

THE ELK COUNTY ADVOCATE.

VOL. 1.

RIDGWAY, PA., OCT. 30, 1869.

NO. 3.

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE RAILROAD.

WINTER TIME TABLE.
Through and Direct Route between Philadelphia, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Williamsport, and the GREAT OIL REGION of Pennsylvania.

ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS

On all Night Trains.

ON and after MONDAY, NOV. 25th, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

Mail Train leaves Philadelphia	10:45 p. m.
" " " " " " " "	2:05 p. m.
" " " " " " " "	9:50 p. m.
Erie Exp leaves Philadelphia	11:50 a. m.
" " " " " " " "	3:32 a. m.
" " " " " " " "	10:00 a. m.

EASTWARD.

Mail Train leaves Erie	8:15 a. m.
" " " " " " " "	2:25 p. m.
" " " " " " " "	6:10 a. m.
Erie Express leaves Erie	3:20 p. m.
" " " " " " " "	11:10 a. m.
" " " " " " " "	1:20 p. m.

Mail and Express connect with Oil Creek and Allegheny River Rail Road. BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

ALFRED L. TYLER,
General Superintendent.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAIL ROAD.

The only direct route to Pittsburg WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS from Oil City.

On and after Monday May 3d 1869, trains will run as follows:

GOING SOUTH.

Day Express leaves Oil City at	10:10 a. m.
Arriving at Pittsburg at	5:15 p. m.
Night Express leaves Oil City at	8:30 p. m.
Arriving at Pittsburg at	6:30 a. m.
Mixed Way leaves Oil City at	7:20 a. m.
Arriving at West Penn Junction at	6:00 p. m.

GOING NORTH.

Day Express leaves Pittsburg at	8:00 a. m.
Arriving at Oil City at	7:10 p. m.
Night Express leaves Pittsburg at	8:30 p. m.
Arriving at Oil City at	5:40 a. m.
Mixed Way leaves West Penn Junction at	6:45 a. m.
Arriving at Oil City at	6:45 p. m.

Connections at Corry and Irvinport for Oil City and Pittsburg. At Franklin with Jamestown and Franklin R. R. Connections with West Penn, R. R. at West Penn Junction for Blairsville and all points on the main line of the Pennsylvania R. R.

Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.
J. J. LAWRENCE, General Supt.
THOS. M. KING, Asst. Supt.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. HALL, Attorney at law, Ridgway, Elk county Pa. [mar-22'60-ly]

HENRY SOUTHER, Attorney at Law, Ridgway, Pa. [feb-29'68.]

FRANK S. BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Penna. Will practice in Elk and Cameron counties. [sep-7'68-y.]

JOHN G. HALL, JAS. K. P. HALL, **HALL & BRO**, Attorneys at Law, ST. MARY'S, BENZINGER P. O. ELK COUNTY, PA. September 20, 1866. ly.

J. S. BORDWELL, M. D. Eclectic Physician - Office and residence opposite the Jail, on Centre St., Ridgway, Pa. Prompt attention will be given to all calls. Office hours: 7 to 9 A. M.; 12 to 2 P. M.; and 6 to 7 P. M. Mar. 22, 66-tf.

DR. W. JAMES BLAKELY, Physician and Surgeon, St. Mary's, Elk county Pa. [mar-22'66-ly.]

DR. W. W. SHAW, Practices Medicine and Surgery, Centreville, Elk county Pa. [mar-22'66-ly.]

H. E. C. KRUMME, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Ridgway Elk Co. Pa. Office above store of R. G. Gillis. Office hours from 8 to 10 A. M. and 6 to 8 P. M. vln8tf.

C. H. VOLK, Manufacturer and Dealer in Lager Beer, opposite the Railroad Depot, St. Mary's, Elk county Pa. Mar-22'66-1.

THAYER HOUSE, RIDGWAY, PA. DAVID THAYER, Proprietor. The undersigned having fitted up a large and commodious hotel on the southwest corner of Centre and Mill streets, with good and convenient stabling attached, respectfully solicits the patronage of his old friends and the public generally. decl3'66-ly DAVID THAYER.

ALPINE HOUSE, St. Mary's, Pa. Her-mann Kretz, Proprietor. aug'9'66

FRANKLIN HOUSE, ST. MARY'S, PA. LARGY & MALONE, Proprietors. The proprietors respectfully ask the attention of their friends and the public in general to their large and commodious hotel. Every attention paid to the convenience of guests. H. LARGY, J. A. MALONE. may 30-1868-ly

KERSEY HOUSE, CENTREVILLE, ELK CO., PA. H. B. LEACH, Proprietor. Thankful for the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon him, the new proprietor, hopes, by paying strict attention to the comfort and convenience of guests, to merit a continuance of the same. vln20ly.

Elk County Directory.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

President Judge—S. P. Johnson.
Additional Law Judge—Hon. Jho. P. Vincent.

Associate Judges—E. C. Schultze, Jesse Kyle.
District Attorney—J. K. P. Hall.
Sheriff—James A. Malone.
Prothonotary, &c.—G. A. Rathbun.
Treasurer—Claudius V. Gillis.
Co. Superintendent—Rufus Lucore.
Commissioners—H. Warner, J. W. Taylor, Louis Vollmer.

Auditors—Clark Wilcox, Byron J. Jones, Jacob McCauley.
County Surveyor—Geo. Walmsley.

CARDS.

GUNS, PISTOLS, RIFLES, KNIVES, pocket and table cutlery, of the best quality and most approved patterns, very cheap at the Hardware Store on Biberger's old corner in Elk county.

NAILS, SPIKES, HINGES, RIVETS, locks, bolts, and all kinds of builder's materials in general can be had cheaper at the St. Mary's Hardware Store than at any other place in Elk county. (n28'67)

All orders for Stoves and Hardware will be promptly attended to as soon as received, at the ST. MARY'S HARDWARE STORE, 12'67.

CARDS, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads, Tags, Handbills, &c., done in a neat manner, and at the lowest price. FOR CASH, at the Elk Advocate Printing Office.

LOUIS H. GARNER, PRACTICAL MACHINIST, Can be found at his Foundry at St. Mary's where he is ready to have all shop-work in his line done on short notice. St. Mary's, Benzinger P. O., Elk co., Pa. my1'68 ly

EXECUTIONS, SUMMONS, SUBPENA, Warrants, &c., on hand and for sale at this office.

BLACKSMITHS, CARPENTERS AND JOINERS' tools for sale "cheaper than the cheapest" at the St. Mary's Hardware Store (nov-28'67.)

ATTENTION MILL-OWNERS! THE EAGLE TURBINE WATER WHEEL, patented July 30, 1867, is superior to any wheel in use. The undersigned have the agency for said wheel in the State of Pennsylvania, and can recommend it as being the best manufactured. For further particulars, and circulars, inquire at our Foundry in Kersey, where machinery, mill-gearing, castings and steam engines will be made to order at reasonable prices. We expect by giving satisfaction in our work to receive a good share of public patronage. J. F. ROBERTSON, R. BELL, Kersey, Elk Co., Pa., Jan 16 1868-pd.

NEW STORE. The subscriber begs leave to inform the citizens of Ridgway and vicinity that he has opened a store where may be found PERFUMERY, FANCY GOODS, TOILET ARTICLES, STATIONERY, FINE CONFECTIONARY, OYSTERS, ORANGES, LEMONS, in season. n12-11tf J. R. FAIRD.

PATRONIZE HOME INSTITUTIONS.

FLOUR, FEED AND GRAIN. THE subscribers having completed their New Grist Mill in Ridgway are now prepared to furnish the people of the surrounding country with Flour of the Best Quality and of their own manufacture, at the lowest market rates. The attention of lumbermen and others is called to our facilities for furnishing them with FEED OF ALL KINDS, cheaper than it can be bought any other place in the county. CASH PAID FOR GRAIN. J. S. HYDE, J. V. HOUK, J. K. WHITMORE. November 7, 1867-tf

IF YOU WANT TO BUY CLOTHING for the Million Go to A. DURLACHER, DEALER IN CLOTHING! CLOTHING GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS, &c. ST. MARY'S, ELK COUNTY, PENNA. Jan 2 1868 1y-pd

ERRORS OF YOUTH. A Gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, vln20y1. No. 42 Cedar street, N. Y.

VISITING CARDS NEATLY EXECUTED at this office.

The Foot Steps of Decay.

Oh I let the soul its slumber break—
Arouse its senses and awake
To see how soon
Life, in its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.
And while we view the rolling tide,
Down with our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And dream each future dream of joy
Already past.
Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day:
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Let them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death whose waves roll on
O'er kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.
Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivet's glide,
To that sad wave!
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side,
Within the grave.
Life is the morning of the race,
Our birth is but the starting place;
And death the goal;
There all our glittering toys are brought—
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See then how poor and little worth,
Are all these glittering toys of earth
That lure us here:
Dreams of sleep that death must break;
Alas before it bids us wake,
We disappear.
Long ere the damp of death can blight
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away:
Youth smiled and all was heavenly fair—
Age came, and laid his finger there
And where are they!

Where is the strength that spurred decay,
The step that roared so light and gay:
The heart's blithe tone,
Then strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy weariness, and woe!
When age come on!

DEATH AND LIFE.

"Man's body may be likened to a stately mansion, made of beautiful but very perishable materials, all of which are always needing repairs to keep up the shapeliness and usefulness of the building; but not all in equal degrees. Some of the walls may stand unaided for years, while other parts want almost hourly looking after. When the owner leaves the dwelling the repairs cease, and then we see, not all at once, but one after another, the materials falling into ruin. It will serve a purpose in my argument to think over the several steps of this ruin for a few minutes.
"I began this lecture by likening the animal body to a building constructed of perishable materials, which need continuous renewal to maintain the usefulness of the structure. To keep up the simile, the permanent architect is the indwelling life, and the best performs his duty, not by fits and starts of work, but by ever-watchful industry. He should be every moment renewing decaying materials from the walls and working machinery, to be carted away at convenient periods; and he should be every moment supplying their places by fresh. Thus there are two departments carried on simultaneously—the 'destructive' and the 'constructive'; and upon their harmony and completeness depends the perfection of life which we call health. Both are necessary; and the deficiency of either or both, or the preponderance of one over the other in various parts, or their deficiency in one part while other parts remain active, constitutes a deficiency of life—a disease."—(Chambers)

LIFE.

Life is an active condition, and exists only when there is a continued change of material and form. The expression of life in the human body is the result, in great part, of the death of its tissues. Then the greatest expression of life is associated with the most rapid death; the least expression of life with the greatest stability of tissue. The ordinary phenomena of life in a healthy person, are produced by an expenditure of the sum of all the soft tissues of the body each four months. In other words, man renews his body as often as three times each year; and the use of this amount of material gives him the power expended in this time.
If this rapid expenditure of tissue were not counterbalanced by a proportionate gain of new material, and the person could live for four months, he would have nothing left but his bones.
So long as a man possesses the power of renewing his tissues as rapidly as they are broken down in use, so long he will have an active and healthy life. When this change goes on rapidly—an equal rapid waste and supply—he will have a proportionate activity of function. When the waste exceeds the supply, his capital will be proportionately exhausted; until finally it is so far exhausted that he dies.
But if the waste of tissue be slow, his life will be slow in the same proportion. If the waste stops, life ends.
The waste of the body is carried off through the lungs, the kidneys, skin, and bowels. Prevent the escape of carbonic acid from the lungs, and death results in a few moments. Arrest the waste by the

other excretory outlets, and death is as certain, though not so speedy.
It is as necessary, therefore, that the old body be got rid of, as that we take food to form a new one.
Equal waste and renewal give health.
Waste of tissue comes from use.
Waste of tissue gives activity.
Rapidity of waste and reformation gives power.
Increased use gives increased renewal of tissue, as well as waste.—Therefore,
He who would enjoy health must live an active life.
He who would attain the highest degree of power as a man, must make the best use of that which he has.
Thus the life that we live in our own hands, to be moulded as we wish. If we properly use that we have the measure of it will be increased. If we allow it to remain unimproved by disuse, we will lose it little by little until our capital is wholly expended.
There is nothing new in this. It is but the history of the "talents" (Matt. xxv: 14) which is as true to-day as at the beginning of the world; as true physically as it is mentally.

Excentric Connecticut Yankee.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.
One of the most marked personages of old Windham county was a certain Revolutionary pensioner, by the name of Lincoln—surname Jones, I believe. Living in the adjoining town, he was yet well known in Lebanon, where he frequently visited. Indeed, he was one whom the war had so unsettled that he was never at rest except when tramping around and "stirring about." He was a harmless, good-natured, cider-drinking, story telling old fellow, whom everybody was glad to see, bored with, chatted with, laughed at, and pitied, for he was alone in the world: a sad condition, which he, however, took very philosophically, consoling himself by sagely commenting on all the ills which married men and heads of families are heir to.
Though usually idle and vagabondish in his habits, he was a man of wonderful energy and perseverance when once his spirit was up. On one occasion, when he had extended a ramble to the vicinity of Hartford, he found himself at the ferry, opposite the city, without a shilling in his pocket. He proposed to the ferryman to allow him a free passage, promising to pay on his next visit. But the Yankee Charon refused, with a curling lip, "No, mister, I don't take you nor no other old tramp for nothin'." So down with your rhino, or clear coat!"
"Waal, then," exclaimed the old soldier, "you go to thunder with your old skew; I won't be beholden to you, or anybody of your sort; for I'll just go round yer darned old river—see if I don't." The ferryman laughed at what he took for an idle threat; but some weeks later he was accosted at the city landing by the same red-checked, roughly-clothed old soldier, who triumphantly exclaimed: "Waal I have been round your old river; and here I am in spite of you, old skindint!" It proved that he had actually performed the exploit of following the Connecticut river to its head—of going around it, in fact—with no other incentive than the desire to show himself independent of the ferryman.
On another occasion he applied for the loan of a scythe, at the house of a neighbor, who was a bridge-builder. "I'm raly sorry, Mr. Lincoln," said the wife of the mechanic, "that I can't accommodate you; but my husband sin't to hum, ye see, and he says to me, just before he went away, 'Betty,' says he, 'don't you lend nothin' of mine, to nobody, not on no account, while I am gone.' So, Mr. Lincoln, ye see I can't let that scythe go, not even to you."
"Why, whereabouts is your husband, warrin'?"
"Oh, he's way down in Pennsylvania, buildin' a bridge."
"Waal, I guess, if I go down to where he's to work, and get his consent, ye'll lend me that are scythe?"
"Sartain, Mr. Lincoln. But, man alive, what on airth du ye mean? I tel ye he's way down in Pennsylvania."
The old soldier laughed in his droll, knowing way; then questioned her as to the exact locality of her husband's bridge building operations, and took his leave.
That very afternoon he departed on one of his "grand tours," with only a change of linen, tied in a blue checked handkerchief, hanging from a stick over his shoulder, and whistling cheerily as he left the dull old town behind him.
About ten days or a fortnight later he appeared before the astonished mechanic, exclaiming: "Hullo! Billius, will you lend me your scythe for a spell? That are wife of yours won't let it go without you say so. Got her pretty well under your thumb, hain't ye? Or, mebbe she's afraid to cut friendship 'tween her and me by lendin' an edged tool."
Ten days later Mistress Billings was astonished to see her eccentric neighbor appear, all dusty and travel worn, at her door, and to hear him say quietly: "Yes, ma'am, your man says I may take that are scythe; and it's high time that little modder of uzine was mowed."

—There is a little girl, ten years old, in Kentucky, who has never spoken to her father. she converses freely with any one else, but when her father speaks she is silent. She has been whipped for her obstinacy, but persists in saying that she tried to speak to him and cannot.

Aunt Maggie's Story.

BY E. J. S.

Yis; what your grandfather came to tell me, lassie, was, that Paul Cardell was dead. He was just eighty-five. He'd lost sight and hearing, both, they say, and was glad to go. It's not so bad with me; but I would'n't mind going too. It's stirred my memory to hear of Paul's death. I've loved many in my life, but never any one as I did him. Ah! I'm not ashamed of it, lassie, if I am an old maid.
But soon I began to think that I was mistaken. It makes a girl tremble to think she may show a man who does not love her, that she likes him over well. All she can do is to wait. Ah! lassie, and the right one doesn't come, and the wrong one does, and even the wrong one seems better than none at all. It seemed to me that Paul was the right one; but he did not court, and I could not court him. And James Reeder being a man, could do as he chose, and did. He loved me, and I loved Paul Cardell. Heaven help us all. I think if a woman had no hearts, the world would be a merrier place.
I put James Reeder off a while, and just kept my eyes on Paul. I did not love him and I did love Paul. Why could I not love the man that loved me?
Then said I to myself, "be a sensible woman. It's better to marry a man that is fond of you, if he doesn't seem perfect, than to waste your youth and strength and hope, pining for one you are nothing to."

It's prettier in a poem to do the last, but I wasn't so very young, or so very beautiful that the whole world wanted me. I guessed what life would be when I was a lonely old maid, handed about like a bad penny, from cousin Jack's to Uncle Ben's, and from sister Hannah's to sister Jane's, not much wanted anywhere. Better try to marry a man who loved me, happy, and so learn to love him.
I thought it all over, before I went to bed, one night, and made up my mind that James Reeder should have a "Yes" when he asked for it. Then I cried—Oh, how I cried, lassie!
The girls envied me my handsome, dashing beau. But often, walking with him, or riding with him, I'd pass Paul Cardell in his shabby coat, and say to myself, "Oh, to be a man—just to be a man, and go a courting whom I choose, instead of taking what comes!" I didn't want money, nor such beauty as James Reeder had so much of. I wanted—well, lassie, I wanted Paul, and no one else; though, why he was perfect to me, heaven only knows. I do not, and never shall.

What seemed a great deal to me, isn't much to tell. There were picnic-parties where I met Paul, but where he let James carry me off when he pleased, and never tried to step between us.
At last Kitty Walsingham married, and they gave a great wedding party. They were rich, and did it in style. They had a fine house and fine furniture, and silver and china, such as no one else had thereabout. And it was an all-day party. The wedding first, then breakfast and dinner, and a dance and supper, of course. I was a bridesmaid, and Paul stood up with me. Aafter that, you know, it was his place to be my beau all day. I thought of that and nothing else, lassie. It gave him one chance more. A word from him, and I'd give James Reeder the mitten. A Word!—a look even.
When I walked into church, kept thinking how it would seem to be the bride. I looked prettier than she—I knew I did. I was dark, and white became me. I had roses in my hair, and pearls in my ears. I did look pretty, lassie. You're not so pretty, vain as you are. It's all, all gone at eighty—all gone—gone! What do we live to be eighty for?
Sometimes he looked at me that morning as if he liked me. He told me how my dress became me. Any man may do that, but it made me so happy for months.
After we came home from church, there was the breakfast—and he beside me all the while—and then we all went into the garden. We set under a great tree, apart from the rest, and all of a sudden he looked me straight in the eyes.
"Miss Maggie, he said, "do you think—
But before I knew what he wanted to know if I thought, some one came, all in a hurry, up the path, and stopped beside me. It was James Reeder.
"Here you are," said he. "Paul Cardell, Mrs. Walsingham wants you to drive Grand-uncle Thompson home. She isn't well and wants to go. I'll take care of Miss Maggie meanwhile."
Paul got up. He gave me a look I couldn't understand; and after he had gone a dozen steps, he came back and offered me his hand.
"Good bye, Miss Maggie," he said, and I heard his breath come short and fast—"good bye; and away he went. And I and James Reeder were left alone.

It happened exactly as I knew it would. He asked me to be his wife before we had been together half-an hour, and I said, "Yes."
Oh, now, don't lassie! It's all against the women in the world. It always will be. Let the strong minded bodies on what they may, you can't alter the hearts we are born with. We are bought and sold a good deal as Turkish girls are, after all.
And now I said to myself, "I will be content. I've made my own choice." I knew I hadn't, all the while. "I am to marry the richest man I know, and one they all call handsome. Madly in love with me with me. What more do I want?"
It wouldn't do. I hid the fox in my bosom, but it knawed me all the while.

The sooner it is over the better," I said; and, as if that was the way to have it over, I let James coax me to fix the day very soon—six weeks from that of our engagement.

There was a busy time at our house, you may suppose. All my things to make in a hurry. I was in a sort of fever all the time. They teased me.
"In love," they said.
So I was, lassie, but not with James Reeder. So, one day, mother said to me, "You are the only idle one Maggie. Run over to Mrs. Walsingham's and borrow the pattern of Kitty's traveling basque. It will fit just you, and I want yours to be like it."
I went, of course, and I got the pattern of Mrs. Walsingham. She was a merry soul, and she would tease me. No one knew why I blushed so. It wasn't for the reason they thought. We stood talking, and she was teasing, until all of a sudden she said, "And James isn't jealous any more, I hope."
"Jealous!" said I.
"Oh, he was wild the day our Kitty was married," said she—"wild with jealousy of Paul Cardell. He told me all about it. 'They are paired off together,' said he, 'and with a girl it is the first who asks her. Paul is as much in love as I, and she is lost to me.' So Grannie and I set our wits to work to help him. And we sent for Paul, you know, and gave Jim his chance. Now say 'thank you,' Maggie, as he did."

But I couldn't. I took the pattern, and ran away. I ran until I came to the bridge and then I stopped, looking down into the water.
"No, no," I kept saying to myself—"no, no; he never cared anything about me, gave him chance enough to speak, and he did not."
And while I said it, I heard a step upon the bridge I looked around—it was Paul Cardell. I couldn't move. I had not seen him before since Kitty's wedding party, when he came back to say good bye. He held out his hand. "How do you do, Miss Maggie?" said he.
"I didn't speak—I'm only bowed."
"You are to be married very soon, I hear," he said.
"They say so," I answered.
"I hope you may be very happy, he said. James Reeder is a splendid fellow, and as rich as he is handsome." And he caught his breath in a little sigh. "God bless you, Maggie."

He had never called me plain Maggie before. He had never looked as he did then. I tried to thank him, but I didn't know what I said. Suddenly he took both my hands.
"I'd like you to know it," he said; somehow, I'd like you to know it. I was very fond of you, Maggie. I—I loved you, my dear. If James had'n't called me when he did that day, I should have told you so, and had my "No," from you. I always felt afraid you liked James best. No wonder. Its better for you—altogether better. Only—quite a past thing—better than life, Maggie. I'm not a going to pine to death or make an idiot of myself. I shall marry, Lucy Swallow has promised to be my wife. She would not care for such love as I now have to give; and she's very good and pretty, and we shall be happy. God bless you, and good bye."

He took my hand and put it to his lips, and went.
Only for what he had said of Lucy Swallow, I'd have called him back. But if they were to be married, better let matters stand as they were. I held myself up by the bridge rail until he was out of sight; then I dropped like one dead.
I did not marry on the day fixed for me, for I was ill of a fever, then, and not expected to live; and afterwards I knew my heart too well. I could not forgive James for cutting short the words that would have made Paul and me both happy for life; and I told him plainly that I never could love him.
But Paul and Lucy Swallow married; and she lived thirty years with him—thirty long years. What a happy woman, to live thirty years with Paul Cardell!
I never married—never, as you know. And James Reeder never did, either. When he was sixty he told brother Dick there had been but one woman in the world for him, and that was Maggie. Poor Jim! he cried when I told him he must go. And he was very handsome, so they said—a very fine man; but I can't remember much about his looks.
And you see I never forget Paul. I could draw his picture now. I know the touch of his hand, and the tone of his voice by heart. He was very happy with Lucy, they say. I haven't been. But it was better than marrying any one else, after all. A wasted life and a wasted heart, but nothing worse. Good night, lassie!

—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 thereupon advised the inquirer to live a holy life and go to sea.

—Gen. Wm. M. Belknap of Keokuk, Iowa has been appointed Secretary of War, to succeed Gen. Rowland. He will enter upon the duties of his office in a few days. Gen. Belknap was an officer in the 15th Army Corps, and was recommended by Gen. Sherman.

"Well, what is it that causes the saltiness of the ocean?" inquired a teacher of a little boy. "Codfish, was the quick reply.