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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

THE LAST FOOTFALL.

There is often sadness in the tone,
And a moisture in the eye,
And a trembling sorrow in the voice,
When we bid a last good-bye.
But sadder far than this, I ween,
O sadder far than all,
Is the heart-throb with which we strain
To catch the last footfall.
The last press of a loving hand,
Will cause a thrill of pain,
When we think, "Oh, should it prove that we
Shall never meet again."
And as lingeringly the hands unclasp,
The hot, quick drops will fall;
But bitterer are the tears we shed
When we hear the last footfall.
We never felt how dear to us
Was the sound we loved full well,
We never knew how musical,
Till its last echo fell;
And till we heard it pass away
Far beyond recall.
We never thought what grief 'twould be
To hear that last footfall.
And the years and days that long are passed,
And the scenes that seem forgotten,
Flash through the mind like meteor-light
As we linger on the spot;
And little things that were as nought,
But now will be our all,
Come to us like an echo low
Of the last, the last footfall!

[For the Bradford Reporter.]

COMMON SCHOOLS.

MR. EDITOR: Since the excitement of the political campaign is over, and knowing the lively interest you feel in the cause of popular education, I thought a few words on the subject of Common Schools might be deemed worthy of notice. Their importance as the great medium through which the masses receive instruction, makes this subject one that demands a large share of attention. Not only morally, but politically, education is the great safeguard of our country. In proportion as the people of any country are enlightened, in that proportion will that nation prosper and increase in greatness, respectability and power. And especially in a Republic where the affairs of the government are in the hands of the people, it becomes doubly necessary. True religion, too, without which no nation can flourish, is a twin-sister of education. The church and the school house, are, as it were, hand side by side. As the masses are enlightened, so the commission of crime becomes less prevalent, and public safety greatly enhanced. Intemperance and vice of all descriptions flee before the onward march of science. Vice, which has its abode in darkness, disappears as daylight of knowledge bursts in upon it, and retreats to the dark places of ignorance and superstition, which are more congenial to its nature. But it is useless to speak of the benefits of education. Arguments to establish an axiom become nonsense. The best means of promoting the cause of education, is, therefore, a matter of more importance.

That a reform is necessary in our common schools, is a fact too obvious to be denied. If any person doubts this, let him take a tour through his own town and visit the several schools, and his own observations will convince him of its truthfulness. Now, why are our schools so badly conducted? It is undoubtedly to a very great extent owing to a want of competent teachers. Our County Superintendents tell us that from necessity they are obliged to license many to become educators of the young who are totally unfit to occupy that responsible position, because there is not enough to fill all the schools without them. But why is this scarcity of competent teachers? It is not because there are not educated persons enough; we find them on every hand; but they are not teachers. They have, as they say, found better business. The business of teaching has always been regarded as one to which neither honor nor profit was attached; and hence none, or at most but few, will engage in it only as a temporary employment. And even though a person commences teaching with a view to making it his profession, he soon finds a more lucrative employment, and abandons it forever, however useful he was destined to become.

Until the Creator shall see fit to change the nature of man, we may not expect to find persons who possess enough of the self-sacrificing spirit to teach for half the pecuniary reward that other and more pleasing occupations afford. If possible, (and it is possible,) the business of teaching should be made a profession. Men should prepare for it as they are required to for other professions, even those of far less importance. And I hope yet to see the day, when, beside the large and commodious school houses, will be erected a neat cottage for the teacher—as is the pastor with some churches to provide for their sustenance at the present day. Never will teaching take the place that it should among the professions, until it becomes a paying business. When the teacher shall

receive a just recompense for his wearisome labors and find employment the whole school year, then will there no longer be difficulty in procuring a supply of not only good, but excellent teachers.

Let a school district in Bradford county who have been in the habit of paying their male teachers \$16 per month, resolve to pay \$25, and they will soon find no difficulty getting plenty who are capable of earning that money. No incompetent person will apply for a school in such a district, for he supposes from the salary they propose paying, that they expect to have a good teacher, which he knows he is not, and feeling his inability to meet their expectations, contents himself to go where the "almighty dollar" is more worshipped, and the intellectual growth of the rising generation less cared for.

A majority of the teachers in Carbon and Schuylkill counties, are from Bradford and Susquehanna; while in those as well as in other northern counties, I am informed, there is a great scarcity of teachers. Why is this? Why is it that you educate teachers and allow them to go abroad to occupy distant fields when they are needed at home? Why do you sow the seed, and allow others to reap the harvest? The answer is straight forward and plain to be understood. Here, instead of \$16 per month, and the privilege of boarding "round," they receive \$35 or \$40, and seek a home where it best suits their convenience, and where they may employ their leisure in improving their minds; a thing of no small account with him who is striving for higher attainments in his vocation. There, too a male teacher cannot get employment more than three or four months in the year, while here the term of schools vary from five to ten months. I am fully aware that the day is not yet come, (though I hope it is not far distant) when the system of boarding is to be laid aside in Bradford and the adjoining counties; but if you must subject your teachers to such inconvenience and loss of time, you must also increase their salaries to make up the loss of such advantages, before you can expect to call home those who have found it to their interest to seek more profitable situations by migrating south.

Another thing which would tend greatly to improve the condition of our schools, is that of visiting them by parents. Now, even the directors are seldom, if ever, seen within the walls of the school house, notwithstanding the law makes it their duty. Where such unconcern is manifested on the part of parents and directors, it cannot but be expected that the teacher, in some cases, and in all to some extent, will imbibe the same spirit and slacken his efforts to advance his pupils. Every teacher who has been favored with frequent visits from the parents of his pupils, know full well that they have a most happy effect on his school as well as on his own mind.

Will you hire a man to work on your farm, and allow him to work on month after month without ever examining his work to see if it be well done? or whether it be done at all? By no means. Is the work of the teacher of so much less importance that it is not worthy of even a passing glance? Such is the inference if we judge from men's actions!

Some are deterred from school-visiting from the fact that they fear they will not be a welcome guest at the school room. This should make no difference. If your teacher be of the right stamp, your presence in his school will be a source of gratification to him; and should you find yourself considered as an intruder, and perhaps receive a hint that company is a source of annoyance, you had better get rid of such a teacher as soon as possible, for no one who understands his business is afraid to work in the presence of his employer.

If you wish to see the standard of education elevated in Bradford county, pay your teachers such a salary as the importance of their labors demand; provide comfortable and pleasant places of instruction; show those under whom you place your children for intellectual culture, that you feel interested in their labors by often visiting their schools, and improvement will soon begin to manifest itself, the good effect of which will not only be felt by the present, but by succeeding generations throughout all coming time.

HAMLIN BRIGHT.

SCHEMPT HILL, Carbon Co., Pa.

ATROCITIES.—The following is the latest emanation from Terrell, the inveterate punster of the Lafayette (Ind.) Journal:

A tattling correspondent of the New-York Herald, writing from Lancaster, pretends to give the gauge of a drink he had witnessed the President elect take, one frosty morning at the sidewalk at Wheatland, recently. He irreverently estimates it at "a couple of inches;" and expresses the opinion that the depth of the "Sage's potatoes" visibly increases with his years. There is nothing wonderful in this, for hasn't it passed into a proverb, "The older the Duck the stiffer the horn?"

Among the many errors into which humanity is more than apt to fall, is that of magnifying the faults and depreciating the virtues of their neighbors, entirely forgetful of their own sins.

Encounter in the Dark with a Lion.

Owing to the accounts I heard of an enormous old lion who was ruining his neighbors in the vicinity of the camp of Drear, I sent for my weapons from Ghelma, and left Bone on the 26th of February. At five o'clock on the evening of the 27th, I reached the donar of the Ouled Bon-Azizi, situated about half a mile from the retreat of the beast, who, according to the old men of the place, had lived there 30 years. I was told, on my arrival, that every evening at sunset the lion roared on leaving his den, and that in the night he descended into the plain still continuing to roar. A meeting seemed inevitable, so I loaded my two guns. Hardly had I finished this operation, which always requires the greatest attention, when I heard the roaring begin in the mountain. My host offered to accompany me as far as the ford which the lion would have to cross on descending the mountain. I gave him my second gun, and we started. It was too dark to see at two steps distance. After having walked through a wood for a quarter of an hour we reached the border of a brook that flows at the foot of the Zebel Krounaga. My guide, much agitated by the roaring, which drew nearer and nearer, said, "The ford is there." I tried to reconnoitre my position; but all around was so dark that I could not even see the Arab, although he touched me. As my eyes could distinguish nothing, I began to descend towards the brook, feeling all the way with my hands for the track of a horse or sheep. It was certainly well sheltered, and difficult of access. Having found a stone, which I used as a seat at the edge of the brook, and just beyond the ford, I sent away my guide, who wished for nothing better. While trying to make out the ground about me, he did not cease saying, "Let us return to the donar; the night is too dark; we will look for the lion to-morrow, during the day." As he did not dare return to the donar alone, he crouched down in a group of lentises about fifty steps from me. After telling him not to move under any circumstances, I took my position on the stone. The lion was roaring still, and drawing gradually nearer. Having closed my eyes for some minutes, I saw, on opening them, that at my feet there was a perpendicular ditch, formed, no doubt, by the overflowing of the brook, which ran some yards beneath me; on the left, and at the very muzzle of my gun, was the ford. I formed my plan instantly.—If it were possible to distinguish the lion in the bed of the river, I meant to fire at him there—the ditch being a means of protection for me in case I wounded him severely. It might have been nine o'clock when I heard the roar, about a hundred yards beyond the brook.—With my elbow on my knee, the butt end of my gun on my shoulder, and my eyes fixed on the water, which I could distinguish from time to time, I waited. The time seemed long, when I heard, just in front of me, on the opposite side of the brook, a low, guttural moan. I raised my eyes in the direction of this strange sound, and perceived the eyes of the lion fixed on me, and looking like two red-hot coals.—The fixed look drove back all the blood in my veins to my heart. A minute before I shuddered with cold, now the perspiration streamed on my forehead. Any one who has not seen a full grown lion in its wild state, may believe in the possibility of an armed man struggling with it; but any person who has seen one, knows that a man struggling with a lion is like a mouse in the claws of a cat. I have said that I had already killed two lions, the smallest of which weighed five hundred pounds. The latter, with one movement of his claw, had stopped a horse at full gallop, and had killed both horse and man. From that period I was sufficiently well acquainted with their severity to know what I had to expect from leonine scratches. Accordingly, I have never looked upon a dagger as a weapon to be depended on. In case a lion should not fall beneath my first or second bullet, (which is possible enough,) I have determined when he springs upon me and I resist the shock, to endeavor to force my gun down his throat up to the stock; then, if his powerful claws have neither thrown me to the ground nor pierced me like a harpoon, I must either attack him in the eyes or near the heart, according to the means of action left me. If I fall at his attack, which is more than probable, provided I have my two hands free, I shall feel for his heart with the left, and with the right deal the blow. If, on the following day, two bodies be not found entwined together, mine will not have left the field of honor, and the lion's will not be far from it. The dagger will tell the rest. I had just drawn my dagger from the sheath, and placed it in the ground within reach, when the lion cast his eyes down towards the brook. I took a mental farewell of the world, and made a vow to die in a manner of which those who were dear to me would be proud; yet, when my finger moved softly towards the trigger, I was less agitated than the lion himself, who was about taking to the water. I heard his first step in the stream, which ran noiselessly and rapidly before us. Then, all was silent. Was he standing still? Was he coming towards me? These were the questions I put to myself, as I sought to pierce the obscurity by which I was enveloped on all sides, when suddenly I thought I heard, close on my left, the sound of his step in the mud. He had indeed come out of the brook, and was slowly ascending the steps of the ford, when a movement I happened to make caused him to stop. He was four or five steps from me, and might spring upon me at any moment. It is useless to look for the sights of your gun when you can't even see the barrel, I fired as best I could, with my head erect and both eyes open. The flash enabled me to see an enormous hairy mass of indistinct form. A fearful roar rent the air, the lion was hors de combat. The first cry of pain followed by a series of dull, threatening moans. I heard the animal writhing in the mud on the edge of the brook, but after a short time all was silent. Thinking he was dead, I returned to the donar with my guide, who, from what he had been able to hear, also concluded that the lion was now no more. Of course I remained awake all night. At

daybreak we reached the ford; but no lion! We could only trace him by the blood as far as the stream. The day afterwards, the Arabs of the district, who bore considerable ill will towards their nocturnal visitor, being convinced that he was dead, proposed to me to go out and look for him. There were six of us, some on foot and some on horseback. After several hours' fruitless search, I returned to the dofar and prepared to take my leave, when I heard several shots and cheers from the direction of the mountain. There was no room for doubt, they had found my lion. I started off at a gallop, and soon convinced myself that this time, at all events, my hopes would be realized. The Arabs were flying in all directions, and shouting like demons. Some of them had reached the other side of the brook; the others, to the number of ten, emboldened by the fact that they were on horseback, and that the lion had only three legs at his disposal, had formed a party to flush him (as they said); they were commanded by the cheik. I had just passed the brook and was going to dismount, when I saw the horsemen with the cheik at their head, turn round and start off at full gallop. The lion was after them on his three legs, clearing the rocks and shrubs in a far better style than the men on horseback, and uttering roars, which so terrified the horses that the riders had no longer any control over them. The horses were still galloping, but the lion had stopped within an open space, in a laughing and threatening attitude. How grand he was with his jaws open, breathing menaces of death against all who were there! How grand he was, with his black mane standing on end, and his tail bent, and waving against his sides! He was about a hundred paces from the spot. I dismounted and called to one of the Arabs, who had been keeping themselves at a safe distance, to take my horse. Several of them ran towards me, and I was obliged to leave my bursons in their hands, in order to prevent them putting me on my horse again and carrying me away. A few of them followed me, in order to dissuade me from my project; but as by degrees I quickened my pace and drew nearer to the lion, their number diminished. At last one man only remained with me, and he was the guide of the previous day. "I received your order," he said to me, "and will answer for you before God and man. I will die with you." The lion had left the open space and had buried himself in a mass of trees, which were close by. Walking with caution, ready to fire at any moment, I tried in vain to find the animal's track. The soil was rocky, and the lion's wounds had ceased to bleed. I had just searched the trees forming the group, one by one, when my guide, who had remained a short distance from me, said—"Death will not accept you; you have passed close to the lion without being touched by him; if your eyes had only met his, you must have died without being able to fire a shot." I told him to throw some stones into the lion's place of retirement. One of the shrubs opened, and after looking on all sides, out sprang the lion in the direction of myself. He was at ten steps from me, his tail straight, his mane standing on end, his neck extended. With his broken leg hanging back, and his claws turned inward, he had altogether the appearance of a dog pointing at game. As soon as he made his appearance, I seated myself on the earth, with the Arab behind me, shouting incessantly, "Fire! why don't you fire?"—exclamations which he mixed up with his prayers.—The lion made a bound of four or five steps towards me, and was probably about to follow it up with another, when he suddenly found himself struck with a bullet at about an inch above the right eye. He at once fell. My Arab was already returning thanks to God, when the lion turned round and raised himself on his hind legs, like a horse rearing. Another ball, with a more fortunate result, found the animal's heart, and at last stretched him dead on the ground.—*Lion Hunting in Algeria, by Jules Gerard.*

THE MARRIAGE FEE.—The late Dr. Boynton was once disputing with a farmer about the ease with which a minister earned his money.

"Now," says the farmer, "when you are called upon to marry a couple you never expect a less sum than three dollars, and you sometimes get ten dollars—this for a few minutes' service."

"Pooh!" replied the doctor, "I would agree to give you half of my very next marriage fee for a bushel of potatoes."

"Very well," said the farmer, "I'll take your offer, and send you the potatoes."

A few days afterwards, the doctor was called on to splice a loving couple at Dogtown, a place about four miles from where he lived.—When the ceremony was over, the bridegroom said to the worthy minister:—

"Well, parson, I s'pose I must fork over something for your trouble. What say you to taking one of my terrier pups? The best breed, I tell you in the country. Shocking nice to have in the barn. Worth full five dollars, and I s'pose a figure two would do for the splice, eh?"

The doctor took the pup with joy. The joke was too good; he hastened to the farmer, saying, now, friend, here is my fee—how shall we divide it?

The farmer relished the joke so well, that he increased the potatoes to half-a-dozen bushels.

DOCTORING OLD BORRAS.—Mrs. G. couldn't sleep on account of the terrible northwester which was blowing out of doors. "Horace, my love, how dreadfully the wind howls; don't you hear it? I can't sleep for it." "My dear," said her better-half, who was a philosopher, "open the window, and put a peppermint lozenger outside." "Why?" asked his wife. "Because," quoth he, "'tis a good thing to cure the wind."

There is a young woman in town so modest, that she had a young man turned out of doors for saying the wind had shifted.

Singular Theory of the Mississippi River.

The Mississippi river is the greatest stream in the world. The total length is 4,000 miles. On looking over a volume recently issued, entitled "Lloyd's Steamboats and Railroad Directory," we find the following instructive article on the waste of the waters of the Mississippi. It says:—

No experience will enable a person to anticipate, with any degree of certainty, the elevation of the flood in any given year. In some seasons, the waters do not rise above their channels; in others, the entire lower valley of the Mississippi is submerged. Embankments called levees have been raised from five to ten feet high, on both sides of the stream, extending many miles above and below New Orleans. By this means the river is restrained within its proper limits, except at the greatest freshets, when the waters sometimes break over everything, causing great destruction to property, and sometimes loss of life. The average height of the flood from the Delta to the junction of the Missouri is above 16 feet. At the mouth of the latter river it is twenty-five feet. Below the entrance of the Ohio river the rise is often fifty five feet.

At Natchez, it seldom exceeds thirty feet; and at New Orleans about twelve feet. What goes with the water? It is known that the difference between high and low water mark, as high up as White river, is about thirty-six feet, and the current at high water mark runs nearly seven miles per hour, and opposite to New Orleans the difference between high and low water mark is only twelve feet, and the current little over three miles to the hour.—The width and depth of the river being the same, from which we calculate that nearly six times as much water passes by the mouth of White river as by New Orleans. What goes with the excess? The only solution ever offered, is that it escapes by the bayous "Plaquemine," "Lafourche," and "Iberville," but when we calculate the width, depth and current of these bayous, they fall vastly short of affording a sufficient escapement. The true explanation can, we think, be given.

At low water, throughout the whole extent, we see a land structure exposed, underlying the bank, or that the alluvial structure on which the plantations are, is a structure of deposit made by the river above its low water mark, which, opposite to the mouth of White river, is thirty feet thick. As you descend, the river diminishes in volume as the difference between high and low water mark diminishes and nearly corresponds to it, and wherever the bottom is exposed, it shows throughout the whole extent, that the bottom is pure coarse sand; exhibiting at many places the *ocean shingle*, through the superimposed alluvial structure mixed with fine sand. The water percolates with such facility and rapidity that the water in a well dug at a considerable distance from the river bank rises and falls with the rise and fall of the river, not varying an inch, and through the coarse sand and shingles of the bottom, it passes as rapidly as through a common sieve.

By the accurate surveys of several scientific engineers, it is ascertained that the fall of the Mississippi river is four inches to the mile. The distance from Natchez to New Orleans of three hundred miles will give twelve hundred inches, or one hundred feet. The depth of the river is less than fifty feet at high water mark. The river debouches into the ocean from a promontory made by itself. The surface of the ocean, by measurement, below the bottom of the river, above New Orleans, corresponds with the low water mark below New Orleans, therefore the Mississippi river is pouring through its own bottom into the ocean, the superimposed weight giving lateral pressure to hurry the subterranean current. If the reader has ever stood upon a Mississippi sand-bar, in a hard rain, or seen water poured from a bucket on the sand bar, he has seen that neither can be done in sufficient quantity to produce any current or accumulation on the surface. The river is, therefore, from the time it comes below the limestone strata of Missouri and Kentucky, wasting itself through its own bottom.

If the Mississippi river had to pursue its course, like the Ohio, over rocky strata, walled in by rock and impervious clay banks, the high water mark at New Orleans would reach one hundred feet above its present limits; but running over coarse sand, walled in by a deposit made of sand, ancient deluvial detritus and vegetable mould, no more water reaches the ocean than the excess over the amount that permeates the surrounding structure and passes off in the process of percolation or transpiration in a subterranean descent to the ocean.—The river, without any other restraint from rock or clay in the bottom or bank, is left free to the government of no other law than the law of hydrostatics. The washing or wasting of the banks cannot be prevented, though the caving or sliding of large portions at one time may be easily guarded against.

CURE FOR HICCUGHS.—Many papers are publishing a recipe to cure the hiccoughs instantly. A growing old doctor sends to a country paper the following recipe—warranted effectual or the money refunded. He says, "To cure hic-cie-hic-cups—turn your (hic) self wrong side (hic) out, and (hic) scrape the gland." He does not mention which gland is to be scraped, but he probably means the first gland you came across.

Woman is less independent than man in many respects, and requires to exercise more deliberation and caution. Moreover, she has not the initiative. It is easy for a man to decide and offer, when he loves; but a woman may love without hope of an offer. When man chooses, he proposes; when woman chooses, she waits.

Spare moments are like the gold-dust of time. Of all portions of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil.—They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul.

KISS OR FIGHT.—An Exchange tells a story of a country party thus: A stalwart young rustic, who was known as a formidable operator in a "free fight," had just married a blooming and beautiful country girl only sixteen years of age, and the twain were at a party where a number of young folks of both sexes were enjoying themselves in the good old-fashioned, paw-playing style. Every girl in the room was called out and kissed except Mrs. B., the beautiful young bride aforesaid, and although there was not a youngster present who was not dying to taste her lips, they were restrained by the presence of her heroic husband, who stood regarding the party with a look of sullen dissatisfaction. They mistook the cause of his anger, however, for suddenly rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and in a tone of voice that at once secured marked attention, said:—

"Gentlemen, I have been noticing how things have been working here for some time, and I ain't half satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss, but—?" "What's the matter, John?" inquired half a dozen voices. "What do you mean? Have we done anything to hurt your feelings?" "Yes, you have; all of you have hurt my feelings, and I've got just this to say about it. Here's every gal in the room been kissed mighty nigh a dozen times apiece, and there's my wife who I consider as likely as any of 'em, has not had a single one to-night; and I just tell you now, if she don't get as many kisses the balance of the time as any gal in the room, the man that slights her has got me to fight—that's all. Now go ahead with your plays!" If Mrs. B.—was slightly during the balance of the evening we did not know it. As for ourselves, we know that John had no fault to find with us individually, for any neglect on our part."

A CLEAR SELL.—A shrewd countryman was in New York the other day, gawky, uncouth, and innocent enough in appearance, but in reality, with his eye teeth cut. Passing up Chatham street, through the clothes quarter he was continually encountered with importunities to buy. From almost every store some one rushed out, in accordance with the annoying custom of that street, to seize upon and try to force him to purchase. At last one dirty looking fellow caught him by the arm and clamorously urged him to become a customer.

"Have you got any shirts?" inquired the countryman, with an innocent look.

"A splendid assortment, sir. Step in, sir. Every price, sir, and every style. The cheapest in the street, sir."

"Are they clean?"

"To be sure, sir. Step in, sir."

"Then," resumed the countryman, with perfect gravity, "put on one, for you need it."

The rage of the shop-keeper may be imagined, as the countryman, turning upon his heel, quietly pursued his way.

EXPERIMENTING FOR SAFETY.—A man traveling, entered a tavern, and seeing no one present but the landlord and a negro, seated himself and entered into conversation with the negro. Shortly, he asked Sambo if he was dry? Sambo said he was. Stranger told him to go to the bar and take something at his expense. Negro did so, and shortly left.—Landlord says to the stranger: "Are you acquainted with that nigger?" "No, never saw him before; but why do you ask?" "I supposed so from your conversing with him and asking him to drink." "Oh," said the stranger, "I was only experimenting. The fact is, I was dry myself, and I thought if your liquor did not kill the negro, I would venture to take a drink myself." Landlord's curiosity was fully satisfied.

A BAD COLD.—Almost everybody has a bad cold about now, Smith and Jones among the rest. A street-corner dialogue between them, sounded something like this:

Smith—"How d'ye do, Jones?"

Jones—"Pwetty well, ody I have a bad cole. How are you, Sblith?"

Smith—"I have subtyg of a cole, too, but it's gettyng bawly agid."

Jones—"What beddelid did you take?"

Smith—"I sduffed up laudabbal bwater. Do you take anytyng?"

Jones—"Do, I just grid ad bear it."

DECENCY.—This is defined according to the country you may happen to be in. In Turkey a man with tight pants is considered so great a vulgarian that he is not tolerated in respectable society. To spit in the presence of an Arab is to make the acquaintance of his cheese knife. In Russia that man is considered low who refuses a warm breakfast consisting of fried candles.

A X O U S FATHER.—What am I to do with you, sir—what am I to do with you? Do you know if you continue your present course of cruelty and cowardice, you will be fit for nothing but a member of Congress?

MOTHER—"Oh, don't say that father!—don't, you will humiliate the poor boy."

We see it stated that a piece of candle may be made to burn all night in a sick room, or else where a dull light is wished, by putting finely powdered salt on the candle until it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way, a mild and steady light may be kept through the night from a small piece of candle.

With many readers, brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought; they mistake buttercups in the grass for innumerable gold mines under the ground.—*Longfellow.*

What is that from which, when the whole is taken, some will still remain?—The word wholesome.

In reference to ladies' dresses, it is a longer customary to say: "The height," but "the breadth of fashion."