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The Waynesburg Republican.

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Terms of Advertising. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at \$1.00 per square for three insertions, and 50 cents per square for each additional insertion; (see lines of less than a square). All transient advertisements counted a square. All notices under the head of local news will be charged invariably to secure a line for each insertion. A liberal deduction made to persons advertising by the quarter, half-year or year. Special notices charged one-half more than regular advertisements. JOHN FRISTON, of every kind in Plain and Fancy, of every variety and size, printed at the shortest notice. The Republican Office has just been re-fitted, and every thing in the printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Porty.

As Darby saw the setting sun He swung his scythe and home he ran, Drank off his mug of beer and said—"My work is done, I'll go to bed."

"Your work is done!" quoth Mistress Joan, "Your work is done" your constant tone, But hapless woman never can say Her work is done till break of day; And if she goes to bed at all, The rooster will awake and squawk.

"First in the morning—though we feel Like wretched drunks when they're reeling, Nay, feel such pains in limbs and head As would confine you men to bed—The cows we milk, the milk we strain, Then haste to the house again; Which, when displayed by morning's light We find is in a dismal plight.

"With aching head we now essay To put it in a better way; We ply the brush and wield the broom And make the beds—and air the room, We put the house to rights; and then—We get the breakfast for the men; Long ere 'tis done, with yelping cries And bricking heels the children rise, They must be dressed and dozed with rue And this the busy wife must do.

"Trembling with weakness, hot and pale, We now resume our work again, But then there is not work enough, And what there is is hateful stuff, All rotten, wet and smoky, too, And so we know not what to do. The bread's to bake, the meat's to fry, And when we're tired enough to die, The angry men rush in and say—"Just we be starved to death to-day!" At this old Darby scratched his head And fast retreated to his bed.

Next morning ere bright Phoebus rose Old Joan began her tale of woes: "Then Darby cried, to end the strife—"Be good the man, I'll be the wife!" Take you the scythe and mow, while I Will all your fancied needs supply. "Agreed," says Joan, "give me my stent" So Darby did, and out she went. Sole monarch now, he seized the broom And whirled the dirt about the room—The sweeping done, he scarce knew how, He lied to milk the brindle cow; But brittle crossly switched her tail In master's eyes, and kicked the pail; And while they smarted with the pain He vowed he'd never milk again.

Now looking round in sad amaze He saw his cottage in a blaze; For as he careless brushed the room In awkward haste he fired the broom; He quenched the flame—and sorely vexed, Prepared to get the breakfast next; But, oh! he knew not what to do, The bread was spent, and butter too; With hands bedaubed in paste and flour Old Darby labored full an hour, But hapless wight! he could not make His dough take shape of loaf nor cake.

Just while the dew wide open stood, In rushed the sea in quest of food, And tacking forward—with her snout On-ward the churn the cream ran out; As Darby turned the swine to eat The slippery cream betrayed his feet, He caught the bread through in his fall And down came baker, trough and all.

The children wakened with the clatter, Start up and whine—"Is what's the matter!" Old Jowler barked and Tabby mew'd, And luckless Darby bawled aloud—"Return my Joan as heretofore, I'll play the house wife part no more!"

"Well, boys, we must give it up," said Tom Rynder; but I'll be hanged if I see how the d—d Jannies got off. They must be here—somewhere nigh by, too—but they've given us the slip as slick as grease.

"Not much they her'at," shouted Bill Green, a Maryland soldier; "you don't find this child leave this till he collars them dog-goned rebels. I tell you they're inside ten rods of here som'ers, and I tell you I'm agwine to get 'em dead or alive. I know their tricks, by jolly, and I tell you they're in that house thar som'eres or other! Hillo. Look at that hole! How are you, Johnnie? I'm after you!

"And with that characteristic speech off he ran to the nearest house which he had searched already from top to bottom. The houses there have no cellars. They are generally raised about three or four feet above the ground and sometimes rest on a stone foundation that is built all round, and sometimes again, they rest on little pieces of masonry at the corners only, while the spaces between them are banked up with earth. In the banking of this house there was an opening that no one of us had noticed. The Marylander made for it and squatted on his knees and peeped in. "Are they there?" he shouted.

"He looked up and said nothing. He was evidently disappointed. "No," he said at last, after musing awhile, "but they're here som'eres, and I'm agwine to find them. Hillo! bub, come here! come along with me!" A little fellow had just come out from the house. He hung back, but Bill coaxed him into the barn. I went with him. Bill told the other men to keep the woman of the house inside, talking with them, so that they might not see him with the boy.

"Now, bub," said Bill to the boy, "do you know that I'm going to burn down your house?" "The boy looked scared. "O, please don't, sir," he cried; "them fellars ain't thar; true's death, sir, they're not thar."

"And I'm agwine to hang your dad, bub," added Bill without taking notice of what the boy said; "and likewise I'll be obliged to give you one of goldarnest whallings you ever heard tell on in all your born days!" "O, please don't, sir!" cried the little fellow again—he was thoroughly frightened now—"the sojers ain't thar."

"How do you know?" asked Bill. "I know they ain't," replied the boy. Bill seized him by the collar and spoke fiercely to him. "Now, boy, I'll hang and your dad and burn down your house in ten minutes, if you don't tell me where them fellars is hid!"

"O, please sir, I'm afraid," said the boy. "Don't be afeared," Bill told him—they shan't harm you; nobody skant harm you but me; and by hokey, I'll pull your gizzard out, and hang you double quick if you don't out and tell right off where they're hid!"

The boy was now completely cowed. "Well, sir," said the boy, "they's hid under the house. They's dug a hole in the ground right under the middle of the parlor. You can't see it when you look into that hole in the bankin', because they toted all the dirt away, and you see it is too dark to notice the other hole thataway."

opening and with a single jerk Bill had turned up a portion of the flooring. What do you suppose we saw? There lay the three rebels, dressed in dirty home-spun, huddled together at the bottom of a wide hole they had dug beneath the centre of the house. Bill was a powerful fellow. He seized one of the rebels by the nape of the neck, and not only pulled him out, but pitched him to the other end of the room. One of our boys instantly covered him with his revolver.

Without waiting to rest, Bill served the others in the same way. You ought to have seen him as he turned to the women. "Well old sixpence, you're Union, you ar? and the old man; and allers has bin? And you never seen a reb, you never did, Miss Brass? Nor you nuther, on your word and honor, Miss Seesech?"

"They hung down their heads, blushed up to the eyes and left the room without a word. "We disarmed the rebels and led them to the General. But it was hard work. I never saw men so exasperated. They wanted to lynch these assassins. If our wounded man had died I don't believe the General would have succeeded in holding them back.

"Next day we had orders to return to Harpers Ferry. The three rebels were loriated to the bows of saddles and forced to keep up with us all day long on foot. Their shoes were taken from them, and they had a "hard road to travel, I believe," that day. That was all the punishment ever inflicted upon them for the attempted assassination of our men.

"This," added the surgeon, "was in the days when we made war upon peace principles, and it would not have done then to have hanged those wretches. It might exasperated the South, you know. So, as I said before, all we did to them was to force them for one day to keep step to the music of Union cavalry hoofs."

A most ludicrous scene transpired in a place not a thousand miles from Louisville, one night recently, which, though a little annoying to the parties immediately concerned, was yet so innocent and funny, that we cannot refrain from giving the general outlines. Two sprightly and beautiful young ladies were visiting their cousin, a young lady who, like her guests, was of that happy age which turns everything into merriment. All three, who were fond of practical jokes, occupied a room on the ground floor.

On the night in question the two went to a party and did not get home till after twelve. Half an hour after they had left, however, a young Methodist minister called at the house and craved a night's lodging, which was granted, and he was given the ladies' room, and Fannie, the daughter, was set up for the party-goers. She stationed herself in the parlor, but the night being sultry she soon fell asleep. At the time mentioned the other two young ladies returned, crept softly into their room by the dim moonlight, and saw Fannie, as they supposed asleep. And they saw likewise a pair of boots!

They saw it all! It was one of Fannie's jokes, intended to scare them, so they would turn the tables on her! Silently they disrobed, and at a given signal both jumped into bed, one on each side of the unconscious person, exclaiming—"Oh, what a man!" and gave the bewildered minister such a promiscuous hugging and tussling as few persons experience in a lifetime. The noise awoke the old lady, sleeping in an adjoining room. She comprehended the situation in a moment, and rushing to the room she opened the door and exclaimed—"My heavens! girls, it is a man sure enough!" There was one prolonged scream; a flash of muslin through the door, and all was over.

A CENTRE SHOT.—Henry Ward Beecher, in a sermon delivered in Plymouth Church recently, produced the following picture: Men seem ashamed of labor, and often you will find men who have made themselves respected by labor, have built up a business and amassed a fortune, who turn to their sons and say: "You shall never do as I did; you shall lead a different life; you shall be spared all this." Oh, these rich men's sons. They aim to lead a life of emancipated idleness. Like the polyp that floats useless and nasty upon the sea, all jelly, all flabby, no muscle, no bone—it shuts and opens, and opens and shuts, and sucks in and squirts out again, of no earthly account, influence or use. Such are these poor fools. Their parents toiled and grew strong, and built up their forms of iron and bone; but denying this to their sons, they turn them upon the world boneless, muscleless, simple gristle, and soft as that."

MAXIMILIAN. Graphic Account of his Execution—He gives a Risk of Reconciliation to the Mexican People—His Favorite Lapses His Treason and Mexico Her Crime. The Esperanza of Queretaro, June 20, publishes the following account of the execution of Maximilian and his two generals, Don Tomas Mejia and Miguel Miramon:

Before the Execution. The delay of thirty-four days which kept our people so long in doubt and aroused so much excitement is thus accounted for. The first courier that reached San Luis on the morning of May 19, bearing the news of the capture, returned here only on the 23d, and the Emperor was at once notified that he must appear before court martial. He protested in writing, demanding to be tried by the assembly of notables who had called him to the throne.

The trial was postponed, and a message sent to the President, with the letter of protest, and the documents that had been captured. Juarez's answer was received on May 30th. It was a refusal of the demand, grounded on this incontestable fact, that the assembly of notables had not been convoked by the head of the Republic; but, the President animated by a praiseworthy feeling, offered his safety to the Emperor on condition of the latter taking an oath never again to tread on Mexican soil, and of his signing at the same time his own downfall. Of his own accord, Maximilian said in a loud voice that he would accept with pleasure this double condition, if the officers and soldiers captured along with him were also set free. At this time he was ignorant of what had become of del Castillo and Avellano. Even this request was acceded to, but it gave rise to conferences and negotiations that could not fail to be unsuccessful.

Meantime a council of war was held on the morning of July 11th, presided over by General Corona, and composed of Generals Escobedo, Martinez, Ruiz and Negrete, with two Colonels. The three prisoners were brought before the tribunal. Maximilian refused to have any counsel; Mejia and Miramon chose one for them both. We have not been able to get any details of that session, which lasted only about an hour. The prisoners were found guilty, and their condemnation, which was sent forward to San Luis Potosi that very day, was not returned confirmed until the morning of July 18.

It is known that the President was all along inclined to clemency; but our Minister at Washington, Senor Romero, had carried the day and secured the order for his execution, although full stress was laid upon the fact of the small majority that voted in favor of the prisoner's guilt. As soon as General Corona got possession of the necessary document the three prisoners were informed of their fate, but they manifested no surprise. Indeed, by this time they had learned what had befallen some of their comrades.

The Last Night. Maximilian requested that they might be allowed to remain together to the last. This was kindly granted. They were transferred to the old convent, which had answered as a hospital for the French troops, and the principal hall of which—on the ground floor—was spacious and comfortable. It was in this room that the hospital drug shop had been kept. The room has two windows looking out on the court yard gardens. At one end of this room an altar was prepared. The sentinels had orders to fire on any one who should attempt to enter without a pass from Captain Gonzales. At all events no one was permitted at first to enter but Father Fischer, secretary and confessor of Maximilian. Later, the Bishop of Queretaro offered his services, which were accepted after a short conference between the prisoners. They passed most of the night in conversation and preparing themselves for death. Miramon suffered a great deal from his wound in the eye, which he kept constantly bathing with fresh water. Mejia slept soundly.

At one time Maximilian asked for some writing materials; these were got with some difficulty, as it was in the middle of the night. He wrote two letters, the first in German to the Archduchess Sophia, his mother; the other to his wife. He gave both letters to the bishop requesting him to let that they be delivered. He gave him also a lock of hair which the wife of one of his guards requested permission to cut off herself. Before giving the lock of hair he kissed it, folded it up carefully and then slipped it into the envelope already sealed for his wife.

After four o'clock Maximilian wished mass to be said, which was done by the bishop, after Mejia had been awakened. All then received communion together. After mass the Emperor remained a long time kneeling on the hard stones—for they had no prie dieu—with his eyes towards the ground and his head resting on his hand in a pensive attitude. It is not known for certain whether he was praying or weeping. Miramon was pale and downcast. Mejia seemed to be quite at ease. We must bear in mind, however, that he was an Indian, and that he deemed it a glory to die with his sovereign.

Leaving the Prison. When seven o'clock had struck, the music of the solemn procession was heard approaching, and Captain Gonzales entered the chapel with the bandages in his hand to cover the prisoners' eyes. Miramon quietly allowed him to cover his eyes, but Mejia refused, and as the captain was about to take measures to overcome his resistance, the bishop uttered something to the Indian chief, who at once became submissive. But the Emperor, advancing, declared that he would not allow his eyes to be bandaged. After a few moments of hesitation, Gonzales saluted Maximilian with a kind look and placed himself at the head of the escort.

The procession at once fell into line. A squadron of lancers led the way, followed by the band, which played a dead march. A battalion of infantry formed two lines, each fourteen deep, between which lines were the prisoners. When the procession reached the main door of the convent Mejia cried out, "Sire, for the last time show us again the example of your noble courage; we follow in the footsteps of your Majesty." Just at this moment the Franciscans were passing. The first two bore the cross and the holy water, the remainder bore lighted tapers. Each of the three coffins were borne by four Indians, and the three black crosses, with the prisoners' seats, were borne along at the rear. Captain Gonzales at this point made a sign to Maximilian to step out into the street. He obeyed, advancing very cautiously as he said in his broken Spanish, *Vamos nos a la libertad.* (Let us advance to our freedom.)

The Execution. The procession then wended its way along the Calle del Cementerio behind the church and along the route by the aqueduct. In a short while it had the whole plain in full view, and the view from below was imposing indeed. The Emperor marched first, with the Abbe Fischer on his right, and the bishop on his left. Behind him came Miramon, resting on the arms of two Franciscans, and Mejia supported by the two priests belonging to the parish of Santa Cruz. When they had reached the top of the height de la Campana, Maximilian looked fixedly towards the rising sun; then drawing from his pocket his watch, touched its spring and produced a miniature likeness of the Empress Carlota. He brought the image to his lips, kissed it, and then handing it by the chain to Father Fischer, said: "Carry this souvenir to Europe for my dear wife; and should she ever be able to understand you, tell her that my eyes were closed with her likeness, which I will bear with me to heaven!" The point which the cortege had reached is near the big wall of the cemetery. The bells of the churches were tolling, and the immediate witnesses of the scene were but few, as the crowd had been kept back by the soldiery.

The three black crosses and the prisoners' benches were fixed against the wall, and the three firing platoons—composed of five men each, with two under officers to each platoon in reserve for the coup de grace—advanced to within three paces of the condemned. The Emperor, when he heard the clicking of the firelocks, thought they were about to fire, and approaching his two companions embraced them with touching earnestness. Miramon was so affected that he almost fell over on his seat, but the Franciscans stretched his arms out in the attitude of a cross. Mejia returned the Emperor's embrace with great affection and uttered some broken words that no one could distinguish, and crossing his arms on his breast stood up nobly. The bishop, advancing to Maximilian, said: "Sire, in my person, bestow upon all Mexico the kiss of reconciliation. Let your Majesty forgive all at this supreme moment." The Emperor, agitated to the utmost, allowed the good bishop to embrace him amid the most profound silence. All of a sudden raising his voice, he cried out: "Tell Lopez that I forgive him his treason. Tell all Mexico that I forgive her her crime." He then shook hands with the Abbe Fischer, who could not utter a word from emotion, and who then fell at the Emperor's feet and shed copious tears while he kissed Maximilian's hand. Many besides the Abbe were shedding tears also. The Emperor gently withdrew his hand, and moving forward said with a sad and apparently ironic smile to the officer in command of the firing party—*A la disposicion de V.* (At your disposal, sir.)

When the officer gave the signal for "aim" Maximilian uttered something in German which the report of the muskets drowned to the hearers. Miramon rolled over as if struck with a bolt. Mejia, who was standing, beat the air with his hands a few times before he fell, and a shot in the ear finished his pain. The Emperor fell over on the cross, which kept him up, and from which he was picked up after having been dispatched. The interment took place in the cemetery, and the Bishop of Queretaro performed the absolution.

WHICHEVER way the election goes, we shall have an elder for Supreme Judge, Sharswood, the Democratic candidate, is an elder in the Old-School branch of the Presbyterian Church, and Judge Williams, the Republican nominee, is an elder of the New School.

FAVORITE sir of marriages having marriageable daughters—millionaire.

LOOKING AT THE BRIGHT SIDE. Here is a letter from a wife in Massachusetts to her husband in California. She don't intend going through the world with the blues:

My Dear Husband—As it is now some time since you left for California, I suppose you would be glad to hear how we are getting along in your absence. I am happy to say we are enjoying very good health on the whole. Just at present two of the boys have got the small-pox; Ananda Jane has got the typhus fever; Samuel got hooked by a cow the other day, and little Peter has just chipped off three of his fingers with a hatchet. It is a mercy he didn't chop them all off. With these trifling exceptions, we are all well and getting along nicely.

You needn't be at all anxious about us. I almost forgot to say that Sarah Matilda eloped last week with a tin pedlar. Poor girl! She's been waiting for a chance, and I'm glad she's married at last. She needn't have taken the trouble to elope though, for I'm sure I was glad enough to have her go. She was a great eater, and I find baked beans don't go off near so fast as they did. The way the girl could dip into pork and beans was a caution to the rest of the family. The cow took it into her head to run away, which was very fortunate, I am sure, for the barn caught fire last night and was consumed. I was in hopes that the house would go, too, for it is inconvenient; but the wind was the wrong way, so it did not receive much injury. Some boys broke into the orchard the other day and stripped all the fruit-trees. I am very glad of it, for if they hadn't I presume the children would have made themselves ill.

CHURCH ETIQUETTE.—Let the lady advance one pace beyond the door of the pew she wishes to enter, half about face and salute. The pew must then be vacated by such gentlemen as are in it, by flank movement. The squad should rise simultaneously when the lady presents herself, and face by the right flank, then deploy into the aisle, the head man facing the lady, and the rest walking to his right and rear, the direction of his halt being changed by a right countermarch, and forming again into line up and down the aisle, still faced by the right flank. The lady, when the coast is clear, completes her salute, and advances to her position in the pew. The gentlemen break off by files from the rear, and resume their places. Great care should be taken, of course, by other parties, not to enter the aisle when this evolution is in progress until it is completed.

JUDGE SHARSWOOD'S unpopularity in Philadelphia is being developed in the manner with which the financiers, bankers, manufacturers, merchants and business men generally regard his past course. By his decision in reference to legal tender currency, he created more confusion and individual loss among business men than did any other judicial officer in the United States by a decision from the bench. On this account the business metropolis are resolved to cut Sharswood at the ballot-box. They aver, and justly so, that a man who struck a blow at the credit of the nation in the hour of its peril, is not to be trusted in peace when its highest honors are to be distributed. Hence the Merchants, manufacturers and bankers of Philadelphia, who are practical men, and who produce the wealth which maintains the Government, will oppose Sharswood.

THE English lawyers have perhaps had the best talent for not knowing anything outside of their own dry arena. As long ago as when Erasmus visited England, in the days of Henry VIII, and Sir Thomas Moore, he described the English lawyers as "a most learned species of profoundly ignorant men." And in latter times, the famous Lord Kenyon had not only an ignorance that would have astounded Erasmus but a genius for showing it in public altogether without a parallel. Describing a number of eminent Christians to the jury one day he capped his climax thus: "Above all gentlemen of the jury, might I name to you the Emperor Julian so celebrated for the exercise of every Christian virtue that he was called Julian the Apostle."

BLACKBERRY WISE.—There is no wine equal to the blackberry wine when properly made, either in flavor or for medicinal purposes, and all persons who can conveniently do so, should manufacture enough for their own use every year, as it is invaluable in sickness as a tonic, and nothing is a better remedy for bowel diseases. We therefore give the receipt for making it: "Measure your berries and bruise them, to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding ten pounds of sugar; cork tight, and let it stand to the following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without further straining or boiling. This makes a most excellent and palatable wine."

TRACT distributing has its funny incidents. During the war a lady passing from cot to cot through the wards of an hospital, was shocked to hear one fellow laugh at her. She stopped to reprove the wretched patient—"Why mam," says he, "you have given me a tract on the sin of dancing when I have got both legs shot off."

THE Athens (Ohio) Messenger says that on account of the abundance of the peach crop in that region, it is not likely that peaches will bring more than fifty cents a bushel. A FESSEBLE Virginian suggests that marble monuments for Confederate dead will not feed the starving Confederate widows and orphans. Emerson finally says: "The poor are only they who feel poor, and poverty consists only in feeling poor."

THE following is a full list of the acts and joint resolutions which became laws at the session of Congress just closed: A bill to establish peace with certain hostile Indian tribes. A bill to carry into effect the convention with the Republic of Venezuela for the adjustment of claims of citizens of the United States on the Government of that Republic. A joint resolution of condolence with the suffering widow of Jacob Harmon. An act for the relief of certain soldiers and sailors therein designated. Joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to admit to examination Maurice Reece Evans, for admission to the Naval Academy in September next. An act supplementary to an act entitled "An act to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel States," passed on the 2d of March, 1867, and the act supplementary thereto, passed on the 23d day of March, 1867. A joint resolution of the House to carry into effect the several acts providing for the more efficient government of the rebel States.

The following bill did not become a law by the refusal of the President to sign it, the adjournment of Congress preventing its veto. A bill to secure equal rights in the District of Columbia. THE soul of John Brown, having finished his march in America, has crossed the ocean. Americans in London are startled by hearing the well known words sung at reform meetings, and chanted by bands of workmen in the streets. His soul went marching on into St. James' Hall the other night, and rejoiced as it saw a liberty cap stuck upon a Harper's Ferry pike, and planted on the platform, from which the Tories fled in dismay. A writer says: "Englishmen sing that John Brown's soul is marching on in London; gondoliers warble it in the lagoons of Venice, and sailors of all nations shout the grand chorus in the waters of Calcutta."

It will be a good thing for the brokers and bankers if Sharswood gets to be Judge of the Supreme Court. The first thing he will do will be to break down the National Bank, and put Government bonds and notes at a ruinous discount. This will afford fine picking for the brokers, and wild cat banks on the old system will start up in every city, town and village. Bank note lists and counterfeit detectives will be in greater demand than ever about those times.

A crusty old doctor declined to pay his paver's bill, saying "his pavement had been spoiled and then covered up with earth to hide the bad work." "Doctor," was the reply, "mine is not the only bad work they put earth over."

Perhaps the best pun recorded was that inscribed on a tea-cup, viz: "Tu doces." These words are the second words singular to the verb doceo, to teach, and when literally translated become, "Thou teachest."

A lady took her little boy to church for the first time. Upon hearing the organ he was on his feet instantly. "Sit down," said the mother "I won't be shouted, I want to see the monkey." "A quotation from the poets?" "Do you like pork? If not you shall have mutton. Do you like pork? If not you are no glutton. Do you like pork? I did not ask you brother. Do you like pork? Fray, say, without more bother."

"What did you use to do, mamma, before you were married?" "Asked a cherubic four years old." "Well my dear, I had a very good time." "A good time?" he exclaimed, indignantly—"what, without me?"

Edmond About says: "Interpose a little-head in a tin cup between the world and you; you will witness a most beautiful phenomenon which astronomers have not yet studied—the total eclipse of the world." AN Irish gentleman, parting with a lazy servant woman, was asked, with respect to her industry, whether she was what was termed "afraid of work." "Oh, not at all," said he, "not at all; she'll frequently lie down and fall asleep by the side of it."