to."

So Bill added up the prices of wines on one side of the list, and Jerry added them up on the other, and they made the sum total \$584.

"Whew, Bill!" said Jerry; "that's nigh all we've got. What are we going to do about it?"

"We can't pay that," said Bill; "it 'ud clean us right out. The waiter ain't here now; lets jump out of the window and put."

"No, sir-ee," said Jerry. "I'd never do such a mean thing as that. Let's pay the bill, and then go down stairs and shoot the laundress."

Just then the waiter explained, when they paid their bill and departed greatly relieved of their temporary embarrassment.

A lady in Lewiston, Me., has a dress which she has worn every summer for twenty-five years. The dry-goods men look upon her with perfect scorn, while she is beloved by every married man in town.

"Albany has four hundred dwelling-houses and two thousand four hundred inhabitants, all standing with their gable ends to the streets." So it was printed in a school geography not long ago.

Too Thin For Gasmen.

It has been ascertained that the fumes of the purifying rooms of gas works, will cure the whooping cough. To test it a lady, took two of her children there. The superintendent of the works very kindly waited upon her to the rooms.

After a few moments he noticed a black streak along her forehead, near the hair, but supposing she had made it by some crook from her fingers, thought nothing more of it, and he left the parties to inhale the vapors. When ready to depart, he suggested to the lady that before she went back to the city she had better look in a mirror, which she did and was not a little surprised to find her face as black as charcoal, from the hair around to her ears, and under the chin.

After much scrubbing with soap and water, she succeeded in making herself white. She inquired anxiously of the superintendent, who is a family man, and knows how it is himself, what could possibly have caused it. He very politely intimated that it might be something she put on her before she came there, which she indignantly denied--she didn't "powder," not she!

"Madam," said he, "that's too thin. You can't cheat the gasworks."

A good story is told of two prominent candidates for county positions. One of them, Mr. W-- owns some corn-fields in a certain valley, and having occasion to visit them, he invited a well-known politician of the locality to ride with him. On arriving at the spot, it is said that W-- drove up on a hill overlooking a splendid field of growing wheat which belonged to him. After bragging about for some time, he turned to his political companion and said, "You see what a splendid field of wheat this is. Now, if you will exert your influence in my behalf, I'll give you the best acre of it." His political companion turned abruptly around, and viewed him for a few seconds with mute astonishment. He then warmly exclaimed, "You must be a stupid! I-- has agreed to give me the flour in the sack!"

Islington dairies, we are told, principally supply London with milk. A curious story is related of an honest dairyman. When he bought his "milk-walk," the seller offered him, for £30, the receipt for adulterating the fluid. It was indignantly refused. He furnished his customers pure milk, and he lost nearly every one of them. They complained of the color, the taste, the effects of the fluid, accused him of adulterating it, and went to other dealers. In despair, he bought the offered recipe. It gave directions for watering the milk, and for compound a mixture (a rank poison), one drop of which would give a pan of milk the appearance of cream. The purchaser recoiled from such a course, made another effort to find customers for pure milk, failed, and sold out.

A certain French gentleman, who had only just arrived in America, was invited to a friend's house, where a large bowl of punch was made--a liquor he had never seen before, and which did not at all agree with him. Having forgotten the name of it, he asked a person the next day: "What dey call dat liquor in America which is all de contradiction?--where is de brandy to make it strong, and de water to make it weak; de sugar to make it sweet, and de lemons to make it sour?"

"I suppose you mean punch," answered the other.

"Ah, ponche, begar!" cried monsieur; "it almost ponche my brain out last night."

A reporter upon a western paper, speaking of a certain fair creature, remarked that "the profusion and color of her hair would lead one to look upon it as 'though it was spun by nimble fingers of the easy hours as they glided through the bright June days, whose sunny rays of light had been caught in the meshes and were content to go no farther.'" This is one way of looking at it. It expresses the idea with delicacy, and poetry, and tenderness, which are never attempted by the brutal reporters who slash out paragraphs in this part of the country. If any of our journalists had undertaken to describe that woman they would probably have alluded to her as a "red-headed girl." We have much to learn from these inhabitants of the Western wilds.

A prim looking youth went to an elderly South Boston newsdealer the other day, and claimed an acquaintance which the gentleman was slow to recall. "You don't know me," says the young man. "Why I am -- the son of Mr. -- father took papers of you for years before he died, and I have ever since; but we've moved from -- street, and now live over the hill. By the way, Mr. Rich, I believe Lowe you a dollar on the last quarter." The old gentleman's pulse quickened; he took another good look and remembered. His youthful debtor produced a ten-dollar bill, the debt was settled and they bade each other a courteous adieu. The bill proved to be a counterfeit.