## HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

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### Nancy, the Pride of the West. We have dark, lovely looks on the shores where the Spanish

From their gay ships came gallantly forth, And the sweet, shrinkin' voilets sooner will vanish

Than modest blue eyes from our North. But oh, if the fairest of fair-daughtered Erin Gathered round at her golden request, There's not one of them all that she'd think worth comparin'

With Nancy, the Pride of the West.

You'd suspect her the statue the Greek fell in love with

If you chanced on her musin' alone, Or some goddess great Jove was offended above with,

And chilled to a sculpture of stone ; But you'd think her no colorless classical

statue, When she turns from her pensive repose,

With her glowin' brown eyes glancin' timidly at

And the blush of a beautiful rose.

Have you heard Nancy sigh ? Then you've caught the sad echo From the wind-harp enchantingly borne.

Have you heard the girl laugh? Then you've heard the first cuckoo

Carol summer's delightful return.

And the songs that poor ignorant country folk fancy

The lark's liquid raptures on high, Are just old Irish airs from the sweet lips

Nancy, Flowin' up and refreshin' the sky.

And the' her foot dances so soft from the

heather To the dew-twinklin' tussocks of grass,

It but warns the bright drops to slip closer to-

gether, To image the exquisite lass, We've no men left among us so lost to emotion, Or scornful, or cold to her sex,

Who'd resist her, if Nancy once took up the notion.

To set that soft foot on their necks.

Yet for all that the bee flies for honey-dew fragrant

To the half-opened flower of her lips, And the butterfly pauses, the purple-eyed

wagrant, To play with her p'nk finger tips,

From all human lovers she locks up the treasure A thousand are starving to taste,

And the fairies alone know the magical measure

Of the ravishin' round of her waist. -The Author of " Songs of Killarney."

# A MIDNIGHT DRAMA.

What a sigh was that ! not noisy, but profound and eloquent at once of an old rendered him less careful than when he had come down. However that may be, grief and a fresh perplexity, Bob Withers, the gentleman in his shirt-sleeves before the mirror, had heaved that sigh every night for ten years, eously with the act of removing from his head the fine chestnut wig which conceals the almost complete destitution of the natural covering. The grief is therefore an old one, but an ele ment of perplexity has mingled with this nightly sigh more lately-namely since having wooed and won Angie Mc-Lane in his wig, he has been screwing up his courage to the point of revealing to her that it is a wig, as he feels in fair-ness he ought to do. He has put it off, and put it off, never finding just the right opportunity for the confession. until now the wedding is but a month off, and the task seems harder, more impossible, than ever. He is at present spending a couple of days at the house f the McLanes in the country, with a view to getting acquainted with the family. For the sake of enjoying unalloved the pleasure of Angie's society for this short time, he has compromised with his conscience by resolving at once on leaving to write to her and tell the truth, and by no means to procrastinate further. Meantime the process of getting ac-quainted with the family does not get on very prosperously. Bob is a poor match from the parental point of view, and a bitter disappointment to the McLanes. Nothing but Angie's resolute character of it. could have extorted the grudging consent which their engagement had at length received. The family consisted, besides Angie, of her father and mother, and two brothers, John and George. Mr. McLane kept his room, being a confirmed invalid. John, strong-willed and arrogant in temper, ruled the family with a rod of iron—George being kinder tempered, but of much less strength of character. Angie was the only member of the family whom John could not rule and she had carried the point of her engagement against his bitter opposition. Mrs. McLane was a mere shuttlecock between John and Angie, receiving an impulse from one which lasted till the other got hold of her. John had accepted the engagement with an exceedingly bad grace, and made scarcely a decent pretense of concealing from Bob his contempt and hostility, and his desire to find any pretext for forcing a quarrel. This was particularly unpleasant and demoralizing to Bob, because the injury to his own self-respect by the sense of the tacit deceit he was guilty of as to his wig left him unable to meet John's overbearing insolence with the quiet dignity he would have liked to assume. tage? After going to bed he lay awake a couple of hours thinking over these embarrassing circumstances, and the delightful fact of Angie's love, to which they were offsets. 'In the course of his tossings he became aware that his seal ring, was not on his finger, and instantly remembered that, after using it for a forfeit in a parlor-game that evening, he ad forgotten to replace it. Vexation at his carelessness instantly made him wide awake. The ring must be on the librarytable. If not, then he knew not where; and, if there, it might be filehed by a servant in the morning. Associations made it invaluable, and he found himself so uneasy about its safety that he could not sleep. Perhaps the best thing he could do was to quietly step down-stairs various possibilities of concealment in his stockings without disturbing any- which the room offered. Youthful expebody, and make sure about it. He knew that he could, even in the dark, steer his way straight to the library. In this sleepless, excited state of his mind the half a dozen places that would have way straight to the library. In this sleepless, excited state of his mind the slight tinge of adventure in his plan had an attraction

of his clothes, and, softly opening the door of the room, went across the hall Vainly seeking a safe refuge, he ran round the apartment like a rat in a trap. He already heard the brothers in the and down the stairs to the ground-floor. dining-room picking up the silver and wondering to find it all there, when, obeying a sudden inspiration, he clam-bered upon a lofty bookcase that ran across one end of the room, arching above the divisor scene because the divisor scene in the silver scene in the silver scene is a second scene is a second scene is a second scene in the second scene is a second It was quite dark, but he found his way easily, having a good topographic in-From the lower hall he entered stinct the dining-room, and from that the library. The sea-coal fire in the grate was still flickering brightly, illuminating the sumptuously-furnished room with a faint, above the dining-room door, and reaching within a few feet of the ceiling. In cold Soft glow of peculiarly rich effect. There on the table his ring glittered in the fitful firelight, and, as he slipped it on his finger, he felicitated himself on blood he pever could have scaled it. Lying at full length upon the top of the okcase with his back to the wall, the bulge of him was still visible from the

his successful enterprise. The room was further part of the room, in case it so charmingly cozy that he felt it would should occur to his pursuers to look so be a sin not to linger awhile. So, throw-ing himself on a sofa before the grate, The he fell into a delightful reverie.

felt the whole room.

fore so dull and dark !

and, peering over the edge of the book-Just there, in that chair, Angie had case, Bob recognized with singular sensat during the evening, and there he pictured her again, flually going and sations the two gentlemen with whom he had been quietly conversing a little leaning over it in a caressing attitude, foudly cheating himself. Over there had sat Mrs. McLane, and the chair-back at once transfixed him with two earlier in the evening. Then they were arrayed in faultless evening dress, and their manner, although supercilious enough, was calm and polished. Now he critical eyes, till he was fain to look away. saw them half dressed, with disheveled The brothers were there, and there. Bob chuckled with a cozy sense of sur-reptitiousness as he thought how they would stare could they see him now. The subtile pleasure of clandestine things is doubtless partly the correction of hair-John carrying a student's-lamp in his left hand, and in his right an uglylooking cane-sword with a blade painfully naked, while George held a revolver at full cock. is doubtless partly the exaggeration of the personality which takes place as the pressure of other minds is withdrawn. Talking in a low tone, as they called one another's attention to various spots

where possibly the burglar might be To persons of Bob's sensitive mental atconcealed, they went slowly from corner to corner, probing every recess with the sword, and in an attitude of strained atmosphere that pressure is painful when such minds are hostile, and often irksome even when they are friendly, if not in tention to every sound. Their faces, groperfect accord. So that now it was with tesquely lit by the mingled fire and lamp light, showed a fierce hunter's look that positively voluptuous sensation that is personality expanded till it filled and, made Bob fairly sick. He did not dare to look at them long lest

The fire burned, and busily flew the the magnetism of his gaze should attract shuttles of his fancy, weaving once again their involuntary attention. Nay, he the often-varied patterns of the future. even made a frantic effort not to think of Those shuttles had little leisure nowathem, from the fear that some physical current might have the same effect—for he believed strongly, though vaguely, in the mysteries of animal magnetism, days, for all the web must be unraveled and rewoven, that through it all might run the golden thread of Angie's love. How rarely did it light up the fabric, beand had a notion that a person sensitive

to such influences might detect the pres-ence of his victim by the very terror the The bronze mantle-clock sounded with a silvery tinkle the hour of two, but the sound fell apparently unheeded on the car of the dreamer. It was a full minute latter had of him. He could scarcely believe his fortune. when, a moment later, the two brothers passed again beneath him back into the

The latter now entered the library;

before the impression reached his mind. There are times when the thoughts diving-room. throng so that each new sensation has to From there they went on through the take its place in the cue and wait its turn rooms beyond, and the sound of their to get attention. Then he stirred and roused himself, emerging reluctantly

footsteps died away entirely. Perhaps five minutes after, they re-turned—that is, as far as the dining-room —and Bob gathered from their conver-sation that they had found one of the from the warm, voluptuous atmosphere of imagination, as one leaves an enerva-ting bath. He had been lying thus a full hour, and it was high time to return to bed. He left the library and started fastenings in the basement in a condition indicating that the burglar might have moss the dining-room with a hasty step. scoped there. Perhaps long gazing at the fire had

fied themselves that the coast was clear. descended to the dining-room, and a lively discussion of all aspects of the problem eusned, which was highly edifying to Bob.

a light stand which he had easily avoided then, he now blundered fully upon. ore interesting, as it turned on himself. he seamed his prisoner closely, he might

disgust, began to return from the end of its floating thread, and reinhabit the quarters for which it could not quite shake off responsibility. Bob sat in an attitude of utter dejec-

esponsibility. "Get up, or I'll shoot !" said George. "Oh, don't shoot him !" cried Mrs. tion, staring at the ashes of the fire, which an hour ago had blazed as bright-ly as his own love-lit fancies. He was completely demoralized and almost in-capable of thought or resolution. There was something so pitiable in Bob's odd-McLane, while Bob, still motionless, dimly hoped he would. "Get up !" reiterated John; and he did get up. His own will was inactive, and John's was the force that moved his muccles. He turned around end of the

his legs dangling over the edge of the bookcase, and his wet, white, wretched face blankly directed toward the group have moved almost any one to compassion. It did stir compunctions in

a most pitable figure. "Jump down," said John; "and, if you try to escape, you will get shot !" Bob let himself drop without regard to how he was to alight, and in conse-unerce was severely bryined account a quence was severely bruised against a chair and the edges of the bookcase.

He stood facing the group. His eyes mechanically sought Angie's, What was his surprise not to perceive in her ex-pression of mingled curiosity and fright pression of mingled carlosity and right the slightest sign of recognition 1  $\Lambda$ glance showed him that it was the same with the others. John and George evi-dently supposed they were dealing with to the door as he spoke. an ordinary burglar, and the others were

apparently quite as devoid of suspicion as to his identity. His wig! He had forgotten all about it. That explained their singular demeanor.

The bald man in stockings, trousers and shirt, caught hiding in the library after an attempt on the silver, quite naturally failed to recall to their minds the youth of rather foppish attire and luxuriant locks who bade them goodnight a few hours previous. As this fact and its explanation broke upon Bob's mind he felt an immense sense of relief, instantly followed by a more poignant perception of the inextricable falsity and cruel absurdity of his position. He had little time to think it over and determine

Bob even then was able to notice that he had never seen her so ravishingly beautiful as now, with her golden hair falling over her charming *deshabille*, while her eyes scintillated with excite-ment. She would have blushed to have been seen by him in such an undress alicating that the burglar might have scaped there. Mrs. McLane and Angie, having satisto. be keeping us awake." animal.

Then the conversation became still front of Bob with cocked revolver. Had

question for the police.

prised himself:

any further."

dress.

plied

John, sharply.

a sardonic smile :

and then he said :

They sat down.

roposition to make.'

Bob had not uttered a word.

at your service, and respectfully decline

at once the voice and now the features of

"I wear a wig," he replied, "and to-

stumble over that cursed stand in the

"But what did you hide for ?" asked

Bob just touched his bald head and re-

John pitched the revolver on the sofa

and stood pensive. Finally he said, with

"Mr. Withers, how do you propose to

get out of this? Shall I call in the

ladies and let you explain? They will

presently be wanting to know what we

Bob made no reply. Already bitterly

umiliated, he saw no way of avoiding

muttering : "Wonder if it wouldn't be the shortest

way out of it to call her down?" Then, with

a saving reflection upon the uncertainty

of a woman's course under any given set

of circumstances, he came back, and, re-

seating himself opposite Bob, said, with

my little suggestion of giving you one

more chance with Angie? On the whole,

Going back, it was my luck to

Bob; "but where's your hair ?"

Bob blushed painfully.

"I heard the ladies up."

ave done with the burglar.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1877.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FAITH.

#### Meeting the Husband of His Dead Sister-A Visit Passed in Prayer.

The death of the Hon. Peter Harvey, Webster's most intimate and confidential friend, recalls a conversation held with him by the writer some time since, relating to the character of the great stateswas something so pitiable in Bob's odd-looking, dismantled figure, half-dressed, with that queer, white, bulbous head, dimmed, black eyes, and expression of crushing shame and defeat, that it would from serious reflections—never wholly lost its hold, though dulled perhaps, for a season. He was educated in the old

George, but there was no mercy in John's still, blue eyes. Two or three Presbyterian faith, strengthened by his training at Dartmouth College, and the religious sentiment held a prominent place in his mind. Mr. Harvey dwelt minutes passed in a silence so complete that even the almost noiseless movement of the French clock on the mantel was directly audible, "You are taking altogether too long with especial interest on this trait in the

character of his distinguished friend, and gave as an illustration what he conto make up you mind, Mr. Withers. It will make shorter work to call Angie," finally said John, sharply, his patience quite at an end. He rose and stepped sidered to be one of the grandest incidents of his career. Webster left his home early for busy

life, and returned there only on periodi-cal occasions. There were sisters who grew up after he left, and one of these "It won't be necessary, John—here I m!" said a clear voice, with a sharp ring in it that the family had learned to was married to a man whom he did not know meant decisive work, and Angie stepped into the room, her blue eyes flashing with indignation and her lips trembling with scorn, beautiful as a Vermont, and he never saw her again.

flashing with indignation and her lips trembling with scorn, beautiful as a goddess. Bob started up from his abject atti-tude and stood facing her with the look of a man waiting his doom from the firing-squad. As he stood there, drawn up to his full height, with just a touch of appeal softening the defiance of his received Angie's first attention. "You mean, cowardly fellows !" she

received Angie's first attention. "You mean, cowardly fellows !" she said, in tones of concentrated contempt. description of this journey, as given by Mr. Harvey, was charming to listen to.

cruel absurdity of his position. He had little time to think it over and determine his best course. John stepped forward, and with the point of his cane-sword motioned him into a corner, thus leaving the way clear to the ladies, who at once hurried into the dining-room, throwing glances of fear and aversion upon Bob as they passed. Angie paused at the doorway and asked : "What are you going to do with the dreadful man?" Bob even then was able to notice that of works. Anyhow, John," she added, turning to him, as if contrasting his slight figure with Bob's fine *physique*, "Mr. Withers doesn't wear shoulder-pads." With that parting shot she disthere a withered tree which had served as a target for the young sportsman, and there a mountain whose lofty peak had drawn his aspirations heavenward in his is." With that parting shot she dis-beared into the dining-room, in a mo-nt reappearing, to say: "Mr. thers, you may forgive them if you want I'm by no means sure that I shall, d now go to bed, all of you, and don't keeping us awake." There was an outward silence for a moments. Then John said: appeared into the dining-room, in a moment reappearing, to say : "Mr. Withers, you may forgive them if you want And now go to bed, all of you, and don't

There was an outward silence for a few moments. Then John said: "I tion't ask your pardon, Mr. Withers, because I meant to succeed, house upon a gentle elevation, with a veranda about the structure, upon which, and I'm sorry I didn't. But I know in the shadow, commanding a view of 'em one for you; knock spots out you when I'm beaten, and you needn't ex-pect no further opposition from me. white-haired man reading. He looked mc, Mrs. Jim."

The center of gravity-An undertaker's

NO. 26.

Of the 80,219 school-going children in San Francisco, 2,082 are Chinese.

The Alfred (Me.) jail prisoners The United States annually ships over

100,000 boxes of clothes-pins to Eng

There are always twenty-five thousand lost umbrellas at the Paris chief of police's office.

"Whatever is, is right," Pope re-marked. But the man who arrives a the depot just as the train is scudding along at the other end is generally left. A stroke of lightning the other day tore a boy's boot all to pieces and didn't harm the boy. The reason was that he had placed the boot under a tree and gone in swimming.

A writer says that when a swimmer a writer says that what it is to be should turn his toes toward the knee. Another good way is to turn your toes toward the middle of the pond, and paw for the nearest dry land

A New York reporter has complained of a hand organ man as a nuisance. Such a man would never do in the West, where the reporters are hushed to sleep by the uproar of steam thrashing machines.

A trick resorted to just now by a class of sharpers in London, is to paint the feathers of sparrows so as to make them look like bulfinches. They are disposed of to amateur bird fanciers at good prices.

John A. Garber, of East Donegal township, Pennsylvania, mixed some paris green in a bucket and set it near the fence adjoining the pasture. Four cows found the stuff, and "kicked the bucket.

Nobody likes to be nobody; but every-body is pleased to think himself some-body. And everybody is somebody; but when everybody thinks himself somebody, he generally thinks everybody else is nobody.

A young lady at Fails Church, Va., smoked a cigarette given to her by a medical gentleman, and woke up in the middle of the night feeling as though she had eaten a peck of green apples and several immature cucumbers.

Several English railway companies are noted for the fast time made by their locomotives. One, for instance, has made a run equal to seventy-eight miles an hour, another seventy-five, others seventy-two, seventy, sixty-nine, sixtyseven, etc.

A Pacific-slope Indian was pleased by his introduction to a galvanic battery, though it doubled him all up. Because, as he remarked to his squaw: "Me buy

One reason why the New Graphic refuses to publish anything from George Francis Train is because "Mr. Train's articles are worth \$26,000 apiece to any paper, if they are worth a cent, but the times are too hard for us to pay at this rate, and we decline to give any man less than his due."

Items of Interest.

Advocate.

Jumping out of bed he put on a part

Everybody knows that the toe in the dark, instead of delivering the blow when the foot is moving slowest, at the beginning or the end of the step, it always happens so that the toe strikes with the maximum momentum. So it was this time. If Bob had been kicking football he could not have made a nicer calculation of force, and the shock sent the stand completely over.

lazzled his eyes, or perhaps his haste, ogether with an undue confidence in his

shill in navigation by dead-reckoning,

It would have made noise enough anylow, but it must happen that on this stand the family silver was laid out for breakfast, and the clangor was similar to that of Apollo's silver bow, what time he let fly at the Grecian host before Troy. Bob stood paralyzed with horror. Even the anguish of a terribly stubbed toe was forgotten in an overpowering sense of the awful mess he had made, and the unimaginable consequences that would at once ensue. As the hideous clangor and clatter rang through the ouse, shattering its sacred silence, he shrank together and made himself small, as if he could impart a sympathetic shrinkage to the noise. The racket to his own ears was splitting enough, but he felt, in addition, as if he heard it with the ears of all the family, and he wilted before the conception of the feelings

moment after: that were at that moment starting up in their minds toward the unknown cause His first rational idea was, to bolt for

his room, and gain it before any one was fairly roused. But the shock had so scattered his wits that he could not at once recollect his bearings, and he realized, with indescribable sensations, that he was lost. He consumed precious moments bumping himself all about the room before he found the right door. saying !" As he reached the foot of the staircase. voices were audible above, and lights were gleaming down. His retreat was cut off; he could not get back to his room without being discovered. He now distinguished the voice of Mrs. McLane in an agitated tone entreating somebody to be careful and not to get shot, the gruff voices of the brothers responding. and then their steps rapidly descending the stairs. Should he go up and take the risk of a volley while announcing himself? It would make a pretty tableau. Presenting himself in such a guise and under such circumstances, what sort of a reception could he expect from John, who treated him with undisguised contempt in the drawing-room, and whose study it was to place him at a disadvan-

He might have hesitated longer, but at this moment the voice of Angie, crying down to her brothers to be careful, decided him. He could not face her under such terribly false circumstances, and without his wig. All this took place far quicker than I can write it. The glimmer of the de-

scending lamp already shone dimly in the hall, and Bob frantically looked about him for a hiding-place. But all the furniture stood up too high from the floor, and the corners were distressingly bare. He sprang into the dining-room, but in the dark he could not see the land lay, and hurried on into the library.

The dying fire still shed a dim light around, and he eagerly canvassed the rience in the game of hide-and-seek now

deluded one less practiced by the spe-cious but too-essily-guessed shelter they afforded.

heard Mrs. McLane saying: "He must be a hard sleeper, for knocked several times on his door." Then one of the brothers grunted something contemptuously, and he heard Angie's voice excusing him on the ground that he must be tired after his

ong journey. 'Are you sure you looked everywhere in the library ?" was Mrs. McLane's next question, at which a cold sweat started tion events were taking. But when out on Bob's face. He had just began to feel quite comfortable. John and George, however, declared

that they had looked everywhere. " Did you look under the sofa ?' " Behind the window-curtains ?"

"In that dark corner by the bookase?" asked the ladies in succession Ingenious cruelty of fate ! Even Angie was racking her brain to guess his hiding-

place. What if it should be she who hit upon it ! aback Bob drew a breath of relief as John

replied, with some asperity, to all these questions, that he had told them once that they looked everywhere. This silenced them, but Angie said, a

"Just let me ask one more question: Did you look on top of the bookcase?" It seemed to Bob that he died then, and came to life again to hear John reply,

night, coming down-stairs after you were all abed to get my ring which I had left on the table here, I did not fully contemptuously: "Over the bookcase? There's other room !' room there; and, if there were, nobody but a monkey could get up.

"There's room enough," persisted Angie, "and I have often noticed, when sitting in the library, what a nice hiding-place it would be. What if he should up there now, and hear what I'm

she added, in an agitated whisper. Nonsense !" said John.

"Well, there is no harm in looking, my way," said Mrs. McLane. ' Come along, then," grumbled John. You shall see for yourselves." At this Bob shut his eyes, and turned his face to the wall. The ostrich instinct is

the human instinct of despair. He tried to fly away from himself, and leave his body there as a derelict. The effort was desperate, and seemed almost successful. But he could not quite sever the connection, though his soul appeared to be hovering over his body, only attached by

a single thread-but a thread which, alas ! would not break. A moment after they all through the door directly beneath him, and, going clear to the other end of the library, stood on tiptoe, and peered at his hiding-place. There seemed to be eyes in his back, which felt their scrutiny. But the lamp they carried did not suffice

vantage. If I were to call in Angie now to bring out his figure clearly. and introduce you, I feel tolerably well "I'm sure I see something," said assured that it would be the end of your Angie, getting up on a chair. matrimonial expectations in that quars only the shadow of the firelight,' "It' ter. Still, you shall have a chance for your life. I will call her if you say so ?" eplied John

' Light the gas and let us make sure. And John rose. said Mrs. McLane, "For God's sake don't let her come George stood up on a chair under the in here !" groaned Bob, in abject panic. John grinned, stepped toward the door, and then turned back irresolutely,

chandelier, and lig1 one of the burners. An inarticulate ejaculation fell from

every mouth. A human figure was distinctly visible, reclining along the top of the bookcase, with his face toward the wall. The ladies would have forthwith run away but for the fact that one door of the room was directly beneath the bookcase, and the other close to it. a sardonic smile : "So you don't like Upon Bob's paralyzed senses fell the sharp words of John:

"We've got you. Get down !" He did not move, but at the summons his soul, with inexpressible reluctance and linquish your engagement, and never

go to bed."-Appleton's Je ave detected something familiar in his lineaments, but in careless contempt he A Few Good Conundrums. took him in with a sweeping glance as an average burglar, whose identity was

What is the difference between spider and a sea-gull ?—Oue has his feet on a web and the other has a web on his complex falsity of his position he could

not indeed muster presence of mind to Why is a hansom cab a daugerous carriage to drive in ?---Because the resolve on any course, but regarded with a kind of fatuity the extraordinary direccoachman always drives over your head. Why are lawyers and doctors safe George returned with the rope, and or-dered him to put his hands behind him, cople by whom to take example ?cause they practice their professions. What is the difference between a sailor he said, in a tone so quiet that it surand a soldier ?- The one tars his ropes, "Hold on, Mr. McLane; this joke has the other pitches his tents. gone far enough. I am Robert Withers,

Why is chloroform like Mendellsohn ? -Because it is one of the great composers of modern times.

to be considered in the light of a burglar What is the difference between a hun-George's jaw dropped with astonish-ment, and John was scarcely less taken gry man and a glutton ?-- One longs to cat, the other cats to long. When were there only two vowels ?-

"D-d if he isn't !" ejaculated the In the days of Noah (no a,) before you former, after a moment, in a tone of inand I (i) were born.

credulous conviction, as he recognized Why is a good resolution like a fainting lady at a ball ?-Because it ought to be carried out.

Why is the strap of an omnibus like onscience ?-It is an inward check on the onter man.

When is butter like Irish children ?-When it is made up into little Pats. Why is a handsome girl like a mirror? Because she is a good-looking lass. Why is a pretty lady like an oat cake Because she is often toasted.

What is the greatest hardship in the vorld ?- A iron steamer.

What is the best thing to do in hurry ?-Nothing. Which is the ugliest hood ever worn ?

Falsehood. What grows bigger as you contract it?

-Debt. Why are troubles like babies ?-Be cause they get bigger by nursing them. There is one crop which is held to be all the better the more "weeds" produces, and that is the tobacco crop.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

Death is the quiet haven of us all. Fortune, not wisdom, human life doth

they are fertile, but as they are free.

is purchased by the sacrifice of decency. The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat one's self. All sin is easy after

The greatest glory of a free born peochildren.

To be a man, in a true sense, is, in the first place, and above all things, to have

The man who seeks freedom for any-

Bid that welcome which comes to punish us, and we punish it, seeming to bear

Husbands and wives talk of the cares of matrimony and bachelors and spinsters bear them.

state, my mind exceeds the compass of her will .- Shakeepeare.

up from his book as they red the yard leading to the house, and came to meet them. Mr. Webster abrubtly accosted him :

"Are you John Colby ?"

"I am," was the reply. "Then," said his interlocutor, with a trembling voice, "I am Daniel Web-

The greeting that followed was of the nost hearty description; both wept as they embraced again and again. "And are you," said Colby, holding the statesman at arms' length, "the Daniel Webster whose name has been so long and so conspicuously before the

public-of whose fame I have been so proud? Oh, that your sister had lived to see this day ! Brother Daniel," con-tinued the old man, "are you a Chris-

tian ?" "I trust I am," was the emphatic

reply. "Then let us pray." They all three kneeled in the open air, the Bible open between them, and Webster prayed. "And such a prayer,' said Mr. Harvey, with tears in his eyes, as he recalled the scene, so long afterward, "I never listened to, as came from his lips. Such power, such fervency, such reverence, such tenderness seemed never before blended with such intellectual grace and beauty. All were melted by the effort, as with clasped hands and bowed heads the brothers poured out their souls in praise and supplications.

Then they arose, and in that sweet communion of spirit talked of the past and the future, the light of heaven resting upon them as they wa'ked arm in arm across the veranda, and oftener by expressive silence saying more than words could convey. Their parting was very tender. They knew it was a final parting, and a deep solemnity rested upon the ceremony. But the farewell was at last said, and as they looked back the hands of the old man were raised in benediction.

Delicacy of Feeling. Delicacy of feeling is a trait of charac ter almost more lovely and engaging than any other. It is a quality whose hidden principle exists in a greater or less degree in every mind, though it is often thrown into the shade by the workings of the fiercer passions, in the rude encounters of life. Man's mind, as manifested in his daily converse with the outward world, seems to be made of "sterner stuff" and cast in rougher molds, but delicacy is no mark of weak ness, for it is essentially consistent with the stoutest courage and the sublimest energy. It is in every respect a manly quality, and throws over the whole intellectual and moral character a kindlier hue. If true delicacy exists in the heart, it will gush spontaneously from it, and never can the cold cant of hypocritical formality be mistaken for the warm welcome of the soul. Power, mental or physical, never

pears so great as in the hands of those who seem unconscious of its possession. True intellectual greatness gathers an additional charm when accompanied by real delicacy of feeling. Kindness may en-

ter where the sword cannot penetrate and a "soft answer" and winning de portment, springing from delicate feelings and a generous heart, have always proved irresistible. Breathing nothing

but harmony and love, a "a ministering angel" to mankind, it goes to and fro on the earth, uniting everywhere more firmly and strongly the bonds of social union

He wiped his heated brow, he did His brow so intellectual ; But all he said about the heat Was sadly ineffectual.

But she, sweet lass, did say to him,

In mellow tones unwavering, "Dear George, I am so warm ; I'd like

Ice cream, with lemon flavoring."

A young student in natural history asks us if it is really a fact that the lion can be subdued by the force of the human eye alone. We do not know from experience, but all the men whom we have ever seen placed in a situation to try the experiment, evinced no desire to annihilate the beast with their eyes, but appeared to have a most insane long-

ing to shin up a tree. "I'll bet you a new hat," said a gentleman friend, "that you will come down out of that chair before I ask you twice." "Done!" replied the friend. "Come down," cried the other. "I will not," said his friend, with much obstinacy. "Then stop till I ask you a second time," said the other. Perceiving that he never would be asked a second time, the gentleman in the chair came

down, in a double sense.

#### **Kissing Day in Russia.**

A curious Easter custom prevails among the Russians of all grades of society. The fashion is to present an egg to a friend the first time you meet him or her-most generally her-after twelve o'clock on Easter night. The one who presents the egg exclaims : "Christ is risen !" The other answers : "Is He risen, indeed !" and three kisses follow. Of course the second one has generally an egg to present in return.

Timid swains eagerly take advantage of this custom to obtain the privilege of embracing some fond object whom they would otherwise be too bashful to approach. These eggs are of all kinds some simple hens' eggs, gilded or silvered, or colored ; red, blue or violet; some sugar eggs, embellished with all kinds of fanciful designs. There are also diminutive gold, marble, or simple wooden eggs; others are large enough to serve as ladies' traveling bags; or they may be placed on stands to serve as a useful ornament ; hens may sit on a nest full of bon-bon eggs; and some may be fitted up inside with a set of chil-dren's toys. There are eggs, in fact, arranged in every imaginable manner, and made out of every imaginable material.

On this day hundreds of thousands of these change hands in St. Petersburg alone, and the sum spent in their purchase must be prodigious.

### A Model District,

In that part of the Black Forest belorging to the grand duchy of Baden lies the pretty district of Koenigsfeld, con-taining about 410 inhabitants. During fifty years there have been in it no crimes or misdemeanors of any sort—neither transgressions of the police regulations, nor sheriff's sales, nor divorces, nor law-suits of any kind. Moreover, in these last fifty years at Koenigsfeld no one has ever got drunk or stretched out a hand to beg.

indefinite and yet bitterer humiliations. The envious die, but envy never. John thought a few minutes longer, "Take a seat, Mr. Withers ; I have sway. "You are aware," continued John, in the calmest, most imperturbable tone, mind. ' that I don't like your match with my

sister, and have done my best to break bad fortune. it off. But she is an obstinate girl, and I had pretty much given up hope, that laughs too much. These peculiar circumstances have most

Countries are well cultivated not as nuexpectedly put you in my power, and propose to make the most of my ad-

that.

ple is to transmit their glory to their

a wife.

thing but freedom's self is made to be a slave.

it lightly.

Though fortune's malice overthrow my

Too much gravity argues a shallow

We do not know what is really good or

No one is more profoundly sad than he

That laughter costs too much which