A MOTHER'S, THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. PRINCIS D. BIGE. Where, tell me where are my little ones gone, That used to be sharing about my knee, with their solsy safeth and boisterous give? Who littered the carpots and misplaced the chairs, And soutered their playthings all unawares. Who called for their suppers with eager shout, And while they were getting, ran in aud out; Who kept all the apples and nuts from spoiling.

ing.
And never saved jackets or pants from soiling;
Had ever a want, and ever a will.
That added a care to my heart until
I nomethnes sighed for the time to come
When they'd all be big and go out from home.

Stient and ione, silent and lone, Where, tell me where, are my little ones go There's me little faces to wash wenight. No little proubles for mother to right, No little plue eyes to be sung to sleep, No sittle playthings to be put up to keep, No sittle playthings to be hung on the rack, Hellittle tales to tell, no nuts to crack, Hellittle tales to tell, no nuts to crack, Calling for mamma to settle the frolick, Calling for mamma to settle the frolick. le soft lips to press mes with kissen— such a sid, jonely evening an thisris!) be voices to shout with delight: night, dear mamma, goed night, good

night!"

Bilent the house is; so little ones here
To startle a smile, or to chase back a tear

Shent and lone, silent and lone, Where, tell the where, are my little ones gone it it reameth but yesterday since they were

reameth but yesterday since they were young; in they're all, scattered the world's paths among.
Out where the great relling trade-etream is flowing;
Out where new fresides with love-lights are

the graves of their life-hopes are

sleeping.
Not to be comforted—weeping, still weeping, that where the high hills of science are blend-

ag, nid the cloud rifts, up, up, still ascending, ing the suashine that rests on the moun-Drinking and thereting still, still at the foun-

Out in life's theroughfares all of them molling, Out in the wide, wide world, striving and tolling. Little onks, tering ones, playful ones, all, that went when. I bade, and came at my call, Have ye described me! Will ye not coine Back to year enother's arms—back te the home?

Bilent and lone, silent and lone,
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gove
Useless my cry is. Why the i complain?
They'll be my little ones never again?
Can the great cake to the scorns return?
The broad rolling stream flow back to the

ner other call childhood again to her knee manhood went forth, the strong and t in manhood went forth, the strong and the face? ! nay! so true mother would wish for them

ik ; rk nobly done, their firm tread on life's track il come like an organ-nete fofty and clear, lift up her soul and her spirit to cheer, d though her tears fall when she's plient

and lone, the'll know-it is best they are scattered and

gone.

Silent and lone! silent and lone!

Thy will, O Father! not my will be done!

A CASE WITH A LADY IN IT.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

I- had just taken possession of the young lawyer on my first circuit, and Diggs kept his best the old stagers—when the words, "I say, Bill," and Tom Mansfield burst upon me at the same instant

Tem and I had been cronies from the time we committed our first juvenile trespass on Decon Roxley's watermelon patch, till we afterwards studied the action of that name together in Judge Thompson's office.

"I say, Bill, L've got a case, and want your saistaneo in it."
"Ab!" said I; in a consulting tone.

"A will case," he continued, "full of the nicest kind of points, and the pret-tiest woman in the world for a client!" "What about fees?" I inquired, by way of keeping up professional appear-

'Hear the mercenary wretch !" he exobsimed "If we succeed, there will

be plenty of money; if we don't it will be a nuble cause to fall'in." "That's what they say of the dashing young chap that broke his neck trying to

peck ' "Confound your mythology; business is business. Let me state the case."

Well. state away.'

This was it: John Andrews had settled in the country when it was young. He had grown with its growth, and was the pro-prietor of a half dozen farms, and "one fair daughter, which he loved passing

His wife, the partner of the earliest and severest portion of his struggles, had died many years before, and his daugh-ter had become the mistress of his house

while yet a child.

As loffle increased in years, her father prospered; and when at length he found himself possessor of wealth, the ambition, so sommon under such cir-cumstances, of elevating his daughter to a station in life above that in which she had been reared became a ruling passion. The first thing was to buy her a splen-did education; and like other not over good judges of the article, he was gov-erned in his choice more by the gaudi-ness of the coloring than by the quality

of the texture.

At the end of the usual period, Effic was cent home "finished"—that is, in every respect in which could be, totally spoiled. In one thing only she remains the could be to th d the same: her love for her father had deficit the power-even of fashionable educ**ation**.

A house was purchased in town, of which Eth was made the mistress, and at which it. Beldon, a young gentleman of city, susteredents, and for too nice to have snything so walgar as a visible calling, became a frequent and not unwelcome visitor. He had just brains enough to think of providing for the future by a scheme of which Miss Andrews, and her appurtenances, constitu-ited the central feature. Accordingly he sighed and lied, and fawned and flatter-ed, till Effic's foolish little heart relent-

But one difficulty remained to be encountered. How to conciliate the rough old weedsman-there was the rate. He bad permitted his daughter to amuse hered her to a seat near our table. Pretty and made good their energe. He untied self with the young dandy, much as he would have allowed her to play with a where Tom had placed her, I felt that monkey or a poodle. But could he have our case had another "beautiful point" they tied her they threatened her with brought himself to tolerate the idea of in it.

watery departure.
When Effic tried to talk her father ever, for the first time in his life, he flew in a passion with her, and she dared not

ronew the subject.

But Llove, the little pagan, pays no respect to the fifth commandment. The officious interference of parents and guardians only renders him the more mpatient and unruly; and the present instance was no exception. Clandestine interviews were arranged; accidental neetings took place at the houses of mutual friends, till the whole ended in the

gentleman proposing an elopement.
Effic, after protesting she couldn't possibly think of such a thing, and after many vain attempts to conjecture what would people say, at last, with gracuful hesitano v consented.

Rage, frenzy, despair, are weak words to describe the emotions of John Audrews, when he found his house had been robbed of its chiefest treasure. His first impulse was pursuit. It was night when he set out accompained by a trusty Scotchman, long in his empley and confidence. As the two galloped along, Mr. Andrew's horse stumbled, precipitating the rider to the ground, and falling heavily upon him. He was taken up insensible, and carried to the nearest house. A physician was called who pro-nounced the injuries of a most serious, of not necessarily fatal character.

As soon as conscience returned, he dispatched a messenger for a nephew of his, a lawyer of not very good repute, residing in a neighboring town.

When Mr. Jackson, the nephew, arrived, he was left alone with his uncle, at the latters request. At the end of an hour the doctor was summoned, and requested by Mr. Andrews to note his signature to paper, to which he then affixed his name, declaring it to be his will, and asking the doctor to subscribe it as a witness, which was done.

On his nephew's suggestion that another witness was requisite, Mr. Andrews named MacPherson, the Scotchman, and requested the doctor to send him in.

MacPherson, it seems, had been sont turned, the doctor communicated Mr. Andrews message, and went himself to attend a sick call in the neighborhood not deeming his presence there immediately necessary.

When he came back, he was astonish-'d to find his patient dead. Such a re-fult had not, indeed, been anticipated, and its suddenness took him entirely by

surprise

By Mr. Andrews' will, which was published some days after his death, the entirety of his property was devised to his pephew, who had attended him in his last moments. Everything was in due form True, MacPherson, one of the witnesses, pursuant to a previous intention, had sailed to Sootland shortly tention, had sailed to Sociland shortly after the funeral, and was not present before the Judge of Probate. But his handwriting was proved, and the evidence of the remaining witness was quite satisfactory. He had seen the testator append his signature, and heard him declare that the paper was his will, and was positive that, at the time, he was of sound mind and memory.

Poor Effe's grief, when she received

Poor Effic's grief, when she received roor time's grief, when ane received the intelligence of her father's death was too profound to the depended by the news of her own disenherison. Under all the circumstances, one wo'ld

bave thought that the young husband would have been unremitting in tender-ness and sympathy toward his sorrow-ing bride, who had sacrificed so much for his sake. And so he would, if he had devotedly loved her, but he did not

love her.

The fact is, his whole heart and soul and mind were occupied with a previous attachment—net from another; the fartwb-forty time with the chariot | thest possible from that -- its object was which the most ardent description, had met the most ardent description, had met with a blighting disappointment in his wife's loss of fortune and with her un-ceasing grief and continual a'lf-accusation —she offered no reprosches to him—he had but little nationce, and soon gave her to understand as much. The man who, a month before, would have been ready to put on mourning had she lost her favorite casary, now turned his back upon her in the hour of real afflic-

When at length he was found dead in his bed, one morning, after a night of carousel the coroner's jury said it was "the act of God"—his blessings you will

call it
Effic's cousin, instead of making any provision for her whose rights he had most unrighteously supplanted, left her wholly dependent ou others, and had she not found a home in the house of an old and tried friend of her father, she might have gone forth a shelterless wan

Tom Manufield, who had quality made the sequeintance of the young widow, became warmly interested in her cause, and guided probably more by sympathy than judgment, had com-menced an action to contest the will made under the circumstances just re

And this was the case which he wish

of my assistance.
We skt up meanly all might in curaultation. There was a point which we both thought a "beautiful" one, and we devoted our principal efforts to strength-

Ours was the first cause on in the morning. Arrayed against us was three of the oldest and ablest practitioners of the circuit. Jackson had plenty of mon-

bor marrying anybody, yet awhile -- for Atmost immediately the trial begin, calarm or resistance.

the possibility of such a remote trained contingenty may have occasionally suggested itself. Horses Beiden was about the last person on earth, in connection with whom it would have been enterprised by the payering and the payer

witness to a searching cross-examina-tion; but he stood fire like a relaman-der. He swore that the testator had not only dictated every line of the will, but had heard it read, and had twice read it over himself, before executing it.

rose to present our point. \$5.55

It was put in the shape of a motion

to direct a verdict for the contestant, on the ground that the witnesses had not subscribed in the presence of each other. I was about to adduce arguments and authorities, when the Judge interposed

"The rule you claim undoubtedly w the law, and should be so still, but a recent statute has changed it. The witnesses need not now sign in each other's

A hasty examination proved his Honor was right, and our main point was done for.

To our great relief, the court adjourned for dinner the afternoon That task, on our side, was assigned to me, but I felt it was hopeless. I was determined, however, nopeiess. I was getermined, nowever, to take what satisfaction I could out of Jackson, by abusing him as soundly as the rules of the court would allow. And, after all, who could tell? The jury might take the bit ig their mouth, and give a verdict in spite of the law and the evidence. Responsibility becomes amazingly light when divided by twelve.

On the reassembling of court, I was a little surprised as well as annoyed at Tom's absence. Could it be he was leaving me in the lurch, and staying away to avoid the mortification of our final defeat?

I had just risen to address the jury. when somebody plucked me by the coat.
It was Tom, hir eyes fairly gleaming, and his whole fran e in tremor of excite-

ment. "What's the matter?" I whispered. "MacPherson's here!"

'What! the other witness?" "Yes, just arrived, not an hour ago,

"But will it help us to call him?"
"Trust me for that. Put him on the What shall I ask him?"

"No matter; you can't go far wrong; if you should miss anything, I'll prompt

Tom was evidently full of some mystery with which he was bent on taking everybody by surprise, including my-

In a few words I explained to the court our reasons for wishing to reopen the testimony. Jackson turned pale, and whispered nervously to his counsel, but they shook their head; our applica-tion was one that would be granted, of

Call your witness," said the Judge. "Donald MacPherson!" shouted out Tom.

The witness, a brawny honest-faced Scotchman, advanced to the stand, and WAS AWOUN "Go ahead." Tom whispered.
"Mr MacPherson, look at that sig-

nature and tell us it is yours

"Do you know the signature to the right of it?" Yes; that's the signature of Mr. Au-

"Did you see him write it?" "No; but I am well acquent with his

hand "Were you requested to witness that paper."
Yes "

"By whom?"
"By Mr. Jackson." uBy Mr. Jackson."
"Did Mr. Andrewssay anything about

No; he was dead when I came in." There was no cross-examination. submit the case without ar I said, resuming my seat.

Our senior opponent was one of those awyers with whom it is a matter of conf science to show fight to the last. In a brief speech he admitted it to be essential that both the witnesses should have signed their names before the testator's death, but claimed that, in as much as the testimony of Jackson and MacPherson was in direct conflict on this question it must be left to the jury

"Certainly," answered his Honor, But when he had concluded his charge, there wasn't much of Mr. Jackson or his testimony left.

The jury gave us a verdict without leaving the box Tom, I am sorry to say, behaved very

unhandsomely in the division of the epolis. Although I was liberally baid, he took the widow and her whole fortune for his

As for Jackson, not being quite as conscientious as Judas, he didn't go out and hang himself. But at the rate he is going, it will take more law than the knows to keep him much longer out of

the penitentiary.

Another Negro Outrage.—On Sunday night last as a young lady, whose name has not transpired, was walking near Christiana Hundred, thelaware. She was stopped by two negrees, who had suddenly emerged from the woods directly in front of her. One of them seized her by the arm and attempted to drag her into the woods, when she com-menced screaming, which no doubt pre-vented him from consummating his diof the oldest and ablest practitioners of the circuit. Jackson had plenty of money now, and was himself no fool in "puting up" a case.

I feit a little nerveus. It was my first case of any importance. I too, as well as John Andrews' will, was about to be placed on trial.

My courage revived a little when our client came in, "excerted by Tom, who introduced me as his associate, and handed, her to a seat near our table. Pretty as a pink, as she sat ficing the jury, where Tom had placed her, I fest that

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

Healde the tollsome way, Lenely and dask, by fruits and flowers unbiest which my warm feet tread sadly, day by day, Londing in vain for rest.

With main sweet floor most eyes curs meanly The wille, from withered leaves and flowerfered The woave my fitting crown.

A sweet and patient grace, look of firm endurance, true and tried f suffering meekly borne, rests on her So pure, so glorified. And when my histing heart

Desponds and murmurs at its adverse fat Then quietly the augul's bright lipe part, Whispering softly "Walt!" read it over himself, before executing it.

I gave him up in despair.

At length the avidence closed, and I gig there with patient strength and trusting

And firm endurance-walt !" Wearing the thorny crown through all life's

A Bashful Bride on a Wedding Tour.

While we were making arrangements to pass the night (we cannot say sleep) in the sleeping car which carried us from Mucon to Montgomery, Alabama, and just as we had begun to wish for a and just as we had begun to wish for a batter bed, the cars stopped at a small station, and a blushing couple "hold of hands," came into the cur. Their appearance as they stood hesitatingly in the door-way, showed that they meant "mischief," and were just starting out on their wedding tour.

"Would you like a berth, sir?" said the lively, Jolly-faced conductor of the miserable sleeping car. "No, sir—I reckon—as may be—that ain't what we want," stammered the bridegroom want," stammered the bridegroom
"Hain't you got no bridal chamber on
on this ere kear?"

"Oh, the bridal chamber !" exclaimed The couple went tremblingly through the car to the "state-room," which looked about as much like a state-room on a Northern sleeping car as a ceil in the county jail appears like the Parker House parlor.

that door shut up ?" anxiously inquired the bridegroom
"Ob, yes. See how it slides," said

the conductor "But I'm dogged if I see any place to sleep," suggested the applicant for the chamber.

"Oh, we'll fix that, if you will be sentted," said the conductor, pointing to a low, hard sofa on the opposite side of the car, close to the head of our curtained couch.
"I don't like it, so there___," whis-

pered the bride.

Don't like what?" said her partner.

"I won't go no further, I won't if you ep talking so." keep talking so."*
What have I done, I'd like ter

know ?' You told him you didn't ree no place to sleep, and I don't think it usin

right,"
"Well, I don't see no place now, neith-"tet's go back, Johnny; I'm sfraid to go ny turther."

"Let's go back, Johnny; I'm sfraid to go ny turther."

to go any turther Oh, no, don't let's go back, let's stick

"I can't I won't I don't like ter can't stay here. Ther's lots of men be hind those curtins. I'm sick. I won't go no further. Say, Johnny let's home. Do, I wan't ter so much." the fair one began to weep as though her

heart would break. "Wall, don't cry, Mollie, we'll go ght cout at the next place. But you right cout at the next place. But you hadn't orter be so afraid folks now we

are married."

This seemed to quiet her grief, and at that station the afflicted couple left the cars, having paid for the "state-room," and we heard him, as he stood on the platform outside, remarkahat. "That ar sleeping kear was dog goned small quar-ters for married folks."

Car Soams.

Stranger—'I say, conductor, do you know who that good-boking lady is there with the book?' Conductor-'Yes I've seen her a few

'By Jove, she's splendid.'
'Yes, I think she is.'

'Where does she live?'
'In Ullicago, I believe.' 'I'd like to occupy that seat with her.'
'Why don't you ask her?'

I did not know but it would be out of order ' 'It would not be if she was willing to

have you occupy it. Of course you claim to be a gentleman'
'Oh, certainly. If you are acquainted with her; give me an introduction; that is, if you have no objections.'

'Certainly not'
'How far is she going, do you not

know? Bochester, I believe. Give me an introduction by al

Fixing his hair, moustache and whiskers in becoming style, he followed the conductor, who on reaching the seat where the lady sat, said, with a peculiar twinkle in his eye:

'My wife, Mr., of New York, who assures in he will die before reach-

ing Detsoit if he does not form your noquaintance. The gentleman stammered, stuttered and grew red in the face, faltered out some excuse and returned to his seat;

some excuse and returned to his seat; leaving the lady in company with her husband to enjoy the joke. While they were talking, the man left his seat, came up, and said:

"All right, Mr. Conductor, I owe you one! If you'll give me your address I will send you a basket of Champagne, if you will not say anything about this and if you want anything to drink before the champagne comes, we will stop at the first station."

-A Nashville druggist has invent ed a rat paint made of a preparation of phosphorus. You first eath the rat then you paint him. After dark he looks like a ball of fire, and in going among his fellow rate they get scared to death at the "light ' has countenance,"

Hydrophobia --- Horrible Aganies and

With all the aid of the despect medical research and the most complete chemical analyzation that all ages have offired, she nature of antimal poison semility be at little understood to day ns, when its thrible effects were first

Chief among these stand the horribly mysterious poisoning that ensues upon

the bite of a rabid dog.

The final hours of terrible agony, in the case of a young man residing in this city, who had become infected the venom above mentioned, occurred at about 5 o'clock yesterday af-

ternoon. About nine weeks ago Mr. William in the North Goodwillie, employed Pier Box factory, was fondling a little Scotch terrier, when the beast suddenly bit him in the left hand, near the base of the thumb. No particular no-tice was taken of the matter at the time, Mr. Goodwillie washing and dressing the slight wound, and continuing his work as though nothing had hap

pened. On Sunday morning he arose as usual, but found, when he approached the wash basin for the purpose of per-forming his customary ablution, that he was filled with a strange horror and aversion to the water. With consider-able difficulty he mastered this emotion, but it was only to find that it was growing upon him at a fearful rate. When he sat down to the breakfast table he found that his antipathy to fluids, especially water, was fast gaining a horrible ascendancy over him. Suddealy the terrible truth flashed upon him that he was suffering under an aggravated condition of hydrophopia premonitory symptoms. Medical uid was immediately summoned, three phy sicians being called and the usual meth od of procedure in such cases was instituted. The wound was cut and cauterized, and various medicants were injected into his veins, but to no purpose, for the malady increased in power the whole of the time. Towards the close of the afternoon he began to experionce considerable bodily suffering, complaining of severe pain in throat and eyes, and stating that quick sensations of sharp, smarting agony were occasionally passing through his entire frame. During the night this pain increased gradually, but at no time was his sufferings such that he did not have entire control of himself.

It being evident that none of the curative agents that were being used cl'd avail him anything, it became necessa ry to submit the patient to some new method of treatment. At this juncture one of the physicians suggested that he e placed at once in the care of some sulphur-bath proprietor, as it had lately been stated through the papers that several cases of hydrophobia had been cured by means of this treatment in question

The idea was gladly caught at by his distressed relatives, and as there seem ed to be nothing else that could be done for him, preparations were at once made for carrying the suggestion into

At about three o'clock in the afternoon he was placed in a hack and conveyed to the medicated bathing estab lishment of Jeel Prescott, No 175 Madison street. At this time the fearful complaint had completely gained the mastery of the suffering victim, who was subjected at short intervals to agonized convulsions of the most horrible nature. His skin was dry and smooth, his eyes glassy, and protruding from his head in a wild state that was sickening to behold; great gouts of foam were visible oozing from his mouth; and yet, in spite of all his torments, he seemed to be perfectly sane, and cognizant of everything that was going on about him. He would occa-sionly call loudly for water to quench the thirst that he averred was consuming him inwardly, but when the fluid was brought he would cry out in terror at the sight of it. He once asked fora piece of ice, and his attendants, hoping that he could endure the found of that article, procured a small bit, but on beholding it he was seized with parexysms worse than he had suffered when water was brought near. He also manifested an uncontrolable desire to bite and tear himself and every person that approached him. This frenzy he was well aware of and in his quieter moments would be seech his friends to ceep away trom' him, 'est he should do

them serious injury. The baths having been prepared, he was divested of his clothing, and his hands having been fastened behind him with a pair of handcuffs, procured from the Central police station, he was placed in one of the little apartments ned on such occasions. He remained under the steaming operations while the temperature was slowly raised from 90 to 136 degrees for about 30 minutes, after which he was again taken out and allowed to repose in one of the compartments adjoining the bathing-

At first he seemed to be considerably better, appearing very quiet and conversing with those about him. But he was soon seized with another attack of the molady, which was, however, much milder in all of its symptoms than most of those that preceded it, and it became evident at once that his end

was fast approaching. He died at 5 o'clock, about ten min-utes after he had been removed from the bath, his last moments being quiet, he seeming to suffer but very little pain. The remains were decently ar ranged by Detectives Sherman and Kelly, and after the froth had been wiped from his lips, and the death dew from his forehead, the face gave but little evidence of the torture that had so lately racked the body of its possessor.

Very few cases of the horrible malady by which he came to his death have ever been noted, in which all the death at the "light." his countenance," particulars were of such a strangely "Who made de palings." and wheate the presidence, terrible mature. The animal that his "Sit down, sit," said the preaches, particular rat following and harrying Mr. Goodwillie was not supposed to be sternly, "such questions as dat would be attended to be sternly."

healing as fant as could possibly be ex-pected. This fact, taken in conjunc-tion with the time that clapsed between the accident and the first appearance of the malady; the swiftness with which the fearful disease grew upon its victim after it had once shown itself; victim after it mad once anown itself, the horrible sufferings endured, and the total inefficacy of all attempts at their alleviation, mark the case of William Goodwillie as one of the most terrible spenimens of the effects of ani mal poisoning to be found in the annals of medicine.—Chicago Times 27th

SHAKING HANDS .- Reader, do you un derstand the philosophy of shaking hands? We think not. Few ide. Here it is from an exchange :

There is philosophy in hand shak ing. It is an indication of character. It gives expression to the degree in which you are appreciated or esteemed by another. There is a variety of methods in shaking hands, according to the temperament, disposition or occa sion. Some selze your hand with an earnest grasp-one foot extended-and holding your eye with their own. Such is the salutation of thegolly tar, ready to 'share the last shot in the locker' with the stranger of the hour. Others again, seize your hand with as much frenzy, and may mean as well toward you; but they do not look di rectly at you, but pass your cheeks, with eyes steadily set, as if looking for some undefined ghostliness beyond, and seeming to converse with the same. Others give too great a show of ferven cy to the salution, causing your fingerto tingle with pain; you involuntary it to be compressed into one bornd.
Brulsed, extended, index fluger. Others add to this exhibition of muscular power by swinging your hand up and down- a sort of imitation that they are about to "pump" you. A few come so close to you that you can feel their breath upon your face; other seem to be experimenting on the great est distance at which the salutation can be exchanged. Some daintily offer you the tipe of their fingers; it means either that they consider themselves your superior or, that they are not disposed to be especially gracious. Others again, take your whole hand, endangering the immaculate whiteness of your wristbands. The most agreeable shake of the hand is that meaning which stands guarantee to the sympathetic look and kindly spoken word The most abominable hand shaking a lazy, listless offering, no pressure and averse to receiving. We have sha and the memory of it has annoyed be for an hour afterwards. It was like touching a wet disheloth, or a cold, quivering frog. An embarrassing shake of the hands is when the part greets you hesitatingly, yet slightly, if he felt guilty of boldness, or was not quite sure that he had been misled by a resemblance. It is as awkward as a pause in a convensation.

ENGLISH POSTAGE .- "Monadnock" writes to the New York Times that postage in England, after all the reforms of Rowland Hill, is in many respects oppressive and absurd. A newspaper which costs a cent is two cents postage Thus a large, well tilled weekly paper costs you titly-two cents a year, but if you get it by mail it costs you just three times as much. The lively Echo, daily, costs \$3.10 a year; by mail is \$9.30. The smallest printed circular is two cents. A letter to Germany is twelve cents, and Paris, or even Boulogue in sight of the English coast, you must pay eight cents eay a dime and for only quarter of an ounce, because the English post office will not get weight of a third of an ounce or the French standard. If a barrel of letters can be carried as cheaply as a barrel offlour. it need not cost twelve cents to get half an ounce to New York. the other hand, the English post carries four ounces of book, papers, manuscript or corrected proof for a penny, a great convenience to poor scrib blers, who can send their articles to one magazine after another, until at last, when worn to shreds, they are appreci ated and accepted. I know an Ameri can lady who sent an article 'the rounds for weary weeks in this way and then got \$50 or \$60 for it, which she greatly needed. But the postage on manu script, sent from America to my care sometimes, is something frightful for a poor author to contemplate.

WHIP ME, BUT DON'T Cry .-- A pious father had devoted great attention to the education of his son, who had main tained an unblemished reputation until the age of fourteen, when he was detect

ed in a deliberate falsehood. The father's grief was great, and he determined to punish the offender se verely. He made the subject one prayer; for it was too important, in his esteem, to be passed over, as a common occurrence of the day. He then called his son, and prepared to inflict the punishment. But the fountain of the father's heart was broken up. He wept aloud. He saw the struggling be tween love and justice in his parent's bosom, and broke out with his usual samestness, "Father, father, whip me as much as you please, but don't cry."

The point was gained. The father saw that the lad's character was sentially a company of the company of

sibly affected by this incident. He grew up, and became one of the most distinguished Christian ministers in

-An illiterate negro preacher said to his congregation—"My bredren, when de fust man Adam was made, he was ob wet clay, and set up agin de pallus to dry."

palins to dry."

"Do you say," said one of the congregation, "dat Adam was minde of wet clay, an' set upagin de pulings to div?"

"Yes, sar, I do."

"Who made de pulings."

"Sir down, sir," said the preacher.

rabid, and the wound seemed to be upset any system of theology."