RIDGWAY, ELK CO. PA., FRIDAY, JAN. 22 1869.

County

hOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC. PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON,

PRILADELPRIA, PA. The greatest known remedies for

Liver Complaint, DYSPEPSIA,

Nervous Debility, JAUNDICE. Diseases of the Kidneys, ERUPTIONS of the SKIN, and all Diseases arising from a Dis-ordered Liver, Stomach, or

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD. Rend the following symptoms, and if you find that your system is affected by any of them, you may rest assured that disrace hits commenced its attack on the most important argams of your body, and unless soon checked by the use of powerful remotics, a miserable life, non-terminating in death, will be the result.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles,
Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity
of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgustior Food, Fulness
or Weight in the Stomach,
Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit
of the Stomach, Swimming of
the Head, Hurried or Difficult
Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart,
Choking or Suffocating Sensations when
in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision,
Dots or Webs before the Sight,
Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and
Eyes, Pain in the Side,
Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in
the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of
Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits,
All these indicate disease of the Licer or Digestice All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestice Organs, combined with impure blood.

Goofland's German Bitters Gooland's German Dillers
is entirely vegetable, and contains no
liquor. It is a compound of Finid Extracts. The Roots, ile, he, and Barks
from which these extracts are made
are gathered in Germany All the
medicinal virtues are extracted from
them by a scientific ch., aist. These
extracts are then forwarded to this
country to be used expressly for the
manufacture of these differs. There
is no alcoholic substance of any kind
used in compounding the Bitters,
hence it is the only Bitters that can
be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Goofland's German Conic

poolano's Oerman Come with the hillers, with your same time than then experients of the hillers, with your same time than then experied. You will be some timental is required. You will have in wind that these consists are entirely different from any stars alcorated for the cure of the directed timed, there is need to be sure of the directed timed, there is in according to the cure of the directed timed, there is need to be sure after the directed timed, there is need to be sure after our of run in some form. The UNIC is decidedly one of the most pictured and agreemate remainers over aftered to the public. In that is requisite, the is a pleasure to take it, while it beforeign, exhibitorating and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as we greatest of will tonice.

CONSUMPTION.

Thousands of cases, when the pa-tient supposed he was afflicted with this terrible disease, have been cured by the nee of these remedies. Extreme emaciation, debility, and cough are the usual attendants myon severe cases of dyspepsia or disease of the digestive organs. Even in cases of genains Consumption, these remedies will be found of the greatest benefit, strengthening and invigorating.

DEBILITY.

There is an incident equal to Hoofland's German Release or Traice is cases of Debilly. They impure a lone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, course on reignment of the flood, enable the stoma h to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, cound, healthy complexion, evadectle the pellow tings from the eye, impure a bloom to the cheeke, and change tree patient from a short-breathed, emaciated work.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three mouths old, the most delicate female, or a man of winety.

These Remedies are the best Blood Puriflers

orn, and will cure all diseases resulting from

had blood. Keep your Liver in order; keep your Liver in order; keep your depositive regains in a sound, healthy condition, by the weap of those consider, and no discuss will see occasing the see.

THE COMPLEXION.

Ladles who wish a fair skin and good complexion, free from a yellowi, h tinge and all other disfigurement, should use these remedies occasionslly. The Liver in perfect order, and the blood pure, will result in sparkling eyes and blooming checks. CAUTION.

Haddand's German Remailer are counterfeited. The genetice have the signature of C. M. darkings in the feast of the outside verapper of each bettle, and the name of the article blown in each bettle. All others

Thousands of letters have been re-ceived, testifying to the virtue of these

. READ THE RECOMMENDATIONS.

FROM HON, GEO, W. WOODWARD, Ohist Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania PRILADELPHIA, MARCH 16th, 1867.

e and "Heaftend's Ger. on Billers" is not an inter-icaling bearing, but is a go. I tonic, merid in disco-ders of the disestive organs, one of great benefit in cases of debuity and seast of nervous action in the system.

Finer truly

GEO. W. WOODWARD.

PROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 28th, 1808. I cons'der "Hoofland's German Bit-ters" e calassic medicine in case of at-tacks of indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect, JAMES THOMPSON.

From BRV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D.D., Paster of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia Paster of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

Du Jackson—Tran Six:—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate apters, thave in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and controllarly in my own family, of the use fulness of Dr. Hogland's German Bitters, I separt for once from my small course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system, and especially for Leve Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may full; but wantly, it doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.

Yours, very respectfully,

Eighth, below Coates St.

Price of the Bitters, \$1.00 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for \$5.00. Price of the Tonic, \$1.50 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for \$7.50.

The Tonic is put up in quart bottles... Recallect that it is Dr. Hooftand's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommend-el; and do not allow the Druggist to induce you to take any thing else that he may say is just as good, be cause he makes a lorger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

No. 601 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia. CHAS. M. EVANS, Proprietor, Pormerly C. M. JACKSON & CO. These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medi-cine Dealers everywhere. Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

GONE BEFORE

There's a beautiful face in the silent air, Which follows me ever and near. With smiling eyes and amber hair, With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer That I feel but cannot hear.

The dimpled hands and ringlets of gold Lie low in a marble sleep ; I stretch my arms for the clasp of old, But the empty air is strangely cold, And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with a radient crown And a cross laid down in the dust : There's a smile where not a shadow comes now And tears no more from those dear eyes flew, So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well ! the summer is coming again, Singing her same old song; But O, it sounds like a sob of pain, As it floats in the sunshine and the rain, O'er hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies. And I long to reach its shore, For I know I shall find my treasure there, The laughing eyes and amber hair Of the loved ones gone before.

[From the Philadelphia Press. AGNES WILLARD

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

CHAPTER IV.

"There is to be a wedding at the church to-day," said Mrs. Hatfield one fine Sunday morning, about a year after Al's sudden flight. "A queer wedding, too, for no one knew anything about the parties, only that they are city folks. Almost every one in the village is going, so I think I will, too,-You can have the day to yourself, for I am going to take Nellie with me. and stop to dinner with Aust Sally. So you can pick up as much as you please after I am gone. — Mind you tidy up the house, though, first. and see about dinner for the men You won't need more than two hours to bedeck yourself in, I am sure." She glanced contemptiously at the little figure busily washing up the breakfast dishes, without heeding the tre-mor that shook the two little deft hands, or the sed, sorrowful look of the downrast eyes.

At the appointed hour, Mrs. Hatfield, duly equipped set out for church, ironically remarking, as a parting benediction, "It will he time enough for you to attend weddings ten years bence.

The house had been satisfactorily put to rights, as her mother termed it, and as that lady spoke Agnes stood before the old fashioned kitchen glass thoughtfully unbraiding her hair, absently smoothing the curly nut-brown mass as if her mind were far away. The quick light that came to her eyes for an instant died out, and whatever the secret she carried in her heart she gave it no voice; but the lingering look remained as if she would fane unburden her soul. She regarded her cold, unmotherly mother a moment wistfully, saying abruptly, "You are going to church, and to a wedding. Kiss me once for the bride, and say God bless you, Agnes.— I said it when Al ran away with all my soul Kiss me just once on THIS day, mother. In all these years you have not done it. For ny father's sake, kiss me this Sabbath

Agnes drew near her astonished parent, and tearfully lifted her face for the envied

Impelled by the dim. undefined fear at her heart, that mother bent down and gently touched the offered lips of her daughter, remarking in grim tenderness-

"There now, are you satisfied? Seems to me you act mighty strange to-day. You are changed so much in everything of late that I har lly know you But I will not scold you to-day. Perhaps I may not stay to diener after all-Aunt Sally is such a poke. There now, go and comb your hair and don't bother me, or I shall be late." The mother's toil hardened hund dropped kindly on the soft unbound tresses, as in spite of her scorn she loved to feel its glossy richness. Actua-ted by some hidden impulse, she again kissed her and hastened away. Was it the gentle pleading of Agnes, or her brief allusion to her dead tather and lost brother that touched the mother's heart-the husband of her youth, the child of her love? Who can tell? Long years after, she remembered that beseeching look; the timid prayer for a mother's kiss and blessing.

Ten minutes after the departure of Mrs.

Hatfield, a handsome carriage drove up to the gate and two ladies alighted, coming quickly along the grassy walk to the front loor-the one, elegant, fair, and stately, attired in bridal white ; the other more plainly dresed, carried a large box. It was Annie Stawart, accompanied by her maid. Skilfully and rapidly they arrayed the trembling Agues in her bridal robes. The superb white silk, covered with misty lace, floated like a cloud about her graceful form. Magically Aggie stepped from her coarse cow-hide shoes to dainty satin slippers and silken hore The brown curls danced free under the mag-nificent point veil, bound with pearls and orange blossoms. Between them they drew on the white gloves, for Agnes was passive in their hands, and both Annie and her maid pronounced her perfect. In a moment, as it were, Agnes Williard had left behind forever the faded calico and slat bonnet with the sorrows of her old life. Hoppiness, love, home, and a husband awaited her. The next hour would crown her blessed among women. There she stood, with her old clothes lying in a homely heap beside her, shimmering in lace and jewels so rare and costly that she scarcely knew herself, only that she was very, very happy, and in half an hour would be Robert Stewart's wife—safe in his love, with his home and family to give her loving wel-

Robert had wisely confined everything to his sister; and she, like a sensible woman as she was, gave his chosen bride a sister's affection, volunteering to arrange the matter

properly. Robert met them at the church, which was crowded with wondering villagers, anxious to witness the ceremony. "Be brave," he whispered to the frightened little creature on his arm, as they passed up the aisle under the fixed gaze of the eager eyes bent upon them. Surprised ejaculations greeted them from all sides. "Who would have thought from all sides. "Who would have thought it?" "Did you ever?" "Well, of all things!" on the faded garments as she folded them "Aggie Willard, as I live! Bob Stewart, away. The poor, sorrowful, conscience-

in tones of whispered wonderment.

Mrs. Hatfield gave one hurried glauce at
the averted face of the bride. Could she believe her eyes? Was it her child clad in such
gorgeous attire? The color faded from her stern face, giving place to a blue pallor, and a suppressed moan escaped her lips. She heard nothing of the murmured surprised going on around her; powerless to answer the questions asked her by the carious. But her face hardened in an instant, becoming rigid in its forced calmness. Unable to endure the stare and observations of the gaping crowd, she took Nellie by the hand and silently left the church, with the bride at the altar taking her vows. Many regarded her inquiringly as she passed, and would have

and heart-stricken. Agnes dared not raise her eyes to her mother, fearful even in her refuge. Flushed, excited and frightened, she desperately clung to Robert. The church, the people, Annie, ber mother and the minister, all swam wildly around her. She only felt sure of HIME-so strong, so brave, so good, and she was his wife. Dizzy with unspeakable happiness. she leaned heavily upon his arm for support, unable to realize her great joy. Little Agnes Willard, the drudge of the

detained her, but she shook them off and fled

to her desolate home, amazed, bewildered

farm house, turned from the altar, the honored Mrs. Stewart, with her proud, handsome husband smiling down on her, as he had done since that day one year ago in the grove. -The opal ring glitters on her finger, but there is no tear to dim its beauty now.

"I wish I had told mother," she whispered ty Robert when she saw her place vacant.-I wish I had told her. But I dare not. I had not the courage, though I longed to do so this morning. May beaven forgive me if I gave her a pang of grief. I never found her heart. She always shut me out, away from her love and confidence. I never dare tell my troubles to mother or ask her advice. She will be very angry with me, I know, and then forget me as she has forgotten Al."
Oh, Agnes! How little you know of that

mother's stern heart when you reason thus, or how tenderly the absent son is shrined

Agnes often wondered how Robert came to love her of all the world. But he did, and that blessed fact was all she asked. She did not reflect that her mother would mourn her loss. Her fillial love had been perverted but not killed; deep in her bosom slumbered true and devoted affection for the mother that seemed to have no genuine love for any of her children.

Conscience whispered that she had not dealt fairly with her parent. Too late she realized the truth, even while she shrank from confessing the wrong.

On returning home, Mrs Hatfield opened the kitchen door as if a ghost were hidden in the room. The little glass mirrored no braided tresses; THAT picture had fied forever. A fair, sweet bride in spotless white stared at her from every corner, mocking her loneliness. 'Kiss me just once, for my father's sake," kept sounding in her ears. The plaintive voice and tender eyes handed her remorseful soul. Thank tood, she had kissed her on her wedding day. Now all was plain. The happiness of mouths stood revealed.— Agnes had loved and married in secret, and SHE was left to find it out with the gaping village-forgotten and alone to return to her

The kitchen hair brush, worn and stubby, lay on the window-sill, just where Aggie had placed it. Absently the mother picked it alone was sorrowful. up; a few long, silken hairs adheared to it. Mechanically she gathered them, carefully twisting the simple threads about her fingers. Tenderly she placed them in the little plated locket that she always wore in her bosom. It contained a ring of the dead John Willard's hair and a sunburnt lock of Al's. Carefully she placed the few brown threads beside them, murmuring as she shut the tarnished case, "These are my dead-all I have left of what was once my own."-Softly she stole up stairs to Aggie's room, pausing at the door as if afraid to enter -Mastering the weakness, she quickly passed in, shotting the door as if a corpse lay starkly shrouded in the dreary little chamber where her child had lain, and watched the shivering limbs of the poplars moan in the winter blast. She went up to the neatly made bed, and silently patted the patch-work quilt and soothed the solitary pillow

that the young head was never to press again. "Married! Agues, little Agues, married Is it possible that John Willard's daughter, ms only daughter, married and left me today? rich, happy and careless of my sorrow —deserting the old home where she was born, without regret, or a parting good bye -dressed in silk and pearls. 'A LADY, John, nurmured Mrs. Hatfield, as if her dead husband was in the room. Glancing at the coarse shoes and faded calico, she shook her head sadly, and turned to the high, old fashioned chest of drawers that contained the scant posessions of Agnes. How neatly the few little trifles were put away! The check aprons, the well-darned stockings and pitiful supply of linen, all carefully folded and bearing the impress of her tidy fingers.

Agues left behind every article of her old wardrobe, for none of it was suitable for her new station in life, and there was nothing pleasant connected with the familiar trappings of her servitude.

Mrs. Stewart went forth in costly attire; nothing of Agnes Willard remained, save the face of her girlhood. She bade adieu to the farm without apparent regret. There was no kiss, no tears; no whispered prayer for her return followed her parting footsteps.

Mrs. Hatfield went to an old trunk stowed away in the garret; its contents were sacred to her-homely sepulchre wherein she stowed the mementoes of her living dead. Slowly her trembling hand disentombed an old check shirt, patched in many places, and frayed at collar and wristbands, yet very dear to the mother, who had preserved it with tender care, together with the identical old straw hat that Al had left behind in his flight .-Silent she had been, but not forgetful, for she stealthily visited the barn-yard after the battle, and the broken straws of Al's tattered hat, soiled where his sun-burnt locks had lain through many a long, toiling summer's day, drank up the tears that fell so bitterly upon it. Both of these shabby articles Mrs. Hatfield carried to Aggie's deserted room, placing them in the drawer where her daughter ouce kept her most precious treasures

too; deary me !" were heard right and left smitten mother sobbed humbly before the

open drawer.
"It is just!" she cried in angulsh. have not been a mother to them, and they have forgotten—and why should they not?—the duty of children. One by one they forsook me, without regret or remorse. Now there are two repro chiul faces to forever upbraid me-two haunting voices to say 'In all these years you have not kissed me. Oh, Nellie! I'll try to make your life happier

than hers was."

The tears dried on the mother's rough cheek; the hard look came back to the strong face; regaining the habitual composure of eye and voice, her meekness outwardly was over. She opened the window, locked the door, and, with a firm step, went back to her active life as if no tear had dimmed her severe eyes, or no prayer of remorse had fallen from her resolute lipes. Work was her only refuge—her only escape from the shadows that surrounded her narrow way.— True, her will was unbroken, and her arm as vigorous as formerly. But did she forget?
No! Was not the plated locket ever resting
on her heart? Was not the room of Agnes

When her husband and son came into their late dinner, Mrs. Hatfield's face told nothing

of her aching heart.
Mr. Hatfield delighted in wandering over his farm on Sunday; in counting the sheep; salting the cattle, and designating fine timber trees to his dutiful son John. He gener ally wiled away the time. Agnes took advantage of this habit, as we have seen, to prepare her bridgi toilet at home. Nothing could be guessed from the mother's impenetrable features as she sat still and uncommunicative at the head of the table, leisurally pouring tea. At last John carelessly asked-"Where is Agnes?"

"Gone," replied his mother, with a short,

"Gone!-where?" questioned John, paus ing in the rapid business of stowing away bread and butter. "I don't know," she returned briefly.

"Are you sume she's out?" queried John doubtfully, for his sister being absent at meal time was something extraordinary. "Yes, and will never return," was the curt

"Followed Al, perhaps," put in Hatfield glibly. "Runnin away belongs to the fami-

ly on that side." His wife looked at him witheringly; there was an omious sparkle in her eye, and her lips trembled with pain and rage; but she made no reply. The one blighted look, however, effectually silenced her audacious spouse, who, without venturing further comhumbly subsided to his pork and ment. beans.

"Why, what can you mean, mother" said

John, increduously.
"Nothing, but that Agnes is married—married to-day in the church. It was HER wedding that all the town was talking about. I was there," shortly explained his mother. "Good heavens!" exclaimed John in amaze ment. "Aud who did she marry?"

"Robert Stewart; and she has gone away with her busband; that is all," she replied,

calmly sipping her tea,
John looked blank, and Hatfield stared at his composed better-half with his mouth full. Both were utterly astounded, and remained silent. John thought "I am glad that Aggie is free;" and Mr. Hatfield mentally decided "that Ag had done well." concluding ewart must pay spect as the stepsire of his son's wife. With all her hard, uncouth nature, the mother

In the dusk of the quiet Sabbath evening she sat on the kitchen steps, meditating on the strange events of the day. Suddenly she took up bright eyed little Nellie, who was playing at her feet, and tenderly kissed astonished child. "You shall profit by this day's lesson," she murmured; "you shall nev-er say, like my lost Agnes did this morning, 'In all these years, you have never kissed me.' I'll try to be a mother to you, Nel-

The child's dimpled hand wandered careas ingly over its mothr's loved face until the wee fingers were wet, but not with the night dew. From that hour she was never known to scold or fret at the wearisome child of her old age. Daily she became more silent, morose, and within herself; seldom speaking to any one, but always at work. Life went on in the old way. Occasionally tidings of Agnes came vaguely to the inmates of the old homestead. She was rich, happy and beautiful, surrounded by love and care. Mrs. Stewart; in spite of her mature reason, could not conquer the innate fear she felt of her mother. Inculcated in her desolate childhood, now though a woman mingling in the fashionable sphere of cultivated life, she could not shake it off. But conscience ever whispered, "Return to the mother you have undutifully deserted, and crave her pardon. She is your mother. Be reconciled, oh, child! with the bosom that pillowed thy infant head." Agnes did not head the warning, and so the years passed on, with one foot a strauger to the doorway of the dingy farm-

It was remarked that as Nellie grew older she was not put to work as Agnes had been, but was left to run and shout about the yard after school, supremely indifferent on the subjects of milking and dish-washing, with neither hard work nor hard words to sadden her youthful spirits. Little Nellie was having a childhoud.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SWEARING .- Mothers, ask your sons if they swear! Now, do not hold up your hands in amazement at the thought of such a thing; ask them this very night if they ever swear! And, furthermore, ask them in such a way that they will answer you directly and truthfully. We venture to affirm that there is not a boy of eight years or over, who has not some companion who uses lan-guage that you would very much dislike to have your your son use. Yet if this be the case, and these associations are allowed to continue, your sons will be very likely to incur the very habits which he himself at present condemns. Not that he intends to be bad, but the enormity of the evil is con-stantly diminished by the freedom and frequency with which it is practiced by those with whom he comes in contact. It is a duty which you owe to your son to see that he does not incur habits which will in latter years exclude him from good society. The faithfulness with which you perform this important duty will, to a great extent, be the measure of your son's future regard for

RAVELINGS. Alaska cost us less that two cents an acre;

Advocate.

ice and Indians thrown in.—A method of sewing boots and shoes with coper wire instead of the common thread has been patented. --- A person who saw a steam fire engine in operation for the first time, innocently asked if the water was boiled before it was thrown upon the fire. ——Wet both sides of postage stamps when affixed to letters and thus are not so apt to come off. — Geranium leaves are said to be an excellent application for cuts and bruises. —The London Chemical News tells tea makers that water which has "about five degrees of hardness boiled," is better than soft water for tea; that boiling tea is a common folly, which makes a deep-colored solution containing the worthless bitter extractive matter, which is devoid of physiological or dietetic property; that three spoonfuls of black ten should be used where two of green would be enough. The "one dollar timekeepers" that are so extensively advertised now-a-days are simply an dials on card bourd. — Prof. Graham, of London, has lately discovered metallic hydrogen, a form of the element long sought but never found, which is a white magnetic metal, appearing to have considerable analogy to magnesium. -- Prof. Joy of Columbia College, in publicly announcing the fact, at New York, said that it was the greatest chemical discovery of the age. - It is not strange that men sometimes lose their presence of mind in battle, nor wonder, in view of the fact that they do so often lose it, that so much powder and lead is wasted without effect. Of the 27,000 small arms gathered on the field of Gettysburg, 24,000 were loaded. One half contained two loads each, and many contained ten loads, show-ing that the bearers of them had loaded them but did not fire. In some the balls were put in before the powder. But then, enough soldiers were there who did dot lose their senses.

How to Cook A BEEFSTEAK. - A beefsteake ought always to be broiled to be the nicest but the following method of cooking is recommended by a lady writer on the subject, which even those who are accustomed to fry-ing may be willing to try: 'The frying pan being wiped very dry, place it upon the stove, and let it become hot, very hot. In the meantime mangle the stake-if it chance to be sirloin, so much the better-pepper and salt it, then lay it on the hot, dry pan, which instantly cover as tight as possible. When the raw flesh touches the heated pan, of course it seethes and adheres to it, but in a few seconds it becomes loosened and juicy. Every half minute turn the steak; but be careful to keep it as much as possible under cover. When nearly done lay a small piece of butter upon it, end if you want much gravy add a tablespoonful of strong good coffee. In three minutes from the time the steak first goes into the pan it is ready for This method of coaking makes the most delicious, delicately broiled steak, full of juice, yet retaining the healthy beefy flavor, that any John Bull could require.—
The same method may be applied to mutton chops, only they require a little longer cooking to prevent them from being rare. At excellent gravy may be made for them by adding a little cream, thickened with a pinch of flour, into which, when off the fire and partly cool, stir in the yolk of an egg well beaten.

is reported to have stopped persons from leaving his meeting by requesting all who had holes in the heels of stockings to go THEN OF STAY through." A similar instance though more truthful, and in better taste, s given in the history of Phineas Rice, Methodist itinerant. While he was stationed in one of the New

York churches, he found that many of the young people, of both sexes, were accustomed to leave the church before closing the evening service. It annoyed him, and he determined to stop it. The next Sabbath evening before he commenced his sermon, he said: "Some of my brethern have been greatly afflicted that so many young women leave church before the service is through .-But 1 tell them they ought not to feel so, for doubtless most of those that go out are young women who live at service, and their mistresses require them to be at home at nine o'clock; and the young men have to go out to wait upon them home; so hereafter, when those young women leave church before the service is over, you will understand who they are, and not feel badly about it.' The brother who gave me this fact, said:— We were no more annoyed after this; they either staid away, or staid till the meeting was closed."

BRICK Pomeroy's New York DEMOCRAT bids fair to prove an elephant with a very strong appetite. It is asserted by the knowing newspaper men of New York that it has taken into its capacious maw the net profits of the La Crosse concern, all that Brick could rake up in New York, and even now displays a weakness in the legs greater than that exhibited by Oliver Twist when he mustered up the courage to ask for "more."-A pauper and a newspaper, however, are two different things; what one pleads for the other exacts. So Brick's LaCrosse estab-lishment has been completely swallowed by the New York concern, and not a word said about it by Mrs. Tucker. If the LaCrosse readers can't get along on a weekly issued at New York, they must go elsewhere for the mental pabulum they require. In the mean-time, the World was never so prosperous. time, the World was never so prosperous.—
This is one way of saying that even Democracy can't live on filth and blackguardism as taken. That is the problem which I invite a regular diet.

RESIST THE BEGINNING. -The Arabs have fable of a miller, who was one day startled by a camel's nose thrust in the window of a room where he was sleeping. "It is very cold, outside," said the camel; "I only want to get my nose in." The nose was let in, then the neck, and finally the whole body.— Presently the miller began to be extremely inconvenienced by the ungainly companion he had obtained, in a room cetainly not large enough for both. "If you are inconver-ienced," said the camel, "you may leave.-As for myself, I shall stay where I am."

The MORAL of the fable concerns all.

When temptations occurs, we must not yield to it. We must not allow as much as "nose" to come in. Everything like sin to be turned away from. He who yields even the smallest degree, will soon be entirely overcome; and the last state of this man is worse than the first.

Andreo's ARITHMATIC .- Mr. John on's head is about as well bil need on the figure of arithmatic as on the figures of speech .-The lucidity of his mathematical propositions is only equaled by the clearness of his political views. For instance, he says in his message that Government "received for its bonds, in real money, THEME OR FOUR HUNDRED PER CENT. less than the obligations which it issued in return." No man of orage and the Arabic numerals would ever make such a ridiculous statement. Take an illustration. Here is a bond for \$1,000 Johnson mean by saving that Government received "three or four hundred per cent. less" than the \$1,000 for the bond? How much is "three or four hundred per cent. less than \$1,000? Three hundred per cent. of \$1,000 is \$3,000. Does the man mean that Government received \$3,000 less than 1,000 for every one thousand bond issued?— If this is his meaning, then the Government must have paid \$2,000 bonus to every man who accepted a \$1,000 bond. But what a botch this fellow from Tenn., makes of everything .- [Hartford Post.

THE RANK OF GENERAL OF THE ARMIES -There are decided movements on foot look-ing to the satisfactory adjustment of the question as to who shall bear the four silver starsafter they have dropped from the shoulders of General Grant. It is said that Grant has a plan to put into operation concerning the rank of General, and that it is most pro-baby the matter will be settled in accordance with his views. Gen. Grant, it is stated, wishes the grade of General to be continued, and is advising against the passage of the resolution offered in the early part of the present session of Congress declaring that the grade of Geneeal in the army shall cease when vacated by the present possessor. The General, it seems, is of opinion that this honor should of right fall upon Lieutenant General Sherman, and the rank of Lieuten-ant General, he believes, would be judiciously bestowed on gallant Phil Sheridan. With this plan of rewarding merit in view he has been holding on to the command of the army with the intention of keeping the place warm for Sherman, as by resigning immedia ately before his inauguration he secures, as President, the opportunity of nominations to the vacancies created to suit himself.

Address by Chief Justice Chase —Off Sunday evening last Chief Justice Chase appeared in a new ROLE. Before a numerous and fashionable congregation at the Episcopal Church in Washington he deliverd an address on the subject of "Christian Missions." which he stated were destined to effect what all the conquerors of the world from Nimrod to Napoleon had failed to accomplish—the subjugation of the whole world. Though there were but 340,000,000 Christians against \$60,000,000 anti-Christians. tians on the globe, and though, comparatively speaking, but few were engaged in disseminating the doctrine of Christianity, still he believed the time not far distant when the world would be subjugated by the power of Him who said, "Go ye and teach all nations." He saw all the signs of the coming religious unity. Nations were becoming fewer but larger; languages were dlsappearing; but the tendency to one common, universal language, understood by all nations, was making itself known; the means multiplying, and the distances being shortened by the agencies of steam and electricity. Christianity progressed with these improved means of communication. The address of the Chief Justice was listened to with profound attention.

PASHUNCE OF JOB —Everybody is in the habit of bragging up Job, and Job did have konsiderable bile pashunes, that's a fac, but did he ever keep a distric skule house for 8 dollars a month, and board round, or keep

a kuntry newspaper?

Did he ever reap edged oats down hill on a hot day, and have all his gallus buttons bust oph at once? Did he ever have the jumpin teethache

and be made to tend the baby while his wife was over to Perkinses in a tea squall? Did he get up in the morning awful dri, and turf it three times before breakfast tu

get a drink, and find that the man kept a temperance house? Did he ever undertake to milk a kickin hefer with a bushy tail in fli time, out in the

Did he ever sot down on a litter of kittens in the old rocking cheer, with his summer pantaloons on? If he cud do all these things, and praze

the Lord at the same time, all I hev got to say iz, "Bully for Job." A FARMER who had employed a green Em-

oralder, ordered him to give the mule some corn in the ear. On his coming in the farmer asked: "Well, Pat, did you give the mule some corn?" "To be sure I did."

"How did you give it?" "And sure, as you told me, in the ear." "But how much did you give?"

"Well, ye see the crayter wouldn't hould still, and kept switching his cars about so, I couldn't get but about a fist full in both ears!"

Tuz distinguished English orator, Robert Lowe, said in a speech made a few days be-fore the Parliamentary election: "My wish you to consider. Perhaps the best thing is to look at America, not as a warning to deter, but as an example to imitate.

A few nights since a Louisville man name ed Weathers, while under influence of liquor, asked his little boy, four years old, to spell a word which was impossible for the child to do. Weathers seized him by the hair and beat him with a stick until his flesh was lucerated in many places. He then held the child over the hot fire in the stove until its whole body was burned to a blister.

Secretary McCulloch recently issued an order discharging all negro messengers in the various departments of the treasury. His intentions was to supply their places with ex-soldiers. The heads of bureaus, however, waiting upon him in a body and and objected so strongly that he was compelled to re-scind the order.