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The Forest Republican.

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SHORT SPEECHES.

Perhaps the shortest speech ever delivered in any legislative chamber was that of the member of the United States Congress, who having got out this sentence: "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general," was pulled down to his seat with the remark, "You'd better stop; you are coming out of the same hole that you went in at."

Daniel Webster was apt to over-indulge himself at public dinners, but managed when called upon to make a speech, if a drief one.

On one occasion Webster finished up with: "Gentlemen, there's the national debt—it should be paid; yes, gentlemen, it should be paid; I'll pay it myself. How much is it?"

Sir Arthur Helps somewhere suggests that clergymen would be more successful in attacking the pockets of their flocks if they send round the plates before, instead of after, the sermon, with the understanding that if they gave liberally they should be let off from the sermon altogether.

M. Dupanloup, the eloquent bishop of Orleans, preaching in behalf of the workmen of Rouen, contented himself with saying:

"This is no time for long sermons, but for good works. You are acquainted with the calamities of those whose cause I have come this day to plead. Once upon a time a king, whose name is still cherished by us, said to his companions-in-arms, on whom he thought with reason he could rely: 'My good friends, I am your king; you are Frenchmen. Yonder is the enemy; let us march.' I will not address you in other words to-day than these. I am your bishop; you are Christians. Yonder are, not our enemies, but our brethren who suffer. Let us flee to their succor!" The result was the collection of more than \$3,000.

Edwin, a once popular English actor, is credited with the authorship of one of the briefest of sermons, his being: "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." I shall consider this discourse under three heads. First, man's ingress into the world; secondly, man's progress through the world; thirdly, man's egress out of the world.

And first—Man's ingress into the world is naked and bare. Secondly—His progress through it is trouble and care. Lastly—His egress from it is—nobody knows where. If we do well here, we shall do well there; I can tell you no more if I preach a year.

The last time Justice Foster went on the circuit, he dismissed the grand jury to their work with: "Gentlemen, the weather is extremely hot; I am very old, and you are well acquainted with your duty; practice it!"

In an action for slander Justice Creswell put the case to the jury in these emphatic words: "Gentlemen, the defendant is a foul-mouthed fellow. What damages?" An example of judicial brevity only to be matched by Baron Alderson's address to a convicted prisoner who prayed that God might strike him dead where he stood, if he were not innocent. After a moment's silence, the judge sternly and coldly said: "Prisoner at the bar, as Providence has not interposed in behalf of society, the sentence of the court is, that you be transported for twenty years."

An American judge once intervened in an odd way to prevent a waste of words. He was sitting in chambers, and seeing from the piles of papers in the lawyer's hands that the first case was likely to be hardly contested he asked, "what is the amount in question?" "Two dollars," said plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money. "Call the next case."

He had not the patience of taciturn Sir William Grant, who, after listening for a couple of days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of an act, quietly observed, when they had done: "The act is repealed."

An inquisitive French bishop once caught a Tartar in the Duke de Roquelaire. The latter, passing in haste through Lyons, was hailed by the bishop with: "Hi! Hi!" The duke stopped. "Where have you come from?" inquired the prelate. "Paris," said the duke. "What is there fresh in Paris?" "Green peas."

"But what were the people saying when you left?" "Vespers." "Goodness, man," broke out the angry questioner, "who are you?—What are you called?" "Ignorant people call me Hi! Hi! Gentlemen term me the Duke de Roquelaire. Drive on, position!"

One morning a woman was shown into Dr. Abernethy's room; before he could speak, she bared her arm, saying: "Burn." "A poultice," said the doctor. Next day she called again, showing her arm, and said: "Better." "Continue the poultice." Some days

elapsed before Abernethy saw her again; then she said: "Well your fee?" "Nothing," quoth the great medico; "you are the most sensible woman I ever saw."

THE SQUIRE'S VISITORS.

Squire Binks, a retired old gentleman, lives away down on Sixteenth street. The other morning three old ladies from Macon county came to his house on a visit. They used to know his wife before she was married. The Squire welcomed them to his mansion, and then went out to the barn and swore for half an hour. While he was soothing himself thus, his wife called him into the house. She handed him an umbrella to keep off the sun, and said the ladies had walked up from the depot and left some things there for him to bring up. So he brought them up, making two round trips for the baskets, handboxes, and two black oil cloth traveling bags, all of which the Squire discourteously called 'infernal old traps.'

As he sat in the back kitchen wiping his brow, his wife brought out the market basket and said there was not a bit of sugar or tea in the house, and she remarked that while he was going down town he might as well get the molasses jug filled. The Squire asked her how long those old migratory pelicans were going to stay. And she asked him if he thought she would be so rude as to ask them. Then the Squire went down and laid in the groceries. When he got back his wife said she had forgotten something, and thought of it just when it was too late. She must have some corn starch. The Squire asked her if any of the old scarecrows had dropped the least hint as to the duration of their visit. She said not. The Squire looked sad and discontented.

When he laid the paper of corn starch on the kitchen table his wife said they must have a codfish for dinner. One of the ladies said in the course of conversation that she was fond of codfish. The Squire asked if the old buzzards had yet committed themselves on the extent of their present roost. She said he ought to be ashamed of himself.

When he slapped the codfish down on the table with a wring, his wife got him to bring in some water and wood; said Mrs. Spoonauger, she never dined without ale, and the Squire was asked if he would go down and bring a bottle. He asked if he shouldn't go into the parlor and get those old cormorants to make out a list of what they did like, and furthermore asked if they were yet silent as to when they thought of going away.

He got the ale, and for fear he would have to trot down town again, he hired an express wagon and loaded it with all sorts of garden truck, a bottle of whisky, a box of sardines, a pound of snuff, some cove oysters, dried apples, beans, smoked tongue, out and dried tobacco, pickled walnuts, canned corn, mackerel, split peas, etc.

The next day the Squire was sent down town only eight times.

Early next morning he started out into the country to see a man. When he got home he asked his wife if any time had been set for the departure. On the evening of the following Monday one of the ladies said she thought they ought to start on the next Friday, so as to reach home before Sunday. Mrs. Binks said they oughtn't to be in a hurry. The Squire groaned, and said they ought to stay and make their visit out. On Friday morning the Squire had an express wagon before the door. But his wife said the ladies had concluded to stay over the Fourth. Then the Squire went out to saw wood and converse with himself.—Peoria Review.

On Saturday an old lady, accompanied by a tall, gawky-looking girl of sixteen, evidently her daughter, entered a store in Titusville and asked to see some calico. Selecting one of the pieces thrown down to her, she pulled 'it this way and that, as if she would tear it to pieces; held it up to the light in various positions, and spit on a corner and rubbed it between her fingers to try if the colors were good. Then she stood still awhile—evidently she wasn't satisfied. Suddenly she seized the clerk's scissors, and cutting off a piece handed it to her daughter, remarking, 'Here, 'Liza Jane, take an 'chaw that an' see off it fades!' And 'Liza Jane chawed it.

Conversation between an inquiring stranger and a steamboat pilot: "That's Black Mountain?" "Yes, sir, highest mountain above Lake George."

"Any story or legend connected with that mountain?" "Lots of them. Two lovers went up that mountain once and never came back."

"Indeed—why, what ever became of them?" "Went down on the other side."

A WHISKY WELL.

'You see, Mr. Davis, twenty cows, a distillery, and a farm of a hundred acres gives me and my four boys a heap o' work to do, but we do it all ourselves; no hired folks about anywhere. It don't pay; they pry into things too much. So for three or four years past we've done pretty well, and only for our stupid Joe leaving the handle in the pump, they'd never have found us out.

'Pump!—handle!' interjected Davis. 'Yes, I'll tell you how it was. The whisky we made and put into barrels we paid tax on. That we put down the well we—'

'Put down the well?' interrupted Davis again.

'I forgot to say,' continued McKiver, 'we have a well that has been dry three years anyway. So I got a tub a leetle smaller in circumference than the well, and made it tight at both ends, and slipped it down connecting with the old wooden pump that still stood there. When we took whisky out we had to gear her up, but unshipped her lively as soon as we were through. So, in looking at that forlorn old post without an arm, nobody suspected it was a head board for the grave of whisky.'

'Somebody did, it seems,' said Davis, getting interested.

'The officers suspected something, and at different times searched my stables and cellars, and lay out in the field and captured the stuff as it was taken away. They frequently seized my tax paid goods, but always released them again in a few hours. How did I get the whisky away? Why, just the easiest thing I had to do. You see I ran two milk wagons, and sometimes only one can in five was filled with that article, and that for use in case a stranger stood with pitcher in hand by the roadside to purchase. Such instances, though seldom, occurred. The rest we filled from the pump.'

'And was caught at it?' said Davis. 'No, not exactly. The filling was all through and wagon gone, when two of those rebel fellows popped in on me before break o' day—the inspector hadn't come yet, and turned things over generally. They got through at last and seemed satisfied that all was right. Their hands were pretty dirty, so I said, leading the way to the house, 'Gentlemen, come in and wash your hands.' One of them started after me, the other made for the old pump, and when I turned to look I felt just like sinking out o' sight. Joe, who used the pump last, had forgotten to unship the handle, and the revenue man's hand was on it. I yelled to him, 'that pump don't suck!' It warn't no use. It did suck, and sent out a pretty good stream, which he commenced to rub over his hands. He sniffed some, and putting both hands under his nose gave a long whistle. Then it was all up with me.

'You'll go to prison!' said Davis. 'Not if the entire Congressional delegation o' the State can save me,' said the distiller.

'Your property will be confiscated!' 'Only such as lies loose on the farm and in the still-house, and that ain't a hundredth part of my four years' gain.'

NINE HUNDRED MILES ON FOOT.

BY PROF. J. D. BUTLER.

LINCOLN, Nebraska, 1873.

Nils Nysten is a Swede,—and was born where his forefathers had been content with "only this and nothing more"

"To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot." He aspired higher,—but so low was his birth, and so strong the barriers around him, that he was three-score years old before he could work his passage to America. Three years ago he reached Iowa, with his wife, and penniless, stopping first in Mount Pleasant.

While working there at his trade of wagon-making, he became convinced that his best means of further advancement, was to secure a Nebraska Homestead. His mode of making this boon his own, is worth telling to encourage the others.

HOW HE DID IT? He walked from his home to Lincoln, 307 miles along the track of the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad. This journey he accomplished in about fifteen days. At Lincoln he found shelter in the Immigrant's Rest, building provided by the B. & M. railroad where land hunters may lodge and live without charge while seeking farms.

Looking at the maps of public lands in the United States Land Office there, he judged York county to afford the most desirable homesteads. He there fore walked on thither—seventy miles further. Having picked out the farm which suited him best of all those still vacant he returned to the land office and filed his claim to it, September

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. One Square (1 inch), one insertion - \$1.00; 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. - \$3.00; Half - \$5.00; One - \$10.00.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

2d, 1871, paying \$14 in fees. His homestead consists of 80 acres, in the 34th section of the 11th township in the 3d range west, of the 6th principal meridian.

WHAT THEN? Repairing again to the farm of his choice he made sundry improvements for a month. He finished him a dug-out and stacked twelve tons of wild hay.

His purse was now empty, save one dollar and a half, but he walked to Lincoln, and thence home as he walked thither, daily laying behind him twenty miles.

Soon after reaching home, at the end of a nine hundred mile walk, he learned that his hay stacks had been burned by a prairie fire—having no plow, he had been unable to make a fire-break around them. But throughout all, he seems to have lost nothing of heart or hope, and to have remained as jolly as Mark Tapley, in Chuzzlewit.

Through the winter he worked at his trade sometimes beginning his toils at two o'clock in the morning. Thus he finished three good wagons.

Two he traded off, each for a mule and harness. Then putting on board his wife, a barrel of pork, a harrow, all of wood, made by himself, and some seedings, he drove westward, by the same route which he had the last fall traveled on foot.

He took with him three other Scandinavian Homestead hunters, each with a wagon and his family in it.

He arrived at Lincoln in due time; rested a little among the old familiar hospitalities for strangers, afforded gratuitously by the B. & M. railroad, through the whole-souled keeper, John Frost, and on the 21st of March 1872, in spite of an equinoctial wind, set his face towards his homestead. His journey thither can hardly require more than three days,—but, as he must needs be there before the first day of April, or be egregiously April-fooled, by forfeiting his farm, he resolved to make assurance doubly sure. Hence he took time by the forelock.

Nils Nysten is sixty-two years old, though he declares himself only forty when just shaved. His example shows what others can do. It shames many faint hearts that are weeping like women for lack of a farm, which they have the privilege of seizing, like men, had they only manly pluck.

Nils Nysten's homestead was one of 12,304 which had been entered in the Lincoln United States Land Office, before last New Year's. Up to the same date the Burlington and Missouri River railroad, along which Nysten walked, had sold along their track 478,988 acres, to 4,525 purchasers, on ten years credit, six per cent. interest, and on sales made since 1872 nothing of the principal falls due until the end of the fourth year, with twenty per cent. thrown off for prompt improvement.

He who cannot on these terms make a farm pay for itself, does not deserve one.

A MISGUIDED BOOK AGENT.

A book agent entered the open door of a snug Pittsfield cottage one day last week, and nodding to a trim, bright-looking little woman who sat sewing by the window, commenced volubly to descant on the merits of a great work which he was for the first time giving mankind an opportunity to purchase. It was a universal biography, cookbook, dictionary, family physician, short-hand instructor, and contained, besides, a detailed history of every important event that has transpired in the world, from the apple incident and Adam's fall to Credit Mobilier and the fall of Congress. The work contained five thousand chapters, all with running titles. The agent, after talking on the general excellences of the volume about five minutes, commenced on the headings of those chapters, and as the woman did not speak to interrupt him, he felt that he was making a conquest, and he rattled away so that she shouldn't have a chance to say no. It took him nearly an hour, and as he breathlessly went on, the sweat started on his forehead, and he made convulsive grasps at his collar, and when he finished he had hardly strength enough left to put on a bewitching smile and hand her his ready pen wherewith to subscribe her name to the order book. She took the pen, but instead of putting her autograph on his list, she lifted a scrap of paper from her work-box, and wrote in plain letters, "I'm defo and dum." He said not a word, but the unutterable things that he looked, as he turned to the door, would fill a library.

An old maid in Lockport, N. Y., purchased one of the Egyptian mummies at the Niagara Falls Museum, the other day, for a parlor ornament. She said it seems better to have a man around, even if he was advanced in life.