

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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

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

The professional services of the Hon. S. P. Johnson can be secured through me if desired in any business entrusted to me in Forest Co. Collections promptly attended to. Also Real Estate Agent.

Tionesta House,

M. ITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St. Tionesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek.

Mr. Ittel has thoroughly renovated the Tionesta House, and re-furnished it completely. All who patronize him will be well entertained at reasonable rates. 20-1y

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. Maho, Proprietor. Good Stabling connected with the house. 11

Scott House,

FAGUNDUS, P. A., E. A. Roberts, Proprietor. This hotel has been recently re-furnished and now offers superior accommodations to guests. 25-1y

Syracuse House,

TIDOUITE, Pa., J. & D. Magee, Proprietors. The house has been thoroughly re-fitted 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. 1-1y

J. D. MAGEE,

Exchange Hotel,

LOWER TIDOUITE, Pa., D. S. RAMSDEN & Son Prop's. This house having been re-fitted is now the most desirable stopping place in Tidouite. A good Billiard Room attached. 4-1y

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, 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. 11

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 Tidouite, near Tidouite House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND

A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Calf, and fine Groceries, all of the best quality, and will be sold at reasonable rates.

H. B. BURGESS, an experienced Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately. 11

M. R. KAY, JNO. 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.

JNO. A. DALE, Proprietor. J. Y. BALK, Cashier.

TIONESTA SAVINGS BANK,

Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa.

This Bank transacts a General Banking, Collecting and Exchange Business.

Deposits 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, 11.

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 in their shops to give satisfaction. Particular attention given to

HORSE-SHOEING,

Give them a trial, and you will not regret it. 18-1y.

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. 35.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1872.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Includes 'Rates of Advertising', 'One Square (1 inch), one insertion - \$1.50', 'One Square, one month - 3.00', 'One Square, three months - 6.00', 'One Square, one year - 10.00', 'Two Squares, one year - 15.00', 'Quarter Col. - 39.00', 'Half - 50.00', 'Over - 100.00'. Business Cards, not exceeding one inch in length, \$10 per year. Legal notices at established rates. These rates are low, and no deviation will be made, or discrimination among patrons. The rates offered are such, as will make it to the advantage of men of business in the limits of the circulation of the paper to advertise liberally.

THE LOCAL EDITOR. What an unfortunate fellow the local editor is, to be sure, and how much is expected of him. If a man has a new horse or buggy, or if his cow can haul three times without winking, the 'local' is expected to proclaim that fact with a great flourish. If he starts a two-penny business, his first thought is to bribe the 'local' with a five cent cigar to write a five dollar puff. Indeed, he thinks it the mission of the 'local' to make his fortune for him by 'free blowing.' He will take the 'local' to one side and point out the superior qualities of a rat-trapper dog, and coolly ask him to 'give the pup a hoist.' He don't care anything about it only Spriggins has a dog that he thinks is a buster and some of 'em wanted his dog 'put in' just to take the conceit out of Spriggins. Oh, yes, 'put it in' by all means. Everybody wants us to 'put it in' that they are the 'Great I Am,' but nobody says, 'Here, 'local' put yourself inside this new suit of clothes, or throw yourself outside this oyster stew, or stuff this watch in your pocket.' Oh, no, of course not; that would cost something. The shoe is on the other foot, you see. The 'local' is supposed to know everything about other people's business, and is supposed to 'show up' all the actors of every family broil in town. If the vile tongue of scandal finds a victim people wonder that he don't run about with his note book and gather up the vituperative bits of slander for the paper.--Ex.

LIQUOR DRINKING. Rev. Dr. John Hall closes a strong article in the Independent, against liquor drinking, with this paragraph: The moderate drinker is giving the sanction of his acts and the weight of his example, perhaps, to strengthen tendencies he has already communicated to the physical system of his child. Any one may loosen the stone from the hillside; but, once let go, he cannot call it back to his hand; and a thoughtless parent may give the earliest impulse to the appetite of a child, and be powerless, even with tears and groans and prayers, to check it when the child is mature and an inebriate. Oh! parents, stop and think! And meantime God speed the men and the societies that are trying to form opinion, check vice, reclaim the fallen and save endangered; and who are doing this under cold contempt, sometimes, of the very persons who should have the deepest interest in their success. It is small comfort to know that drinkers are the victims of a great system of fraud and deception--two-thirds of the Madeira, champagne and port being fraudulent, half that which is called wine a brushing lie, and a great portion of the so-called spirits the cheapest substitutes for alcohol. The mischief in the end is none the less dreadful. 'The devil's meal,' according to the strong English proverb, 'is all bran,' or, in the sober denunciation of Scripture, there is 'woe to the drunkards of Ephraim.'

A Connecticut man the other day thought to put his philosophy to practical test by slightly burning the fingers of his two little children in order that he might leave them alone in a room with a hot stove. His wife, who doesn't go much on science, caught him at it, and went for the philosopher, sitting him down on the stove and holding him there until to roared for mercy.

In cases of accidental poisoning, it is well to have a simple remedy at hand. Poisons of any description which have been intentionally or accidentally swallowed, may be rendered almost instantly harmless by swallowing two gills of sweet oil. An individual with a strong constitution might take more. The oil will neutralize every form of vegetable, animal, or mineral poisons.

A pair of horses ran away in Iowa the other day, dragging the lines on the road. After going a short distance they met a cow and were stopped by the lines becoming entangled in the cow's horns. The cow sat down and waited until the driver came up and recovered his property.

The Chinese of the Pacific slope have just now had their annual 'devil driving.' They keep up an infernal religious uproar for eight days, and the evil one is then supposed to be effectually eliminated, and the vineyard of the soul safe from these incursions for another twelve months.

Circumstantial evidence is not always correct, but when you see an old farmer who owns a fine water maulon patch buying jalap or ipecac, it is safe to wander beyond his plantation to select your melons after dark.

A colored gentleman went to consult one of the most conscientious lawyers, and after stating his case, 'Now, Mr. ---, I know you're lawyer, but I wish you would please, sir, jiss tell me do truff 'bout dat matter.'

A Vermont undertaker who was not used to conducting funerals, rose and said at the conclusion of a funeral address that the corpse would now go round and take a last look at the mourners.

D. W. CLARK, (COMMISSIONER'S CLERK, FOREST CO., PA.) 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. 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.

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

WM. FELLERS, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, will attend to all business in that line promptly, at reasonable rates. Address WM. FELLERS, Newmansville, 9-3m.

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

New Boarding House. 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. Haslet's store. 23-1y.

JONES HOUSE, CLARION, PENNA. 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.

TEAS, SUGARS, COFFEES, 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.

CONFECTIONARIES. JAS. MCKAY, at the Post Office, has opened out a choice lot of CONFECTIONARIES, CANNED FRUITS, TOBACCO, CIGARS, AND NOTIONS OF ALL KINDS. A portion of the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. 40-11 JAS. M. MCKAY.

A MIRACLE! Mr. Samuel Bell, of W. E. Schmeitz & Co., Wholesale Boot and Shoe Manufacturers, at 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, in 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, who understands, wants a respectable agent in every town and county for it. The principal office is at 72 Third Avenue, Pittsburgh Pa. 31-4

THE ADVENTURE OF A YANKEE MIDSHIPMAN. [A correspondent of the New York Herald is responsible for the following. The scene is laid on board the royal yacht Victoria-Albert at the time General Sherman, Colonel Audenried, Ministers Schenck and Curtin were dining with the Prince of Wales.] An hour before a live Yankee midskipman, from the interior of Vermont, was sent alongside the royal yacht in charge of one of the boats of the Americans. Hearing the exhilarating and suggestive sound of popping champagne corks, he proposed to another midskipman that they should toss up who should go on board and join in the fun, the other remaining in charge of the boats. Vermont won, and immediately jumped up the side of the yacht and sauntered after near the saloon and deck where the party was scattered about, smoking, talking and drinking champagne. The first one to address our friend was a captain in the English navy, who asked him if he found the climate unpleasantly moist. Vermont replied that on the contrary it seemed to him dry--very dry indeed. 'Is it possible?' said the captain, and then a light breaking upon him, he added, 'Ah! ah! you will champagne with me?' Vermont said he wouldn't mind if he did, so they tossed a glass, which the captain assured him was fine dry Lac d'Or. Middy snatched his lips, and the captain smiling, branched off to entertain others. His place was immediately supplied by another gentleman, who noticed the midskipman's isolated position. He asked him if he had had any champagne. Middy replied that he had, but they told him it was very dry, and he reckoned it was, as his mouth was quite parched, he didn't care if he drank something wet. The gentleman at once called for another bottle, and as they raised their glasses he said 'Mumm.' Vermont said he wouldn't say anything about it, and drank it off in a navy style. He asked the gentleman the names of different personages in that room, and finally said: 'Who are you, anyway?' The gentleman said he was not much better there; he was only a duke (the Duke of St. Albans). Middy said, 'Well, I'm not a duke, but we're all sovereigns in the States, so we're not much out.' Mr. Moran, the Secretary of Legation, then joining them. Middy asked, 'Who is that young fellow with light hair talking to General Sherman?' 'That,' said Mr. Moran, 'is the Marquis of Lorne; I have known him since he was a boy.' 'Won't you introduce me?' said Middy. 'I'll go speak to him,' replied Mr. Moran, and he soon returned with the Marquis, presented the midskipman, and left them together.

'Well, Marquis, how do you feel?' said Vermont. The Marquis laughed heartily and said he felt well if he felt at all. He then asked the Middy if he had been offered any champagne. Middy said 'Yes, he had, but quite a while ago,' so they tipped glasses together. Vermont began a chat by saying, 'Marquis, I suppose you've traveled pretty much all over Europe?' Yes he had. 'Been to Monaco?' Yes. The Marquis then entertained the Middy with anecdotes of travel and society; he had spoken of Duchesses and Lords and then said: 'The King of Belgium was saying to me the other day--when Vermont interrupted him with 'Hold up, Marquis, that is getting beyond me, when it comes to Kings and Princes I'm let out, I don't know those fellows.'

The Marquis laughed and offered him a cigar. Middy said, 'You Dukes smoke real Havanas, I suppose, but don't let me keep you all the time, Marquis, as there are lots of big guns around.' The Marquis said he was satisfied if Midskipman was, who replied that he could stand any amount of it. 'What's that fellow's name?' said Middy. 'Leiningen.' 'What is he?' 'A Prince.' 'Oh! I say Marquis,' said Vermont, 'suppose you introduce me to the Prince of Wales.' 'All right.' So off they went arm in arm to look for him, to the surprise of the 'big guns' who frowned and nodded at him, but Middy looked unconsciously into distance. The Prince had gone below and they could not find him, so the Marquis bade the Middy good evening and said he never would forget him. It is probable he will not. The last exploit of our friend was to bump into the Prince as he was going out of the saloon door. 'Beg your pardon, Prince,' said he. 'That's all right, youngster,' said the Prince. Vermont now goes by the name of 'Wet Mumm, or the Champagne Duke.'

Here is a good business-like epitaph:--'Here lies the body of Jane Smith, wife of Thomas Smith, marble-cutter. This monument was erected by her husband, as a tribute to her memory and a specimen of his work. Monuments of the same style, \$250.

Mr. J. E. Howard, of Gallatin, Tennessee, was shot the other night by some unknown persons, while leaning over his counter. Of course it was wrong to shoot him, but what business had he to lean over the counter?

GENERAL LAFAYETTE'S WATCH. It is doubtless within the recollection of many that in the year 1824 General Lafayette made a tour of this country, attended by such an ovation as offered, perhaps, the grandest spectacle of a Nation's tribute to a hero the world has ever seen. During his tour, while on a visit to some town in the State of Tennessee, the General was mysteriously robbed of his watch, a valuable souvenir, which had been presented to him in 1781, by General George Washington, to commemorate at once the affectionate relations which had long existed between them, and his gallant services at the siege of Yorktown, the crowning event in the struggle for American independence. Directly upon the robbery becoming known, most strenuous efforts were made for its recovery, but, despite the fact that the Governor of Tennessee offered a reward of \$10,000 for its return, not the slightest trace of it was thereafter obtained, and General Lafayette was eventually compelled to return to France, resigned to the thought that the precious gift of his dear friend was lost to him forever.

The years passed on, and with their lapse men's recollection of the circumstance faded away. Lafayette died in 1834, and for a space of forty-eight years the stolen watch bore an unknown history. At the end of that time, but a few days ago, a gentleman residing in this city, while visiting Louisville, attended an auction sale at a junk shop, where, strange to relate, he found among the articles offered a watch which, upon examination, he discovered to be the long lost watch of Lafayette.

Suffice it to say that he eagerly purchased it, and as quickly formed the resolution to transmit it to the family of General Lafayette, now residing in Paris; pending which transmission, however, the gentleman has brought it to his home, and has consented to its exhibition for a few days at E. A. Tyler's jewelry store, on Canal street.

The watch is open-faced, of gold, with a double case, and may be remarked as of a peculiar appearance, being of only ordinary size, but nearly as thick as it is wide. The outer case bears upon its entire surface carved figures, in bas relief, representing the picture of Mars offering a crown to the goddess of Peace, who is surrounded by her emblems, while over all appear the stern implements of war, hung high out of reach. On the inner case appears the yet clearly legible inscription:

"G. Washington To Gilbert Maitiers de Lafayette. Lord Cornwallis's Capitulation. Yorktown, Dec'r 17, 1781."

On the covering of the works is seen the maker's name--E. Halifax, London, 1759.

One can believe that the sight of this relic, with its host of historical recollections clustering about it, is well fitted to awaken a host of reflections, and carry one's imagination over the bridge of nearly a century, to the time when the two dead and gone heroes stood side by side, carving out their glorious names and fame, which to-day shine through the long vista of years with lustre that can never fade. --New Orleans Times.

Beware of man or woman with a fixed smile. Trust the most hideous scowler before the being who goes about with an angelic grin carefully exhibited to all eyes under any and every circumstance. It is not natural to smile perpetually, and no one ever assumes a mask without being conscious of a necessity for concealment. Don't misunderstand me. There are young women, and a few old men, who break out into a smile whenever they speak. These are not the people I mean. The smile of which I warned you is a motionless, hypocritical, fixed expression, which I have seen worn during a silent three hours journey by rail, without the slightest alteration--that sort of smile which most misguided lady artists present upon their canvases when they delineate martyrs, saints and angels. The portrait of a different smile--the fashion-plate simper--which, though semi-idiotic, is not dangerous. Any one capable of holding the muscles of the face under control, is generally able to equal sweetly, to move quietly, and to use quiet language, measured tones, in moments of the greatest excitement, and so can always place a better man or woman at great disadvantage, and appear innocent when actually most guilty.

A good instance of absence of mind was an editor quoting from a rival paper one of his own articles, and heading it "A Wretched Attempt at Wit."

A LESSON FOR BOYS. "Commercial Mail and German News," shouted a ragged little fellow one afternoon lately, as he rushed through a street car in which we had taken a seat. "Commercial, sir?" said he, turning toward us and planting a horrible-muddy bare foot flat upon our newly-polished boot. We felt provoked, and raised a hand to push the boy off, but he was too quick for us. Starting back he bowed profoundly, and in the blandest possible manner said: "Please excuse me, sir! I'm really very sorry; I couldn't help it--that big cent shoved me. Tell us where your office is, boss. I'll blacken morning--call and shine 'em for nothin' sir." We were so much pleased and struck with this display of ready politeness, and despite his dirt, his pleasant, honest face, that we gave him a card, and told him to call next morning as he wished. On the following morning a strange boy entered our office with a blacking-box slung over his shoulder and our card in his hand. Said he, eyeing our boots, "Be you the gent as give 'tinsey' this ere card?" "Who is 'tinsey'?" we asked. "The fellow that sloshed yer boots in the car last night. His mother's awful sick, and he's got to stay and mind his little sister. He says he's sorry he couldn't come and give yer a shine himself, but 'tinsey' and me often go whacks, and I'll shine 'em for nothin'." This helped to confirm the good opinion we had formed of the newsboy, and so we asked the boot-black to tell "tinsey," as he called him, that when it was convenient for him, we should be pleased to have him call. Two or three days afterward, "tinsey" called, ragged and barefooted as before. He told us that his father had been dead two years; that his mother and two sisters were very poor, living in a rear basement, in Gurock street, and he lived at the Boy's Lodging House in Rivington street, paying five cents each for his supper, bed and breakfast. His earnings averaged from fifty to seventy-five cents a day, and most of it went to support his mother, who was very sickly, and only made a few cents occasionally peddling tinware. This fact accounts for the cognomen "tinsey," by which the boy was known. Considerably improved in appearance, we dismissed the boy, saying that we should call and see his mother, and make inquiry regarding him at his lodging house, and if reports were favorable we might give him work in our office. The poor boy was overjoyed at this; said he would like so much to get regular work, because the conductors kicked him off the cars, and big boys drove him from the best blacking stands.

The Superintendent of the Rivington Street Lodging House knew "tinsey" well, and spoke very highly of him. He said he was one of the few street boys who did not use tobacco, swear, or stay out late at night. He always attended night school and Sunday meetings, and generally had a book from the library. His affection for his mother and sisters was very great, and when he was hurt pushed he would sell his shoes and best garments in order to purchase trifling delicacies for his sick parent. His mother said Charley--for that is "tinsey's" right name--was the best of boys, and the mainstay of the family. He slept at the Rivington Street Lodging House, she said, where he had received most of his education and much good advice. These inquiries satisfied us that "tinsey" deserved a helping hand. He is now in our employment, an active, intelligent, trust-worthy boy. He is neither barefooted, nor wears ragged clothes, but earns a competent salary and lives with his mother in a comfortable home. He is now on the primary steps of a ladder that leads to influence and independence, with a fair prospect of one day standing on the topmost round.

A merchant who was noted for his stammering, as well as for his shrewdness in making a bargain, stopped at a grocery and inquired: "How m-m-many t-t-t-turkeys have you g-g-got?"

"Eight, sir," replied the grocer. "T-t-tough or t-t-tender?"

"Some are tender and some tough," was the reply.

"I k-k-keep b-b-b-boarders," said the new customer. "P-p-pick out the f-f-fur t-t-toughest turkeys, if you please."

The delighted grocer very willingly complied with the unusual request, and said in his politest tones: "These are the tough ones, sir."

Upon which the merchant coolly put his hand on the remaining four, and said: "I'll t-t-take th-th-these!"

"If there is anybody under the canopy of heaven that I have in utter exorcense," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slanderer going about, like a boy constructor, circulating his calumnies upon honest folks."

A good instance of absence of mind was an editor quoting from a rival paper one of his own articles, and heading it "A Wretched Attempt at Wit."

A NICE COMMUNITY. The following is an extract from a private letter detailing the way they do things at Pioche, Nevada: Pioche is in the county seat of Lincoln county, a mining camp a year old. It is on the Great American desert, and situated between the bare mountains looking over a bare plain. Water has to be brought eight miles by wagons, and is sold at six cents per gallon. There are about 1,200 people here, the half of whom have been in state prison (stage and highway robbers, etc.,) and the rest ought to be. Our graveyard has forty-one graves, of which two are filled with dead from natural causes. The rest all died with their boots on--shot, mostly; some cut. One shooting scrape took place in the bank, in which Mike Casey killed Tom Gossin, after receiving Gossin's fire. There is no law. Any one feeling aggrieved seeks redress chiefly with the pistol. It's been a close game for me several times; I got cut in the leg once, but I am here yet. I sleep with a big bulldog, a Henry rifle and a six-shooter. The mines (silver) employ about six hundred men; about one hundred are in arrest, and the rest are blackguards of the worst description--cattle thieves, renegade Mormons and men banished from society by their crimes, and are ready for anything. It is three hundred miles to a railroad or telegraph; we have three stages and one mail a week. I've done very well here, and would have saved some money, but two of my partners in the claim were killed, and I can't go on alone. My life has been attempted twice by the party that killed my partners. I don't allow any man to scare me if I can have any show; but when it gets down to cases where you dare not sit by an open door or window after dark, it is time to jump the claim. If ever I get back to California I think I will stay there, anyway. I have got enough of this kind of living; I am tired of packing a six-shooter around all day. But it isn't as hopeless as it seems--the future of this place is little village; for in a few weeks all the natives will be disposed of--shot, mostly; some cut--and virtuous new settlers can begin a new settlement again.

HONEY BY THE TON. In Los Angeles County, on the eastern slope of the San Francisco range of mountains, and in the immediate vicinity of the Leaning Petroleum Company's oil region, there is the most wonderful collection of wild honey in existence. The hive is located in a rift, which penetrates the rock to the depth, probably, of 100 feet. The orifice is thirty feet long and seven feet wide; four passages. The rift was discovered to be the landing place of a swarm of bees that is represented as coming out in a nearly solid column one foot in diameter. Certain parties have endeavored to descend to the immense store of honey collected by these bees, but were invariably driven back, and one man lost his life in the effort. Others have, at the expense of much labor and money, built a scaffold a 125 feet high in the hope of reaching a place whence they could run a drift into the rock and extract its well hoarded sweets, but finally ceased their work. Within four years the bees have added not less than fifteen feet of depth to their treasure, as ascertained by actual measurement, and it is thought that at the present time there cannot be less than eight or ten tons of honey in the rock. A man named D. Brophy lives in a cabin not far from the spot, and obtained from the melting of the honey by the sun's heat more than enough for his family requirements. All through that region immense stores of wild honey are found in trees, in the rocks, in nearly every place where its industrious manufacturer's think of--for bees seem to think--that it is secure. They consume a very small proportion, as the climate enables them to keep up operations nearly every day in the year, and flowers of some sort are always in bloom. It must be a very severe season indeed when the little fellows are not seen abroad in vast numbers, busily engaged in their mellifluous work.

An ingenious swindler has just been indicted in New York. His habit has been to approach the first bank president who fell in his way, and demand a few hundred dollars in loan of an exposure of his private sins. Thus far nearly every man approached, feeling conscious of his peccadilloes, has at once taken it for granted that the young man was entirely posted in whatever he knew himself, and so has at once come down with the money.

The misery of being called upon suddenly to make a speech was got over by a mathematician, who delivered himself in this fashion: "Gentlemen, a morbid desire for originality prevents me from saying, 'this is the proudest moment of my life,' and it does not occur to me to say anything else."

Over 100,000 American books are deemed worthy of a place in the library of the British Museum.