

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.

4. 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 its 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. Farnett, HARRIS & FARNETT, Attorneys at Law, Titusville Penna.

PRACTICE in all the Courts of Warren, Crawford, Forest and Venango Counties.

W. P. Merciliott, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa. Office on Elm St. est. The professional services of the Hon. S. P. Johnson can be secured through me in Forest Co. Collections promptly attended to. Also Real Estate Agent.

M. ITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St. Tionesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek. Mr. Iittel has thoroughly renovated the Tionesta House, and re-furnished it completely. All who patronize him will be well entertained at reasonable rates. 20 1/2

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. 4-17-14

Holmes House, TIONESTA, PA., opposite the Depot. C. D. Mahie, Proprietor. Good Stabling connected with the house. 17

Scott House, FAGUNDUS, PA., E. A. Roberts, Proprietor. This house has been thoroughly re-furnished and now offers superior accommodations to guests. 25-14

Syracuse House, TIDOUPE, PA., J. & D. MAGEE, Proprietors. This 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. J. & D. MAGEE, 14

Exchange Hotel, LOWER TIDOUPE, PA., D. S. RAMSEY, Proprietor. This house having been refitted is now the most desirable stopping place in Tidoupe. A good Billiard Room attached. 4-13

National 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 Railroad, and 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. 17

Dr. J. L. Acornb, 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 Groceries, all of the best quality. Will be sold at reasonable rates.

J. R. Burgess, an experienced Druggist from New York, has charge of the store. All prescriptions put up accurately. 17

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. 18-14

J. T. PALE, 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 Coin and Government Securities bought and sold. 7-30 Bonds converted on the most favorable terms. Interest allowed on time deposits. Mar. 4, 14

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. 18-14

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. 33.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1872.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates and prices. Includes rates for one square, one column, and business cards.

D. W. CLARK, (COMMISSIONER'S CLERK, FOREST CO., PA.) REAL ESTATE AGENT. HOUSES and Lots for Sale and RENT. Wild Lands for Sale.

THE SUPERIOR LUMBER CO., MANUFACTURERS OF Pine Lumber, Lath, Shingles &c. Mills on Tionesta Creek, Forest Co., Pa.

Wm. Fellers, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, will attend to all business in that line promptly, at reasonable rates. Address: WM. FELLERS, Newmarket, 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.

Silvered Glass Reflectors. These chimneys do not break by heat. Ask for DITHRIDGES. Take no other. DITHRIDGE & SON, 25-14, 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.

JONES HOUSE, CLARION, PENNA. S. E. 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 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.

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. 40-301. 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 for it. The principal office is at 72 Third Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. 31-41.

HOW I CAME TO GET MARRIED. AN OLD PIONEER'S STORY.

"Your speaking of being chased by wolves in Canada woods recalls a similar experience I once had in Ohio," said the old pioneer, as he shook with suppressed emotion, but whether of a sad or pleasant nature could not be ascertained in the dim light of the fireplace.

"Let us hear your yarn," we suggested, with a reproachful eye to all items for consideration in a dull season.

"O, it ain't any yarn, I assure you," said the old man, as he chuckled and grinned, until a glacial movement of tobacco juice started from each corner of his mouth and pushed its way down the wrinkles that led to his stubble-covered chin below. "Shut the door there—so that mother can't hear what's going on, and I will tell you how I came to get married."

We complied with his request, and after storing away a fresh supply of the wood "that cheers but don't incite," he drew his chair close to us and commenced:

"It was in the year 1840 that I came to Cleveland, and became employed in a hardware store on Superior street. I had spent all my previous life on a farm, and had become tired of tramping around over the pastures, folding sheep and cattle in the winter, and working still harder in the summer. I won't say anything about the difficulties I experienced in getting employment upon my arrival in the city, nor how I tried every place in the town before I could find a boarding place that suited me, until I became acquainted with a widow lady who kept a few boarders on what is now known as Euclid avenue.

"My landlady was accomplished, and had evidently seen better days, but the death of her husband had left her in reduced circumstances. She had two daughters, both lively, intelligent, and possessed of graces that only come from association with the better class of society. They were of extremely gay disposition, and I had not been at the house a month before I was hopelessly in love with Fanny, the eldest, and I thought at times her manner toward me was tender and encouraging. She carefully avoided giving me an opportunity to be alone with her long enough to declare my passion.

"The winter had nearly passed without finding me any further advanced in my suit until one night in February, after a heavy fall of snow, I asked Miss Fanny to take a sleigh ride with me, to which she consented, and after tea I procured as high-stepping a pair of horses as could be found in the city, drove up to the house of my affinity, and in a few minutes we were whirling away out on the Cleveland and Medina turnpike. I had taken that road partly because it led towards my old home, and also owing to its being less traveled at night than the other thoroughfares leading from the city, and we were not likely to be interrupted in our ride or conversation. The night was just cool enough to make it necessary to place my arm around my companion, the horses were frisky, and the moon shone with that peculiar light which is preferred by lovers to all others, unless it be that of a parlor lamp turned down so low that as an illuminator it is nearly useless.

"Through Brooklyn township we whirled out into the country, where the lights from the farm-house became more scattered and the baying of a watch-dog was the only sound heard. Fanny, who had previously sung, laughed and chatted merrily on our ride, now became quiet. As we came to a rise in the road that disclosed a level strip two or three miles in length before us, I said to myself, 'Before we have traveled the road now in view, I will settle my fate, and go home a happier or a more miserable man.'

"Hardly had I come to this conclusion before I heard a peculiar rushing sound behind us, and looking around could see a flock of sheep coming at full speed toward us, and behind them were two or three dogs, which accounted for the fright of the sheep, which would doubtless run for miles before stopping, and cause their owner much trouble in hunting them up. But a bright thought came to me. Fanny was a city girl, and had never seen a sheep save in the shape of cutlets or roast at her mother's table. I would indulge in a strategy of the kind which is considered fair in love or war. Lowering my voice to the note of the stage diabolism, where he speaks of the death of his parents, wife and friends, I said, 'Fanny my girl, are you brave—can you bear terrible news?' 'Why, Henry, what is the matter? What makes you look so pale?' Assuming a more tragic voice, I replied, 'Be firm, dearest; rely on me; we are followed by wolves. Look behind you, and you can see the monsters, who are already thirsting for our blood.'

"She gave a hurried glance backward, heard the rushing sound of many feet, the deep breathing which, when heard in the forests of the north, causes the wildest diem; then drawing nearer to me, said: 'I did not know there were any wolves so near the city, Henry.' 'Neither did I think there were any,' I replied; 'but it seems we were mistaken, for those behind us are of the gray species, and most dangerous of any to meet. Driven by hunger they have approached the settlements, and unless our horses can go to the Stone tavern in Parma before we are overtaken, we are lost.'

"At this juncture the old, curly-haired leader, tired out of wind from the long run, gave vent to a prolonged bleat, which was fearful enough to scare a girl less timid than Fanny. I leaped on the horses' bits, and flourished my whip frantically around them, until they were excited and apparently doing their best to escape the fate behind us, but I was secretly holding them back, to allow the wolves (?) to get closer. On came the bloody horde, panting for breath, nearer and nearer, until I began to throw out robes and blankets. 'These will keep them chawing a few minutes,' I said, 'and we may escape.' But the sheep had no appetite for the robes, and were close behind us.

"I arose in the sleigh, gave the reins to Fanny, saying, 'Drive for your life—I will sacrifice myself for you,' and made a movement as if to jump out of the sleigh. 'Never, never!' she screamed. 'We will die together,' and she pulled me down beside her, to await her fate. While thus employed, I succeeded in obtaining a hasty avowal of Fanny, at the same time I was holding back the horses, to let the pursuers go by. They came; the monsters separated and passed us on either side, while I held my hat over her face, that she might not see the dreadful deception I had played upon her.

"She fainted the moment we were overtaken by the wolves, and without trying to revive her, I turned the horses homeward and only stopped to pick up the robes which had been thrown out to check the voracious animals. After driving a mile or two my now affianced wife revived sufficiently to hear how we were saved by a party of sleigh-riders, who met us just as we were surrounded. Though nervous and weak from the excitement, she recovered her buoyancy of spirit before we arrived home, and had promised to keep our adventure a secret, as I informed her the 'owner of the horses would charge me a fearful price if he knew to what tests his steeds had been put.' And that is my adventure with wolves, and how I came to marry."

"But did your wife never find out the deception you practiced?" we asked the old settler, and he laughed again, while thinking of his boyish pranks.

"Not until eight years ago," he replied, "when I told her of it one evening when she was ironing."

"What did she say?" "Not much—not very much," answered our old remancer, but removing his hat, he showed us a triangular space upon his head, such as might have been made by a hot smoothing-iron, and with not a hair upon its surface. We thought Fanny was revenged.

LET ME TACKLE HIM.

There is something in the Scotch brogue that is interesting to almost every one, provided of course they know enough of it to understand the drift of what is said. Of all the examples that have been given of it anywhere, we think there is nothing much better than the following:

In a case in which Jeffrey and Cockburn, when barristers, were engaged, a question arose as to the sanity of one of the parties concerned.

"Is the defendant in your opinion, perfectly sane?" said Jeffrey, interrogating one of the witnesses, a plain, stupid-looking countryman.

The witness gazed in bewilderment at the questioner, but gave no answer. Jeffrey repeated the inquiry, altering his words to "Do you think the defendant capable of managing his own affairs?"

"Stull in vain. 'I ask you,' said Jeffrey, 'do you consider the man perfectly rational, or not?' 'No answer yet. 'Let me tackle him,' said Cockburn. Then, assuming his broadest Scotch tone, and turning to the obtuse witness, he began: 'Hae ye your mull w' ye?' 'Oo, ay,' said the awkward Cimon, stretching out his snuff horn. 'Noo, ho, loo hae ye kent John Sampson?' said Cockburn, taking a pinch. 'Ever sen he was that high,' was the ready reply, the witness indicating with his hand the alleged altitude. 'An' d'ye think noo, atween you an' me,' said the barrister, in his most insinuating Scotch manner, 'that there's ony thing intil the cratur?' 'I wudna lippen him w' a bull calf,' (I would not trust him with the guardianship of a bull calf) was the instant and brilliant rejoinder. The end was attained, amid the convulsions of the court. Georgia girls use none but religious papers for their Sunday bustles.

COINING MONEY.

Dr. MacKenzie in an article on coining money, says: The metal (we will call it gold) having been reduced, or elevated to a perfect degree of purity, is cast into ingots, in crucibles of plumbago, with the requisite quantity of alloy—say twenty-two parts of gold to two of copper. When a thorough amalgamation is produced, by great heat, the liquid metal is poured into iron moulds, from which, when cool, it is turned out in bars twenty-one inches long, one inch thick and nearly two inches wide. A small piece is cut from the end of each bar, and this fragment is assayed. A small piece of hair, about an inch in length, is put into one of two scales, protected from the dust by a glass case, and so finely balanced this morsel of hair will turn the scale. If the Mint assayer, thus weighing the gold, discovers impurity in it equal to that hair, he would reject the bar. This assay of the gold is rigorously performed several times before the coin is delivered for circulation.

The bar of gold having been declared to be "all right," and of the requisite fineness, is now ready for the rolling-room. There the first thing done is to clip off the ends with a huge pair of scissors or shears—the theory being that such ends are subject to undue contraction in cooling, and the fact being that coin produced from these ends would be "dumb," that is, not have the proper ring. The bars are then repeatedly passed between successive pairs of rollers of hardened steel surfaces, driven by steam power. By this action the length and breadth are extended, and by gradually bringing the rollers closer, the thickness is diminished.

As the bars become extended, they are cut into several lengths; each of which, in turn, is passed through the rollers, until it becomes a "fillet" of the thickness required for punching out "blanks." Though the rolling is not very rapidly performed, the workmen are careful to touch the gold or silver only with thickly gloved hands. If you were to take up one of these fillets, you would instantly know the reason why, for your fingers would be as severely burned as if you had drawn them across heated iron bars. The heat generated in the operation of rolling is very great. The finishing rollers are so finely adjusted that the fillets (or thinned bars) do not vary in thickness in any part more than the ten-thousandth part of an inch. The fillets finally are put in the "drawing-bench," where they are drawn between steel dies, as in wire drawing, to the exact thickness of the coin required. In the process of rolling, the bars are annealed, to remove the hardness induced by the pressure.

The fillets are handed, when they finally leave the rollers, to a workman called the "tryer," who punches a trial blank out of each, and weighs it in a balance; if it vary more than one-eighth of a grain in weight, that fillet is rejected. After this, if the trial be satisfactory, a final rolling reduces it to what may be called "coin thickness." Next the fillet passes into the "cutting-room," where the coins are punched out of it by steam and pneumatic pressure; the fillets being fed into the press rapidly, as each of the twelve cuts out sixty blanks in each minute. The scraps left after the punching are called "seil," and are taken care of to be remelted. Each blank, actually an unstamped coin, is weighed in the automaton balance—which tests twenty-three blanks per minute, and each to the .001 of a grain. All under a certain weight are pushed into a box to be remelted; all over it are put aside to be reduced by filing. The correct blanks are separately rung on a sounding-iron, and those which do not give a clear ringing sound are rejected.

This order passed, the blanks are "milled" on the edge by a machine which raises or ribs the edge, and makes them perfectly round. They are then filed, to take off any wire arising which the process may have produced. After this they are annealed, to soften them before they are struck with hardened steel dies, and also put into a pot of boiling diluted sulphuric acid, to remove any oxide of copper from the surface. Next they are washed with water, dried with great care in hot sawdust, and finally put into an oven, at a temperature slightly above that of boiling water. These processes produce the beautiful bloom which may be observed in new coin.

Now the blanks pass into the stamping-room, to receive the impressions, on both sides, which will convert them into coin. In the Mint in London the stamping presses make much noise, and convey the idea, by the tremor which their concussion creates, that the building might be baby fall down. In the Mint at Philadelphia this noise and this concussion are not perceptible. There are two dies in each coining press. The lower one is stationary; the other is firmly fixed into a screw, worked by steam, which, each time it descends upon a blank, placed on the lower die, makes the desired dumb impression, technically designated the "obverse" and the "reverse." A steel

ring or collar holds the coin while it is being stamped, and the impressed coin falls out as soon as completed. A person attends to each press, and regularly feeds it with a succession of blanks. The machine does all the rest—seizes the blank, pushes it forward on the die, holds it steadily there, jerks down another die on it, with a heavy but noiseless thump—can mill it, if required—and finally drops it down.

A somewhat amusing incident is told of a woman whose husband, a wealthy man, died suddenly without leaving any will. The widow, desirous of securing the whole of the property, concealed her husband's death, and persuaded a poor shoemaker to take his place, when a will could be made. Accordingly he was closely muffled in bed, as if very sick, and a lawyer called in to write the will. The shoemaker in a feeble voice, bequeathed half of all the property to the widow. "What shall be done with the remainder?" asked the lawyer. "The remainder," he replied, "I give and bequeath to the poor little shoemaker across the way, who has always been a good neighbor and a deserving man; thus securing a rich bequest for himself. The widow was thunderstruck with the man's audacious cunning, but did not dare to expose the fraud, and the two rogues shared the estate.

The John O'Grady Journal says:—A clergyman resident in this country, while on his pastoral rounds a few days ago, met a tinker lad playing on the bagpipes. He listened with attention to the various airs played, and expressed his admiration of the excellent manner in which the music had been performed; but being apprehensive that the performer's musical talent had been cultivated at the expense of knowledge of a more momentous character, he asked him if he knew "What is man's chief end?" The musician, after a pause, replied, "I dianna ken, I'm sure; but if ye'll whistle 'I'll play'!"

Quid Lewis, a Detroit journalist, has a romantic history. By being blown up on a steamboat he was enabled to "realize" handsomely on a damage suit. With his hard earned capital he then entered a country printing office, where he afterward wrote an account of "How it Feels to be Blown Up"—his first effort in literature. The sketch had a great run in the newspapers, and Quid, astonished, kept on writing. He is now one of the sparkling writers of the Detroit Free Press, and conceals romances of seventy-five chapters for the literary weeklies at an enormous salary.

A very singular property of ice is shown by placing a wire across a mass of that substance, and weighting it so that it will cut its way through rapidly. The ice will reunite behind the wire and can be easily cut at any other points as where the wire went through. A Scotch experimenter has also found that a mass of ice placed on wire gauze and subjected to slight pressure, will pass through the gauze and reappear on the other side in a solid mass of the same shape and nearly the same weight as before.

"You have been here along time, I suppose," said a pompous English traveler to an old hunter in Oregon, who had been acting as his guide. "You bet I have," said the hunter; and then pointing to Mount Hood, he continued: "You see that mountain there? Well, sir when I first came to this country that mountain was a hole in the ground."

I came for the saw, sir. What saucer? Why, the saw, sir, you borrowed. I borrowed no saucer. Sure you did, sir; you borrowed a saw, sir. I never saw your saucer. But you did; there's the saw now, sir. Oh, you want the saw; why didn't you say so? A young man hunting turkeys at Kalamazoo, Mich., thought he saw one in the grass, but a coroner's jury decided that it was the head of the farmer who owned the premises, and was taking a nap.

Is there any danger of the lion-constrictor biting? asked a visitor of a zoological showman. Not the least, replied the showman; he never bites; he swallows his wittles whole. The girls at Saratoga object to being pressed to many vests which wear hard lumps in the shape of gold watches. An editor's pocket was picked at Litchfield, Illinois, and he tried to make the public believe he lost \$2. "Fan him with your bonnet" is said by those familiar with the subject to be the latest thing in slang. An old lady, writing to her son out West, warns him to beware of billious saloons and bowel ailments. A lady entered a drug store and asked for a bottle of "Jan's Experience." "Do you enjoy good health, Zachary?" "Why, yes, to be sure; who doesn't?" Why are blacksmiths always wicked men? Because they are given to vice.

The latest novelty in suicides comes from Cleveland, where an individual who had drawn a blank in a lottery went to his death after the following unique and elaborate preparations: He first procured a loaded revolver and connected it with clock work, so that it should be fired off at a certain time. He then got into bed, and, after placing the pistol behind his ear, took a dose of chloroform. Under the influence of the narcotic he then went to sleep. At the given time the clock worked pressed the trigger, discharging the pistol, and launching the slumberer into eternity. "This device is an accession to the plain self-shooting and hanging of ordinary suicide, and in its mechanical merits seems nearer, if not quieter than the gallotine.

Certain young Indian gentlemen, who were pursuing the study of the law, were one evening invited by the Master of the Temple to spend the evening at his house. The time set for the arrival of the interesting party arrived, but nobody came. When nearly an hour had passed in fruitless waiting, the doctor's lady rang for the maid, who had not become quite accustomed to the ways of the house. She entered in a state of considerable excitement. "Have none of the gentlemen arrived?" asked her mistress. "No," answered the domestic; "but a lot of Christy Minstrels have been a ringin' at the bell, and I have been a 'drivin' 'em away."

Oskobek, Wis., has had an Enoch Arden, but he didn't come back and gaze through the window at the felicity of the reconstructed household, and then go into the green and yellow melancholy business; not any. He kicked the new husband out, sorted over the children and sent his brats after him, and after thrashing his wife, settled down into a peaceful and happy head of the family.

Two Irishmen, on a sultry night took refuge under the bedclothes from a party of mosquitoes. At last one of them, gasping from heat ventured to peep beyond the bulwarks and espied a fire-fly which had strayed into the room. Arousing his companion with a punch, he said; "Fargus, Fargus, it's no use. Ye might as well come out. Here's one of the craythers searching for us wid a lantern."

Occasionally, when the train arrives at Middletown, Conn., a nice young man jumps off and kisses the best looking girl at the depot, supposing her to be his sister. He apologizes so nicely that the girls are getting so they look for him regularly. Some big brother will pull his nose yet. A Sunday school teacher who had almost become discouraged over the listlessness of her class, at last felt rewarded by an interesting look from a little girl. The reward was lost when the little creature touched a bracelet on her arm, and asked, "Teacher, are them threads on 'lastie'?"

"Charles," said a young lady to her lover, "there is a thing interesting in the paper to-day, is there dear?" "No love, but I hope there will be one day, when we both shall be interested." The lady blushed, and said, of course, "For shame, Charles!" A baby had the misfortune to swallow the contents of an ink bottle. Its mother, with wonderful presence of mind, immediately administered a box of steel pens and two sheets of foolscap paper, and the child has felt write inside ever since.

"Do you think Jonah cried when he was in the fish's belly?" was the question put to an oily seaman by a sleek quater. "Don't know," replied Jack, "but should think not, as there was plenty of blubber without his'n." At a certain church fair a set of Cooper's works was promised to the individual who should answer a set of conundrums. A dealing young fellow was pronounced the winner, and received a set of wooden spails. A printer out west, whose office is half a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertises for an apprentice. He says: "A boy from the country preferred."

Two undertakers meeting the other day, one of them remarked on the vast increase of mortality. "Well," replied the other, "you're luckier than I, for I have not buried a living soul these three weeks." A story is told of a person asking another whether he would advise him to lend a certain friend money. "What, lend him money? You might give him an emetic, and he wouldn't return it." A lady about to marry was warned that her intended, although a good man, was very eccentric. Well, she said, if he is very unlike other men, he is more likely to make a good husband. Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. The largest dairy in California contains 1,200 cows, the milk of which is churned into butter by steam. Jennie Johnson is the best telegraph operator in Michigan.