The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER, 27, 1872. VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 48.

Poet's Corner

TO AN EMPTY NEST FOUND AT MONTROSE.

Thou little nest deserted,
Where may thy tenants roam?
Why lest thou here neglected,
The relic of a home?

Here, o'er her tender offspring,
Did the fond mother brood;
Her patient task fulfilling
Deep in the lonely wood.

Here little hearts once nestled,
Beneath the parent wing,
She cradled and protected
From every evil thing.

Blue was the sky above thee,
Soft was the summer breeze,
And gentle arms around thee
Close twined the sheltering trees.

How warm the sunbeams wooed thee,
Hid 'neath a leafy bough!
What little voices cheered thee,
Poor nest! so empty now!

Still tender thoughts cling round thee,
Fond memories of yore;
Yes, what the heart once cherished
Is dead for evermore.

Oct, 27, 1872, M. E. S.

A PICTURE.

Through heather, moss, and golden-rod,
We wandered in the summer weather,
And, heeding scarce the way we trod,
Were glad, because we were together.

And, when the noonday sun was high,
A purple rock gave shelter cool,
Were hidden from the summer sky.
And flecked with shadows lay a pool.

It seemed a jewel, bright yet dim;
Wet ferns half strove to cover it;
Enticed by thyme, about the brim
The wild bees murmured over it.

"And this is the wishing-well," she cried,
"Where they who drink a boon may crave;"
And kneeling there the spell she tried;
And though she smiled, her eyes were grave.

Small hands together lightly pressed
From the cool spring she lifted up;
And half in earnest half in jest,
She offered me the misty cup.

And in the pool her shadow came—
A picture ne'er to be forgot—
Sweet eyes and falling hair, in frame
Of fox-glove and forget-me-not.

Feminine Names and their Meaning.

Francis is truly fair,
Bertha is purely bright,
Clara is clear to see,
Lucy is a star of light.
Felicia is happy as happy can be;
Catharine is pure,
Barbara from afar,
Mabel is very fair,
Henrietta is a star,
Margaret is a pearl thrown up from the sea.

Muriel is sweetest myrrh.
Amelia is sincere,
Agatha is very good.
Bridget is shining here,
Matilda is a lady of honor true;
Susan is a lily,
Cella dim of sight,
Jane a graceful willow,
Beatrice gives delight,
Elizabeth an oath, pure as morning dew.

Sophie is wisdom,
Lettie is joy,
Edeline a princess,
Julia a jewel boy.
Rebecca is faithful as the light of day;
Constance is resolute,
Grace is favor meet,
Charlotte is nobility,
Harriet an oder sweet,
Abigail is joyful as the robin's lay.

Sarah is a lady,
Isabel is fair,
Lucinda is constant,
Jemima sounds in air,
Caroline is noble-spirited and brave;
Lydia is well.
Judith a song of praise,
Cornelia a harmony,
Priscilla ancient of days,
Selina a nightingale where branches wave.

Moonlight.

Moonlight, moonlight,
Brightly, brightly streaming
O'er the earth at midnight
When the world is dreaming!
Strange-like shadows making
While your course you're taking—
Oh! tis worth while awaking
When your rays are beaming!

Moonlight, moonlight,
O'er the waves dancing,
Edging waves with gold bright
As they come advancing—
Lonely sailors cheering.
Who, the dark night fearing,
Love your light endearing.
Friendly and entrancing!

Moonlight, moonlight,
O'er the tree-tops stealing!
Making woodlands seem bright,
Elfin dells revealing—
That the trav'ler weary
No more thinks it dreary,
For a land of fairy
'Tis now to him seeming!

Moonlight, moonlight,
Sadly, sadly falling
In the churchyard, where night
Seems the most appalling!
And while stars are peeping,
O'er the graves you're creeping—
To watch o'er those there sleeping
Seem to be your calling.

Moonlight, moonlight,
Through my window shining,
Making all near my sight
Rich with silver lining!
Such strange thoughts you're telling
Me, while near me dwelling—
Thoughts with joy o'erswelling,
Thoughts that cause repining.

Grevities and Witticisms

An editor who was going a courting said "he was going to press."

England makes $3,500,000 worth of her old rags into paper yearly.

Paper houses are being made practicable, habitable and comfortable.

Athens, Ga., has a paper named the *Cat*, with the motto "I can scratch."

"Transaction in Hair" is the heading given by a Detroit editor to an account of a street fight.

A Kansas man who went to a circus thought that the Egyptian mummy was "nothing but jerked Injun."

A lady asked a gentleman how old he was. He replied: "What you do in everything." What was his age?—XL.

Josh Billings says: "Success don't konsist in never making blunders, but in never making the same one the second time."

Managing a Man.

Nellie Davis was the prettiest, best, sweetest, and dearest little girl in Hillsdale, and when Tom. Carter fell head over heels in love with her, no one blamed him in the least.

And when the parson gave consent and they went to housekeeping in a cozy little birds nest of a house, on the south side of the town, everybody prophesied all sorts of happiness for the pretty bride.

And truth to tell Nellie Carter was very happy.

It is a pretty thing to go to housekeeping for the first time, with everything spick and span, new and shiny, and if you love very much for a companion it is still pleasanter.

Now Nellie did love that great blubbering Tom. Carter with all her might and main, and there was only one thing to disturb her peace. She was the very pink of tidiness and Tom. was the most careless fellow alive.

He kept his person neat and nice, but he kept his personal belongings anything else. In vain did Nellie braid a handsome merino case and tack it inside the closet door for Tom. to put his slippers in. He would insist on tossing them under the parlor sofa, "to have 'em handy." In vain did she gently suggest that the rack in the hall was the place for his hat and overcoat—wet or dry he would throw his overcoat on her pretty, smoothly-made bed, and hang his hat wherever it happened.

In vain did Nellie make a place for everything, for Tom. invariably tossed everything in some other place. Now little Mrs. Nellie was only human, and Tom.'s slovenly ways annoyed her exceedingly. She resolved not to destroy the peace of their cozy home by scolding, but how to cure him she could not tell.

She bore with him with the patience of an angel, till one morning when he had gone up to town, she went into the parlor broom in hand, and there lay Tom.'s big shawl right across the centre table, ruthlessly crushing beneath it the trifles that lay on the marble top.

"Now, I can't have this, and I won't," said she, as she raised the shawl from the delicate treasure and discovered the ruins of a favorite Bohemian vase.

"I don't know what to do, but this I won't have," she continued with a little bit of wifely snap, which every good wife must have if she expects to get along at all with that occasionally unreasonable animal, a man.

"Some way must be discovered to cure Tom. of such performances as this!" added Mrs. Nellie as she removed the ruins of the vase, and all the morning she went around at her work with scarlet lips compressed, and a little flush in her brown eyes, which argued well for Mr. Tom's domestic subjection.

Woman's wit, having a will seldom fails to find a way. And when a determined little woman says "must" and "shall" all masculine insubordination may as well surrender at once.

Before Nellie closed her bright eyes that night, she had arranged plans for that campaign against her lie o lord, who was sleeping the sleep of innocence at her side.

But she meant to give him one more chance. So after breakfast, when Tom. drew on his boots and gave his slippers the customary toss under the sofa, she gently said—

"Tom., dear, hadn't you better put your slippers in the case?"

"No, let 'em alone, they'll be handy to-night."

"But, Tom., they look so untidy."

"Why, no they don't, a thing looks as well in one place as another. What is the use of a man's having a home if he can't keep things where he wants to keep them?"

"What's the use of keeping a woman on her feet all day to pick up things after you?"

"Don't pick them up. Just let them alone, and then I can find them when I want them," declared Tom, as he gave her a kiss and took himself off.

And at the moment the door closed on him, Nellie's red lips compressed themselves again, and her brown eyes wore the same look they had worn yesterday.

"War it is, then," she said to herself. "Now, Master Tom., we shall see who wins the field."

She set quietly about her morning's work, and when Tom. came home to dinner everything was in its accustomed good order. It remained so, and Nellie busied herself with her sewing until nearly time for Tom. to return to his supper.

Then she arose, put away her work, and prepared to open the campaign.

First, she put Tom.'s slippers where he alway left them, under the sofa. Then she tossed the shawl upon the piano, and his best hat upon the centre table. She then brought several of her dresses and flung them across the chairs and on the sofa.

Her furs and sacque reposed on Tom.'s especial arm chair, and her best bonnet kept Tom.'s slippers company under the sofa; while her own slippers lay upon the mantle.

And then thinking that feminine ingenuity could make no greater sacrifice than her best bonnet, she sat down to her crocheting.

Presently the door opened and in walked Master Tom. He gave a low whistle of surprise as he glanced at the unusual disorder, and at Nellie sitting calmly in the midst with her crochet work, and he came into the room.

"House cleaning, Nell?" he asked.

"Oh, no, why?" said Nellie, looking up in sweet unconsciousness.

"I thought maybe you had been, that's all," remarked Tom. dryly, looking around for a place to sit down.

Nellie quietly pursued her work.

Presently Tom. said—

"Paper come this evening?"

"Not yet," answered Nellie.

Tom. gave a half sigh.

"Nellie, I met Granger up town, and he said he'd call around this evening."

"Very well. Probably he won't come before tea. It will be ready soon," said Nellie, working away in demure innocence.

"Hadn't you better pick up things a little before he comes?" said Tom. glancing around the room.

"Oh, no, just let 'em lie," said Nellie, sweetly.

"But they look so bad," said Tom.

"Oh, no they don't," said Nellie, as sweetly as before. "A thing looks as well in one place as another."

Tom.'s face reddened.

"I never saw your room look so before, I shouldn't like to have any one step in," he said hesitatingly.

"Why not?" said Nellie. "We might as well have things handy. What's the use of having a house if you can't have things where you want to?"

Tom.'s face grew redder and redder.—He tried to look sober, and then broke into a laugh. "Oh, that's your game, is it," he said. "Trying to beat me with my own weapons, are you, my little woman?"

"Well, don't you like the plan?" said Nellie, demurely.

"No! By George, I don't!" cried Mr. Tom.

"Well, then, I'll make a bargain with you. As long as you will keep your own things in their place, I'll do the same with mine, and whenever you don't—"

"Oh, I will," interrupted Tom. "So, Nellie, I'll own up like a man, you've beat me this time. Only just clean up this awful room, and I'll never throw anything down again. There, now, let's kiss and make up, as the children say."

Nellie rose, and laughingly held up her sweet mouth for a kiss of peace. And then, under the magic influence of her deft fingers, confusion was suddenly banished, and when Granger came around to spend the evening, he decided that no one had a prettier wife or a tidier home than his friend, Tom. Carter.

Wise little Nellie having once gained possession of the matrimonial field, took care to keep it until Tom. was entirely cured of his careless habits.

Sometimes he seemed threatened with a relapse, but Nellie, instead of scolding, only had to quietly bring something of her own, and lay it down beside whatever Tom. had tossed down, and it was sure to be put away immediately, for Tom. seldom failed to take a hint.

And if some other little woman, as wise and tidy as Nellie, takes a hint also, this story will have served its purpose.

A Chinese Waiter.

In San Francisco the Chinese are to some extent employed as waiters in the eating houses. Two miners went in and called for mutton chop. The waiter not understanding the order perfectly, asked what was wanted.

"Mutton chops, you chucklehead."—And the Chinaman sung out at the top of his voice—

"Some mutton chops, and chucklehead!"

The joke took well among the customers, who all laughed heartily. Presently the poor fellow was overwhelmed with orders like the following:

"Bring me a hat full of boiled bricks," said one.

"Hatee full of bile bricks!" bawled the Chinaman.

"I want a barrel of homeopathic soup," said another.

"Barrel Homopatty soup, sung out the waiter.

"Give me a dog's ear fry," exclaimed a third.

But John Chinaman was not to be fooled with the dog fry. He knew the Americans abominated dogs for food, and seeing everybody laughing, he began to smell the rat, and therefore retreated to the kitchen for the time being. When the story got into the papers the poor fellow became famous without suspecting the cause of it. He is now quite a favorite in the place, and goes constantly by the name of chucklehead—a title that does not displease him.

Shakespeare—As a large number of our gossippers are admirers of Shakespeare, we offer them the following Shakespearean conundrums, which they can answer at their leisure:

Did the 'Books in the running brooks' contain flowing sentences?

If the 'three thousands ducats, well,' of Shylock was an artesian well?

If when Richard saw the 'son of York' there was any heir apparent?

If the 'sermons in stones' weren't hard reading?

If those who 'stood upon the order of their going,' at Macbeth's supper, did not have to set out without further orders?

'What Banquo 'called on Macbeth for' if there was 'no speculation in those eyes?'

If when Richard refused to 'let the coffin pass' he 'ordered it up?'.

If the tale that the ghost of Hamlet's father 'could unfold' was equal to that of a rattlesnake?

Was it waist time when Puck 'put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes?'

War Ariel in the newspaper business when he said, 'I will be correspondent to command?'

The *British Medical Journal* says it has met with an extraordinary example of a person being struck by lightning without receiving fatal injury, under the care of Mr. James R. Lane, at St. Mary's Hospital. The electric current entered above the right ear, destroying the cap, bruising the skin of the ear, destroying the tympanum, meeting a silver chain which passed around the person's neck, partially staving in his watch, and tearing his flannel to pieces. The current then passed in a circuitous manner round his right thigh and leg, peeling the skin off in its course, and passed out at the foot, carrying away a great part of the boot.—The right leg of the trowsers was at the same time unstitched the whole way down. The man appears to have been insensible only for a few moments at most, and otherwise suffered little.

A young lady seeking a situation, was interested in an advertisement for some one to do light housekeeping. So she wrote to the advertiser, asking where the light house was, and if there was any way of getting to shore on Sundays.

WASHINGTON.

[From the Pittsburg Post.]

The following is a letter written by Gen. Washington, as his first term of the Presidency was approaching its conclusion, proving his earnest desire to retire to private life, and requesting Mr. Madison to put in shape the reasons which induced him to decline a re-election:

We believe this letter has never yet appeared in print, and we take pleasure in thus bringing before the public eye the views of that great and good man, "Who being dead yet speaketh." It was found among Mr. Madison's papers after his death, and lithographed *fac similes* were printed for private circulation, one of which came into our possion some years since:

Mt. Vernon, May 20, 1792.

My Dear Sir: As there is a possibility, if not probability, that I shall not see you on your return home; or, if I should see you, that it may be on the road and under circumstances which will prevent my speaking to you on the subject we last conversed upon, I take the liberty of committing to paper the following thoughts and requests.

I have not been unmindful of the sentiment expressed by you in the conversation just alluded to. On the contrary I have again and again resolved them with thoughtful anxiety; but, without being able to dispose my mind to a longer continuation in the office I have now the honor to hold. I therefore still looked forward to the fulfillment of my fondest and most ardent wishes to spend the remainder of my days (which I cannot expect to be many) in ease and tranquility.

Nothing short of conviction that my dereliction of the Chair of Government (it it should be the desire of the people to continue me in it) would involve the country in serious disputes respecting the Chief Magistrate, and the disagreeable consequences which might result therefrom in the floating and divided opinions which seem to prevail at present, could, in any wise, induced me to relinquish the determination I have formed, and of this I do not see how any evidence can be obtained previous to the election. My vanity, I am sure, is not of that cast as to allow me to view the subject in this light.

Under these impression then, permit me to reiterate the request I made to you at our last meeting, namely; to think of the proper time, and the best mode of announcing the intention, and that you would prepare the letter. In revolving this subject myself, my judgment has always been embarrassed. On the one hand a previous declaration to retire, not only carries with it the appearance of vanity and self-importance, but it may be construed into a manœuvre to be invited to remain, and on the other hand, to say nothing, implys consent, or, at any rate would leave the matter in doubt, and to decline afterwards might be deemed as bad and uncandid.

I would fain carry my request farther than is asked above, although I am sensible that your compliance with it must add to your trouble; but as the recess may afford you leisure, and I flatter myself you have a disposition to oblige me, I will without apology desire (if the measure in itself should strike you as proper, and likely to produce public good, or private honor,) that you would turn your thoughts to a valadictory address from me to the public, expressing in plain and modest terms—that having been honored with the Presidential chair, and to the best of my abilities contributed to the organization and administration of the government—that having arrived at a period of life, when the private walks of it, in the shade of retirement, become necessary and will be most pleasing to me; and the spirit of the government may render a rotation in the elective officers of it, more congenial with their ideas of liberty and safety, that I take my leave of them as a public man; and in bidding them adieu (retaining no other concern than such as will arise from fervent wishes for the prosperity of my country) I take the liberty, at my departure from civil, as I formerly did at my military exit, to invoke a continuation of the blessings of Providence upon it, and upon all those who are the supporters of its interests, and the promoters of harmony, order and good government.

That to impress these things it might, among other things, be observed that we are *all* the children of the same country—a country great and rich in itself—capable, and promising to be as prosperous and as happy as any the annals of history have ever brought to our view. That our interest, however diversified in local and smaller matters, is the same in all the great and essential concerns of the nation. That the extent of our country, the diversity of our climate and soil, and the various productions of the States, consequent upon both, are such as to make one part not only convenient, but perhaps indispensably necessary to the other part, and may render the whole (at no distant period) one of the most independent in the world. That the established government being the work of our own hands, with the seeds of amendment engrafted in the constitution, may, by wisdom, good dispositions and mutual allowances, aided by experience, bring it as near to perfection as any human institution ever aproximated; and therefore, the only strife among us ought to be, who should be foremost in facilitating and finally accomplishing such great and desirable objects, by giving every possible support, and cement to the Union. That, however necessary it may be to keep a watchful eye over public servants and public measures, yet there ought to be limits to it, for suspicions unfounded, and jealousies too lively, are irritating to honest feelings, and oftimes are productive of more evil than good.

To enumerate the various subjects that might be introduced into such an address would require thought, and to mention them to you would be unnecessary, as your own judgment will comprehend *all* that will be proper, whether to touch specifically any of the exceptionable parts of the Constitution may be doubted. All I shall add, therefore, at present is, to beg the favor of you to consider, 1. The propriety of such an address: 2, if approved, the several matters which ought to be contained in it; and third, the time it should appear, that is, whether at the declaration of my intention to withdraw from the service of the public, or to let it be the closing act of my administration, which will end with the next session of Congress (the probabilities being that that body will continue sitting until March,) when the House of Representatives will also dissolve.

Though I do not wish to hurry you (the cases not pressing) in the execution of either of the publications before mentioned, yet I should be glad to hear from you generally on both, and to receive them in time, if you should not come to Philadelphia until the session commences in the form they are finally to take. I beg leave to draw your attention also to such things as you shall conceive a fit subject for communication on that occasion, and noting them as they occur, that you would be so good as to furnish me with them in time to be prepared and engrafted with others for the opening of the session.

With very sincere and
affectionate regard,
I am ever yours,
G. Washington.

James Madison, Esq.

Texas Cattle Fever.

Our Western exchanges have already begun their periodical fusilade against the transportation of Texas cattle across their territory, upon the alleged ground that the disease known as "Texas Cattle Fever," follows in the wake of these Texas cattle drovers. There are some singular, if not suspicious facts connected with this tirade against the Texas cattle in reference to the disease in question, a few of which we propose to notice in the interest of common justice.

It is a fact not generally known, perhaps, that Texas cattle do not have the Texas cattle fever, and those who are without interest in the matter cannot regard it otherwise than a very singular fact that Texas cattle impart to the cattle of Missouri and Illinois a disease which they do not have.

During the late war large numbers of Texas cattle were driven to and through Louisiana by the Confederate authorities for the use of the Confederate forces at Vicksburg and Port Hudson. These cattle were driven across the country, herded on the range till required, and many of them wintered in the cane region of Eastern Lonisiana, where they had free and constant intercourse with the native stock of the country, and yet not a single case of Texas cattle fever was ever developed from this contract. The unsophisticated, who are without interest in the matter, would regard this as another singular fact. But Lonisiana cattle were not competing with the Texas cattle in the beef market, hence they obstinately refused to contract any disease from them, and they were particulary cautious not to contract a disease which these Texas cattle did not have.

Some four years ago an Arkansas correspondent of Colman's *Rural World* detailed the fact that "the disease (Texas cattle fever) commenced its ravages in Arkansas in 1846, killing thousands of cattle, while no such thing was known in Texas at that time. It continued to rage for ten years, and disappeared about the time Texas cattle were introduced."

Now here is an array of facts adverse to the theory that Texas cattle imparts this disease, that is worthy of consideration. And when we remember the additional fact that Texas cattle are formidable competors of the cattle of Missouri and Illinois in the beef markets of the North and East, make a case against the assumptions of the interested parties of the States named which will require more conclusive proofs than have thus far been adduced, to satisfy us that they are justified in the unfriendly legislation that has been enacted upon this subject against the interest of the Texas cattle trade.—*Rural South-Land.*

"Billings" Philosophy.

There is no servitude in life so oppressive az tew be obliged tew flatter thoze whom we don't respekt enuff to praze.

The wiminin ought tew ketch all them phellows who part their hair in the middle, and clap a red flannel pettycote on them.

How natral it iz for a man, when he makes mistake, tew korrekt it by kussing somebody else for it.

Prudes hoard their virues, the same az mizers do their money, more for the sake ov recounting them than for use.

Here iz just what's the matter—if yu shut yurself up folks will run after yu, and if you run after folks they will shut themselves up.

Ambishun tew shine in everything iz a sure way tew put a man's kandle all out.

There iz no revenge so komplete as forgiveness.

He that desires tew be ritch only tew be charitable, iz not only a wize man, but a good one.

Grate welth in our journey thru life iz only extra baggage, and wants a heap ov watching.

Beware ov the man who makes a still noize when he walks, and who purs when he talks; he iz a kat in disguise.—*Almanax*," 1873.

A Cockney conducted two ladies to an observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late—the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed. "Oh!" exclaimed our hero, "don't fret; I know the astronomer well; he is a very polite man, and I'm sure will begin again."

An Irish pedlar asked an itinerant poulterer the price of a pair of fowls.

"Six shillings, sir."

"In my own dear country, my darling, you might buy them for saxpince a *pace*," said the pedler.

"Why don't you stay in your own dear country, then?"

"Becase, my jewel, we have no *saxpinces*."

ODDS AND ENDS.

Mirrors laid over with gold are reported to reflect sixteen times as powerfully as ordinary quicksilver ones.

Mrs. Miffin, said a visitor, Emma has your features, but I think she has her father's hair. 'Oh, now I see, said the dear little Emma, 'its because I have got papa's hair that he has to wear a wig.'

Old Scotch lady—Tak' a snuff, sir.

Gentleman (with large nasal promontory, indignantly,)—Do I look like a snuffer?

Old lady—Well, I canna jist say you do, though I maun say ye ha' grand accommodation.

Walnut tree stumps have become an article of merchandise, and many of them are very valuable. The curly grain of the root is used for veneering, and some stumps are worth $150 after being properly worked into shape.

John Bunyan was once asked a question about heaven which he could not answer, because the matter was not revealed in the scriptures, and he therefore advised the inquirer to live a holy life and go and see.

Copper cents were first issued in the year 1763, and ceased in 1857.—In 1815 there were none coined.—The half cents made their first appearance in 1793, and were discontinued in 1837.

Now, let the bonfires blaze and let the cannon roar! Eight hundred thousand negroes give Ulysses three years more!

Precious stones are so well imitated now-a-days that a lady can appear decked in all the wealth of Ormus and India at a very moderate outlay.

The virtuous Mr. Quay of the Beaver *Radical* thinks that Greeley "represents the very worst party that ever existed in the country." As a member of the Cameron ring Quay ought to be a competent judge of what constitutes a good party.

The negroes are as devoid of gratitude as the protectionists. Horace Greeley, the apostle of negro freedom and the high priest of protection, owes his defeat for the presidency to the ingratitude of these classes.

The city of New Haven has made the State of Connecticut the offer of $1,000,000, to be exponded in building a State House, which will be a present from the city of New Haven to the State. Hartford is also about to build a new State House.

According to an advertisement in the London *Spectator*, a nose machine has been invented which, applied to the nose for an hour daily, so directs the soft cartilage of which the member consists, that an ill-formed nose is quickly shaped to perfection.

In one of Lord Brougham's last speeches his upper teeth fell out, and there was an embarrassing silence until they were restored, when he remarked that his teeth had given him a great deal of trouble since he cut them. That restored the equilibrium.

Professor Baird's "Birds of North America," a wholly new work, to cover the land birds in three volumes, and the water birds in perhaps as many more, will see the light sometime during the coming winter. It will be illustrated with far more fullness than any preceding work on ornithology.

Two neighbors living in Westchester county had a long and envenomed litigation about a small spring which they both claimed. The Judge wearied out with the case, at last said: "What is the use of making so much fuss about a little water?" "Your Honor will see the use of it," replied one of the lawyers "when I inform you that the parties are both milkmen!"

Before you ask a favor of a man, consider three things: First. Can you not avoid it? Second. Can the one you apply to grant it? Third. Would you, if your places were reversed, do for your friend what you ask him to do for yourself? It is well to think of this as it may change the whole question.

A Parisian landlady requested a Christmas party on the third floor to cease dancing, as a man below was dying. The guests acquiesced. Returning an hour later, "My dear children," she exclaimed, with the most benevolent smile, "You may begin again—he is dead."

There is now living at Reading, Pa, a man named Jacob Hartman, who has attained the age of ninety years, during eighty-seven years of which he has been totally blind. He lost his sight when a child of three years old, by his brother's thrusting a shoemaker's awl into his eyes. He kept a tavern for forty-five years, taking the active management of the business, was his own bar-keeper, and was so expert in the handling of money, that any attempt to cheat him was futile. He is also a mechanic, having repeatedly taken his clock apart and put it together and tuned and repaired musical instruments.

The Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* states that on the 21st of August, Mrs. Timothy Bradlee, of Trumbull Co., Ohio, gave birth to eight children—three boys, and five girls. They are all living, and are healthy, but quite small. Mr. B. was married six years ago to Eunice Mowery, who weighed 273 pounds on the day of her marriage. She has given birth to two pairs of twins, and now eight more, making twelve children in six years. Mrs. Bradlee was a triplet, her mother and father being twins, and her grandmother the mother of five pairs of twins.

A lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia: "Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly."

"That is none of my business," said the king.

"But, he speaks ill of you," said the lady.

"That," replied he, "is none of your business."