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## A Confidence.

So you would learn my history? Well, it is a bitter tale to tell—  
—Ah, and once more young as you, as young, and more good looking, too.  
Yes, and—forgive the rising tear, for though the heart is brown and sore, from out the well-springs of the heart—No matter! Let me play a part!  
I once—how fondly memory clings to small but forgotten things!—Mere trifles that to others seem like empty bubbles on a stream.  
But to resume—you must forgive me, when the past again I live, I somewhat wander from the thread—Let's see—what was it that I said?  
Well, let it pass? I can remember the story, and explain to you that when—forgive me if I sigh to think of youthful days gone by:  
That when—but there! you've heard enough.  
Life's ups and downs are always rough, there—keep my secret! I'll not doubt you—  
You haven't half a crown about you?  
—London Punch.

## THE INGLESBY EPISODE.

It was as early as nine o'clock in the morning, and Mr. Eustace Inglesby had betaken himself for some purpose of his own to the peach-orchard, which was situated three or four hundred yards from Montrose Cottage.  
The crowd of people who came to Pathbridge for health and pleasure Summer before last! Who that was among them will ever forget the gaiety of that past season!  
Well, the Inglesbys will not, at any rate; nor is it likely that the other people will ever forget the Inglesbys, for there was a new couple, and as usual to the fun they unconsciously afforded, there was simply no end of it.  
Eustace Inglesby was tall and rather portly, and quite handsome. His wife was a dear little woman, only about nineteen, and as pretty as she could well be.  
Eustace was walking alone in the shade of the peach-trees. He has slipped off here evidently to meditate. His hands were behind his back, and his brow was sickled over with pale cast of thought.  
"It is impossible," he said, earnestly, "that I should end in misery. My days and nights are filled with anguish, and my soul is torn with vain regrets. Why did I ever marry her, knowing so well, so well, that at the moment I married her, I should be made!"  
Overcome with emotion, he paused and buried his face in his hands. Then, by an effort recovering, he resumed:  
"Is there no hope for me? Shall I be compelled to endure this until death? Bitter prospect! A wife! He hissed, in mocking tones. "And am I really married to her, then? Yes, yes! I am her husband, and with all my soul I hate her. Oh, when I consider this I become frenzied! No I will not bear it. Death will relieve me; this dagger will end my misery. Lay me plumb into my heart!"  
He raised a small stiletto high in the air, and was apparently about to bury it in his bosom, when there was a shriek, and from behind one of the trees a lady rushed out.  
"Oh, Eustace, what would you do?" she cried, and she held out the deadly weapon in his coat-tail pocket.  
A deep blush overspread his countenance, and his manner was full of embarrassment.  
"Well, dear, what is the matter?" he asked, endeavoring to assume an air of indifference.  
"That is the very question I was about to put to you, darling," she said, throwing her arms around his neck. "You were about to kill yourself."  
"Nonsense! I—I was merely thinking."  
"Yes, and talking to yourself—such excited language, but Eustace, something is on your mind. You have a secret from me."  
He kissed her affectionately, and smiled.  
"Yes! but you shall soon learn all, sweet. Be ignorant of the knowledge till thou applaud the deed." Hem! hem!  
More tears followed, of course, and Eustace felt constrained to kiss them away.  
"You are deceiving me," sobbed Mrs. Inglesby.  
"My life, how can you accuse me of such a thing, when you know I would suffer a million deaths rather?"  
"Then tell me what your language meant."  
"Of course I'll tell you," said Mr. Inglesby, very much confused, and evidently at his wit's end—"certainly, my darling. Hem! Fact is, Emma, I am subject to fits of absence of mind, you know. I say all kinds of things without having any idea what I am talking about. I—I utter the absurdest nonsense imaginable, and attach not the slightest particle of meaning to any word I utter."  
The beautiful eyes were dry now, and full of childlike wonderment.  
Mrs. Inglesby was only too happy. In the cottage near the parlor they met old Mrs. Pennewell; but neither minded her, and Mrs. Inglesby sat down at the piano and began to play.  
"My dear," said old Mrs. Pennewell, with a smirk, "husbands are great humbugs, aren't they?"  
Mrs. Inglesby colored.  
"—I—I don't know, ma'am."  
"You will learn, then, very soon! Ah, me! I was as innocent as you were once. I believed my Pennewell to be an angel, which is a good deal more than I believe now—h'm—though he is dead! But he deceived me frightfully. They all deceive their wives."  
"—I am sure Mr. Inglesby would never deceive me. He has often vowed he never would."  
"But Mrs. Pennewell became apoplectic with laughter.  
"Vowed! You pretty, silly little thing, don't you know that husbands' vows are mere jokes? So you think your Eustace would not deceive you,

eh? Listen. Has he ever mentioned Mrs. Charlotte Rushton to you as a lady of remarkable beauty and singular fascination?"  
"He thinks her rather ponderous, to use his term. We sometimes go to see her at her pretty little cottage over by the lake."  
"Indeed! My love, when he wakes up, ask him what he was doing at Mrs. Rushton's yesterday afternoon. Stay! I will tell you, if you promise not to breathe a word. It will make you laugh so. He was—Mrs. Pennewell chuckled immensely—"he was on his knees to her, uttering the wildest nonsense you ever heard in your life!"  
Perhaps the old lady expected Mrs. Inglesby to cry instead of laugh; but, if so, she was disappointed.  
"Oh! I can easily understand that, madame. Poor Eustace is subject to strange attacks of absence of mind, when he does the most eccentric things. He told me all about it this morning—on his knees!"  
This produced a dimple to Mrs. Pennewell's laughter, and for a while it was uncontrollable. When she had recovered, she said:  
"Child, your innocence will be the death of me. But I have a thought! Here comes Doctor Protherwood. You must tell him about your husband's eccentricity—or shall I? I know him very well—better than anybody knows him, perhaps."  
Mrs. Inglesby was too bewildered to make any demur, and presently the doctor trotted in.  
He was a hearty-looking, short, merry old person, with a blooming countenance and fidgety manner—the sort of old gentleman one is likely to meet almost anywhere, and whose nationality never could be satisfactorily fixed upon.  
Mrs. Pennewell and the good old doctor presently did considerable whispering; and then Eustace awoke, of course with a start.  
"Great heaven! I thought it was midnight, and I fancied Mrs. Charlotte Rushton was here. I hope," he said, modestly, "I didn't talk in my sleep?"  
"No, dear," responded Mrs. Inglesby; "but you remember, I suppose, that you dropped off into your nap in the middle of my music?"  
He sprang up and took her hand.  
"I don't know, I did. Emma—bute that I am; but—Hellen, doctor, you know—What time is it? Great heaven!"  
"Where are you going?" cried Mrs. Inglesby, seizing him as he was about to take his departure.  
"My dearest love, don't detain me, I know—you—you would—in fact, you would be acquainted with everything within the circle of my knowledge! And so, my dear, Mrs. Pennewell, and doctor, this is pressing, you know, and all that—and so I shall see you all again at dinner."  
And away he went.  
There was a pause. Doctor Protherwood shrugged, and raised his ugly eyebrows.  
"Clear case, Mrs. Pennewell."  
"I think so."  
Mrs. Inglesby was tremulous and pale.  
She could hardly gasp out a request for explanation; but the words came at last.  
"Um! My dear child," answered the doctor, "I really don't wish to disturb you, but—"  
"But what?"  
"Nothing. I really must go. I haven't a minute. Ha! Good morning, ladies. Expect me at dinner."  
And out trotted the funny old doctor.  
"Dinner?" said Mrs. Pennewell. "The both he back then, so the doctor says. Now, my sweet Mrs. Inglesby, I see that you are greatly distressed. Don't deny it. You are quite ready to cry."  
True enough. All the dear little lady could do was to stifle a sob, and gasp out:  
"What did the doctor say?"  
"Never mind. Perhaps the curtain will rise over this famous dinner. And so you think your husband eccentric?"  
"Yes. He has acted in the strangest manner since the last few days. He has always preoccupied—wanders in his talk—and—"  
Mrs. Pennewell held up her finger.  
"Wait!" she said.  
The dinner very naturally came as expected. Who should walk in after the soup but Mrs. Rushton, on Mr. Inglesby's arm!  
Yes; he had been quite right in his description, for she was large, sparkling, handsome, though certainly a trifle weighty—physically and metaphorically.  
"I have invited myself here to dine to-day, because after dinner Mr. Inglesby and I have some very particular business together."  
After dinner! And yet Inglesby scowled. His wife didn't know what to do; but the doctor and Mrs. Pennewell nudged each other and laughed.  
After dinner the doctor and Mrs. Pennewell took the little woman aside:  
"I will tell you," said the former, "and tell you frankly. I think your Inglesby is not a sane man. I have consulted authorities this morning, and it is impossible for any man in his sound senses to act as he does. Now, I propose to examine him. You shall stand by and notice his answers, and afterwards we'll compare notes."  
"I have a different theory," my dear," croaked Mrs. Pennewell. "The end will prove who is correct."  
So they at once went to look for Eustace. He had left the house with the widow.  
Where could he have gone? Mrs. Inglesby timidly suggested the peach-orchard. They went noiselessly through the garden in that direction; and, on approaching, heard voices.  
"Yes, there they were—Eustace and Mrs. Rushton together. The eaves-droppers listened.  
"But I adore you!" said Eustace.  
"Nay, nay, this is idle," rejoined the lady, smirking.  
"Oh, can you doubt me after all my protestations, and the thousand proofs of my affection?"

"But I know your reputation. You are a deceiver by profession, and have played others false!"  
"Then," cried Eustace, falling on one knee and kissing her hand, "hear me swear by all that is true."  
Mrs. Inglesby screamed, and rushed into view, and the others followed.  
Mr. Inglesby immediately sprang to his feet, and began capering about in the most extraordinary manner.  
"Ha! Ha! you see," said the doctor, "mad as a hatter!"  
Mrs. Rushton laughed, and Mrs. Pennewell shook her head. At length Mr. Inglesby, upon a sudden, dashed through the trees, leaving the intruders all transfixed.  
That evening Mrs. Inglesby received two hints of advice.  
"Madam," said the doctor, "what-ever you do, don't mention the matter of this afternoon to your husband, and don't excite him in any way. If he has another fit, secure him."  
Mrs. Pennewell said:  
"My dear, your husband is making love to Mrs. Rushton, that is plain. Search his pockets when he is asleep."  
Poor Mrs. Inglesby didn't know whose advice to follow, so she concluded, in her distress, to follow that of both of her friends. The consequence was, when Mr. Inglesby showed himself later in the evening, he was received as if nothing out of the ordinary way had happened.  
But, before the following morning, his wife had possessed herself of the following interesting letter—abstracted from his pocket while asleep:  
"This suspense, my darling, I cannot longer bear. I am all prepared for our flight together, and let us lose no more time, but go to-night. Suspicion is already aroused; further delay were madness. I will be with you at nine."  
So, an elopement! Mrs. Pennewell was right, after all. Oh, what could be done to prevent it! A thought! She would confer with Doctor Protherwood.  
"Doctor, I will tell you all!" she cried, bursting into tears, and leaning upon his shoulder.  
"There, then," he said, "don't distress yourself any further. Tell me what the trouble is, and let us see what's to be done."  
And so she gave him the details in full.  
"He intends to elope, eh?" muttered the old gentleman, biting his forefinger, thoughtfully. "Let him go, I say."  
"No, no; not for worlds—millions of worlds!"  
"But how will you prevent him from eloping if he wishes to do so? It can't be prevented."  
"Yes, there must be some means. I see."  
"Force? Um! Let me consider."  
"Do, dear doctor."  
"I have it. I have told you that I think he is mad. Very well. I will post two men in the grounds of this cottage. At eight o'clock try to detain your husband by all the blandishments a wife can employ. If they fail, and he persists in going out, lock him into his room, and come at once to see me."  
Eight o'clock p. m. Mr. Inglesby laid by his smoking-gown, and yawned loudly.  
"My dear, I think I'll go out for a walk."  
"Yes, Eustace," she replied, concealing her nervousness, "and take me."  
Mr. Inglesby sat down again.  
"No, my dear, I don't think I'll take a walk," he said.  
He lit a cigar. Some minutes passed. He rose once more.  
"By Jove! I've got an appointment. It's after the time already. Where's my coat and hat?"  
She caught his arm.  
"Yes, and it is too late. Send an apology to-morrow."  
"Nonsense. My friend—h'm—Brown would never forgive me. You don't know what a punctual creature he is—in fact, he's rather a monomaniac on the subject of punctuality."  
"Well, Eustace, let him understand that you are not. Indeed, I don't wish you to go out. I want you to spend the evening with me."  
"But it's impossible, love."  
"It is quite possible, and I will be the tyrant for once. Eustace, you shall not go out."  
"Why, I'm only going—"  
"I don't wish to know where; but be assured you shall not leave this house to-night."  
Mr. Inglesby stared at her in amazement.  
"My wife was the cause, madame. She asked me to go. Determined not to disappoint you, I at once dressed myself for my character, as you perceive, tore up some sheets, descended by them from the window, and on landing was seized by these ruffians, who were lying in wait for me."  
"Oh, Eustace! cried poor Mrs. Inglesby, bursting into tears, "I think I see it all. You and Mrs. Rushton have been arranging private theatricals, and—"  
"And didn't want all the world to know the fact till the proper time." "Exactly!" said Mr. Inglesby, with cutting sarcasm. "Wise little woman!"  
All your love-speeches in the peach orchard were not the signs of insanity, nor realities at all—"  
"Only the language of my part, Don Jose de Calaverelle, in the comedy of 'Smiles and Tears,'" replied Mr. Inglesby. "My peculiar conduct when interrupted by you and your friends was also acting, but the joke has cost me dearly. This mortification will kill me. I shall never be able to show my face again."  
"But the letter, Eustace—the letter I found, speaking of elopement?"  
"A 'property' letter, of course. So you searched my pockets, too, eh? I missed the letter this evening, and couldn't imagine what had become of it. Without that letter the dress rehearsal would have been ruined. Well, what is to be done with me, ladies and gentlemen?"  
Doctor Protherwood had disappeared; also Mrs. Pennewell. The two captors of poor Mr. Inglesby of course at once released him.  
He said nothing more, but passed

through the crowd and returned to the cottage. But there was a titter behind him, and many smothered remarks were exchanged regarding suspicious wives. Mrs. Inglesby followed her Eustace a few steps in the rear, but durst not speak to him.  
Next morning they both left Pathbridge, and Mrs. Charlotte Rushton's private theatricals ended in nothing. But everybody has a version of his own when he has figured in a good story, and the best practical joke in the collection of Doctor Protherwood—and he maintains this to have been such a success what he calls The Inglesby Episode.

## A Precious Rascal.

A war against divorce shysters is in progress in Chicago, where the members of that class are innumerable. They believe they are able to rush through a decree without any reference to the merits of the case, as was fully illustrated for the one thousandth time by a case reported. According to this statement, a man who had a farm of considerable value, and was very rich, went away from home and met a former sweetheart, whom he concluded he would like to marry. As a preparatory step toward this accomplishment, he went to Chicago to get a divorce. He had no difficulty in finding a professional who agreed to obtain a divorce for him, without any reference to any residence in Chicago or compliance with any other safeguards of the law. The attempt would probably have succeeded, as hundreds of others of just as little merit have succeeded before, if it had not been for a mere accident. Instead of procuring some woman to represent the wife, as had been done in several cases, the husband thought he could betray or bully his wife into signing an agreement for a reference before a Master of Chancery, where the case could be rushed through without danger of any inspection likely to disclose its contents. The wife, however, went to Chicago, with a babe in her arms, and stumbled about the Court House in a vague way until she happened to meet a clerk of the Court, who assisted her to find the case she wanted to investigate, and an attorney, who, out of pity, undertook to defend her rights. She was the one who had been deserted, and who had been obliged to borrow money to support her family during her husband's absence. It was his purpose to procure a divorce, and then sell out the farm on which his family lives, leaving them no means of support, and no redress.

## All About Cranberries.

The Philadelphia Enquirer says: Statistics obtained from the New York office of the United States Department of Agriculture, in somewhat curious form. Some years ago New Jersey possessed fifteen thousand acres of worthless swamp lands, situated in Ocean, Atlantic, and Burlington Counties. The first person who attempted to grow the cranberry on these swamps and peat bogs met with great difficulties, but finally overcame them and made his fortune. Since then, this formerly worthless land has become among the most valuable in the State. The berries are picked from the 20th of September to the 1st of October, when they commence to reach the market. To the stranger the sight of one of these great cranberry beds, as they appear on the surface, is of little interest, as only a few berries show on the top, and no idea can be formed of the wealth beneath. Stepping on one of the beds, however, and looking down carefully, as we may, is like walking on torpedoes, as the berries snap at every step. Once on the beds, let the visitor kneel and part the matted vines with his hands, and the astonishing yield of one of these well-ordered plantations may then be seen; it cannot be estimated, so the myth does it appear, and so wonderful.

## Marriage Festivities.

In Syria, weddings always take place at night. There is a great feast for the whole week, and then the bridegroom goes to the bride's house, to get the bride from her father, and carry her to her new home. Musicians walk by the side of him. There are men and youths to blow the horn, the trumpet, the flute, the dulcimer, the mouth organ of pipes or reeds; and others to play the lyre, the harp, the viol, the timbrel, the cymbals and the tabret. Girls and boys dance, as he walks along; and a number of unmarried young women—"virgins," as the old word was—go with him also with lighted torches, to give a welcome to the bride and show the way. There torches, or lamps, are fixed at the end of a long stick. They are something like brass dishes, and then are filled with rags, oil and pitch. The oil soon burns away, and more has to be poured in; so the young men must carry oil with them, or their lamps will go out, and then, besides the pretty procession being spoiled, the people would all be bustling against one another, because the night would be dark and they could not see.

## How the Indians Climb Trees.

In South America even the weakest woman may be, not uncommonly, seen plucking the fruit at the tree tops. If the bark is so smooth and slippery that they cannot go up by climbing, they use other means. They make a hoop of wild vines, and putting their feet inside, they use it as a support in climbing. The negro of the west coast of Africa makes a larger hoop round the tree and gets inside of it, and jerks it up the trunk with his hands, a little at a time, drawing his legs up after it. The Tahitian boys tie their feet together, four or five inches apart, with a piece of palm bark, and with the aid of this fetter go up the cocoa-palms to gather nuts. The native women in Australia climb the gum trees after opossums; where the bark is rough they chop holes with a hatchet, then one throws about the tree a rope twice as long as will go around it, puts her hatchet on her crooked head, and placing her feet against the tree and grasping the rope with her hands, she hitches it up by jerks, and pulls herself up the enormous trunk almost as fast as a man will climb a ladder.

## Thoughts for Saturday Night.

In the meanest hut is a romance if you knew the hearts there.  
Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.  
Philosophy is, to tell the truth, a home-sickness, an effort to return home.  
A man has generally the good or the ill qualities that he attributes to mankind.  
The force of selfishness is as inevitable and as calculable as the force of gravitation.  
If a man cannot be a Christian in the place where he is, he cannot be a Christian anywhere.  
Mohammed once said: "When a man dies, men inquire what he has left behind him; angels inquire what he has sent before him."  
Influence good or bad, comes not from the opinions a man possesses, but from the character he has formed, and the life he leads.  
A true man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature, and swings there as easily as a star.  
With many readers brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought; they mistake buttermilk in the grass for immeasurable mines of gold underground.  
Attraction acts on all and at all distances. To feel repulsion we must be very near. It is a petty and personal feeling, or, at best, is the protest of natural affinities against unsought proximity.  
Has a man ever wronged you? Be brave; revenge; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, 'tis finished. He is below himself who is not above an injury.  
Every thought and feeling is a painting stroke, in the darkness, of our likeness to be to; and our whole life is but a chamber, which we are frescoing with colors that do not appear while being laid on wet, but which will shine forth afterwards, when finished and dry.  
Working love is better than emotive love. It is well to have both, but it is not every one who has steam enough to work the engine and blow the whistle, too. There is a love that never speaks; it spends itself in work, like sunlight shedding its rays on the ground and bringing up the beautiful flowers, softly and quietly. The practical life I accept.  
The great ocean is in a constant state of evaporation. It gives up water as it receives, and sends up its waters in mists to gather into clouds; and so there is rain on the fields and storm on the mountains, and greenness and beauty everywhere. But there are many men who do not believe in evaporation. They get all they can keep all they get, and so are not fertile.

## A Question.

In a Scotch county parish a church officer filled a missionary box that was due for the long space of fifty years. Suspicion had long been entertained that he was in the habit of helping himself out of the collection plate whenever opportunity permitted. It was difficult, of course, to prove this. At last, however, the sum of one pound was abstracted from a missionary box in plaster of Paris. The cast is said to be extremely beautiful, and far superior to any which have hitherto taken. The head is a portrait, the nose is long and decidedly aquiline, the lips full and half open, the ears enormously large. There is no muscular contraction indicative of a violent death, and the whole person, which is in the pose of one who sleeps a placid sleep, shows that this unhappy citizen of Pompeii died of apoplexy. He lies on the left side, resting the head on the right hand, whilst the other arm, bent under the breast, is almost concealed; the legs are drawn up unequally, the left more than the right, which is stretched out naturally. Around the loins was a linen covering, which concealed a small portion of the legs; the breast was some appearance of one under the left armpit, but the feet were naked, and these have been cast magnificently. It is worthy of note that this body was found at a remarkable height, almost on the level of the second story, and near it were a few pieces of money in bronze and silver. Thus another interesting addition is made to the casts of human forms now in the British Museum.

## What Protection Means.

The Milwaukee Daily Wisconsin says: It was the language and the intention of our forefathers who founded this great Republic, that whether a man be poor or lowly, or weak in person or weak in head, so long as he was an American citizen, he was entitled to the full protection of our flag, under which he had taken refuge, and that he had a right to demand for that protection the whole treasure of the nation and every able-bodied man within its territory. That was the doctrine of that conservative statesman, John Quincy Adams, which he enunciated in his immortal dispatch to the Spanish authorities, when they were striving to crush the life out of the South American Republics.

## Items of Interest.

Wooden shoes are quite commonly worn in some Wisconsin towns.  
A grand bull fight was given in Havana in honor of the officers and crew of the Tornado.  
An Iowa paper took fifteen pounds of dried apples as pay for publishing a marriage notice.  
A barrel of oil is considered a fair trade for a bushel of potatoes in some parts of the oil regions.  
The La Trappe monks at Eubouque have received a mandate from France forbidding them from shaving off their beards.  
A Florida colored boy, in the act of eating sugar, was stung in the mouth by a bee and died from the effects of the sting.  
Two weeks ago, lumbermen in Minneapolis refused \$26 a month for winter labor. They are now ready to enlist at the rate of \$16 to \$18.  
The Mobile Register appeals for aid for the widow and seven children of Capt. Fry of the Virginians, in destitute circumstances in New Orleans.  
A little Chicago girl who went through the tunnel under the river, exclaimed on being asked how she got on: "We went over the river under it."  
The committee of the Georgia Press Association decided to postpone the National Press Convention, called to meet at St. Louis Nov. 26, to some future time.  
Diogenes hunted in the day-time for an honest man, with a lantern; if he had lived in these times, he would have needed she had life of a lokomotif.—Josh Billings.  
During the past month 15,792 persons emigrated from Liverpool, 12,888 of whom came to the United States. In the corresponding month of 1872 19,119 persons emigrated.  
There will be undoubtedly over 50,000 persons thrown out of employment, and without a place to sleep or where-withal to feed their starving families in New York this winter.  
The Charleston (S. C.) News says: "It is rumored that in the event of President Grant declaring war against Spain, the first regiment of National Guards, of this city, will at once volunteer and embark for Cuba."  
A sewing machine agent in Indiana has been arrested for having four wives. The immense profits that are made on sewing machines may justify an agent in having four wives, but he ought to know that nothing else does.  
G. W. Graham, the former captain who attempted to murder and rob Army Paymaster Major Brooks, has been convicted at Denver of assault with intent years ago for \$1,000.  
Irascible old party—"Conductor, why didn't you wake me as I asked you? Here I am, miles beyond my station." Conductor—"I did try, sir, but all I could get out of you was, 'All right, Maria, get the children their breakfast, and I'll be down in a minute.'"  
"If boys and girls," said a clergyman at Evanston, Ill., "do their sparring at church, I say amen to it. I have known a young man cherish as the apple of my eye. When she is of suitable age, I had rather she would be courted in the house of God than in the theatre."  
A man at Logansport, Ind., who subscribed \$5,000 to a Universalist college of that place a year or two since, now refuses to pay his subscription on the ground that he was insane. The trustees, however, do not believe in such emotional insanity, and have sued him for the money.  
An industrious, painstaking, Connecticut parson, anxious that his sermons shall make lasting impressions on the minds of his people, occupies his leisure hours in putting into type and printing from a hand-press outlines of his discourses for distribution to church-goers from week to week.  
Working love is better than emotive love. It is well to have both, but it is not every one who has steam enough to work the engine and blow the whistle, too. There is a love which never speaks; it spends itself in work, like sunlight shedding its rays on the ground and bringing up the beautiful flowers, softly and quietly.  
"Little Tommy didn't disobey mamma, and go in swimming, did he?" "No, mamma; Jimmy Brown and the rest of the boys went in, but I remembered, and would not disobey you."  
"And Tommy never tells lies, does he?" "No, mamma; or I couldn't go to Heaven." "Then how does Tommy happen to have on Jimmy Brown's shirt?"  
T. Lane Emory, residing near Taylor, Pa., recently lost horses by hydrophobia. While driving on the road one of them began to act very strangely, frothed at the mouth, became ungovernable, and in a frantic rage seized its companion by the neck, thus communicating the disease to it. A number of hogs in the neighborhood were bitten by the same dog, and died with all the symptoms of hydrophobia.  
The championship of gullibility is claimed by Winchester, R. I., for one of its citizens who recently allowed a genteel stranger to try on his new overcoat "to see how he would look in it" while he, the owner, stepped into the Providence depot to look at the time table. He explains that the genteel stranger promised faithfully to wait for him outside, but supposes he must have remembered some pressing business engagement and forgotten all about the overcoat.  
It was Platt Evans of Cincinnati who taught his friends how to buy tender geese, but he couldn't always get them in the market. One morning he saw a lot and inquired of the farmer how many there were. "About a dozen," was the reply. "W-w-well," said Platt, "I'll keep a b-b-board in house, and my b-b-boarders are the darndest eaters you ever s-s-saw. P-p-pick out n-n-nine of the t-t-toughest you've g-g-got." The farmer complied, and laid aside the other three tender ones. Platt picked them up carefully, and putting them in his basket said, "I b-b-believe I'll t-t-take these three!"