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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars. W. R. DUNN, N. G. G. W. SAWYER, Sec'y.

W. P. Mercillotti, ATTORNEY AT LAW, cor. Elm and Walnut Sts., Tionesta, Pa. I have associated myself with Hon. A. B. Richmond, of Meadville, Pa., in the practice of law in Forest County. 19-ly

Samuel D. Irwin, ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AT LAW and REAL ESTATE AGENT. Legal business promptly attended to. Tionesta, Pa. 49-ly.

NEWTON PETTIS. MILES W. FATE. PETTIS & TATE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, 114 N. Street, TIONESTA, PA.

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

F. W. Mays, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds Hukill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 29-ly

F. KINNEAR, P. R. SMILKY, KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, - - - Franklin, Pa.

PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties. 20-ly. B. HARRIS, D. D. FASSETT, HARRIS & FASSETT, Attorneys at Law, Titusville Penn'a.

PRACTICE in all the Courts of Warren, Crawford, Forest and Venango Counties. 49-ly. J. H. Heivly, SURGEON DENTIST, in Schonblom's Building, between Centre and Sycamore Sts., Oil City, Pa.

All operations done in a careful manner and warranted. Chloroform and ether administered when required if the case will permit. 15-ly. CENTRAL HOUSE, BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, W. A. BILANDS, Proprietor. This is a new house, and has just been fitted up for the accommodation of the public. A portion of the patronage of the public is solicited. 43-ly

Lawrence House, TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR. This house is centrally located. Everything new and well furnished. Superior accommodations and strict attention given to guests. Vegetables and Fruits of all kinds served in their season. Sample room for Commercial Agents. 4-17-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

Tionesta House. G. T. LATIMER, Lessee, Elm St. Tionesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek, Mr. L. has thoroughly renovated the Tionesta House, and re-furnished it completely. All who patronize him will be well entertained at reasonable rates. 37-ly

Weber House. TYLERBURGH, PA., C. B. WEBER, PROPRIETOR. Mr. Weber has again taken possession of this well-known house and will be happy to entertain all his old customers, and any number of new ones. Good accommodations for guests, and excellent stabling. 10-3m.

National Hotel, TIOHOUTE, PA., Bonf. Ellett, proprietor. This house has been newly furnished and is kept in good style. Guests will be made comfortable here at reasonable rates. 9-ly.

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 Tiohoute, near Tiohoute House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery, all of the best quality, and will be sold at reasonable rates. DR. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced Physician and Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately.

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.

NEW BILLIARD ROOMS! ADJOINING the Tionesta House, at the mouth of Tionesta Creek. The tables and room are new, and everything kept in order. To lovers of the game a cordial invitation is extended to come and play in the new room. G. T. LATIMER, Lessee.

The Forest Republican.

VOL. VII. NO. II. TIONESTA, PA., JUNE 10, 1874. \$2 PER ANNUM.

Dr. J. E. Blaine, OFFICE and residence opposite the Lawrence House. Office days Wednesdays and Saturdays. 26-4E. 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, 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. 4-4-ly. D. W. CLARK.

FINE GROCERIES, CHOICE CIGARS, TOBACCO, CANNED FRUITS, STATIONERY, AND NOTIONS, for sale at J. B. Agnew's Store Room, in Bonner & Agnew's Block. ALSO, FRESH OYSTERS, by the can or sorted to order. 29-ly. Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DIMING.) Pictures in every style of the art. Views of the oil regions for sale or taken to order. CENTRE STREET, near R. R. crossing. SYCAMORE STREET, near Union Depot, Oil City, Pa. 29-4E

WM. F. BLUM, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON-MAKER. 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. 15-ly. PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY. ELM STREET, SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S STORE. Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, - - - Proprietor.

E. KLEIN, TIOHOUTE, PA. Dealer in Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, etc. All repairing in this line neatly done and warranted. Particular attention paid to the repairing of Watches. ATTENTION! REMOVAL. We will remove our stock of HARDWARE, STOVES, TINWARE, IRON, NAILS, FILES, BELTING, AND MILL SUPPLIES, ON THE FIRST DAY OF APRIL, TO THE Reynolds, Hukill & Co. Block, SENECA STREET, until which time we will sell at COST FOR CASH. H. G. TINKER & CO., OIL CITY. BUILDING FELT (No Tar used), for outside work and inside, instead of plaster. Felt Carpetings, &c. Send two 3-cent stamps for circular and samples. C. J. FAY, Cunden, N. J. 42-4E. JOB WORK neatly executed at the REPUBLICAN Office.

A. COOPERSTOWNER ON BOILS. An afflicted person in Cooperstown, New York, writes to the Plainfield Register, the following little piece about a Job that was put up on him: DRAB REGISTER:—Useless! useless! If I've tried once I have tried a dozen times to sit down and write you a regular old scalp-peeler and sky-scraper of a letter. It isn't that I love Cesar less—I meant it isn't that I am unable to do the mental part of the proposition beautifully, but it is that I am unable to sit down. How common the written sentence: I sit down to pen a few lines—I mean lines, etc. But how much unwritten anguish may result from the attempt! How gladly I would say it if I could: It is with pleasure, dear Register, that I sit down to announce to you the arrival of a boy, etc. But, good gods, how can I? The thought of sitting down makes me boil. The thought of the boil prevents my sitting. The fact of the boil makes me mad. And the act of sitting makes me leap like unto the hurried sky-rocket. Why, my love, I haven't sat down in five weeks—or anything else—to stay! I am a most miserable, miserable man. Along at first I tried to do my writing for the Atlantic Monthly (ssh!) at my desk, but becoming absorbed in thoughts of those things that are before, and forgetting those things which are behind, I would pull forward my tall desk stool and settle. Then I would unsettle, quick. And there would follow a prolonged and dismal howl of pain, a wild tramping to and fro; one arm waving like our banner in the sky and the other holding the pantaloons away from the young volcano. So behold me now, supported under my arms by my Revolutionary grand-mother's quilting frames, which reach from piano to mantle piece; with a pair of light summer trousers on, which are kept distended and away from that boil by a fish hook, a cord and a staple in the wall—all drawn taut. And yet I am not happy. Why, if U. S. Treasurer Spinner should say to me, "here, George, sit down on this half cord of greenbacks, and they are yours," I should answer, "go 'way, Spinner; I don't want your dugats. I am not hungry. Tend to your own quilting, I know my business. My wife says my affliction ought to develop any religious tendency that may lay dormant in me. She thinks it has. In the early stages of my sufferings she says she awoke one silent night and heard me, she was sure, quoting Scripture and Watts' hymns. Lord love her! but I wasn't, you know. I was doing the other thing, i. e., reciting from profane history—from that part where the D-amorites poured red hot pitch down upon the duncelms who crossed the dam just where the lordly Tiber was dam'd near the gates of Hellepont. "George," said she sofly, some time afterward, "George, I am afraid I was mistaken the other night. I now believe that your language, which I hope fully and joyfully thought to be the expression of a contrite and grace-seeking soul, was swearing! Why, oh why dear, dost thou not think more often of redemption and you latter end—" "Thunder, madam!" I screamed, "you don't know what you are talking about. Think of my latter end? I'm always thinking of it. I couldn't forget it if I was steeped in oblivion, or surrounded with cotton bales! Why, I was telling a funny story to a party the other day, and he comes up to me, and he says: "Old man, that was a bully thing; you ought to be a minister, you ought. You could make a con-gregation cry by tellin' of 'em a joke," and then he slapped me on the thigh—on the thigh, woman—on which Ann Guish and Miss Ery hold a first mortgage! Think of redemption! Why, female, did you give half the attention to keeping the lumps out of my poutice that I do in pondering on the effusions of that old Bible scholar, Job, who used to soar so in blank verse, you'd be better and a richer wife!" Withered, she wept. I was softened. I could not see those tears unmoved. What male could? I approached her as she sat rocking to and fro in her chair. "Dearest," I murmured, "why those weeps? Don't cry. I am sorry I said anything when I spoke. Too bad, too bad! I am a brute, a bear, burglar, dentist, a dishonest thief. Forgive me—me who would not give your heart a pang for the whole round world. Let's kiss and forget, ducky," and I playfully sat down on her lap. She had a bunch of keys, a drawer knob,

and a smelling bottle in her pocket. I sat down on those. On those I sat. On the bottle, the knob, the keys, I sat down. Small but active boys jeer at me through the window. I have no peace. I am a wreck. I would not live always, I wouldn't if I could; But there ain't no use of talking For I couldn't if I would. GEORGE. THE DEVIL FISH. The Brighton Aquarium is the present home of a sea-devil caught lately in the channel near Hastings. This monster fish is of a dusky brown color; tadpole shaped, that is, all head and shoulders. It is about five feet in length, and some three feet across at the flappers. The mouth at once arrests attention. It stretches laterally right across the creature's face, and when closed as much as it can be, it measures nineteen inches. At the edge of each jaw are two or three rows of teeth, hard, strong, and pointed, set like the prongs of a rat-trap, those of the lower jaw directed obliquely inward; and once interlocked upon prey, escape would be hopeless. It is, however, when open, that the enormous capacity of the fish's mouth is apparent. If the fish chose to strain a point, a four and a half gallon barrel might be got into it. At all events, it is circular shaped, over a foot in diameter, and little less than two feet deep. The fish is very rapacious; and had not nature endowed it with a special contrivance for procuring food, it would fare badly, being but a slow swimmer. To this contrivance it owes its name, the "Angler" Fish. On the top of the head, between the eyes and mouth, are two tendrils, each about a foot in length, one having at its end a fleshy substance which serves as a bait. When angling for a meal, the Devil Fish covers itself partly beneath the sand and weeds, hoists these tendrils and bides his time. By and by incautious rovers are lured by the bait; then the fish—its eyes being capable of looking almost in every direction—"reviews the situation," gets his body by a special action into position, the enormous mouth opens, and seizes its prey. The following story may not be the "newest" but it is good: A revolutionary soldier was running for Congress, and his opponent was a young man who had "never been to the wars," and it was the custom of old revolutionary to tell of the hardships he had endured. Said he: "Fellow-citizens—I have fought and bled for my country. I helped to whip the British and the Indians. I have slept on the field of battle with no other covering than the canopy of heaven. I have walked on the frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood—" Just about this time one of the sovereigns, who had become greatly interested in his tale of sufferings, walked up in front of the speaker, wiped his tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat-tail, and interrupted him with: "Did you say you foot the British and Indians?" "Yes, sir." "Did you say you slept on the ground while serving your country, without any kiver?" "I did." "Did you say your feet kivered the ground you walked over with blood?" "Yes," replied the speaker exultingly. "Well, then," said the tearful sovereign, as he gave a sigh of emotion, "I guess I'll vote for the other fellow, for I'll be blamed if you ain't done enough for your country."

and a smelling bottle in her pocket. I sat down on those. On those I sat. On the bottle, the knob, the keys, I sat down. Small but active boys jeer at me through the window. I have no peace. I am a wreck. I would not live always, I wouldn't if I could; But there ain't no use of talking For I couldn't if I would. GEORGE. THE DEVIL FISH. The Brighton Aquarium is the present home of a sea-devil caught lately in the channel near Hastings. This monster fish is of a dusky brown color; tadpole shaped, that is, all head and shoulders. It is about five feet in length, and some three feet across at the flappers. The mouth at once arrests attention. It stretches laterally right across the creature's face, and when closed as much as it can be, it measures nineteen inches. At the edge of each jaw are two or three rows of teeth, hard, strong, and pointed, set like the prongs of a rat-trap, those of the lower jaw directed obliquely inward; and once interlocked upon prey, escape would be hopeless. It is, however, when open, that the enormous capacity of the fish's mouth is apparent. If the fish chose to strain a point, a four and a half gallon barrel might be got into it. At all events, it is circular shaped, over a foot in diameter, and little less than two feet deep. The fish is very rapacious; and had not nature endowed it with a special contrivance for procuring food, it would fare badly, being but a slow swimmer. To this contrivance it owes its name, the "Angler" Fish. On the top of the head, between the eyes and mouth, are two tendrils, each about a foot in length, one having at its end a fleshy substance which serves as a bait. When angling for a meal, the Devil Fish covers itself partly beneath the sand and weeds, hoists these tendrils and bides his time. By and by incautious rovers are lured by the bait; then the fish—its eyes being capable of looking almost in every direction—"reviews the situation," gets his body by a special action into position, the enormous mouth opens, and seizes its prey.

Connecticut papers record the death at Preston, in that State, of an eccentric man named Rix Rude, at the age of eighty. He had lived in almost total seclusion on a farm which had been in the possession of the family since 1662, and the original deed of which, given by Oneca, son of the Indian Chief Uncas, is still preserved, bearing for its signature a rough picture of a turkey, which was Oneca's sign manual. Rude would never sell any hay, and there are several stacks upon the market place scores of years old, through some of which trees have sprung up, and in the barn was a quantity of hay fifty-five years old, which was fresh and excellent, and met with a ready sale at auction. He was a man of remarkable freedom with his money, and lost thousands of dollars by dishonest borrowers, but in paying a debt he was so exact that he once went two miles to get exact change, when only one cent was required to complete the bargain. He left a fortune of about \$10,000. A gentleman caught cold by kissing a lady's snowy brow.

AN INVINCIBLE HAND. During the session of the United States District Grand Jury, a witness was called before them named Scipio Choteau, a half-breed Creek Indian and negro, bright, sharp, and intelligent. He was the last witness to be called before adjournment that day. After examination some one of the Grand Jury who knew him asked him if he was the man who had four aces beaten. He answered, "Yes, sah; I's do man." "Will you have any objection to telling it?" "I'se afear'd it will get me into trouble; but if de Judge is willin'," appealing to the foreman, "I will tell it." The Judge consented, then Scipio said: "You see I lives on the cattle trail from Texas through the Creek country to Kansas, and I was out on de road one day, and I meets a gentleman ahead of a big drove of cattle. "He says, 'Old man, do you live in dis country?' "I says, 'Yes, sah.' "He says, 'It's a mighty poor country. How do you make a livin'?' "I says, 'Sah, 'tis pooty good country; we has plenty meat and bread, and I makes a good livin' a— "Says he, 'Old man, do you ever play kerds?' "I says, 'Yes, sah; I does, sometimes.' "He says, 'Would you have any objection to play a little draw?' "I says, 'No, sah.' "So we gets off our horses along side de road, and sat down, and I pulls out de kerds. Well, in a short time I beat de gentle man out of sixty-two dollars and tought I had him; so I puts up a hand on him—for I is, do I say it myself, a mighty smart hand at kerds—and I know'd he would have tree jacks and I would hab tree aces, and in de draw I know'd he would git de oder jack and I would git de oder ace. So he raises a bit, and I raises on-back, fill at last I put up all de money I had winned from de gentleman, and all de change I had, and I know'd I had him. Well, in de draw de gent got de oder jack and I got de oder ace. De gent wanted to bet, but I claimed a sight for de money, and I told him I had an invincible hand dat couldn't be beat. "Says he, 'Ole man, dem is right good bitches you is got on; how much did dey cost?' "I says, 'Yes, sah; dey cost me ten dollars.' "Says he, 'I put ten dollars up agin dem.' "I says, Berry well, sah; but I tells you I got a invincible hand.' "He puts up de money, and I holds up my legs and he pulls off de bitches and lays dem down. "Now, sah," says I, 'I told you I had a invincible hand. I'se got fo' aces.' "De gent says, 'Ole man, did you ever hear of five jacks beaten' to aces?' "I says, 'I'se heard it, sah, but I'se never seed it; and if you convince me ob it, de money's yours.' "Berry well, he says, layin' down one kerd; 'ain't dat de jack ob clubs?' "Yes, sah, I says, 'dat am de jack ob clubs.' "He lays down anoder kerd; 'Ain't dat de jack ob spades?' "Yes, sah, dat is de jack ob spades.' "He lays down anoder; 'Ain't dat de jack ob diamonds?' "Yes, sah, dat is de jack ob diamonds.' "He puts down anoder and says, 'Ain't dat de jack ob hearts?' "I says, 'Yes, sah, dat am de jack ob hearts.' "Den he runs his hand in his bosom and pulls out a great, long pistol and points it at me and says, 'Ain't dat jack haul?' "I says, 'Yes, sah.' "And he says, 'Ain't dat five jacks? and don't dat win de money?' "I says, 'Yes, sah, dat is Jack Haul, and dat is five jacks, and five jacks beats an invincible hand.' "So he puts de money in his pocket and ties my bitches on 'hind ob his saddle, and tells me to scatter—and I did. "You see, it served me right, for I tought de man was a green Missourian when I put up de hand on him; but he was a Arkansaw chap, and I find dem mighty sharp, Judge." The above is vouched for by the foreman and several members of the Grand Jury as fact—every word of it. —Fort Smith Herald.

An Ottumwa, Oregon, paper says: "During the wind storm the other day Richard Warden, of the Courier, lost his hat, which went whirling into space, or rather into a mad-hole. Richard, however, was equal to the occasion. He simply crossed his ears over his head and bid defiance to the storm."

Why is it that so many of our farmers, and nearly all of our city carters, insist on using a tight rein on working horses? When a horse, left to his natural inclination, has a heavy load to pull, he can best exert his strength if his back bone is in one continuous line, and this he will have if not prevented by a tight check rein. Some claim that it prevents a horse from falling, and when a man can raise himself over a fence by a lift on his suspenders, we will believe it. When a horse falls, a tight rein will most effectually prevent him from getting onto his feet again. Try it without the rein and see if we are not correct in our practice and theory.

The New York Journal of Commerce calls the attention of underwriters to a new material used in the manufacture of martingale reins, knife handles, combs, etc. It is said to be called "celluloid," is as hard as iron, and when cold possesses great strength. But it is inflammable, and burns more readily than pitch. A flash of a match will set off a box of this material put up in any form, and produce a conflagration so utterly at variance with the apparent solidity of the article, that it seems like magic. It evidently vaporizes at a comparatively low temperature.

A San Antonio man, a gentleman of course, took home a revolving dice-box wherewith to cheer his wife's drooping spirits. After a game or two for fun, he proposed to throw for who should cut the wood next morning; he won; then he offered to try for who should bring up the coal and light the fires for the ensuing week; he won again; he then tendered her a chance for satisfaction on a throw for who should go to market for the next month. Result: Three sixes for the husband, and the next minute he and flat iron went out of the front door together.

Ole Bull was once seeing the sights at Donnybrook Fair, when he was attracted by the sound of a very loud violin in a tent. He entered and said, "My good friend, do you play by note?" "The deuce a note, sir." "Do you play by ear, then?" "Niver an ear, yer honor." "How do you play, then?" "By main strength, be jabers!" Here it is again most capitally stated by a neighbor: "To advertise in any guise is very wise; and he who buys discreetly lies wherever lies the sweetest prize. He who defies this rule relies on empty guys; his business dies, nor can rise until he piles his skill, and vies with others wise who advertise.

The Danbury philosopher observes that the placidity of expression worn by a man who is "next" in a full barber shop can not be counterfeited.

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. " " " " - 20 00 Half " " " " - 30 00 One " " " " - 50 00 Legal notices at established rates. Marriages and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

INCIDENT IN CHURCH. We have already mentioned that old Mr. Collamore, who goes to our church, is very deaf. Last Sunday, in the midst of the services, Mr. Hoff, who sits immediately behind Mr. Collamore, saw a spider traveling over the latter's bald head. His first impulse was to nudge him and tell him about it; but he remembered that Collamore was deaf, so he lifted up his hand and brushed the spider off. Hoff didn't aim quite high enough, and consequently, he hit Collamore quite a severe blow; the old man turned around in a rage to see who had dared to take such liberty with him, and Hoff began to explain with gestures the cause of the occurrence. But Collamore, in a loud voice, demanded what he meant. It was very painful to Hoff. The eyes of the whole congregation were upon him, and he grew red in the face, and in desperation exclaimed: "There was a spider on your head!" "A white place on my head, hey? space'n there is, what's that to you?" said Collamore. "You'll know what it is to be bald-headed yourself, some day." "It was a spider," shrieked Hoff, while the congregation smiled and the perspiration began to roll off his face. "Certainly it's wider," said Collamore, "and got more in it than yours. But you let it alone—do you mind? You let my head alone in church." "Mr. Collamore," shrieked Hoff, "there was a bug on your head, and I brushed it off—this way," and Hoff made another gesture at Collamore's head. The old man thought he was going to fight him then and there, and hurling his hymn-book at Hoff, he seized the kneeling-stool on the floor of the pew, and was about to bang Mr. Hoff, when the sexton interfered. An explanation was written on a fly-leaf of the hymn-book, whereupon Mr. Collamore apologized in a boisterous voice, and resumed his seat. Then the services proceeded. They think of asking Mr. Collamore to worship elsewhere. —Danbury News.

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