### Terms of Publication.

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THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of One Dollar per annum, invariably in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp—"Time Out," on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.

The Agitator is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation

The Asimator is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into nearly every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post office within the county limits, and to those living within the limits, but whose mostconvenient postoffice may be in an adjoining County.

Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included; \$4 per year.

POOR JANET.

He will not come, no, never come, My gallant sailor, brave and free I've watched these billows many a day But Donald comes not back to me— It seems a weary, weary lime
Since his false ship went out to sea,
And still it's sailing, sailing on,
And Donald comes not back to me.

Hush! she is crazed, say thoughtless ones; And carelessly they turn away,
While poor Janet still stands to hear,
The monning wind, the dashing spray—
But some who can remember her In happier days, long, long ago
Will oft repeat her mournful tale,
And why she waits and watches so.

That ship sailed out for foreign lands; At length amid an eager crowd, She stood to watch its safe return, But oh! they spoke of grave and shroud— The blow so stunning crazed her brain, She cannot listen when they tell His parting words of love to her— The anguish of his last farewell.

She knows not that her Donald sleeps His last, long sleep in holy ground, With the green turf above his head And summer flowers springing round. She cannot go as many can,
Bereft of all that makes life fair,
And kneeling by the dear one's grave,
Pour out her prayers for mercy there.

But poor Janet, in summer sun, In autumn wind, and winter snow, Still wakes and watches for that ship That sailed away, so long ago-And still her sad and earnest cry Beside the ever-changing sea-Beside the ever-changing so.
"That false, false ship is sailing on, And Donald comes not back to me.

VIRGINIA.

## Deacon Brown and the "Stranger."

Deacon Brown considered himself a pillar of the church and chief conservator of the public morals, nor was this idea of his alto-gether a delusion. He was a strenuous advocate of church discipline, and his every day walk presented to the world an example of the most rigid piety. Though, perhaps, a trifle Puritanic and bigoted he was yet a man of uncompromising virtue. But as Hood

#### "Alas! for the rarity Of Christian charity."

The old Deacon had not the least bit of it. Having no faults or foibles of his own (at least he thought so) that called aloud for charity. he could not understand why they should ever form a component part in the natures of other people. He had passed the hey-day of youth, and had quite forgotten that he was once young. With much business and responsibility resting on himself, he failed to see how those with fewer cares could possibly be merry and unconcerned. Indeed, the Deacon witnessed many very uncommon human phenomenas, for which he could assign no other cause than moral depravity, and withal, he had one weakness, which very naturally grew out of his lack of charity. This was a most unbounded credulity as to the shortcomings which gossip is daily charging upon some member of a community. So credulous was the Deacon in this respect, and so ready to believe in the culpable sins of another, that he was often made the victim of a practical joke; and though he lived in a village of not over five hundred inhabitants, he had been made to believe that it contained several gambling dens, and, at least, two Peter Funk auction shops. He was at one ik auction shops. He was at one time convinced that a society of Freelovers held meetings in the Town Hall, but before completing his plan for their apprehension, they turned out to be a lodge of Know Nothings. Thus he was often put on the wrong track, but unlike Knight Russ Ockside, M. D. he never succeeded in "getting his eye teeth But it is only the last "drive" played off on him, that we design recording. It happened in this wise: Elder Wisely, pastor of Deacon Brown's church, was on a tour at the South, for the benefit of that clerical disorder, the bronchitis. Mrs. Wisely, the second wife of the elder, was for some reason lest at home. This lady was quite youthful, and had by her gentle qualities, won the esteem of the entire parish. It was during the absence of her husband, that Deacon Brown on going to the Post Office one morning, received the following communication:

Pongeville, July 16th, 1846. MR. Brown-Dear Sir: I take the liberty to disclose to you some facts, which have given me as much pain as they will yourself. I know beyond all question of doubt that a stranger very mysteriously made his appearance last night in the private parlor of Mrs. Wisely. He was first seen there about halfpast eleven o'clock; no one saw him enter the house, he has not been known to depart. I think this new visitor was expected, and that he is destined to share the affections of Mrs. Wisely. The voice of the new comer has been distinctly heard in her room, and she has been even heard to address him in he tenderest and most loving tones.

Such are the facts. You can act in the premises as your sense of duty may dictate. My opinion is that, should Elder Wisely be aformed of the stranger's advent, it might hasten his return. Yours truly,
A PRIEND OF FIDELITY.

As the Deacon read this epistle, there was a visible tremor in his hand. He polished his eye glass with a silk handkerchief, and perused it carefully a second time. But Deacon Brown was not the man to swerve from duty, though it led him where he should not go. Putting the letter in his hat, and button-ing his coat to the chin, he hastened down to the hardware store, and whispering to a confidential clerk, proceeded to the residence of Mrs. Wisely. He struck his cane very decidedly on the pave, greeted no one with his usual "good morning," but seemed absorbed reading in the contemplation of a great purpose.— them."

# THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. IV. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 20, 1857.

Arriving at the scene of his triumph, he stationed his clerk in front of the house, and giving the bell knob a cautious pull was soon admitted by the servant girl. The following dialogue then and there took place:

"Is Mrs. Wisely in?" "Yes, sir; she's in bed, sir."

The deacon examined his watch, and muttered, half past seven?" He then asked: "How long before Mrs. Wisely will rise madam ?''

"Well, really, sir, I can't tell, won't you take a seat in the parlor, sir?" "No, thank you-can't stay. Did Mrs.

Wisely have company last night ma'am ?"
"Yes sir, I believe she did sir; she—" Here the girl blushed, hesitated, and strivng to conceal her embarrassment, showed 100 plainly that she would evade the true expla-

nation, if possible. The deacon interposed, as if to relieve her,

"The company, I suppose, ma'am, was a young gentleman-a stranger to you!" "Yes, sir-I believe he is, sir?"

"Is that young gentleman in the house now ma'am ?''

"To be sure he is, sir." "Will you be so kind as to state what part

of the house?" "He is in Mrs. Wisely's bed room." The deacon's manner by this time became greatly excited, and he gasped out, "Can it

The maid failing to comprehend the deacon, inquired,

"Can what be?"

he can it he !"

"Why that a young gentleman is, at this ery moment -

"But you know, sir, he is a very young nd a very little gentleman, too, sir."

"What do you mean by his being a very little gentleman?" "Why, haint you heard, sir, that Mrs.

Wisely has got a baby—a nice, fine boy—weighs nine pounds, sir!"

The old gentleman seemed, as the phrase is, perfectly thunder struck. He was for once in his life favored with a lucid interval, and saw by the light of it that he had been sold. Saying that Mrs. Brown would be over in the course of the day, he took his leave, without subjecting the maid to a cross examination.

The joke got out in due time, and we fear he deacon never quite forgave the writer of that anonymous letter. He has, however consented to the stranger having Mrs. Wisely's love.

### New Anecdote of Randolph.

Arthur Livermore, of New Hampshire, and John Randolph, of Roanoke, Virginia, were both marked men in their way, and both members of the House of Representatives in Congress, together. Mr. Randolph was a man of overbearing pride and great hauteur of demeanor, and one who could not, with any tolerable degree of grace, brook opposition, and whose ire was roused to the last degree by defeat. Mr. Livermore had not been subjected to the same degree of accidental and artificial stimulus of pride and arrogance; but his spirit was scarcely more submissive than that of his lordly compeer. Above all things, he disdained to be trampled upon by an arrogant despotism, roused to the most impudent excess by the habit of domination note; we can never recover the amount." in the daily relations of life. Livermore had one day made a most subversive onset upon one of Randolph's favorite pieces of invective irony and playful slang, which he always house, and which consumed more time and afforded less light than ought to have been expected from a gentleman of such distinguished learning and ability as are, and always were, by common consent, accorded to the hero of Roanoke. Randolph turned upon Mr. Livermore with more than his ordinary measure of gall and bitterness; among other things, calling him repeatedly, "the member from Vermont,," a State, at that time, of somewhat dubious estimate in the companionship of the original thirteen. Liv. ermore, not a whit abashed, rose on the instant, and did battle so effectually as utterly to demolish all Johnny's glittering soap bubbles, all the time referring to him as "the worthy member from Rhode Island." He said he objected to that gentleman, even, privileged as he undoubtedly was, riding rough shod over the heads of his associates of the House with the same imperturable coolness with which he swung along the streets in his

coach and six!" John arose and indignantly disclaimed as suming any such baronial airs as had been attributed to him by "the honorable member from New Hampshire, and at the top of his shricking voice declared he never drove more than two, on any occasion. Said Livermore: "I repeat, a coach and

six—two horses, two niggers and two dogs!' This sudden expose of the usual retinue of Mr. Randolph, brought down the house in and get the heavy burden off my mind. such hearty roars of laughter that he did not deem it prudent to enter into any more extended explanations on that occasion; and he seldom afterward invited the strictures of Mr. Livermore, whom he thenceforth denominated "my excellent friend from New Hamp-

A gentleman, who at breakfast the other morning, broke an egg, and disturbed the repose of a sentimental looking biddy, called the waiter, and insinuated that he "did not like to have a bill presented till he had done

shire.'

"A pretty pair of eyes are the best mirrors to shave by." "Yes," said a bachelor reading, "many a man has been shaved by Paying an Old Debt.

A merchant very extensively engaged in commerce, and located upon Long Wharf, Boston, died intestate, February 18th, 1802, at the age of 75 years. After his death, a package of very considerable size was found

carefully tied up and labeled as follows: "Notes, due-bills and accounts against sundry persons down along shore. Some of them may be got by suit and severe dunning. But the people are poor; most of them have had fisherman's luck. My children will do as they think best. Perhaps they will think, with me, that it is better to burn this package."

About a month after he died the sons met ogether, when the elder brother the administrator, produced the package, and read the superscription, and asked what course should be taken in regard to it. Another brother, a few years younger than the eldest, a man of strong impulsive temperament, unable, at that moment, to express his feelings by words, while he brushed the tears from his eyes with one hand, by a spasmodic jerk of the other towards the fireplace, indicated his wish to have the package put into the flames. It was suggested by another brother, that it might be well to make out a list of the names, and of the dates and amounts, that they be enabled, as the intended discharge was for all, to inform such as might, offer payment, that their debts were forgiven. On the following day they again assembled, and the list had been prepared, and all the notes, duebills and accounts, which included interests, amounted to thirty thousand dollars, were committed to the flumes.

It was about four months after our father's death, continued my informant, in the month of June, that I was sitting in my eldest brother's office, waiting for an opportunity to speak with him, when there came in a hard favored little old man, who looked as if time and rough weather had been to the windward of him for seventy years. He asked if my brother was not the executor. My brother replied that he was the administrator, as our father died intestate.

"Well," said the stranger, "I have come up from the Cape to pay a debt I owe the old gentleman."

My brother requested him to take a seat, he being at the desk. The old man sat down, and putting on his glasses, drew out a very ancient looking pocket book, and began to count over his money.

When he had finished, as he sat waiting his turn, slowly twirling his thumbs with his old gray, meditative eyes upon the floor, he sighed, and I knew the money, as the phrase runs, came hard, and secretly wished that the old man's name might be found on the forgiven list. My brother was soon at leisure, and asked him the usual questions, his name, residence, &c. The original debt was four hundred and forty dollars. My brother went to his desk, and after examining the forgiven list attentively, a sudden smile lit upon his countenance, and told me the truth at a single glance. The old man's name was there! My brother quietly took a chair by his side, and a conversation ensued between them I never shall forget.

'Your note is outlawed," said he, "it was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years; there is no witness, and the interest has never teen paids you are not bound to pay this

"Sir." said the old man, "I wish to pay it. It is the only debt I owe in the world. It may be outlawed here, but I have no child, and my old woman and I hope we may have delighted to deal out for the amusement of the our peace with God, and I wish to do so with men. I should like to pay it." And he laid the bank notes before my brother, requesting him to count them over. "I cannot take the money," was the reply

of my brother.

The old man became alarmed. "I have cast simple interest for twelve years and counted it all over," said he. "I will pay compound interest if you require it. The debt ought to have been paid long ago; but your father was so very indulgent-he knew I had been unlucky, and told me not to worry myself about it."

My brother then properly set the matter before him, and taking the bank bills he returned them to the old man's pocket-book, telling him that although our father left no formal will, he had recommended to his children to destroy certain notes, due-bills and other evidences of debt, and release those

who might be legally bound to pay them. For a moment the old man appeared to be stupefied. After he had collected himself, and wiped the tears from his eyes, he said "From the time I heard of your father's death, I have raked and scraped, pinched and spared, to get the money together for the payment of the debt. About ten days ago, made up the sum within twen'y five dollars. My wife knew how much the payment of this debt lay on my spirits, and advised me to sell the cow and make up the difference, did so; and now what will my good old woman say? I must go back to the Cape and tell her this good news. She'll probably repeat the very words she used when she put her hand on my shoulders as we parted -"I have never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread.

Giving each of us a shake of the hand, and a blessing on our father's memory, he went on his way rejoicing.

After a short silence, taking his pencil and making a cast, "There," said my brother, "your part of the amount would be so much. Contrive a plan to convey to me your share of the pleasure derived from the operation, and the money is at your service."

Such is the simple tale which I have told as it was told me. To add the evident moral, would be an insult to the reader.

Siam.

Sir John Bowring has given an account of Siam, and the two kings of that country. He says:

"Persons who know little of the state of Siam, will be surprised to learn that the first | world: king is well versed in the works of Euclid and Newton; that he writes and speaks English with tolerable accuracy; that he is a proficient in Latin, and has acquired the Sanscript, Cingaliese and Pagun languages; the sun and moon, and occultations of the planets; that he is fond of all branches of earning and science; that he has introduced a printing press, with Siamese and English ype; and that his palace and table are supplied with all the elegancies of European life. He lived twenty-seven years in retirement before he came to the throne, and during that time he acquired the accomplishments which make his reign a memorable and most beneficial era in Siamese history. He was born in 1804, and is now conse-

quently fifty-three years of age." The second king (his brother,) appears to be equally estimable:

"My intercourse with the second king was, in all respects, most agreeable. I found him a gentleman of very cultivated understanding; quiet, even modest in manners; willing to communicate knowledge, and earnest in search of instructions. His table was spread with all the neatness and order that are found in a well-regulated English household. A favorite child sat on his knees, whose mother remained crouched at the door of the apartment, but took no part in the conversation. The king played to his guests very prettily on the pipes of the Laos portable organ. He had a variety of music; and there was an exhibition of national area and pastimes, equestrian feats, elephant combats, and other amusements; but what seemed most to interest the king was his museum of models, nautical and philosophical instruments, and a variety of scienific and other curiosities. These kings reign, each in prescribed limits, in perfect harmony. This double monarchy is an old institution of Siam, and is popular, with the

people." The Siamese, by report of Sir John, are an amiable and intelligent race, with a high degree of civilization in all that relates to social institutions. They profess the faith of Buddah, and seem affectionately, though not bigotedly attached to it. They are willing to engage in controversy with our missionaries, and show much acuteness in their arguments.

The author relates: "I found no indisposition among the Siamese to discuss religious questions, and the general result of the discussion was 'Your religion is excellent for you, and ours is excellent for us. All countries do not produce the same fruits and flowers, and we find various religions suited to various nations.' The present king is so tolerant that he gave three thousand slaves, (prisoners of war) to be taught religion by the Catholic missiona-ries, saying: 'You may make christians of these people.' Pallegoix, the Catholic bishop, who is a great favorite with his majesty reports several conversations with the first king, which do honor to his liberal spirit.

"Persecution is hateful," he said; "every nan ought to be free to profess the religion he prefers;" and he added: "If you convert annoyed by Siamese authorities." I have a letter from the king, in which he says that the inquiries into the abstruse subject of the Godhead, "we cannot tell who is right and who is wrong; but I will pray my God to give you his blessing, and you must pray to your God to bless me; and so blessings may descend on both."

BE GENTLE AT HOME,-There are few families, we imagine, anywhere, in which love is not abused as furnishing the license for impoliteness. A husband, father or brother will speak harsh words to those he loves best, and those who love him best, simply hecause the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely, to his wife or sister, than he would to any other female, except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the honest affections of a man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to a woman in the family circle than the restraints in society; and that a woman is indebted for the kindness and politeness of life to those not belonging to her own household. Things ought not so to be. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearthstone, is a small coward and a very mean man. Kind words are circulating medium's between true gentlemen and ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love .- Life Illustrated.

"Billy, how did you lose your finger?" "Easily enough," said Billy.
"I suppose you did, but how?" "I guess you'd lost your'n if you'd been

as honest as I was." "That don't answer my question !" "Well if you must know," said Billy, "I had to cut it off, or else steal the trap."

Women is like ivy-the more you are ruined the closer she clings to you. An old bachelor adds: "Ivy like woman the closer it clings to you the more you are ruined." Sensible bachelor, that.

A Great Bridge in Pennsylvania.

NO. IV.

A correspondent of the Easton (Pa.) Daily Express, writing from Lehigh county, gives the following account of the completion of one of the most remarkable bridge in the

It has been my good fortune to witness within a short time the progress and final completion of one of the most extensive and creditable enterprises our country can boast of-the construction of an Iron Bridge.that he can project and calculate eclipses of This bridge is constructed on the line of the Catasauqua and Foglesville Railroad, about four miles from Catasauqua. This line of railroad is built principally by the iron companies along the Lehigh river, for the purpose of conveying iron ore from the adjacent country to their furnaces, in which many of your citizens are deeply interested. The road is about twelve miles long, leaves the Lehigh valley railroad at Catasauqua, running westward through a highly cultivated country, giving access to and affording means of transportation of the mineral wealth in which Lehigh county is so very rich.

The structure is 1,100 feet long and 90 feet high, spanning a beautiful valley and river—the Jordan. I have learned from the contractor that on the 27th day of August, 1856, the first stone for the foundation of the piers was laid, and on the 25th of June 1857, every portion of the structure was in its place; and that nothing remained to be done but the final adjusting and painting it an astonish. ing short period for the completion of such a stupendous work. The foundation for the piers, of which there are ten in number, consists of massive masonry laid in cement and thouroughly grouted, and raised on an average about five feet from the surface. Some of the stone for these foundations were from necessity brought sixteen or eighteen miles, and the sand used in their building could not be obtained within a distance of twenty miles. The pier supporting the superstructure consists totally of iron. The posts, of which there are eight to each pair, are of the cross pattern, built in vertical sections of fifteen feet in length, strongly connected and scientifically braced to afford resistance to any strain that they may be subjected to.

The superstructure corresponds well with the other features of the bridge in all its parts. In the arrangement of the truss many improvements in its details have been brought to bear never before known in bridge construction. The distribution of the material is proportioned to the actual strain that comes upon it. Where great strain is the result you will find abundant material, and where the reverse takes place the same principle is observed; consequently the structure is obliged to support no surplus material, no useless dead weight. Hence the reason for iron bridges competing with wood as regards economy. The bridge is calculated to support a moving load of 1100 tons, an immense weight to be borne ninety feet in the air, but it passes this load without the least observable deflection or motion of any kind. This fact may give you an idea that the structure must be ponderous and heavy, but you will be disappointed. The outlines of the bridge are scarcely discernable at a distance of three hundred yards.

SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS. - A wealthy epiure applied to an Arabian doctor for a scription that would restore his body to health, a certain number of people anywhere, let me and give happiness to his mind. The physiknow you have done so, and I will give them cian advised him to exchange shirts with a a Christian Governor, and they shall not be man who was perfectly contented with his lot. Whereupon the patient set out on a journey in pursuit of such a person. After many months spent without accomplishing his object, he was told of a certain cobbler of whom every one had spoken as a model of contentment and happiness Pursuing the direction given, the traveler was at length rewarded with the sight of the cobbler enjoying a comfortable nap on a board. Without ceremony he was aroused from haslumbers, and the important interrogatory whether he was contented with his lot was answered in the affirmative.

"Then, said the seeker after happiness.have one small boon to ask at your hands. It is that you exchange shirts with me, that by this means I also may become contented and happy."

"Most gladly would I accede to the request," replied the cobbler, "but— "Nay, refuse me not," interrupted the man of wealth; "any sum that you may name

shall be thine. "I seek not thy wealth," said the cobbler, 'but-but' "What?"

"But the truth is-I have no shirt."

During a learned lecture by a German adventurer, he illustrated the glory of mechanics as a science thus: De thing dat is made is more superior dan de maker. I shew you how in some things. Suppose I make de round wheel of de coach. Ver well dat wheel rolls round five hundred mile and I can not roll one mysif! Suppose I am a cooper, what you call, I make de big tub to hold wine. He holds tuns and gallons, and I can not hold more than five bottles! So you see dat what is made is more superior dan de maker.

A transcendental preacher took for his text, "Feed my lambs." A plain farmer quaintly remarked to him, on coming out of the church, "A very good text, sir; but you should take care not to put hay so high in the rack that lambs can't reach it."

There is an old law which says that "Content is the true philosopher,'s stone," Brown says it is very likely-for nobody has ever found either one or the other.

### Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a

ments of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising.

3 months. 6 months. 12 mo's
1 Square, (14 lines,) - \$2 50 \$4 50 \$6 00
2 Squares, - - 4 00 6 00 8 00
1 column, - - 10 00 15 00 20 00
1 column, - - - 18 00 30 00 40 00
All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order.

printed to order.

RESOLVING RUN MAD .- It has become much too common to adopt "preambles and resolutions" on occasions which do not require them. The thing indeed is run into the ground. But the following caps the climax of absurdity and verges on irreverence. A Sabbath school attached to a church at Syracuse recently made an excursion to Little Sodus Bay. While enjoying the sail "the following preambles and resolution" were

unanimously adopted:--.
Whereas, Divine Providence, in his wisdom and goodness, having favored the Sab-bath School of the Second Baptist Church of Syracuse, and the many citizens accompanying them, with a lovely day on this excursion, rendering the occasion agreeable and delightful to all, affording us the enjoyment of a healthy and refreshing ride over the blue waters of Lake Ontario, with its varied and charming scenery, and whereas, we have been vouchsafed a prosperous ride, free from accident and danger, be it therefore

Resolved, That we humbly acknowledge our indebtedness to the Almighty for the enjoyment received on this occasion; and that we commit ourselves to his care, returning to our respective homes, in the hope of receiving similar blessings of His Divine will.

Resolved, That we heartily return our thanks to Stone's Sax Horn Band.

The Albany Argus remarks, wickedly enough, on this series of resolutions, tho usually final one is lacking:

Resolved, That a copy of these resolvtions, signed by the President and Secretary, be forwarded, &c., &c.

FASTING.-Fasting has been frequently recommended and practised as a means of removing incipient disease; and of restoring the body to its customary healthful sensation. Howard, the celebrated philanthropist used to last one day in the week; Franklin, for a period, did the same. Napoleon, when he felt his system unstrung, suspended his wonted repast, and took exercise on horseback. The list of distinguished names might, if necessary, be increased; but why adduce authority in lavor of a practice which the instinct of the brute creation leads them to adopt whenever they are sick? Happily for them they have no meddling prompters, in the shape of well meaning friends, to force a stomach, already enfeebled and loathing its customary food, to digest this or that delicacy -soup, jelly, custard, chocolate, and the like. -Life Illustrated.

A Judge's Prescription.-Judge Oakley does not joke every day, but a short time since a man who was afflicted with the disease to which Hahneman traces almost every other one, came into his presence beseeching his honor to be excused from jury duty.

"But," says the judge, "if all that ask are excused, we shall have no juries lest."

"I know, your honor," said the applicant, with downcast head, while the finger nails were busy here and there and everywhere that ten practiced digitals could reach. "I know, but mine is a peculiar case. I have to say it, judge, but if I must, I must, I suppose. I've got the itch!

"Here, Mr. Matsell," hastily interposed the judge, scratch this juror out."

- TEMPERATURE OF THE EARTH.-The of flame, is founded chiefly on the existence of hot springs 'and volcanoes, and the fact that below fifty feet from the surface the temperature increases about one degree for every fifty-five feet of descent. Says a writer:

"The water must be wholly converted into steam at a depth of two miles: must melt at a depth less than fifty miles the very rock must be in a state of fusion, or like flowing lava. The solid crust of the earth, by this calculation, is only the one hundred and sixtieth part of its diameter, and bears about the same relation thereto as the shell of an egg bears to its bulk !"

RESIGNATION .- A certain old lady, who had been famed for sour looks, and not very sweet words, touching the accidents of life, was observed to have become very amiable. "What a happy change has come over vou." said a neighbor.

"Why," said the transformed, "to tell you the truth, I have been all my life striving for a contented mind, and have finally concluded to sit down contented without it."

The best example of the ornamental style of illustration in an address we ever met with is the exordium which Southey records of an English lawyer, who made the following charge to the opposite party in the suit:

"This man, gentlemen of the jury, walks into court like a motionless statue, with a cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and is attempting to screw these oak trees out of my client's pockets."

Some time ago one of the churches in Salem had a misbehaving brother up for discipline, and was about to excommunicate him, whereupon the world's people held a meeting outside, and voted not to receive him, unles he should be returned in as good condition as when delivered to the church!

"John," said a schoolmaster to an idle boy, 'you will soon be a man and will have to do business; what do you suppose you will do when you have to write letters ?" "Oh, sir," replied John, "I shall put easy words in them."

Punch suggests, in anticipation of the title about to be bestowed upon the Queen's physician, Dr. Locock, that he dubbed Lord Deliverus.

In courting, three hard squeezes are better than fifty soft words.