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B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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THE TIME IS SHORT.

I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender,
And soon with the labor will be wrought;
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender,
The time is short.

A shepherd's tent of reeds and flowers decaying:
That night winds soon will crumble into naught;
So seems my life, for some rude blast delaying,
The time is short.

Up, up, my soul, the long spent time redeeming;
Sow thou the seeds of better deed and thought;
Light other lamps, while yet thy light is beaming
The time is short.

Think of the good thou might have done; when brightly
The suns to thee life's choicest seasons brought;
Hours lost to God, in pleasure passing lightly,
The time is short.

The time is short. Then be thy heart a brother's
To every heart that needs thy help in aught;
Soon thou may need the sympathy of others,
The time is short.

If thou hast friends, give them thy best endeavor
Thy warmest impulses and thy purest thought;
Keeping in thy mind, in word and action ever,
The time is short.

Where summer winds, aroma laden, hover,
Companions rest; their work forever wrought,
Soon other graves the moss and fern will cover;
The time is short.

Up, up, my soul! ere yet thy shadow falleth;
Some good return in latter seasons wrought;
Forget thyself, when duty angels calleth,
The time is short.

By all the lapses thou hast been forgiven,
By all the lessons prayer to thee hath taught,
To others teach the sympathies of Heaven,
The time is short.

THE MINISTER'S STORY.

Mrs. Deacon Farrell brushed the flour from her hands, casting meanwhile a complacent eye over the well-filled kitchen table, with the generous array of unbaked pies and cakes; the plump turkey stuffed and trussed for the morrow's baking, and the big chicken pie to which her fingers had put the finishing touches, as she repeated more decidedly:

"Look here, Sally! There's enough chicken left with the giblets—that I never put in my own pie, because the deacon don't relish 'em—ter make a Thanksgiving pie for the minister's folks. 'Twont need to be very large," she added, in reply to Sally's doubtful look. "Only the minister and his wife—and you can bake it in that smallest yaller dish."

"Now, I'm going up stairs to look over them rags, an' you make an' bake it right off, so's I can send it over by the deacon. He's to go out ter the corner this afternoon, and can take it along as well as not."

She bustled out of the door, but the next moment, seized perhaps with a sudden pang of compunction, she put her head in again to say warningly:

"Be sure you put in a good parcel of gravy; that'll keep it from being dry, if 'tis half giblets."

"Yes'm," answered Sally, briskly; and catching up the rolling-pin she brought it down with an emphasis upon a lump of dough on the moulding board.

As the stairway door closed behind her mistress, Sally dropped the rolling-pin and a look of perplexity crept over her dull face, making it ten times more stolid than usual, while she repeated, in ludicrous bewilderment:

"Giblets! What, in all creation, if anybody can tell me, does she mean by them?"

Involuntarily she took a step forward, but checked herself as quickly, while a cunning smile replaced the look of perplexity, and she muttered triumphantly:

"I guess I ain't agoin' to confess my ignorance to the deacon's wife and let her have her say as she always does; 'You been to the 'cademy, Sally, and not know that!' No, ma'am! not while there's a dictionary in the house!"

So, softly creeping into the adjoining sitting room, Sally hastily opened a big dictionary on the deacon's writing desk and began her search for the mysterious word.

[illegible]

Indeed, she didn't even consider it necessary to knock before she opened the door, although she was thoughtful enough to open it softly. The minister's wife was just taking from the oven a newly warmed chicken pie, which she nearly dropped from her hand so startled was she by the sharp, shrill voice that spoke so close to her:

"Good mornin', Miss Graham. Good mornin'. Ain't been to breakfast yet I see. We had ours half an hour ago. I know my mother used to say that if any body lost an hour in the mornin' they might chase it all day and not ketch up with it then.

"That's a good looking pie—pretty rich pastry, though, for a chicken pie! I don't never put much shortenin' in anything of that kind, its rich enough inside ter make up. But you're young, an' have a good many things to learn yet. I run in ter see if you could spare me a cup of yeast, mine soured and the last batch of bread I made I had ter throw to the hogs."

"Certainly," and a roguish smile flitted over the fair face of the minister's wife, at this specimen of her meddlesome neighbor's own economy. But she had learned a rare lesson of judicious silence, and taking the cup that Miss Patience produced from beneath her shawl, she bade her visitor be seated while she left the room to get the desired article.

As her steps died away, Miss Patience noiselessly arose from her seat and approaching the dresser upon which the pie stood, peered curiously into the apertures in the crust, her sharp face expressing eager curiosity. "I'll bet a nine-pence she didn't know enough ter put crackers in. I wish I could get one look, just to satisfy my own mind," she added. And, determined to accomplish her object at all hazards, she ran a knife deftly around a small portion of the edge, and inserting four inquisitive fingers, lifted the brown crust, and took a glimpse of the contents.

A look of unmitigated disgust passed over her face. Dropping into a convenient chair, she actually groaned aloud:

"Well, I never! An' we payin' that man five hundred dollars a year, besides a donation party at Christmas. Ough!"

Unsuspicious Mrs. Graham, as she returned with the yeast, was somewhat puzzled by the sudden frostiness of her guest, who hurried out of the house as if some dreadful contagion had haunted it; but when the minister in carving the pie that the deacon's wife had sent made two important discoveries almost simultaneously, the reason for Patience's altered demeanor was made plain, and the young pair had a hearty laugh that made the old parsonage ring like a peal of Thanksgiving bells.

The Tuesday following was the regular day for the weekly sewing circle, and seldom had that interesting gathering proved so lovely and animated as on this occasion.

Miss Patience was in the field bright and early, and it was evident at a glance to those that knew her best that she was well-nigh bursting with some important secret that she was only waiting a fitting opportunity to divulge. That opportunity was not long in coming, for Mrs. Deacon Farrel, who was a constitutional croaker, took occasion to say, in reference to the hard times:

"The Deacon has been tryin' ter collect the church tax and he says he never found money so tight in all the years he's lived here. It's as hard now to get five dollars as it used to be to get ten."

"An' no wonder," spoke up Miss Patience, with the stony severity of a sphinx. "You can't expect folks ter feel like payin' out their money when they see it fairly thrown away and wasted."

Everybody looked curious, and some of the younger girls began to giggle, [illegible]

[illegible] walked the subject of their conversation, with her pretty face glowing with the haste she had made, and a mischievous twinkle to her brown eyes that nobody noticed, so occupied were they in hiding the confusion that her sudden entrance had created.

Walking up to the table where most of the ladies were sitting, she saluted them cordially; and then holding out upon the tip of one slender finger a well-worn thimble, she said archly—

"Where do you think I found your thimble, Miss Patience?"

So pleased was Miss Patience to regain her lost treasure that she forgot for a moment all her assumed dignity, and exclaimed joyfully:

"Well, I declare, I am glad to see that thimble once more! I told Mary Jane that I felt sure I had it on my finger when I run into your house Thanksgivin' mornin' after that yeast. But when I got home it wa'n't nowhere to be found. Now where did you find it?"

Her shrill, high voice had attracted the attention of all in the room, and everybody, of course, looked up curiously as the minister's wife replied, with an innocent smile—

"In the chicken pie that our good friend here"—and she nodded brightly to Mrs. Farrel—"sent me. I left the pie on the dresser when I went down in the cellar after your yeast, and as soon as I came back I put it on the table, and when my husband cut it, there was your thimble in it. How could it have got there? It is certainly very mysterious, anyway."

Silence, dead, profound, yet, oh, how terribly significant to the deacon's wife and her spinster neighbor, fell upon the group.

This was apparently unnoticed by Mrs. Graham, who, with a playful admonition to Miss Patience to take better care of her thimble in future, began an animated conversation with the ladies nearest her that soon restored the company to their wonted ease and good humor.

But poor Miss Patience! She never heard the last of that lost thimble. While the deacon's wife, to the day of her death, never trusted any hands but her own to make a Thanksgiving pie for the minister.

A Patent Juror.

A San Francisco man claims to have invented a patent juror which will meet the requirements of the law fully. The patent, interconvertible, incorruptible juror is built of boiler iron, firmly riveted from the neck to the hips, and covered with trunk leather, ornamentally sewed, and warranted not to rip or crack. From the hips to the heels the material employed is boxwood, fitted with joints and bound with copper, thus insuring flexibility, durability and strength where they are most needed in a juror. The head is of basswood, studded with brass-headed nails and covered with railroad iron, which is riveted with bolts passing through the cranium. A sheathing of copper conceals the bolt-heads, and this in turn is hidden by the ordinary juror's expression of intelligence, skilfully applied by eminent artists, who employ none but the finest paint. The trunk of the invention contains a rod nicely balanced and hung in the centre. The mouth is provided with two tongues, on one of which is painted in bold characters "Guilty," and the other "Not guilty." These tongues are connected with the balanced rod by two fine, stiff steel wires. From either end of the rod is suspended a large piece of cheese, and when balanced, both tongues remain within the mouth. The case is tried as before the average juror, the evidence carefully drawn out, the summing up speeches made by the counsel and the charges delivered by the court. When the case is closed, a small rat is introduced into the trunk through a trap and locked up by the sheriff. [illegible]

[illegible]

In a Gypsy Camp.

A band of gypsies have a camp between Stewart's Junction and Mineola, on Long Island, New York. They live in their wagons, which resemble circus vans, and are in reality comfortable little houses upon wheels. They have windows, which work in sashes, and are shaded at night by curtains. There is an attractive appearance to the camp. The horses are sleek and well kept. There were dogs sleeping in the sun, and as a stranger entered the camp they lazily opened one eye and then went on with their day-dreams. The wagons were in a circle about a fire, where there was a pot boiling, and sending out a most delicious aroma of cooking meats and vegetables. Under the shade of an elm tree sat a pretty gypsy maiden of pure Egyptian features. She was dressed in bright colors, and was playing with two milk-white kittens, which were having sport upon her lap.

There are twenty-two adults in the camp, eight females and fourteen males, besides the usual complement of dark-skinned children. The chief is called Reuben. He is as brown as a miner, is six feet tall, and has broad shoulders and a most active tongue. In point of profanity he could discount any man the writer ever encountered. The oaths were big and polysyllabic, and broke into his conversation like the crack of a ranchero's whip. His wife sat within the wagon at a table, the floor was neatly carpeted, and there was ample furniture for comfortable housekeeping. The walls were hung with pictures, and there were some prints from the illustrated papers pasted up. The woman was a fortune teller. She has large, dark eyes, jet-black hair and a saffron-hued skin. There were big hoops of Roman gold in her ears and her head was bound up in a bright yellow silk bandana handkerchief. She was anxious to have her palm tickled with silver and to read the lines in the palm of a visitor. She studied the visitor's hand, muttered to herself, and then told a foolish mass of stuff about the prospect of a newspaper man's dying rich in a foreign country, after having two wives, the second of which was to be the only one he loved before he married his first wife. Upon finishing her story, she was asked about Mother Shipton's prophecy, and whether the world was surely going to be destroyed this year.

"Aye," she said, "your fortune has been told, and it will require three pieces of silver as a present to my baby to get an answer to the question."

The pudgy hand of the baby was put out for silver, about which its tiny fingers eagerly clasped. Its mother intently regarded the child's grasp upon the money, and beamed with a smile of approval. Then remembering the question, she said: "No, the world is not coming to an end this year. We are taught better. The red book teaches me that I shall be notified before the time is fixed, and as I have not been told, I know that the time has not come."

Reuben passed around the camp punctuating all that he said with curses "dark and deep," at the same time seeming to be in the best of humor, and ready to make a bargain of any sort. The gypsy maiden with the milk-white kittens sent a most coquettish glance at the visitor, and he stepped over to the shade tree where she was half reclining on the turf. She said that her name was Mary, and that she was born in a gypsy camp in Vermont twenty-one years ago. Her mother was dead, and her father—Reuben, the chief—had married again. "I love a gypsy's life, of course," she said, as she stroked a kitten's back; "I know no other. We break up in winter, but we come together in the spring. The farmers are not kind to us, because they think we steal, but we do not. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Ventriloquism.

"Who are the greatest ventriloquists?"

"Well, there was an old Athenian named Eurykles, who is spoken of in history as master of the art. Then there were Professor Alexandre and Louis Brabout of modern times. They were both Frenchmen. Brabout lived in the fourteenth century, I believe, and was said to be the best ventriloquist the world ever knew. Alexandre lived at an earlier period, and was noted more for his mimetic representations than for his ventriloquial powers. Professor Love, of England, was celebrated in the art, and was rivaled by Professor Harrington, who died recently in Revere, Massachusetts. Of those living to-day, Frederick McCabe and E. D. Davies, are the greatest. Davies is now retired in Australia, and McCabe has recently signed a contract to go there the present season. Davies was the first ventriloquist to introduce "figures," as an assistant to the art in America.

"McCabe was a great practical joker. Several years ago he was on board a Mississippi river steamboat, and forming an acquaintance with the engineer, was allowed the freedom of the engine room. He took a seat in the corner, and pulling his hat over his eyes, appeared lost a reverie. Presently a certain part of the machinery began to squeak. The engineer oiled it and went about his usual duties. In the course of a few minutes the squeaking was heard again, and the engineer rushed over, oil can in hand, to lubricate the same spindle. Again he returned to his post, but it was only a few minutes until the same old spindle was squeaking louder than ever. 'Great Jupiter!' he yelled, 'the thing's bewitched.' More oil was administered, but the engineer began to smell a rat. Pretty soon the spindle squeaked again, and slipping up behind McCabe the engineer squirted a half pint of oil down the joker's back. 'There,' said he, 'I guess that spindle won't squeak any more!' The joke was so good that McCabe could not keep it, and he often tells it with as much relish as his auditors receive it.

"At another time McCabe was confronted by a highwayman, in one of the lonely streets in Cincinnati, as he was returning to his hotel from a moon light picnic. The robber presented a cocked revolver to the ventriloquist's head demanding his money or his life. McCabe's quick wit saved him. He threw his voice behind the robber, exclaiming: 'Hold, villain, you are my prisoner!' The frightened scamp turned his head, and McCabe dealt him a blow that felled him to the ground. He then secured the revolver and marched the scoundrel to a police station.

"Louis Brabout, the great French ventriloquist, was also a great joker. The story is told of him that he fell in love with a beautiful young novitiate who was soon to take the veil. The sentiment was returned, and Brabout arranged for an elopement. His inamorata succeeded in getting outside the convent wall, and the two hurried away to the house of a neighboring priest. The holy man was awakened and requested to perform the marriage ceremony. His refusal was a thing to be expected, but Brabout was too cunning for the old man. When he said 'no!' most emphatically, and was about to raise a commotion and the novitiate returned to the cloister, a deep sepulchral voice was heard coming from the bowels of the earth. It said:

'I am thy father and am still in torment. Marry this couple, and my probation in purgatory will be over.'

"The frightened priest called upon all saints to protect him, and proceeded to perform that ceremony with greater alacrity than he had ever shown on similar occasions."

"Do you ever play jokes?"

"Not often. I am not given to such sport as a general thing, but occasionally I amuse myself at the expense of others. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

resist the temptation to once again enter the room where I have passed so many unhappy hours."

"I don't wonder you feel that way," said the landlady, sympathetically. "As the gentleman is out now, I'll just open the door for you."

"Ah! yes," said the old gentleman, as he gazed around the apartment with retrospective eyes; "the furniture is better and the decorations are finer, but it's the same room—the same old room."

"Did you live here long?" asked the landlady, as the old gentleman turned away to hide a tear.

"About two years. I assure you it was a hard struggle for the poor and friendless in the early days out here. In this corner stood my narrow, single bed. Gracious, how hard it was! I can remember it even now. Many's the time I have tried to go to sleep to forget that I was cold and hungry. Ah! those were tough times."

"I should think so," said the good woman, much affected, while her attendant family shiveled audibly.

"At this window," continued the gentleman, sinking into a chair, "at this window I used to sit many a long, lonely Sunday because I was too shabby to attend church, and built castles in the air for the future. And often, after I went East, got a start in life and became a rich and prosperous merchant, I have often thought of this very room and determined, should I ever feel myself becoming purseproud or heartless, I would come back to this spot and think of the past, and—do not mind me, madame; I shall be myself again in a moment."

And the dweller on bygone memories laid his head upon the table and wept copiously.

Quietly motioning for the others to retire, the good hearted woman thoughtfully closed the door and left the old gentleman to recover at his leisure.

When she returned the pilgrim had disappeared, and that evening the occupant of No. 64, informed her that unless three suits of clothes, four sets of sleeve-buttons, a diamond shirt stud and two boxes of four-bit cigars were returned to him without delay, he should expect instead, a written receipt for three years' board in advance, or settle the matter according to law.

An Old Man's Folly.

Not long ago a farmer about seventy years of age, named Meredith Gaddy, drove into Lamberton, North Carolina, in an ox cart after a load of corn. He got ten bushels of grain, purchased a few articles for his wife and children, took a few drinks of mountain whisky and started for his home, fifteen miles off. The ox was a sorry one, a diminutive specimen of that useful animal, which, after getting about five miles from Lamberton, gave out and could not be forced to move a step further. Nothing daunted old man Gaddy unyoked the ox, took him out and putting the yoke on his own neck drew the loaded cart the rest of the way home, which was about ten miles up and down hill. The determined old fellow trudged along the highway with his burden, jeered at by the children and an object of general interest to the passers-by. Upon reaching his home Gaddy carried his load up to the front portico, went into the house and took another pull at a whisky flask. He remarked to his wife, as he smacked his lips, that if "that little bull hadn't been so darned obstinate I would have put him in the cart and drawn him along too." Gaddy is the father of twenty-one children, of whom there are two pairs of twins. Although seventy years of age he is regarded as the most powerful man in this country.

Don't Drown.

The method of preventing drowning described is one understood by all swimmers but, unfortunately, known to few people who cannot swim, and is what is called "treading water;" all animals practice it instinctively. A cat, dog, horse or cow, finding himself out of its depth, has no difficulty in keeping itself above the surface, by making nearly the same motions it makes in walking, while a man who cannot swim throws up his arms, makes a few spasmodic motions and drowns. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Good Day.

He was an old man, and said he'd seen better times. I hoped he had, but as I was unusually busy and didn't want any life insurance, if he would excuse me——

"Oh, yes," said he, "all right, young man, I'll drop in again."

The next day he did "drop in," and sitting down on my desk, began: "Nothing in this world, my young friend, will pay so big a per cent. on a little money invested as a policy in the Mutual Benefit association, the most, and, in fact, the only, solid company on earth, capital over seven million, and so prompt—why, I insured a man last week for $10,000, and the same day he was run over by a street car, so when I sent in the policy and premium, I just said by way of a P. S.: "Run over by a hoss car not an hour after insured; better send on a check, as he can't live; both legs cut off." The very next day I got a check payable to his heirs for $10,560. Dividend, my friend, was more than the premium, and don't you call this prompt? That man's widow got this check before he had been dead fifteen minutes."

"But," said I, "I have no wife and don't want any life insurance, I tell you."

"The investment, my young friend—the investment. Look at the dividend. This may get five hundred and sixty dollars in one hour, you might say; and then you may have a wife some day. Now, you do want a policy in this company. I know you do. I'm an old man; have had large and varied experience, and I know you are just aching for one of these policies, only you are so extremely modest. Now, I'll just make out your application; it only costs you let me see. How old are you?"

"Twenty-six, but——"

"Twenty-six—hum. Father living?"

"No."

"How old was he when he died?"

"Twenty-seven years old."

"Twenty-seven, eh? What did he die of? Accident, I presume."

"No, sir; consumption."

"Consumption? You don't look consumptive."

"But I am consumptive, and——"

"Mother's living, I doubt not?"

"No, sir; she died at twenty-eight."

"What was the cause of her death?"

"Insanity, sir, hereditary insanity; family's full of it. All my brothers, thirteen of us in all, sir, died between twenty-four and twenty-eight of the same disease. Dangerous, too, some of them; my oldest brother was taken about this time one day, and he killed partner, book-keeper, three clerks and fourteen customers before they could secure him, and——"

"You don't tell me! This is wonderful. You look like a strong, healthy man, likely to live fifty years. Was you ever sick?"

"Oh, yes; I've had inflammatory rheumatism, pneumonia, dysentery, smallpox, mumps, liver complaint, fits, corns and——"

"Good heavens! And you want me to insure your life. Well, my company is a good company, willing to take an ordinary risk, but I must say that I never knew them to insure a corpse. I'd like to accommodate you, young man; you seem anxious about it, and I feel interested in your family, but our surgeon wouldn't pass such an application. Good day."

The Man in the Moon.

The disk of the moon, as is very apparent, is not of uniform brightness, but is diversified by dark areas here and there. These dark areas are so arranged as to represent the eyes, nose and mouth of a human being, and the whole disk represents passably well a human face. Not all people, however, can see this resemblance. Some who cannot see the face can see a man and a woman carrying between them a bucket of water. The man stands on the left side of the disk, the woman on the right. [illegible]

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—There are 5,000 troops in Dublin.

—Twelve hundred Italians have left Marseilles.

—The first census was taken by Moses 1490 B. C.

—The mean depth of the sea is from four to five miles.

—There are about 100,000 Shakers in the United States.

—The average of human life is about thirty-three years.

—There are 23,000 feminine farmers in Great Britain.

—China porcelain was introduced into Europe about 1531.

—It rains three times as often in Ireland as it does in Italy.

—Tobacco was first carried from Virginia to England in 1583.

—Gunpowder was invented by Swartz a monk of Cologne, 1340.

—Cards were invented in France for the King's amusement, in 1391.

—Pennsylvania yields one-fifth of the rye produced in the country.

—A Philadelphia candy factory uses seven tons of clay per month.

—Mr. Fred. Archer, the jockey of Iroquois, has just been married.

—Ex-Governor Coburn of Maine has given $10,000 to the state college.

—Glass windows began to be used in private houses in England, in 1180.

—More than $5,000 a day was cleared at the Old English Fair in London.

—More than 1,400 new post offices have been established in the past year.

—An American has paid Mr. Alma Tadema, R. A. $15,000 for his Sappho.

—The Italian Chamber of Deputies passed the Electoral Reform bill—202 to 116.

—About 3,000 lbs. of roses are required to produce one pound of the otto of roses.

—The annual consumption of milk in London is said to be about 20,000,000 gallons.

—The Alexandrian library, consisting of 400,000 valuable books, was burned 52 B. C.

—In 1453 Constantinople was subdued by Mahomet II., after a siege of fifty-three days.

—Constantinople has 45,000 Jews and 39 synagogues. Nearly 40,000 are of Spanish origin.

—About 100,000 bushels of hemp seed are annually consumed for bird food in the United States.

—Oysters to the value of about six millions sterling are said to be consumed annually in Great Britain.

—The American Bible Society, since its formation, 61 years ago, has issued 38,882,811 copies of the Bible.

—The coinage of the United States mints for April aggregates 6,064,100 pieces, valued at $11,268,000.

—The railroad disaster in Mexico proves to have killed 140 and injured 112. There are also 80 missing.

—Some of the arched bridges built by the Romans are now in use. The Fabri Molo at Rome was erected 100 B. C.

—Buckinghamshire is the mother of Prime Ministers. It has given five to England, and three are buried there.

—Salem, Mass., has been lighted by electricity for the last nine months, and reports a saving of over $2,000 a year.

—It is said that $100,000,000 will be required to pay pensions next year. This year $70,000,000 will be expended.

—In 1755, 149 Englishmen were confined in the black hole at Calcutta, of whom 123 were found dead next morning.

—The great fire of London began September 2, 1666, and continued three days, destroying 13,000 houses and 400 streets.

—According to census bureau estimates the value of the fishing interests in the United States and territories is $50,000,000.

—Ten years ago Ireland could boast of nearly 1,500,000 pigs. In 1879 she had little more than 1,000,000. Now she has 849,000.

—In 1850 the native Christians in India, Burmah, and North and South Ceylon numbered 27,000. Last October there were 160,000.

—Of the cultivable land in Russia proper about one-third is held by the State, one-fifth by landed proprietors and one-fifth by the peasantry.

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