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Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.
Marriages and Death notices inserted gratis.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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.
10 ly

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

C. W. Gilliland,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Franklin, Pa.
York Co., Pa.
J. R. Harris, D. D. Farnett,
HARRIS & FASSETT,
Attorneys at Law, Titusville Penn'a.

W. P. Merrell,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR 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.

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 ly

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-ly

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

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

Syracuse House,
TIDIOUTE, PA., J. & D. MAGEE, Proprietors. This hotel 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. 17

Exchange Hotel,
LOWER TIDIOUTE, PA., D. S. RAMSDELL & SON, Proprietors. This house having been re-fitted is now the most desirable stopping place in Tidioute. A good Billiard Room attached. 4-ly

National Hotel,
TRININGTON, PA., W. A. Hallenbeck, Proprietor. This hotel is now open as a first class house, situated at the junction of the Oil Creek & Allegheny rivers 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. 17

Dr. J. L. Acomb,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice, will attend all Professional Calls. Office in his Drug and Grocery Store, located in Tidioute, near Tidioute House.

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. 17

M. R. MAY, 250 P. PARK, A. S. 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-ly.

J. T. DALL, 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, 17.

SLOAN & VAN GIESEN.
BLACKSMITHS
AND
WAGON-MAKERS.

Corner of Church and Elm Streets,
TIONESTA, PA.

This firm is prepared to do all work in the 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-ly.

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. 36. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1872. \$2 PER ANNUM.

D. W. CLARK,
(COMMISIONER'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, etc., 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,
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THE SUPERIOR LUMBER CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Pine Lumber, Lath, Shingles &c.

Mills on Tionesta Creek, Forest Co., Pa.
Yards & Office cor. 22d & Rail Road Sts.
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Jos. Y. Saul,
PRACTICAL Harness Maker and Saddler.
Three doors north of Holmes House, Tionesta, Pa. All work is warranted. 17

Wm. Fellers,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, will attend to all business in that line promptly, at reasonable rates. Address
WM. FELLERS, Newmarket, Va.
9-25-ly.

EDWARD DITHRIDGE, R. 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-ly. 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. Haslet's store. 25-ly.

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.

CONFECTIONARIES.
JAS. MCKAY, at the Post Office, has opened out a choice lot of
CONFECTIONARIES,
CANNED FRUITS,
TOBACCOS,
CIGARS, AND
NOTIONS OF ALL KINDS.

A portion of the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
40-ly. JAS. M. MCKAY.

A MIRACLE!
Mr. Samuel Bell, of W. E. Schertz & 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 it without delay. 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. 25-ly.

A LEAF FROM A LIFE.

The simple facts recorded in this story occurred in a city not many miles from here. It would be impossible for such a case to happen in Chicago. We are the personification of Charity. We are Angels, and this is Paradise! Therefore, I wish it distinctly understood that I write of a "pitiful case," as the papers called it, which came under my notice in a distant city, years ago.

As a rule, physicians are the most charitable of men. They may not give fortunes away in alms; but their time, which to them is money, is free to the suffering, in more cases than one might suppose, "without money and without price." It was upon a freezing cold night that a young physician stepped into the warm, well-lighted office of a merchant prince. The doctor was poor and needy; his coat was worn and threadbare, and furnished but little protection against the cold of the season, because he labored among the poor, and gave his time to those who were unable to pay for it.

The merchant was a wealthy, pious, "eminently respectable" member of society. He was the mainstay of a church, the promoter of charitable schemes, and a subscriber to all charities—which were backed by influence, or conferred distinction upon the giver. The world at large honored his name; but the men in his employ were wont to smile mysteriously when his charities were mentioned in their hearing, and one of them was once heard to remark that he "never knew a man so well named." Now strange to say, this model man's name was Cantter.

So, into Mr. Cantter's office the young physician walked with some trepidation; but, being one of the world at large, was confident that he would be heard, for he was on a begging expedition; not for himself—he would rather have died than beg—but for a poor boy who lay dying in a tenement house in Dead Man's row—lay dying of starvation. It was too late to save his life—that the doctor knew; but he hoped to raise sufficient money to make the boy comfortable for the remnant of life left him. As he opened the door of the counting-room, he saw Mr. Cantter standing before the glowing grate-fire, declaiming nobly upon the beauties of true charity to his bookkeeper, who, being hard pushed to live upon the pittance paid him by his employer, was not as enthusiastic as his employer would have had him.

"—and has not charity, it profiteth him nothing," said Mr. Cantter, in a loud tone of voice, as the door opened, and the thought flashed through his mind that perhaps it was the pastor of his church. The doctor entered, and suddenly the flood of eloquence which Mr. Cantter was pouring out upon the unresisting clerk was hushed, for he knew the doctor, and knew also that he was about to ask for money, and his hands came from behind his back, went into his pockets, and remained there. The doctor, by way of beginning, remarked upon the severity of the weather.

"Yes," said Mr. Cantter, "God help the poor!"
The bookkeeper, bending over the ledger, smiled to himself, but said nothing.
The doctor hardly liked the expression upon the merchant's face, and the oily union with which these words rolled from his mouth, but resolutely dashed at his subject. He depicted the sufferings of the dwellers in Dead Man's row; the tumble-down houses, admitting the wind and snow at every corner; the famine which reigned in them; and then, excited by the troubles he had witnessed, he appealed to the merchant to help those who were unable to help themselves.

Warmth usually begets warmth, and it is therefore singular, but not less true, that as the doctor warmed Mr. Cantter cooled, and when he had finished speaking that gentleman said: "I can do nothing for you. I am a subscriber to the Magdalen's Home, the Ascalapian Hospital, the Seamen's Refuge, the North Pole Missions, the

"But this is—"
"Tract Societies," continued Mr. Cantter, calmly ignoring the doctor, "and many other charities. I find my time entirely taken up, and I can neither spare time nor money to aid a vagabond who may be deceiving you."
"There can be no deception in starvation."
"Well, may be not; but I might be placing a premium on dishonesty, and I hope to aid worthy objects."
"All worthy, no doubt; but this is a case of such utter wretchedness. A boy, a little morsel of a child, dying for want of food," pleaded the doctor.
"I dare say," said Mr. Cantter; "but charity, to be effective, must be well directed. You must come to our church next Sunday. We have the finest preacher in the city, and, as his sermon is upon charity, you will no doubt be able to profit by his suggestions."
"But about the boy," said the doc-

tor, fearful that the conversation would wander away from the subject which interested him more than the sermon which was in prospect.
"I can't squander money on such objects," said the merchant, again suddenly dropping from warmth to cold.
"I can give you a letter to the Poor Children's Home, and at the next meeting of the Board—"
"D—n the Board," said the doctor, now thoroughly indignant.
"Profanity! And in my presence?" exclaimed the merchant. "You shock me, sir."
"Shock you!" said the doctor. "Shock you? How have you shocked me with your lying talk of charity? Is it charity to go to a fine church, to listen to a sensational preacher? Is it charity to go to a luxurious home, to eat a grand dinner, and talk over the sermon? Is it charity to sit on a velvet sofa before a blazing fire—to look through French plate-glass windows at the houseless, hungry poor as they hurry by, and say, 'God help the poor?' Shame upon such charity!"

"Sir!" said Mr. Cantter. The bookkeeper smiled encouragingly upon the speaker.
"Shame upon such charity, I say," continued he, borne on by the flood of indignation. "A true, noble charity is the best thing upon earth; but a hypocritical charity should be a weight sufficient to damn any soul." And, slamming the door to, the doctor strode away.

"I am truly shocked at that young man's reckless use of strong terms," said Mr. Cantter; "but," he added, reflectively, "let us hope that he will see the error of his ways and repent before it is too late. I hope, Mr. Strong, you will take warning from him, and be more regular in your attendance at church. By the way, to-morrow is Sunday, and you must come to our church and hear Mr. Highfalutin on 'Charity.'"
The doctor, disheartened at his rebuff, and thoroughly indignant at the hypocrisy of which he had been a witness, paused irresolutely upon the corner, and as he stood there he heard a quick step behind him; then a hand hurriedly thrust a small roll of money into his; and turning he was just in time to see Mr. Cantter's bookkeeper disappearing in the gloom. The sum was small, but it was sufficient for the purpose, and, with a lighter heart, the doctor went his way to Dead Man's row.

A narrow, filthy passage-way between two houses lead from the fine thoroughfare into a narrow, filthy court, and at the end of the court stands Dead Man's row, immediately in the rear of a fine church—Mr. Cantter's church. Why this name was conferred upon these tumble-down old rookeries I am not able to state. Suffice it to say that they were so called at the first glance one was apt to acknowledge its suitability.

As the doctor passed down the wretched-looking court he stopped one minute to shake his fist at the church looming up so grandly before him, then opened the door of one of the most wretched-looking houses in the block. Up four pairs of creaking, swaying stairs he went, and then, having arrived at the garret, stooped to avoid the sloping roof, and entered a squalid, comfortless room. There was no furniture of any kind to be seen, and no fire. The wind blew in the windows and the door, and snow had drifted in at the same place, and lay in little piles upon the floor.

A woman, clothed in rags, sitting by a straw pallet in one corner of the room, arose as he entered, and looked at him inquiringly.
"Yes," he said, "after some trouble."
"Thank the Lord for that!" she answered fervently. "The poor boy can die in peace, at any rate."
"I ordered the things sent up. Is he asleep?"

"Unconscious like," answered the woman. "His brain wanders a little at times."
A little morsel of a boy lay upon the bed—the unmistakable mark of famine in his face.
The doctor bent over him, and, looking into his face a moment, said to the woman, standing silent at his side:
"His pain is over. He will probably live until morning, but he will never again be conscious."
"The long night passed, day dawned, and the boy still lived. The morning wore on, and church time came. Carriages rattled up to the door of the church and discharged their loads of silks, satins and broadcloths. The bowing ushers opened the doors of the crimson-lined, luxurious pews, and the congregation slowly assembled.
"What do you know of charity?" thought the doctor. "Here, no more than twenty feet from the pulpit of your church, poverty reigns supreme; not one of you all ever took the trouble to look here for a field of usefulness. You give a little from your abundance, and plume yourselves upon your charitable hearts; and from that poor woman by the bed you might learn much. She cheerfully gives what she can—her time—in behalf of a boy she never saw before, and—"

The organist of the church commenced the voluntary, and an exclamation from the woman brought the doctor to the bed. The little sufferer moved uneasily; then a smile came upon his wan face, a far-away look into his eyes.
"I hear music," he murmured. Was it the song of the angels, or the strains of the grand organ, that he heard? Who can tell?

"He is going fast," whispered the doctor. The woman was silently weeping, and covered her face with her hands. And the first notes of "Come, ye disconsolate," came to them from the church. Again the far-away look came into the boy's eyes, the smile upon his lips; his thin, white hand stirred upon the bed, and, while the last strains still lingered upon the air, he turned his face to the wall, and so—died.

And as the man in a threadbare coat and the woman in rags knelt by his side and prayed silently, in the church the preacher, clothed in broadcloth, arose and gave out his text: "Charity covereth a multitude of sins."
Silks and satins rustled as their wearers seated themselves to listen, and the sermon went on, and in glowing language depicted the want and wretchedness of the poor; and the vast congregation listened with rapt attention. Upon the speaker, too, the subject took a hold, and by degrees his gestures became more natural and less studied, his phrases more earnest and less glittering.

So the sermon went on, and at last, after a thrilling appeal, the preacher raised his jeweled hands, cast up his eyes, and cried, as though in agony: "God help the poor!" and the vast congregation bowed, and softly murmured: "God help the poor!"
And then—well, then the service was ended, and the preacher and congregation went home to their dinners, and left Charity entirely—in the hands of the Almighty.—Louis Dorr, in Chicago Tribune.

OLD HATS.
So long as it will hold together, a hat, be it ever so battered and shapeless, retains a certain value in the eyes of the experienced rag-picker. Those Jewish paralytic merchants, whose melancholy monotone of "Old Clo" is as familiar to the inhabitants of London as is the sight of the chiffonier's hook and bag to the denizens of Paris, will seldom refuse to invest their copper in hats. These ill-treated cylinders, crushed, and dim, are carried off to be juvencated, in frowsy back shops, by dark-eyed Miriamans and hook-nosed Josephs. It is wonderful to mark the transformation which the cunning touch of these manipulators can effect; or how their glue and brown paper, their peachblack and dyed rabbit's fur, can stiffen and smarten the mangiest old chimney pot into the semblance of its glossy prime.

An old hat refreshed at this perennial fountain of youth is really a very creditable work of art. No Old Master, worm-eaten and chocolate-hued, disinterred from a garret in Ghent, and furnished for sale to millionaire purchasers in England, could be touched up with lighter hand or more trembling care. There it is at last—brighter than new, sleek, trim, oily, the sprucest if not the most durable of hats. A thing of beauty it is, but not for long destined to be a joy to its sanguine purchaser. Among the things which they manage best in France are certainly old hats. French Nathan, for some mysterious reason, is deeper than his brother, Nathanael of Pettecoat Lane, in the secrets of the elixir which turns old clothes into new. M. Nathan is no conjurer. He never tries the proverbially difficult experiment of placing young heads on old shoulders. But how many, many hats has he succeeded in putting old hats on young heads! That French Israelite is a real artist. His woman-kind serve him well, making it a labor of love to replace the lost nap, and handling the bare edges as gingerly as if the felt or pasteboard below were nitro-glycerine, ready to explode under rough usage. Nathan's refreshed hats are not dear. At the world-famous Marche du Temple, an old hat styled, in the technical jargon of the market, a "niotte retapee," was quoted, on an average, at three francs. Eight francs represents the rag-picker's charge; the rest is for labor, embellishments and a fair profit. At half a crown, the pretty, brilliant thing—a very Faust of a hat, made beautiful by some neglected Mephistopheles in an *entresol* seems cheap. It bears fine weather well, and may figure creditably on the Boulevards for three consecutive Sundays. But at the first down pour of rain, glue and gum and paint, silk and brown paper, resolve into their original constituents, and the whole fabric collapses like a dissolving view.—Chambers' Journal.

There is a negro woman living near Columbus, Ga., 106 years old, who never nursed Washington.

The creek which formerly flowed under the Natural Bridge in Virginia has entirely disappeared.

HOW A CHICAGO FIRM IS INSURED.

The Chicago Post gives the following interesting account of the manner in which a prominent firm in that city is protected:
"John V. Farwell & Co. do not mean to suffer again by fire if careful, intelligent and comprehensive efforts at prevention will avoid a conflagration. Their immense stores on Monroe street are five stories in height. To guard them during the night the firm employ three watchmen, who are known to be vigilant, and who will be apt to discover in its incipency and check there any fire which may spring up upon the premises. The precaution of providing watchmen, is, however, an ordinary one, useful, but in the opinion of the Messrs. Farwell, not all sufficient. Their system of protection against fire by no means rests simply upon the services of their men. Their engineer is on duty at night, and should be discovered on any of the floors the watchmen communicate with him by means of a knob, which, when touched, sounds a gong in the engineer's room and indicates by the number of strokes the floor upon which the fire is found. The engineer thus alarmed opens the valve of a monster Babcock stationed upon the premises—an engine having a pressure of three hundred pounds to the square inch, and by a system of pipes the chemical solution is forced to the top of the building. The Babcock having been put in order, the engineer enlists the services of the natural enemy of fire by opening a valve of the apparatus connected with the artesian well, which of its own force elevates water to the fourth, and by aid of a pump, to the fifth floor. The pressure of this engine is such that no fire engine in the city can compare with its strongest stream. To stay the flames those agencies are put into instantaneous operation, but the efforts against the fiery element do not cease here. By the touching of a knob the snow of the fire runs with lightning rapidity to the private fire department of the firm at their stables on Fifth avenue near Van Buren street, some six blocks from the store. The fire department consists of twenty drivers, who sleep in apartments provided in the stables. Roused by the striking of the gong the fire brigade are instantly upon their feet, and hitching a horse, ready harnessed, are off to the store. Upon their arrival they mount to the floor upon which the fire is at work, divide into squads, and work the hose and Babcocks. They will, of course, be aided by the city department, which will reach the scene as rapidly as possible. This aid will be facilitated by the careful foresight of the Farwells, for the engine first arriving may connect with the artesian well and at once get a forcible stream upon the fire building. Further supplies of water may be had from a reservoir under the sidewalk on Franklin street. This reservoir is supplied by the powerful artesian well. It is 190 feet long by eleven feet wide, and contains four feet of water. To save the perishable stock from the deluge of water and chemicals, which upon occasion may descend upon it, the employees are required, before leaving the store each night to cover the goods-laden tables with impervious oil-cloth. These, are in the main, the precautionary measures adopted by the Messrs. Farwell. Additional to these they use divers minor precautions, which will suggest themselves to any prudent mind, but which, unfortunately are too often neglected.

THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T BE HORSE-WHIPPED.
The San Joaquin Republican tells the following story of an occurrence in that city on Monday evening: One of our policemen noticed a woman hurrying along the street, with a blacksnake whip dangling from beneath the folds of her shawl. He followed, but lost sight of her in the darkness, when a woman's voice was heard exclaiming in an angry manner, "You wretch, you scoundrel, how dare you defame my daughter?" and at the same time, during the intervals, when the excited one was obliged to draw her breath, came the sound of sharp, lashes, such as the Chief Engineer of a prairie schooner is wont to bestow, in a moment of unusual generosity and kindness upon the sides of a pet, but stubborn mule. 'Twas dark as Erebus, but the sound guided the valiant policeman in the right direction over garden fences, across flower beds and cabbage patches, and just as he was scaling the last fence that obstructed his passage to the scene of the conflict a masculine voice, till then unheard, exclaimed: "Gor a mity, 'spose I takes all dis fur noffin' if you puts yourself on a quality wid a man, take dat," and a heavy thud and a terrible shriek on the otherwise still air told the tale. When the policeman arrived all was quiet as the grave, a woman lay prone on the ground, a cowhide in her hand, and a good-sized cordwood stick lay near her. A light, hastily procured threw much light on the subject; the woman was a negress, the peculiar formation of her skull had saved her life, but the cordwood stick that had descended with such terrific

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (1 inch), one insertion	\$1 00
One Square " one month	3 00
One Square " three months	8 00
One Square " one year	10 00
Two Squares, one year	13 00
Quarter Col.	30 00
Half " "	50 00
One " "	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 merchant & business in the limits of the circulation of the paper to advertise liberally.

force on her devoted head was ruined for all such future demonstrations—it will now make matches and tooth-picks—the portico which would not stand and accept in meekness and humanity the evidences of the woman's affection, bestowed with such striking and marked effect, had left. The woman has lodged a complaint of assault and battery, and the police are anxiously searching for a male African whose face is striped like a Pawnee Chief in his war paint, and who has an aversion to cowhides and women.

PARISIAN AUTOMATA.
Stories of the wonderful results achieved by the ingenuity of French artisans having reached this city, Messrs. Tiffany & Co. recently ordered from Paris an assortment of miniature automata, which were received during last week, and yesterday, added to the holiday ornaments on exhibition on the third floor of the Tiffany building, in Union square. The entire number of figures on exhibition does not exceed one hundred, the assortment consisting of only the latest and most remarkable models, many of which have heretofore been known by report only on this side of the water. The number is sufficient, however, to attest the great wonders which have been attained by mechanical ingenuity. Dolls of various sizes claim the chief share of the visitor's attention, and justly so, for it is not often that feminine fashion is better imitated. On approaching the corner set aside for the exhibition of the figures, the visitor is surprised at meeting a miniature lady dressed in the latest fashion, promenading the floor, and fanning herself with the white with all the deliberation and affectation of a Broadway belle. Next, the melodious sounds, which have been heard meanwhile, are found to proceed from a harp in the hands of a little monkey, gayly dressed and perched in a very life like posture on a piano stool, and when his tune is finished another is "struck-up" by an Italian peasant boy, who moves his little hands along the strings of a larger lyre. When the monkey stops his music he turns and grins affably to his audience on the right, while a change in the expression of his rival musician makes it appear as though the latter was immensely pleased at the opportunity for a display of his musical talents. When this miniature concert is over, the dolls resume their promenades, and not unfrequently come to grief against the swift moving wheels of a velocipede, heretofore by an apparently expert gallant, who moves about in and out among the tables and cases with surprising rapidity. The sound of voice is well imitated in the speaking dolls, which distinctly articulate the magic syllables first known to childhood, and when laid in their cradles, cry with all infantine fretfulness. In addition to these specimens there are several wax-faced dolls, the limbs of which are so jointed that the figure can be made to assume any posture natural to mortals. The collection also includes a mechanical duck, which when "in order," both walks and quacks. The figures are surrounded by French artificial flowers, made of linen, and as closely resembling the original beauty of nature, that many of the visitors expressed doubts as to their artificial character.

A Connecticut fireman has constructed and connected a piece of mechanism to the alarm gong in one of the station houses, whereby, at the giving of an alarm, the horses halters are released, the doors between the stalls and the steamers are thrown open, the gas is lit, and bells over the horses heads are rung. This latter signal being understood, the horses rush to their places on hearing the alarm, and several minutes time is thereby saved.

A Kansas man was "set back" the other day, by a couple of squaws entering his house whom he had forgotten he had married a few years ago on the plains. What cheers him up is the fact that a Kansas court has decided that when a white man marries a squaw after the Indian fashion, the same is legal and binding upon the husband.

The New York Sun thinks that a revival of the practice of duelling would be an immeasurable improvement on the method of killing men. In a duel it says, a man has a chance for his life, but as the human butchering business is now conducted the victim has no further warning of his fate than the flash of his murderer's pistol.

An innocent-minded Brooklyn girl said to a gentleman, the other night: "The mosquitoes are terrible. I wish you could see my back!" "I wish I could," was the quiet reply.

Mrs. Partington has been reading the health officers' weekly reports, and thinks "total" must be an awful malignant disease, since as many die of it as of all the rest put together.

A young lady in New York paid \$250 for having a single dress made; her lover's hair has begun to turn gray, and he looks careworn.