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If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

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GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE.

"Tell your sorrows to your pillow,"

The world is bright enough, my pet;
Young hearts are light and free from care:
And long, long may your journey yet
Ere life for you is hard to bear,
But, when it comes, as come it will,
The slow decay or sudden blow,
Take up your burden and be still,
Nor let the world your sorrow know.

Nigh three-score years and ten have laid
Their pages open to my view;
I've journeyed on through light and shade,
And this I've learned and proved it true—
That he who sends us grief to bear
Is near us in our deepest woe;
We never are so much his care
As when his hand hath laid us low.

And so, whenever griefs befall,
Still hold them sacred, all your own;
No heart but one can feel for all
The burdens on our shoulders thrown.
So, when the friendly darkness falls
And watchful eyes are veiled in sleep,
Bring forth each care with silent pray'r
And give them all to God to keep.

The Troubles of Age.

Yes! I am pretty old—just eighty-three.
I think, or four,
But, I have packed my traps to leave, when Death
Knocks at my door;
For life, you know, when you grow very old,
Becomes a bore.

It seems that I am punished every day
For all my sins—
Snarler is cross, and often snaps at me
And bites my shins,
While Rover runs between my legs, and knocks
Me off my pins.

Ah! once I loved to watch the merry sports
Of boisterous boys;
I seemed once more to feel my youth again
With all its joys,
But now boys are a nuisance—for they make
Such horrid noise.

Once I delighted in my rod or gun
And blooded dogs;
I wandered often over rugged hills
And marshy bogs,
And heard the sweet notes of the nightingale
And of the frogs.

Now, aching pains in every weary limb,
My bones harass;
I can no longer climb a hill, or wade
A deep morass,
And I should die if I would wander now
In the wet grass.

I love within the limpid spring to watch
The spotted trout,
As they play hide and seek along the bank,
And dart about,—
But then they always steal my bait, before
I pull them out.

And all the books that I once loved to read,
Have got so tame,
And do not seem to me as if they were
At all the same;
But maybe it is my poor aged head
That is to blame.

I always fall asleep when I would read,
So—'tis no use!
My brain, which once was bright, it seems, has
Grown dull and obtuse;
Yes! I have made the circle and returned
To Mother Goose.

All the sweet pleasures of my youthful days,
Like dreams have fled;
My boon companions, maidens whom I loved,—
They all are dead;
And I feel weary now—I'll sip my tea.
And then—to bed.

LIFE IN DEATH.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

"She is dead!"

These three words, proceeding from the lips of an eminent physician, and spoken in the low, solemn tone so generally used to convey sad tidings, announced to my weeping friends that I had ceased to be.

But the doctor, as doctors often are, was mistaken. I was not dead. I was not even asleep. I heard, as distinctly as I can now hear, every word he said. I felt preceptibly as I can now feel, the clasp of his fingers upon my wrist and pulse. But the power of motion had ceased—the motion of will, the motion of lungs, the motion of the heart. All was still throughout the body—as still as if death reigned there. Yet every sense seemed alive—acutely alive. I could hear, I could see, I could feel—I know not that I could not have smelled and tasted.

There was a strangeness about these senses, though. I seemed to be in the body, and yet out of it. I seemed to hear with my ears, see with my eyes, feel with my nerves, and at the same time be so independent of my mortal form as to have a complete identity without it. Where my actual, living self was, I could not clearly comprehend. My body I knew was there, on the bed—stretched out as if in death—pale, still, lifeless—and around this body were collected my weeping family—my mother, my husband, my two children—together with the doctor, a black nurse and servant, and some two or three sympathizing females, strangers to me, who had come in to inquire about my condition and had remained to see me die.

I was at a hotel in an interior town in Virginia, and had been traveling for more than a month for the benefit of my health, which had been on the decline for a year. We had left our home in New York, stopping at Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and we were at last on our way to the famous White Sulphur Springs, of Greenbrier county, Virginia, traveling slowly through a mountainous region, when I had gradually become so ill as to be unable to proceed. A week's sickness—during which I had the best medical skill of that region, and the most devoted care and attention—had resulted, as was believed in my decease.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning of a beautiful day in mid-summer. The windows of my apartment were open; and the clear, delightful air of that mountainous region came gently in, bringing the sweet perfume of flowers, the soft rustle of leaves, playing with the curtains, and lightly kissing the fevered brow of the mourners.

And they were mourners indeed—that group of four of my nearest and dearest kin that were gathered around my bed. There stood my gray-haired mother, silently gazing upon my inanimate from through great, scalding tears that were following each other down her furrowed cheeks. There stood the beloved partner of my bosom, speechless and tearless in his heaving agony, slowly rubbing one hand over the other, with no power to give vent to feelings that were internally rending his manly frame. There stood my two children—my bright-eyed boy of ten, and my sweet little girl of eight—both were crying and sobbing as if their little hearts would break. Oh, how I longed and struggled to force my lips to move and say that I was not dead!—that a loving daughter, wife and mother was still with them in the earthly land.

Slowly, with respectful steps, the doctor withdrew, and one by one the other strangers followed him till only the black nurse and my own family remained.

"Oh, mamma! my dear, dear mamma!" now burst from my little fair haired Ada, as impulsively she seized and pressed to her bosom the same hand the doctor had left fall—"won't you speak to me again? won't you speak to me again? if only just once, dear mamma! if only just once! Speak once more to your dear little Ada, mamma! won't you? won't you?"

Oh, how I struggled to comply with her passionate prayer! and what a strange thrill of agony went through my whole being when I found myself powerless to move a single muscle of my lifeless form!

"Your poor mamma is dead, my dear child!" said my own mother, in a choking voice; "she will never speak to any of us again!"

"No! no!" cried Ada, with child-like eagerness; "dear mamma's not dead! I won't have her dead!—will you, Edgar?—will you, papa?" and she passionately kissed my hand, again and again, and fairly bathed it with her tears.

"Oh, my God! my God! this blow will kill me!" groaned my husband, wringing his hands and beginning to pace to and fro.

"Henry, my son," said my mother, affectionately laying her grief-trembling hand upon his shoulder, "you must not give too much way to your grief! but, while thinking of your great loss, bless the Lord that He has left you your two dear children for a comfort and consolation. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord! Mary was a good daughter—a true, affectionate wife and mother—and I would that heaven had spared her and taken me instead; but I feel to say, the Lord has done it and it is for the best! She suffered a great deal while she was with us; and, now that she is at rest, I feel it is almost sinful to wish her back again in this world of pain and trouble. Let us resign her into the hands of Him who has taken her for His own wise purpose, and endeavor to be prepared to meet her in that blessed world where there will be no more sorrow—no more parting!"

"Oh, mother! mother!" groaned my poor husband, with heaving breast and tearless eyes—"I cannot, cannot give her up—it will break my heart!"

"And mine, dear papa!" cried Ada, again kissing my hand; "it would break my heart to have her dead; and I can't have her dead—I won't have her dead; she must come back again to life, and speak to her little Ada like she used to do! Oh, won't you, dear mamma? won't you, my dear, dear mamma?"

I would have given the world then, had it been mine, to have been able to say yes; but though I tried in my great agony, till it seemed as if my soul would burst, yet the lips remained as motionless as if the seal of death had indeed been upon them. Heavenly Father! was this indeed death? had my life really departed forever from the body? and did my consciousness truly belong to the mysteries of another world?

"Henry," said my mother to my husband, gently taking him by the arm, "had you not better retire into another apartment? We can no longer do any good here, and the sight of poor Mary is too great a trial for you."

With a deep, heavy groan, he suffered her to lead him away; and then she came back and led off the children, both crying and sobbing fearfully.

After this the black nurse came up and closed my eyes, by carefully pressing down the lids with her fingers; and then, somehow, I seemed gradually to lose consciousness, as if sinking into a calm, deep sleep.

For a time there was a low, confused sound, as of persons moving about and talking at a great distance—and once or twice I fancied myself being lifted and turned—and then all seemed to close up in a calm and sweet oblivion.

My next remembered sensation is of being in some close, confined place, where all was dark and still. At first I could not recall what had happened, nor imagine where I was; but by degrees the scene of my supposed death came back to me, and then a fearful horror thrilled me at the thought that I might already be in my coffin and perhaps buried alive! Oh, heaven! the agony of that thought! what language can describe it? I tried to speak, but my lips were sealed; I tried to turn, to raise my hand, but not a muscle could I stir; I tried to open my eyes, but the lids were fast; I listened intently, but not a sound broke the awful silence. My soul was alive though, and mentally I prayed:

"Oh, my God, deliver me! Oh, merciful God, deliver me!"

Some time after this, as if in answer to my prayer, I heard the sound of moving feet, as if some one were stepping slowly, solemnly, and lightly across a floor. The steps drew nearer and nearer, and seemed to halt beside me. Then there was a slight noise, as of something being moved above my head, and a sensation as of a light shining suddenly out of darkness upon closed eyelids. This was followed by the sound of a long, deep sigh, ending in a suppressed and mournful groan, and then by a long, heavy pressure of the human lips upon my own. Oh, the unspeakable agony of not being able to respond to the devotion of him who was more to me than life! for my very inmost soul acknowledged it to be my loving and beloved husband who was with me, in the lone watches of the night, mourning me as if gone forever from the realm of time.

"Oh, my dear, dear Mary, why did you leave me thus?" he said, in a low, tremulous, sobbing tone; "why did you leave me thus, to struggle on alone in the world that will henceforth be a dark and dreary one to me? Oh, God, why could she not have been spared to me, and to her children, a little longer? Oh, merciful God! I know it is sinful in me, a poor mortal, to repine at Thy wise decree! and therefore I beseech Thee to give me strength to bear up under this great affliction! Oh, Heavenly Father! support and sustain me, that I be not utterly crushed with the weight of this great sorrow!"

These words I heard and felt through all my being, and yet could not move—could not respond. Was the misery of Tantalus equal to mine?

Again I felt the warm, holy pressure of my husband's lips upon mine; and as he drew back, with another heavy groan, I heard him murmur:

"Oh, how beautiful is my dear Mary even in death! How like is her death to a calm and peaceful sleep! Ha! what do I behold? moisture upon those lips! and a color upon those cheeks! Gracious God! perhaps she is not dead!"

He rushed from the room, and for the first time my soul trembled with hope. Might I not be saved at last?

In a minute I heard quick steps returning, and the voices of my mother and husband speaking excitedly.

"There! there!" he exclaimed, as he came up to my side: "Look! look!—is that death?"

"It seems like life—it really seems like life!" exclaimed my mother, in a wild, agitated tone. "Oh, Heaven! if it should be! if it should be! But do not hope too much, Henry—do not hope too much!—it may be a cruel deception after all!"

"Quick!" he cried; "let us take her from the coffin, roll her in blankets, rub her, and try every restorative! Quick! your spirits of hartshorn!—quick!—quick!"

A moment after, a shock seemed to pass through my system—my eyes unclosed—my breath came—my tongue was loosed—and—"Dear mother! dear husband!" issued from my lips.

A wild shriek of joy greeted my returned animation; wild confusion followed; the coffin lid was torn off; I was lifted out and carried to a bed; the house was aroused; the doctor was sent for; and before morning my dear children were led to the bed of their living mother.

I need add but little more. I recovered rapidly—disease left me—and in three weeks I was able to resume my journey homeward—a living wonder, if not a miracle.

It was the second night after my supposed decease that I was restored to life. I had been placed in a coffin, which was to have been sealed up the next day, for the long, homeward journey of the dead. The devotion of my husband, under the providence of God, saved me.

I am now in the bosom of my happy family, alive and well; and in my daily prayer of thanksgiving for my wonderful deliverance, I earnestly pray to be long spared to those who so devotedly love me.

A SCHOOLBOY FINANCIER.

He Takes a Whipping and Pockets the Fine.

"Pa, I don't like to tell you, but the teacher and I had trouble."

"What's the matter now?"

"Well, I cut one of his desks a little with my knife, and the teacher says I've got to pay a dollar or take a lickin'."

"Well, why don't you take the licking and say no more about it? I can stand considerable physical pain, so long as it visits our family in that form. Of course, it is not pleasant to be flogged, but you have broken a rule of the school, and I guess you'll have to stand it. I presume that the teacher will in wrath remember mercy, and avoid disabling you so that you can't get your coat on any more."

"But, pa, I feel mighty bad about it already, and if you would pay my fine I'd never do it again. A dollar ain't much to you, pa, but it's a heap to a boy who hasn't a cent. If I could make a dollar as easy as you can, pa, I'd never let my little boy get flogged that way just to save a dollar. If I had a little feller that got licked bekuz I didn't put up fer him, I'd hate the sight of money always. I'd feel as if every dollar I had in my pocket had been taken out of my little kid's back."

"Well, now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a dollar to save you from punishment this time, but if anything of this kind occurs again, I'll hold you while the teacher licks you, and then I'll get the teacher to hold you while I lick you. That's the way I feel about that. If you want to go around whittling up our educational institutions you can do so; but you will have to purchase them afterward yourself. I don't propose to buy any more damaged school furniture; you probably grasp my meaning, do you not? I send you to school to acquire an education, not to acquire liabilities so that you can come around and make an assessment on me. I feel a great interest in you, Willie, but I do not feel as though it should be an assessable interest. I want to go on, of course, and improve the property; but when I pay up my dues on it I wont know that it goes toward development work. I don't want my assessment to go toward the purchase of a school-desk with American hieroglyphics carved on it.

"I hope you will bear this in your mind, my son, and beware. It will be greatly to your interest to beware. If I were in your place I would put in a large portion of my time in the beware business."

The boy took the dollar and went thoughtfully away to school, and no more was said about the matter until Mr. Taylor learned casually several months later that the Spartan youth had received the walloping and filed away the dollar for future reference. The boy was afterward heard to say that he favored a much heavier fine in cases of that kind. One whipping was sufficient he said, but he favored a fine of five dollars.

Wonderful Automatons.

Very many of the tiny screws used in this country in watch-making are turned out on three little automatic machines in Danbury, Conn. One of them, while turning out a perfect screw at a fair rate of speed, is considerably improved on by its companions. The machine takes up but little room. A man could carry it under his arm without much difficulty. A wire is fed through a tube into the machine. It is carried forward by revolving teeth. As it appears a knife cuts away the surplus metal to make the stem for the thread, just as the chisel operates at the lathe of the wood turner. As this is finished a small tube, in which the thread is formed, advances and clasps the stem, forms the thread at lightning speed and falls back. As this is done two knives cut that portion of the wire off, and the completed screw falls down. The wire again advances and the process is repeated. The marvel of the machine is best grasped when the size of the screw formed is understood. They are an eighth of an inch in length and it would require 200 of them to weigh an ounce. The thread on the stem is so that it is scarcely discernible to the naked eye. Each machine will make 5,000 screws a day. The machines have been at work but little more than a month and are the result of years of patient investigation.

A short time ago a London pawnbroker was aroused about 1 a. m. by a vigerous pounding at his street door. Hastily throwing on a dressing gown, he rushed to the window and demanded "Who's there?" "*I* want to know the time," came the response from the pavement in the familiar tones of a frequent customer. "What do you mean by calling me up at this time o'night to ask such a question as that?" replied the irate pawobroker. "Well, and to whom else should *I* come?" was the rejoinder, in husky accents; "you've got my watch!"

A Good Natured Prince.

King William the Fourth in His Youth.

Prince William Henry—Duke of Clarence, afterward William IV.—was the third son of George III., and he was doubtless sent to sea by his royal father in a spirit of spite. The Duke of Cumberland, younger brother of George III., had fixed his hopes upon the office of Lord High Admiral of England; but on a certain occasion, when Admiral Keppel was on trial, Cumberland behaved in such a manner that the king was bitterly incensed, and he declared, in his own thought, that his brother should never hold the highest office in a navy one of the grandest veterans of which he had outraged. So he sent his son William Henry—then in his tenth year—to become a midship man in the navy, bidding him that he should study hard and strive to excel. "Make of thyself a complete sailor, my son, and thine uncle of Cumberland shall yet look up to thee!"

Very likely the boy-prince donned his sea-going garb in high glee and glowing anticipations, but when he had become rated as a midshipman on board a fine frigate, and found himself the youngest middy in his mess, he discovered in a very short time, that nobody cared anything about his title. He must rough it with the rest, and look out for Ntmber One. He had not been at sea a week before he contrived to get into trouble. He unfortunately put on airs at mess, and really insulted one of his mates. This mate was another midshipman, only a year older, but not a whit larger than the prince. He called the prince aside, and gave him a sound drubbing, exclaiming, as his antagonist cried aloud for mercy: "There! I don't think you'll wag your impudent tongue at me any more!"

The prince blubbered, and said he would tell his father. "I'll tell my father, and you'll catch it! Now, see if you don't!"

Said the mate in answer, "Let your father come and act as unlike a gentleman as you did, and I'll serve him as I have served you! Just you remember that!"

This mate's name was Dadmun. When Prince William, as Duke of Clarence had become Lord High Admiral, he heard of Dadmun as having just come in from the West Indies on board a sloop-of-war, with only the grade of past midshipman. He at once summoned his old shipmate to come up to town and call upon him. Dadmun came; and as he entered the Lord High Admiral's presence, he was stricken with a great fear.

"Oh, your royal highness!" he exclaimed, putting out his hand, "I hope you havn't laid up a grudge against me. I am very sorry for what I did!"

"Oho! You are the man, then, who gave me that drubbing?"

"Yes, my lord. but——"

"Pshaw!" broke in the duke, with a kindly smile and fervent hand-grasp, "You need be sorry no more, for I have never been sorry since I came to know how much good it did me. It opened my eyes, dear friend, and gave me my first valuable lesson in the real life of a man-of-war."

Dadmun took lunch with the duke, and returned to Portsmouth with a lieutenant's epaulette on his shoulder.

A few years later Lieutenant Dadmun was sent for to come to London again this time by the king—William IV.—and once more the two messmates sat at the table together; and, when Plymton Dadmun next went to sea, it was a post captain, and in command of a fine frigate.

Such things are worth telling and worth preserving. They are as gleams of cherry, happifying light falling on the highway of life—always pleasant and healthful to look upon.

A Little Story of General Thomas and his Efforts to Hold the Position by Order of the President.

In his war anecdote, General Townsend relates the story of General Thomas's appointment by President Johnson as Secretary of war ad interim?

General Townsend's connection with the Adjutant-General's office continued long after the suppression of the rebellion, but his reminiscences relating to the subsequent period are naturally less interesting than those associated with the civil war. One of them however, is worth quoting. We refer to the account of the interview between General L. Thomas and Mr. Stanton.

On February 22d, 1868, when the former undertook to obtain a possession of the War Department, to which he had been appointed ad interim by President Johnson, the author was an ear witness of the colloquy that ensued.

'I am,' said General Thomas, 'Secretary of War ad interim, and am ordered by the President of the United States to take charge of this office.'

'I order you,' rejoined Mr. Stanton, 'to repair to your room and exercise your office as Adjutant-General.'

'I am,' repeated General Thomas, 'Secretary of War ad interim, and I shall not obey your orders; but I shall obey the order of the President to take charge of this office."

'As Secretary of War,' said Mr. Stanton a second time, 'I order you to repair to your office as Adjutant-General.'

'I shall not do so,' returned General Thomas.

'Then,' persued Mr. Stanton, 'you may stand there if you please, but you attempt to act as Secretary of War at your peril.'

To which General Thomas replied, 'I shall act as Secretary of War,' and there the official interview ended.

Presently, however, General Thomas crossed the hall to General Schriver's room, and Mr. Stanton, followed only by the stenographer, came in after him. Resuming the colloquy, Mr Stanton said in a laughing tone to General Thomas:

'So you claim to be here as Secretary of War, and refuse to obey my orders, do you?'

General Thomas replied seriously: 'I do so claim. I shall require the mails of the War Department to be delivered to me, and shall transact all the business of the department.'

Seeing that the General looked as if had no rest the night before, Mr. Stanton, playfully running his fingers up through the General's hair as he wearily leaned back in his chair, said:

'Well, old fellow, have you had any breakfast this morning?'

'No,' said Thomas, good naturedly.

'Then you are as badly off as I am for I have had none.'

Mr. Stanton then sent out for some refreshments, and while the two were sharing the refection they engaged in very pleasant conversation, in the course of which, however, Mr. Stanton suddenly and with seeming carlessness inquired when General Thomas was going to give him the report of an inspection of the national cemeteries which he had lately made. Mr. Stanton said if it was not soon rendered it would be too late for the printers, and he was anxious to have it go forth as a creditable work of the department. The question had apparently no especial point, and General Thomas evidently saw none, for he answered, pleasantly, that he would work at the report that night and give it to the Secretary. 'This struck me,' said General Townsend, 'as a lawyer's ruse to make Thomas acknowledge Stanton's authority as Secretary of War, and that Thomas was caught by it. I some time after asked Mr. Stanton if that was his design. He made no reply, but looked at me with a marked expression of surprise at my conceiving such a thing.' We are further told that, before General Thomas left the department that morning, Mr. Stanton handed him a letter forbidding him to give any orders as Secretary of War. The General read and endorsed it as received on that date, signing the endorsement as Secretary ad interim, which Mr. Stanton seeing, he remarked, laughing: 'Here you have committed another offense.' To this the General assented, and soon after went away for the day. The incidents here related unquestionably indicate, as General Townsend surmised, that all the steps taken by Mr. stanton were intended to place the whole matter in a form suitable for testing before the highest tribunal, the constitutionality of the tenbre of office act.

Doctor—"And how do you feel this morning, my poor fellow?"

Sufferer—"Much better in most ways, but I'm afraid I won't mend very fast; I worry too much."

Doctor—"You have nothing to worry about. You will not lose any of your limbs and the railroad company can be made to pay heavy damages."

Sufferer—"I know that; but just think of the humiliation!"

Doctor—"The humiliation?"

Sufferer—Yes; I was always considered a man of energy and activity, but now my reputation is ruined. No one will want to employ a man who was so lazy as to get run over by an accomodation train."

The best rule for good looks is to keep happy and cultivate a kind disposition.

HUMOROUS.

WANTED HIM TWICE.

A Nebraska sheriff who was on a train coming east from Omaha the other day fell into conversation with a New Yorker, and finally admitted that he was in pursuit of a broker.

"A broker—for what?"

"Oh, one of our smart towns was getting ahead so fast that it must needs send to Chicago for a broker. It wanted him bad and he came. He opened an office, put in a ticker, displayed quotations, and made about $20,000 in six weeks."

"How?"

"Well, that's what they want him the second time for—they want to ask how."

Dying of Thirst.

'Did you ever suffer extreme hunger or thirst?' was asked of a Kentucky colonel who had been relating some solid stories about himself.

'Well,' he replied, I never suffered what might be called extreme hunger, but no man knows how to endure agonies of thirst better than I do.

'I remember the time well,' he continued, retrospectively. 'I was on a fishing excursion and became lost in the woods. For three days not a drop passed my lips. My lengthened absence finally caused alarm and a party was sent out in search of me. They found me lying in an unconscious condition on the banks of a little trout stream, and it was hours before any hopes of saving me were entertained.'

'Was the trout stream dry?' asked one of the interested listeners?'

'Dry? Certainly not. How could I catch fish if the stream was dry?'

'Well, I don't see how you could suffer from thirst with a stream of water close at hand.'

'Water close at hand?' repeated the Kentucky Colonel. 'And what has water got to do with a man's being thirsty?'

Worth a Licking.

Some years ago, in Georgia, that band of Christians known as Ascensionists were having a grand revival. One day when the meeting was in full force a storm came up, and a young gentleman being out hunting with his servant took refuge in the church door. Being curious to see the service these two hunters crept up into the gallery, and there hid in a place where they could observe without being observed.

"Come, Lord, come; our robes are ready. Come, Lord, come," cried the preacher, while all present gave a loud "Amen."

"Marsa Gabe," whispered Cuffy, lifting his hunting-horn to his mouth, "let me gib dem just one toot."

"Put that horn down, or I'll break your head," replied the master in a whisper.

The horn dropped by Cuffy's side, and again the minister cried; "Come, Lord, come; we are all ready for Thy coming. Come, Lord, come."

"Do, Marsa Gabe—do jist lemme gib 'em jist one little toot," pleaded Cuffy, wetting his lips and raising the horn.

"If you don't drop that horn, Cuffy, I'll whip you within an inch of your life," whispered the exasparated master.

"Blow, Gabriel, blow; we are ready for His comming. Blow, Gabriel, blow," pleaded the minister.

Cuffy could no longer resist the temptation, and sent a wild peal ringing from end to end of the church; but long before its last echo died away his master and himself were the only occupants of the building.

"I'se ready fur de licking, Marsa Gabe," said Cuffy, showing every tooth in his head, "for I 'clare to gracious it's worf two lickings to see de way common farm cattle kin git ober de ground wid skeared 'Scensionists behind dem,"