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BY JOHN B. DRATTON.

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Poetical.

THE SHADOWS IN THE VALLEY.

There's a mossy, shady valley, Where the waters wind and flow, And the daisies sleep in winter, Neath a coverlet of snow...

And those shadows, gloomy shadows, Like dim phantoms on the ground, Stretch their dreamy lengths forever On a daisy-covered mound...

Miscellaneous.

From Deaton's Thirty Years Ago to be published in the next issue of the Volunteer. DEATH OF SILLIS WRIGHT.

He died suddenly at the age of fifty-two, and without the sufferings and preliminaries which usually accompany the mortal transit from time to eternity.

Though dying at an age deemed young in a statement, he could be said to have lived a life of high office, national fame, fixed character and universal esteem.

He spent that time in declining office, which others did in widening it, and of whom he accepted, it might well be said they were thrust upon him.

His mind was clear and strong, his judgment solid, his eloquence smooth and equable, his speaking always addressed to the understanding.

Looking up to me with those soulful eyes, as speaking with a full tone, which always made her an object of sacred interest she replied: "I laughed aloud; I laughed more than once; I couldn't help it, because a state was keeping school!"

Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent Lecture, says: "I may here, as well as anywhere, impart the secret of what is called good luck."

One with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he hid away his time fishing when he should have been in the office.

Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employees to leave him.

A Judge, I should like to be excused. "It is impossible," said the Judge decidedly. "But, Judge, if you knew my reasons?"

That air, proceed," continued the Judge. "Well, Judge, if I must say it, I have got it. This Judge, who was a very sober man, solemnly and impressively exclaimed, "Clerk scratch that man out!"

nature ruling his conduct in every act, public or private. No law of legislation ever emanated from him.

His temper was gentle—his manners simple and his intercourse with his fellow laborers—and he was a true friend to the poor.

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A Wife in Ecstasy and a Husband in Fidgets. The deed is accomplished. My wife has got a piano, and now favevel to content and the evening papers, and the big cigars that make ambrosial virtues—oh, farewell! And oh, ye mortal engines, whose road thrums the immortal love's dread clanking counterfeits!

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SATURDAY EVENING.

How sweet the evening shadows fall, Advancing from the west, As e'en the weary weaver toll, And comes the day of rest.

Rest, man, from labor! Rest from aint! The world's hard work has done! The holy hours with God's light—Yield thee to sweet repose!

A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

"I do not think it a selfish act if I occupy this whole seat myself, as I am to travel all this long day," said I to a lady nearest me.

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A man Volunteered in Bed for forty-nine years. The last London Illustrated News contains the following account of one of the strangest beings that ever produced.

One of the most splendid sketches it has ever seen for its fortune to possess, is that of only who in one of his works, thus describes the fall of Jerusalem.

On this fatal night no man had his head upon his pillow, but each was in contact. Heavens burst above us; the ground shook under our feet; the volcano blazed; the wind burst in irresistible blasts and swept the living and the dead in whirlwinds far into the desert.

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THE FALL OF JERUSALEM. One of the most splendid sketches it has ever seen for its fortune to possess, is that of only who in one of his works, thus describes the fall of Jerusalem.

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Odds and Ends.

Nothing like sticking to the mother tongue. Speaking of which the Comic Grammar gives the following lesson:

But remember, though boy, In the plural makes boyes, The plural of ox, Should be oxen not oxes.

To which an exchange paper modestly adds: And remember, though flocco In the plural is flocces, That the plural of gooses, Aren't gooses nor geeses.

Another exchange paper begs leave modestly to add further: And remember, though house In the plural is houses, The plural of mouse, Should be mice and not mousees.

We also desire to add our quota in the way of popular instruction, as follows: And remember, though book In the plural makes bookes, The plural of foot, Should be feet and not foets.

And remember, though pan In the plural is pans, The plural of man, Should be men and not manns.

An Indiana paper, announcing the death of a man, says, says the deceased, the 'Lark director, it is generally believed died a Christian, and universally respected!'

When anger rushes unrestrained to the eye, like a hot steed, it stumbles on the way. The man of thought strikes deepest, and strikes safely.

The first room in marriage is a pretty flower, but a struggle it, in marriage, 'Will flourish'—the Fruit—and the Flower wither.

What men want, is not talent, but purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

A country girl writing to her friends, says of the folks, that the dancing does not amount to much, but the hugging is heavenly.

The high minded and the low minded see in contact without mixing, like oil and water.

Ruling one's anger well, is not so good as preventing it.

Beauty is a flower without fragrance, when no quality of the heart accompanies it.

Do you ever see a girl wheeling a wheelbarrow?

Promising—The prospect of an abundant peach crop in the 'Jarvis'.

One ounce of mirth is worth more than ten thousand pounds of melancholy.

All the go—High healed sooths with the girls. Excellent tactics to tramp roads in after a shower.

There is an old maid out West so tough and cranky, that they use her forehead to grate nutmeg on.

Boy, you are not far from a fool!—Well, as we ain't more than three feet apart, I give in to that," was the reply.

A company of 160 Kentuckians left Louisville, on Tuesday evening last, under the command of Col. Allen, destined for Nicaragua.

The prospect of a superabundant crop of all kinds of grain was the more profitable than any other crop, but throughout the whole country, "God!"

There are 234 hotels, and 231 eating houses in Philadelphia, under the new liquor law.

Hon. Jeremiah S. Black has consented to deliver the annual Address before the Literary Societies of Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg, in the fall.

Some unpermitted old bachelor says: "I give you that," was the reply.

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