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meanshire re Association, Plafadelphia nerican of Philadelphia las of Hartford, yoming, of Wilkes Barre, yoming, of Wilkes Barre, yoming, and the Janville, nyttle Mutsal, me, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

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perations on the teeth carefully and property atouded to. ariations on the aided to.
Order 4a. few deers above the Court House, same july 1, 73

I. J. THORS, feesh Watermelons would amountee to the thin is of Blooms to diversity that he has just received a full and complete assortment of WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES PINTURES, CORDS, TASSELS,

nd all other goods in his line of business. All owest and most approved patterns of the day ways to be found in his establishment, Math stre-ctow Markot.

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TREES FOR FALL PLANTING,

BULBS. Numerymen and Sectionen, You

Poetical.

There's a little intechef-maker Sketching plotures in a dreamland That are never seen in this, Packing from the dips the pleasures of the present while we sigh; You may know this mischlef-maker,

With his sty, be witching glance, Whisp'ring of the coming morrow, As the social hours advance; Leftering, mid our calm reflections Hiding forms of beauty night He's a smooth, decentful fellow,

Where his somere victims lie, For a bold, determined fellow, Is this conquerer, By-and-Ry, When the calls of duty harmt us. And the present seems to be, All the time that ever mortals

Is the fairy, By-and-By. "fiv-and-fiv," the winds are strhing Pro we grown it assertless. Scorn the very specious liethe new believe or trust in

DON'T FRET AND GROWL. It never pays to frot and growl

For luck is work, And those who shirk should not lament their doom But yield the play, And clear the way, That better men have room.

Miscellaneous,

MAD IN SPITE OF HIMSELF. "Everything goes wrong," said Mr. Tripler, aying down his knife and fork with the face

a martyr. There are some people in the world with hom "everything" seems chronically to go wrong-there are some whose first infantine wail is uttered in the minor key, and who go on lamenting through life; and of this much abused class, Mr. Nathan Tripler was a burning and shining light.

"What's the matter, dear?" questioned Mrs. Tripler, who sat opposite her husband with a round-eved baby on her knee, and two or three little ones clamoring for their share of the matutinal meal on either side of her.

Mrs. Tripler was a trim, neatly made little woman, with blue eyes and flaxen hair-a woman who might have been pretty, could she have divested herself of a certain frightface whenever her liege lord spoke or looked toward her. Not that Dorothy Tripler was actually afraid-her husband had neither beaten her nor used coercive measures, but when a man begins to find fault, a woman never is easy in her mind lest some domestic

crew should be waxing loose. of we me a call before paid that I make the best wagnot be undersold. I claim that I make the best wagons for the least money.

I also do painting, trimming and repair old work
at the shortest notice, old springs welded and warranted to stand or ne pay. I will exchange a portable top baggy for any kind of lumber, such as her
lock, pine, ash, linn blekery and poplar to be deliver
ed at my shop by the first of February, 1873. Iron
dalo orders taken and McKelvy, Neal & Co's for re
pairtr 2 as cash.

A. S. CROSSLEY, "I can't eat a mouthful, Dorothy," croaked Mr. Tripler, dolefully, "Such cooking new cook of yours into the street at once."

and such food! You may as well turn that "But, Nathan, I-I am very sorry, but I cooked the breakfast myself, this morning. Isn't it nice?"

"Nice? Yes-very nice for those who can igest leather and drink dishwater!" "The biscuits are fresh and hot, Nathan."

"I don't want to be poisoned with ho BUGGY & CARRIAGE

> No reply. Mr. Tripler had folded his ams and was gazing with an expression of estracted despair at the ceiling, Will you have another cup of coffee ? midly questioned his wife.

> "Coffee? Is that coffee? Really I thought was hot water that had gotten into the urn v mistake !" "I will order some fresh made," said Mrs Tripler, with her hand on the bell-rope. "You will do no such thing, ma'am, if you

> ase," said Mr. Tripler, shortly. "My aptite is completely destroyed." "Will you have an egg boiled?"

"There's some very nice ham in the 'I dare say-there always is when I don' ant it "

"I am very sorry, Nathan," said pos ttle Mrs. Tripler, despairingly. Yes, she was sorry, this faithful, much en during wife; nor did the frequent repetition of this domestic storm at all abate her pen itence and sense of guilt. Some women would have got accustomed to the daily disturbance and thrown it off as the robin casts the dew drops from her wing. Not so with Dorothy Tripler. She was too sensitive, too onscientious, too delicately organized to augh off her troubles as some surface deep haracters would have done. So when he ausband departed, still grumbling under his

reath, as he slammed the door, she leaned er throbbing head upon one weary little hand and murmured softly to herself-"Oh, I wish Nathan was different!" Then, as if she had uttered high treason he started to her teet, checking the sensa ion of repining, and began industriously to

repare the three apple-cheeked, tow-headed Friplers for school. "It's Monday morning and Nathan don' like them to be late," thought the meek

pirited wife. Meanwhile Mr. Tripler was slowly walk ng down the wild and solitary glen tha led to the road where twice a day, the Lend ville stage rolled by conveying passenger o the train at Martin's station. It was heaper to live in the country and so Mr fripler lived there, although, as far as actual astes went, he don't know a buttercup fron burdock.

As Nathan trudged along, thinking how est to get rid of some troublesome share of railway stocks that were sinking uncon ortable on his hands, he suddenly became ascious of the presence of a man stout and dddle-nged, with a head as smooth and chining as a billiard ball, who was sitting on boulder of moss-grown stone just wher the pathway merged into the Lendville road, "Good morning, sir," said the stranger Have a seat?" Mr. Tripler had no very strong social ele

read and kept on his way. But the first he new two iron grasps were on his shoulder, e felt himself twirled suddenly around, like more force than was exactly agreeable on lational he boulder "What do you mean-"

Columbian.

"Dear me!" suddenly interrupted this unemfortable companion, "what a very nice at you have. What do you say to exchangng hats? Mine is a very nice straw, but I ind its somehow heating to the brain, "You are quite welcome, sir," faltered the

remulous Nathan, speaking all the more spidly in that the freakish manlac had aleady deftly effected the change. And your cost, too-nice cool linen. Upon my word, now, that coat is infinitely preferable to this swallow-tailed concern of nine, with the brass buttons, Yes-it fits me very sleely. I hope you don't object,

dr, to the accommodation? "N-o !" faltered Mr. Tripler. "Well, good morning," said the stranger. ooking around with a bewildered air. lon't really see where my chief orderly is-I told him to be here at precisely nine o'clock and everything will be in confusion if I don't

attend to it presently." He plunged into the green, dense fastness of the woods, talking resistlessly to himself netal buttons, whose brilliance was consid- Lincoln," erably tarnished.

"Dear me, what a figure I cut," grouned I must go directly home and get on somes leyed Mr. Tripler dubiously, as if not alto through the Streets of New York if he ventured to make his appearance in such a costume as this !!!

He rose, brushed away the chill drops of perspiration from his forehead, and was just eplacing the crimson silk pocket handkerhief in its resting place when he was sudlenly grasped from behind and thrown skillfully to the ground,

"Well, we've cotched you at last, my earty," said a burly man who stood over nim, while another had bound both his hands and feet together before he could find words or breath to remonstrate, "You thought you were going to give us the slip, ney? Come, it isn't worth while to cut up ike that, you know, unless you want the traight jacket brought out,"

do I want of a straight jacket?" "Nothing; unless you behave yourself unruly like. Steady, then! Tom bring up the wagon." "Where are you taking me to?" remon

strated our hero, as he was tumbled into a one-horse wagon. "To the asylum to be sure, where you'd

"It's all a mistake, my good fellowsidiculous mistake," he exclaimed, "I'm not "No, of course not: we know you are ot," responded the larger of the two with a wink to his companion-"Drive on, Tom." "But I am not indeed; you are mistaking

ne for somebody else-a man who just forced me to exchange hats and coats with him, and went down into the woods-he is he madman !" "Oh, no-I guess not," said the big keeper with a fearful attempt at pleasant irony, "My good men you are laboring under ome very singular delusion, remonstrated he victim, trying to speak plainly between

he jolting of the wagon and his own excitent. "I am Mr. Nathan Tripler, of No. -, John street." "Oh, yes," said the keeper, lighting a gar, "yesterday you was Napoleon Bonaarte, and to day you are Nathan Tripler, and to-morrow-likely as not, you will be

card this kind o'talk afore." Tripler's heart began to stand still with indefined horror. Was this a hideous dream? or was he actually to be immured within he high stone walls of the asylum he had often walked past with a feeling of dread and herror beyond all description, the lifemg victim of some scarce credible misake! In vain he reasoned, argued, protested; his words fell on the unheeding ears of his two conductors like drops of pattering ain on the stormy surface of Table Rock than alive-into a narrow apartment at the

nd of a long row of similar ones. It was lighted and ventilated by an iron grating in the door, with a corresponding window high up on the wall, and furnishes with only a narrow couch and a stand built in the wall; and there Mr. Nathan Tripler, released from his confining bonds, was left

cheerless meditations. "It can't be possible! I must be asleep and dreaming !" thought Nathan.

"What would I give for one of Dorothy's hot biscuits," thought the wretched captive. "My poor little Dorothy! I have been too hard upon her. Suppose I should die with-

han Tripler just then-it was the humilia Next morning it was bread and water

offee and grumbled at steak, "I've deserved it," thought Nathan ere's no mistake about that. Poor darlin little Durothy. How her heart is achie for me now. I wish I could stroke down he hair just once. "Oh, it's hard to be treated so, even though I know I am served exactly right. If I ever get out of this hole alive Dorothy will find me a changed man."

The confused current of thoughts was jus eddying vaguely through his mind when there was a sound of steps and voices in the long corridors without. "I suppose they are going to put on a

But Mr. Tripler was mistaken about the strait walsteent-it was his keeper instead, accompanied by two or three gentlemen-all human humming top, and seated with profuse in apologies and sympathetic ejacu-

"Such a mistake!" said one gentleman with a bald head. "So awkward for you my dear sir!" said

mother middle-aged gentleman, with a Ro-"But entirely unintentional, I assure you r," chimed in a third.

While Mr. Tripler looked vaguely from ne to the other hesaid; "Then I'm not mad, it seems?" he de anded. "Not a particle sir!" cried the three com

"Oh!" said Mr. Tripler, "Im glad to Then the committee proceeded to inform heir involuntary guest how the mistake had appened by which his identity had been

aittee men in chorus.

confounded with that of his mysterious acquaintance of the woods. "We are very sorry," said the first com-nities man shaking Mr. Tripler's hand as if

t had been the town pamp. "So am I," said Mr. Tripler, laconically, "Here is your hat and coat, sir," said the econd committee man. "We had great difas he went, and Mr. Nathan Triple was left | Sculty in getting them away from our friend oftee in a coarse straw hat, and a coat of in the Incurable Ward, who functed they soarce, blue cloth, garnished with huge were the last dying bequest of President Scott copied a line and borrowed the whole

"And anything we can do to make atonement for the awkward mistake would be a Mr. Tripler, eyeing himself with disgust, pleasure," said the third; while the keeper thing decent. A man would be hooted gether ceruin but that he was a little mad after all.

When Mr. Nathan Tripler reached his home all was the wildest grief and confusion there. Dorothy had had the woods searched the river dragged, and the whole vicinage ransancked, and was now in hysterics in the nursery. Nathau walked straight in and put both arms around her.

"Here I am, Dottie! Don't cry any But Mrs. Tripler cried more than ever. "It's only a dream," she sobbed forth, "Na-

han is dead." "No, I'm not dead," said Mr. Tripler with grim sense of humor, "only I've been mad." And quieting his wife's sobs after : while, he told her all his adventures. "And now is dinner rendy?" he asked, "for I am as hungry as a bear."

"I haven't a thing in the house to eat, Nathan dear," wailed the wife. "I don't care if it's nothing but dry bread and molasses, Dottie," said the husband. 'I can tell you that asylum took some of the nonsense out of me. I shall never grumble cain, don't be afraid.

And Dorothy brightened up. It was the

never did gramble again. The asylum had

In Onion There is Strength. The Governor of Ohio, whom a great man people irreverently call "Old Bill Allen," in | outdone by the bishaps, these great fagot fighters, is younger days had not only a voice closely filed to seven-fold thunder, but was a hrewd practical lawyer. His rude demoliion of sentiment once gained him a case. Where, famished with hunger and quaking with General Murphy, a member of the Chilicothe bar, thirty years ago was one of the most notod advocates that rode the circuits of Ohio.

They were, without doubt, a delightral collection.

He could weep profusely over the most hardsome came to be rid of a Stuart's direction. He could weep profusely over the most hard- se ened criminals and shed quarts of real tears whenever the occasion required it. The result was that he usually carried the jury with him. On one occasion General Murphy was engaged to defend a noted horse thief in Ross county, while the State secured the services of Gov. Allen. The usual routine was gone through with, and the prisoner's guilt was pretty clearly demonstrated, but General Murphy relied upon working up the sympathies of the jury. His effort was unusually brilliant, and towards the close of his appeal tears rolled down his cheeks in torrents, while the jurors rubbed their eyes with their cuffs. All this time Allets sat stiff and upright, glaring with dry and frozen eyes upon Murphy. When the latter wound in the olden times could not repeat "The in with a final burst of cloquence and tears, which left the whole andience sniffling. Ohio's tall Governor, that was to be, straightened himself to his fallest height, and pointing his long bony finger at the jury, said: "Gen lemen, there is such a thing as blotting out with much weeping. Gen. Murphy under-But before his tears work an absolution of he sin hardened criminal at the bar, and heat the state prison of its dues, I wish to how the fountain from whence these tears low so copiously." With one swoop of his ong right arm he was down in Gen. Murshy's coat pocket and withdrew an immense ed onion, denuded of its outer covering, and olding it aloft before the eyes of the astonshed jurors he continued: "The ancient Egyptians worshipped the onlon because it was typical of the celestial spheres. Here in Ohio we have good reason to curse it, because in General Murphy's pocket it has so often cheated the gallows and the prison of their dues." The prisoner was convicted, and General Murphy never rubbed his handkerchief on a peeled onion again when Old Bill Allen had the other side of the case.

WHAT WAS THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT !-

or that forbidden tree, whose mortal take Brought death into the world, and all our woo a scripture for the opinion. The apple is apple tree" is three times mentioned in the ible-viz: Sol. Song 2:3, and 8:5; Joel :12. Apples are mentioned only three mes-viz; Proverbs 25:11; Sol. Song 2:7 ad 7:8;

Some time since, in writing to a missiona y in Eastern Turkey, near where the Garlen of Eden is supposed to have been located, ve asked if there were any local traditions n regard to the matter. In his reply, just eccived, he says: "The Mohammedans generally say that the forbidden fruit was wheat, though some appose it to be sigs, and others grapes. The

warrant for their fasts, say it was meat.-N. The youth who cried "Excelsior" didn't

From the Phtindelphia Toxes, PHILIP FRENEAU.

To the Editor of The Times: That old patriot poet, Philip Freneau, deserves better treatment at your hands than seems to be intended by the implication in the words: "And (Heaven save the mark! poetry from Freneau, Dwight and Barlow." No poet has arisen even in these latter days with a truer genius than was possessed by Freneau, nor any man with a more patriotic and liberty-loving heart. In the darkest hours of the Revolution his songs and burning words kept alive the hopes of our people; and his satire, his humor and his indignation were leveled at Tories and British alike. There is a rythm and a ring to his verse which is often attained, and his songs and lyrical pieces are of a kind which can be sung as well as read. Every incident in our Revolutionary history was made to contribute to swell the tide of patriotic emotion. Here we have an exultation "On the memorable victory of the Bon Homme Richard; there a lamentation "To the memory of the brave Americans" who fell at Eutaw Springs; now a ghastly picture of the horrors of "The British prison ship;" then a "Song on Captain Barney's victory over the ship Great Monk," There are many poetical gems of the first water among the poems of Freneau. In one already mentioned oc curs that memorable verse from which a quarter of a century afterward Sir Walter

idea. Freneau had said : They saw their intirest country's won't The firming town, the wasted field; They rushed to meet the exulting for; They took the spear-but left the shield. And Scott said :

Lamented Chief! not thine the power To save in that presumptuous hour, When Pressia hurried to the field, And snatched the spear and left the shield.

And not Scott alone has levied contribuions upon our Revolutionary poet. In his beautiful poem of "O'Conor's Child," Campbell has also borrowed an image and copied a line. Freneau said : By midnight moons, o'er motitening dews, In vestments of the chase arrayed.

The hunter still the deer pursues, The hunter and the deer-a shade. And Campbell said : Now on the grass-green turf he sits, His tasseled horn beside him laid; Now o'er the hills in chase he flits.

The hunter and the deer-a shade But Freneau was a scholar as well as a patriot and a poet, and some of his translations and imitations are not surpassed for fidelity and felicity by any other. And I doubt if any of the various poets who have tried their hands at an English poetical rendering of the 137th Psalm have surpassed in sweetness and energy the effort of Freneau. Among his longer poems are some of sushave been two hours ago if you hadn't been first time he had called her Dottie," or ical History of the Prophet Jonah ;" "The tained poetical power. I notice "The Poet-

American History :" I welve years after this, some scores of Desceptors To the northernmost district came, seeking adven

Thus bantshed forever, and leaving the sod.

They planted their new Plymouth-so called fro Some salled to a view to dominion and riches

Convinced long before that their own must be right and that all who had died in the centuries past on the Devil's lee-shore were eternally cast. Phose extles were east in a whimsical mould

And sighed their lives through, to be happy herea

ome came on the Indians to shed a new light.

hey looked towards Zion wherever they went, Did all things in hope of future reward. and worry'd mankind-for the sake of the Lord. Who has not laughed over the vagarie and wit and humor of "Mr. Robert Slender, o Philadelphia (stocking weaver);" and who

His reign shall be famous for multiplication, The sire and king of a whelp generation; But such is the will and the purpose of fate For each child he begets he shall forfelt a Stat Philip Freneau was born in the city of New York, January 2, 1752, and died near Monmouth, N. J., December 18, 1832. The irst collection of his poems was published in Philadelphia, in 1786, by Francis Bailey, nd that volume was republished in London nd poems, was publised by Francis Bailey. n 1795 an edition was printed by Frencau imself, at 'Monmouth, N. J. In 1809 Lydia R. Bailey, widow of Francis Bailey, published an edition, in two volumes, and in 1815 Longworth issued an edition, in two volumes, in New York. In 1865 Mr. Evert A. Duyckinck edited and Middleton published a volume of Freneau's "Poems Relatpoem "On the Departure of the British from Charleston," the poet, speaking of the brave

But fame is theirs-and future days On pilltar'd brass shall tell their praise; Shall tell-when cold neglect is dead-"These for their country fought and bled!"

some when his poetry, like that of Hudibras, would command a commentator like Grev and Scott said that the verses on the battle of Entaw were as fine as anything of the kind in the language. I believe the time has come for that commentator. It is more neighbor's boy and came out first-best, he than one hundred years since Freneau wrote and published his first poems; and, as preeminently the poet of the Revolution, he is entitled to and demands a Centennial edis you have been to Mrs. B-, next door?" ion of his works. The ability and apprecition displayed by Mr. Dayckinck in the colume edited by him establishes his right and makes it his duty to edit and anotate he whole works. I know of no one better and that father ought to have a pension for acquainted with the early literature of Amer- living with you?" ca, and the would be to him a labor of love. Not storied urn, nor animated bust, pillared brass would so fitly commemorate the names her boy must be pounded up in that way, Arminians almost universally reckon it to and deeds of our Centennial heroes as a she heard a shrill voice calling out: ave been apples, though some of the priests superb Centennial edition of the works of "Vile wretch, don't you enter that gate or of the more ignorant class, in order to find a

Cards in the "Business Directory" column, one column per year for each line,

Lawyers Should Not be Asses. Judge Underwood, of Rome, said to four young lawyers, who had just passed an examination in his court; "Young gentlemen, I want to say a thing or two to you. You have passed as good an examination as usual, perhaps better; but you don't know anything. Like those young fellows just back from their graduation college, you know a great deal. That is a mistake, If you ever get to be of any account, you will be surprised at your present ignorance, Don't be too big for your breeches. Go round to the justices' court. Try to learn something. Don't be afraid. Set off upon a high key. You will, no doubt, speak a great deal of nonsense, but you will have one consolation; nobody will know it. The great mass of mankind take sound for

sense. Never mind about your case-pitch in. You are about as apt to win as loose. Don't be ashamed of the wise-looking justice. He don't know a thing. He is a dead best on knowledge. Stand to your rack, fodder or no fodder, and you will see daylight after a while. The community generilly supposes that you will be rascals, There is no absolute necessity that you should. You may be smart without being ricky. Lawyers ought to be gentlemen. ome of them don't come up to the standard. and are a disgrace to the fraternity. They know more than any other race, generally, and not much in particular. They don't know anything about sand and stones, carboniferous periods, and ancient land animals, known as fossils. Men that make out they know a great deal, on these subjects, don't know much. They are humbugssuperb humbugs, They are ancient land animals themselves, and will ultimately be fossils. You are dismissed with the sin-

Slights. They are cheap. It costs nothing to turn the face, to shut the mouth, to not see a person who is before the eyes, and has expectations if not claims. It is very easy to put off the call long overdue, to neglect sending an invitation to a party to one who is not of much account, to pass a former friend on the street without recognition, to go and come ignoring the existence of people who have rights and feelings. And it is as cowardly

to do so as it is easy and mean. But the cheap, cowardly slight is as hard to bear as it is contemptible. How it rankles. It stings like a nettle. It is prussic acid on a wound. The very cowardice of it makes it more painful. If Miss Scornful had only had the courage to frankly say she does not care for our friendship, and prefers our room to our company, we could possibly reply with an equally polite expression of popular chilliness; but to be dropped have been two hours ago if you hadn't been and cancel nor locally since their honeymoon was in the crescent glow, was in the crescent glow.

Institute ne mad cancel nor local, specific time ne mad cancel nor local specimen of his satirical and descriptive They have duties, obligations, affiliations, Kindness and politeness are parts of the unwritten law of social commerce. A slight is a robbery-a mean, pickpockety sort of robbery, too-of the notice one has a right to expect. It may not cost anything just to mind one's own business, and let a friend languish for wast of notice and sympathy and cheer, but it shows what he is made of, and what his friendshid is worth. The per-

son who can slight another is too base to be A HAPPY COUPLE.-A man should be a little older, a little braver and a little strong-

er, a little wiser, and a little more in love with her than she is with him. A woman should always be a little younger, and prettier, and a little more considerate than her husband. He should bestow upon her all his worldly goods, and she should take good care of them. He may owe her every care and tenderness that affection can prompt; but pecuniary indebtedness to her will become a burthen. Better

Neither must be jealous, nor give the other cause of jealousy. Neither must encourage sentimental friendship with the opposite sex. Perfect confidence in each other. and reticence concerning their mutual affairs, even to members of their own families. is a first necessity.

live on a crust that he earns than on a for-

tune that she has brought him.

A wife should dress herself becomingly whenever she expects to meet her husband's eye. The man should not grow slovenly, Fault-finding, long arguments, or scolding, ends the happiness that begins in kiss es and love-making. Sisters and brothers may quarrel and "make up." Lovers are lovers no longer after such disturbances oca 1861, by John Russell Smith. In 1788 a cur, and married people who are not lovers cond volume, containing essays, reviews are bound by red hot chains. If a man ad-

mires his wife in striped calico, she is silly

They have sharp lawyers in Huntingdon Pa. The Journal of that place says: "A citizen of an adjoining town was sued one day last week, for a debt of \$8, and a judgment was obtained for that amount, but he did not like the idea of being forced to ing to the American Revolution." In his pay, so he came to Huntingdon to consult a lawyer in regard to the course he should pursue. He selected a prominent and successmen who fell in the struggles to free the ful member of the Bar, and after stating his case asked the disciple of Blackstone what he should do. The lawyer refused to give advice without a fee of \$5, and after a little estintion on the part of the individual in quest of information, he planked down a V, Jeffrey said of Freneau that the time would when the legal gentleman told him to "go home, raise the money, and pay off the judg-

ment." He left a wiser and a poorer man. A YOUNG STATISMAN. - The other day when a Vicksburg boy had trouble with a realized that something must be done at home, and he slid into the house and said : "Mother, you know now good and kind

"Yes, I have tried to be a good neighbor "Well, do you know, that she says you clean your teeth with a white-wash brush,

He slid out, and when Mrs. B --- reached the gate, on the way to the house to ask why you'll get scalded !"

She returned home, and the young statesman dropped down under a shade tree, kicked

"That settles her, and now I want to eatch her Tom again for just fourteen seconds!"

DR. E. W. RUTTER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

BOOK AGENTS wanted to sell "The Pe D. the's Concurant sense Medical advertis V. Pierce, M. D. The most ready celling b fixed wive territory and liberal terms. Ad-Author at fingle-lo, N. Y.

BY-AND-BY.

He is stilling by your hearthstones,

Tids enchanter, By-and-By. You may know him by lits winning, By his careless, sportive air; By his sty, obtrustve presence, That is staying everywhere; By trophics that he gathers,

Snatch from dark eternity; Then a fairy band scene painting Pictures on a painted sky,

This deceiver, By-and-By.

When fortune seems our foe; The better bred will push ahead And strike the braver blow.

"Straight Jacket!" gasped Tripler, "what

f Mr. Tripler's much bewildered mind.

he king of the Saudwich Islands. I've

intil at length he was carried-more dead

to enjoy the uninterrupted society of his own

But it was possible and he was never cider awake in his life. Towards evening, a pitcher of water and a piece of bread were dealt out to him. Mr. Tripler ate it under a sort of mental protest to relieve the gnawing sensation of faintnes

cut being able to tell how ashamed I am of eing such a brute! It was not the dry bread that choked Na

again. Nathan thought of Dorothy's despised

strait-waist-coat now," thought Mr. Tripler, with a resigned air. "Well, there's nothing left for me but to endure. I don't think I'r mad; but how long I shall hold out sans under these interesting concatenation of cirmenta in his nature, so he stiffly inclined his cumstances is rather a doubtful question."

'olitical Balance," in which, speaking of

State, said:

Philip Frencau,

Josh Billings says he don't care how much up his heels and softly chuckled: know he was naming five out of every six people talk if they will only say it in a few

cere hope of the court that you will not make asses of yourselves."-Louisville Jour-