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THIS WORLD.

This world is a sad, sad place, I know-And what soul living can doubt it? But it will not lessen the want and woe To be always singing about it; Then away with songs that are full of tears, Away with dirges that sadden : Let us make the most of our fleeting years, By singing the lays that gladden.

A few sweet portions of bliss I've quaffed And many a cup of sorrow; But in thinking of the flavored draught, The old time joy I borrow,

And in brooding over the bitter drink, Pain fills again the measure ; And so I have learned that 'tis better to think

Of the things that gives us pleasure.

The world at its saddest is not all sad ; There are days of sunny weather; And the people within it are not all bad, But saints and sinners together. I think those wonderful hours of June

Are better far to remember, Than those when the earth is out of tune In the cold bleak winds of November.

Because we meet in the walks of life Many a selfish creature,

t doesn't prove that this world of strife Has no redeeming feature. There is bloom of beauty upon this earth;

There are bonds and blossoming flowers There are souls of truth and hearts of worth; There are golden glowing hours. In thinking over a joy we've known

We easily make it double; Which is better by far than to mope and

O'er sorrow and grief and trouble; For though this world is sad, we know-And who that is living can doubt it? -It will not lessen the want and woe To be always singing about it.

A TERRIBLE FIFTY MINUTES.

In August, 1858, I arrived at Chamounix with one of my friends, a tray- directly !" eler like myself. For about five weeks we had been exploring Switzerland, so | not come up alive." that we had plenty of time to get used vasses which seem the surface of the glaciers. Holding firmly by my guide's hand, I leaned over that yawning gulf, ble depth. The two perpendicular walls of ice appeared to meet some three hundred feet below, but I believed that it was only the effect of perspective, the rent being probably as far as the solid rock.

"A man who falls there is certain never to come out alive," said one of

ny guides. "True," replied the other, "but I knew one who was rescued. A narrow escape indeed it was; he still lives at Grindlewald. He is a chamois hunter; was returning home, and in descending the crevasse, his fall was broken by projecting blocks of ice, which yielded, however, against his weight, when he clung to them. When he reached the bottom, a distance of some hundred feet, he had a leg and arm broken. Between the earth and the ice he found a hollow place into which a stream was running; crawling along, suffering terrible pain, he followed the course of the water, and

in three hours was out of the glacier." Crevasses vary in breadth from two to six feet at the mouth, the sides approach rapidly as they descend, so that a man may find himself jammed in between two walls of ice a long time before he reaches the bottom, and then, if ropes long and strong enough are at hand, it is possible to save him from death. But generally the ropes are not long enough, and the traveler perishes of cold, or falls down into the crevasses during the hours which elapse while some of the party have gone to the nearest village to fetch

cier near Zermatt some years ago.

We had ascended to the Brevent, Glace and the Jardin to visit. We slept at the Montanvert in the solitary little inn at the foot of the glacier. Next morning we were up at dawn. Furnished with some provisions and two bottles of wine, we started with our guide. It was a splendid mornsion. For half an hour we followed a rough path which skirted the Mer de surface riven with crevasses and cov- again; there are hundreds of such-I ered with rocks and fragments. Our am lost !" road ended at the glacier, upon which we now began to descend and traverse in zig-zags in the midst of numerous fissures. The Mer de Glace is not considered dangerous, and it is quite the exception to take axes and ropes when crossing it. Alert and cheerful we hastened on without taking notice of the guide, who, some way behind, partuning full parwe hastened on without taking notice cautious and wait for him. We were obliged at last to halt before a vast crevasse which barred upon our passelling book by Dr. John Cowan, sage. It opened with a length of some

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1873.

the ice large enough to put my feet tense; the blood was literally freezing ous; let us go round it."

already got half-way up this icy hill- three-quarters of an hour to get to this ock, and was now quite convinced that | spot, and he had to go and return. it was too steep and slippery to be crossed without an axe. The guide's little longer. The frail support on projection by which I could hold my- of this project; but he implored me ular, and fell into the gulf.

companion and my guide. My own for me to reach it, and large enough sensations cannot be described. I was for me to insert my hand in it; then, giddy and half stunned, sent back- about two feet above the little bridge, wards and forwards from one wall of I dug out a hole sufficiently large for ice to another. I felt myself descend- me to put my foot in it. I succeeded, ing to a great depth, condemned to be and grasping these two points of supdashed to pieces; to die by a horrible port, my back resting with all my death. Suddenly something stopped strength against the opposite wall, I me ; I felt myself suspended. I took | was able to raise myself and keep mybreath again, and could cry out, "A | self firm in this position. rope! a rope!"

This frail support, as far as I could fast as their legs can carry them." judge, was about four inches broad and eighteen thick. My head hung other. Instinctively and immediately, myself up and stood upright on this projection, where there was a hollow just large enough to plant one foot.

Then I heard my companion say: "Trust in God and take courage. The guide has run to Montanvert to seek men and ropes. He will come back

My position was a terrible one. ice walls, and pressing the other with ence of mind. my hands. The ice was as smooth as a mirror. There was nothing to grasp. and tried to gaze down into its terri- A stream of ice water flowed down on feeling of deep gratitude to the Al- a trifle too diffuse for comfort. The long and narrow streak of the sky, formed a frame. The ice, which was of the darkest blue color, encircling me on all sides, looked threatening and streamed down their sides, but in the

had so miraculously fallen. I risked looking, for the second time only, down into the terrible abyss ice. above which I was suspended. At the spot where I was, the crevasse was not more than two feet wide; lower for the purpose. In despair he started down it narrowed rapidly, and a hun- for Chamounix. When on the way dred yards below the two sides ap- he met two muleteers. Their animals last place. Pays his board regularly peared to touch each other. I believe were laden with wood, tied on with if I had fallen but a very few inches ropes, which he implored them to give on either side from the narrow bridge him to save a poor travelor who had which had arrested me, I should have fallen into a crevasse. These good been buried and jammed up at a depth people at once unloaded their mules, where no rope could have reached me. and came with the guide to my assist-I had remained about twenty minutes ance. Tying them together-there in my perilous position, nerves and were three-the ropes reached to the muscles stretched to the utmost to depths of thirty to forty vards, where keep myself there, looking at the sky I had been arrested in my fall. above my head and at the ice around | Assisted by my deliverers, I was me, but not daring again to glance in- able to reach Montanvert, where, in a to the gulf below. The blood was good bed and with my bruises attendflowing from a wound I had received ed to, I had leisure to dream about in the cheek, and I felt that my right the danger from which I had escaped, leg, upon which fortunately I was not and the remembrance of which often resting, was severely bruised; the left haunts me, both sleeping and waking. longer ropes. Thus an unfortunate leg, however, pained by the effort of Russian nobleman perished in a gla- standing and cold, was beginning to my position without the risk of losing is one pig to every one and four-tenths and we now had only the Mer de my balance. The cold of the wall of men in the United States. There is ice against which I was resting more nothing singular at all that every man and more benumbed me, the water con- should have a pig, but when four-fifths tinued to fall, and I dared not stir.

I called my companion; no one replied. I called again. Nothing! ed my brain.

My strength was exhausted. I had never yet given up all hope. I was and thus put an end to this agony.

self called. My friend had run to look for the guide, but when he wished to return he was horror-struck on perceiving that the surface of the gla- ing in St. Louis a few evenings since quoted cier was rent by countless crevasses, the motto of the temperance girl, "The all so similar that there was not a sin- lips that touch wine shall never touch gle sign by which he could recognize mine;" to which a beardless wretch rethe abyss in which I was buried alive. In this cruel perplexity God guided sixty yards, and ended up our left conducted by prominent relations and secular paragraphics in a slope of ice, somewhat steep, but like it published. \$40 per left published. \$40 per left like it li

Ven der crass is sbringing freshly,

in. At this moment our guide rejoin- in my veins. I called-I asked if ed us. He looked at the slope and at there was any one in sight. The the yawning crevasse below it, and guide had started thirty minutes ago, said, in a grave tone, "It is danger- and not a soul had yet appeared. It was scarcely probable that he could With the aid of my alpenstock I had return so quickly, as we had taken

I felt that I could hold on but very

warning confirmed my opinion. I was | which my safety alone depended might cautiously lowering my right leg, seek- yield at any moment and break being for the hole I had made in the ice neath me. I remembered that I had -my foot passed it-and I felt that I a strong knife in my pocket, and I rewas sliding down; there was nothing | solved to make use of it to draw myrough to stop me, not the slightest self out. I informed my companion self. The declivity became perpendic- to do nothing of the kind; but my situation had become intolerable. I I heard a cry of despair from my made a notch in the ice, high enough

I was working diligently at my sec-By God's mercy I had fallen upon a ond step, when I heard a joyous cry narrow edge of ice, which formed a above me. "Here they are! Three sort of bridge across the crevasse. men with ropes-they are running as

I steadied myself as firmly as possible upon the narrow and slippery from one side of it, my feet from the bridge, so as to be able to seize the rope they were about to lower and tieit described in the Washington special by what means I know not, I raised around me. I saw the end of it swing- dispatches for the last several weeks. ing about two yards above my head. it is not necessary to go into particu-"May God have mercy upon me! It lars here. Besides, nearly everybody is too short!"

"We have another."

down. I seized the end of it and they are designed for the distribution bound it strongly around my waist, of intelligence among the masses at and grasping the rope with both one third the usual rate. You can "If he is long," I replied, "I shall hands, I gave the signal for them to write almost anything you please on a

to the snow and glaciers. We had The thin ledge of ice was so narrow later I stood upon the glacier. I had ten. But there are some things which ceives postal card addressed to the made several ascents, one to 14,000 that I could not place both feet upon passed fifty minutes in the crevasse, do not read well on a postal card. dignified elderly gentleman who owns feet. I well remember the sensation I it. I could only support myself on during which time I had lost neither Take for instance a large boarding- the premises, and pretty much all the felt when I first saw one of those cre- one leg, half resting against one of the my confidence in God nor my pres- house where the landlady takes care other premises in that vicinity. El-

my shoulders, piercing me to the very | mighty, who had delivered me in so | postman comes to the door with an bones. Above my head I saw the great a peril, filled my breast. I fell armful of postal cards. The landlady round which the mouth of the crevasse again became conscious, our parties sits down and begins to sort them over tanvert. Before leaving I wished to she strikes one which reads thus; cast one last look into the crevasse gloomy. The two walls seemed as if where I had been nearly buried alive. they were about to meet in order to I saw how completely impossible it crush me, rather than to release their | would have been for me to get out of prey. Numerous water courses it as I had projected. The opening at the top was too wide to have allowed extent of more than sixty yards I me, as I reached it, to lean against could not see any other projection or the opposite wall, and without that obstacle except this ledge on which I support the most agile of climbing animals would have found it impossible to scale this perpendicular wall of

The guide ran to the inn, where he could not find a single rope suitable

An ingenious individual with a turn give way. It was impossible to change for mathematics has found that there of a man buys a pig the event becomes a matter of great interest to everybody who strives after a higher civilization. nothing! Not a human being within | The mind instantly pictures this fourreach of my voice! I was seized with tenths of an individual getting home ing, and augured well for our excur- giddiness as a terrible thought cross- with that pig, and bucking up against fences, and splashing into mud, and "He is gone to see if help is com- kicking at the animal just enough to Glace, which displayed below us its ing, and he cannot find the crevasse miss it, and swing off his balance, and while we have a long array of precedents to show that no whole man ever drove a pig in the right direction, we seized with a desire to let myself fall, man wrestling with the animal would so nearly alike. Let me see. Mr. visions of gold harvests shimmer in afford a spectacle that would be nour- Spriggins told me he expected some the sunlight of the grateful imagina-At the critical moment, I heard my- ishing to the last degree. This, of money to-day. course, is confidential. - Danbury News.

A smart young lady at a social gather-

as a hatchet, I began to cut holes in cold was becoming more and more in- BULLY FOR DER COUNDRY.

Unt der summer dot is come, Ven der birds beguns to varble. Und some bees gommence to hum, Ven derr little Kady-didn's

Dem vas singing on der drees, Un der bull-toads dem vas jumping, So lifely like some fleas ;

Ven dem caddles dem vas healdy

Und dem frisk und kick und run, Und bunk von order mit deir horns Und had such awful fun Den out indo der coundry Vas the bulliest blace to be A tooking some good comford

Benead some hickory valnud, Or von of a different kind, A feelin kind of shleeby Mit noding on your mind,

Benead a shady dree;

A vadching some shmall inseeds Ven dey're flying on der ving ; Took my adwise und do id vonce-I bed you id's jused der ding.

Dot's nice to vent ond Duesdays, Or any oder day, Und shmok und read der bapers Too bass der dime avay.

Of you vant to get enjoyment, Und firsd-rade good fresh air, You musd went oud in der coundry Ven der summer dime vas der.

POSTAL CARD JOKES.

That new device of Postmaster Genral Creswell, the postal cards, went into circulation a short time ago. As they have been somewhat elaborately has seen them, and knows how to describe them himself. But for a gener-That was fastened to the first and let | al description it might be said that

When I placed my foot upon the it. This sometimes makes the diffu- has never seen one before. She takes firm ground again, an overpowering sion of intelligence among the masses it from the colored boy and reads; on my knees and fainted. When I relieves him of the burden, goes in and were preparing to start for the Mon- for the various boarders. Presently

St. Louis, May 17. My Dear Theoph .- Come to night at half past 10. Side gate open. Bull dog chained up in the basement. Light in the window for you.

Yours sweetly, Landlady turns to the other side of the card. She reads the superscrip-

MR. THEOPHILUS MUFFLECHEEK, No. 13,975 Hash avenue, City. Landlady rests her cheek on her left hand and muses passims. Landlady solus: "Well, now, did I ever? Who'd a thought that Mr. Mufflecheek was that kind of a man? Came here, too. with the highest references from his every Saturday at tea. Belongs to our church, too." [Reads again.] Half-past ten-dear me, and I have always thought he went to bed at half of his bosom. Turns it over and past nine. Bull dog chained up in the basement! Well. I never! I'll keep a little watch of Mr. Mufflecheek. I'll expose him before the church." Then she draws a long sigh, and proceeds with another card : [Reads :]

St. Louis, May 17, Sir-I have now waited four weeks for the balance on that suit of clothes. I need the money. Must have it Monday. Yours, Nimbleneedle.

Turns to the superscription and reads: MR. J. B. SUNFLOWER, No. 13,975 Hash avenue, City.

"Well, if ever I heard the like in my ife! Mr. Sunflower is such a nice gentleman. And he uses such elegant perfumery. Let me see: he owes for two weeks board. Told me this morning he was expecting a check from home. I must go to his room and see how much baggage he has. Dear me, folks are so unaccountable."

Comes to another. Reads: My Dear Spriggins-Just deposited four hundred to your credit in the Twelfth National. Draw on me at sight for the bal-Yours. B. W. K. Turns to the superscription and reads: J. D. SPRIGGINS, Esq.,

No. 13,975 Hash avenue, City. Gracious me! How much like Mr. Spriggins' own handwriting that is.

for you."

house to cash a fifty dollar check? It's cept the range of a sinful ingenuity.

I can accommodate you." [Landlady | to the mistress with a masculine sigreturns with a roll of bills.

Sprig .- "Here, I'll just include that three weeks' board in the check, and make seventy-five. Balance will be

Landlady counts out fifty, which Sprig. thrusts into his vest pocket, the next mail: goes up stairs, gets his valise and starts | Hon. J. A. J. Cresswell, Washington, D.C. to eatch the train for Kansas City. Landlady will discover to-morrow that the similarity between Mr. Spriggins handwriting and that of the postal card isn't such a singular circumstance after all.

It only cost Spriggins one cent to raise the wind. These postal cards are an incalculable convenience to the toiling masses.

A VARIATION.

Postman rings at a modest looking mansion on Locust street. Servant girl comes to the door. Postal cards for the master of the house, who has only been married a couple of years. Servant girl delivers the postal cards to young wife. Young wife reads:

St. Louis, May 17th. Dear Joe-Will be at the corner Twelfth and Pine, hack half-past nine. First class party boys. Be on hand. Half-past nine, sharp. Wake 'em up. O. K.

Young wife lays down the postal cards and elevates her eye brows. Mr. Cresswell's cheap method of diffusing intelligence has let a flood of new light in upon her mind.

Young wife, solus-"So this is the club is it? Riding around town in devil kept piping his single note, "A hacks all night with a party of firstclass boys. Ohdear, oh dear!" Then she weeps copiously and sighs deeply. wronged and outraged in her whole they life. Weeps again passionately, and And oft when a man with a grievseeks the camphor bottle. Young hus- ance came in, ye editor man to see, he'd band, all unconscious, comes home to turn his back with a word of sin-"Go supper. Tableau.

Postman ambles up the front steps postal card, so that it isn't too long- of an imposing mansion at No.-place. They began-I wassaved. A minute that is to say, the article that is writ- Colored boy opens the door and reof the mail until the boarders call for derly wife sees the postal card. She

St. Louis, May 17. Please bring home my robe de nuit, and take away that horrid man's night shirt you left.

Mary C .-

At this juncture the elderly lady makes vigorous preparations to swoon, and calls for her maid to bring her a fan and the smelling bottle. [Elderly lady to waiting maid] :-

Mary, can you read?" "Yes'm." "Read what it says on the card, I can't believe my eyes.'

Elder lady goes off in a dead swoon, murmuring incoherently about divor-

The utbane postman halts in front of a pretentious looking three-story edifice, No .- W -- n avenue. The head of the family brushes past him and starts up stairs. Postman hands him a package of letters and postal cards. Head of family glances at

St. Louis, May 17. Dearest-Meet me at half-past seven o'clock this evening, corner Eigth and Olive streets. Please drop a handkerchief for Wear a black veil. Yours till

Husband crushes postal card in the clenched hand. "Ha!" he ejaculates, "this is the way of it, is it? I'll take a hand in the business myself." Then he goes into the house, and resurrects his six-shooter and loads it, and puts fresh caps on it, and at the appointed time may be seen slowly pacing up and down near the corner of Eighth and Olive, watching out for some fellow to drop a handkerchief. The fellow who sent the card as a joke, sidles around the corner, catches a glimpse of the irate husband, chuckles to himself, and leaves for down town. Husband paces up and down until near nine o'clock, when, finding that he was attracting the attention of the police, and the consciousness that he is sold beginning to dawn upon him, he skulks off home by another street, and says nothing to anybody. There is no tableau.

Mr. Cresswell's ingenious but simple device for the cheap diffusion for intelligence is working admirably. Blackmailers, dead beats, and divorce lawcan well believe that four-tenths of a Singular that two persons should write yers contemplate the postal cards, and tions. There is not a particle of doubt Enter Spriggins-"Good afternoon, that these cards will prove valuable as advertising mediums, and for sending Landlady-"Here is a postal card brief messages of a business or social nature which are not confidential. Sprig .- "Oh yes," [Reads to him- But the avenues to fraud, black-mail self.] "That's all right. By the way, and scandal-breeding are too numerous madam, have you money enough in the to be compassed within any bonds ex-In this cruel perplexity God guided look pretty after some officious old lady him to see a little knapsack which the has thrown water in their faces and it has ceived a telegram from Kansas City, dered family, send a mysteriously ceived a telegram from Kansas City, dered family, send a mysteriously ceived a telegram from Kansas City, dered family, send a mysteriously NUMBER 22:

nature. And so on, ad finitum. It is a capital way of playing a capital joke, but there is such a thing as carrying a joke too far.

The Republican reporter thinks of sending the following postal card by

Dear Sir-I think you are the ablest and most statesmanlike, as well as the most affable and courteous gentleman who ever conducted the Postoffice Department.

This will be the hugest practical joke of them all. Everybody will laugh at it and grow fat. Let the "cheap diffusion of intelli-

gence," or the diffusion of cheap intel.

igence, go on .- St. Louis Republican OBITUARY OF A WESTERN EDITOR Ye editor sat in his rickety chair, as worried as worried could be, for ve devil was grinning before him there,

and "copy !" ye devil sayed he. Oh ye editor grabbed his big quill pen, and it sputtered ye ink so free. that his manuscript, like a war mapwhen "Take this," to the devil spake

He scribbled and scratched through the live long day, nor rest or refreshment had he; for the devil kept constantly coming that way, and howling for more "cop-ee."

Day after day he scissored and wrote. a saying the whole countree; while ye little more outside cop-ee,"

And when ye boys in your newsroom hear the sound of unequal fray She will go home to her mother the the voice of a blow and blasphemous very next day. She never was so word, "He's raisin' the devil!" say

talk to ve devil," saved he.

And ever and oft, when a proof of his work ye proprietor wanted to see, "Ye proof shall be shown by my personal clerk; you must go to the devil," sayed he.

And thus destined through all of his life by this spirit tormented to be in hunger and poverty, sorrow and strife, always close to ye devil was he Ye editor died. * * * But ve devil, lived on? And the force of life's habits we see; for ve editor's breath no sooner was gone than strait to ye devil

THE FAMILY HAMMER. - There is one thing no family pretends to be without. That is a hammer. And yet there is nothing that goes to make up the equipment of a domestic establishment that causes one-half as much agony and brofanity as a hammer. It is always an old hammer, with a handle that is inclined to sliver, and always bound to slip. The face is as round as a full moon and as smooth as glass. When it strikes a nail full and square, which it has been known to do, the act will be found to result from a combination of pure accidents.

The family hammer is one of those rare articles we never profit by. When it glides off a nail-head, and mashes down a couple of fingers, we unhesitatingly deposit it in the yard, and observe that we will never use it again. But the blood has scarcely dried on the rag before we are out doors in search of the hammer, and ready to make another trial. The result rargly varies; but we never profit by it. The awful weapon goes on knocking off our nails, and mashing whole joints, and slipping off the handle to the confusion of mantle ornaments, and breaking the commandments, and cutting up all sorts of astounding and unfortunate antics.

without let or hindrance. And yet we put up with it, and put the handle on again, and lay it away where it won't get lost, and do up our mutilated and smarting fingers, and vet if the outrageous thing should happen to get lost, we kick up a regular hullabooloo until it is found again. Talk about the tyrannizing influence of a bad habit! It is not to be compared to the family hummer.

A STUPID CLERK .- The other day a young lady stepped into a dry-goods establishment and inquired of the clerk attending: "Sir, have you any mouse-colored gloves?" "Mouse-colored gloves, miss?" "Yes, a sort of gray, ast the color of your drawers," meanng the store drawers, that were painted gray, "My drawers, miss, why I don't wear any." A cab was seen leaving the store a few minutes after with a lady in the corner with a handkerchief up to lier face.

A DETROIT Woman called upon a credulous family in that city the other day, introduced herself and began a conversation. Suddenly she fell out of her chair very sick and feeble, and faintly said that she had no money and could not go to the hospital, and they would have to keep her through the run of the fever. They gave het three dollars to crawl out and try to reach the hospital, and she has a new blue sash now.