

I Live for those who love me.

I live for those who love me—
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me;
For the task by God assigned me;
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do;
I live for those who love me—
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cross that needs assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

THRILLING NARRATIVE. FOUND BY THE LOST ONE.

James Morgan was a native of Maryland, married, at an early age, and soon after settled near Bryan's Station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the West, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, decamped the timber, enclosed a field with a white fence, and planted some corn. It was on the 17th day of August 1782. It was a pleasant breeze was playing thro' the surrounding wood, the cane bowed under its influence, and the broad leaves of corn waved in the cabin.

Morgan had seated himself in the door of his cabin, with his infant on his knee. His young and happy wife had laid aside the spinning-wheel, and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That afternoon he accidentally found a bundle of letters which he had finished reading to his wife before he had taken his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they had acknowledged an early and ardent attachment to each other, and the perusal left evident traces of joy in the faces of both; the little infant, too, seemed to partake of its kind parents feelings, by cheerful smiles, playful humor and infantile caresses.

While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard; another followed in quick succession. Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, and they simultaneously exclaimed, Indians! The door was instantly barred, and the next instant their fears were realized by a bold and spirited attack of a small party of Indians.

The cabin could not be successfully defended, and time was precious. Morgan, cool, brave and prompt, soon decided. While he was in the act of concealing her under the floor, a mother's feeling overcame her; she arose, seized the infant, but was afraid that its cries would betray its place of concealment. She hesitated, gazed silently upon it; a momentary struggle between duty and affection took place. She once more pressed her child to her bosom, and again kissed it with impassionate tenderness. The infant, alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon its cheeks, looked in its mother's face, threw its little arms around her neck, and wept aloud. In the name of Heaven, Eliza, release the child, or be lost! said the distracted husband, in a soft imploring tone, as he forced the infant from his wife, hastily took up his gun, knife, and hatchet, ran up the ladder to get to the chamber, and drew it after him. In a moment the door was burst open, and the savages entered.

By this time Morgan had secured his child in a bag, and lashed it to his back, and then throwing off some clapboards from the cabin roof, he resolutely leaped to the ground. He was assailed by two Indians. As the first approached, he knocked him down with the butt end of his gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk; Morgan let fall his gun and closed in.

The savage made a blow, missed, but served the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest over the child now became warm and fierce, and was carried on with knives only. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the ascendancy; both were badly cut, and bled freely; but the stabs of the white man were deeper and deeper, and the savage fell to the earth. Morgan hastily took up the child and hurried off.

The Indians in the house, basely engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprised of the contest in the yard until the one that had been knocked down gave signs of returning life, was discovered, immediately pursued, and a dog put upon his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved with all the speed of a hunted stag, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible to outrun or elude the cunning animal, trained to hunt of this kind, he halted and waited till it came within a few yards of him, fired and brought him to the ground.

In a short time he reached the house of his brother, who resided near Bryan's Station, at Lexington, where he left the child, and the brothers left for the dwelling. As they approached, light broke upon his view; he steps quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind. Emerging from the cane brake, he beheld his house in flames and almost burnt to the ground. My wife! he exclaimed, as he pressed on hand to his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other to support his tottering frame. He gazed on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few paces, and fell exhausted to the earth.

Morning came, and the luminary of Heaven arose and still found him seated near the expiring embers. In his right hand he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of Eliza on the ground, and his left hand lay on his favorite dog by his side; looking first on the ruin and then on his dog, with evident signs of grief, Morgan arose.—The two brothers now made search, and found some bones burned to ashes, which they gathered and silently confined to the mother earth, beneath the high spreading branches of a venerable oak consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections.

Several days after this, Morgan was engaged in a desperate battle at the Lower Blue Licks. The Indians came off victoriously, and the surviving whites retreated across the Licking, pursued by the enemy for a distance of six and thirty miles. James Morgan was among the last who crossed the river, and was in the rear until the hill was descended. As he beheld the Indians re-appear on the ridge, he felt and saw his wrongs and recollected the lovely object of his affections. He urged his horse and pressed to the front. While in the act of leap-

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VOL. 1. WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 31, 1885. NO. 46.

ing from his saddle he received a rifle ball in his thigh, and fell; the Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair, and applied the scapling knife.

At this moment Morgan took up and recognized the hatchet which had bound the head of the savage, and knew it to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his body, and increased his activity to fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian, and with a death-like grasp, hugged him to his bosom, and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage, Morgan crawled under a small oak, on an elevated piece of ground, a short distance from him; the scene of action shifted, and he remained undiscovered and unscathed, an anxious spectator of the battle.

It was now midnight. The savage band had, after taking all the scalps they could find left the battle ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the oak, his trunk supporting his head. The tagged and uneven ground that surrounded him was covered with the slain, the once white and projecting rocks, bleached by the sun and rain for centuries, were crimsoned with blood that had warmed the heart and animated the loom of the soldier.

The pale glimmering of the moon occasionally threw a faint light upon the mangled bodies of the dead; then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness, and gave additional terror to the feeble cries of a few still lingering in the last agonies of protracted death, rendered doubly appalling by the hoarse growl of the bear, the loud howling of the wolf, and the shrill and varied notes of the wild cat and the panther, feeding on the dead and dying. Morgan beheld the scene with heart-rending sensations, and looked forward with the apathy of despair on his own end.

A large, ferocious looking bear, covered all over with blood, now approached him; he threw himself on the ground, and silently commended his soul to heaven, and in breathless anxiety, awaited his fate. The satiated animal slowly passed without noticing him.—Morgan raised his head and was about to offer his thanks for his unexpected preservation, when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him, and awakened him to a sense of danger. He placed his hands over his eyes, fell on his face, and in silent agony awaited his fate.

He now heard a rustling in the bushes, steps approached, a cold chill ran over him.

Imagination, creative, busy imagination, was actively employed; the most horrible waited him; his limbs would in all probability be torn from him, and he devoured alive. He felt a touch; the vital spark was almost extinguished. Another touch, more violent than the first, and he was turned over. The cold sweat ran down in torrents; his hands were violently forced from his face.—The moon had passed from under a cloud; a faint ray beamed upon him, his eyes unvoluntarily opened, and he beheld his wife, who, in a scarcely audible voice, exclaimed: My husband! my husband! and fell upon his bosom.

Morgan now learned from his wife that after the Indians entered the house, they found some spirits, of which they drank freely.—An altercation soon took place; one of them received a mortal stab and fell; the blood ran through the floor on her. Believing it to be the blood of her husband, she shrieked aloud, and thus betrayed the place of her concealment. She was instantly taken and bound. The party, after setting fire to the house, proceeded to Bryan's Station.

On the day of the battle of the Blue Licks, a horse with a saddle and bridle rushed by her, which she knew to be her husband's.—During the action the prisoners were left unguarded; made their escape and lay concealed beneath some bushes near the bank of the river. After the Indians had returned from the pursuit, and left the battle ground, she with some other persons who escaped with her, determined to make search for their friends, and if on the field, and living, to save them, if possible, from the beasts of prey. After searching for some time, and almost despairing of success, she fortunately discovered him.

The party of Capt. Logan found Morgan and his wife, and restored them to their friends, their infant and their home.

Mr. Cona.—For the sake of the birds, the fruit, and the boys, will you give this article from the *Evening Post*, as part of an insertion in your paper.

DON'T KILL THE BEES.

Every class of living things has its use, its design and mission on earth; and no place or kind can be exterminated without inflicting injury on the human family. Even insects have their use and beneficial effects for the economy of nature. If they check vegetation and reduce the crops, they in many regions and districts prevent over-production, and exhaustion of the soil. But, while nature has assigned to them a task and a use, it has provided against its too abundant increase of their numbers by making the insects themselves food for the birds. But for the birds the insects, worms and vermin would become so numerous as to destroy all vegetation. The feathered tribes keep down their increase to a safe limit, and would thus preserve a just balance in nature but for the wanton propensity of man to destroy the birds. A gun may be found in almost every farm house in the country, and, while it is useful for some purposes, it destroys and frightens away the best friends of the husbandman. They not only great him with their morning songs, and delight him with their gay plumage, their infinite variety and their active and sprightly industry, but they protect his crops from the increase of vermin that would destroy them. If they devour a few bushels of his grain they compensate him for it by preventing the destruction of ten times more than they claim as their own reward.

We are a farmer we would cultivate the birds as assiduously as we would the domestic fowls, and would welcome them to an undisturbed home in our neighborhood. Their morning melodies are more delightful than the best serenade of a city band. Their cheerful activity gives life to the orchards, the fields and the forests. They are pleasant and harmless friends of man, and their wanton destruction is not only cruel, but most injurious to the farmer and gardener.

But strong as the reasons are that demand an increase of the feathered tribes, man with his murderous gun pursues them until in thickly settled regions they are almost exterminated. Were the uses of these birds understood, and their melody, their innocence, and their beauty duly appreciated, the guns of the sportsmen and the sportsmen would almost as soon be aimed at the domestic fowls. A writer in the *Genesee Farmer*, an excellent agricultural journal, has the following just remarks on this subject:

Suppose the State of New York had a thousand robins where it now has one, how many caterpillars, moths, worms, grubs, and other voracious insects would these birds consume? If public opinion were only enlightened on this subject so as to protect all insectivorous birds, we should soon cease to complain of cuculi, weevils, peach tree and apple tree borers, peabugs, and a hundred garden bugs, flies, snails, grass hoppers, locusts, cotton and tobacco worms. We have had opportunities for studying most of these deplorable, and regard the unnatural destruction of birds, or their expulsion from all so-called civilized communities, as the principal cause of the increase of insects.

Let us study Nature and observe how nearly all the feathered tribes, with which we are familiar, hatch their young at that season of the year when insects and their larva most abound, when so many millions are daily consumed to feed the voracious broods of rapidly growing birds. In Maryland and Virginia large flocks of turkeys are reared expressly to be driven through tobacco fields by children "to worm the crops." A turkey, from the time it is large enough to eat a worm till it attains its full growth, will consume an incredible number of insects, and forcibly illustrates an important law. Barley fowls, doves, and pigeons, may also be cultivated at a profit.

Were it not for the fact that insects devour each other, and are destroyed in countless numbers every year by birds, they might soon accumulate to such an extent as to sweep every vestige of vegetation from the face of the earth. The extermination of all the feathered tribes in wanton sport, and in ignorance of Nature's laws, would tend rapidly towards such a result. There are very few birds that do harm, and their mischief can be prevented by far better means than by killing them. It should be made a penal offence to kill a harmless bird, for it is a public injury. Nor is the injury in the aggregate a trifling one. Taking this whole country together the birds, by destroying the insects and vermin, save food enough each year to feed a city as large as Pittsburg. Let every farmer cultivate birds, encourage their free and unmolested use of his forests and fields, and their rapid multiplication in his neighborhood. They will help to protect his crops, and increase their quantity. They may commit some depredations but they will do for him tenfold more good than harm.

Nature's God has adjusted a nice balance among all living things, and for a wise and beneficent purpose. If there were no insects and worms the rankness of vegetation would soon exhaust the soil. If there was no check to the multiplication of insects and vermin they would soon destroy all vegetation. The birds are the check. If mankind for mere wanton sport destroys the birds the insects and vermin increase, and the crops are consequently reduced. Birds fit for food may be killed for that purpose. But such as are not used for food should not be destroyed.

THE STRONGEST KIND OF A HINT.—A young lady asking a gentleman to see if one of her rings would not go on his little finger.

On the question which enjoys the greatest amount of happiness, the bachelor or the married man?

Mr. President and Gentlemen: I rise to advocate the rights of the married man.—And why should I not? I claim to know something about the institution, I do. With any gentleman present to say that I do not? Let him accompany me home.—Let us see from him with my wife and seventeen children, and decide.

High as the Rocky Mountains tower above the Mississippi Valley, does the character of the married man tower above that of the bachelor. "What is a bachelor? What was Adam before he got acquainted with Eve? What a poor shiftless, helpless, insignificant creature! No more to be compared with his alter self than a mill-dan to the great roaring cataract of Niagara." [Applause.]

Gentlemen, there was a time—I blush to say it—when I was a bachelor; and a more miserable creature you would hardly expect to find. Every day, I toiled hard, and at night came to my comfortable garret—no carpet, no fire, no nothing. Everything was in a clutter, and in the words of the poet—

"Confusion was monarch of all he surveyed."

Here lay a pair of pants, there a dirty pair of boots, there a play-bill, and here a pair of dirty clothes. What wonder that I took refuge at the gaming-table and bar-room. I found it would never do, gentlemen, and in a lucky moment, I vowed to reform.—Scarcely had the promise passed my lips, when a knock was heard at the door, and in came Susan Simpkins after my dirty clothes. "Mr. Splicer," she says, "I've washed for you six months, and I haven't seen the first red cent in the way of payment. Now, I'd like to know what you are going to do about it?"

I felt for my pocket-book. There was nothing in it, and I knew it well enough. "Miss Simpkins," I said, "it's no use of denying it, I haven't got the pence. I wish for your sake I had."

"There," said she, promptly, "I don't wash another rag for you."

"Stop," said I. "Susan, I will do what I can for you. Silver and gold I have none; but if my heart and hand will do, they are at your service."

"Are you in earnest?" says she, looking a little suspicious.

"Never more so," says I.

"Then," says she, "as there seems to be no prospect of getting my pay any other way, I guess I'll take up with your offer."

"Enough said." We were married in a week, and what's more, we haven't repented it. No more antics for me, gentlemen.—I live in a good house, and have somebody to mend my clothes. When I was a poor, miserable bachelor, gentlemen, I used to be as thin as a weasel. Now I am as plump as a piker.

In conclusion, gentlemen, if you want to be a poor ragged devil, without a coat to your back or a shoe to your foot; if you want to grow old before your time, and as uncomfortable, generally, as a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way," I advise you to remain a bachelor; but if you want to live decently and respectably, [overpowering applause] and you may have your pick.

Mr. Splicer sat down amid long continued plaudits. The generous proposal with which he concluded secured him five sons-in-law.

A Mysterious Transaction.

We have been favored with the particulars of a very strange affair in the township of Salem, this county, so far as those in that section, affected by the transaction, are permitted to know the why and wherefore of the mystery.

Several weeks ago, Mr. Curtis, one of the most upright and honorable men of the township, received a brief letter, without date or signature, printed with a pen, purporting to have been mailed at Philadelphia, enclosing one hundred and two dollars, in good bank bills; with a request that he would distribute the money to about fifty different individuals mostly neighbors, a list of the names being appended, and the amount going to each, set opposite the name respectively. Mr. Curtis upon consultation with a few friends, concluded to make the distribution in good faith, and we learn he has nearly or quite completed the task. Judging from the residences and ages of the persons named, it would appear that the list had been made from some data going back about twenty years, as at that time most if not all of the men, were living within a radius of six or seven miles. Several of the list are now dead, and in such cases, Mr. Curtis pays the money to the widows, or to those authorized to settle the estates. No word or circumstance connected with the letter gives any intimation of the source of the money, or the cause of its distribution. It can have no benevolent meaning, as many of the recipients, and those receiving the largest sums are men of wealth. It can not have a social meaning, as scarcely any two items are of alike amount, and as no party to the transaction, or any one else thereabouts, can imagine whence or why the money is thus disposed of. The amounts named for different persons vary, and are made up with an odd number of cents. Some received only 63 cents, others eleven dollars and odd cents. The sum total of the items fill eighty cents short of the money enclosed, thus leaving purposely that amount to Mr. Curtis for his services in making the distribution. When the money was paid out as directed, the writer of the letter said he would be heard from again.

Who can solve this mysterious business? *Wayne Co. Herald.*

How They Read the Newspaper.

It is a proof of the variety of human development to notice persons reading a newspaper. Mr. General Intelligence first glances at the telegraph; then at the editorial, and then goes into the correspondence.

Mr. Change passes with stocks and funds; and sure with the advertisement for wants, hoping to find a victim.

Anti-Slavery first reads the stories, and then looks to see who is married.

Miss Prim looks at the marriage column first, and then reads the stories.

Mr. Nervous is anxious to see the list of accidents, murders, and the like.

Uncle Ned hunts up the funny things, and laughs with a will.

Madame Gossip turns to the local department for her thunder, and having obtained that, throws the paper aside.

Mr. Friendly drops the first tear of sympathy over the death column, and then next over the marriages; for, says she, one is about as bad as the other.

Mr. Politician dashes into the telegraph, and from that into the editorial, ending with the speeches alluded to.

Our literary friend is eager for a nice composition from the editor, or some kind correspondent. After analyzing the rhetoric, grammar, and logic of the production, he turns a careless glance at the news department, and then takes to his Greek, perfectly satisfied.

The pleasure-seeker examines the program of the public entertainments, and decides which will furnish him the greatest amount of amusement.

The laborer searches among the wants, for a better opening in his business, end—but enough; an extension of the list is useless.—There is just as much difference in readers as in anything.

But the worst is yet to come. If each does not find a column or less of his peculiar liking, the editor has of course, been lazy, and is unworthy of patronage. Oh, who wouldn't be an editor.

Effects of Laughter on the Circulation of the Blood.

Wardrop, on Diseases of the Heart, says that the deep inspirations and the short and frequent expirations made in the act of laughing, having a direct influence on the heart, increasing the quantity of blood within the cavities in the same manner as the quantity within these is increased by muscular contractions. This condition of the heart, as might be anticipated, will vary in proportion to the violence and duration of the paroxysms of laughter. When these are moderate, the mind is only exhilarated, or, to use a common expression, "the heart becomes joyful;" but if laughing be increased or prolonged beyond certain limits, a series of effects, more or less injurious, frequently supervene. Pain in the cardiac region and headache then come out, and if the paroxysm be moderate, the quantity of blood impelled into the brain is such that the intellectual powers become greatly excited, and sometimes to such a degree as to cause their temporary aberration. Even convulsions follow immoderate fits of laughter, and I have known death to take place from excessive laughter caused by titillation.

A disturbed action of the heart is usually observed in those affected with hysterics, which may account for the paroxysms of laughter, the risus sardonicus, the hiccup, and all the remarkable phenomena which are characteristic of that disease.

Laughter, indeed, greatly disturbs a heart which is already irritable. This was strikingly exemplified in a person who had a disease of the heart, and could not indulge in laughing, without the increased action of the heart by which it was accompanied, always causing violent headache.

The Races.

From a capital lecture by Theodore Parker, on the races of mankind, we collect the following interesting facts. He commences his remarks by stating that his subject was the character and relations of the Anglo-Saxon tribe. Philosopher divide mankind into five races, but the location of each is not positively determined. Each continent has its typical color. Thus Africa has black people, black monkeys, and black elephants; Asia has yellow men and yellow horses; Europe has white men, white horses, and other white animals; America has red men and red animals.

The Caucasian is the stronger race, devoted to progress, and all its men visit all other countries. It has furnished nearly all learning, all poetry and art. Nearly all the great leaders of religion are Caucasian. Three fourths of all the iron, and seven-eighths of the shipping of the world are in its hands.

The Anglo-Saxon race has for its leading characteristic aggressive thirst for land. It is more widely spread than any other tribe. They have gone down deep in the mines, ascended higher, and spread farther than any other. Not three hundred years ago there were less than three millions of this race, now there are forty millions. They hold possession of one sixth of the world, and rule one hundred and eighty millions of other races. The Anglo-Saxon is a keen observer of facts, but knows and cares little for abstract truth or for genuine principles; he has immense practical power, but little idealism; he is more moral than pious.

The Anglo-Saxon has a great future before him, with a magnificent horizon, and is destined to a great work in the world. Its work will be first, to furnish a physical base for progression; second, the spread of intellectual light; third, establish throughout the world free institutions.

Over Work of the Brain.

Mr. J. Marshall, writing to the *London Spectator*, on over work of the brain, says that he had the first symptoms of the cerebral malady—which carried Southey, Pitt, Colburn, Moore, Tyler, Bowley, Lamb, Keble, Wilson, Robert Hall, and in a great measure, Burns, Byron, Campbell, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Keats, and a host of others, distinguished in literature in his species, in politics and in art, to a premature grave—was promptly attended to, many of these illustrious men might have been spared to us.

Brain-work is really more exhausting than is generally supposed: Brain-work is like the burping of a lamp with a large wick by which the oil—vitality—is rapidly consumed, while in physical labor, the oil—open air, we constantly add to our vitality by breathing an abundance of fresh air and expending it more slowly, through the muscles. Whereas the brain-worker is usually "closed," and generally works by gas or candle-light, which aggravates the difficulty.

The great increase of industry in our country may be attributed to excessive brain-work, and to over-active nervous system, and, sometimes caused by artificial stimulants.—Tea, coffee, tobacco, wine, liquors, opium and drug-medicines, all tend directly to exhaust the nervous system. Parents commit a fatal error in pressing young children to hard study and confinement to long, protracted school-hours. A puny, delicate, sensitive, precocious race is the penalty for this violating Nature's laws. When will the people study themselves—the laws which govern life and health—Physiology, Phenology, and Psychology—body and mind Humanity.—*MAN I.—[Am. Phren. Jour.]*

American Mechanics.

The wide and constant stream of emigration to our shores seriously affects our mechanics. They are a class which should always be protected and sustained—employed and handsomely paid. Men, or those who claim to be such, come to our shores; mechanics often but in name, and bring their low standard of wages, and still lower grade of workmanship. These things all tend to injure American Mechanics, who are skillful, and who will not, can not and ought not work for next to nothing. We marvel much that any good, patriotic, policy-governing man should ever give employment to these half-fledged aliens, and thereby taking so much from what seems due to the American Mechanic. We are for employing our own mechanics. Let us be just, generous, dutiful. If an American workman is worth a given price, then give it to him even though a sneaking, poverty-loaded foreigner does come in and undercut. Here in America we do not want to drive mechanics into drug-making, and feed them on husks and swill—but make and keep them as they are, on a footing with the best, well fed, well educated, well paid well-to-do every way.

That's the American doctrine, our doctrine, the doctrine of every just man. *Ind. Press.*

Bits of Wisdom.

If there be no faith in our words, of what use are they?
Honors come by diligence, riches spring from economy.
Time flies like an arrow, days and months like a weaver's shuttle.
Past events are as clear as a mirror, the future as obscure as a varnish.
Doubt and distraction on earth—the brightness of truth in heaven.
The generations of men follow each other like the waves of a swollen river.
To correct an evil which already exists is not so well as to foresee and prevent it.
By a long journey we know a horse's strength, so length of days a man's heart.
Do not anxiously expect what is not yet come, do not vainly regret what is already past.
The spontaneous gifts of Heaven are of high value, but the strength of perseverance gains the prize.
If there be a want of concord among members of the same family, other men will take advantage of it to injure them.
Of all the delicate sensations the mind is capable of, none perhaps, will surpass that which attends the relief of an avowed enemy.

TEMPERANCE TO THE POINT.—We have never seen scriptural quotations more aptly applied than in the following dialogue, which took place at the table of Bishop Doane.

It is stated that Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, is strongly opposed to temperance. A short time since, Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the same denomination, and a member of the order of "Sons," dined with the Bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine, desired the reverend gentleman to drink with him, whereupon he replied:

"Can't do it, Bishop, wine is a mocker."
"Take a glass of brandy, then," said the distinguished ecclesiastic.

"Can't do it, Bishop, strong drink is raging."

By this time the Bishop, becoming somewhat replete and excited, said to Mr. Perkins:

"You'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you."
"No, Bishop, I can't do that, 'woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbors lips."
What was the peculiar mental condition or moral state of the Bishop at this stage of the proceedings, our informant did not state.

Buffalo Democracy.

DEATH A GREAT LEVELLER.—As Alexander the Great was marching in pomp at the head of his mighty army, he passed where Diogenes in his tub was very intently engaged in examining, arranging and re-arranging a heap of bones. The conqueror causing his host to halt, thus spoke:—"What doest thou here, Diogenes?" The cynic replied, "I have here the bones of thy father Philip, from which I am trying to separate those of his lowest servant; and for the life of me I cannot determine which is which."

A son of Ezra gave the following toast at a dinner party: "Here's a wishing ye may never die, nor nobody kill ye, till ye knock yer brains out against the silver knocker of yer own door."

Wayne Co. Herald.