

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

NUMBER 3.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, June 19, 1881.

Selected Poetry.

HYMN TO GOD.

What time I see the Morn'g spring,
What time the lark is on the wing,
What time the birds begin to sing,
And all the brooks with clearer ring,
Go through the meadows wandering,
And nature wears the blush of Spring,
My soul ascends to Thee!
What time the Noon's unclouded gaze
Rests on the earth's green meadow ways,
And fills the air with golden haze,
When birds have hushed their morning lays,
And woods and streams are all a blaze
With glory of the summer days,
My soul ascends to Thee!
When night upon the world descends,
And morn and noon, like veiled friends,
The darkness heath her mantle blends;
When every star its glory lends
To light the moon, as she ascends,
Add Autumn's orange tints,
My soul ascends to Thee!
To Thee, as spirits from flaming fire,
Toward heaven's thoughts, O God! aspire;
All time, all seasons draw me higher,
Toward Thee, and pure desire,
Toward Thee, O God! will draw me higher,
Let me not doubt, for faint nor tire,
Till I sit fast in Thee!

THE STEEL STING.

A Webster Murder Case in Europe.

We find in one of our exchanges an account of atrocious murder committed some time since in Switzerland, by a college professor, upon the person of his own nephew, for the purpose of gaining possession of a manuscript copy of a treatise on the subject of Electricity, which afterwards elected him the Presidency of the Institute of Wetzburg on May 15th, in consideration of the power displayed therein. The gentleman from whose account I gathered the facts, was visiting M. Vairenn, and called on M. Vairenn, uncle of the former, also on a day there. It was during his stay there that M. Vairenn read to said writer his Treatise on Electricity, which astonished him by the greatness of the power displayed. We give the remainder of the story in his own words:—
"I had been home only a month after this, I was lying at noon, absorbed in copying a Magdalenine Correggio, when I was roused by a heavy tap on the door of my studio. I opened it, and there stood pale and trembling a stranger, whom I knew to belong to my friend Vairenn. He placed a note in my hand, which told me of the sudden death of my friend. I was irresponsibly shocked at this, and felt to get some information from the messenger, but I soon found from his terror this would be impossible. I resolved to go out to his seat on the lake that afternoon. I shall never forget that visit. The circumstances were thus: Vairenn had gone to his study early in the morning, and remained there in quiet until a very late hour. A servant sent about five o'clock to see if he would not take of some cake and wine. He soon returned alone and breathless, where his sister and the household were sitting; he informed them, as soon as he could speak, that his master wouldn't speak him, and had a strange look. They flew to the room; Vairenn was dead. He was sitting in a chair, an extraordinary and painful expression on his face; and his position indicated that he had fallen forward as if to grasp something. A volume of Plato's Crito was in his hand, but not held. It had just fallen off resting at the side of his path. A servant was dispatched that night for a physician, and one at daylight to me, as I was regarded the sole acquaintance of the family in Geneva; and my uncle, had left the day before. I was present with the doctor when he first examined the body. It was inflated as if rubbed with nettles, on the back of the neck, (half way round), down the chest, and at several portions of the body. At one point between the shoulders the inflammation seemed to have gathered, and several points, on being opened, exhibited a hard skin and mucous substance beneath. The physician said he was embarrassed in ascribing, or attempting to ascribe, the singular death to any cause he knew of. That he had never met with, or read of, any sudden deaths with such symptoms. We attended the burial of M. Vairenn's body.
About a month afterwards I was sitting in my room, thinking of this heart-rending tragedy, which haunted my brain with its ghastly features and suggestions. My servant interrupted my reverie by bringing me my file of German periodicals. The very first review I opened to was headed "M. Vairenn's Thoughts on the Electric Agent." M. Vairenn's name was M. Vairenn's uncle, of Mentz, and I sat aside for the night, reading, and passed on to some of the newspapers. The very first editorial paragraph that met my eye in the Zeitung was a statement that Vairenn had been elected to the Presidency of the Institute at Wetzburg on the 15th of May, in consideration of the power displayed by his new Treatise on Electricity, joined with compliments to his work. There seemed to be some vague and agitating latent association in my mind with these announcements. I picked up the review, and read on until I had finished two pages. Mr. Vairenn's work was the same that Vairenn had read to me in my study! With really appalling effect the truth flashed on me intuitively: I was convinced that M. Vairenn had been in some sort connected with my friend's death. I determined to prosecute the investigation; and for this intent, wrote on to the publisher for the treatise itself, in order to see the truth of my first discovery from extracts in the Review confirmed thereby. I immediately set to thinking over the matter, and very early on the following day set off for my late friend's cottage. I first settled in my mind that M. Vairenn had died somehow by his uncle's hand; and the notice of the latter was to see the essay on electricity for

his own, which had probably been read to him in confidence. He was known to have had secret ill-feelings toward his nephew when they were together at Mentz; there was motive enough, surely. But it was a fact that M. Vairenn had gone off the day before Vairenn died; that, too, according to his sister's account, in the morning. It was true, also, as I learned of the same source, that M. Vairenn had been away to a friend's house, seven miles distant, for two days before his uncle left, and had only returned the morning he left, (about two hours before). I asked his sister how Vairenn was occupied during his absence, informing her of my suspicions as to my friend's death; she replied that he rarely left the study. I asked her where M. Vairenn was on the morning of the day of M. Vairenn's departure—and whether he had been in the study. She said that having been absent so long he had remained with her in the parlor until dinner time, that in the afternoon he had gone with a fishing party on the lake, and had not returned till bed-time—he had only gone in his study a moment for his tackle, before the next fatal day.
"The body of M. Vairenn bore no marks of violence; if Mr. Vairenn had been instrumental in his death it must have been by means of poison. But he must either have administered this by bringing a servant, or by some indirect method have given it himself—his part of the train of conclusions was very barren. I asked Eleann if they had taken a glass of wine together on the day Vairenn's leaving. No. If M. Vairenn had eaten anything during the day—and what. On reflection she said she really believed he had not tasted a mouthful in the house for five days before his death! He had eaten no dinner on the day his uncle left, excusing himself by saying he had taken a lunch at the Hotel des Voyageurs, three miles above, he had come from the lake at bed-time and had gone to bed; on the next morning he had gone into his study before taking coffee and had not come out again. To support my theory, then, it must be found that M. Vairenn had arranged poison of some description in the study, where he knew it would have effect in the regular course of Vairenn's customs. The scroll on which the Treatise of Electricity was written was in a secret drawer; in all probability he had arranged it in connection with the scroll containing this drawer, so that it should have effect only when the paper was sought. I asked now to be shown into the study, which they told me was precisely as it was the morning of Vairenn's burial; and so I found it. I commenced looking about. The scroll, it remained untouched, had been opened by Vairenn; I approached it, touched the spring of the drawer, and found it empty! I was convinced of my suspicion. My thoughts now ranged about the room to discover the medium of death; I raked my brain vainly, and as twilight was casting a thick shadow on the dial of the western window, I was almost in despair. To collect my thoughts for a final effort, I threw myself in M. Vairenn's chair.
"Oh, God!" cried Eleann, at that moment entering the door, and supporting herself by it, "what ails you? How much like him you look!"
"I had thrown myself in M. Vairenn's chair; but so sooner had done so, than I found a keen pang between my shoulders; I sprang forward in pain, and Eleann, entering at the time, was shocked at the resemblance between myself, at the time, and her brother, when she found him dead. The remark struck me; I kept my position and observed it; in one instant the entire secret was revealed. I rose up, although in pain. The chair in which I sat was one of velvet cushioning, of curious carving, on the legs, arms and back; the velvet thickly padded up as far as the back of the head. I had said that the secret was revealed to my senses which my understanding was at fault in inventing. I called Eleann, who was still standing pale at the door.
"See!" said I, "this was the villain's work!"
I pressed my hand on either side of the velvet cushions high up as I had experienced, the pain then started forth, one of those small weapons, which were invented by a celebrated gang of assassins in Lyons, and used by them for their designs before their suppression twenty years ago. It was best known by the title of "The Steel Sting." It is made to perforate the flesh, and being charged with subtle poison, forces it through a perforated tissue of thin metal in many different directions in the body. It was good for me that the entire charge was expelled at one entrance. This, then, was undoubtedly the way in which my lamented friend had been murdered. The appearance of the body, the circumstances of his and Vairenn's movements, joined with the physician's opinion of the body in confirming my hypothesis. My course was instantly determined on; of it and its results you can probably best judge from the subjoined letter:
"PREFECT HALL, Wetzburg, July 23, 1850.
"M.—Respecter Sir—The President, M. Vairenn, died this morning at 3 o'clock. Your letter containing certain allegations, was read this morning to him, for it was known that he could not live long, and it was deemed proper that he should be told of them, even though so sick. He appeared to be under great emotion during its perusal. So soon as it was finished he exclaimed, in the hearing of all the faculty—"It is true, every letter; he was a devil, a damned witch to find out!" He then died. Allow us, sir, to condole with you on the loss of your friend by this singular and revolting act. We submit, however, that there would be scarcely anything gained by exposure, although some disgrace might result to this institution. They are both of the same family, both dead. We think it sufficient that the most excellent work on Electricity should be immediately published under M. Vairenn's name, with a certified confession of M. Vairenn, to the extent that it was not his. By order of the Faculty. H. RANSTANE.
I acknowledged the rightfulness of the suggestion contained in this.
A promise and its performance should always present a mutual adjustment.

ing to do my share towards the propagation of news, but more than that no reasonable man can ask. This business don't exactly suit me—I can't stand it.
Please accept my resignation and strike my name from your list of agents. I admire your paper very much myself, but it would be a queer looking sort of a concern, that would come fully up to the requirements of everybody. One wants independence in an editor—another don't want any. One wants all slang—another wouldn't touch a journal that contained an irreverent line with a ten-foot pole. One sentimental, lackadaisical Miss in pantalones wanted nothing but love poetry, another never reads anything but marriage.
All kinds of abuse I have to bear, too. I wouldn't mind it so much if they only cursed you and your paper, but they curse me too! Swindler, rascal, villain, blood-sucker. These are some of the names they think proper to bestow upon me. I tried fighting for a while, and thrashed several of our patrons like blazes, but occasionally I got licked like thunder myself. Once I was put in jail for assault and battery, and only escaped by breaking out.
Send me a receipt for three dollars twelve and a half cents, and believe me, yours in despair.
A. RUSSELL.
PREPARE FOR A REVERSE.—A man knows not how soon he may be reversed. In its unceasing revolutions, the wheels of Providence may one day place him among the poor. How many at this very moment are languishing in all the honors of the most abject destitution, who were once rich in this world's goods, and on whose lids dwelt in perpetual sweetness the self-deluding promise—"Tomorrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant!" Remember the poor. In yonder gilded prison is one who made gold his idol. He forgot the needy in his prosperity, and the appeals of the needy avoked no echo in his heart. He was not his brother's keeper, so he hoarded up his surplus in his coffers, and permitted the dying and the destitute to meet their doom; but as he has meted out to them, even so has it been meted out to him. Not a ray of affection cheers now the phantoms of the past, how agonizing his remorse! Remember the poor, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, minister to the distressed, and their prayers and blessings will fall upon your head like rich incense, more desirable than gold or jewels.
THE MARCH OF A LIVELY STABLE KEEPER.—The N. Y. Christian Register has the following anecdote, illustrative, as it thinks, of the spiritual knocking phenomena:—"Our doorman at Cambridge cannot have forgotten a man of lively stable notoriety. His customers were often so oblivious as to the extent of their rides, that he contracted with inn holders of the surrounding country to secure their names on such of his vehicles as visited their respective taverns. He had also a horse who had been trained to lift his fore foot, as often as a slight signal from his master's finger was repeated. A stupid freshman once returned, as he said, from a ride to Watertown, but the vehicle bore with it the sign manual of an inn-holder in Concord. The youth persisted unblushingly in his lie. Says the man, "My horse knows, and he will tell me, how many miles he has been driven." The signal was given and repeated. The horse lifted his foot fourteen times in succession. The astounded freshman paid his full stable fee, and retired, firmly convinced of the preternatural endowments of the horse.
A GOOD TRICK.—"My son," said a father, "take that jug, and fetch me some beer." "Give me the money, then father." "My son, to get the beer with money, anybody can do that, but to get beer without money, that's a trick." So the boy takes the jug, and out he goes; shortly he returns, and places the jug before his father. "Drink," said the son—"How can I drink," says the father, "when there is no beer in the jug?" "To drink beer out of a jug," says the boy, "where there is beer, anybody can do that; but to drink beer out of a jug where there is no beer, that's a trick!"
THE TRICK STRONG.—Oh! ye gifted ones, follow your calling, for, however various your talents may be, ye can have but one calling capable of leading ye to eminence and renown; follow resolutely the one straight path before you, it is that of your good angel; let neither obstacles nor temptations induce you to leave it; bound allow it, if you can; if not, on hands and knees follow it, push it in it, if needful; but ye need not fear that no one ever yet died in the true path of his calling before he had attained the pinnacle. Turn into other paths, and for a momentary advantage or gratification ye have sold your inheritance, your immortality. Ye will never be heard of after death.
IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.—Charles Butler, a distinguished English lawyer and a fine scholar, ascribes his saving of time to these rules:—Very early rising;—a systematic division of his time;—absence from all company and from all diversions not likely to amuse him highly;—from reading, writing, or even thinking on modern party politics; and above all, never permitting a bit or scrap of time to be unemployed—have supplied him with an abundance of literary hours.
BAD BOOKS.—Bad books are like arden spirits; they furnish neither "nourishment" nor "medicine"; they are "poison." Both intoxicants—one the mind, the other the body; the thirst for each increases by being fed, and is never satisfied; both ruin—the intellect, the other the health, and together, the soul. The makers and vendors of each are equally guilty, and equally corruptors of the community; and the safeguard against each is the same—total abstinence from all that intoxicates the mind or body.
SECRETARIES.—Little, narrow prejudices, that make you hate your neighbor, because he has eggs roasted when you have yours boiled.

NEWSPAPER COLLECTING.
My Dear Sir:—I have just returned from a tour through this State, and proceed to furnish you with an account of my labors and their success. I have been gone for three months, and I assure you, in all sincerity, that I am fully satisfied. You furnished me with a list of one hundred and seventeen owing subscribers, as you will recollect. I have called upon one hundred and four of them, and have the honor of paying over to your order three dollars twelve and a half cents, being the amount to which you are entitled. I return you the list, numbered 1 to 117, and now give you the reply of each.
No. 1.—Is a minister. He says in the first place, he never got one half of the numbers, (as he according to the account of the Post-master,) and in the next place, your joker's column was too scribbled. He can't think of aiding to sustain a paper that advertises horse races and gander pullings. Besides, he knows from the tone of your editorials that you drink, and paying you, would only be the means of your ending your days in the kennel. He wonders at your impudence in sending him his bill after publishing the account of the great prize fight between Left Handed Smoke and Battering Bill. He wants nothing to do with you—never wants to hear from you again.
No. 2.—Is in jail for debt. He has not seen a half dollar for a year. Says he would pay with the utmost cheerfulness, if he only had the money, but had to borrow a shirt to put on last Sunday. Admires your paper wonderfully, and hopes you will continue sending it to him. He wishes you to take a bold stand in favor of the abolition of imprisonment for debt, as he thinks it would be a very popular move with gentlemen in his situation. If you send him any more papers he hopes you will see that the postage is paid, as otherwise he will be unable to enjoy your lucubrations. Sends his best respects.
No. 3.—Is a young doctor. Says your paper is beneath the notice of a gentleman. Wouldn't give a—
No. 4.—Is a young doctor. Says your paper is beneath the notice of a gentleman. Wouldn't give a—
No. 5.—Is a gambler—a sporting gentleman. Says he got completely cleaned out last week, at the races. Couldn't accommodate his grandmother with a half dime if he was starving. Likes your paper tolerably—would like it better if you published more race news, and would occasionally give an account of a cock-fight. Liked the description of the prize fight amazingly—it redeemed a multitude of your faults. Hopes you won't think hard of him for not paying you now—but has got a prospect of soon having some loose change, as he is after a rich young greenhorn who arrived here last week. Will pay your bill out of the plunking.
No. 6.—Is an old drunkard. Hates to go anything and never expects to have. Gathered up all the papers he had and sold them for a half-pint of rum, to the dogger-keeper to wrap groceries in. Wished you would send him a pile, as they cost him no postage, his brother-in-law being post-master, and permitting him to take out his papers for nothing. Winked at me when I presented your bill, and inquired if I wasn't a distant relation of the man that butted the bull off the bridge.
No. 7.—Is a magistrate. Swore he never owed you a cent, and told me I was a low rascal for trying to swindle him in such a barefaced manner. Advised me to make tracks in a little less than no time, or he would get out a warrant against me, as a common cheat, and have me sent to prison. Took his advice. Is, by all odds, the meanest man I have seen, yet. Will never go near him again.
No. 8.—Is a politician. Says although you profess to publish a neutral paper, it is not so. Thinks you have seen a considerable squinting towards the side to which he is opposed. Meant to have told you a year ago to stop his paper, but forgot it. Tells you to do so now, and thinks you are getting off very cheaply in not losing any more by him. Believes you to be a rascal, and is too honorable to have anything to do with you, as it might compromise him and injure his prospects.
No. 9.—Paid up like a man. The only one. Likes your paper first rate, and means to take and pay for it as long as you publish it or he lives. Asked me to dinner and treated me like a king. An oasis in the desert! A man fit for heaven!
No. 10.—Is a merchant. Expects to break shortly, so must save all his small change. Offered me a pair of breeches and a cotton handkerchief for the debt. Refused him with scorn. Had a long jaw. Threatened to break my head. Dared him to do it. Threw a hatchet at me. I dodged it and put out.
No. 11 to 117.—Mean as rot. Had no money—wouldn't pay—didn't owe. I swore I'd sue—said I might sue and be hanged. Cursed all the little ones and buried them in the big. Never got the first red cent from any of them.
The foregoing is a true extract from my note book. I have not succeeded a whit better with the patrons of the other publications for which I am agent, as it is impossible to collect from those who are determined not to pay. I have said I have been away three months. I have expended in that period two hundred and ten dollars, traveling, and my entire commissions amount to eighty-two dollars and fifty-five cents. I am very wil-

ling to do my share towards the propagation of news, but more than that no reasonable man can ask. This business don't exactly suit me—I can't stand it.
Please accept my resignation and strike my name from your list of agents. I admire your paper very much myself, but it would be a queer looking sort of a concern, that would come fully up to the requirements of everybody. One wants independence in an editor—another don't want any. One wants all slang—another wouldn't touch a journal that contained an irreverent line with a ten-foot pole. One sentimental, lackadaisical Miss in pantalones wanted nothing but love poetry, another never reads anything but marriage.
All kinds of abuse I have to bear, too. I wouldn't mind it so much if they only cursed you and your paper, but they curse me too! Swindler, rascal, villain, blood-sucker. These are some of the names they think proper to bestow upon me. I tried fighting for a while, and thrashed several of our patrons like blazes, but occasionally I got licked like thunder myself. Once I was put in jail for assault and battery, and only escaped by breaking out.
Send me a receipt for three dollars twelve and a half cents, and believe me, yours in despair.
A. RUSSELL.
PREPARE FOR A REVERSE.—A man knows not how soon he may be reversed. In its unceasing revolutions, the wheels of Providence may one day place him among the poor. How many at this very moment are languishing in all the honors of the most abject destitution, who were once rich in this world's goods, and on whose lids dwelt in perpetual sweetness the self-deluding promise—"Tomorrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant!" Remember the poor. In yonder gilded prison is one who made gold his idol. He forgot the needy in his prosperity, and the appeals of the needy avoked no echo in his heart. He was not his brother's keeper, so he hoarded up his surplus in his coffers, and permitted the dying and the destitute to meet their doom; but as he has meted out to them, even so has it been meted out to him. Not a ray of affection cheers now the phantoms of the past, how agonizing his remorse! Remember the poor, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, minister to the distressed, and their prayers and blessings will fall upon your head like rich incense, more desirable than gold or jewels.
THE MARCH OF A LIVELY STABLE KEEPER.—The N. Y. Christian Register has the following anecdote, illustrative, as it thinks, of the spiritual knocking phenomena:—"Our doorman at Cambridge cannot have forgotten a man of lively stable notoriety. His customers were often so oblivious as to the extent of their rides, that he contracted with inn holders of the surrounding country to secure their names on such of his vehicles as visited their respective taverns. He had also a horse who had been trained to lift his fore foot, as often as a slight signal from his master's finger was repeated. A stupid freshman once returned, as he said, from a ride to Watertown, but the vehicle bore with it the sign manual of an inn-holder in Concord. The youth persisted unblushingly in his lie. Says the man, "My horse knows, and he will tell me, how many miles he has been driven." The signal was given and repeated. The horse lifted his foot fourteen times in succession. The astounded freshman paid his full stable fee, and retired, firmly convinced of the preternatural endowments of the horse.
A GOOD TRICK.—"My son," said a father, "take that jug, and fetch me some beer." "Give me the money, then father." "My son, to get the beer with money, anybody can do that, but to get beer without money, that's a trick." So the boy takes the jug, and out he goes; shortly he returns, and places the jug before his father. "Drink," said the son—"How can I drink," says the father, "when there is no beer in the jug?" "To drink beer out of a jug," says the boy, "where there is beer, anybody can do that; but to drink beer out of a jug where there is no beer, that's a trick!"
THE TRICK STRONG.—Oh! ye gifted ones, follow your calling, for, however various your talents may be, ye can have but one calling capable of leading ye to eminence and renown; follow resolutely the one straight path before you, it is that of your good angel; let neither obstacles nor temptations induce you to leave it; bound allow it, if you can; if not, on hands and knees follow it, push it in it, if needful; but ye need not fear that no one ever yet died in the true path of his calling before he had attained the pinnacle. Turn into other paths, and for a momentary advantage or gratification ye have sold your inheritance, your immortality. Ye will never be heard of after death.
IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.—Charles Butler, a distinguished English lawyer and a fine scholar, ascribes his saving of time to these rules:—Very early rising;—a systematic division of his time;—absence from all company and from all diversions not likely to amuse him highly;—from reading, writing, or even thinking on modern party politics; and above all, never permitting a bit or scrap of time to be unemployed—have supplied him with an abundance of literary hours.
BAD BOOKS.—Bad books are like arden spirits; they furnish neither "nourishment" nor "medicine"; they are "poison." Both intoxicants—one the mind, the other the body; the thirst for each increases by being fed, and is never satisfied; both ruin—the intellect, the other the health, and together, the soul. The makers and vendors of each are equally guilty, and equally corruptors of the community; and the safeguard against each is the same—total abstinence from all that intoxicates the mind or body.
SECRETARIES.—Little, narrow prejudices, that make you hate your neighbor, because he has eggs roasted when you have yours boiled.

PHILOSOPHER AND THE FERRYMAN.—A Philosopher stepped on board of a ferryboat to cross a stream. On the passage he inquired of the ferry man if he understood arithmetic. The man looked astonished.
"Arithmetic! No, sir."
"I am very sorry, for one quarter of your life is gone."
A few minutes after he asked—
"Do you understand mathematics?"
The boatman smiled and replied—"No."
"Well, then," said the philosopher, "another quarter of your life is gone."
Just then the boat ran on a snag was sinking, and the ferry man jumped up, pulled off his coat, and asked the philosopher with great earnestness of manner—
"Can you swim?"
"No sir."
"Well, then," said the ferryman, "your whole life is gone, for the boat's going to the bottom."
CORNELIUS HAS ALWAYS BEEN POPULAR. The chimney corner is endeared to the hearts from the earliest to the latest hour of existence. A snug corner in a woman's heart. Once get there and you may soon command the entire domain. A corner in the Temple of Fame! Arrive at that and you become immortal!
The Albany Dutchman says, "Women are like houses, the longer they remain to be, the more dilapidated they become. To keep either from going to destruction, they should be early occupied."
An old gentleman of 84, having taken to the altar a young damsel of about 16, the clergyman said to him, "The lot is at the other end of the church."
"What do I want with the font?" said the old gentleman.
"Oh I beg your pardon," said the minister, "I thought you had brought this child to be christened."
"If," said Dr. Johnson, "I had no duties to perform, no reluctance to futurity, I would spend my life in driving briskly in a postchaise with a pretty woman."
NO FLATTERY.—Can you tell me where Mr. Smith lives, Mister? "Smith—Smith—what Smith? There are a good many of that name in these parts, my name is Smith." "Why, I don't know his other name, but he's a sour, cross, and crabbed sort of a fellow, and they call him Crab Smith."
"Oh, I suppose I'm the man."
An unkind word from one beloved, often draws blood from a heart, which would defy the battles of hatred, or the keenest edge of vindictive satire.
WIT EVERYBODY: IS CROSS.—One day little John Wilson came running in to the house where his sister Mary was sewing. He held something in his hand which he had found in the back yard.
"O, sister Mary," said he, "I have found a pretty thing. It is a piece of red glass; and when I look through it everything looks red, too. The trees, the houses, the green grass, your face, and every thing, is red."
Mary replied, "Yes, it is very beautiful; and now let me show you how to learn a useful lesson from it." "You remember the other day you thought every person was cross to you."
"If you are in good humor, and kind to every one, they, too, will be kind to you."
A soldier one day bandaging the wounds he had received in his face, Julius Caesar, knowing him to be a coward, said to him, "You had better take care next time you run away, how you look back."
BETTER AS GOOD.—Mynheer Von Shmir, if I may be allowed the question, how long have you been married?
"Yaw, dat ist you shall say how long time ish it when I says to the minister dat I shall pelong to mine vrow, and tell me no questions?"
"Yes, that is what I mean; which is the same as asking how long you have been married?"
"Vel, dis is a ting vot I seldom dot likes to tink about, but ven I does, it seems to be so long as never was."
King Henry IV was so punctilious in keeping his word after it was once passed, that he was called the King of Faith.
"My dear, what shall we name bub?" "Why husband, I've settled on the name of Peter."
"Oh, don't," replied he; "I never liked Peter, for he denied his Master." "Well, then," replied the wife, "what name do you like?" "I should like the name of Joseph." "Oh, not that," said his better half; "I can't bear Joseph, for he denied his mistress."
A New-Hampshire farmer going to a parish meeting met his minister, and told him that his society thought of increasing his salary. "I beg of you not to think of any such thing," said the minister, "for it is about as much business to collect my present salary as I wish to attend to; if I should be increased I should be obliged to devote my whole time to collect it."
TAXI.—This puzzling name is derived from the town of Taxila, at the mouth of the straits of Gibraltar. It was the last stronghold when the Moors disputed with the Christians; and when the former held possession of both pillars of Hercules, it was here that they levied contribution for vessels entering the Mediterranean, whence the vessel's name.
GOOD ADVICE.—A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he's dying, all that is necessary is to look half dead yourself. Hope and despair are as catching as cutaneous complaints. Always look sunny, therefore, whether you feel so or not.
OF THE HAPPIEST MAN IN THE WORLD IS SAID TO BE A DANKY AT A DANCE.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCES.—SILENT LOVERS.—An eminent clergyman one evening became the subject of conversation, and a wonder was expressed that he had never married. "That wonder," said Miss Porter, "was once expressed by the reverend gentleman himself, in my hearing and he told a story in answer, which I will tell you, and perhaps, slight as it may seem, it is the history of our hearts as sensitive and delicate as his own. Soon after his ordination, he preached once every Sabbath for a clergyman in a small village not twenty miles from London. Among his auditors from Sunday to Sunday, he observed a young lady, who occupied a certain seat, and whose close attention began insensibly to grow to him as an object of thought and pleasure. She left the church as soon as service was over, and it so chanced that he went out for a year without knowing her name, but his sermon was never written without Mary's thought how she would approve it, nor preached with satisfaction unless he read approbation in her face. Gradually he came to think of her at other times than when writing sermons, and to wish to see her on other days than Sundays; but the weeks stepped on, and though he fancied that she grew paler and thinner, he never brought himself to his resolution either to ask her name or to speak with her. By those silent steps, however, love, had worked into his heart and he made up his mind to seek her acquaintance and marry her, if possible, when one day he was sent for to minister at a funeral. The face of the corpse was the same that had looked up to him Sunday after Sunday, until he had learned to make it a part of his religion and his life. He was unable to perform the service and another clergyman officiated, and after she was buried, her father took him aside, and begged his pardon for giving him pain, but he could not resist the impulse to tell him that his daughter had mentioned his name with her last breath, and he was afraid that a concealed affection for him had hurried her to the grave. "Since that," said the clergyman in question, "my heart has been dead within me, and I look forward only to the time when I shall speak to her in heaven."

THE BOY AND THE MICROSCOPE.—There was a little boy who spent a good deal of his time and really seemed to find pleasure in toying and killing poor little flies. He would pull off their feet and their wings, and seemed delighted when he saw their efforts to escape. Sometimes he would collect a great number of them, and then destroy them all at once. His father tried to break him of this dreadful propensity, but he seemed to have no idea that they could suffer, or that they had a right to life or liberty. So the child continued till and cross, and determined to torture the poor flies as much as ever.
At length, his father one day took a microscope, and told his son to look attentively through it, and observe what he could show him. "See," said his father, "how beautifully veined with black and white, and all covered with delicate silk—the eyes surrounded with a fine circle of silver hair—do you perceive, the little body is formed in two parts, each lying in grace with the other, and the ornaments that cover it, surpass in beauty the most royal attire; and the little glittering wings are more transparent than the finest gauze, while nothing, except the ease and agility with which it moves its feet?"
Astounded and delighted, the child asked the name of this extraordinary animal. Imagine his surprise when his father said, "This is a poor little fly that barely escaped with its life from among a mass of them, you really created about an hour ago."
"My father," said the little boy, "I will never torture or harm such a beautiful little creature again."
"I am satisfied with your resolution," replied his father, "remember also never to treat with cruelty any living thing; God has made all living creatures, and necessarily to give them pain is very wicked.—Merry's Museum."