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The Forest Republican.

VOL. X NO. 15

TIONESTA, PA., JULY 18, 1877.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Table with rates of advertising: One Square (1 inch) one month, One Square " " three months, One Square " " one year, Two Squares, one year, Quarter Col., Half, One.

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. S. J. SETTLEY, N. G. D. W. CLARK, Sec'y. 27-45. TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342, O. U. A. M. MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock. P. M. CLARK, C. S. A. VARNER, R. S. 31. W. E. LATHY, J. R. AGNEW. LATHY & AGNEW, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS! I have been admitted to practice as an Attorney in the Pension Office at Washington, D. C. All officers, soldiers, or sailors who were injured in the late war, can obtain pensions to which they may be entitled, by calling on or addressing me at Tionesta, Pa. Also, claims for arrears of pay and bounty will receive prompt attention.

HAVING been over four years a soldier in the late war, and having for a number of years engaged in the production of soldiers' claims, my experience will assure the collection of claims in the shortest possible time. J. B. AGNEW, 415.

E. L. Davis, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa. Collections made in this and adjoining counties. 40-1y

MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA. In Street.

F. W. HAYS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds Hukill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 39-1y

KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, - - - Franklin, Pa. PRACTICE in the several Counties of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties. 39-1y

LAWRENCE HOUSE, TIONESTA, PENNA. WM. LAWRENCE, Proprietor. This house is centrally located. Everything neat 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.

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. 40-1y

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER, Proprietor. Opposite S. Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened. Everything new and clean and fresh. The best of liquors kept constantly on hand. A portion of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. 4-17-1y

W. C. COBURN, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON offers his services to the people of Forest Co. Having had an experience of Twelve Years in constant practice, Dr. Coburn guarantees to give satisfaction. Dr. Coburn makes a specialty of the treatment of Nasal, Throat, Lung and all other Chronic or Inflammatory diseases. Having investigated all scientific methods of cure, he will guarantee relief or a return of all money where a cure is possible. No charge for Consultation. All fees will be reasonable. Professional visits made at all hours. Parties at a distance can consult him by letter.

Office and Residence second building below the Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Office days Wednesdays and Saturdays. 251f

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. 13-1y.

WILLIAMS & CO., MEADVILLE, PENNA., TAXIDERMISTS.

BIRDS and Animals studied and mounted to order. Artificial Eyes kept in stock. 2-1y

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL. THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Lancaster), Forest county, has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted in first-class order, and is now running and doing all kinds of CUSTOM GRINDING.

FLOUR, AND OATS. Constantly on hand, and sold at the very lowest figures. H. W. LEDEBUR.

EMPLOYMENT, Male and female, salary or commission. We pay agent as salary of \$3 a week and expenses. Bureau Manufacturing Co., Hartford, Conn. Particulars free. 4-4

JOB WORK of all kinds done at this office on short notice.

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. Skimping for braiding and embroidery done in the best manner, with the newest patterns. All I ask is a fair trial. Residence on Elm Street, in the Accomb Building. 11.

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DEMING).

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. 20-1f

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, 111 N. 10TH ST., SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S STORE, Tionesta, Pa.

M. CARPENTER, - - - Proprietor.



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

H. G. TINKER & CO., WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE, Oil City, Pa.

Dealers in Oil Well Supplies, i. e. Scubing, Casing, Sucker Rods, Working Barrels, Valves, &c., Brass & Steam Fittings, Belting, Lace Leather, Casing, &c., Iron, Nails, Steel, Rope, Oakum, &c.

We make a SPECIALTY of one-and-a-quarter-inch Tubing and Steel Rods for Small Wells.

H. G. TINKER & CO., THE LARGEST FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT IN THE OIL REGIONS!

MILES SMITH, Dealer in CABINET AND UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE! FRANKLIN, PENNA.

Consisting of Parlor, Office and Common Furniture, Mattresses, Pillows, Window Shades, Fixtures, Looking Glasses, &c.

Also, agent for Venango county for the Celebrated Manhattan Spring Bed, and for sale at my Furniture Warehouses, 10th Street, near Liberty. Call and see sample Bed. 9 ly



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 Factory. CHAS. A. SHULTZ, Tuner, Lock Box 1746, Oil City, Pa.

Dr. J. L. Accomb, 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 Tidoute, near Tidoute House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Candles, 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.

ADVERTISERS send 25 cents to Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, N. Y., for their eighty-page Pamphlet, showing cost of advertising. 13-4

OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE CENTENAL EXHIBITION

It sells faster than any other book. One Agent sold 34 copies in one day. This is the only authentic and complete history published. Send for our extra terms to agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. 35-4

LILACS.

They hung, heavy plumes of purple, over the little gateway in that bright afternoon. A charitable breeze swept one scented bunch of bloom a bit aside, just out of the reach of a little brown hand that had a moment ago ruthlessly stripped off half its blossoms.

But the owner of the hand had already turned about, with a toss of her black curls and a flirt of her pink calico dress, that scared the butterflies, and before the branch swung back she was hastening up the trim garden path, and flinging back a sharp speech over her shoulder at a tall, sunburned fellow who, with a vexed light in his eyes, stood in the gateway watching her.

"Oh, it don't matter what I think! Indeed, I don't think at all. You may take whom you like to the next May-day dance; you won't take me!"

It was such a pretty shoulder over which these words were cast, and there was such a rosy flush of anger on the round cheek half veiled in curls, that it was no wonder that John Armitage took two or three steps in pursuit of the speaker; but he stopped, drew himself up with sudden pride, and said one reproachful word—"Nancy!"

The one addressed wavered a little in her retreat, then resumed it with increased celerity. "Will you stop and listen to me?" the young man queried, his rising indignation somewhat modifying his tone of appeal.

"No!" and the pink calico swept the myrtles on either side of the walk faster yet. "Very well," was the angry response, as he who pleaded turned toward the gate. "But mark my words; you'll be sorry for this before these bushes here"—brushing the low sprays sharply aside—"are out of bloom! Now, good bye."

Nancy, peeping from behind a curtain after his retreating figure, cried. Perhaps the soliloquy will tell why. "Well, it's all over between us now, any way. It's his fault, too. He'd no business to take any one else to the May-dance when I couldn't go. I shouldn't wonder if he's gone down to Sarah Anderson's now. They'll be engaged next thing, and she'll crow over me finely. He'll try to make me jealous"—here Nancy had a spasm of crying.

"See if I don't make him jealous first!" The way she would do it became apparent the next afternoon, when, dressed in a jaunty blue suit that set off well her creamy complexion, dark curls, and tinted cheeks, she started for the village. The dainty blue parasol was lowered a little as she came to the pretentious block of buildings opposite the hotel, upon one of which hung the sign, "Dr. Miles Gray. Of-fee hours from 8 to 10 a. m., from 3 to 5 p. m." But the face of the building was blank, and the office curtains lowered; so with an impatient exclamation under her breath, Nancy went on to the post office, where, getting no letter, she turned disconcertedly toward home.

The Fates forbade her. She had not accomplished a quarter of the distance before the light roll of wheels made her turn her head and start perceptibly. In a moment more young Dr. Gray, whose natty top buggy was the envy of all men, and whose fascinating smiles had won the hearts of all the women, had drawn up his horse at her side, had leaped to the ground and had asked, eagerly: "Miss Evans, may I have the pleasure of driving you home?"

The color brightened in Nancy's cheeks, the light in her eyes, as she assented with a charming smile; and in a moment they were slowly bowling along the road, and the blue ribbons were blown against the doctor's broadcloth.

Dr. Gray was young, handsome, not deficient in brains, with pocket-money enough to prevent him from being tragically earnest in his profession, and very much in love with the coquettish bit of womanhood by his side. As for Nancy, she was a little afraid of the gray eyes that could be quizzical as well as admiring, and of the smile that sometimes curled the corners of the black moustache. But Nancy was minus a lover just then, the doctor was in a "catch," and so she laughed and chatted as the bay horse trotted along.

The firm house came in sight too soon, and the doctor stopped midway in a speech to inquire, "Won't you take a longer ride? It's such a beautiful afternoon!" Nancy demurred, as in duty bound. "I—I don't know. I guess it must be—almost tea-time."

"It is but half-past three," said the doctor, after consulting his watch. "Oh, well, then—" began Nancy, somewhat confused. "But aren't these your office hours?" "Confound my office hours!" commented the doctor to himself. Aloud he said, "I'm sometimes obliged to break through my office hours. I'm going now to see a patient on the outskirts of the town." So they drove on.

The "patient" could hardly have been in a critical state. The doctor leaning back in the carriage, let the reins lie loosely on the horse's back as they paced slowly through the shady wood roads smelling of pines, while the warm breeze fluttered the light curls across Nancy's arch black eyes, and the blue silk parasol had to be held up to keep the sun from her rosy-bud of a face. The doctor had a lurking fear that Nancy was rustic and ignorant, but ah! she was so pretty!

How far they rode in this lazy way, wholly rapt in conversation, is not known. How far they would have ridden is uncertain, if Nancy had not sent a mischievous glance straight into the gray eyes, and inquired, "Why, where does that patient of yours live?" The doctor laughed frankly, coloring nevertheless. "I see you understand the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain! pretty well, Miss Nancy. And now I don't dare tell you what I was going to before you spoke."

"What was it?" queried Nancy, curious and conscious. "It was," said the doctor, bending his own face closer to the curl-shaded one at his side, "that I wish I had the right to keep you with me always. Miss Nancy, will you look at me—will you let me?" It was well that the doctor did not guess why, amidst Nancy's bright blushes, her lip quivered and her eyes filled with tears. She had made up her mind to accept the doctor, but in this decisive moment the thought of John Armitage sent a pang, cruel in intensity, through her heart. Then came the memory of their yesterday's quarrel, and Nancy faltered, with a struggling smile, "I—I don't know."

She did know when, in the late twilight, she and the doctor walked together into the dusky sitting-room at home, where her father was dozing and her mother knitting, to ask their consent and their blessing. "Dear me," said the good farmer, rubbing his eyes. "Two such pieces of news in one day's cur's hereabouts. I heard on'y an hour since that John Armitage is a-goin' to Texas to farm on his own account. I sorter thought, too, 't he an' Nancy fancied each other, but here she's wantin' to marry another man. It's cur's us!" Nancy had taken her hand from the doctor's arm and had sat down in the window. She heard, mistily, comments and congratulations; she answered questions, laughed at jokes. She walked down to the gate with the doctor when he left, and stood there under the lilacs, his arm about her, replying to his tender talk; but when he was gone, leaving a tender kiss on her lips, she rushed up stairs and threw herself on the bed in a perfect agony of sobbing that she could scarcely stifle in the pillow.

The story of the next week is lacking. Such happenings are too common. Nancy came and went like the ghost of herself, but the whole village was gossiping over her engagement, and her evidences of trouble were ascribed to the "queerness of a girl just engaged." Little tired Mrs. Armitage ran over across the lawn one afternoon to tell the Evances that John was going Monday, and she guessed he would manage to get over and bid them good bye; and cried because her pet son was going away, and was cool and sharp to Nancy, evidently suspecting that she was the cause.

Perhaps light natures suffer most overwhelmingly. Often in those beautiful June days Nancy, all alone in some shadowy grassy place, with embezzled shimmering above, would wonder in a dim, childish way if she would not "die when John went." Only one hope was left; John was coming to say good bye, Oh, if she could only let him know how it really was! But how could she? And she would look down despairingly at the little gold circlet on her finger.

Sunday afternoon John finally came. Nancy, sitting in the parlor with the doctor, caught a glimpse of the well-known figure at the gate under the lilacs again. For a moment the room whirled around, and she was deathly white; then she rose mechanically, saying she must bid Mr. Armitage good bye, and went out to the doorway, where John was greeting her parents, and warding off the Newfoundland with a laugh.

"Yes," he was replying as Nancy came up, "they say there is a pretty good chance out there for a young fellow with health and energy—How do you do, Miss Nancy?—and I've always been enterprising, so I mean to try it."

Nancy stood pulling the rose-vines in pieces while for half an hour the others talked crops, politics and prospects. She could not have spoken for her life, though she longed to speak as a condemned criminal longs to ask mercy. Not once did John turn his obstinate auburn head to look at her. He interrupted himself, while detailing particulars about grazing lands, to say "good-bye," while he just touched her hand. If he had looked at her, the miserable, pathetic look of appeal on her childish face would have gone straight to his heart; but he did not dare to look, and turning away abruptly, walked down the garden path with the garrulous old farmer hobbling by his side. Nancy had just time to escape her mother's eyes by running up stairs. She did not faint; but God forbid that girls should often know such misery as she suffered then! When she at last joined the doctor, as in duty bound, the stunned look in her face was pitiful. She "was not well," she said, in answer to his alarmed queries.

It was Nancy who proposed that they should go to church that evening. In the corner of the high old pew, with her veil hiding her face, she could at least be quiet, and one hour more of effort would have been insupportable. Mrs. Armitage was alone in her pew, and cried throughout the service. Nancy's heart so went out to the poor woman that, when they met in the aisle, she pressed her hand impulsively, saying in a quick whisper, "Mrs. Armitage, I'm so sorry for you!"

"I don't want any of your sorrow!" was the sharp response. "It's fine to talk; but you and I know well enough who's the cause of it all. One word from you would stop it now if you were sorry enough!"

Poor Nancy! The clock was on the stroke of eleven that night when her lover finally took his leave, and she was free to pace the moonlit sitting-room from end to end with glittering eyes. She did not cry. She felt as if she were going crazy, and in her desperation she did not care if she did. Hour after hour passed, and still she paced there, till her rigid face showed white in the first faint gray of morning. "Oh, would he go? Could he go? Would nothing happen to stop him?" Scarcely knowing what she was doing, Nancy slipped through the door, and, hatless, trailing her dainty blue skirt through the dewy grass, ran across lots to the Armitages.

It was all still dark and dewy. She heard the village clock strike three as she paused on the outskirts of the old-fashioned flower garden behind the house, and shrank behind the hedge of blossomy lilacs, whose potent odor sickened her. Her mind was in a whirl. She did not know why she was there or what she would do. She was in deadly fear lest some one should discover her, yet she could not go away. For half an hour she crouched there shivering, never taking her eyes off John's window, but starting every time the curtain blew. Suddenly a step on the garden path startled her so violently that she scarcely could suppress a scream. It was probably some of the work people—oh, if they should see her! A hasty peep through the bushes showed her that it was worse than that; that it was John himself, striding straight toward the gap in the hedge, and wearing a most unpropitious face. Nancy, in blind terror of discovery, crawled on her hands and knees close under the lilacs. He had passed, was almost by, when a bird that Nancy had disturbed flew out with loud chirpings. One end of the loosened blue sash had caught on a stiff bough, and the color arrested his eye. Two strides brought him to the spot, and he stood with folded arms looking down at her a moment before his amazement found vent in the exclamation: "Nancy!"

He had never seen such utter abandon and agony of shame as that with which the poor little maiden hid her face and covered in the wet grass with the cry: "Oh, what shall I do? Don't speak to me! Go away!" and burst into a storm of tears.

Far answer he gathered the little wet figure in his arms, smoothed the tumbled curls, tried to warm the icy hands, and did not dare to question, while he soothed her in his tenderest way.

"Take me home," said Nancy, as soon as she found strength to speak at all.

"I shall do no such thing," was the decided answer, as John's disengaged hand lifted her face so that he could see it, "till you tell me why you came. Nancy, I couldn't help hoping a little when I saw you here. Don't make me give it up! I thought my pride would support me through anything, but I'm afraid it won't," he ended sadly.

"I'm so glad it won't," breathed Nancy in tones of heartfelt relief.

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"I'm so glad it won't," breathed Nancy in tones of heartfelt relief.

"But somebody'll see us. Take me home, John, and I'll tell you all about it."

How different seemed the way home, with John at her side. But Nancy was in no hurry to tell all about it. She only said, nervously, holding John's hand in both hers: "Promise me you won't go away."

"Ah, but I want another promise first."

Nancy looked back at the plummy hedge whose shelter they had left, and said, with a half smile, "You see the lilacs aren't out of bloom yet, John; and I am—sorry as you said I'd be!" "And the doctor?" asks the critical reader. Ah, Nancy is no model of Christian maidenhood. She is only a faulty young girl, erring and loving and suffering, playing her part in one of the tragedies that are played everywhere in the springs and autumns, in the time of snowdrifts as well as in the time of lilacs.

Some Indian Fighting.

One of the editors of the San Antonio Express was recently at Fort Stockton, and relates the story of a heroic achievement near that place by Mr. James D. Spears, now residing on a farm in Tom Green county, Texas:

"Four miles west of the station, in a mesquite flat, is a spot which was the scene of a combat with Indians. In April, 1870, twenty-six Comanches attacked the down stage. The driver was A. J. Bobo, and two colored soldiers were aboard as guards. The only other passenger was James D. Spears, the agent of the El Paso Mail Company. Fortunately the mules were gentle, and the stage was halted when the Indians approached. As they emerged abreast from the mesquite thicket within forty yards, Spears, who was standing with his left foot on the step and his right knee against the stanchion inside, called out to the Indians: 'Hold up; where are you going?'

There was a momentary halt and a hurried handling of weapons; but, before they could fire a volley, the clear crack of Spears' Winchester rifle had rung out three times, and three Indians had tumbled from their saddles. At the unexpected reception the party scattered, and continued the fight in ancient Indian style—by dashing at full gallop in circles around the stage, yelling and firing as they ran. One gigantic Indian, bolder than the rest, had his thigh broken by a ball from Spears' Winchester, and fell sprawling to the ground, but rose, holding fast to the reins and began to hop off, leading his horse; when another bullet from the same death-dealing rifle felled him to a last embrace of mother earth. Meanwhile, another dashing brave, riding at full speed upon a superb white horse was shot dead by Bobo, who fired his carbine with his right hand, while holding the whip and reins in his left. The horse was killed a moment after by Spears, and fell not far from him. Just after this, among the numerous bullets fired by the Indians, one struck and wounded one of the stage mules, and the team took fright and ran on to the station. The Indians did not follow. During the fight, one of the colored guards was so paralyzed with fright that his gun dropped from his hands without a shot being fired by him, and the other, after shooting once at an angle of forty-five degrees upward, subsided into the interior of the stage, showing a large surface of white about the eyes and mouth. No one in the stage was hit. Five Indians were killed and four wounded. Two of their horses were killed and five were crippled. The Indians removed their dead and wounded as usual, but the bones of the horses are still to be seen on the roadside where they fell.

A young woman in Springfield, who doesn't exactly understand about the "fall meeting," thinks the Park Association are getting decidedly free with their money when they advertise a purse that is "open to all." She wonders how long their cash will hold out with such a spendthrift policy.

There is only one cigar left in the box, and there were two young hopefuls struggling for it. The first little boy clutched it, but he said consolingly to his brother, "Never mind Dick, I'll smoke it till I get sick and then you can finish it." And the heart of the other little boy was comforted.

You can generally tell the man who has just come from the seaside. He has a burnt nose. If it is of Grecian outline, it now looks like a half scragged radish, while a pug nose does not look unlike a strawberry, half hidden in dough.

Blipkins: "I ain't much on problems in Euclid, and don't care about evolution, but when a man sits down on a tumble-bus at a picnic I can tell him how long it will take him to get up just as well as any professor Yale."