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Marriages and Death notices inserted gratis.

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us to the end, dare do our duty as we understand it."--LINCOLN.

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Quarter Col.	"		30 00
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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE, NO. 477,

I. O. G. T.

Meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

J. WINANS, W. C. T.
M. CLARK, W. S.

S. NEWTON PETTIS. MILES W. TATE.

PETTIS & TATE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Elm Street, TIONESTA, PA.

Isaac Ash,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Oil City, Pa. Will practice in the various Courts of Forest County. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. 16 1y

W.-E. Lathy,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN BANKRUPTCY, Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa., will practice in Clarion, Venango and Warren Counties. Office on Elm Street, two doors above Lawrence's grocery store. tf.

W. W. Mason,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

C. W. Gilfillan,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Franklin, Venango Co., Pa. tf.

Holmes House,

TIONESTA, PA., opposite the Depot. C. D. Mabie, Proprietor. Good Stabling connected with the house. tf.

Jos. Y. Saul,

PRACTICAL Harness Maker and Saddler. Three doors north of Holmes House, Tionesta, Pa. All work is warranted. tf.

Syracuse House,

TIDIOUTE, PA., J. & D MAGEE, Proprietors. The house has been thoroughly refitted and is now in the first-class order, with the best of accommodations. Any information concerning Oil Territory at this point will be cheerfully furnished.
-1y J. & D. MAGEE,

Exchange Hote,

LOWER TIDIOUTE, Pa., D. S. RAMSDEEL & SON Prop's. This house having been refitted is now the most desirable stopping place in Tidioute. A good Billiard Room attached. 4-1y

National Hotel,

IRVINETON, PA. W. A. Hallenback, Proprietor. This hotel is NEW, and is now open as a first class house, situate at the junction of the Oil Creek & Allegheny River and Philadelphia & Erie Railroads, opposite the Depot. Parties having to lay over trains will find this the most convenient hotel in town, with first-class accommodations and reasonable charges. tf.

Tifft Sons & Co.'s

NEW ENGINES. The undersigned have for sale and will receive orders for the above Engine. Messrs. Tifft Sons & Co. are now sending to this market their 12-Horse Power Engine with 14-Horse Power Boiler peculiarly adapted to deep wells.

OFFICES at Duncan & Chalfant's, dealers in Well Fixtures, Hardware, &c., Main St. next door to Chase House, Pleasantville, and at Mansion House, Titusville.
tf. K. BRETT & SON, Agents.

John K. Hallock,

ATTORNEY AT LAW and Solicitor of Patents, No. 565 French street (opposite Reed House) Erie, Pa. Will practice in the several State Courts and the United States Courts. Special attention given to soliciting patents for Inventors; infringements, re-issue and extension of patents carefully attended to. References: Hon. James Campbell, Clarion; Hon. John S. McCalmont, Franklin; H. L. & A. B. Richmond, Meadville; W. E. Lathy, Tionesta. 27

Dr. J. L. Acomb,

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

-IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND

A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery, and fine Groceries, all of the best quality, and will be sold at reasonable rates.

H. R. BURGESS, an experienced Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately. tf.

W. P. Mercilliott,

Attorney at Law.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

—AND—

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

TIONESTA, PA.

28-y

JOHN A. DALE, PRES'T.
JOHN A. PROPER, VICE PRES'T. A. H. STEELE, CASHR.

TIONESTA SAVINGS BANK,

Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa.

This Bank transacts a General Banking, Collecting and Exchange Business.

Drafts on the Principal Cities of the United States and Europe bought and sold.

Gold and Silver Coin and Government Securities bought and sold. 7-30 Bonds converted on the most favorable terms.

Interest allowed on time deposits.
May 4, tf.

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CO. OF NORTH AMERICA,

No. 232 Walnut St Phila.

Incorporated 1794. Charter Perpetual

MARINE, INLAND & FIRE INSURANCE

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$20,000,000 losses paid since its organization. WM. BUHLER, Central Agent, Harrisburg, Pa.

MILES W. TATE, Agent in Tionesta, Forest County, Pa.
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J. W. ROWLAND, ALEX. McDOWELL

J. W. ROWLAND & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS

AND DEALERS IN

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

And Agents for the Celebrated Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.

LIBERTY STREET, NEAR DOE FRANKLIN, PENN'A.

2?8 tf.

WALLIS'

IMPROVED MAGIC BALM!

IMPROVED MAGIC BALM!

W. H. PERKINS & CO., Sole Proprietors, Franklin, Pa. 44

JONES HOUSE,

CLARION, PENN'A.

S. S. JONES - - - Proprietor.

STILL AHEAD.

OUR GREAT BOSTON

DOLLAR STORE!

We want good reliable agents in every part of the country. By employing your time to form clubs and sending us orders, you can obtain the most liberal commissions either in Cash or Merchandise, and all goods sent by us will be as represented and we guarantee satisfaction to every one dealing with our house.

Agents should collect ten cents from every customer, and forward to us in advance, for Descriptive lists of the goods we sell.

The holders of the Checks, have the checks have the privilege of either purchasing the article thereon described, or of exchanging for any article mentioned on our catalogue, numbering over 500 different articles, not one of which can be purchased in the usual manner for the same money.

The advantages of first sending the Checks are these: We are constantly buying small lots of very valuable goods, which are not on our catalogue, and for which we issue checks until all are sold; besides in every club we put checks for Watches, Quilts, Blankets, Dress Patterns, or some other article of equal value.

We do not offer a single article of merchandise that can be sold by regular dealers at our price. We do not ask you to buy goods of us unless we can sell them cheaper than you obtain them in any other way—while the greater part of our goods are sold at about

One Half the Regular Rates

Our stock consists in part, of the following goods:—

Shawls, Blankets, Quilts, Cottons, Ginghams, Dress Goods, Table Linen, Towels, Hosiery, Gloves, Skirts, Corsets, &c., &c.

Silver-Plated Ware, Spoons Plated on Nickel Silver, Dessert Forks, Five-Bottle Plated Castors, Britannia Ware, Glass Ware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, in great variety.

Elegant French and German Fancy Goods. Beautiful Photograph Albums, the newest and choicest styles in Morocco and velvet Bindings.

Gold and Plated Jewelry of the newest styles.

We have also made arrangements with one of the leading publishing houses that will enable us to sell the latest and standard works of popular authors at about one, half the regular price: such as Byron, Moore, Burns, Milton, and Tennyson's Works, in Full Gilt and Cloth Bindings, and hundreds of others. These and everything else for

ONE DOLLAR FOR EACH ARTICLE.

In every order amounting to over $50, accompanied by the cash, the agent may retain $2; and in every order over $100, $4.00 may be retained to PAY EXPRESS CHARGES

COMMISSION TO AGENTS.

For an order of $30 from a club of thirty we will pay the Agent as commission 33 yards bleached or brown sheeting, good dress pattern, all wool pants pattern, or $3.50 in cash.

For an order of $60, from a club of sixty we will pay the Agent 65 yards, brown or bleached sheeting, hunting case watch, all wool shall, or $7.00 in cash.

For an order of $100, from a club of 100 we will pay the agent 110 yard [1 ward wide], sheeting, splendid sewing machine or $11 cash.

SEND MONEY BY REGISTERED LETTER. For further particulars send for catalogues. Address,

Geo. A. Plummer & Co.,

(Successor to Harris & Plummer,)
30 and 40 Hanover St., Boston, Mass
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A CARD.

A Clergyman, while residing in South America as a missionary, discovered a safe and simple remedy for the Cure of Nervous Weakness, Early Decay, Diseases of the Urinary and Seminal Organs, and the whole train of disorders brought on by baneful and vicious habits. Great numbers have been cured by this noble remedy. Prompted by a desire to benefit the afflicted and unfortunate, I will send the recipe for preparing and using this medicine, in a sealed envelope, to any one who needs it, free of charge. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, N. Y. City. 30-4t

$25 A Week Salary!—Young men wanted as local and traveling salesmen. Adress (with stamp) R. H. WALKER, 34 Park Row, N. Y. 30-4t

AGENTS WANTED FOR

Hon. Wm. SEWARD'S GRAND TOUR of Mexico; Adventure and Sight-seeing in

"Our Sister Repuqlic."

Is a work of rare merit profusely illustrated. Send for circulars to Columbian Book Company, Hartford, Ct. 28-3t

A MAN WITH TWENTY WIVES.

A Mormon Romance.

CHAPTER I.—THE MORMON'S DEPARTURE

The morning on which Reginald Gloverson was to leave Great Salt Lake City with a mule train, dawned beautifully.

Reginald Gloverson was a young and thrifty Mormon, with an interest-family of twenty young and handsome wives.

His unions had never been blessed with children. As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha, in Nebraska, with a mule train for goods, but although he had performed the rather perilous journey many times with entire safety, his heart was particularly sad on this morning, and filled with gloomy forebodings.

The time for his departure had arrived—the high-spirited mules were at the door, impatiently champing their bits. The Mormon stood sadly among his weeping wives.

"Dearest ones," he said "I am singularly sad at heart this morning; but do not let this depress you. The journey is a perilous one, but,—pshaw! I have always come back safely heretofore, and why should I fear? Besides, I know that every night, as I lay down on the broad starlit prarie, your faces will come to me in my dreams and make me slumber sweet and gentle. You, Emily, with your mild blue eyes, and you, Henrietta, with your splendid black hair; and you, Nelly, with your hair so brightly beautiful golden; and you, Mollie, with your cheeks so downy; and you, Betsy, with your—with your—that is to say, Susan, with your—and the other thirteen of you, each so good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams, will you not dearests?

"Our own," they lovingly chimed, "we will?"

"And so farewell!" cried Reginald. "Come to my arms, my own!" he said, "that is as many of you as can do it conveniently at once, for I must away."

But he had not gone far, when the offhind mule became unhitched. Dismounting, he essayed to adjust the trace; but ere he had fairly commenced the task, the mule, a singularly refactory animal, snorted wildly and kicked Reginald frightfully in the stomach. He arose with difficulty and tottered feebly towards his mother's house, which was near by, fa[illegible] dead in her yard, with the rem[illegible], "Dear mother I have come home to die!"

"So I see," she said; "where's the mules?"

Alas! Reginald could give her no answer. In vain the heart-stricken mother threw herself upon his inanimate form, carying:

"Oh, my son—my son!—only tell me where the mules are, and then you may die if you want to."

In vain—in vain! Reginald had passed over.

CHAPTER II.—FUNERAL TRAPPINGS.

The mules were never found.

Reginald's heart-broken mother took the body home to her unfortunate son's widows. But before her arrival, she indiscreetly sent a boy to burst the news gently to his afflicted wives, which he did by informing them, in a hoarse whisper, "that their old man had gone in."

The wives felt very badly indeed.

"He was devoted to me," sobbed Emily.

"And to me," said Maria.

"Yes," said Emily, "he thought considerable of you, but not so much as he did of me."

"I say he did!"

"I say he didn't!"

"He did!"

"He didn't!"

"Don't look at me with your squint eyes!"

"Don't shake your red head at me!"

"Sisters," said the black haired Henrietta, "cease this unseemingly wrangling. I, as his first wife, shall strew flowers on his grave."

"No you won't," said Susan. "I as his last wife, shall strew flowers on his grave. It's my business to strew."

"You shant—so there!" said Henrietta.

"You bet I will," said Susan with a tear-suffused cheek.

"Well, as for me," said the practical Betsy, "I ain't on the strew, much but, I shall ride at the head of the funeral procession."

"Not if I have been introduced to myself, you won't," said the golden-haired Nelly, "that's my position. You bet your bonnet strings it is."

"Children," said Reginald's mother, "you must do some crying, you know on the day of the funeral; and how many pockethandkerchefs will it take to go round? Betsey, you and Nelly ought to make one do between you."

"I'll tear her eyes out, if she perpetrates a sob on my handkerchief!" said Nelly.

"Dear daughter-in-law," said Reginald's mother, "how unseeming is that anger. Mules is five hundred dollars a span, and every identical mule my poor boy had has been gobbled up by the red men. I knew when my Reginald staggered into the door-yard that he was on the Die, but had I only thunk to ask him about them mules ere his gentle spirit took its flight, it would have been four thousand dollars in your pockets. You have never felt a parents feelings."

"Its an oversight," sobbed Maria.—"Do not blame us."

CHAPTER III.—DUST TO DUST.

The funeral passed off in a very pleasant manner, nothing occuring to mar the harmony of the occasion. By a happy thought of Reginald's mother the wives waled to the grave twenty abreast, which rendered that part of the ceremony thoroughly impartial.

That night the twenty wives with heavy hearts sought their twenty respective couches.

In another house not many leagues from the house of mourning, a gray-haired woman was weeping passionately.

'He died,' she cried, 'he died without signerfying, in any respect, where them mules went to!'

CHAPTER IV.—MARRIED AGAIN.

Two years elapse between the third and fourth chapters. A manly Mormon one evening, as the sun was preparing to set among a selec assortment of gold and crimson clouds in the western horizon—although for that matter the sun has a right to 'set' where it wants to, and so, I may add, has a hen—a manly Mormon, I say, tapped at the door of the mansion of the Reginald Gloverson.

The door is opened by Mrs. Susan Gloverson.

"Is this the house of widow Gloverson?" the Mormon asked.

"It is," said Susan.

"And how many is there of she?" inquired the Mormon.

"There is about twenty of her, including me," returned Susan.

"Can I see her?"

"You can."

"Madame," he softly said, addressing the twenty disconsolate widows, "I've seen part of you before. And although I've had twenty-five wives, whom I respect and care for, I can truly say that I never felt love's holy thrill till I saw thee! Be mine! be mine!" he enthusiastically cried, "and we will show the world a striking illustration of the beauty and truth of the noble lines, only a good deal more so—

"Twenty-one souls with a single thought,
Twenty-one hearts that beat as one."

They were united—they were.—*Trinidad (Col.) Enterprise.*

DESPAIR.—If there is anything that will kill a man, it is depair. It has nerved the poor victin to steady the knife on its way to his heart, to the core of life. It has flung the proud woman who stood in her beauty and loveliness, where before life was worth living, into the filthy throng to be trampled on, and a filthy thing herself, an outcast from human love, a poor wanderer from the love of God. Men and women are among us, on every side of us, who take our hand and speak a passing word, but they do not live life; they live instead, an awful, ever-dying death. Hope is gone, and they word as the clock works, work as a machine. Turn not too coldly, proud fortune, from a fairer one who has fallen at your feet—she was better than you once—she stood up longer than you could have done—she is your sister—she is God's.

A Murderer's Unconcern.

[From the Syracuse (N. Y.) Courier.]

Walter Graham killed Samuel Otto in Wayne county. He left the body when the deed was done, and went to a lawyer in the village of Wolcott and had a paper drawn up which set fourth an agreement between Otto and Graham leasing a farm owned by Otto to the latter. He also drew up a receipt and forged Otto's name thereto, purporting to show that he had paid Otto $700, and then returned home, informed the neighbors of the murder, went with them to the place where the body lay, and, after assisting them in bringing it home, gave himself up to the proper authorities. On his introduction into the county jail, he was unconcerned as to what he had done, and as to what the result would be. With but few exceptions, from that time to the present, when asked why he committed the crime, he has replied that it was done in self-defense, and in a moment of anger; that Otto threw an axe at him first, and that he killed Otto by throwing the same in return.

He was tried and convicted last Friday. When asked if he had anything to say, he rose, and said: "I want to say, there are some things they (the witnesses) said, that I didn't mention. They said I said 'I meant to kill him.' That is the Bible truth—a thing I never said to any one. I never told I meant to kill him. I done it in self-defense, and I want all to understand, that I have prepared myself, and that I wouldn't flip a cent any way whether I live or die. They have to answer for all these things at the judgment of God. I ain't got to answer for them; I answer for myself, and that is the truth. I know I have friends I have to leave, but for all that I hope I may meet them in that place, and shall be forgiven for all I have done."

Judge Dwight then addressed the prisoner, and sentenced him to be hanged on the 21st of December.

Douglass' Estimate of Clay.

Donn Piatt gives the following as Stephen A. Douglass' estimate of Henry Clay:

He was a consummate actor, not so honest as Tom Benton, nor, in my opinion, so able. Tom had not old Harry's trick of oratory, but he had most Statesmanlike views, and he was dead in earnest. Old Bullion believed in the constitution and Tom Benton. Henry Clay believed in nothing. I have no doubt but that he used to laugh in his sleeves at his Great American System, as he called the tariff, and wonder how men could be gulled by such stuff. He swore like a trooper, drank to excess, and was passionately fond of gambling. He was the most dangerous person for a young man to know, for he made these vices respectable. To this day they swell up in the South and say, "Be God" because the great Harry would swell up and say "Be God." He gambled in his rooms, and shrewd observers used to say that he used his facinating powers of conversation to win his adversary's attention from his cards—or, if a young man, would awe him with utter confusion.

Ida Lewis.

A correspondent wonders how Ida Lewis can handle the oars with such power. She weighs only one hundred pounds, is thin and not at all the personage the popular notion has made of her. Her hands, it is said, are large, her feet ditto, and what is not very pretty in a heroine whose name has been enshrined in song, she does not show much respect for Lindly Murray. But then she performed a gallant act, and the people honor gallantry wherever they find it. By the way, Ida was a mother at that time of her recent marriage—a mother and not a widow. A certain captain in the navy was the lover of the light-house keeper's daughter when he wore the uniform of a mid-shipman.

—The late James T. Brady once remarked that his experience convinced him that a man's wife was his best lawyer.

—The people of Springfield, Mass., felt another shock on Sunday morning, which they supposed to be that of an earthquake.

Beauties of Insurance.

A California letter-writer thus gives his experience of insurance:

"Insurance is a nice thing—a beautiful system. I tried it once; insured a vessel. She got knocked into "smithereens;" had her repaired under the eye of their agent. On settlement they treated me to a treatise on "jetsom," "flotsom," "general average," "navigation," and several other sciences. A broker rendered a beautiful document, all figured over and ruled in red ink, and we settled. They first charged me what I had paid for repairs, then charged it back to the vessel—then charged the vessel the difference between what she then was and formerly was not—then deducted what she ought to have been—charged me back the insurance I had paid, and having by some error a small balance in my favor, they gave that to the broker for making out the papers. Not being a scientific mathematician, I took the document home and figured all day on it, and the result stood thus: I had been allowed the privilege of repairing my own vessel at my own cost—to pay two notes not half due, and put $75 in Broker Jones' pocket for the concoction of all the mysteries of Daboll simmered down in red ink, and tied up very tastily with green ribbons. It is a very pretty thing—I have it yet; and If I am ever sentenced to solitary confinement in Sing Sing, I want the privilege of taking the document with me. In ten or fifteen years I might begin to comprehend it. You re some on figuers, Jones, you are."

The Bad Habits of Choirs.

The New York *Examiner* thus describes a "fashionable choir:" "The choir loft ten feet behind and the feet above the worshippers; then the fourteen sorts of tune books; then the balustrade to hide the praisers; then the praisers themselves, who come tripping to their places with exuberant satisfaction and demonstrative delight; then their salutions and greeting, which in any other part of the church would be considered intoerably irreverent (therefore the choir loft is not recognized as a part of the church, or the inhabitants a part of the worshippers;) then titter, a disease which is as incurable in choirs as it is inseparable from them; then solemn singing with a background of merry smiles, hilarious nudging and characteristic (not to say choristic winks; then a grand reconnoitering of tune-books, accompanied by appropriate whispers, during the prayer or the reading of the Holy Bible; then a literary entertainment, or an exchange of penciled notes on all the great questions that interest the human mind—excepting religion; then the transformation of the choir into a sleeping car, of which the chorister is conductor, who wakes up his passengers when it is time to go to praising again.

—One dark night not long ago, a burglar entered a private house in Sixth avenue. On ascending one flight of stairs he observed a light in a chamber, and while hesitating what to do, a large woman suddenly descended upon him, seized him by the throat, forced him down through the hall, and pushed him into the street before he had time to think. "Heroic repulse of a burgular by a woman," was the way the story appeared in the papers next day. But when friends called and congratulated her upon her courage, she exclaimed, "Goodness gracious! I didn't know it was a burglar. If I had, I should been frightened half to death. I thought it was my husband come home drunk again, and I was determined he shouldn't stay in the house in that condition."

—Some young men talk about luck. *Good* luck is to get up at six o'clock in the morning. Good luck, if you have only a shilling a week is to live on eleven pence and save a penny. Good luck is to trouble your head with your own and let others' business alone. Good luck is, fulfill the commandments, do unto other people as we wish them to do unto us. We must plod and persevere. Pence must be taken care of because they are the seeds of guineas. To "get on in the world," we must take care of home, sweep our own doorways clean, try to help other people, avoid temptations, and have faith in truth and God.

The Raffle of a Belle.

Considerable excitement was created among the young unmarried men of New York last week by an annoucement which appeared in the *Commercial Advertiser*, to the effect that on a certain evening a beautiful heiress was to be raffled away to some lucky swain at the Fair which was then being held for the benefit of the Foundling Asylum. The reason given for this apparent sacrifice was that the young lady in question considered marriage a lottery at best, and she was as willing to be disposed of at a raffle as any other way. The prospect of having a chance to obtain a wealthy wife by investing five dollars proved an irresistible attraction to those of the male sex whose affections were unplaced, and whose pockets were not overburdened with superfluous funds. Accordingly, on the appointed evening, the Fair was thronged with a galaxy of brilliant but impecunious young men, each with the requisite amount for a single chance at least in this lottery which was to confer on some favorite of fortune not only a wife, but abundant means for the support of herself and husband.

But alas for human expectations! It was all a mistake—a cruel, harrowing joke! Marriage may be a lottery in the opinion of many young and attractive heiresses, but the one who was willing to be disposed of at a raffle was not to be found. Heiresses must be wooed as well as their less pretensious sisters, and those who aspire to win the hands of the wealthy and beautiful must still expect that parents and guardians will not be as particular as ever before in examining their bank accounts and financial prospects, and yet a beautiful and elegantly dressed belle was raffled off according to annoucement, but though her attire was costly, her beauty was all waxen, and wealth did not exceed her market value as a doll.

It is but fair to state that this innocent joke, which was, nevertheless, the means of stirring up the smouldering fire of love in many a manly breast, was perpetrated by a well known journalist, and not by the ladies of the Fair, who were as innocent of it as any of the puzzled beaux, who, however, were as thoroughly sold thereby as the waxen belle which summoned them from their clubs and evening entertainments.

—A young lady who sometimes indulges her wit, "without regard to expense" of feeling on the part of those at whom the barbed darts are hurled, recently asked our village dry goods clerk this question: "Why is your moustache like a black hair?" He blushingly gave it up when the answer, sharp and rather starical, caused him to blush still more: "Because it's *all down!*"

—A young man at San Francisco, finding that the object of his heart's dearest affection would not listen to a proposition of marriage, procured an old pistol, which he filled with powder and paper, and discharged it at her, with the view of winning her over to his way of thinking; but the young lady took it as a genuine attempt to murder her, and had him committed to await the action of the Grand Jury.

—"Mother said a little shaver the other day, "I know what I would do if I was at sea, and the men were all starving and they should draw lots to see who should be killed and eaten, and it should be me—I'd jump into the water." "But," said the mother, "they would fish you up." "No," said he, "for I wouldn't bite."

—A Western editor accused another of having stole his report at a meeting which was recognized by certain earmarks. The retort courteous is that the first editor should tie his ears over the top of his head while writing to keep them out of the ink bottle."

—An Albany girl wants to know whether the woman's rights movements includes the right to do the courting. If it does she is in favor of it; as the young men in her vicinity are bashful.

—Mark Twain says that the Sandwich Island dish of plain dog "is only the cherished American sausage with the mystery removed."