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Select Noetry.



BY PHÆBA CAREY.

Well, let him go, and let him stay-I do not mean to die; I guess he'll find that I can live Without him, if I try. He thought to frighten me with frowns, So terrible and black-He'll stay away a thousand years Before I ask him back!

He said that I had acted wrong, And foolishly besides; I won't forget him after that--I wouldn't if I died.

If I was wrong what right had he To be cross with me? I know I'm not an angel quite-1 don't pretend to be.

He had another sweetheart once, And now when we fall out, He always says she was not cross, And that she did not pout, .It is enough to vex a saint— It's more than I can bear: I wish that girl of his was-Well, I don't care where.

He thinks that she was pretty, too-Was beautiful as good; I wonder if she'd get him back Again, now if she could? I know she would, and there she is-She lives almost in sight; And now it's almost nine o'clock-Perhaps he's there to-night.

I'd almost write to him to come-But then I've said I won't, I do not care so much but she Shan't have him if I don't. Besides, I know that I was wrong, And he was in the right: I guess I'll tell him so-and then-I wish he'd come to-night.

Miscellaueous Reading.

LAWYER TEMPLE'S PLOT.

Old Walter Kilborne died and left a the family residence for many a year, her feelings in the matter. stood in one of the down town streets that had once been the site of the fashionable residence of New York city. But the wealthy had long ago removed to the avenue, leaving the perverse old millionaire to hold his own among the growing business of the once aristocratic thoroughfare. brightened with an idea, and he at once im-A bunch of black crape still hung on the bell knob, four days after the funeral, when a bent, wily looking man pulled it. Being admitted, he was shown into the dingy room which Mr. Kilborne had in his life used as an office. This bent and wily looking man was Lawyer Whitmore. Good morning" was the reply. "Well."

"Well?" echoed the lawyer. "You got my note?" "Asking me to meet you here? Yes

what do you want?" "You drew my grandfather's will?" "I did, two days before he died."

"What were its contents?" "I have no right to tell you," and Mr. Whitemore tried to look severe. "It is with the Surrogate now, and you will know its contents on Thursday, when it will be officially opened. I could't think

of violating my official-"Not unless you are paid for it," interrupted the young man. "I understand that perfectly well, and will be plain and brief with you. As you are aware, myself and my cousin Myra are the only living relatives of my grandfather. We have been brought up here in this house together, and each hates the other as much as possible. Now, I've no idea how the propcrty is left, and I want to know. I am willing to pay for the knowledge in advance of the opening of the will, and you have it to sell.7

The lawyer assented with a cool nod of his head.

"Then name your price," continued Robert.

"One thousand dollars."

"I haven't so much." "A note for a month will do."

The document was quickly written out, signed by the young man, and transferred

to the lawyer's pocket.
"The will," then said Mr. Whitemore, "is a strange one—as strange as the man who made it—but he would listen to no advice, and I had nothing to do but carry out his wishes. He leaves all his prop-

erty to Myra Kilborne."

"D—n him!" hissed Robert.

"Hold," said the lawyer, "until you hear the conditions. He leaves all his property to Myra, as I said before, on conditions that she shall immediatly sign an agreement to, within a year, become your wifer If she shall decline to fulfil this condition, the property belongs to you. The only other point is, that Myra is married to anybody before the will is opened, she gets the property the same as if she married you. But that provision is of no consequence, as she is not likely to marry before day after to-morrow, that will be the Thursday on which the docu-

ment is to be opened. Here the lawyer stopped and looked into his companion's face as if expecting an expression of displeasure. He was disappointed, however, for Robert seemed rather satisfied than otherwise.

"It pleases me well enough," he said half expected to be cut off unconditionally. You see, I've been rather fast, and the old man disliked it, while Myra's gentle ways and attention to his wants won his regard. She is completely bound up in her lover, Harry Perton, who is hundreds of miles away just now, and I don't believe she would give him up for the fortune a dozen times over. Even if she

der my control." The lawyer here arose, bade his unscruthe interview by listening at the door. "So, so," she mused, when she had reach-

ed her own room and thrown herself into the chair, "I am to buy the fortune by Wm. H. York, the brother of that other of the she-devil that the premises stood as the chair, "I am to buy the fortune by selling myself. I won't do it. I would much good may it do him."

Yet, notwithstanding-her conclusive desuch a distasteful restriction.

What shall I do? I wish I had somebody to advise me. And I can have—a lawyer his non-arrival, of the fears of foul play, by groped about over these splotches and to advise me. They are up to all sorts and of all the little details and circumheld up a handful to the light. The ouze of-tricks, so they say."

Without a moment's delay she dressed had been murdered.

"Is Mr. Templer in?" ask Myra. seat, "that is my name." "I have came for some legal advice-

some advice on a matter of the greatest importance to me, and—"
"If I am to aid you," said the lawyer

"Of course," she concluded, " I want to retain the fortune, but not at the price stipulated in the will. Can you help me?"

Mr. Templer sat for a while in deep thought-so long in fact, that Myra got parted it to his fair client. For an hour they were in close consultation. That day and the next passed, and Thursday came. The will was to be read in the

Surrogate's office: at twelve o'clock, a carriage drove up to the Kilborne residence. In it were Mr. Templer and two of his intimate friends. The former alighted and entered the house. In a moment he reappeared with Myra. She acted a little nervous, but seemed reassured by the presence of the lawyer, who helped her into the carriage, and all were taken way. They proceeded to the residence of a clergyman, where they were evidently expected, as they were shown promptly into the parlor. The reverend gentleman entered and the lawyer stepped forward with Myra. "We are the couple sir."

The marriage ceremony of the Episcopal church was performed, a certificate was made out, the two friends signed it as witnesses, and the quartette were soon again seated in the carriage.

"Drive on to the Court House." Mr. Temple to the driver.

The Surrogate, the clerk, Robert Kelborn, Lawyer Whitmore, and a few others were in the surrogate's office when the "wedding party," returned. It was just twelve o'clock. The will was read and Robert turned rather superciliously to Myra for her decision:

'Will you sign the agreement to marry me?" he asked.

"No," she replied.

"Then you resign the property to me?" and a glair of triumph shot from her the devll's work for her beyond all the aeyes.
"No!"

"That will provides," said Mr. Temple, "that she shall take the fortune if married at the time of its opening. She is married to me, and here is the certificate. The ceremony was performed an hour ago." ment" was the ground. A few days later Harry returned, and before the day ap-

pointed for his marriage to Myra she had obtained a divorce from Mr. Temple. The latter was one of the jolliest of the guests. ther investigation and with the practical "If it hadn't been for you-"began the grateful bride. "Stop !" interrupted Mr. Temple "I am to put it all in my bill. For the will

suit so many dollars; for the divorce suit, flow comes often to a Kansas creek, all of death throes. Again resuscitated, he once so many more dollars-you see I am the one to be greatful after all." But no bill for legal services was ever

paid with a better grace. There are souls that are created for one another in the eternities, hearts that are predestined each to each, from the absolute necessities of their nature; and when this man and this woman come face to

face, these hearts throb, and are one. Very dangerous persons-People dress-

A KANSAS HORROR. ONE OF THE MOST FEARFUL CRIMES ON

The Kansas City (Mo.) Times contains

What follows in its facts may read like the recital of some horrible dream, whereshould consent to marry me, I wouldn't be in nightmare mirrors upon the distemperso badly off with the property almost un- ed brain a countless number of monstrous and unnatural things, yet what is set down in the parrative is as true as the sun. "

up to date.

The beginning of the end came about York, famous now for his penetration of safe from intrusion as if protected by a denot give up Harry for fifty times a mil-the guilty secrets of Pomercy and betraylion. Robert can take the money, and al in the supreme moment of the Senatorial crisis of the trusts confided to his keerial crisis of the trusts confided to his keeping—left Fort Scott, on horseback, for in the floor, which upon closer examination, revealed a trap door upon hinges. a pang the fortune to which she had always looked forward as her certain portion.— Instrument of the class of looked forward as her certain portion.—
Her grandfather had always seemed to Her grandfather had always seemed to looked for him, his family prayed the gloom a pit outlined itself, forbiding, cavernous, unknown. Lights were proregard her with affection, she had not dealt day after day with him, expectation cured and some of the men descended. dreamed that in his will he could impose at last deepened into downright earnestness about him, until on the 28th of March ed like a well, some six feet deep, and a "If Harry was only here," she thought, the Lawrence Tribune gave a brief ac-"there would not be any taouble, because | count of the mysterious disappearance.we could get married before Thursday. - All at once thereafter all the papers in if the water had come up from the bottom What shall I do? I wish I had somebody State took up the tale of his journey, of or been poured down from above. They stances that-might-go-to show that he

herself for the street and went out. She | The most thorough search known to finknew no lawyer, but walked until she came ite skill was at once commenced. His to a building upon which she had often neighbors turned out en masse. His bronoticed an array of legal signs. Passing ther, Col. A. M. York, rested neither day up stairs, and selecting a name from the nor night in his labors, but followed what lot-that chanced to strike her most favor - seemed to him a trail with the tenacity ably, she entered a well furnished office. of an Indian and the devotion of a saint. A middle aged man sat alone writing at a kivers were dragged, spots fit for ambush were probed foot by foot, lonesome places were quested as a keen hound "Yes," said the man, looking up at his scents a trail that is cold, the route he pretty visitor, and motioning her to take a was supposed to have followed had scouts upon it from city to city, the tracks of his horse were even attempted to be identified, but all to no purpose. Not a shadow of evidence rested anywhere to say that Dr. York had been murdered—not kindly, "you must speak frankly and un-reservedly, which you may do in the ut-most confidence."

Lork find oeen murdered—not a sign anywhere showed how he came to his death, if death indeed had overtook him unawares. He was traced to Cher Thus encouraged, Myra told him the ryvale, but no further. There the trail fortune that aggregated nearly a million. whole story of the will, the manner in was no longer a trail, but a myth, a mys-The gloomy old house which had been which she had obtained information, and tery, an enigma neither the unwearied

votion of a brother could solve. Cherryvale is a small town on the Lea venworth, Lawrence and Galveston railroad, and is in Labette county, about fifty miles from the south line of the State. To the south of Cherryvale, some two miles or less, stands a frame house, having in front a large room, where the meals were served, and in rear a sleeping room furnished with two beds and some scant additional furniture besides. William and Thomas Bender lived in this house with their wives. To the right of the dwelling house was an out-house, and in the rear was an enclosed garden of possibly two acres.

The search seemed to end suddenly at Cherryvale. Suspiction if ever entertained, fell upon no one. There were variof opinion; but for the life of any man he could not say what had become of Dr.

York. One day, early in April, some men from Cherryvale rode over to the Bender house—a tavern too, it was, where enterlearned nothing, however. None of the nor his mysterious disappearance, nor anything that pertained to him. Very well the men said, and they rode on again as

fully informed as before. Wm. Bender, the eldest of the brothers had a wife who was a Spiritualist. The balance of the Benders called her a medium. The neighbors, a she devil. She was forty-two, with iron-gray hair ragged at the ends and thin over her temples.-Her eyes were steel-gray and hard. All the household feared her, dreaded her, obeyed her, and, as the sequel proves, did trocious devil's work ever done in Kan-

Time went slowly by, and a man riding in one day from the prarie saw no smoke dows were down, the doors were closed, saw a dead calf in the lot, and, upon fureyes of a practical farmer, used in guess-

be readily answered.

The lawyer here arose, bade ms unscreen pulous patron good day and went out. But as he did so, had his ears been younger, he last night by a gentleman just from the scene of the butchery, and from dispatchers and accounts already published, we are solid. If there were dead men about, they were not in the tirely disfigured by decay. Nothing like this sickening series of crimes has ever front room. Then came the back room. skirts neeing up the stairway—those same enabled to give a tolerably detailed ackilborne, who had heard every word of count of the monstrous series of murders the beds were removed. In his flight been recorded in the whole history of the

> vil in reality.
>
> After the beds had been removed one They found themselves in an abyss shapbout five feet in diameter. Hear and there little damp places could be seen as

smeared itself over their palms and drippled through their fingers. It was blood. en down into a spot, and when it was with-drawn something that looked like matter adhered to the point. Shovels were at He had a silver ring on the little finger a corpse was uncovered. It had been bur-ried upon its face. The flesh had drop John Geary was identified by his wife ped away from the legs. There was no coffin, no winding sheet, no preparation for the grave, nothing upon the body but an old shirt, torn in places and thick with damp and decay. The corpse was tenderly disinterred, and laid upon its back in the full light of the soft April sun. One look of horror-into the ghastly face, festories and excellent and a degree which a hammer.

"The throats of all had been cut except that of the little girl. The whole ground look of horror-into the ghastly face, festories and excellent and a degree which the soft and the head with a hammer.

"IT IS DR. YORK!" And it was. He had been burried in a shallow hole, with scarcely two feet of dirt over him. Had he been murdered, and how? They examined him closely.-Upon the back of his head and to the left and obliquely from his right ear, a terrible blow had been given with a hammer. The skull had been driven into the brain. Strong men turned away from the sickening sight with a shudder. Others wept, Some even had to leave the garden and remain away from the shambles of the butchers.

It seemed as if the winds carried the idings to Cherryvale. In an hour all the town was at the scene of the discovery .-A coffin was procured for Dr. York's body, and his brother, utterly overwhelmed, sat world itself used up entirely, if the thouous surmises, conjectures and expressions by the ghastly remains as one upon whom the hand of death had been laid. He could not be comforted.

But the horrid work was not yet comrequisition, until six more graves were discovered, five of which contained each a if possible, some tidings of his fate. They the last stages of decomposition, and others, not so far gone, might have been iden-Benders had seen him, nor heard of him, tified if any among the crowd had known them in life.

The scene was horrible beyond description. The daylight fled from the prairies, but the search went on with unabated vig-A fascination impossible to define, solute discovery. This man, however in I ful. His eyes started from their sockets,

"CONFESS! CONFESS! ing the weight of live-stock upon the hoof they yelled, but he said nothing. Again he knew that the calf had died of starva- he was jerked from his feet, and again tion. Then the truth came, as an over- was the strong body convulsed with the a sudden and overwhelming. Such a more refused to open his mouth. He did death suggested flight, flight meant guilt, not appear to understand what was wantmurder. He galloped into Cherryvale lated and butchered dead, the flickering and related what he had seen. The town and swirling torches sputtering in the aroused itself. A party was organized night wind, the stern, set, faces of his exinstantly and set out for the Bender man- ecutioners, all, all passed before him as a sion. Then it was remembered that about two weeks before this—say somewhere near the 24th of April—William third time they swung him up, and then Bender had sold to some persons either his heart could not be felt to beat, and to earn an honest living. This world has in or near Cherryvale, a watch, and some there was no pulse at his wrists. "He is been pretty well taken care of for thouclothing of fine character, two mules, and dead," they said. But he was not dead, sands of years, increasing in comfort and culated to make a good batter.

perhaps a shot gun or two, and some pistols. How did he come by these? If was permitted to stagger away in the darkthe dead could speak, the question might ness as one who was drunken or deranged.

Six butchered human beings were The party from Cherryvale arrived at brought forth from their bloody graves, the house directly from the Osage Mission and three others are yet to be uncovered road, having the outhouse in the rear of It is thought that more graves will yet be it to the south. In the rear as we have discovered. The pit under the trap door said, was a garden. This at first was not was made to receive the body when first examined. The front room of the house struck down by the murderer's hammer. was next carefully searched, every crack, All the skulls were crushed in, and all at and crevice being minutely examined nearly the same place. One of the cornses and subject to the application of rods and was so norribly mutilated as to make the levers to see if the flooring was either hol- sex even a matter of doubt. The little the elder Bender had left everything un-touched. Not even the doors were lock-People for hundreds of miles are flock-

ing into cherryvale, and enormous rewards of the she-devil that the premises stood as are to be offered for the arrest of the murderers. It is supposed that they have been following their horrible work for years. Plunder is the accepted cause.—
Dr. York, it is said, had a large sum of money on his person, and that he stopped at the house either to feed his horse or get a drink of water. While halting for either he was dealt the blow which killed him in an instant. Every one who knew him liked him. None of the other corpses have been identified. We have dispatched a special reporter to the scene, who will send us other and fuller particulars of the diabolical butchery.

The diabolical tributes in other and there is no other tongue or way for a young man to make his fortune. He must dig if he would get gold. All the men that have succeeded honestly or dishonestly, in making money, have had to make his fortune. him liked him. None of the other corpses diabolical butchery.

LATEST-MIDNIGHT. The following special dispatch, received at midnight, gives some further horri-

ble particulars: "CHERRYVALE, Kan., May 8-11:30 P. M.—Seven more bodies have been ta-The party had provided themselves with ken up, besides that of Or. York, with long sharp rod of iron which they drove three graves yet untouched. Six of these into the ground in every direction at the have been identified. H. Longchos and bottom of the pit, but nothing further re- child, eighteen months old, was identified warded the search, and they came away by his father-in-law. The body of W. F. to examine the garden in the rear of the M Carthy has also been identified. He nouse. After boring, or prodding, as it was born in 1843, and served during the were, for nearly an hour, the rod was driv- war in company D, 123d Illinois Volunonce set to work, and in a few moments of his left hand, with the initials of his

tering and swollen, and a dozen voices excitement is increasing hourly. Some cried out in terror: I will return to the scene of the murder to-morrow, and will send a full account of everything new that is developed. The whole country is aroused, and the good name of the State is enlisted in the determination to secure the murderers if they have to be followed to the ends of the The scene at the grave surpasses everything in horror that could possibly be imagined."

Stupidity.

Under this head, Dr. Hall, in his Journal of Health for March, 1873, humorously discourses on the tendency of the times as follows:

It is really a great wonder that every

sandth part of what is told us about microscopical and other "discoveries," so called, is true. One man will have it that the glorious Union over which the stripes pleted. The iron rod was again put in and stars float so proudly will soon become depopulated, because respectable people don't have children, another has tainment was furnished to travelers—to corpse, and the sixth, containing two, an discovered myriads of bugs in the chate-inquire concerning Dr. York, and to learn old man and a little girl. Some were in laines and waterfalls of the ladies, boring into their skulls and sucking out all the remaining brains of the dear delightfuls. A German savan now tells us that every sip of tea we take is full of oily globules which get into the lungs direct, weaken them, set up a cough, and the person dies of consumption. Another man has found that the purest spring water, clear as a held the spectators to the spot. The spir- crystal to all appearance, will if let alone it of murder was there, and it kept them deposite a sediment which generates ty-in spite of the night and the horror of the phoid fever; hence he proposes that evesurroundings. The crowd increased instead of diminishing. Coffins were protected of diminishing. vided for all, and again was the search re- in it that it is turning us all to bone, and newed. It was past midnight when our and makes us stiff in the joints, that beinformant left, but three more graves had ing the reason we have no lithe, sprightly been discovered, each supposed to contain old men row-a-days; hence we are full of a corpse, although they had not been o- limps and rheumatics long before our time. pened. The whole country is aroused,— therefore we had better quit eating bread Couriers and telegrams have been sent in altogether, and live on rice and sago and every direction with descriptions of the tapioca. The water cure folks assure us rising from Bender's chimney. The winders, and it is not thought possible that pork and beans and ham and eggs dows were down, the doors were closed, that they can escape. With the crowd at are full of abominable trichine, and that there was no sign of life anywhere. These the grave was a man named Brockman if one is swallowed and gets fairly nestled On the same day proceedings were instituted by Mr. Temple on behalf of Myra to obtain a devorce for himself. "Abandon-over the disappearance of Dr. York that over the an awakening had to depend upon an ablin the house. His contortions were fear. And here comes Tom, Dick and Harry. all in a row, loaded down with microsriding by a pen to the left of the house, and a livid hue came to his face that was copes and spy glasses which show as plain appalling. Death was within reach of as day that the air is swarming with liv-him when he was cut down. ing monsters and putrid poisons, which fly into the mouth and crawl up the nose and creep into the ear; hence it is death to breathe such pestilential air, and the best way is to keep the mouth shut, plug up the nose, and ram cotton into the ears. Ever so many learned processional gentlemen have been torturing poor figures and the nature of the gult was surely ed of him. The yelling crowd, the muti- for years to make them tell the stupendous fib that everybody is either crazy or will soon be: that the annual increase is ten per cent, consequently in eleven years everybody will be crazy, and more too. The fact is that the people who spend

their time in hatching out these tomfool-

eries, ought to be put to work and made

which has doubled within two centuries, and the population increased perhaps three fold; and the presumption is that the Great Maker of all will so arrange all to be rich, so many have a large leg-I-see the antagonistic forces of life for the future as eventually to make "the wilderness and solitary place to be glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose,' and the race be happy still.

Alfred's Failure.

"There is Alfred Sutton home with his family to live on the old folks," said one neighbor to another. "It seems hard, after all his father has done to fit him for business, and capital invested to start him out so poorly. He is a steady young man, no bad habits, as far as I know; he had a gold education and man a gold educatio good education, and was always considered smart; but he doesn't succeed in anything. I am told he has tried a number of different sorts of business, and sunk money every time. What can be the trouble with Alfred? I should like to know, for I don't want my boy to take his turn. "Alfred is smart enough," said the oth-

lacks the one element of success. He never wants to give a dollar's worth of work for a dollar of money; and there is no othhad to work for it—the sharpers some-times the hardest of all. Alfred wished to set his train in motion, and let it take bout ye?" care of itself. No wonder it soon run off the track, and a smash-up was the result.

Teach your boy, friend Archer, to work by your side." with a will when he does work. Give him play enough to make him healthy and happy, but let him learn early that work is the business of life. Patient, self-denying work is the price of success. Ease and indolence eat away not capital only, but worse, all a man's nerve power. Present gratification tends to put off duty until to-morrow or next week, and so the golden moments slip by. It is getting to e a rare thing for the sons of rich men to die rich. Too often they squander in half a score of years what their fathers were a lifetime in accumulating. I wish could ring it in the ear of every aspiring young man that work, hard work, of head and hands, is the price of success."-Country Gentleman.

"'Twas My Mother's."

rets of the city, were preparing for their holes in our ears." in the West. Just before the time for the starting of the cars, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment.

The superintendent stepped up to him and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patched lining. It proyed to be his old jacket, which, having been into small holes," rejoined the old boy, replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost.-'Come, John, come!" said the superin-

that old piece of calico?' "Please, sir," said John, "I am cutting it to take with me. My dear, dead mothme. This was a piece of her dress, and it is all I shall have to remember her by."

"No," was the reply; "it is under the pulpit platform." "Well, if it blows up, we

body is not dead and buried, and the And as the poor boy thought of that mother's love, and of the sad death bed scene in the old garret where she died he covered his face with his hands and sobbed as if his heart would break. But the train was about leaving, and

John thrust the little piece of calico into his bosem "to remember his mother by," hurried into a car, and was soon far away from the place where he had seen so much Many an eye has moistened as the stoon him. In short, he is equally removed

ry of this orphan boy has been told, and many a heart prayed that the God of the fatherless and motherless would be his or cringe to an emperor. friend. He loved his mother, and we can not but believe that he obeyed her and was a faithful child.

Will our little readers, whose parents are yet spared to them, always try to show their love by cheerful obedience, knowing this is pleasing to the Lord? Will the boys, especially always be affectionate and kind to their mothers!

A RICH STORY.—The following story is too good to be lost, and as it must have. been told by a lawyer, of course the profession will take no offence at our reproducing it. An old lady walked into a lawyer's office lately, when the following con-

versation took place:
Lady—Squire, I called to see if you would like to take this boy and make a lawver of him.

Lawyer—The boy appears to be rather young, madam; how old is he? Lady-Seven years, sir. Lawyer-He is too young, decidedly

too young; have you no other boys?

Lady—Oh! yes, I have several, but we have concluded to make farmers of the others. I told the old man I thought this little fellow would make a first rate lawyer, so I called to see if you would take

Lawyer-No, madam, he is too young yet to commence the study of the profession. But why do you think this boy any better calculated for a lawver than your other sons?

Lady—Why, you see, sir, he is just seven years old to-day. When he was only five he'd lie like all natur'; when he got to be six he was saussy and impudent as any critter could be, and now he'll steal everything he can lay his hands on.

Why is a promising ball-player like flour and eggs? Aus .- Beause he's cal-

Wit and Anmor.

Jo. says: "I think public dancers ought

Mrs. Partington will not allow Ike to play the guitar. She says he had it once when he was a child, and it nearly killed

A Maine girl whose lover had lost a limb, replied to her companions' banter, "I wouldn't have a man with two legsthey're so common.

Which would you rather do, go through An Indiana young lady died recently,

A crusty old bachelor says that Adam's

wife was called Eve because when she appeared man's days of happiness were drawer, and has education enough, but he ing to a close.

An Irishman quarreling with an Eng-lishman told him if he didn't hold his tongue he would break his impenatrable head and let the brains out of his empty

"Jenny," said a Scotch minister, stooping from his pulpit, "have you a pin a-"Yes, minister." "Then s ick-it into that sleeping brute-

A Bridget applied to the family of a citizen up town yesterday, with her clothes drippling like a water-spout. On being interrogated as to her condition, she said; she understood the lady of the house wanted a wet nurse, and she had come ready

for service. "Pa" said a little seven-year old fellow, "I guess our man, Ralph, is a Christian,",
"How so, my boy?" queried the parent.—
"Why, pa, I read in the Bible that the
wicked shall not live out half his days and Ralph says he has lived out ever since he was a little boy.

Two little girls were gravely discussing the question of earrings. One thought it wicked. The other was sure it could not be, for so many good people wear them. The other replied: "Well, I don't care; A company of poor children, who had been gathered out of the alleys and garif it wasn't wicked God would have made

"I say, ald boy," cried Paul Pry to an excavator, whom he espied at the bottom of a yawning gult, "what are you digging there?" "A big hole," the old boy replied. Paul was not to be put off in this

"and retail them to farmers for gate posts," A funny thing happened at a Presbytendent, "What are you going to do with terian church the other day. The new steam heating apparatus was in use for the first time; and, after service, one la dy meeting an elder in the aisle, said :er put the lining into this old jacket for That boiler ain't under our seat is it?"shall have a good man to go shead of us,"

was the reply. A great man is affable in his conversation, generous in his temper, and immovable in what he has naturally resolved upon. And as prosperity dues not make him either haughty and imperious, so neither does adversity sink him into meanness and dejection: for if ever he shows more spirit than ordinary, it is when he is ill used, and the world is frowning up-

from the extremes of severity and pride

and scorns either to trample upon a worm

"No NIGHT THERE."-Toward the close of a long summer day, which had flooded the earth with beauty and song a lovely boy, wearied with his very pleasures, ar ter silent thought, said with a tone of sadness, "Mother, I am so tired; and it says. in the Bible, There shall be no night there. What shall I do in heaven when I am tired?"

We think that the oldest of us find it difficult to comprehend an eternal day of unwearied activity. The home of the redeemed is called rest; this must mean simply freedom from weariness. We know of no descriptive worlds of heaven which include more than these: "There shall be no night there."

A MIXED UP DARKEY .-- "Uncle Chew," a venerable negro preacher of Jersey City, who was formerly a slave and now unites his professional duties with those appertaining to the whitewashin' business, cherishes the old delusion that women have only seven devils. "For," says Uncle Chew, "as Mary Magdalen was the only woman who ever had them cast out, all the rest must, consequently have them! He thinks the preaching of the present day is shocking." "Why," says he, "dey don't say nuffin" 'bout hell now-a-days, and what's religion good for without her and de debble? Guess dey find out for demselves by and by, shuh." Uncle Chew quotes. "It a man steals one grain of wheat and plant it, in the fall when gathered the whole is stolen." "So," says Incle Chew, "when dey stole de first darkey. from Africa de whole product are stoled. and as the prosperity of the country was made by stoled labor, it rightfully belongs to de cullered folks," Uncle Chews theory would sadly interfere with the plans of some people.