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NEVER GROW OLD. he tell-tale mirror, marks of care, t and the wrinkles. sy in the dark-brown hair. d over my shoulder,

uful was she never grow old, my love," she ow old to ma, a the chilling of heart, e, as mine can tell.

g and warm as when first we heard ound of our bridal bell!" d and kissed her ripe red lips, time do its worst on me my soul, my love, my faith, over seem old to thee!"

-Charles Mackay.

HENT PARTNERS.

ever speak to me again," m, 'and I never will speak his hour on." something positively alarm-

week is out, in order to strengthen aker was very far from trifling; ey fell upon the startled ears of s half in a way that caused Mr. to quail a little, for he knew of the temperament of the anoman who spoke to feel that this idle threat.

Senton and his wife Mary had ried a quarter of a century at I this violent outbreak, and o been active and talkative their own little farm, and had not always held the to harmony of opinion, their each other and their unity essential matters of life were It was only in the infinitesm of life that they clashed, together, met and surmounted tacles in their common path, noved rocks only to stumble

y the contemptible little rivrears in so many different flict unending volubility.

It was about this time that John comich they were doomed to be Those hitherto active tongues were about to rust at least at home. They were to become henceforth silent

Benton accepted the situation replying, for what was there to Had he not been commanded ain forever from speaking to his

intry forbids us to east any great the odium of this scene upon nton. Besides, had not John, ore the last volcanic eruption of at her "unruly member was as a fence rail?" Could female flesh at asserted that her words were and that her tones were thunder? d a wife pass over such insulting in metaphors as these? Mrs. Beneither wisely or unwisely, decided negative.

first night of the self-enforced e in the Benton cottage was awk-The usual curtain lecture was and such a death-like, desstillness prevailed that sleep out of the question. w brought its tribulations, folone another in close and annoyccession. Mrs. Benton, finding ituation too irksome to be borne t some new excitement to replace art of speech, determined upon a on of the whole household-the safety valve for the pent-up feela housewife, and one of the best remedies for the disease of hyporis or anger. She went about this san task as though life and death on the balance, or as though upon upletion depended the casting out he dumb devils that had taken up r abode here.

Many ludicrous blunders were the inevable consequence of this abandonment the customary mode of conveying soughts; the double orders given to groceryman and the butcher, duplicate purchases of all sorts of odds and ends, led to much confusion and vexation in the Benton household.

One morning John Benton thought he detected unusual preparations going on in the culinary department, a grand overhaulting and dusting of the best hina set, and sundry other indications some unusual event. Mrs. Benton ied in her dumb-show manner to reesh his memory in regard to an exected visit of which he had been preously made aware, but which had inped from his somewhat defective But she could not tell whether not she had succeeded in her efforts enlighten him. About noon John ime in, as usual, to dinner, to find a comful of city visitors, friends of Mrs. Benton. Now, John, although not a rain man, would rather have had some prification of that event, so that he need iot have appeared in their presence in his working garments; but as there was est of the situation, and greeted the distors in rather an awkward fashion. se latter, no doubt, attributed Mrs. nton's silence toward her husband to stification at his personal appearance. after all, this affair passed without exposure so much dreaded by both

hn Benton had promised his wife, ious to the unhappy occurrence that placed this gulf of silence between money to purchase a new dress for sif. One day he laid a roll of bills official of an insurance company, he too, from he time on, for And touched the fated John upon the arm, here he put his lips to her ear, and whis-

adorument. But what was his surprise and disgust when she returned from town

and gave him the grocer's receipted bill! One morning, upon John's return from the city, he astonished his wife by bringing with him a lad, whom he ushered into the kitchen with the remark:

whatever she requires of you, you are to

John Benton, in the utter loneliness of his heart, and fearing lest his unused tongue should become paralyzed by this prolonged inactivity, or that he should lose his voice for want of practice, had, like Robinson Crusoe, brought home a Things now went on with less blundering slate who could use such forcible and inand uncertainty, for Teddy was made the telligible language to others. medium for conveying the thoughts or wishes alternately from one to the other. But John monopolized so much of the boy's companionship in his new-found delight at giving vent to speech, that Mrs. Benton still led a rather lonely life, "But," though she, "what is sauce for the goose ought to be sauce for the gan-

and improve my vocal powers.' And so she did. Never was there a more astonished man than was John Benton on the evening that he came chattering with Teddy into the kitchen and saved them from themselves, though in stopped upon the threshold to listen to an unexpected and painful way. the irrepressible flood of female conversation that was being poured forth within. Indeed, so intent was Mrs. Benton on unburdening her long-pent-up feelings that she did not notice the transpartners. They lived in the fixed figure of her husband standing there till her startled ear caught the re-

> "Well, Teddy, this is a surprise party, isn't it?"

"Those, Maggie," said Mrs. Benton, "are the other half of this family." The Benton household was no longer at "sixes and sevens" for want of interpreters between the two heads, but it was a prolonged Quaker meeting as far as mingling of the sexes was concerned. Each of the heads of the house now had been constantly trickling a victim upon which he or she could in-

> municated to his wife the mistake in regard to the dress money, and refunded God's sake, Mary, don't talk that way to her the amount. She in turn, through now!" her mouth-piece, intimated to him that his company and services in driving the family horse would be acceptable to take death.

her to the city to purchase her gown.

To this he readily assented, as he also had business in the city. They had agreed upon a plan of communication before leaving home, through a small slate not have happened," such as dumb people use among those who do not understand their language.

On arriving at the gorgeous store they This mute business in public was evident- make up for lost time. ly not relished by either of the parties. the price of a piece of a particular shade that she fancied, she priced another piece of different color, and during all this time she was vainly trying in some indigrew hot and excited. She was not on speaking terms with her husband, and yet she loved him well enough to refuse to purchase or wear a dress the color of violation of her vow, she produced it. and asked him the simple question upon which her heart was set. For answer he simply put his hand on the piece of her choice, and she smiled pleasantly as she turned to the spruce and accommodating salesman. The latter, taking in the situation at a glance with the keen eye of an expert in sure upon the hand that had all this time humanity, and supposing it was of course a question of dollars and cents into her face, he saw with delight that she was propounding to her unfortunate deaf and dumb husband, rapidly wrote him. upon a bit of paper; "Splendid goods; wear like iron; never fade; very cheap; fifty per cent. below cost price; never get another chance like it," which paper he placed in the hands of the astonished Mr. John Benton.

alternately from the clerk to his wife.

your bill, young man." Never was there a more astounded salesman behind a counter than this. And his chagrin equaled his surprise. With a confused apology, which seemed to include something about "deaf mute." courtesies and attentions to Mrs. Benton, had just come into possession of a new

and handsome outfit and his wife called together at the palatial official office of the company, While waiting their turn to be accomthe door. As he was looking over a city directory to pass away the time, his wife, being seized with a new idea. wrote it out, and handed him the fatal the sentence on the slate, put the direc tory under his arm, whereupon, just at this moment, the pompous secretary of the insurance office came in from the ing to me," said his wife, while tears street, and taking in the situation with the keenness of sight and astuteness that characterizes the discerning city man, from a dry-goods salesman up to a high

satisfied that her memory was good for which the legend ran thus, "No beggers, anything that related to her personal peddlers or book agents allowed to pursue their avocations here." It was some time before John or his wife could comprehend the connecting link between themselves and that card: but when, with the mild assistance of the official dignitary, it dawned upon them that John was taken for a book agent, Mrs. "Now, Teddy, this is your home, and Benton turned purple with rage, and in that is your mistress, Mrs. Benton, and explaining their business there did not spare the feelings of the wretch who had given another sting to her wounded pride. But John was disposed to laugh it off, and still further add to the confusion of those present by transacting

his business in good audible Anglish. It remains to this day a mystery to the unfortunate drygoods clerk as well as to little man Friday to talk to, and also to the non-plussed secretary what could in-use as a mouthpiece for himself and wife. duce a couple to converse together on a

> After their unfortunate experience in the city the unhappy pair began to weaken a little in their resolution. Not only were their mutual interests suffering in various ways by reason of this very imperfect means of communication, but as their love for one another was so strong and genuine, in spite of the fool-ish embargo they had put upon their speech, they chafed under the irksome restraint of a protracted silence. While they were both revolving in their minds plans that might lead to a way out of the difficulty, fate came to their rescue, and

Upon the anniversary of their silence John Benton and Teddy were busy in the hay field, and as a storm was threatening, Mrs. Benton and Maggie came to the rescue with their rakes. A large load was on the wagon, and Mrs. Benton and Maggie volunteered to arrange the hay upon the cart as John threw it up to them. John had just started to lead the horses to another part of the field, when, on looking up at the load, he saw his wife still standing. He motioned to her to sit down, but she failed to notice his signal, and the horses started; at the same time John saw her lunge backward and slide, head-foremost, from the load. Before he could stop the team and get to her she had struck the ground upon her head. With a faint gasp, and with a semi-conscious but dazed cry, she said:

"Don't you ever speak-" "Hush!" said the scared man; "for

In another moment she lay unconscious in his trembling arms, pale and still as

"Oh!" exclaimed the unhappy man, "if I had only screamed to her to sit down instead of trusting to that confounded pantomime, perhaps it would

Taking her up tenderly in his strong arms, he carried her to the house, and all the way into her now deaf ears he poured manifested an awkward uneasiness, and out his love and lamentations; his tongue pon the part of his wife, insin- paused a few minutes before entering. was loosened, and seemed to be trying to And as he bathed her head, and chafed her hands. lood endure such a base simile as But finally they entered. Mrs. Benton and tried to kiss back her color and to when applied to herself? And had was greeted by a polite salesman. She coax into action that long-silent voice, made known her wishes, and soon a great he moaned: "What would I not give now mass of various fabrics of all colors was to hear her talk to me again! It would spread out for her inspection. She asked be bliss to hear her scold even. Perhaps -perhaps," and he shuddered as he said

"she may never speak again." The new-mown hav threatened by the coming storm was nothing to him now. rect way to get an expression of opinion He neither knew nor cared whether the from her husband as to his preference. sky was black or blue. All was black But she ignominiously failed. Her face about him, and there was only one object about him, and there was only one object that he could see. Even Teddy, who had shared his confidence, and Maggie, who had been the solace of his poor wife during the dull, blank year that had just which he might not approve. She shrank closed in such a tragical manner, were from the humiliation of the slate, but obnoxious to him by their very presence. finding there was no alternative but a He saw in them only the go-betweens that served to keep up this odious silence. "If I had not brought Teddy here, per-

haps we should have spoken long ago, he muttered; 'for it was getting to be pretty hard to keep still any longer about that time." He was just thinking seriously about sending for a doctor, when he felt a pres-

clasped one of his wife's, and looking her eyes were wide open and bent upon

"My dear Mary! thank God!" he said. as he bent down and kissed her pale face while the tears dropped from his cheeks upon hers, "Speak to me, Mary."

She gazed around her upon the scene of masculine havoc for a few momenta; "What's this?" he exclaimed, looking the wet cloths, the blankets, the camphor and arnica bottles, the flooded floor, and "Pears to me you're in a hurry with then at the face of the man beside her. In the latter she saw only intense misery and unfeigned contrition, but she could not resist the impulse, in spite of the accident, in spite of the surroundings, in spite of John's sufferings of mind, to test him still farther. She slowly raised her he tried to make amends by renewed limp hands, and with the foreitager of the right she began to trace upon the palm of who was plunged in misery. It is hard the left, at the same time directing a to conceive of a woman so wretched who questioning look of her husband. "Good heavens!" thought he, "can it be possible that she has been paralyzed by her John Benton's special business in town fall, and is now truly and in earnest was to pay an insurance premium, and he dumb?" But a glance at her face dispelled that horrible thought. She was smiling, but she still continued to write While waiting their turn to be accommodated, John and his wife stood near Benton caught her meaning then, and exclaimed, almost petulently, "The slate, Mary? Confound the slate! No more deaf and dumb language for me. One word from you now is worth more slate. John, for convenience in reading to me than a year's chatter of these young ones; beside, it will do you good, my dear." "John, I really believe you are speak-

> joy came to her eyes. John Benton bent close to her face, and kissing her again and again, said, "Yes, Marv, I am going to keep it up,

tears and pain, made her laugh outright. He had whispered, "No beggers, peddlers or book agents allowed in the Benton Cottage hereafter."-E. A. Boyden,

Tea Drinking in Holland.

Bernard H. Becker, in his book "Holiday Haunts by Cliffside and Riverside," says, in describing a tea garden at Scheveningen, a Dutch pleasure re-

Here we refreshed ourselves with mighty glasses of Bairisch and speculated the intense love of tea with which Dutch women are possessed. Tea in Holland is, like almost everything but water, of excellent quality, and is not converted into a beverage by the pro-prietors of tea-gardens. Everybody makes her own tea at the Hague and Amsterdam, and even at Scheveningen. When Mynheer and his family have taken their seats at one of the green tables closely packed under the trees round the orchestra, madame proceeds to make tea in the national machine known as "theestoff." This is very unlike the English urn and tea-pot, and equally dissimilar from the Russian samovar. The careful waiter brings first what appears to be an iron pail, but is in reality a stove of primitive construction, bottomed well with charcoal. On this is set the kettle of common life, boiling and kept boil-ing by the charcoal underneath. Tea is brought in a caddy together with a black earthenware teapot. Madam proceeds to make tea, first ascertaining that the water boils, and when the first round is poured out, removes the lid of the kettle and puts the little black teapot in its place. There is clearly an under-standing between the coppersmith and the potter as to the size of teapors and kettle lids, for the fit seems exact, and the tea is kept hot, as it needs to be in the open air. Thus, after the manner of the nursery rhyme, the fire begins to boil the kettle, the kettle begins to warm the pot, the pot begins to make the tea, and the tea, presumably, begins to warm its drinkers, for they seem happy enough in quiet, self-contained way. They are not listless, these Dutch drinkers of tea (shade of Van Dunck), but they cannot be pronounced festive. Evidently they are contented folk, welloff in the world's goods, and careful of them. There are no peals of laughter, no flashing gestures, no demonstrative-ness of any kind, and yet these Dutch folk are not sad. They are "gentle, yet not dull," happy, yet not boisterous—perhaps nicely modulated cheerfulness is the best term by which to indicate their mental condition. Chatting quietly they advance to more and more cups of tea,

supply. Sam Randall's Borrowed Socks.

made fresh and fresh by the lady pre-

siding, far too good a housewife to have

lavished her store of tea on the first

brewing. She appeals to the caddy and

the ever-boiling kettle, and brews inter-

minable tea of excellent strength and

flavor. The old leaves are now kept

stewing till they grow bitter, but are

"Do you see that pair of stockings?" said W. W. Ker, late assistant to the formerly. United States attorney-general, drawing from his coat pocket a pair of gentlemen's white English hose. 'There's a history connected with them. During the meeting of the Democratic convention at Chicago, Sam Randall arrived, hot, dusty and tired. We wanted him to hurry up and appear before a committee meeting of delegates, but his baggage had not arrived and so we took him in charge determined that he should not lose any chance of getting the nomination on acmen. I gave him my room in the hotel, and he went and took a bath. began to collect some articles of linen for I contributed a pair of stockings, ex-Mayor Vaux contributed a shirt and collar and other articles. Randall wears the old-fashioned shirts which button up before and which have no stude in them. Vaux's shirt was of the modern style. except that it had a high old-fashioned collar attached. When he got it on you ought to have seen him. The collar came way up to his ears and almost buried the lower part of his face. got a black stock and fastened it around the collar, and we got some studs and enough to have to marry one." put in the shirt front and sent him to the meeting in fine style. I forgot all about the affair until to-day, when Mrs. Randall sent me the stockings nicely done up. Nobody shall ever wear those stockings. I'm going to keep them until Sam Randall is inaugurated President,"-Phila-

Weaving Rabbits' Wool.

Yesterday I drove to St. Innocents to see the Angora rabbits, whose fur furnishes a soft and spinnable wool, out of which the peasants make a quantity of warm garments. It was curious to see the peasant girl take the rabbit fur in her fingers, and then adding it to her thread, go on spinning the coarse yarn out of it on a long spinning wheel. then went in to see the rabbits; pretty creatures, with large opal eyes and very long fur, exceedingly soft. They are "plucked" slive, and the process is said not to hurt them. Indeed, they are so fluffy that perhaps it is a relief. Some were black, others white, and others gray. I noticed no other colors. fur is not only spun, but is crocheted and knitted into a coarse canvas. The finished goods are very expensive, and I did not think them equal to woolen articles of corresponding grades. They are curious, and all visitors to Aix feel bound to carry away some little specimen or other of this rather anomalous rabbit work .- Boston Transler.

Virginia will contribute 1,100,000 to know so many things that ain't so .bushels of peanuts to human happi Josh Billings. She nodded assent, and John was and pointed to a card upon the wall on pered a few words that, in spite of her ness this year,

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

The big bonnet dies bard. There is a tendency toward smaller

Ribbons, belts and sashes are immensely popular.

Of the 471 laundries doing business in Chicago, 180 are owned by Chinese.

White serge waistcoats are worn with dark woolen dresses, pique with sateen. A grandmother at the age of thirty is a more familiar sight in China than an

A twelve-year-old girl has opened a shooting gallery in Nevada. She is an expert shot.

Six hundred and ninety women voted at a recent election in Seattle, Washington Territory.

A becoming finish is imparted to a shirred, white mull bonnet by facing with black velvet.

Fashionable materials for mourning are Henrietta cloth, camel's hair and albatross cloth.

The fashion of wearing real fruit instead of artificial, or of natural flowers has increased.

A peculiar costume seen recently was of white flannel, with small owl wings the disease, - Philadelphia Call.

stuck all over it. Handkerchiefs with bright colored border or embroidery are tucked in the

belt or button-hole. Tunis, Africa. Wives only bring from \$20 to \$120 a head.

Twelve cups of coffee every day is the elixir which keeps a Virginia lady ninety-

nine years old happy and healthy. The Wesleyau Female college, of Georgia, created in 1838, was the first

college for women in this country. A large blue rough-and-ready straw hat has poppy red crape bunched around the crown, with a number of wings in front, of the same color.

upon their "rights" without disturbance or controversy. They go to all public meetings where men go.

Copper red is a favorite color for the crepe de chine and silk Jersey waists a Rothschild once. "Indeed," was the that are worn with skirts of white wool or of black lace over satin.

A favorite way of sewing on lace this year is gathering the lace, then sewing it on the wrong side, turning and catching

it down at intervals, making a puff. The empress of Austria, while at Hei-delberg recently, lived at the most ex-pensive hotel with a suite of seventy persons, including four fencing masters.

A morning dress of biscuit-colored twill is covered all over with square cubes of cut and uncut velvet, the color enhanced by looped bows in a peculiar

Upon a small "capote" bonnet is a large tuit of full-blown poppies made of velvet and intermingled with ears of barley and ferns, tied together with thrown away to make room for a fresh grass

Poplin is again in favor, Worth having brought out many handsome costumes of this fabric which is now seen in a lighter and more drapable form than

Embroidered bretelles, or, prettier still, those made of lace and net, wide on the shoulders and tapering to a point at the be t. front and back over the bodice, are

again in vogue. The future queen of the Netherlands will be the richest woman in Europe, being heiress to the \$4,000,000 of her late brother and the vast private possessions

of her father, the present king. Addison, who wrote a good deal about female fashions in the Spectator, very much ridiculed the hoop-petticoat, which was so large, about the year 1774, that a women wearing one occupied the space

of six men. On the subject of winning a husband, a woman writes: "Men love to be big and great to their wives. That's the reason why a helpless little woman can marry three times to a sensible, self-reliant woman's none,"

The bitterest words that were ever written about women were by a women -Lady Jane Montague. She wrote: "1 have one consolation in being a womenthat is, I can never be unfortunate

Anne Boleyn was remarkably dainty about her gloves. She had a nail which turned up at the sides, and it was the deplay at cards without her gloves, in or-King Henry VIII.

A lovely lace and surah costume is of pale blue surah, with a plaiting at the foot, above this two Breton lace flounces and a pretty Breton net drapery, edged with the lace, basque pointed back and front, covered with the net, the drapery fustened with loops and ends of pale blue satin ribbon.

It is said to be satisfactorily demonstated that every time a wife scolds her husband she adds a wrinkle to her face. It is thought the announcement of this fact will have the most salutary effect. especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband it will remove one of the old wrinkles.

There are a number of women painters in Madison Parish, Louisiana. A. Gibbs lives on the Hecla plantation, which she manages with great success. Miss Lu Lucas manages a large estate, hymn, which he had unreflectingly and personally superintends a large She spends most of her time in the saddle, and looks after her hoes, plows, hoes, drains, levees, stock and Madame Ames owns a tract of 1,000 acres, and has 800 acres under cultivation this year.

It is better not to know so much than

A STOLEN KISS

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Legal potices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis.

Job work-cash on delivery.

HIS EXCUSE. As I bade her good night, Could I help just one stealing? The moon's mellow light, As I bade her good-night, On her face shone so bright, Those red lips revealing-As I bade her good-night Could I help just one stealing?

HER IDEA.

fo take only one And then say "Good-night!" (How quickly 'twas done!) To take only one! Next time he'll get none; For I don't like it quita To take-only one-And then say "Good-night?"

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says the reason the man in the moon is economical is because "everything up there is so

"Blowing a bass horn," says a physician, "will cure consumption." Another case in which the remedy is worse than

An exchange wants to know what the paragraphists will do when ice cream is gone. They will probably do the same elt or button-hole.

as other people—do without.—Norris-

Generally the party who sings "I would not live always" the loudest is the one who gets between the feather beds during the thunderstorm.-Pitts-

burg Chronicle. Lord Houghton wonders why the moon looks pale and sad. If his lordship were full once a month and reduced to his last quarter regularly he would soon cease to

wonder .- Graphic. A little Austin boy saw his mother take off her switch one day, and called Hungarian women seem to have seized out: "Oh, mamma! Let us take your scalp out in the yard, so that we can play

Indians."-Siftings. "Siam is the place where there are neither Jews nor swine," said a person to reply. "Let us go and exhibit ourselves there."—Jewish Messenger.

Life is like a harness. There are traces of care, lines of trouble, bits of good fortune, breeches of good manners, bridled tongues, and everybody has a tug to pull through.—Worcester Ga-

cette. "So you call that well water?" remarked the stranger, spurting the offending liquid from his mouth. "Great Scott! how must it have tasted when it was ill?"—Boston Transcript.

DON'T KNOW BEANS. "Oh, maiden sweet, with delicate feet, Tripping the fair fields over,
What do you seek by gurgting creek
And amid the dewy clover?"
"Why, Mister, she said, "you don't know

Pm gathering valler dock for greens. "Her hands are a poem," sings a young man who is in love all but his ears. Wait till he gets married, and if he doesn't long for a pair of prose fists to beat up the beds, wash dishes and sew on buttons, write us down as a false prophet and base deceiver .- Burlington

Free Press. AN EYE TO BUSINESS. My courage strengthened as I gazed;
The words came rushing to my lips,
The old, old tale of love was told, She glanced down at her finger tips.

And then she spoke in accents low, While blushes red suffused her cheek, It may be wrong for me to ask, But how much do you get a week?" -Roston Star.

"Is this seat engaged?" asked a small, thin woman of a fat man in the New Haven train the other day. No reply. "Will you please take your feet down and let me sit on this seat?" she repeated in a louder tone of voice. Again no reply. "I read to-day," she contin-ued still louder, "that a Chicago man has cornered all the pork in the world. How did you manage to escape?" At the next station she had whole seat to herself .- Now York

The Seats Prepared Above,

Graphic.

At one time in the history of the Confederacy, the refugees became so numerous in the towns and villages remote from the path of armies, that the good light of Queen Catharine to make her citizens of the safe and pleasant places, play at cards without her gloves, in or were seriously annoyed. The invaders der that the deformity might disgust were in their most sacred places, like the plague in Egypt, entered into their iouses, and even their churches were in-

A worthy congregation of a Virginia town had complained that their pews were occupied by refugees, often to the exclusion of their own families, and their pastor was requested to give notice from the pulpit that all refugees could be accommodated in the gallery.

Accordingly, on one bright Sunday morning the church as usual had its full complement of obnoxious visitors, when at the proper time the reverend gentleman arose and gave the notice as requested.

The refugees, though already seated and disposed to mind their prayers, arose at once, some with heightened color and tossing heads, and went into the gallery, After the disturbance caused by the move was over, the paster gave out the selected. It was

"Haste, my sonl, Oh, haste away, To sents prepared above."

A titter went around the gallery, and the congregation seemed much annoyed; even the minister, before he finished his verse, saw how unfortunate his selection was, and all seemed to feel how ridiculous it made them appear. - Southern Big-