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BY DAVID OVER.

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Job Printing of all kinds executed neatly and promptly and on reasonable terms.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**

**ROSS FORWARD, O. H. GAITHER.**  
**Forward & Gaither,**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**  
Bedford, Pa.

ROSS FORWARD, of Somerset, and O. H. GAITHER, have opened a law office in Bedford, Pa. O. H. GAITHER, having located permanently in Bedford, will be assisted during every Court by the former. All business entrusted to them will be promptly and carefully attended to. Office on Juliana street, two doors south of the Inquirer office.  
Dec. 31, 1858.

**R. D. BARCLAY,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
BEDFORD, PA.

WILL attend promptly and faithfully to all legal business entrusted to his care.  
Office on Juliana Street, in the building formerly occupied by S. M. Barclay, Esq., dec'd.  
March 26, 1858.

**WM. C. LOGAN,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW.**  
McCONNELLSBURG, PA.

WILL practice in the Courts of Fulton, Bedford and Franklin Counties. Office on Main Street, opposite Spear's Hotel.  
September 2, 1858.

**JOE MANN, G. H. SPANG.**  
**LAW PARTNERSHIP.**—The undersigned have associated themselves in the Practice of the Law, and will promptly attend to all business entrusted to their care in Bedford and adjoining counties.

Office on Juliana Street, three doors south of Mengel office and opposite the residence of Maj. Tate.  
MANN & SPANG  
June 1, 1854.

**D. S. RIDDLE,**  
Formerly of Bedford, Pa.  
**Attorney and Counselor at Law,**  
74 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

All business promptly attended to.  
Dec. 3, 1858.

**J. W. LINGENFELTER,**  
**Attorney at Law and Land Surveyor,**  
WILL attend with promptness to all business entrusted to his care.

Will practice in Bedford and Fulton Counties.  
Office on West corner of the Union Hotel.  
Dec. 24, 1858.

**W. S. Mullin, M. D.,**  
**PHYSICIAN**  
AND  
**DENTIST,**  
SCHELLSBURG, PENNA.

OFFERS his services to the Public in the practice of Medicine. Will attend promptly to all cases entrusted to his care.

He will also perform all operations on the teeth in a neat and scientific manner.

Teeth plugged and inserted from a single tooth to an Entire Set, Mounted on gold or silver plate, on the latest and most approved principles.

TERMS moderate, and all operations warranted.  
April 8, 1859.—41.

**DENTIST**  
**C. N. HICKOK.**

Will attend promptly and skillfully to all operations in relation to the teeth. Teeth plugged, repaired, set, and artificial teeth inserted, from one to an entire set. Change addresses, and all operations warranted.

Office on East Pitt street, Bedford, Pa.

**DR. J. S. ESHELEMAN,**  
RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.

Night calls promptly attended to.  
Pattonsville, March 18, 1859.—2

**DR. B. F. HARRY**  
RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.

Office and residence on Pitt-Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hoffman.  
Nov. 6, 1857.

**Dr. F. C. Reamer,**  
**Physician and Surgeon.**

Respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. He may always be found (unless professionally engaged) at his Drug and Book Store, in Juliana St.  
Feb. 19, 1857.

**A CARD.**  
THE undersigned have associated themselves in the practice of medicine in the village of St. Clairsville, night calls promptly attended to.  
Office opposite the St. Clair Inn.  
WM. A. VICKROY,  
G. W. STALLER.  
Feb. 11, 1859.—6 mo.

**Poetry.**

**THE BABY.**

Another little wave  
Upon the sea of life;  
Another note to save,  
Amid its toil and strive.

Two more little feet  
To walk the dusty road;  
To choose where two paths meet,  
The narrow or the broad.

Two more little hands  
To work for good or ill;  
Two more little eyes,  
Another little will.

Another heart to love,  
Receiving love again;  
And so the baby came,  
A thing of joy and pain.

**LOVE.**

A poor, bewildered thing! In this sad vale  
With broken wings, it often feebly tries  
To soar away from pain. With sightless eyes,  
It e'er turns homeward with a mournful wail.  
Alas! methinks, (like the returnless dove)  
This bird has lost its pathway to the Ark;  
And flutters blindly through the earthly dark,  
Striving in vain to reach its home above.

Poor, wounded bird! this world of hate and care  
Gives not a nest to bosoms soft as thine;  
For lies and slanders ever closely thrive;  
Around the youth dreams of the good and fair;  
But claims there be, beyond the star-gem'd skies  
WHERE HEARTS ARE SEVERE FORGOTTEN AND TRUE  
LOVE NEVER DIES.

**THE BEGGAR.**  
A TRUE TALE.

One cold wintry morning, the last Sunday of December, 1849, a half naked man knocked timidly at the basement door of a fine substantial mansion in the city of Brooklyn. Though the weather was bitter cold, even for the season, the young man had no clothing but a pair of ragged cloth pants, and the remains of a flannel shirt, which exposed his muscular chest in large rents. But in spite of his tattered apparel, and evident fatigue, as he leaned heavily upon the railing of the basement stairs, a critical observer could not fail to notice a conscious air of dignity, and the marked traces of cultivation and refinement in his pale haggard countenance.

The door was speedily opened, and disclosed a large, comfortably furnished room, with its glowing glare of anthracite, before which was placed a luxuriantly furnished breakfast table. A fashionably attired young man, in a brocade dressing gown and velvet slippers, was reclining in a soft *fouete*, busily engaged in reading the morning papers. The beautiful young wife had lingered at the table, giving to the servant in waiting her orders for the household matters of the day, when the timid rap at the door attracted her attention. She commanded it to be opened, but the young master of the mansion replied that it was quite useless—being no one but some thievish beggar; but the door was already opened, and the sympathies of Mrs. Maywood enlisted at once.

"Come in to the fire," cried the young wife, impulsively, before you perish.

The mendicant, without exhibiting any surprise at such unusual treatment of a street beggar, slowly entered the room, manifesting a painful weakness at every step. On his entrance, Mr. Maywood, with a displeased air, gathered up his papers and left the apartment. The compassionate lady unwisely placed the half-frozen man near the fire, while she prepared a bowl of fragrant coffee, which, with abundant food was placed before him. But noticing the abrupt departure of her husband, Mrs. Maywood, with a clouded countenance, left the room, whispering to the servant to remain until the stranger should leave.

She then ran hastily up the richly mounted staircase, and passed before the entrance of a small laboratory and medical library, and occupied solely by her husband, who was a physician and practical chemist. She opened the door and entered the room. Mr. Maywood was sitting at a small table, with his head resting on his hands apparently in deep thought.

"Edward," said the young wife, gently touching his arm, "I fear I have displeased you, but the man looked so wretched I could not bear to drive him away; and her sweet voice trembled as she added—"You know I take the sacrament to-day."

"Dear Mary," replied the really fond husband, "I appreciate your motives. I know it is pure goodness of heart which leads you to disobey me, but still I must insist upon my former commands, that no beggar shall ever be permitted to enter the house. It is for safety that I insist upon it. How deeply you might be imposed upon in my frequent absences from home, I shudder to think. The man that is now below, may be a burglar in disguise, and already in your absence taking impressions in wax, of the different keyholes in the room, so as to enter some night at his leisure. Your limited experience of city life, makes it difficult for you to credit so much depravity. It

is not charity to give to street beggars, it only encourages vice, dearest."

"It may be so," responded Mrs. Maywood, "but it seems wicked not to relieve suffering and want, even if this person has behaved badly—and we know it. But I will promise you not to ask another beggar into the house."

"At this moment the servant rapped violently at the door, crying out that the beggar was dying.

"Come, Edward, your skill can save him, I know," said the wife, hastening from the room.

The doctor did not refuse this appeal to his professional vanity, for he immediately followed his wife's flying footsteps, as she descended to the basement. They found the mendicant lying pale and unconscious upon the carpet, where he had slipped in his weakness from the chair where Mrs. Maywood had seated him.

"He is a handsome fellow," said the doctor, as he bent over him, to ascertain the state of his pulse.

And well he might say so. The glossy locks of raven hair had fallen away from a broad, white forehead, his closed eyelids were bearded by long raven lashes, which lay like a silken fringe upon his pale bronzed cheeks, while a delicate aquiline nose, and a square, massive chin, displayed a model of manly beauty.

"Is he dead?" asked the young wife, anxiously.

"Oh, no, it is only a fainting fit, induced by the sudden change of temperature, and, perhaps, the first stage of starvation," replied the Doctor, sympathizingly. He had forgotten for the moment his cold maxims of prudence, and added: "He must be carried to a room without fire, and placed in a comfortable bed."

The coachman was called to assist in lifting the athletic stranger, who was soon carried to a room, where the Doctor administered with his own hands, strong doses of port wine sangaree. The young man soon became partly conscious, but all conversation was forbade him, and he sank quietly to sleep.

"He is doing well, let him rest as long as he can; should he awake in our absence, give him beef tea, and toast *ad libitum*," said the doctor, professionally, as he left the room.

In less than an hour afterwards, Dr. Maywood and his lovely wife entered the gorgeous church of the "Most Holy Trinity."

Amid the hundreds of fair dames that entered its broad portals, dressed with all the taste and magnificence that abundant wealth could procure, not one rivalled, in grace and beauty, the orphan bride of the rich physician. Her tall, graceful figure was robed in a violet silk, that only heightened by contrast her large azure eyes, bright with the lustre of youthful happiness yet. There was a touch of tender pity in her drooping lids, that won the confidence of every beholder. The snow white ermine mantilla which protected her from the piercing wind, rivalled, but could not surpass the delicate purity of her complexion. Many admiring eyes followed the faultless figure of Mrs. Maywood, as she moved with unconscious grace up the central aisle of the church, but none with more heartfelt devotion than the young, wayward, but generous man, who had recently wedded her in spite of her poverty, and the sneers of his aristocratic acquaintance.

The stately organ had pealed its last rich notes, which were still faintly echoing in the distant arches, when a stranger of venerable aspect, who had previously taken no part in the services of the altar, rose and announced as his text, the oft-quoted but seldom applied words of the Apostle, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained strangers unawares." Dr. Maywood felt his forehead flush painfully; it appeared to him for the moment that the preacher must have known his want of charity towards strangers, and wished to give him a public lesson; but he soon saw from the tenor of his remarks, that his own guilty conscience had alone made the application to his own particular case. I have not the space, nor indeed the power, to give any synopsis of the sermon, but that it combined, with the incidents of the morning, to effect a happy revolution in the mind of at least one of his hearers. So much so, that on the return of Dr. Maywood from church, he repaired to the room of the mendicant to offer such attentions as he might stand in need of. But the young man seemed to be much refreshed by rest and nutritious food, and commenced gratefully thanking his host for the kind attention he had received, which without doubt had saved his life. But I will recompense you well, for, thank God, I am not the beggar that I seem. I was shipwrecked on Friday night, last, in the Ocean Wave, on my return from India. My name was doubtless among the list of the lost, but I escaped from the waves by a miracle. I attempted to make my way to New York, where I have ample funds awaiting my orders, but I must have perished from cold and hunger, had it not been for you and your wife's provident charity. I was repulsed from every door as an impostor, and could get neither food or rest. To be an exile from one's native land ten years and then, after escaping from the perils of the ocean, to die of hunger in the streets of a christian city, I felt was truly a bitter fate.

"My name is Arthur Willett," added the stranger.

"Why, that is my wife's family name. She will be doubly pleased at her agency in your recovery."

"Of what State is she a native?" asked Arthur Willett, eagerly.

"I married her in the town of B—, where she was born."

At this moment Mrs. Maywood entered the room, surprised at the long absence of her husband.

Arthur Willett gazed at her with a look of the wildest surprise, murmuring:  
"It cannot be—it cannot be. I am delirious to think so."

Mrs. Maywood gazed with little less astonishment, motionless as a statue.

"What painful mystery is this?" cried Dr. Maywood excitedly, addressing his wife, who then became conscious of the singularity of his conduct.

"Oh, no mystery," she replied, sighing deeply, "only this stranger is the image of my long lost brother, Arthur." And Mrs. Maywood, overcome with emotion, turned to leave the room.

"Stay one moment," pleaded the stranger, drawing a small mourning ring from his finger, and holding it up, asked if she recognized that relic?

"It is my father's gray hair, and you are—"

"His son, Arthur Willett," and your brother."

"Mary Willett Maywood fell upon the mendicant's breast, weeping tears of sweetest joy and thanksgiving.

Dr. Maywood retired from the room and left sister and brother alone in the sacred bonds of reunion, saying to himself:  
"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

**Pretty Incident.**

A near neighbor of ours lost an only son a few weeks ago, of scarlet fever. It was a bright and beautiful child, and the parents were indeed sorely afflicted. They have three daughters. The two youngest a pair of twins, about four years old, who come nearer to the fancy pictures one often sees of beautiful angelic childhood, than any two children we ever saw.

The parents being people of strong common sense, and not wishing to impress those darling little ones with that mysterious power of death that too often pervades the hearts of children, talked to them of brother Eddy as if he had gone heaven, to meet with God and Jesus as his dear friends, and that in time they would go to meet him there.

Christmas morn the mother's heart was heavy though she had struggled hard to hold down the grief that was tugging at her heart strings. The children noticed this. The little boys and playthings were distributed, and the little ones were as happy as happy could be, when Minnie suddenly dropped hers and ran to her mother, exclaiming:  
"Oh! mamma, won't our dear Eddy have a good time to-day? O! won't he have nice times in heaven?"

"Why, Minnie, what makes you think so?" said the lady brushing away her tears.

"Because this is Jesus' birthday, and is not Eddy with them there? Sure they will have nice times in Heaven on Christmas day."

O! for the faith and trust of loving happy childhood. The mother could only answer, "Yes, Minnie, Eddy is happy in heaven.—Ohio Farmer.

**MOUNT VESUVIUS.**

The under-ground and above-ground operations of Vesuvius keep up with no an ever-varying wonder. The sea of fire is visible night after night from the shores and the hills that environ Naples; and many go out at night to see the lava roll down. The sublime with me being over, the ridiculous is suggestive of the many and vast uses to which this great body of fire and heat, here in the vicinity of a great city could and would be (probably) put near Boston or New York. What a furnace, ever hot to heat all the streets and houses by conducting pipes! What a magnificent oven for baking and stewing! What a "Kitchen Range" for Biddy and Bridget! What a place for cooking macaroni! What a foundry for melting iron and making steam engines of all sorts and sizes! What a fire for a boiler! What a gas creator! Then there is even upon the crust over the fire! What a place for icees and frozen punch! When I clambered up the scoria, the other day, I soon went from a hot and rather annoying sun to mist, and clouds and snow. As I was reeking with perspiration in a struggle on foot, my companion at rest in a postchaise was half freezing with cold. We both soon brought ourselves up an equality of temperature—I by drying up over a fire crevice in the summit and my companion by extracting fresh caloric from the heat below. Agreeable mountain, that performs such various functions on human life! To what uses it could be put! Hot steam! Cold steam! Ice! Fire! Sulphur! All sorts of things together.

—Mr. Brooks' Letter to N. Y. Express.

On one of the Michigan Central Railroad trains the other morning, an incident occurred which created considerable merriment. A blind boy who has the run of the cars for the purpose of selling knick knacks, entered the sleeping car, supposing all the inmates were up and dressed. Walking through the car he passed his hand along the berths to see if they were occupied, when it fell upon the face of a sleeper whose hairy covering at once arrested the boy's attention. Stroking down the hairy coat, the boy commenced with "Here puppy!—here puppy!" and other expressions of fondness which a lover of the canine species would be likely to indulge in. The disturbed sleeper partially awoke under these manipulations, and, shaking his head, gave a loud snore. The boy jumped back in affright, yelling, "Get out! get out! you wouldn't bite a blind boy! take him off!" without even yet comprehending the truth. The passengers roared with laughter, which did not all subside when the boy exclaimed, "La! I thought it was a puppy in the berth and not a big cur dog.—Great Republic.

**Model Official Correspondence.**

The following correspondence between Amos Kendall, when he was Postmaster General, and a Postmaster down in Alabama, from whom Mr. Kendall wished to learn the source of the Tombigbee River, will bear a reprint:

"SIR:—This Department desires to know how far the Tombigbee runs up. Respectfully yours, &c.

A. K., P. M. General.

The reply was brief and runs thus:  
"SIR—The Tombigbee River does not run up at all—it runs down."  
Yours, &c.  
N. Z.

The Postmaster General continued the correspondence in this style:  
"SIR—Your commission as Postmaster at A., is revoked. You will turn over the papers, funds, &c., to your successor.  
Respectfully, &c.  
A. K., P. M. General.

And the witty Postmaster closed with this parting shot:  
"SIR—The revenues of this office for the quarter ending Sept. 30th, have been ninety five cents; the expenditures same period for tallow candles and twine, is \$1.05. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance due me.  
Respectfully, &c. N. Z.

**Beware more of widows than bachelors!**—A table inserted in a paper in the "Assurance Magazine" exhibits results of a rather startling character. In the first two quinquennial periods, 20-25 and 25-30, the probability of a widower marrying in a year is nearly three times as great as that of a bachelor. At thirty it is nearly four times as great; from thirty to thirty-five it is five times as great; and it increases, until at sixty the chance of a widower marrying in a year is eleven times as great as that of a bachelor. It is curious to remark, from this table, how confirmed either class becomes in its condition in life—how little likely, after a few years, is a bachelor to break through his settled habits and solitary condition; and, on the other hand, how readily in proportion does a husband contract a second marriage who has been deprived prematurely of his first partner. After the age of thirty, the probability of a bachelor in a year diminishes in a most rapid ratio.—The probability of thirty-five is not much more than half that at thirty, and nearly the same proportion exists between each quinquennial period afterwards.

A tragedy, of rather an unusual character, occurred recently in Milan county, Texas. A young man named Jordan seduced the daughter of a widow lady living in his neighborhood, about six months ago, and despite the entreaties of her mother and the neighbors, refused to make her his wife. He, however, lived with her in the relation of a husband. A prosecution was commenced against him, but he remained obdurate, and in defiance of law, honor and public opinion, declared that he would live and act as he pleased. On the 17th of last month he was assassinated, within half a mile of his dwelling. Nine distinct shots were heard, and he was soon afterwards found lying in the road, covered with blood and perfectly riddled with rifle balls and buckshot. It was nothing more nor less than a case of lynching, performed in rather a more sudden and summary manner than usual, and shows the impulsive manner of the Texan people, and how ready they are to wreak deadly vengeance for their own and other's wrongs. An inquest was held over the corpse, but no clue to the perpetrators of the murder was either obtained or desired.

**NEW DISCOVERY IN PHOTOGRAPHY.**—The *Galignani's Messenger* (a Paris paper), announces a discovery in photography. It consists in the discovery of an artificial light, so wonderfully luminous and so steady as to completely supply the effect of the most brilliant noontide sun in the photographic operations. The light being contained in a portable apparatus, portraits can be taken in private residences, even in the darkest room, wholly independent of the state of the atmosphere; and those parts of the cathedrals or other picturesque architectural monuments where the light of the sun never penetrates, and which, in consequence, have been until now wholly shut out from the photographer, will be as accessible to the artist as any part of the exterior.

"Sally," said a green youth, in a venerable white hat and gray pants, through which his legs projected half-a-foot: "Sally, before we go into this 'ere museum to see the enchanted horse, I want to ask you somethin'."—"Well, lehabod, what is it?"—"Why, you see this 'ere business is gwine to cost a hull quarter of a dollar apiece, and I can't afford to spend so much for nothin'." Now, if you'll say you'll have me, darned if I don't pay the hull on't myself—I will!" Sally made a non-committal reply, which lehabod interpreted to suit himself, and he strode up two steps at a time, and paid the whole on't.

**OREGON AND WASHINGTON.**—The editor of the *Pacific Advocate* has recently made a tour of observation in his own State, Oregon, and in the territory of Washington. He says the prospects in Oregon are good for a large harvest. Speaking of Washington territory, he says that between Vancouver and Lake river the country is in a high state of cultivation.—Farms, orchards, waving fields of wheat, and luxuriant pastures and meadows cover the valleys.

A pretty girl and a wild horse are liable to do much mischief, for the one runs away with a fellows body, and the other away with his heart.

**Agricultural.**

**Trees and their Insect Enemies—Miss-taken Notions.**

1. It is a mistake to suppose that digging up the grass for a foot or eighteen inches around an old apple-tree, does it any material good.—That amount of loose soil about the stem of a newly planted young tree, would be of much service. It would enable the air and moisture to penetrate to the roots, and it would prevent the soil from being exhausted of the food which the young roots needed. But where are the roots of a full-grown apple-tree? At least, ten or fifteen feet away from the trunk. The great arteries, to be sure, are nearer, but the smaller roots, the fibrous net-work of spongyoles with their thousand hungry mouths are off, a full rod or more; and they laugh (if, indeed, they do not weep), at the man who thinks he is helping them while grubbing away around the old trunk! As well might one think that he is feeding his horse, by simply rubbing his back with an ear of corn!

2. It is another mistake to suppose that cotton-wadding tied round the trunks and limbs of plum and cherry-trees, prevents the ascent of the curculio. "But my paper said it would," exclaims an indignant subscriber. Indeed! but we are sorry to say that mistakes will sometimes get into the newspapers, as surely as the "Grand Turk" will get into the plum-trees, and there's no sovereign remedy yet discovered for either affliction. "But tell us how the curculio finds his way into the trees?" Not by crawling only, else the cotton would stop his travels; but he has a good pair of wings and knows how to use them, and so he flies to the forbidden fruit with out let or hindrance from the great southern staple.

**PROFITABLE PEAR TREES.**—A gentleman near Vicksburg, Miss., recently sold fruit from two hundred and fifty pear trees, occupying about two-and-a-half acres of land, to the amount of five thousand dollars, in a single season. They were packed in boxes, holding about three pecks each, and sold for four dollars a box. The varieties were principally the Bartlett, and the Beurre Diehl, and each box contained from four-and-a-half to five dozen pears. The fruit on a single tree sold for eighty dollars.

An amateur in the same vicinity, sold last season from a single tree planted ten years ago, one hundred and twenty dollars worth of fruit. The variety was the Beurre d'Annis, and the quantity twenty-six boxes, of seven to eight dozen each. Two years ago, the same tree produced twenty-five boxes, when it had been planted but eight years. It bears only in alternate years. He had many other trees of the same age bearing from five to fifteen boxes. It is needless to say that these trees had careful culture, and a plenty of food. [The above item is from the pen of an Associate who has been at the South since last Autumn. He has been successful above many others in growing pears in New England, and is justly entitled to speak enthusiastically of the value of pears as a paying fruit. But so far as our observations have extended over the country generally, we cannot commend the culture of pears as certain to be a safe and sure paying crop. They often do well, and pay well, and no one should fail to try them on a small scale for home use at least. But to depend upon the growth of pears for a livelihood or a fortune is, to say the least, a hazardous enterprise—with the great majority of persons. Great crops, like those referred to above, are by no means uncommon, but they are noted more as an exception than as results to be generally looked for.—15.

After whipping and coaxing had failed to induce a horse to move, the gentleman who was driving, or trying to, gave up. Then a cartman went to him saying, "If you please, sir, I'll make him go." The privilege was granted, and going up to the gutter, he took up a handful of mud and rubbed it upon the nose of the horse, whereupon the animal started without trouble. The cartman accounted for the effect, saying, "O, sir, it gives him a new idea."

**RE-UNION IN HEAVEN.**—"I am fully persuaded," says Baxter, "that I shall love my friends in Heaven, and therefore know them; and this principally binds me to them on earth. If I thought I should never know them more, or love them after death, I should love them comparatively little now, as I do all other transitory things."

"You can't even tell me who made the monkey for all you pretend to know so much," said an impertinent fop to a clergyman, who had reproached him for profanity.

"Yes I can," said the clergyman.

"Well then who did make the monkey?"

"He who made you."

We often hear persons speaking of friends; now we contend that they have no friends without they have money, and as long as they have that, they will have them; but as soon as that is gone, their friends are gone, for it is human nature to traduce the unfortunate. There are many who have experienced the fact in this world.