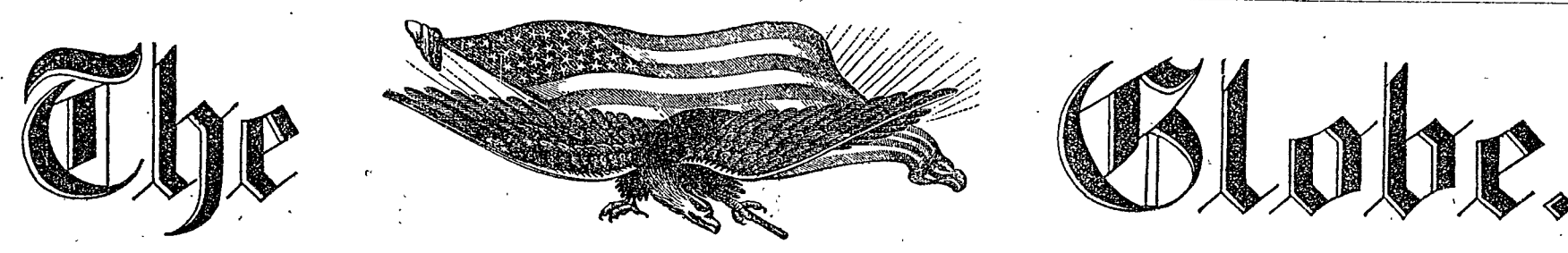


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WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor.  
—PERSEVERE—  
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Shocking Tragedy in Florida.  
A METHODIST PREACHER COMMITS A DOUBLE MURDER.  
The occurrence of a bloody tragedy in Sumpter county, Florida, on the 10th ult., has been briefly noticed. It appears that Rev. Geo. Andrews, pastor of a Methodist church in the county, had seduced a young lady, a relative, residing at his house, and had also brutally beaten her, and for these acts was summoned to appear at Sumpter court house, on the day named, for trial by the people. The Augusta Chronicle says:  
For these misdeeds a summons was issued for him to appear at the court-house at Sumpterville, before the people, on Saturday, the 10th ultimo. Having heard of this and of the parties who were to serve the summons, Messrs. McLendon and Lang, he proceeded to the house of the former and took dinner with the family. After dinner they went to the workshop—Andrews asked McLendon for the loan of his horse to go to Adamsville, which was granted. He had in his possession one double-barrel gun, one yauzer rifle, two repeaters, and two bowie knives.  
While the horse was being caught, a conversation arose about him (Andrews) being summoned before the Regulators. "Whereupon Mr. Lang said, 'Yes, sir, and here is the summons for you.' During the conversation McLendon was mending a pair of shoes. Immediately after Lang's answer, Andrews leveled his gun on McLendon, shot him in the side, and killed him instantly. Turning round quickly, he leveled his gun to shoot Lang, who knocked up the gun, and received a bullet wound in the palm of his right hand. Lang then picked up Andrews' yauzer, to shoot him (Andrews) but could not cock it on account of his shattered hand, threw down the gun and ran. As he ran, Andrews shot him through the left wrist with a repeater.  
A Mr. Hyatt in the shop at the time, picked up the yauzer, ran off about thirty yards and levelled it at Andrews, but the latter was too quick, and shot Hyatt with his repeater, grazing him on the shoulder. Hyatt shot at Mr. Andrews, but missed him about two hundred yards. Not being able to overtake him, he returned to the shop, reloaded his guns, and proceeded over to Condray's, about one mile distant.  
At Condray's gate Andrews met Dr. McHenry, whom he told he was tired and thirsty, and wanted a drink of water; stepping inside the yard, and seeing Mr. Condray talking to a negro boy, he observed, 'I have commenced my work, and right here I intend to finish it.' Whereupon he leveled his gun, and shot Condray through the bowels, who only lived about four hours.  
Rev. Mr. Parker being present, seized the murderer from behind, and held him fast until McHenry came to his assistance. As the doctor caught hold of Andrews, the latter presented his gun to the doctor's breast, who warded it off, and the load went into the ground. He was then tied and confined until morning, under strict guard.  
The citizens assembled at Condray's house. After due deliberation, he was sentenced to be hanged, and about twelve o'clock P. M., he was hanged accordingly—sixty or seventy citizens of the county signing his death-warrant. There was not at a single dissenting voice on the ground. The last words of this hardened wretch were, 'I am only sorry I did not kill three or four more.'

WATCH! MOTHER.  
Mother! watch the little feet  
Climbing the garden wall,  
Bounding through the busy street,  
Ringing collar, shed and hall;  
Never count the moments lost,  
Never mind the time that's past,  
Little feet go on as they please,  
Guide them, mother! while you may.  
Mother! watch the little hand  
Picking berries by the way,  
Making houses in the sand,  
Toasting up the fragrant hay;  
Teaching the question ask,  
"Why do you do this?"  
These same little hands may prove  
Messengers of light and love.  
Mother! watch the little tongue  
Prattling eloquent and wild;  
What is said and what is sung  
By the happy, joyous child;  
Catch the word while yet unspoken;  
Stop the word while yet unspoken;  
This same tongue may yet proclaim  
Blessings in the Savior's name.  
Mother! watch that little heart,  
Beating so fast and warm for you;  
Wholesome lessons impart;  
Keep, oh! keep that young heart true;  
Extricate every evil seed,  
Sowing good and precious seed;  
Harvest rich you then may say,  
Reaping for eternity.  
The Reward of Courtesy.  
A few years ago, on a radiant spring afternoon, two men, who, from their conversation, appeared to be foreigners, stopped before the gate of one of our large work-shops in Philadelphia, for the manufacture of locomotive engines. Entering a small office, the elder of the two men inquired of the superintendent in attendance, if he would permit them to inspect the works.  
"You can pass in and look about, if you want," said the superintendent, vexed apparently at being interrupted in the perusal of his newspapers. He then scanned the two strangers more closely. They were respectably but plainly clad, and evidently made no pretensions to official dignity of any kind.  
"Is there any one who can show us over the establishment and explain matters to us?" asked Mr. Wolfe, the elder of the strangers.  
"You must pick your own way, gentlemen," replied the superintendent, "we are all too busy to attend to every party that comes along. I'll thank you not to interrupt the workmen by asking them questions."  
It was not so much the matter, as the manner of his reply, that was offensive to Mr. Wolfe, and his companion. It was spoken with a certain official assumption of superiority, mingled with contempt for the visitors, indicating a haughty and selfish temper on the part of the speaker.  
"I think we will not trouble you," said Mr. Wolfe, bowing, and taking his companion's arm they passed out.  
"If there is anything I dislike, it is incivility," said Mr. Wolfe, when they were in the street. "I do not blame the man for not wishing to show us over his establishment; he is no doubt annoyed and interrupted by my heedless visitors; but he might have dismissed us with courtesy. He might have sent us away better content with a gracious refusal, than with an ungracious consent."  
"Perhaps we shall have better luck here," said the other stranger; and they stopped before another work-shop of a similar kind. They were received by a brisk little man, the head clerk, apparently, who, in reply to their request to be shown over the establishment, answered, "Oh, yes! come with me, gentlemen. This way." So saying, he hurried them along the area strewn with iron bars, and fragments of old cylinders, into the principal work-shop.  
Here, without stopping to explain any one thing, he led the strangers along with the evident intention of getting rid of them as soon as possible. When they were in the middle of the work, he was firing the external castings of a boiler, the clerk looked at his watch, tapped his right foot against an iron tube, and showed other signs of impatience. Whereupon Mr. Wolfe remarked, "We will not detain you longer, sir," and with his friend took leave.  
"This is an improvement on the other," said Mr. Wolfe, "but all the civility he has on the surface; it does not come from the heart. We must look further."  
The strangers walked on for nearly half a mile, when one of them pointed to a picture of a locomotive engine with a train of cars underneath. It overtopped a small building, not more than ten feet in height communicating with a yard and work-shop. "Look," said the observer, "here is a machinist whose name is not on our list. Probably it was thought to small a concern for our purposes," said his companion, "Nevertheless let us try it," said Mr. Wolfe.  
They entered, and found at the desk a middle-aged man, whose somewhat grimy aspect and apron round his waist showed that he divided his labors between the workshop and counting-room.  
"We want to look over your works, if you have no objection."  
"It will give me great pleasure to show you all that is to be seen," said the mechanic, with a pleased alacrity, ringing a bell, and telling a boy who entered to take charge of the office.  
He then led the way, and explained to the strangers the whole process of constructing a locomotive engine. He showed them how the various parts of the machinery were manufactured, and patiently answered all the questions. He told them of an improved mode of tubing boilers, by which the power of generating steam was increased, and showing with what care he provided for security from bursting.  
Two hours passed rapidly away. The strangers were delighted with the intelligence displayed by the mechanic,

and with his frank, attentive unsuspecting manners. Here is a man who loves his profession so well, that he takes pleasure in explaining its mysteries to all who can understand them," thought Mr. Wolfe.  
"I am afraid we have given you a deal of trouble," said the other stranger.  
"Indeed gentlemen, I have enjoyed your visit," said the mechanic, "and shall be glad to see you again."  
"Perhaps you may," said Mr. Wolfe, and the strangers departed.  
Five months afterwards, as the mechanic, whose means were quite limited, sat in his office, meditating how hard it was to get business by the side of such large establishments as were his competitors, the two strangers entered. He gave them a hearty welcome, handed chairs, and sat down.  
"We come," said Mr. Wolfe, "with a proposition to you from the Emperor of Russia."  
"From the Emperor? Impossible!"  
"Here are our credentials."  
"But, gentlemen," said the now agitated mechanic, "what does this mean? How have I earned such an honor?"  
"Simply by your straightforward courtesy and frankness, combined with professional intelligence," said Mr. Wolfe. "Because we were strangers, you did not think necessary to treat us with distrust or coldness. You saw us in the interest of acquainting ourselves with your works, and did not ask us, before extending to us your civilities, what letters of introduction we brought. You measured us by the spirit we showed, and not by the dignities we could have exhibited.  
The mechanic visited St. Petersburg, and soon afterwards moved his whole establishment there. He had imperial orders for as many locomotive engines as he could construct. He has lately returned to his own country, and is still receiving large returns from his Russian work-shops. And all this prosperity grew out of his unselfish civility to two strangers, one of whom was the secret agent of the Czar of Russia."

Mrs. Hazel Makes Bargains.  
The following Toodle-ish rignarvoly, by Mrs. George Washington Wylis, in "Life Illustrated," is a very good imitation of Douglas Jerrold's Caudle Lectures:  
There—I've blistered the soles of my feet, besides wearing a hole right through these gaiters. Somebody has stolen my parasol, too, or else I've laid it down somewhere and forgotten it. If Mr. Hazel appreciated all the trouble I take to stay a few days for him, it would be some comfort. What's the use of being economical in this world? Is that you in the hall, Hazel? Do come in here and see what a bargain I've got to day—Twenty yards of merino at fifty cents a yard, and only this little hole in the middle of every foot. I got it cheap, you see, because it's damaged. What do I want of merino this hot summer weather? Well, I suppose winter's coming some day, isn't it? and it will be the very thing then. You wish I wouldn't spend my time running about after things that are cheap, when there's so much to do at home? Now, if I didn't know how unreasonable you are, Hazel, I should take offense, at that very unkind speech of yours—However, I've got something here that will please even you. Didn't you say something about wanting a new straw hat, last night? Here's the very thing—and only a dollar. What's the matter with the brim, did you ask? Now, Hazel, don't give it such a twitch—it's only ravelled out a little, or I should never have got it at that price. You won't wear such a scarecrow? Of course not. That's right—break your poor wife's heart, when she tries so hard to economize for you. You'd a great deal rather I'd mend your coat for you, Hazel, you don't mean to tell me that you've worn through that coat already—that beautiful cloth that I got so cheap? You guess it was one of my cheap bargains? Hazel, I have almost a mind to declare that I never will try to save money for you again.  
Well, Bridget, what's the news in the kitchen? The baby has crawled against the bars of the range and burned himself. Mercy upon us! Bridget, how can you be so careless? The cat has knocked the tray down, with all the best china upon it, and some beggar has contrived to get in between the two of the silver spoons! Mr. Hazel's new Marseilles vest scorch-ed to a cinder in ironing—the preserves moulded, so that you had to throw them away, the pies and cakes forgotten in the oven—the refrigerator out of order—there, Bridget, don't tell me anything more, unless you want to have me go crazy at once.  
What are you smiling for, Hazel? I don't see anything to laugh at. You would have liked to know how much I have saved in my bargains to-day? Well, let me tell you—twenty yards merino—wet muslin—hat. Seven dollars at least—and I hope you appreciate all the trouble I have taken. It's what I call a pretty good day's work—don't you? Oh, certainly you do—only since the damage in the kitchen can't be less than forty dollars, and forty is greater than seven by just thirty-three, you think I would find it more economical in the long run to stay at home, and mind your own business—Oh! Hazel, Hazel! that's just the view a man takes of things—as though I were to blame for all these accidents. Well, I suppose it is the duty of us poor women to suffer and be silent. But I must say it is sharper than any serpent's tooth I ever saw, to have a thankless husband.  
Life is a beautiful night, in which, as some stars go down, others rise.

A Gold Watch in a Rag Bag.  
A lady in the vicinity of Bridgeport, Conn., was in the habit of putting out shirts to make for a large clothing establishment, to a number of women in the neighborhood. In the cutting of these, there were a great many little odds and ends of cloth left over—pieces too small to be of use, and the first thought was, of course, to toss them into the fire. "No," she reflected, "I will save them as they accumulate, and perhaps I may get some use out of them." So she let them lie, housewife like, and in a few weeks there was quite a pile.  
One day a neighbor came in, and on hearing of the destination of the scraps, advised that they should be sent to the paper mill, at some little distance. "They will give you three or four cents a pound for them," said he, "and that is better than exchanging them for tin."  
She asked her husband's advice.—To him a few rags more or less seemed a trivial affair.  
"Do as you like," said he, laughingly, "you may have all the money you can make out of the rags."  
She took him at his word, and in two or three months, some half a dozen barrels of rags were sent by one of the paper mills. To her surprise and pleasure, she was a new rustling, five dollar bill came back.  
Again the impulse to spend it for some little ornament was checked. "No," she resolved; "all my rag money shall go into the savings bank."  
And into the savings bank it went, accordingly. Years rolled by—more rags were saved and sold—interest and principle accumulated. At length an unusual opportunity presented itself for the purchase of a beautiful gold watch. Forty dollars was the price.  
"I will not ask my husband to withdraw any necessary funds from his business," she thought, "but now is the time to make my rag money useful!"  
The gold watch was purchased—literally with rags!  
Yet this was not the end of it. The bank fund, of which the bundle of rags was the origin, now amounts to over twenty-five hundred dollars.  
"I do not know how it has accumulated," said the lady to us. "A few cuttings and scraps laid aside whenever I cut out shirts—a few dollars carried to the bank when I went to the city—a little interest added on from time to time—it has grown up, almost without a thought or care on my part."

Graphic Picture of a Sleigh-Ride.  
The following graphic and glowing account of a country sleigh-ride we find in an exchange, uncredited; but whoever the author may be, we are confident "he has been there and spent the evening."  
"What pleasure in a night sleigh-ride! Good gracious! Six steaming, spanking horses and a driver as furry as a bear, his nose just visible above the dasher. Two or three dozen merry girls and boys, nudged to their eyes, stirred away with the hot birch, under the buffaloes. The amicable fight of pairs of lovers for the completed "basket seat," where are no curious eyes to overlook the young man who, tying his lady-love's tippet under her chin, ties his heart with it; or tucking the buffalo robe closer about her shoulders, forgets to remove his arm after the operation. What pleasure, with the warm blood tingling his cheeks, beneath eyes that flash like diamonds, to see the light from that wither smile, gliding the dark drapery of toil, and care; and we behold its benign influence, weaving bright anticipations of happiness, and forming a "silvery lining" to the clouds of affliction, which all must share, in a world where sickness, sorrow, and even death prevail.  
"To one who has never tasted the sweets of kindred hearts, and home; the word may seem somewhat powerless; but accustomed to kind words, welcome smiles, parental affection and care, the light from that wither smile, gliding the dark drapery of toil, and care; and we behold its benign influence, weaving bright anticipations of happiness, and forming a "silvery lining" to the clouds of affliction, which all must share, in a world where sickness, sorrow, and even death prevail.  
"Home, sweet home! Connected with the pleasing picture, memory brings to light, while musing on thy charms; is a father's approving smile, a mother's glance of affection, a brother's nobleness, and a sister's love.  
Home, happy home! May thy pure influences be ever around us, cheering our hearts, as we journey through this vale of tears, and will life's noon-day be bright; its evening tranquil; and its sun will set but to rise again, more bright, more beautiful; and to shine forever, in a heavenly home above."  
Evil Company.  
Sophronius, a wise teacher of the people, did not allow his daughters, even when they were grown up, to associate with persons whose lives were not moral and pure.  
"Father," said the gentle little Eulalia one day when he had refused to permit her to go, in company with her brother, to visit the frivolous Lucinda, "father, you must think that we are very weak and childish, since you are afraid it would be dangerous to us in visiting Lucinda."  
Without saying a word, the father took a coal from the hearth, and handed it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child," said he "only take it."  
Eulalia took the coal, and beheld her tender white hand black; and without thinking, touched her white dress and it was also blackened.  
"See," said Eulalia, somewhat displeased as she looked at her hands and dress, "one cannot be too careful when handling coals."  
"Yes, truly," said her father; "you see, my child, that the coal, even though it did not burn you, has nevertheless blackened you! So is the company of immoral persons!"  
LIFE AND DEATH.—Life and death, what awful words, yet how lightly they drop from our lips. We utter them as if we had not constantly before us the solemn warning, "that in the midst of life we are in death." We wander along the highway of our mortal existence, either heedless or unconscious that we are pursued by a shadow which will go wherever we go.—Wrapt up in ourselves, we adore the present, regardless of the fact that, however glittering it may appear to our senses, it is wreathed in mists, that spread disease, and pain, and death on every side of us.

Gorillas and Their Ferocity.  
If Mr. Darwin's notion that the human race may have developed from the monkey tribes, had any scientific basis, it would be a little humiliating that other branches of the original stock have attained a higher degree of physical strength than has fallen to man. The gorillas are far more than a match for him, when unassisted by weapons.  
Dr. Du Chailla is probably the first and only white man who has dared to wage war with gorillas. The apes of Borneo and Sumatra are infants in comparison with them. The famed chimpanzee is a great doolie creature which can never be named in the same way with the gigantic savage of Central Africa. Think of it! The gorilla is over six feet in height, and three feet between the shoulder blades. The paw is that of a giant—three times the size of a human hand. The finger measures six inches in circumference at the base. There is an immense ridge running perpendicularly over the cranium, and the great jaws are packed with muscles of prodigious strength. The creature has huge arms, altogether disproportioned to the body. It has black hair, and has a matted lock on its head, which it has the power of bringing over its face. It has almost the sagacity of a man, and almost the ferocity of a fiend. The male is terribly pugnacious; the female all-ways flies. When they make their attack they beat their breasts with their fists, making a sound which can be heard a mile. Their cry—which has a terrific resemblance to the human voice—can be heard three miles amid the reverberations of the hills.  
As they approach their adversary, they endeavor to intimidate him. One would think this was easily done. The fearful sound, those frantic eyes, glaring with the intelligence and malignity of a demon, were enough to shake nerves not easily disturbed from their equipoise. Our hero lost five or six men in these strange engagements.—Think of the tremendous strength that, with one blow of the arm, could break the iron like pipe-stems, and tear out a piece of the timber with a single movement of the jaw, could crush the barrel of a gun as if it had been a stick of candy! Another fact: there are no lions in the beat of the gorilla."

The Landlord's Appreciation of Musk.  
A gentleman and lady were traveling in Michigan, and having missed the stage, were compelled to take a private conveyance from the town of Sondori to Thomastown. The lady had with her a beautiful lap-dog, which she carried in her lap on an embroidered mat. During the ride the husband discovered that he had no handkerchief, when the lady lent him her's, which was fashionably scented with musk. About half way between the two towns the carriage broke down, in the midst of a dark rain, and they were obliged to take refuge in the half way house—a "one horse" log tavern, consisting of two rooms—a bar room and lodging-room. The lady laid her lap-dog on its mat, before the fire, and herself and husband took seats. In a short time the gentleman had occasion to use his handkerchief, and took it out, leaving it on his knee when he got through with it. In a few moments the landlord opened the door, put his head in, looked around, went out, came in, leaped at the dog's nostrils all the time turned up in intense disgust. He finally appeared satisfied, went to the outside door, opened it, came back with a bound, seized the lap-dog by the tail, and hurled him howling through the open door full ten rods into the forest. The wife fainted; the husband rose to his feet, terribly enraged, and wanted to know what he did that for?  
"That's my dog," continued he furiously.  
"Don't care a cuss whose dog it is," said the man, gruffly and impatiently; "I ain't going to have so much blasted smelling varmint that's been fighting with a skunk around my tavern."  
The husband and wife vacated the house instantly, and proceeded on their way in the rain, with the fragments of their ill-used dog, who had got into such a "bad odor."

The Utility of Refuse Things.  
The prussiate of potash is made in large quantities in Cincinnati, from the hoofs, and other refuse of slaughtered animals.  
Cow-hair, taken from the hides in tanneries, is employed for making mortar, to give it a fibrous quality. Sawdust is sold for sprinkling the floors of markets. It is also used for packing ice for shipping.  
The rags of old, worn-out shirting, calico, dresses, aprons, &c., are made into paper upon which these lines are printed.  
Old ropes are converted into fine note paper, and the waste paper itself, which is picked up in the gutters, is again re-converted, into broad, white sheets, and thus does duty in revolving steves.  
The parings of skins and hides, and the ears of cows, calves and sheep, are carefully collected and converted into glue.  
The finer qualities of gelatine are made from ivory rasings—the bones and tendons of animals.  
Bones converted into charcoal by roasting in retorts, are afterwards employed for purifying the white sugar with which we sweeten our coffee, &c.  
The ammonia obtained from the distillation of coal in making gas, is employed for saturating orchid and cucumber, in making the beautiful lilac colors that are dyed on silk and the fine woollen goods.  
The shavings of cedar wood, used in making pencils, are distilled to obtain the otto of cedar wood.  
Brass filings and old brass kettle are remelted and employed to make the brass work of printing presses and pumps.  
Old copper scraps are used in the construction of splendid bronze candle holders, for illuminating our churches and the mansions of the wealthy.  
Old horse-shoe nails are employed to make the famous steel and twist barrels of fowling pieces.

"MAKE THE BEST OF IT."—A determination to make the best of everything, is a wonderful smoother of the difficulties which beset us in our passage through this probationary scene. In Peter Pindar's story of the "Pilgrim and the Peas," two fellows upon whom the penance, walking to a certain shrine with peas in their shoes, had been enjoined, are represented as having performed their tasks under very different circumstances, and in very different moods. One of them having taken the precaution to soften his peas, by boiling them, tripped lightly and merrily over the ground; the other, who had not "gumption" enough to turn his hard pellets into a poultice by the same process, limped and howled all the way. It is pretty much the same in our pilgrimage through this "vale of tears." The impatient and impatient traveler on hard peas, the prudent and sagacious make themselves easy in their shoes, and run cheerfully the race that is set before them.  
Tom Hood mentions the case of an old Jew, who had let a large sum of money, and charged interest upon it at nine per cent. instead of six, which was the legal rate. The borrower remonstrated, and at last asked the old usurer if he did not believe in God, and where he expected to go to when he died? "Ah," said the old Hebrew, with a pleased twinkle in his eye, and a grin, "I have thought of that too—but when God looks down upon the figures from above, the 9 will appear to him like a 6."  
The greatest and noblest stand against oppression, has ever been the link-stand.

A PARAGRAPH MATRIMONIAL.—Choosing a wife is a perilous piece of business. Do you suppose there is nothing of it but evening visits, bouquets, and popping the question? My dear simple young man, you ought not to be trusted out by yourself alone! Take care that you don't get the gilt China article, that looks exceedingly pretty on the mantel-piece until the gilt and ornamented are all rubbed off, and then is fit only for the dust pile. A wife should be selected on the same principle as a calico gown. Bright colors and gay patterns are not always the best economy. Get something that will wash and wear. Nothing like the suns and showers of matrimony to bleach out these deceptive externalities. Don't choose the treasure by gas-light, or in a parlor-sitting. Broad day-light the best time to choose the most sensible place. Bear in mind, sir, that the article once bargained for, you can't exchange it if it don't suit. If you buy a watch and it don't run as you expected, you can send it to a jeweler to be repaired; in case of a wife, once paired, you can't re-pair.—She may run in the wrong direction—very well, sir, all that is left for you is to run after her, and an interesting chase you will probably find it. If you get a good wife, you will be the happiest fellow alive; if you get a bad one, you may as well sell yourself for two and a sixpence, at once. Just as well to consider these things beforehand, young man!  
About ten years ago, there lived near Cincinnati a family by the name of Stringer. The eldest son, Jake, was a most eccentric genius. One day his mother said:  
"Jake, I want you to go to the store,—half a mile distant,—and get me a quarter's worth of sugar and a quarter's worth of soap."  
Jake roused himself up, brushed the whittings from his lap, and started forward on his errand. He did not return. Ten years passed by, and no tidings were heard of the errand.—Yesterday, as the family was sitting down to their Thanksgiving dinner, the door opened and in came a tall, mustached, good-looking man, with several bundles in his hand. It was Jake Stringer. All the family sprang to their feet in astonishment; but the mother and Jake were perfectly cool.  
"Mother," said Jake, "here's your sugar and soap."  
"Lay them on the table and eat your dinner," said Mrs. Stringer; "you ought to be whipped for not returning."  
A cross-grained and surly man, too crooked by nature to keep still, went over to his neighbor, Mr. F.—and addressed him thus: "That piece of fence is mine, and you shan't have it."  
"Why," replied Mr. F.—"you must be mistaken, I think."  
"No, no, it's mine, and I shall keep it."  
"Well," said F.—"suppose we leave it to any lawyer you shall choose."  
"I won't leave it to any lawyer," said the other.  
"Well," continued Mr. F.—"shall we leave it to any four men in the village that you shall select?"  
"No, I shall have the fence."  
Not at all decomposed, Mr. F.—said: "Well, neighbor, I shall leave it to yourself to say to whom it does belong—to you or to me."  
Struck dumb by the appeal, the wretched man turned away, saying:  
"I won't have anything to do with a man that won't contend for his own rights."  
"Mother,"—O, word of undying beauty.—Thine echoes sound along the walls of time until they crumble at the breath of the Eternal. In all the world there is not a habitable spot where the music of that word is not sounded. Ay, by the golden flower of the river, by the crystal margin of the rock, under the leafy shade of the forest tree, in the hut built of the bamboo, in the mud and thatched cottage by the peaks of the kissing mountains, in the wide-spread valley, on the blue ocean, in the changeless desert, where the angel came down to give the parched lips the sweet waters of the wilderness; under the white tent of the Arab, and in the dark covered wigwag of the Indian hunter; wherever the pulses of the human heart beat quick and warm, or float feebly along the current of falling life, there is that sweet word spoken, like a universal prayer—"Mother."  
Description of Love.—Love is like the devil, because it torments; like heaven, because it wraps the soul in bliss; like salt, because it is refreshing; like paper, because it often sets one on fire; like sugar, because it is sweet; like a rope, because it is often the death of a man; like a prison, because it makes a man miserable; like wine, because he is here to-day and gone to-morrow; like a woman, because there is no getting rid of her; like a ship, because it guides one to a wished-for port; like a Will-o'-the-Wisp, because it often leads one into a bog; like a force coursers, because it often runs away with one, like the bite of a mad dog or the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both make a man run mad; like a goose, because it is silly; like a rabbit, because there is nothing like it.  
In a word, it is like a ghost, because it is like everything and like nothing—often talked about, but never seen, touched nor understood.  
A story is told of a tavern-keeper by the name of A. S. Camp. The painter, in painting his sign, left out the periods, so it read: Tavern kept by A S CAMP.  
Don't open your purse too hastily or too wide—nor your mouth either.

Fearful Ride on a Locomotive.  
"Howard," the correspondent of the New York Times, who rode upon an excursion train upon the Lake Shore road, describes a ride on the locomotive as follows:  
Twenty-nine miles in thirty minutes! Describe it. Impossible. I have always noticed that engineers were not dignified, sober people, and now I understand it. I should regard a jolting, trifling engineer, as I would a jolly, whistling undertaker.  
Describe my ride on the Huron—Never! The whistle nearly blew my ears off; the rushing air wore out my eyes; the joggling of the engine as it leaped from rail to rail all broke the end of my backbone off, my hat, which was blown away in less than a minute after we started, was caught by the fireman in a mischievous manner; and every nerve in my body jamped, squirmed and wired, as relentlessly the iron steed kept up to "time."  
Now the head of a luckless hen was neatly taken off; then two Hibernian gentlemen, who were quietly smoking by the road-side, were apparently frightened out of their wits, and before they had recovered them, we had rushed frantically, fearfully by a station, in such close proximity to a freight train that I held my breath and trembled lest the next second should be my last. I had no idea before of the manner in which an engine "jumps," but I do now. While we were going on this terrific speed, while the mileposts succeeded each other so swiftly that they seemed like fence stakes, and while the various growths of wheat, oats, potatoes, and corn looked as if they were planted in a heap, the engine would jump, leap, skip, and roll, like a frightened horse, and in a "dreadful unscientific" manner. After a little I became used to this unnatural rush with which we were going, and I had more leisure to watch the engineer.  
He was as calm as a May morning. He pulled a rod and an unearthly scream was heard. He pushed another one, and the speed, already like that of the arrow's dart, became that of the lightning's flash. All was under his control, and I could but admire his coolness, the firmness of purpose and quickness of execution which he unconsciously exhibited. No wonder that he is a quiet, uncommunicative person; he deals with facts, between which and unrevealed horror there is but a hand's breadth, and coming at any moment can only be warded off or remedied by his skill. I was glad, and yet sorry, when the twenty-nine miles were finished; glad because physically I was about used up, sorry because I was mentally fascinated and charmed by the novel sensations experienced during the ride.  
Say less than you think, rather than think only half what you say.

Life and Death.—Life and death, what awful words, yet how lightly they drop from our lips. We utter them as if we had not constantly before us the solemn warning, "that in the midst of life we are in death." We wander along the highway of our mortal existence, either heedless or unconscious that we are pursued by a shadow which will go wherever we go.—Wrapt up in ourselves, we adore the present, regardless of the fact that, however glittering it may appear to our senses, it is wreathed in mists, that spread disease, and pain, and death on every side of us.

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