M'KEAN COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

VOL. 2. SMETHPORT, M'KEAN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1859. NO. 1.

M'Kean County Democrat.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

By OVIATT & BARBOR,

SMETHPORT, M'KEAN COUNTY, PA.

TERMS: - - - - $1 50 in Advance.

Rates of Advertising.

1 Column one year	$35 00
½ " "	20 00
¼ " "	12 00
1 " six months	20 00
½ " "	12 00
One square of 12 lines or less, 3 insertions	1 50
Each subsequent insertion,	25
Business Cards, with paper,	5 00

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Business Directory.

CARVER HOUSE,

JOHN H. HULL Proprietor, corner of Water and Hickory Streets, Warren Pa. General Stage Office.

B. F. WRIGHT & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Family Groceries, Pork, Flour, Salt, Feed, &c., &c. Under E. S. Mason's Stove Store, East side of the Public Square, Smethport, Pa.

J. C. BACKUS & CO.

General Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Ready-Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, &c., opposite the Court House, Smethport Pa.

J. C. HOLMES,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Provisions and Family Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes Hats, Caps, Nails, Yankee Notions, &c. &c. Store one door west of the Astor House. Terms, Cash.

FOBES HOUSE,

Fronting the Public Square, Olean, N. Y. JAMES M. MILLER, Proprietor. The Fobes House is entirely new and built of brick, and is furnished in modern style. The proprietor flatters himself that his accommodations are not surpassed by any hotel in Western New York. Carriages run to and from the New York and Erie Rail Road. 38-tf.

BYRON D. HAMLIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Smethport, M'Kean County, Pa., Agent for Messrs. Keating & Co's Lands. Attends especially to the Collection of Claims, Examination of Land Titles, Payment of Taxes, and all business relating to Real Estate. Office in Hamlin Block.

GREEN'S HOTEL.

D. A. WRIGHT, Proprietor,—at Kinzua, Warren county Pa. His Table will be supplied with the best the country affords, and he spare no pains in accomodating his guests.

H. GOLD ROGERS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, will attend to the collection of claims and accounts in the Counties of Potter, M'Kean, Elk, Jefferson, and Clearfield. P. O. Smethport, M'Kean county Pa.

E. BOUGHTON ELDRED,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Smethport, M'Kean County, Pa. Business entrusted to his care for the counties of M'Kean, Potter and Elk will be promptly attended to. Office in the Court House, second floor.

DR. L. R. WISNER,

Physician and Surgeon, Smethport, Pa., will attend to all professional calls with promptness. Office in Sartwell Block, second floor.

N. S. BUTLER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Carpeting, Ready Made Clothing, and General Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes, Wall and Window Paper, Looking Glasses &c. At Olean, N. Y.

BENNETT HOUSE,

Smethport, M'Kean Co., Pa. D. R. BENNETT, Proprietor—opposite the Court House. A new, large, commodious and well-furnished house.

JOHN C. BACKUS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Smethport, M'Kean Co Pa. Will attend to all business in his profession in the counties of M'Kean, Potter and Elk. Office over C. K. Sartwell & Brothers' Store.

ASTOR HOUSE,

J. C. HOLMES, Proprietor, Smethport, M'Kean Co., Pa. Stages to and from this place stop here. Good accommodations and reasonable prices.

GIDEON IRONS,

Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Pork, Flour, Salt, Fish Ready-Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes. Store in Eaton's old stand, Smethport Pa. General Patent Medicine Agents.

HACKNEY HOUSE,

Corner of Second and Liberty streets, Warren, Pa. R. A. BARBOR, Proprietor. Travelers will find good accommodations and reasonable charges.

E. S. MASON,

Dealer in Stoves, Tin Ware, Japanned Ware, &c., west side of the Public Square Smethport, Pa. Custom work done to order on the shortest notice, and in the most substantial manner.

W. S. BROWNELL,

Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Glass, Nails, Oils, &c., &c. East side of the Public Square, Smethport, Pa.

A. J. OTTO,

Dealer in Provisions and Family Groceries generally, at Farmers Valley, M'Kean Co., Pa. Grain, Lumber, Shingles, &c., taken in exchange for Goods. Patent Medicines for sale.

LARABEE'S HOTEL,

R. LARABEE, Proprietor,—Allegheny Bridge, M'Kean Co., Pa. This house is situated about nine miles from Smethport on the road to Olean, and will be found a convenient stopping-place.

EMPORIUM HOUSE,

Shippen, M'Kean Co., Pa. LEGRAND COOK, Proprietor. A commodious and well-furnished house. Strangers and travelers will find good accommodations.

FARMERS' VALLEY HOTEL,

By T. GOODWIN. This house is situated about five miles from Smethport on the road to Olean. Pleasure parties and others can be accommodated on the shortest notice.

ELDRED HALF-WAY HOUSE,

NATHAN DENNIS, Proprietor. This house is situated half-way between Smethport and Olean. If you want a good dinner this is the place to stop.

GHORDIS CORWIN,

Proprietor of the Grist Mill, at Mechanicsburg, M'Kean County Pa. Flour, Meal, and Feed, constantly on hand and for sale, in large and small quantities.

RAILROAD HOUSE,

WILLIAM STREETER Proprietor, Norwich, M'Kean Co. Pa. Good accommodations can be had there at all times.

PORT ALLEGANY HOUSE,

WILLIAM HASKELL Proprietor, at Port Allegany, M'Kean County, Pa. This Hotel is situated at the junction of the Smethport and Allegany River roads, nine miles east of Smethport.

DRIED APPLES.

100 BUSHELS DRIED APPES. Just received and for sale at the SIDE HILL STORE.

Feb. 17.

LOOK on the map of the United States, and then look into the old stand of Ford & Smith and you will find Ed. Mason's Tin Shop all on the *nip-cat*.

A POEM WITH A MORAL.

A man in his carriage went riding along,
His gaily dressed wife by his side;
In satin and laces she looks like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as he passed;
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
"One thing I would do if I could—
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who saweth the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked in the carriage, the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart,
These Satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish possession and wealth
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is, in this world, what ever our lot,
Our minds and our time we employ,
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

We welcome the pleasure for which we have sighed.
The heart has a void in it still,
Growing deeper and wider the longer we live,
That nothing but heaven can fill.

THE LAWYER'S STORY.

A TALE OF THE MURREL TIMES.

"Your story of Mr. Roberts," said Millward "brings to my mind a strange transaction that I witnessed upon the same river. It was not very long after the crusade against professional gamblers had been prosecuted so vigorous in all the lower towns, and the scamps no longer carried so high a hand as they had done. It was not over safe to attract the attention of officers or passengers by plucking their pigeons too incautiously, except, perhaps, upon such boats as were owned by gamblers, of which indeed there were more than one.

I was descending the river in the old Thunderer, one of the finest boats that I have ever seen. She met with a shocking fate the next year, being destroyed by fire, and of her passengers, numbering nearly three hundred, but few escaped.

My room-mate was a very bright young fellow, a New Yorker, out upon a collecting tour for his employers, and, as a game of uker, that I played with him for amusement, convinced me a very skillful and honorable and gentlemanly player.

He was returning to New Orleans, with a considerable sum of money that he had collected for the house he was attached to in New York, and I thought it proper to give him a word of warning about playing for money at all, especially with strangers on board of a steamboat.

He, however, laughed at my caution, said that this was not his first Southern trip, that when last winter he went up the river, he fell in with a gambler who seemed to have taken a fancy to him, and who appeared to know all the principal tricks and marks of cards.

He added, that as to these tricks, he had not the dexterity requiren to play them off, nor would he do so if he had, but yet was able to detect them in a moment; and that, playing a straight-forward, open game himself, with plenty of money and unflinching nerve, he had always the advantage of gamblers—so much of their attention being taken up by stocking the cards, and when their plans were defeated, being always annoyed and thrown off from their play.

He farther said, that against the gamblers he entertained a particular spite, as his brother, some years since, had been nearly ruined by them, when on a business trip similar to his own; and that, although he never sought a game of poker, he also but seldom declined it.

I still urged upon him the great danger to which he exposed himself, but he laughed at my advice, and finally called my attention to three persons then in the cabin, who, he said, he was morally certain, came on board for no other purpose than to bleed him; and, added he, they shall have the chance.

Of course, there was nothing more to be said by me, and before night, he had gently slipped into the sporting gentlemen's net—as they supposed—and was playing a quiet game with moderate stakes.

I watched the game very closely. It was evident that, although apparently playing each for himself, it was a joint business, after all, among the *chevaliers d'industrie*, and after the game had lasted for a couple of hours or so, when the betting ran at all high; there was but one hand opposed to my room-mate in any one deal, and that one proved invariably the strongest of the three.

For some time after the commencement of the play, the gamblers evidently intended their pigeon should win; but they need not have taken the trouble, for win he did and would. As he said, he had nerve enough for anything; plenty of money, knew when to press his play, and when, from the run of the cards against him, to keep in shore.

Presently one of the gamblers proposed to go to the bar and procure a new pack of cards.

No, sir, replied my friend, I prefer waiting until some one comes along whom we can send for them.

Do you suppose that I am going to run any game on you, sir? demanded the gambler, in the ancient pistol style.

No, was the quiet reply; I *know* you are not.

After this there were no more attempts at careless playing. The three did their best, but continued to lose.

Supper time drew near, and the game was necessarily discontinued for a time. The three went forward, but I kept my eyes upon them, and observed the party assembled on the hurricane deck, at the stern of the boat, evidently engaged in animated conversation. Of this I informed my friend, and advised him to break off the game where it was; but no, he would not hear a word of quitting them or frightening them off.

After supper they went at it again with a much higher *ante*, and the betting proportionally increased. Many of the passengers were assembled around the table, watching the game with interest, and evidently to the great annoyance of the sporting gentlemen, who made as many remarks and hinted quite as broadly as they dared about intrusion; but, as I have before remarked, their day of rule was over, and they dared not, upon any ordinary occasion, exhibit the insolence, which, backed by their ever ready weapons, had made them feared, dreaded, and too often submitted to, upon the river boats.

Among the spectators was a tall, portly gentleman, of a very dignified and commanding appearance, who, after intently watching the game for some time, gave me a quiet hint that he had something to communicate to me in private, and then walked out upon the guards of the boat.

Is that young man a friend of yours? asked he.

I told him all that I knew of him in a few words.

Well, sir, said he, it's a bad business that he is engaged in; yet he seems to be a fine, honest fellow, plays fairly, and, I think, the best game of poker that I have ever seen; but he is playing with three of the greatest scoundrels unhung. *They* do not know *me*, I think, but I do *them*, and it will be a black day for the rascals when I find them ashore in my State. They will play him some cantrip yet, mark my words; there is nothing that they are not up to; and even if his purse escape their clutches to night, and there is no other way of fingering his money, they will rob him, if allowed to remain on board the boat; but that I will see to. Have you enough interest in the young man to remain by the table with me as long as they continue to play?

I replied that I had.

Are you armed? asked he.

A case of pistols in my state-room, answered I.

Get them, then, said he, and meet me at the table in a few minutes. I wish to speak to the captain and clerk.

For half an hour longer this game went on as usual; but at last one of the gamblers whose turn it was to deal, dropped the cards upon the floor, and, I was very sure, changed them for another pack, probably kept ready under a handkerchief which was in his lap. My dignified friend gave me a look, and then placed himself in such a position that the gambler could not remove or conceal the first pack without being seen, if it were indeed beneath the handkerchief, as I supposed.

This manœuvre had not escaped the notice of my acute friend, who chose to let it pass for the moment, not intending to bet on any hand, however good it might be, that he should hold this deal, as he afterwards told me. The most determined man, however, cannot always resist temptation.

As he took up his cards I saw them—he had four aces (an invincible) dealt to him, as I thought at the time, by mistake, but the after betting puzzled me.

They had been playing for an ante of ten dollars, each putting up the whole pool in turn; the oldest hand had put up a 'blind' of fifty dollars, and it was my friend's first *say*. He 'saw' the blind—that is, he laid down one hundred dollars, and then bet two hundred better—a capital play, and one very likely to be mistaken by his opponents for a 'bluff.' The next hand 'passed,' and then drew his card; the dealer then 'saw' the bet, and also bet two hundred dollars better.

Now, it was the oldest hand's turn, he had passed the first 'say' by going blind.' He did not make his blind good, but threw up his cards, and the contest was between the New Yorker and the Gambler. At this juncture, you will perceive there were on the table seven hundred and ten dollars, and it was the New Yorkers turn. He appeared in deep thought for a moment, examined his hand, studied it, took out a pocket book, and not finding what he wanted, unbuttoned his vest, and, after some time, pulled out a money belt, and took from it several bills.

I will cover your bet, and bet you a thousand and forty five more, said he at last, as cool as a cucumber.

And what's the forty-five for? asked Legs.

If you 'see' my bet it will make even money, answered New York.

It was now the Gambler's chance, and he seemed very much excited, and his companions particularly fidgety; he drew a roll of bills from his pocket, then asked his right hand man for the tobacco; it was handed to him under the table, and then he made his bet.

I believe you're bluffing me, hoss, and have a good mind to call you, said he, but I won't here, I'll 'see' your bet, and go five hundred more.

The game was becoming very exciting, and at this moment I saw my dignified new acquaintance give a slight nod to the clerk of the boat, and the latter walked out upon the guards.

New York was counting his money. See your five hundred, and go another thousand, said he, laying down three bills of the United State Bank.

Legs examined the money, looked very critically at the pile of bills the New Yorker had by his side, which were seemingly of small amount, took a critical survey of the money belt, consulted his companion's eyes, and then said with a hateful sneer:

Well, sir, here's your thousand, and that makes six thousand on the table. Nice little sum; most enough to open a snug, quiet bank at Orleans; but here's five thousand better.

Hold on, hold on, stranger! cried New York, you oversize my pile; must have a show for my money, you know.

The d—l you must, retorted Legs. If you back down, say so like a man, and then, if you are flat-footed, I'd lend you a stake to start on.

If you don't dare to call me, say so, and don't whine like a puppy or a baby, but give up like a man.

The New Yorker turned very pale, raised his eyes to the surrounding crowd, as if to ask whether they deemed this fair play, then pretended to examine the money in the pool, but did not reply.

Quit handlin' them shinplasters, hoss, it's no ways likely they'll trouble your pockets; and just tell me, or I'll rake down the pile, growled out Legs, in an excessively insolent manner.

One moment, sir, interrupted my new friend. Here, sir, throwing a pocket-book to the New Yorker, call him, if you wish.

Up jumped the three gamblers, pistols in hand; but before either could grasp the money, they were seized behind by three stalwart fellows, and then the swearing commenced.

This game shall be played out, noise or no noise. Open my pocket book, sir, and use the money as you please. Mate, gag those fellows if they swear another oath, said the portly gentleman, in the tone of one born to command.

New York opened the book, found the requisite amount, placed it on the table, and then 'called.'

Call! do you! do you think outsiders can come around, lookin' at our hands, interfering with my game, and lending money? No, sirree, hoss, yelled out the gambler.

Will you divide the money, then? asked the gentleman.

Not a bit of it. It's mine, and I'll have every red cent of it but your five thousand, replied Legs. Say, strangers, (addressing the spectators,) can't you see this is a put up thing—and these two gamblers here are trying to rob a gentleman? Are you going to stand it?

Turn over their hands, said the gentleman, paying no attention to the other's words.

The cards were faced: New-York had four aces; Legs two Jacks, king, queen and ten.

Pretty hand, that last, to bet eight thousand on, remarked the gentleman.

Bloody robbery, yelled out the gambler, but I'll have justice when I get to Orleans.

You *shall*, sir, and before, too; and when you make your complaint, tell Mr. Baldwin that you were robbed by the Governor of this State, sir; and if I had you ashore, you should have an opportunity of complaining that you expected to be murdered also, on short notice—for, as I live, if I ever do catch you there, you will be handed over to the Safety Committee before you can turn up a Jack, smart as you are at it. We have been looking for you three gentleman for the past year, and if you had been found anywhere on the left bank of the river, we should have had you rotting in prison, with your friend Murrell, long ere this, or, more probably, dangling from a mulberry or black-jack, with your cronies, Cotton and Saunders.

Captain C——, continued he, addressing the commander of the boat, who had just made his appearance on the scene—is there any island about here that it would pay to colonize?

Just exactly the very place, returned the captain. We're right above Dead Man's Island—going into the chute now, sir.

No inhabitants, I believe, demanded the Governor.

None sir, but rattlesnakes, moccasins and mosquetoes. Shall I land them there, sir.

Yes, with a week's supply of bread; not one drop of liquor. Take their weapons away, any tools of their trade that they may have about them; and if they have any letters or papers on their persons, let the clerk seal them up and deliver them to Mr. Baldwin with my compliments. Adieu, gentlemen! continued he, addressing the gamblers, as the mate and his men were taking them off, gagged and bound; you will find your baggage and traps at the Recorder's Office, when you arrive at New Orleans.

And now, sir—(to the New Yorker)—you may return my loan; and if I might advise, I think you had better present the large sum you have just won to the orphan asylum, when you arrive; and also, if you will excuse friendly advice, let cards alone for the future, at least among strangers and steamboat travellers.

I feel truly grateful to you sir, replied my young friend. The money shall be disposed of as you suggested, and I have done with games of chance for life.

And now, Uncle Billy and Mr. Sam Slick, I should like to ask, if for a quiet little adventure this is not a match for any of your card-playing experiences?

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME!"

Thus the poet once sung, and every heart responds to the truth of the beautiful and touching sentiment. What tender emotion—what warm feelings and, hallowed recollections cluster around the words. "No place like home!" It was the sentiment which gave beauty to the verse and life to the song, that awakened all the refined sensibilities of the soul. Emotions the most tender swell the bosom, as the heart in warm affection, sighs for the sanctity of home. From its sacred altar goes forth an influence that gives to life its sweetness, and its charm, and around that altar lingers the hope of destiny; for in its educating and elevating influence is the safeguard of innocence and purity. And, as the evening orison ascends, God accepts the sacrifice, and sends down the rich fragrance of his love to infuse and imbue the hearts that mingle in sympathy there.

But this hallowed abode of innocence, virtue and piety—the home of the affections—has been invaded by the spirit of the age; and amid the interests and excitements of life, and the old and sacred idea of home is fading away. Its instructions—the germ of principle that moulded the character, its influence that guarded the aspirations and restrained the waywardness of youth, and its hallowed recollections that filled with delight the heart in after years—where are they now? Alas! how painful it is that the old idea of home is passing away. Its instructions are deemed unimportant; its restraining influences tyranical; and its tender recollections unmanly. And for this folly and madness we forfeit all that is precious in the noble and virtuous career of our sons and daughters. The spirit of the age, which pants for novelty and excitement, is undermining the culture of family affection and influence, until the sacred power of its tender scenes are unknown and unfelt by those who go forth to give tone and character to society. Thus they hasten to enter upon the stage and mingle in the business of life, ignorant of its duties, its obligations, and destiny—unrestrained and uninfluenced by the tender recollections of the sanctity of home, urged, as he is, by every tender motive, by all that is desirable in the blessings and fearful in the displeasure of God, and by all that is elevating and permanent in those influences whose sweep will be parallel with eternity. Never let the ambitious forget, or the wayward trample upon the sanctity of home; for it is the power of that institution which God has owned and blessed, and which must ever give to society character and destiny.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A SCHOOLMASTER.—Long time ago a young collegian, itinerating in the State of Maine, fell in company, and also in love, with a very pretty girl, the daughter of an old curmudgeon, whose brains were made of saw dust, hog's lard and molasses, but who, on account of the spaciousness of his farm, had been for years at the head of the school committee in the district. The collegian's attachment to Sally, (for that was the name of the daughter) was so overpowering that all the logic and philosophy he had learned in the schools, was compared to the force of his passion, as chaff in a hurricane. But not having the wherewithal to winter in Maine without a resort to employment, he intimated to Sally that he would like to keep the school in that district. The kind-hearted girl informed him that her father was the committee-man; and she also informed him what questions he would put to him, and how he must answer them if he expected to gain the good graces of her paternal relative. Accordingly, one Sunday evening, the young man of classic lore informed the old ignoramus that he would like to take charge of their school for the winter, and board in his family, whereupon the old fellow assumed an air of much importance, and looking at the applicant with his usual dignity while examining candidates for keeping school, put the same questions that Sally had informed her admirer would be asked.

"Do you believe in the final salvation of all the world?"

"Most certainly," answered the young collegian, "it is the only belief that the Scriptures justify."

"Do you believe that God ever made another man equal to Thomas Jefferson?"

"Certainly not; and I have been of this opinion ever since I read his notes on Virginia."

"Can you spell Massachusetts?"

"I ought to know how sir, for it is my native State."

"Well, spell it."

The young man spelled the word very distinctly, when the father turned to the daughter, and said:

"Did he spell it right, Sally?"

"Yes, sir," answered the affectionate girl, when her father turning again to the candidate triumphantly exclaimed:

"You may begin school to-morrow."

How the young pedagogue and Sally managed matters through the winter is another part of the story.

JOSEPHINE AND MARIA LOUISA.—As a domestic occurrence, nothing could more contribute to Bonaparte's happiness, than his union with Maria Louisa. He was wont to compare her with Josephine, by giving the latter all the advantage of art and grace; the former, the charms of simple modesty and innocence. His former empress used every art to support or enhance her personal charms, but with so much prudence and mystery, that the nicest cares of her toilet, could never be traced; her successor trusted for the power of pleasing to youth and nature. Josephine mismanaged her revenue, and incurred debt without scruple. Maria Louisa lived within her income, or if she desired any indulgence beyond it, which was rarely the case, asked it as a favor of Napoleon. Josephine accustomed to political intrigues, loved to manage, to influence, and to guide her husband; Maria Louisa desired only to please and obey him. Both were excellent women, of great sweetness of temper, and fondly attached to Napoleon. In the difference between these distinguished persons, we can easily discriminate the leading features of the Parisian and the simple German beauty, but it is certainly singular that the artificial character should have belonged to the daughter of the West India planter, that marked by nature and simplicity, to the princess of the proudest court of Europe. Bonaparte, whose domestic conduct was generally praiseworthy, behaved with the utmost kindness to his royal bride, but he observed the strictest etiquette, and required it from the empress. If it happened, for example, as was often the case, that he was prevented from attending at the hour when dinner was placed on the table, he was displeased if, in the interim of his absence, which was often prolonged, she either took a book, or had resource to any female occupation—if, in short, he did not find her in the attitude of waiting for the signal to take her place at the table.

The following is the inscription on the tomb of Mrs. Jackson, written by her husband, the Hero and Statesman:

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61 years. Her face was fair, and her person pleasing, her temper amiable and her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods. To the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament. Her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and yet so virtuous, slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even Death, when he tore her from her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

THE HUMAN THERMOMETER.—The marvellous balance between supply and loss exhibited by the human organism, and indeed by that of most warm-blooded animals, may be best seen by the following facts: our temperature is 98 degrees, and this is the standard, no matter what the external heat may be. In the tropics, the thermometer during several hours of the day is 110 degrees. In British India it is sometimes as high as 130 degrees. In the Arctic zones it has been observed by our voyagers as low as 90 degrees, and even 10° degrees below freezing point. Nevertheless, amid such extensive variations of the external temperature, that of the human organism has but slightly varied, and a thermometer placed under the tongue of an Arctic voyager will show the same degree of heat as one under the tongue of a soldier under the walls of Delhi.—*Blackwood*.

SEEING AT A DISTANCE.—The earth being globular, at a certain distance, even though our vision can reach much further, its form will prevent our seeing objects. It has been calculated that at a distance of 600 yards an object one inch high cannot be seen in a straight line; at 908 yards, two inches; at 1400 yards five inches, at one mile, eight inches, three miles, sixteen inches.

An excited young man, to show his agility, recently jumped from an express train, while going at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The last seen of him he was going flip-flaps, at the rate of seventeen revolutions a minute, while the air was filled with dicky strings, and fragments of cloth boots, and torn linnen.

The affections of some men are like wells, stony on the outside, narrow, yet deep within, not flowing forth like a river to seek thirsty souls far and near, and gladden God's earth, nor gushing up and around, like a fountain in the sun, for all who seek them, but useful, notwithstanding, and very precious each to some individual or household.

A young lawyer at Philadelphia wrote to an old limb near Chicago, thus:—"Is there an opening in your part of the country that I can get into?" Answer.—"There is an opening in my back-yard, about thirty feet deep, and one around it."