

EVENING HYMN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

Softly the day has ended now,
The sun forsakes the skies,
Sleep, all ye weary falling ones,
Rest, all ye fearful eyes.

But Thou, my God, dost never rest,
Through all our dismal night,
The darkness flees before Thy face,
Because Thy self art Light.

Think now upon Thy child, oh Lord,
Amidst earth's gathering gloom,
Thou shalt I trust from every care,
Secure from thought of wrong.

Deeply I feel my frequent sins,
And mourn them, Lord, to Thee,
Yet know that my Saviour's grace
Has wrought enough for me.

Therefore I close my weary eyes,
And sleep right joyfully,
God sets His watch above my rest,
Why should I mournful be?

Hence now, vain cares, my heart forsake,
Go whence your source ye find,
For I would build with holy thoughts
God's temple in my mind.

And if this night should be my last,
Where human sorrow dwells,
Take me to join that heavenly throng,
Whose number no man tells.

And thus I lie, oh Lord,
Content to dwell with Thee,
In death or life, oh mine aid!
In need, oh I succor me!

Baltimore Episcopal Methodist

The Little Conscience.

It was a quiet Sabbath evening among
the granite hills, and as twilight gave
place to darkness, and the stars one by
one showed their sparkling faces, I re-
turned to a chamber with my little pratt-
ler, of some four and half years, to talk
with him, and seek to direct the little
mind in its first unfoldings. I was en-
deavoring, this evening, to give him
some idea of the commandments, which
he is learning to repeat; and in order to
explain the meaning of the words, Thou
shalt not steal, used little stories as fa-
miliar illustrations. Many a question
he asked which I could hardly answer,
such as, "Mother, would I be a thief
if I took something that I knew folks
wanted out of my way?" At last, after
hearing his prattler, I left him to think
over the subject, and for a half hour his
little prattle about the "thief" could be
heard, as he conversed with himself,
and then he was in the land of
childhood's sweet dreams.

The next day he went to school, and
at noon came bounding in, with the
speculation:
"Mother, pa must get me a new hoop,
and a tick to roll it with, just like
George Holbrook's."
I assured him that he should have a
hoop, but it was not convenient to get
it that day. When he came from the
evening session he ran to me with a
forced laugh, not his usual one, and a
hoop in his hand, with—
"See, mother, I have found a hoop.
So pa won't have to buy me one, will
he?"

I saw from his manner there was
something wrong, but thought I would
not notice it, but let it come out, as I
felt sure it would; so I answered him—
"Well, darling, you have a hoop, and
such a nice one—go and play with it in
the yard, and have a good time."
He started, and then came back with,
" You didn't kiss me, mother, when I
came home."
Giving him the desired kiss, he took
his hoop into the yard. I stood at the
window, and watched his movements.
He would roll it a little way, then take
it up and look at it, as though it were
working; he evidently seemed to be
thinking of something, besides the en-
joyment of the play. Soon the hoop and
stick were carefully put away in the
shed, and he came in and seated himself
by my side with—
"Please read me, or tell me a story,
mother. I think I'm too tired to play
any more to-night."

I told him a long story about a little
boy that did wrong, and did not tell his
dear mother; how unhappy he was, and
how wretched it made her when she did
know it. He seemed very uneasy and
said:
" Now, please, mother, tell me one
funny story; not a true one like that
you know, but just one to make me
laugh, like those Cousin Mary told me."
(Alluding to some of the "Mother
Goose Melodies" that a friend had amused
him with.)

I told him I could not tell him any of
that sort, for I did not think they would
make him feel happy. Well, tea-time
came, and then his hour for rest. I went
to his chamber, as usual, to hear his
prayers, and I thought the little heart
that had done wrong would tell me the
trouble that I could see filled it. But
conscience had not whispered quite loud
enough, and I forbore to question him.
When I gave him the good night kiss,
he said:
" You do love me, mother, don't you?"
" Certainly, I always love my darling
little boy."

" Well, God loves me too, don't he,
mother?"
" Yes, darling. He always loves good
children; but if they do wrong it grieves
Him very much. I hope my little Gran-
ville won't do wrong, because he has
had a dear mother to tell him the right
way, and dear neighbors; and then I
told him of poor little orphan children,
that had no one to care for them and
lead them right, and that they would be
less to blame if they were naughty. I
bade him good-night, and left him know-
ing from the moist blue eyes, that the
little conscience was urging him to tell
mother what he had done wrong. The
next morning his little pattering feet
were early heard coming to my room,
bringing his clothes for the servant to
dress him—he usually waited till she
went after him for breakfast; he came
up to my side and looking me in the face
so earnestly—
" Mother, I've done wrong, and I'm
sorry."

" A thief, my darling? I hope not.
My little boy a thief? Why do you
ask that?"
" Well, mother, you see that hoop that
I brought home was George Holbrook's
hoop. I knew it was his, but it was lying
in the road in the water, mother,
and I was afraid it would rot, so I

brought it home and put it in our dry
shed, and am going to carry it back this
morning; and that won't be a theft,
will it, mother?"

My heart was full; I could see that
he was trying to cover the act of stealing
by falsehood. I looked steadily at him,
and said:

" Granville, did you mean to take it
back again? Now remember, and tell
mother the truth; you know 'tis a sin
as wicked to tell a lie as to steal."

His big eyes filled with tears, and he
said:

" No, mother; I didn't mean to carry
it back. I saw it lying in the road, and
I didn't think I was being a thief till I
brought it home. Won't God forget all
about it, if I carry it back, and never
touch any more things that don't belong
to me?"

I assured him, if he was very sorry,
and ready to take it back to the little
boy's mother, and tell her that he had
been very wicked in taking it; and that
if he never did the same thing again, I
thought God would forgive him if he
did not "forget" his sin. He did not
wait to eat his breakfast before the hoop
was returned, and my little boy assured
of my forgiveness, was once more hap-
py. But it was a lesson he never will
forget. And since, he said to me:

" Mother, I shall never take anybody's
things again, for something keeps telling
me to tell a wrong story about it."

No, little ones, you cannot commit
the sin of stealing, without resorting to
a wicked story to hide it. So, never,
never be a thief.

About Money.

My chum pulled out of his pocket a
half sheet of paper, folded like the back
of an old letter, and began reading the
notes there, in a slow and sententious
way.

" Money is the concentrated essence of
labor. A man who has a thousand dol-
lars has a thousand days' work in his
one hand. If he knows its value he can
move about among men with the force
of a thousand laborers—that is, with a
hundred horse-power."

" To know the force of Money, one
must know labor."

" When one man has Money, and an-
other has not, they contend for its pos-
session. This is Trade, or Robbery, ac-
cording to circumstances."

" There are three uses of Money—the
use of getting it, the use of keeping it,
and the use of spending it. Consequently
it classifies the bulk of mankind into
Money-getters, Money-keepers and Mon-
ey-spenders. Except the users we read
of in novels, men do not save money for
themselves, any more than soap-makers
or baggage-checks, or promissory notes, or
title deeds."

" The love of money is the
pleasure of mental function in getting,
or keeping, or spending. The sponge
and the spendthrift are equally guilty
with the miser."

" The class of Money-getters includes
merchants, gold-miners, pickpockets,
politicians, and professional beggars.
Americans are great Money-getters, but
they do not care to keep it. Hence this
is a country of great incomes, but small
fortunes."

" The class of Money-keepers is small.
Literate men are not found in it. Law-
yers are good at keeping money, particu-
larly if it is other people's Money, like
some other essence, has a pungent,
sweet taste; but to be kept must be corked
tightly. It evaporates in the open
air, and the vapor is called Interest. A
mortgage is a condensing instrument
which enables a money-keeper to evap-
orate a Money-spender."

" The class of Money-spenders includes
the majority of mankind. It is natural
to spend money before we get it. The
happiness of all shiftless people, includ-
ing most of the governments of Europe,
College-students and married women,
who have no legal capacity to bind
themselves, satisfy this propensity by
getting their fathers and husbands into
debt if possible."

" To become wealthy one must get and
keep. To be useful the wealthy man
must also be a judicious money-spend-
er.—AUSTIN ABBOT, in Harper's Mag-
azine."

A Haunted House.

A curious story is going the rounds
of the press concerning a haunted
house in Pen Yan, New York. A visitor
thus describes what he saw and heard:

" Our village clock was striking the
hour of twelve when we entered the
haunted house. The stillness was dis-
turbed first by what seemed a guitar
played a few feet from us, and as sweet
a voice as ever we heard singing to it
in a low tone. In an instant the sound
of voices and footsteps was heard all
about us, but, although the room was
as light as lamps could make it, we
saw nothing. The singing continued
until the same sweet voice, in the most
piercing and sharpest utterance, cried
" help." As the unearthly yell broke
forth we felt our heart beat quickly,
our breath come heavily, and every
nerve tingle. Three times did this
mysterious voice cry " help." After this
followed what seemed to be a dance of
madmen, together with the most de-
moniac screams ever heard."

" That visitor could repeat Hawthorne
with emotion:

" One all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit denoted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted."

Mrs. Lincoln at Frankfort.

Burling, the correspondent of the
Boston Journal, writes from London,
under date of February 11:

As Mrs. Lincoln's petition for a pen-
sion is now before the United States
Senate, perhaps your readers would
like to know something of her where-
abouts. She is at Frankfort with her
son, who is at school. She lives at one
of the hotels in a very plain and unpre-
tending style, occupying a room in the
third story, keeping very much to her-
self, and having the reputation of being
very industrious. She is quite econ-
omical, and, if appearances do not
mislead, she has no more funds than
are necessary to make her comfortable.
To Americans she speaks very freely of
the good President, her husband, and

always with tears. Two periods of
the Presidential career of Mr. Lincoln
she alludes to with great feeling. The
one covers the last day he spent in
Springfield before he started for Wash-
ington. The other is connected with
the last day of Mr. Lincoln's life. He
had a presentiment when he left his
house in Springfield that he should
never enter it again. He was tender
but very sad in all his farewells to his
neighbors. When he got into his car-
riage to go the station he gave the old
homestead, where he had passed so
many hours of his life, a long, fond,
lingering look. Turning to his wife,
he said: " My dear, take a good look
at the old house. We shall never live
in it again—never." He hopped back
in his carriage, and was silent till he
reached the station. The day on
which Mr. Lincoln was shot he seemed
very sad and worn down. Before he
left the breakfast table Mrs. L. said to
him: " You need rest, you are ex-
hausted. Promise me that you will
ride with me this afternoon at 3
o'clock," and he promised. Mrs. Lin-
coln said: " Shall I invite some friends
to go with us?" He said: " No, let
us go alone." He was uncommonly
tender during the whole ride; spoke of
their pleasant home in Springfield;
their early struggles; the death of their
children; the noble men who had died
in battle, and the dear friends they had
left behind. He seemed like one on the
western slope and hearing the going
down of the sun, whose joys and the
friends of his youth were clustering
around him. The rest of the story the
world knows by heart. Whatever may
have been thought of Mrs. Lincoln dur-
ing the heat and conflict of the rebel-
lion, she has won on the side of the wa-
ter only friend; by her ladylike and
retired conduct. The best friends of
America here think she has been treat-
ed rather harshly. Military men are
unanimous in the opinion that she is
entitled to a pension as much as any
soldier's widow, for by our Constitution
the President is the head of the army,
and he fell in the cause of his country.

An Act of Heroism in the Presence of two Armies.

At the battle of New Hope Church,
fought late in May, 1864, an incident
occurred that attracted the attention
and elicited the praise of two gallant
armies. This incident is rather ob-
scurely hinted at, in an otherwise ad-
mirable notice of the late Col. Wm. H.
Martin, of the Confederate Army,
which appeared recently.

In the battle referred to, the Federals
along one portion of the line had met
with a disastrous repulse. The ground
—as is always the case in pine forests
—was covered with fallen leaves.—
These had been set on fire during the
action, and the repulse of the Federals
having been sudden and decisive, they
necessarily left their wounded, who lay
thickly in all portions of the woods, ex-
posed to a more terrible ordeal than
that of battle merely. They were about
to die in the flames, when Col. Mar-
tin, taking the lead himself, ordered
his men from their fortifications, when
with switches they whipped out the
fire. At the time they left their posi-
tion, a heavy firing from the restored
Federal line was going on, but of course
this ceased so soon as it became mani-
fest that the Confederates were enga-
ged in a work of humanity to their fallen
enemies.

As we have stated, this act upon the
part of Col. Martin was for awhile the
common topic of conversation in two
great armies, and there are very many
who will remember it distinctly. One
who knew all things deep and true, and
sad and strange in human life, has
said that the word " Honor" is made
a lying slave on many a tomb, while
it is often dumb over the resting place
of " honored bones indeed."

" That it may not be thus with Col. Mar-
tin, whose unknown grave is in the
sands of a far, foreign river, we seek,
in simple justice to his memory, to recall
a gentle and knightly incident of his
life, which gleamed out like a star
from the deep murk and gloom of a
sauginary war."

The Age of Our Earth.

Among the astounding discoveries of
science, is that of the immense periods
that have passed in the gradual forma-
tion of the earth. So vast were the cy-
cles of the time preceding even the ap-
pearance of a man on the surface of our
globe, that our own period seems as yester-
day when compared with the epochs
that have gone before it. Had we only
the evidence of the deposits of rocks
heaped upon each other in regular strata
by the slow accumulation of materials,
they alone would convince us of God's
works on earth; but when we add to
these the successive population of whose
life the world has been the theatre, and
whose remains are hidden in the rocks
into which the mud, or sand, or soil of
water-kind, on which they lived, has
hardened in the course of time—or
the enormous chains of mountains whose
upheaval divided these periods of quiet
accumulation by great convulsions or
the changes of a different nature in the
configurations of our globe, as the sink-
ing of land beneath the ocean, or the
gradual rising of continents and islands
above—the slow growth of the coral
reefs, these wonderful sea walks, raised
by the little ocean architects, whose oar-
bodies furnish both the building stones,
and the cement that bind them together;
and who have worked so busily during
the long centuries that there are exten-
sive countries, mountain chains, islands
and long lines of coast, consisting solely
of their remains—or the countless forest
that have grown up, flourishing and de-
cayed, to fill the storehouses of the coral
that feed the fires of the human race—if
we consider all these records of the re-
cords of the past, the intellect falls to
grasp a chronology of which our expe-
rience furnishes no data, and time that
lies behind us seems as such an eterni-
ty to our conception, as the future that
stretches indefinitely before us.—Agas-
is.

—A firm in Washington have a
Japanese mermaid on exhibition. It is
about 16 inches in length, the body bear-

ing a close resemblance to the yellow
perch, excepting that a row of bones ap-
pear down the back. At the point where
the gills of the fish should appear, two
arms grow out, about 2 or 3 inches in
length, at the end of which are well de-
fined hands, with long fingers. The head
is about the size of a walnut, very simi-
lar to the human head, and attached to
the body by an exceedingly small neck.

Wanted a Liddle Drunk.

The " Fat Contributor" is guilty of
the following:

" I want to get a drunk, said a Teuton
the other day to a person he met on the
street, where I gets 'em, hey?"

" Want to get a drunk? Well I reckon
you can get that at any saloon in
town, where benzine is sold. There is a
place over the way, for instance, point-
ing to a saloon across the street."

" Teuton went across to the saloon; sa-
loon-keeper set out a glass, mechanical-
ly, with a look which seemed to say,
Well, what is it?"

" Can I get a drunk here all a wile?
Get drunk's your mind ter, if you on-
ly pay for it, was the reply. Got whis-
ky, I'll warrant to fetch you, if you
drink enough of it."

" Se nicht ver stay. I don't want to
get drunk like as fer trefel, I only want
to get trunk like a liddle drunk, bet-
ter go and drink red wine. Don't keep
it here—keep stuff good for a big drunk
that's all."

" Nein, nein, nein; I want a drunk to
keep in mine clothes, to lock up mine
key, up, up, to take along my ver der
rail-road, my travils in me to New York, all
der wile."

" Oh, von want a drunk? Why in the
devil didn't you say so in the first place?
There is a trunk store over the way, if
that's what you want."

" Yah, dat is right; and Teuton shot
across the street to secure his " liddle
drunk."

I DO NOT LIKE TO HEAR HIM PRAY.

I do not like to hear him pray.
Who loans for twenty five per cent.
For then I think the borrower may
be pressed to pay for food and rent.
And in the bank we all should heed.
Which says the lender shall be best,
As sure as I have eyes to read.
It does not say " take interest."

I do not like to see him pray.
He bended knee about an hour,
For grace to spend again the day.
Who knows his neighbor has no flour,
I'd rather see him go to mill for long,
And buy the buckless lighter bread,
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray.
" Let blessings on the widow be!"
Who never seeks her home to say,
" It want to make you, come to me,
That I may pray for you and long,
That's offered for the orphan's weal,
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,
And only with the lips doth speak."

I do not like to hear her pray.
With jeweled ear and soken dress,
Who washes woman toils all day,
And then she sits to wait for less,
Such pious prayers I despise,
With folded hands and angel's eyes,
And steal the earnings from the poor.

I do not like to see him pray.
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven,
No angel's wing them upward bears—
They're not so willing to be long,
I do not like long prayers to hear,
And studied, from the lips depart,
Our Father lends a ready ear,
Let words be few—He hears the heart.

—Exchange

How GENERAL SHERMAN DOES BUSINESS.

The army officers here are quite
astonished at General Sherman's mode
of doing business. An officer yester-
day called to confer with him as to
breaking up of Lincoln Barracks, near
the city, and asked him what he should
do with the property.

" Burn it! burn it, sir!" said Sher-
man, impetuously.

" General," said the officer, " please
put your order in writing, and I will
obey."

" Burn it! burn it!" again exclaim-
ed Sherman.

The officer asked his written order
therefor when the General asked what
was his value. He was informed it was
worth \$200,000. " Well," said Sher-
man, " the fact is, this city is a bad
place for soldiers, and I want to get
them all away from it. You had bet-
ter put it up for sale and clear the
thing out quick." Subsequently Gen-
eral Emory called to ascertain what or-
ders he had for his department.

" What department?" inquired the
Commander-in-chief.

" The department of Washington, D.
C.," said Emory.

" Busted up! Busted up, sir, yester-
day! I am going to get all the troops
out!"—Washington Correspondence.

A BELL OF BAR-BROOM LOAFERS.

The Leavenworth Bulletin is respon-
sible for the following: " Yesterday even-
ing a wag stepped into a saloon (we
don't locate it) and after taking a few
at the knot of sitters gathered at the
stove, without speaking to any of them,
began to count heads audibly, pointing
first to himself and then to each ex-
ceptant bummer. He counted one, two,
three, four, five. " Bar-tender, six
glasses of beer," Instantly ten blood-
shot eyes gleamed with the delight of
expectancy, five backs straightened; five
pairs of feet were drawn across five
pairs of parched, tobacco-stained lips,
involuntarily smacking with awet an-
ticipations. Six glasses of beer were ar-
ranged in a row on the bar, when the
lucker, without deigning to glance at the
thirty objects of his enumeration, pro-
ceeded to stow away the six glasses of
" hop water" in short order, to the very
evident disgust and disappointment of
the said " enumerated," who each heav-
ily sighed with regret and muttered reful-
ly, " sold."

—Printers Devils are generally
great ladies men, notwithstanding they
have a very hard name. Sometimes ag-
one of these hard-named fellows and his
lady love were taking a stroll; as they
were walking along chatting briskly on
the numerous questions of the day, she
suddenly caught his hand, and looking
smilingly in his face, asked,

" Do you know why I cannot get re-
ligion?"

" No, my dear, I do not."

" It is because I love the devil!"

Queen Esther.

Because of her great beauty, Ahasuerus
chose Esther to be queen. She was
a Jewess, who had been brought up by
her uncle, Mordocai, one of the Hebrew
captives, who had been carried away from
Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, the
king of Babylon, along, probably, with
Esther's father and mother, upon whose
death he took her, and brought her up
as his own daughter. Now, the king
knew not that Esther belonged to the
race of the Jews (who were despised and
looked down upon in Persia) for Mordocai
had told her, not to make known that
she was so. About a year or two
after the royal marriage, two of the
king's servants, Bigthan and Teresh,
sought to kill him; and told the queen
of their intentions, and told the queen,
who warned the king thereof, in Mordocai's
name; and when the truth of the
matter was ascertained, they were both
taken and hanged on a tree.

There was a man, of the name of Ha-
man, who was a great favorite of the
king's and to whom all the people about
the court, with the exception of Mordocai,
paid great reverence. Now, Haman
was full of wrath when he saw that Mordocai
neither bowed down nor paid any
attention to him when he passed; and,
having discovered that he was a Jew, he
resolved to be revenged upon him, by
getting the king to sign an order, com-
manding all the Jews in Persia to be put
to death. This he succeeded in doing,
by telling Ahasuerus that the Jews did
not obey his laws, and made riot in his
kingdom; upon hearing which, the king
gave the order that, on a certain day
they should all be put to death. Now,
when Mordocai heard of this cruel de-
cree, he was in great grief, rent his gar-
ments, and uncovered himself with sack-
cloth, and threw ashes on his head, and
went into the street of the city, and cried
aloud; and in every province in the
kingdom, when the news of the decree
reached it, there was weeping and mourn-
ing, and fasting among the Jews.
When Queen Esther heard of it, she was
in great distress, and knew not what to
do; but Mordocai got Hatach, one of the
king's chamberlains, to take in a writ-
ten copy of the decree to her, and beg
her to go to the king, tell she was a Jew-
ess, and beg him to spare the lives of
her people. Esther, however, sent a
message to her uncle, to say that, ac-
cording to the laws of the country, if any
one, even the queen, appeared before
the king without being sent for, they
would be put to death, unless the king
extended his golden sceptre to them.
Again Mordocai sent, urging her to go
and try, and perhaps the golden sceptre
would be extended to her,—telling her
that it was, perhaps, to do this very
thing, she had been made queen. Then
Esther sent, and requested Mordocai to
gather together all the Jews in Shusan,
that they might fast and pray, and she
and her maidens would do the same, and
then she would go in to the king, al-
though it was not according to the law,
and added, " If I perish, I perish."

The prayers of the suffering people
had reached the ears of the Lord, and
He inclined the heart of the king to be
merciful. The golden sceptre was ex-
tended to the fair suppliant, with the
words, " What wilt thou, Queen Esther?"
and what is his request? It shall be
even given to the half of my kingdom."

O king, she exclaimed, if I have found
favor in thy sight, spare my life, and
the lives of my people, for we are sold
to be destroyed and slain. Then Ahasuerus
said, Who is he that presumed to do
this thing? Then the queen pointed to
Haman, saying, There is the wicked
man! On hearing that, the king rose
in great wrath, and went into the pa-
lace garden. When he returned, he gave
orders to take Haman and let him be
hung on the gallows he had caused to be
erected for Mordocai. Ah! is it not a
vain thing for any one to fight against
God, or against his people? The Jews
were saved, and Mordocai was raised to
be the greatest man in the land, next
to the king, and he endeavored to pro-
mote in every way the good of his cap-
tive brethren.

From this we may learn that God of-
ten make use of feeble instruments to
execute His will. Esther was but a
feeble woman, but she had a great work
given her to do, and, by the grace of
God she accomplished it. To be made
the means of saving the lives of her peo-
ple, was the purpose for which God
caused her to become queen; and in or-
der to do so she risked her own life.
Each of us has a work given us to do;
are we doing it? Little children even
you have some work to do for God; try
and find out what it is. It may not be
a great one, but, if done for God, the
" love of Christ constraining," it will be
accepted by Him.

" Let no one say his lamp is hid,
In this dark world the Lord hath need of him!"
—Christian Treasury.

This, That and the Other.

—Jefferson Davis' health is better now than
it has been for years.

—What do you always do before you go to
sleep? Shut your eyes.

—The bachelor has to look out for number
one, the married man for number two.

—A \$50,000 monument is to be erected over
Sam Houston's grave, at Houston, Texas.

—A Missionary preached—descended from the
pulpit last Sunday to drink a couple of unruly
boys.

—A Methodist prayer-meeting in Hartford,
Ct., prayed that Gen. Grant might give up to
become.

—A Jones County, Iowa, stock raiser, has
made a sale of cattle and hogs amounting to
\$50,000.

—The woman's rights agitation has yielded
for the moment to the discussion of spring
bonnets.

—On the Chicago and Northwestern railway
recently a train ran ninety-one miles in ninety
minutes.

—Butler says " he never takes things back,"
this is discouraging to the people of New Or-
leans who lost spouses.

—Why stand ye here all the day, idle?" was
the way Benrus talked a wooden god when he
visited a Chinese temple.

—A New York Widow of 60 years a widow of
50 for \$10,000 damages in refusing to fulfill an
engagement of marriage.

—A man in Troy was recently buried in a
couch which he had bought ten years before in
anticipation of a rise in prices.

—Michael Ryan, of Vanderburg county, Indi-
ana, got drunk, fell off his horse into a creek,
and was drowned, a few days ago.

—Fifty thousand citizens want to see their
country as opposed to Frankfort, and ninety de-
sire the privilege of going to Nevada.

—There are as good horses drawing in earth
as in coaches; and as good men are engaged
in humble employment as in the highest.

—A woman and six children, near Terra
Haute, have been on the verge of starvation all
winter. For days they lived on parched corn.

—The King of Bavaria will present to his
young Russian bride upon her arrival at Mu-
nich, a necklace of pearls worth 100,000 dol-
lars.

—A New Yorker finally worth a spool of
cotton at his wife's head, which cut open
artery and almost severed her thread of exis-
tence.

—New York does only nine times as much
business as Chicago, fifteen times as much as
Cincinnati, and fifteen times as much as St.
Louis.

—The daughters of Andy Johnson left the
President's mansion in letter order that he
has never been left in before by an outgoing
President.

—A Philadelphia physician, Dr. R. W. Mil-
ler, has been experimenting upon the venom
of rattlesnakes, and concludes there is no an-
tidote to the poison.

—A despatch from Columbus, the Ohio State
capital, says: " Almost a century ago, the great-
est town in the State has represented to her, by
lying for something."

—When a man accuses the sidewalk of try-
ing to throw him into the street and get his
clothes, he may be suspected of having previ-
ously wet his own whiskers.

—The Congress of the United States and the
Legislature of Massachusetts are the only leg-
islative bodies that have refused to hold con-
gressing bills on parchment.

—While Benjamin Franklin was alive he
purchased his paper from the Ivy Mill in Ber-
kshire county, Pa. The Mill was erected in
1772, and is still in operation.

—A few days ago, a party of " boys" out of
Cheyenne, by some means, got possession of a
baby, and pawned it at a bar for whiskey. The
mother paid one dollar to redeem the infant,
and by doing so, she was ruined.

—Somebody wants to know if when the
land is laid down together, if a letter will
not be roasted. We presume that it will
upon how new the lamb is located to the
bar.