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 Job work, Cash on Delivery.

**BUSINESS DIRECTORY.**

**TIONESTA LODGE**  
 No. 369.  
**I. O. O. F.**  
 MEETS every Friday evening, at 7  
 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied  
 by the Good Templars.  
 A. B. KELLY, N. G.  
 A. RANDALL, Sec'y.

**TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342,**  
**O. U. A. M.**  
 MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room,  
 every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock.  
 J. T. DALE, C.  
 P. M. CLARK, R. S.

OFFICE and residence opposite the  
 Lawrence House, Office days Wednes-  
 days and Saturdays.  
**J. B. AGNEW,**  
 Attorney at Law, - Tionesta, Pa.  
 Office on Elm Street.  
 May 16, 1875-4f

E. L. Davis,  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,** Tionesta, Pa.  
 Collections made in this and adjoining  
 counties.  
**MILES W. TATE,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
 in Street, TIONESTA, PA.  
 F. W. Hays,  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY**  
 PUBLIC, Reynolds Hotel & Co's  
 Block, Schuylkill St., Oil City, Pa.  
 F. HINSHAW, N. B. SMILEY,

**KINNEAR & SMILEY,**  
 Attorneys at Law, - - - Franklin, Pa.  
 PRACTICE in the several Courts of Ve-  
 nango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining  
 counties.  
**R. C. & M. V. LAWSON,**  
**BARBERS and Hairdressers,** Smear-  
 laugh building, Elm St. Switches,  
 Frizzes, Braids, Curls, &c., made from  
 Combs. Having settled permanently  
 in this place, they desire the patronage of  
 the public. Satisfaction guaranteed. 15-3m

**NATIONAL HOTEL,**  
**TIDIOUTE, PA.**  
 W. D. BUCKLIN, - Proprietor.  
 First-Class Licensed House. Good sta-  
 ble connected.  
**CENTRAL HOUSE,**  
**BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, L.**  
**AGNEW, 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.  
 40-ly

Lawrence House,  
**TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAW-**  
**RENCE, 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 Com-  
 mercial Agents.

**FOREST HOUSE,**  
**S. A. VARNER 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. 4-17-1v

C. B. Weber's Hotel,  
**TYLERSBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER,**  
 has possession of the new brick hotel  
 and will be happy to entertain all his old  
 customers, and any number of new ones.  
 Good accommodations for guests, and ex-  
 cellent stabling. 10-3m.

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, Cutlery, all of the best quality, and  
 will be sold at reasonable rates.  
**DR. CHAS. G. 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. 18-1y.

**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 intelli-  
 gently as agent of those living at a dis-  
 tance, owning lands in the County.  
 Office in Commissioners Room, Court  
 House, Tionesta, Pa.  
 4-H-ly. D. W. CLARK.

**F. F. L.**  
 WANTED—Everybody to know that  
 Four-Fold Liniment is the leading Lin-  
 iment for curing all kind of Pains, and  
 Sore Throats, and for Horses, Cattle, &c.,  
 is the most successful Liniment in the  
 market. See circulars around bottles.  
 Sold by all Druggists. 20-ly com.

**Painting, Paper-Hanging &c.,**

**E. H. CHASE,** of Tionesta, offers his  
 services to those in need of  
**PAINTING,**  
 GRAINING,  
 CALCIMINING,  
 SIZING & VARNISHING,  
 SIGN WRITING,  
**PAPER HANGING,**  
 AND CARTRIDGE WORK.  
 Work promptly attended to and  
**Satisfaction Guaranteed.**  
 Mr. Chase will work in the country  
 when desired. 13-4f.

**NEW HARNESS SHOP,**  
 JUST opened next door north of the  
 Lawrence House. The undersigned is  
 prepared to do all kinds of work in his  
 line in the best style and on short notice.

**NEW HARNESS**  
 A Specialty. Keeps on hand a fine assort-  
 ment of Carry Combs, Brushes, Harness  
 Oil, Whips, and Saddles. Harness of all  
 kinds made to order and cheap as the  
 cheapest. Remember the name and place  
 W. WEST,  
 North of Lawrence House,  
 Tionesta, Pa.  
 14-ly

**MRS. C. M. HEATH,**  
**DRESSMAKER, Tionesta, Pa.**  
 MRS. HEATH has recently moved to  
 this place for the purpose of meeting a  
 want which the ladies of the town and  
 county have for a long time known, that  
 of having a dressmaker of experience  
 among them. I am prepared to make all  
 kinds of dresses in the latest styles, and  
 guarantee satisfaction. Stamping for braiding  
 and embroidery done in the best man-  
 ner, with the newest patterns. All I ask  
 is a fair trial. Residence on Water Street,  
 in the house formerly occupied by Jacob  
 Shriver. 14f

**Frank Robbins,**  
**PHOTOGRAPHER,**  
 (SUCCESSOR TO DEMING.)  
 Pictures in every style of the art. Views  
 of the oil regions for sale or taken to or-  
 der.  
 CENTRE STREET, near R. R. crossing.  
 SYCAMORE STREET, near Union De-  
 pot, Oil City, Pa. 20-1f

**PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.**  
 ELM STREET,  
 SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S  
 STORE.  
**Tionesta, Pa.,**  
**M. CARPENTER, - - - Proprietor.**

**ELGIN WATCHES**  
 Pictures taken in all the latest styles  
 of the art. 26-1f

**L. KLEIN,**  
 (in BOVARD & CO.'S Store, Tionesta, Pa.)  
**PRACTICAL**  
**WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,**  
 DEALER IN  
 Watches, Clocks, Solid and Plated  
 Jewelry, Black Jewelry,  
 Eye Glasses, Spec-  
 tacles, Violin Strings, &c., &c.

Will examine and repair Fine English,  
 Swiss or American Watches, such as Re-  
 peaters, Independent Seconds, Steam  
 Winders, Duplex, Levers, Anchors and  
 Lepines, and will make any new pieces  
 for the same, such as staffs, Forks, Pel-  
 lets, Wheels, Pinions, Cylinders, Bar-  
 rels, Arbors, and in fact any part ap-  
 pertain to fine watches.

**All Work Warranted.**  
 I can **GUARANTEE**  
 that any work undertaken by me will be  
 done in such a manner and at such prices  
 for  
**GOOD WORK**  
 that will give satisfaction to all who may  
 favor me with their orders.  
 L. KLEIN,  
 14-ly Author of "The Watch."

**You Can Save Money**  
 By buying your PIANOS and ORGANS  
 from the undersigned Manufacturers'  
 Agent, for the best brands in the market.  
 Instruments shipped direct from the Fac-  
 tory. CHAS. A. SHULTZ, Tuner,  
 3-ly Lock Box 1719, Oil City, Pa.

**THE ORIGIN OF SIXES.**  
 Aristophanes, the funny man of clas-  
 sic Greece, gives the following myth:  
 "Once upon a time man had three-  
 sexes and a double nature; besides  
 this, he was perfectly round, and had  
 four hands and four feet, one hand  
 with two faces looking opposite ways,  
 set on a single neck. When these  
 creatures pleased, they could walk as  
 we do now, but if they wanted to go  
 faster they would roll over with all  
 their four legs in the air, like a tum-  
 bler turning summersaults; and their  
 pride and strength were such that they  
 made war upon the gods. Jupiter re-  
 sented their insolence, but hardly  
 liked to kill them with thunderbolts,  
 as the gods would then lose their sacri-  
 fices. At last he hit upon a plan. "I  
 will cut them in two," he said, "so  
 that they will walk on two legs instead  
 of four. They will then be only half  
 as insolent, but twice as numerous, and  
 we shall get twice as many sacrifices."  
 This was done, and the two halves are  
 continually going about looking for  
 one another; if we mortals (says  
 Aristophanes) are not obedient to the  
 gods, there is a danger that we shall  
 be split up again, and shall have to  
 go about in basso-relievo, like those  
 figures with only half a nose which  
 you may see sculptured on our col-  
 umns.

**THE ORIGIN OF SIXES.**  
 Rome Sentinel: The young man  
 who sat on the front steps of a Floyd  
 avenue house all day yesterday, was  
 not on a wager, as was generally sup-  
 posed. The steps were newly painted  
 with a patent paint, Saturday, and the  
 paint was not dry Sunday evening  
 when the young man sat down there  
 to talk with his intended at the parlor  
 window. He was not ready to go un-  
 til midnight, and then found the paint  
 under him was dry. Last night they  
 loosened the plank on which he sat,  
 and he carried it carefully home be-  
 hind him.

**THE ORIGIN OF SIXES.**  
 A witty Troy girl, having drunk  
 some nauseous medicine by mistake,  
 said to her mother: "It is said that one  
 swallow doesn't make spring, but that  
 swallow made me spring six feet."

**THE ORIGIN OF SIXES.**  
 "You shall," said Danforth; and they  
 parted in the best of spirits.  
 An hour after dark, on the following  
 evening, Joe made his appearance,  
 decked in a new black suit, and really  
 looking very comely. The old man  
 bustled out to the barn with him, help-  
 ing to harness "Young Morgan" to the  
 new phonon, and leading the spunky  
 animal himself to the road, away went  
 the happy Joe Walker in search of his  
 bride. A few rods distant from the  
 house he found her, as per previous ar-  
 rangement, and repairing to the next  
 village, the parson very quickly made  
 them one in holy wedlock. Joe took  
 the bride and soon dashed back to the  
 town of P—, and halted at old Dan-  
 forth's house, who was already looking  
 for him, and who received him with  
 open arms.

**THE ORIGIN OF SIXES.**  
 "Is it done?" cried the old man.  
 "Yes—yes!" answered Joe.  
 "Bring her in, bring her," continued  
 the old fellow, in high glee; never  
 mind compliments; no matter about  
 the dark entry; here, here, Joe to the  
 right, in the parlor, we'll have a jolly  
 time now," and the anxious farmer  
 pushed away for lights, returning al-  
 most immediately.  
 "Here's the certificate, sir," said Joe.  
 "Yes, yes—"  
 "And this is my wife," he added, as  
 he passed up the beautiful bride—the  
 bewitching and lovely Minnie Dan-  
 forth!

**THE ORIGIN OF SIXES.**  
 "What!" roared the father, "Joe you  
 villain, you scamp, you audacious  
 cheat, you—"  
 "It is true sir, we are lawfully mar-  
 ried. You assisted me to this course,  
 you assisted me, you planned the whole  
 affair, you lent me your horse, you  
 thought me, last evening, worthy of  
 any man's child, you promised me the  
 cottage at the foot of the lane, you—"  
 "I didn't; I deny it. You can't prove  
 it you're a—a—"  
 "Calmy now sir," continued Joe,  
 and the entreaties of the happy couple  
 were at once united to quell the old  
 man's ire, and to persuade him to ac-  
 knowledge their union.  
 The father relented at this. It was a  
 job of his own manufacture, and he  
 saw how useless it would be finally to  
 attempt to destroy it.  
 He gave in reluctantly, and the fair  
 Minnie Danforth was overjoyed to be  
 duly acknowledged as Mrs. Joe Walk-  
 er.

**A RUNAWAY MATCH.**

Many years since, there dwelt in the  
 town of P—, a pretty village distant  
 some twenty miles from the market  
 town, a peculiarly comely and graceful  
 maiden, who had a peculiarly ugly and  
 cross-grained, but wealthy father.  
 Minnie was Danforth's only child,  
 and report said she would be his sole  
 legatee. The old man was a sturdy far-  
 mer, and was estimated to be worth full  
 ten thousand dollars—at that period a  
 very handsome fortune, to be sure.

The sparkling eyes and winning ways  
 of Minnie Danforth had stirred up the  
 finer feelings of the whole male portion  
 of the village, and her suitors were nu-  
 merous; but her father was particular,  
 and none succeeded in making headway  
 with him or her.

In the meantime, Minnie had a true  
 and loyal lover in secret. His name  
 was Walker—Joe—Joe Walker, and  
 he was simply a farmer, employed by  
 old Danforth, who had entrusted Joe  
 with the management of his place for  
 two or three years.

But a very excellent farmer and good  
 manager was the plain, unassuming but  
 good-looking Joe Walker. He was only  
 twenty-three, and he actually fell in  
 love with the beautiful, pleasant joyous  
 Minnie Danforth, his old employer's only  
 daughter. But the strangest part of  
 the occurrence was, that Minnie re-  
 turned his love earnestly, truly and  
 frankly, and promised to wed him at a  
 favorable time.

Things went on merrily for a time  
 but old Danforth discovered certain  
 glances and attentions between them  
 which excited his envy and suspicion.  
 Very soon afterwards Joe learned the  
 old man's mind indirectly, in regard to  
 his future disposal of Minnie's hand,  
 and he quickly saw that his case was a  
 hopeless one, unless he resorted to strat-  
 agem; and so he set his wit at once to  
 work.

By agreement, an apparently settled  
 coldness was observed by the lovers to-  
 wards each other for five or six months,  
 and the father saw, as he thought, with  
 satisfaction, that his previous suspicion  
 and fear had been all premature. Then,  
 by agreement also between them, Joe  
 absented himself from the house at  
 evenings; and night after night, for full  
 three months, did Joe disappear as soon  
 as his work was finished, to return home  
 only at late bed-time. This was unusu-  
 al, and old Danforth determined to  
 know the cause of it.

Joe frankly confessed that he was in  
 love with a man's daughter, who resided  
 less than three miles distant; but after  
 a faithful attachment between them  
 for several months, the old man had ut-  
 terly refused to entertain his applica-  
 tion for the young lady's hand.

This was capital; just what old Dan-  
 forth most desired. This satisfied him  
 that he had made a mistake in regard to  
 his own child; and he would help Joe  
 to get married and thus stop all further  
 suspicions or trouble at home. So he  
 said:

"Well, Joe, is she a buxom lass?"  
 "Yes—yes," said Joe. "That is,  
 other folks say so. I'm not much of a  
 judge."  
 "And you like her?"  
 "Yes, sir—yes."  
 "Then marry her," said old Dan-  
 forth.

"I can't—the father objects—"  
 "Pooh!" continued Danforth, "let him  
 do so, what need you care? Run away  
 with her."  
 "Elope?"  
 "Yes! Off with you at once! If the  
 gal will join you—all right. Marry her  
 and bring her here; you shall have the  
 cottage at the foot of the lane. I'll fur-  
 nish it for you; your wages shall be in-  
 creased, and the old man may like it  
 or not, as he will!"  
 "But—"  
 "No buts, Joe. Do as I bid you! go  
 about it at once, and—"  
 "You will stand by me?"  
 "Yes, to the last. I know you, Joe.  
 You're a good fellow, a good workman,  
 and will make anybody a good son or  
 husband."

"The old fellow will be so mad,  
 though."  
 "Who cares, I say? go on quickly,  
 but quietly."  
 "To-morrow night, then," said Joe.  
 "Yes," said Danforth.  
 "I'll hire Clovers horse—"  
 "No, you shan't."  
 "No?"  
 "I say no. Take my horse—the best  
 one—Young Morgan; he'll take you off  
 in fine style, in the new phonon."  
 "Exactly."  
 "As soon as you're spliced, come  
 right back here, and a jolly time we'll  
 have of it at the old house."  
 "Her father will kill me."  
 "Bah! He's an old fool, whoever he  
 is; don't know your good qualities, Joe,  
 as well as I do. Don't be afraid; a faint  
 heart, you know, never won a fair lady."  
 "The old man will be astounded."  
 "Never mind, go on. We'll turn the  
 laugh on him, I'll take care of you  
 and your wife, at any rate."  
 "I'll do it," replied Joe.

**THE BUREAU DRAWER.**

The man who will invent a bureau  
 drawer which will move out and in with-  
 out a hitch will not only secure a for-  
 tune but attain to an eminence in his-  
 tory not second to the greatest war-  
 riors. There is nothing perhaps (al-  
 ways excepting a stove pipe), that will  
 so exasperate a man as a bureau drawer  
 which will not shut. It is a deceptive  
 article. It will start off all right,  
 then it pauses at one end while the  
 other swings in as far as it can. It  
 is the custom to throw the whole  
 weight of the person against the end  
 which sticks. If any one has succeeded  
 in closing a drawer by so doing he will  
 confer a favor by sending his address  
 to this office. We have seen men do  
 this several times, and then run from  
 the other side of the room and jump  
 with both feet against the obstinate  
 end. This doesn't appear to answer the  
 purpose any better, but is very satisfy-  
 ing. Mrs. Halcomb was trying to  
 shut a bureau drawer, Saturday morn-  
 ing, but it was a failure. Finally she  
 burst into tears. Then Mr. Halcomb  
 told her to stand aside and see him do  
 it.

"You see," said Mr. Halcomb, with  
 quiet dignity, "that the drawer is all  
 away. That's what makes it stick.  
 Now anybody but a woman would see  
 at once that to move a drawer in that  
 position would be impossible. I now  
 bring out this other end even with the  
 other; so. Then I take hold of both  
 knobs, and with an equal pressure  
 from each hand the drawer moves eas-  
 ily in. See?"

The dreadful thing moved readily  
 forward for a distance of nearly two  
 inches. Then it stopped abruptly.  
 "Ah!" observed Mrs. Halcomb, begin-  
 ning to look happy again.  
 Mr. Halcomb very properly made  
 no response to this ungenerous  
 expression, but he gently moved each  
 end of the drawer to and fro, but with-  
 out success. Then he pulled the draw-  
 er all the way out, adjusted it prop-  
 erly, and started it carefully back. It  
 moved as if it was on oiled wheels.  
 Mr. Halcomb smiled. Then it stopped.  
 Mr. Halcomb looked solemn.

"Perhaps you ain't got the ends ad-  
 justed," suggested the unhappy Mrs.  
 Halcomb.  
 Mr. Halcomb made no reply. Were  
 it not for an increased flush in his face  
 it might have been doubted if he heard  
 the remark at all. He pushed harder  
 at the drawer than was apparent to her,  
 but it didn't move. He tried to bring  
 it back again, but it wouldn't come.

"Are you sure you have got every-  
 thing out of here you want?" he finally  
 asked, with a desperate effort to ap-  
 pear composed.  
 "Oh, that's what you are stopping  
 for is it? But you needn't; I have got  
 what I wanted; you can shut it right  
 up." Then she smiled a very wicked  
 smile.

He grew redder in the face, and set  
 his teeth firmly together, and put his  
 strength to the obdurate drawer, while  
 a hard look gleamed in his eye.  
 But it did not move. He pushed it  
 harder.  
 "Ooh," he groaned.  
 "I'm afraid you haven't got the ends  
 adjusted," she maliciously suggested.  
 A scowl settled on his face while he  
 strained every muscle in the pressure.  
 "What dumb fool put this drawer  
 together, I'd like to know?" he snapped  
 out.

She made no reply, but she felt that  
 she had not known such happiness  
 since the day she stood before the altar  
 with him, and orange blossoms in her  
 hair.  
 "I'd like to know what in thunder  
 you've been doing to this drawer, Jane  
 Halcomb?" he jerked out.  
 "I ain't done anything to it," she  
 replied.  
 "I know better," he asserted.  
 "Well, know what you please for all  
 I care," she sympathizingly retorted.  
 The cords swelled up on his neck,  
 and the corners of his mouth grew  
 white.

"I'll shut that drawer or I'll know  
 the reason of it," he shouted; and he  
 jumped up and gave it a passionate  
 kick.  
 "O, my!" she exclaimed.  
 He dropped on his knees again and  
 grabbed hold of the knobs, and swayed  
 and pushed at them with all his might,  
 but it didn't move.

"Why in heaven's name don't you  
 open the window? do you want to  
 smother me?" he passionately cried.  
 It was warm—dreadfully warm.  
 The perspiration stood in great drops  
 on his face, or ran down into his neck.  
 The birds sang merrily out the door,  
 and the glad sunshine lay in golden  
 sheets upon the earth; but he did not  
 notice them. He would have given five  
 dollars if he had not touched the ac-  
 cursed bureau; he would have given  
 ten if he had never been born. He  
 threw all his weight on both knobs.  
 It moved then. It went to its place  
 with a suddenness that threw him from  
 his balance, and brought his face  
 against the bureau with force enough

**TO SKIN HIS NOSE AND FILL HIS EYES WITH WATER TO A DEGREE THAT WAS BLINDING.**

Then he went out on the back stoop,  
 and sat there for an hour, scowling at  
 the scenery.

One day Colonel Fisk was showing  
 Mr. Travers over the Plymouth Rock,  
 the famous Long Branch boat. After  
 showing the rest of the vessel he point-  
 ed to two large portraits of himself and  
 Mr. Gould, hanging a little distance  
 apart, at the head of the stairway.  
 "There says the Colonel," what do you  
 think of them?" "They're good, Colo-  
 nel—you hanging on one side and  
 Gould on the other; f-i-r-s-t rate. But,  
 Colonel," continued the wicked Mr.  
 Travers, buried in thought, "where's  
 our Savior?" Mr. Travers, who is a  
 vestryman in Grace Church, says he  
 knows it was wicked, but he couldn't  
 have helped it if he'd been on his dy-  
 ing bed.

"O, Lord, thou knowest," prayed a  
 Connecticut deacon, "that I am afflict-  
 ed with a most impious and depraved  
 son. Thou knowest that he will swear,  
 and lie, and steal, and do all sinful  
 things. Thou knowest that on last  
 Sabbath he was seen walking down  
 the principal street in the village, with  
 his hands in his pockets, whistling the  
 following ungodly tune:—and the  
 congregation were astounded to hear  
 "Yankee Doodle" flow melodiously  
 from the deacon's pursed-up lips.

When a boy succeeds in convincing  
 his mother that he was not swimming  
 in the river—that his hair was made  
 wet by perspiration while "helping  
 Bill Timmins to catch a chicken just  
 now"—you might just as well try to  
 explain the Schleswig-Holstein question  
 as to undertake to describe the awful  
 expression of that boy's face when his  
 mother subsequently discovers that he  
 has on another boy's shirt.

A Detroit bachelor, not rich, but  
 industrious and respectable, entered  
 the house of a respectable widow on  
 Baker street, the other day, and said:  
 "Mrs. Blank, I'll give you just three  
 minutes to say whether you'll be my  
 wife or not." "I only want fifteen sec-  
 onds—yes!" she answered, and then  
 they sat down and began, to plan how  
 many tomatoes they would can this  
 summer.

A father fearing an earthquake in  
 the region of his home, sent his two  
 sons to a distant friend's until the peril  
 should be over. A few weeks after,  
 the father received this letter from his  
 friend: "Please take your boys home  
 and send down the earthquake."

One morning a little four-year-old  
 boy lay awake in his crib. His head  
 seemed to be stopped with a cold. Af-  
 ter vainly suffering for a while to  
 clear it, he exclaimed: "Mamma,  
 what is the matter with one side of  
 my nose?—it won't go."

"The greatest obstacle to being her-  
 oic is the doubt whether one may not  
 be going to prove one's self a fool.  
 The truest heroism is to resist the  
 doubt, and the profoundest wisdom is  
 to know when it ought to be resisted  
 and when to be obeyed."

When the Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel  
 gives advice, it always has an eye on  
 the main chance; as, for instance,  
 when it says: "When the weather is  
 such that you can not work in your  
 hay field, sit down and renew your  
 subscription."

Nebraska planted twelve million  
 trees last year. This may seem a  
 small number as compared with Ne-  
 braska's necessities, but it must be re-  
 membered that four horse-thieves can  
 be hung on each tree.

A young man in Lancaster sent a  
 dollar to a firm in New York, who ad-  
 vertised a receipt to prevent bad  
 dreams. He received a small slip of  
 paper, on which was printed, "Don't  
 go to sleep."

The model husband lives in Phila-  
 delphia. He never allows his wife to  
 do more than half the work. She puts  
 up all the canned fruit in the summer,  
 and he puts it down in the winter.

You can travel all day in New  
 Hampshire and not find any door-  
 plates, but then the kitchen floors are  
 as white as chalk and all the girls can  
 hake bread.

Barnum's new fat woman demanded  
 more salary the other day, and when  
 it was refused, she went right away  
 and hired to play the piano in a sa-  
 loon.

A man who was up in a police court  
 recently, gave his occupation as that  
 of a "conchologist," and explained by  
 saying that he opened oysters at mar-  
 ket.

A female justice of the peace in  
 Wyoming had to stop to pin up her  
 hair while solemnly sentencing a pris-  
 oner to three months in jail.

Some men are like pyramids, which  
 are very broad where they touch the  
 ground; but grow narrower as they  
 reach the sky.