# LITTLE BREFCHES.

A PRESTAINTY VIEW OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

I don't go much on religion, A never am't had no show; A never any thad no show; But I've got a undellin' tight grip, sir, On the handful of things I know I don't pan out on the prophets And tree will, and that sort of thing— But I bilieve in tool and the angels, Ever since one night last spring

I come into town with squee turnips, And my little Gabe came along— And my little Gabe came along— No four-year-old in the country Could heat him by pretty and strong Peart and chipper and sassy, Always ready to swear and light— And I larn him to chow terbacker, Just to keep his milk teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Tagget s store.
I went in loca jug of molasses
Arabbe the team at the door
They correct at something and started—
I flyird one little squall.
And hell-to-split over the prairie.
Went team, Little Breeches and all

Hell-to-split over the prairie '
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we routed up some torches,
And gearched for 'em far and near
At hast we struck hosses add waggon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsed, dead heat -but of inthe Gabe
No hide nor hair was found

And here all hope soured on me 

By this, the torches was played out, And me, and Isral Pari Went off for some wood to a sheep fold. That he said was somewhar than

We found it at last, and a little shed.
Where they shut (ip the lambs at night, We tooked in, and seen the in hiddlen tha So warm and sleeps and white.
And pink slit lattle lives he sand chirped. As poart as ever you se!
I want a chew of terbacker.
And that what's the matter of me.

How did he get that? Angels
He could never have walked in that storm,
They just scooped down and towed him
To what I was safe and wall!
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derived skiph better business
Than loading around the Throne.

### HASTY WORDS.

"Mother, please look here and see my pretty block house. When I'm s we will have one just like it

I glanced at the four year off! Harry who had constructed a most wonderful edifice in the middle of my sitting

Lam afraid it will not keep out much of the snow,' said I.

'But it would be so nice in the sum

mer, said Harry, 'aughing merrily, and springing to my side, he threw his little arms around my neck, saying. Oh, mamma, I love you so?'

'Harry, said I kissing him, 'will you run and tell Bridget to have warm bis

He started quickly, and as he star ted his toot caught in a light stand upon which I had placed a rare Parsian vase with a rosebud just unfolding is crimson petals in it. The stand tell over, and the vase ta gitt from my dead mother; was shattered

'You naughty boy! I cried angrily, 'you descrive to be whipped. Pick up those pieces instantly and put them in the coal hod

He stooped and carefully picked up the ingments, scratching his little fin-gers as he did' so against the sharp edges. He carried them away and was gone some time. When he re turned it was with something clasped tightly in his hand

Coming to me, he placed a five cent piece in my lap, saving timidis . Will

that buy you a new vase, mamina?
What evil demon possessed me to take the coin, his sacredly cherished treasure, a kind neighbor had given him for some little office, and throw it from me, I know not

Harry picked it up with tears run ning down his face, and sat down upon stool with his hands folded kly Presently he said Ma May 1 go and play with Eddie Porter?"

I don't care where you go, said I. coat and hat hung, put them on, and

came and setood by my side 'Mamina, will you forgive me?'stood by the door a moment, looking pititully at me. It is twenty five years heard a cross or hasty word from me, ago to day since he stood there, but Offimes my patience has been sorely I can see how with his blue cont and tried, but one thought of that horrible worsted skating cap, and the death to which Harry came so near gray worsted skating cap, and the dearen to which the hittle red mittens, as it it were but drives the demon away vesterday. But I looked coldly at Mothers, bear patiently

the little fellow lift his face with a smile as he saw me, which gave place to a pitiful quiver of the lips as he saw I took no notice of him. I watched the during down the street with a strange undefined feeling, till the little coat and red mittens were no longer

Twice, a sudden impulse moved me to call him back, but I crushed it down. Oh, would to God I had? Well, I sew ed all through the afternoon. At four o'clock I put away my work and sat by the window. Conscience began to reproach me for my conduct, I don't care,' I said, 'my beautiful vese is a ruin.' 'What is the value of all the vases in the world compared with your child? Have you not spoken crossly to that dear little Harry, who is always so cheerful and obedient? And this is not the first time, either, and you calling yourself a Christian mother, too? Suppose Harry should be suddenly taken away from you .-Wouldn't your cruel words haunt vou

I could bear this no longer. I rose and picked up the stray litter about sprawling hand that one. does not anthe room, to give it a more tidy ap-

pearance.
Then I went to the window, peer-

became terribly heavy; this suspense was unbearable. Hastily throwing a shawl over my head, I ran into Mrs.

Have you seen Eddie?' was the question before I entered the room. 'Have you seen Harry.
'He was over here at half past two.

he and Eddie went over to Josie Gray's. I think—' What she thought I never knew, for

at that moment Eddie rushed in breath less, screaming: 'Mother, mother! Harry Loring is drowned! We were sliding on the mill-pond, and there was a hole in the ice with snow on it, and

Harry did not see it, and -'
'Hush, Eddle,' said his mother, looking at me fearfully. 'Here is Mrs.

There was a great silence in the room, broken only by the blithe, sweet voice of a canary, and the pur of a

Maltese cat.
Presently Mrs. Porter came toward me, and placed her hand softly upon my shoulder, saying, "Ella, my poor

I never moved, but sat looking, with my eyes upon an awful picture, A cold, gray afternoon, a pond, little boys playing upon it, one little figure, boys playing upon it, one fittle figure, well known to me, suddenly disappearing through the treacherous ice, the bittle hands grasping at cruel mands the mouth full of water And those wicked, sinful words ring ing through my cars. 'I don't care where you go, so long as you keep out of my sight!' There was a mist be fore my eves, a ringing in my ears remember leaving the house with a blind feeling of going where my Har ry was Then came a horrible sense of the earth giving away under my

feet, and I knew no more

A pleasant feeling of warmth,
Linguid sense pervading my system opened my eves and glanced around the room A strange woman stood by the fire; at the foot of the bad stood my husband with his hands over his eyes. I tried to think where I was and what had happened, but in vain Then my attention was arrested by a little figure in a red flannel night dress, addled up in a big chair-my Harry Then it all flashed across my mind, sat up straight in bed with a faint cry
What is it? sail I, teebly.

'You must not talk! lie down. Oh, darling, darling " and the strong man wept like a child. And the little fig. ure came and jumped on my bed, and putting his arms around my neck, cried too. And I, quite puzzled to know what it all meant, cried also

The strange figure came forward and took Harry away, saying Be careful, Mr. Loring Everything now depends upon quiet
Tell me all now, said I I must

I had such a horrid feeling Oh! Harold! I dreamed Harry was

His face grew white. 'He was near death George Gray got him out of the pond , Gray sent down to the office for me ; I went after

How many days ago was 14 Har dd?' and L

Seven weeks ago yesterday,' sand ie, smiling

Seven weeks, said I 'Impossi ble C

You have been very sick with brain tever, Ella You were very near death for days We despaired of hand all you lived through the hight lolks, their two daughters, a son and you would get well. Oh, Liby! I am three hired farm laborers. o thankful you are spared to me!"

Thave been so weak and sinful, Harold, said I, and then I told him all, not keeping back anything

He heard me through, stroking my bair in a gentle fashion; when I had It has taught you a lesson, Ella,

dear, and that was all I soon recovered. For a long time I could not bear Harry out of my Harry went to the closet where his sight. It seemed as if I could not be expatiated at large during our oat and hat hung, put them on, and atone for my wicked conduct. The morning's conversation; this subject thought makes me shudder now—if it was the evils of gaming. had been that Harry had never come I'm so sorry, and he put his lips up back to me, and that the last words for a kiss. O, tiod, forgive me! I he heard from his mother's lips were pushed the little fellow away! He so unkind. I have had three children back to me, and that the last words since then, and not one of them has

vestriday. But I looked coldly at Mothers, bear patiently with these him, the door opened and shut, the innocent little ones. Are there not feet went slowly down the stairs. I many whose eyes, resting upon this I heard him go out, unfastening the simple story, fill with bitter tears at the recollection of the unkind words, Looking out of the window I saw and even blows to little children laid

a away forever? Who would not give all their worldby possessions, yes, years of their lives, to recall those hasty words that made their child's lips quiver pitifully and the clear eyes dim with tears? Ah! you cannot have them back even for a moment to kiss the sweet, red lips. They are gone and your sin remains !

An Old Album and its Contents. The Portland Press says a lady of that city has in her possession an old album, filled with currous mementoes of the time of Andrew Jackson. One of the contributors to this album was John Quincy Adams, who wrote in a trembling hand two complimentary stanzas, dated 1834. Tristram Burgees contributes some elegant verses in the volume. The historian Prescott expressed his indebtedness "to the fair owner of this little book" in a sufficiently legible hand, considering the state of his eve sight. J. C. Calhoun expressed his best wishes for the health and happiness of Mrs. C., in a ticroate and can hardly believe when yours, Charles Dickens," with a super-

watch chain and his walstcoat. This autograph was written at Washington in 1842, at the time of the novelist's first visit to America. Edward Ever ett's signature, and the quotation from Hamlet under which it appears are written in characters as clear and ele gant, as clean and fastidious as the writer's finely chiscled and classic

But in the most striking and ludi rous contrast with this there appears on the very next leaf the gem of the book, as follows !

in her Aibum.

"Her curiosity shall be gratified by a sentiment wishing her health and happiness and a safe arrival at her residence with her family and friends.

DAVID CROCKETT." Only two years afterwards poor David was killed at the Alamo, Texas,
Joseph Story, February 8th, 1835,
with characteristic modesty writes

Your Album boasts of worthles rate, High in their palmy fame, And yet for one a page you spare, Who only gives—a Name

Directly underneath Robert C. Win-throp wrote in \$846:

No other hand—limented, honored Friend-such humble judgment of the self less pound Forwards no pure brighter more than thine Will ever in our country's annals shine

Martin Van Buren savs regerschim pleasure to place his name in the Alburn this and nothing more. He was then Vice President. Winfield Scott, in a line wiry hand

that does not remand one of the burly warrious person or his achievements writes this on the 27th of March

"Here, on the banks of the beautiful Kennebee, in ——, and under her hos pitable root, I am requested to inscribe my name on this tablet, which I do as a mark of my high respect and esteem for Mrs -----. I have visited her country in haste, write in haste, and leave it with admiration and respect

WINFIFLD SCOTT." Washington Trying writes: "Very respectfully, your ob't ser't," and John P. Kennedy writes immediately under

## neath, "I entirely agree with Irving My Grandfather's Story.

"My story is very brief." said the old gentleman. I am about to narrate a sad and tatal occurrence, the remem brance of which is indelibly stamped upon my mind, never to be obliterated while life remains. Years ago it

The old man swept from his brow the truant venerable locks, and seating himself in the arm chair proceeded as

"What I recount, you may assign to nothing unusual or strange, but for myself -so far from believing that the circumstances were brought to pass by chance, I can trace it in the anger of an offended Duety, and have ove Dr Hooper, and came right up. There thought it to be the just and speedy was but a spark of life left, but we succeeded at last? the lace of warning and kindly ad in the face of warning and kindly ad-monition still persisted in flagrant and unscrupilous disobediance of God's command to remember the Sabbath

to keep it holy A greater portion of the year 1830 was spent by me traveling over the southern and western part of the Union One Sabbath day—if I recol lect aught, it was during the month of ever seeing you conscious again. You | July = loud I me agreeably entertained would say, 'Hairy is drowned, and I at a firm house not far dietant from made him drown houselt. Lastinght the cry of C.—. The inhabitants Dr. Hooper and the crisis was at of this farm house consisted of the fold

I beguilded away the morning of the day very pleasantly, chatting with mine host, whom I discovered to be a man of considerable intelligence, and in possession of a variety of informa-tion more than is usually found with one of his station in life. He was like-wise very religiously inclined, and well read in Scriptures, of which he appeared to be a complete commentary

I have of ten thought how strange and omnious it was that we should discuss this subject upon the very day ----, but stay,

I will not get in advance of my story.
The good farmer told me, while the tears stole down his aged cheek, of an only son who was ruined, and who eventually met his death at the card He made known the fact that the men then in his employ were ad dieted to wielding the "devil's tools," as he termed the implements of gain ing. He had detected them in the act and had seriously reproved them, and men promised faithfully to renounce cards in the future. They had broken faith, however, for it was soon discovered that what they promised to re

nounce, they still practiced in secret.
Towards the wane of the afternoon the dull, heavy clouds threatened a violent storm, and I drew my chair to the window to watch its approach and view its effect upon the beautiful land scape spread out before me. I have often observed that the approach of a storm occasions a certain indescriba ble feeling to seize upon the trame of a sensitive person; never shall I for get my own sensations at this time. There appeared to be a vague fore-shadowing of some terrible scene con stantly before my mental vision. Pat ter, patter descended the rain in hugh drops, rattling from the housetops and rebounding in cataracts from the case ment. The lightning was intensely vivid, and the reverberating roar of the thunder deafening. I never witnessed a tempest to equal it in terrific

grandeur and sublimity.

The warring of the elements soon subsided, and the sun shone forth in all its magnificence, hanging a glitter-ing diamond upon every leaf and tiny blade of grass. As soon as the ground was in a proper condition for walking, ing anxiously through the gloom, but fluity of flougish, which seems so amaz. I sauntered abroad to endervor, if noseein; nothing of my boy. My heart ing to everybody who never aw his sible, to rid myself of the dread for

bodings which still clung to me. my detour of the premises I wandered near the barn, the door of which stand; ing ajar, I opened wide and peered within. I can but very inadequately describe the scene that met my view.

Seated upon the floor were four young men, apparently deeply atsorbed in a game of cards, while a fifth stood erect, against the wall, gazing in tently upon the players, his right hand grasping a pitch-tork. I entered the building; each seemed thoroughly wrap ped up in his game. A few pieces of silver—the stake—lay before them. I accosted the group familiarly; not a muscle moved, not a sound broke upon my car save the echo of my own tones among the rafters. Approaching, I placed my hand upon the shoul der of the man nearest to me, at the same moment stooping to bring my body upon the level with the silent, motionless forms before me. I now perceived the set stare of each glazed eye! Each livid, distorted counte, nance! Each elenched hand! To my unspeakable horror I saw that death had set his seal upon every man. I rushed from the place overwhelmed with terror, and made the best of my

way to the farm house. It was sometime before I was suffi ciently recovered from my fright to ren der myself understood by those who sought the cause of my alarm. Sum-moning as many as could be got to gether, we proceeded in a body to the spot. There stood the pale spectre, still grasping the fork. There sat the ghastly group. Upon every counte-nance was imprinted the emotion babored under before death. The exult ing smile of the successful player, and the angry troubled brow of the unsuccessful player, were portrayed with ter rible fidelity. A strong metalic odor pervaded the air of the apartment, it had been struck by lightning during the storm, and the subtile fluid had scattered death among the Sabbathbreaking gaming party with a its

#### Recollections of Great Men.

My only recollection of Demosthe nes is his attempt when a boy to speak a piece at a district school exhibition and breaking down. He was reciting

the familiar lines.
You d scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage.
If should chance to fall below
to mosthenes or ——

At this point he hesitated, put the orner of his apron to his eyes, burst into tears and sat down, totally over come by the allusion to himself and by fun of Demosthenes, asking him, deris ively, if he hadn't better go and hire out for an orator!

Fwas with Julius Casar when he

passed the Rubicon. He held a good hand, and I told him he had better order tup, but he passed. The result is well known, he lost the game.

Alexander the Great and myself were schoolmate. We were brought

up little girls together. He used to amuse himself, I remember, by smash ing up all the globes there were in school, and then sit down and cry be cause there were no more worlds to conquer. I happened to be with him when he cut the Gordian Knot, Many others had tried in vain to do it. It was 'knot for Joe.' Smart Aleck came along and cut it the first time trying, with a patent corn-cutter

Nero had one of the most sensitive organizations I ever knew, and keenly sympathised with human woes. Thave seen him sit in the ampitheater at Rome and weep bitterly when captives were turn in piece - by wild beasts. is a base slander to say he fiddled while Rome was burne . He belonged to a fire engine company, a d I saw him work at the brake- myself. Some one saw him as he helped to break'er down, and in the excitement of the moment thought he was feldleing, and so re ported.

I knew Shakespear as long ago as when he tended store for the Merchant of Venice and sold the Prince of Denmark by the vard. He was an honest lad with the yard stick, giving Measure for Measure. He always wanted to be an actor and was perpet ually quoting Shakespeare to custo How hers. People used to leer at him for like this it, I have even seen the King Lear Shakespeare only laughed, and said column. Here they are.

they were making Much Ado About Nothing, adding 'you can have it as He was fond of the ladies, and popular scandal associating his name with certain Merry Wives of Windsor, his employer raised such a Tempest about his cars that he ran away and joined a variety company. He made his debut as first grave digger in Othello Diogenes was one of the most eccentric men I ever knew. His mother was a washerwoman and he lived in her tub, except on wash days, when she had to tellow, lolling around in a tub, talking philosophy to a lot of other good for nothings instead of working for a liv A good deal has been said about his walking the streets of Athens with a lantern 'to find a man.' I saw him at the time. He wanted to find a mar to stand treat. The greatest remark of his that has been preserved, was when he said: 'If I could live like Alexander the Great, I had rather Di-

ogenes! Columbus was a mild, sweet diknosi tioned, but exceedingly thoughtful boy, as I remember bim at school. we boys were out playing he would sit and weep for hours over the incompleteness of the maps of the mind. He felt as tho' something was wanting. He wasn't satisfied with three-quarters

he got big enough he meant to run away from home, go on the canal, and discover it, but we only laughed at him, little thinking he would yet give his name to the State capital of Ohio. lost all traces of Christopher until years afterward, when the telegraph brought the news of his discovery of America. which up to that time had successfully 

### The Average Juror.

Question alternately by the Court, the State's Attorney and the defense, as usually answered by 'an intelligent

'Are you opposed to capital punishment?

'()h. ves-ves, sir.' If you were on a jury then where a man was being tried for his life, you wouldn't agree to a verdict to hang

Yes, sir--yes I would." Have you formed or expressed your

pinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused? 'Yes, sir!' Your mind, then, is made up?'

'Oh, no--no, it ain'i.'
'Have you any bias for or against

the prisoner?'
'Yes, I think I have.' 'Are you prejudiced?'

'Oh, no, not a bit.' Have you ever heard of this case? 'I think I have '

Would you decide, if on the jury according to the evidence or mere ru

'Mere rumor.' Perhaps you don't understand, would you decide according to evi-

dence? 'Evidence.' 'If it was in your power to do so,

would you change the law of capital punishment or let it stand?'

'Let it stand.'
The Court - 'Would you let it stand or change it?' Change it.

'Now, which would you do?' 'Don't know sir.'
'Are you a freeholder?'

'Yes, sir, oh yes.' once we have lost it w Do you own a house and land, or hope to see it back again.

rent? 'Neither---I'm a boarder.' 'Have you formed an opinion?'

'No, sir.'

'Have you expressed an opinion?'
'Think I have'
The Court: 'Gentlemen, I think the novelty of the situation. Cicero, the juror is competent. It is very evi-who was a lad at the same school, made dent he has never formed or expressed an opinion on any subject

> -For "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," the "Heathen Chinee' is supposed to be peculiar. Yet note the manner in which editors contrive to fill up a column. Close observation will, perhaps, detect some sound moral advice in these clippings. So much the better :

Look here. Rend this line. Beware of whiskey Rejected lays Bad eggs Modesty is true politeness Patronize home institutions A high rent one in your hat. Better wear out than rust out.

A long and happy life to all, A Mankind embraces womankind. Dare to do right, dare to be true. Protane swearing is abominable. Pardon all men, but never thyself

To be continued -the wet weather Printing office rats are squadrupeds. The oldest grain elevator -- Whis

Pacific mails - Hen pecked hus-

Entable on a Smoker - My pipe's

Read the advertisements; it will

Maine has seventy thousand farm Wanted Alme to complete this column.

How handy, sometimes, is a line

Our Searl jumped up and looked Our Sevil jumped up and looked A wag, on seeing anold gobler trying yers so cain, to set two lines to finish to swallow a cotton string, facetically

A Brok GARDEN ... America. Congress was turned to a hear gar the mouths of rivers are larger than den on the 16th the leaders of the their heads?" Nothing out of the way, regrand moral . a party Ben But we know of persons in the same fix ler and Spector Blaine assuming the part of clown and the ring master. The assumed leadership on the part of dent," but that young ladies get tight bear, time the frequent outburst of except on wash days, when she man to use it to make a living for him. All though he gets a good deal of credit nowadays for having lived in a tub, he didn't at the time of it. The neighbors need to call him a lazy, shiftless. will," and went on and finished. The Speaker came down from his chair and took the floor and literally anni-hilated the Dutch Gap Canaler, much to the amusement of the Democrats.

> 'It's no sort of use, Billy,' said Richmond coal merchant to his driver; 'I can't learn you anything at all, and I've been trying for years.' 'Shure, sir,' replied Billy, as he wiped his forehead and replaced his handkerchief in his dilapidated hat, Shure, and ver have lairnt me one thing-yez have launt me that fifteen hundred mades a ton.'

pleteness of the maps of the ariod. He felt as the something was wanting. He wasn't satisfied with three-quarters of the globe, such as was employed in the schools at that time. He pined for the other quarter. I reccollect his borrowing a quarter of me on two or three courses of the constant of the other quarter. I recollect his borrowing a quarter of me on two or three cases are a some cake a minuting of the debt.

—mamma—And what are you look are the dictates of a recognized culinary authority.

Colonel Susan B. Anthony says, man owes woman everything. But it is not Susan's fault, for she has been trying for the last forty years to seize his pantaloons for the debt.

Used up-The lightning rod. The panel game-drawing a jury.

A relative beauty-a pretty cousin. Song of the oyster-Keep me in my

A chasm too many writers fall intoarcasm.

Nobody's child-Joshua, who was the son of Nun. ; Every good business man has his pri-

vata Biz-mark The rock on which Fenianism is founded.—Sham-rock.

Can a lover be called a suitor, when he don't suit her

Queer—Can a man esting dates be said to consume time? We'd sooner be possessed of divers pearls than of pearl-divers.

Colors not discernible — "Invisible green" and "blind man's buff."

Who ever saw anybody near a fire

who didn't want to play poker? A fellow who pawned his watch, said he raised money with a lever.

An early spring—Jumping out of bed at five o'clock in the morning.

The nearest an old bachelor gets to the matrimonial barness—a sir single. Though "old age is honorable," many people hate to confess it—they will dye

An old bachelor compares a shirt button to life, because it so often hangs by a thread A down-east wag speaks of one of his

neighbors as being "cowed down like n calt Why should a spider be a good corespondent? Because he drops a line

by every post. There is many a man whose tongue might govern multitudes, if he could only govern his tongue

Imoff, the composer of the Russian national hymn, is dead. His last word was his own name

Very appropriately; Toombs is to deliver the oration over the Confederate dead at Knoxville It is not so bad being only a hille

'loose,' :t's the being frequently 'tight that is so objectionable Innocence is like an umbrells—when once we have lost it we may never

A newspaper down South publishes the deaths of colored people under the heading of "Negrology

An English paper, speaking of a very tall actor, says, "By Jove, he's tall enough to act in two parts"

Another ring—The wholesale linen-drapers in New York are said to be get-ting up a big Napkin Ring

The Washington Star says "Large type isn't nece-sary in advertising Blind folks don't read newspapers

killing thing now-a-days is a druggist's mortar, managed by an inexperienced clerk. A New York politician, whose head

up at eight " "I have a great love for old hymns, said a pretty girl to her masculine com-banton. "I am much fender of young

That woman was a philosopher who When drink enters, wisdom departs; when she lost her husband, said she had

Pacific coast employ earthquake repor-Deliberate slowly, execute prompt ters. It is a very shaky business, and requires men of steady habits

bleeding France ' Hasn't France been bled enough already? A prominent merchant of Augusta,

the need of being careful Fremarked that it was "a desperate at

A cotemporary asks will swiss it that

Butler is becoming too odious for the by so lacing in a different manner. Of

Women ought certainly to take an interest in agriculture, as there is nothing which is more important to them than that all men should be good hasband-men.

Georgia. Some one gives notice that he had lost three papers of Seidlitz powders, and that he will pay a reward for Eleven Egyptian cavalrymen, who

It does not cost much to advertise in

taken off with scimitars, to teach them lesson.

ernment. Mustard does not go well with apple

Ups and downs-Examples of the ups and downs of life. Being hard up, and consequently cast down

A life insurance company which dies before any of its policy-holders, must have been a poor concern from the start Next to the mitrailleuse, the most

boasts no capillary adornments, is said to have "a dome beautifully frescoed in "By George" exclaimed a Freshman

the other morning, "I've slept sixteen hours I went to bed at eight and got

panton "I am much hers," was the reply one great consolation -- she knew where he was o' nights!

A clergyman out West officiating at a public execution prayed that the spec-flove all, trust few, do wrong to tacle might impress all present with the shortness of human life Some of the leading papers on the

An exchange says "Several hundred dollars have been raised in Paterson for

ke this

Georgia, fell dead the other day, while
Two lines are needed to fill out this conversing with his wife - which shows

tempt to introduce cotton into Turkey

corsets so.

over-slept themselves, and as late at morning parade, had them

Some innocent fellow says that instead of putting the word of God in the letter of the Constitution, we had better take some of the devil out of the gov-

tinent out, somewhere, and that when - All Sorts of Paragraphs.