M. WEAKLEY. }
M. WALLACE. }

THE CARLISLE HERALD.

CARLISLE, PENN'A, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1869

{Terms: In Advance, $2.00 a year.

TAKE THE PAPERS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Why don't you take the papers?
They're the life of our delight,
Except about election time,
And then we read for spite.

Subscribe! you cannot lose a cent,
Why should you be afraid?
For cash thus paid is money lent
At interest four fold paid.

Go, then, and take the papers,
And pay to-day, nor pay delay,
And my word for it is inferred,
You'll live until you're gray.

An old neighbor of mine
While dying with a cough,
Desired to hear the latest news
While he was going off.

I took the paper and I read
Of some new pills in force;
He bought a box—and is he dead?
No—hearty as a horse

I know two men, as much alike
As e'er you saw two stumps,
And no phrenologist could find
A difference in their bumps.

One takes the paper, and his life
Is happier than a kings,
His children all can read and write,
And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down and broke his crown,
And killed him—"very good."

Had he been reading for the news,
At home, like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident
Would not have happened him.

Why don't you take the papers?
Nor from the printer sneak,
Because you borrow from his boy,
A paper every week.

For he who takes the papers,
And pays his bills when due,
Can live in peace with God and man,
And with the printer, too.

BALLAD.

BY HANS BREITMANN.

Der noble Ritter Hugo
Von Schwillensaufenstien,
Rode out mit sphear and hemlet,
Und he comes to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a meer maid,
Von had n't got nodings on,
Und she say, "Oh! Ritter Hugo,
Where you goes mid yourself alone?"

And he says, "I rides in the creenwood,
Mid hemlet and mid spheer,
Till I coomes into em Gasthaus,
Und dere I drinks some beer."

Und den outshpoke de maiden
Vot had n't got nodings on;
"I tont dink mooch of beoplesh,
Dat goes mid demselfes alone.

You'd petter coom down in de wasser,
Vere dere's heaps of dings to see,
Und hafe a sphlendid tinner
Und drafel along mit me

"Dere you sees de fish a schwimmin,
Und you catches them efery one:"—
So sang dis wasser maiden
Vot had n't got nodings on.

"Dere ish drunk all full mid money,
In ships that went down of old;
Und you helpsh yourself by dunder!
To skimmerin crowns of gold.

"Shoost look at dese sphoons and vatches!
Shoost see dese diamant rings!
Coom down und full your bockets,
Und I'll giss you like ebery dings.

"Vot you vonts mit your schnapps und lager?
Coom down into de Rhine!
Der ish potties dor Kaiser Charlemange
Vonce filled mid gold-red wine!"

Dat fetched him—he stood all sphell bound;
She pulled his coat tails down,
She drawed him under de wasser,
De maiden mid nodings on.

THE PROFESSOR'S STRATAGEM.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

Herr Karl Von Krummelhauest—the Professor, he was called—was an eccentric man of science. With the exception of a few students to whom he gave private lessons, he received no visitors, and had no associates.

His daughter Mary, it was universally agreed, was an angel, and a very *arch* one at that. I am not going to tell you how pretty she was; but just do your best to fancy the utmost perception of incipient womanhood, and if you are blessed with a fair share of the poetic element, you may reach some faint conception of the truth.

Among the Professor's pupils were my friend Max Oppenheim and myself—at least, I was Max's friend; I believe *he* was nobody's, though I then thought differently. I fell dead in love with Mary, and made Max my confidant, and finally "spoke to her father."

The Professor heard my proposal with a serious look.

"Have you the means to support a wife?" he inquired.

My resources, I was obliged to confess, were mainly prospective and wholly contingent.

"I am already old," he continued, "and the small annuity which barely suffices, with such additions as I am able to make to it, for present needs, will end with my life. My daughter, therefore, will inherit no fortune, which renders it all the more important that her future should be assured. However, I will defer my decision. Mary is yet too young to marry. But if at the end of two years, you shall be in a condition to warrant a renewal of your offer, and shall not have changed your mind, I will give you an answer; till then, let the subject be dismissed."

I felt the force of the Professor's reasoning and saw it would be useless to say more.

My resolution was taken. I bade farewell to my friend, whose languid 'God speed' had little of fervor in it, compared with the worthy Professor's parting benediction, or with darling Mary's simple 'good bye,' spoken smilingly through her tears, and to which I could only answer by a silent pressure of her tiny white hand.

At the end of two years—two years of toil and adventure in the wild and newly discovered gold regions of Australia—I returned rich, and more than rich, enough to justify me in demanding the Professor's tardy answer.

Max Oppenheim was the first acquaintance I met. It may be imagined with what eagerness I hastened to tell him of the happy change in my fortunes. He seemed less apathetic than usual. Indeed the news seemed to quite interest him.

"But your treasure—in what shape have you brought it home?" he asked.

"In good bank notes," I answered, giving my breast pocket a slap, "I have them here."

"A very careless way of carrying so much money," he remarked.

"I know it," I said; "but I found it difficult to buy exchange at the little seaport where I landed, and so, for convenience sake, turned my gold into notes. However, I will deposit the whole to-morrow, and there'll be but little risk till then."

Max spent the evening with me at my lodgings. I went to bed soon after he left, placing the wallet containing my money under the pillow.

It was broad day light when I awoke. The door of my room stood partially ajar. I was certain I had closed and locked it before retiring. My first thought was of my money. Heavens! it was gone! It was but too evident I had been robbed during my sleep. A skeleton key still remained in the lock, but no other trace of the criminal was left. I at once called on the Professor.

The old man received me cordially. He listened to my story with a grave face, and was very particular in his inquiries touching the companions I had spent the previous evening with, and who had knowledge of my being in possession of a sum so considerable.

"It is a hard case," he added. "I am not quite prepared to return the answer I promised two years ago. Call at eight o'clock this evening, and I will be ready to give it."

"But Mary," I mustered courage to ask—"could I see her a moment?"

"She has gone out for the day," he answered; "but you shall see her this evening, or at furthest tomorrow."

I made known my loss to the police, put myself in communication with detectives, and spent the day in taking such measures for the recovery of my property and the apprehension of the thief, as seemed to promise any hope of success.

At the appointed hour I was ushered into the Professor's study. To my surprise, Max Oppenheim, whom, singularly enough, I had not seen during the day, was there before me.

I was about to inform him of my loss, but the Professor, he said, had already told him.

"You have come opportunely, sir," said the latter, addressing himself to me.

In answer to my look of inquiry, he proceeded:

"This gentleman," with a gesture toward my friend, "has just honored me with an important proposal—no less, indeed, than an offer for my daughter's hand. Being a man of unquestioned rank and fortune, his proposal demands, at least, serious consideration."

"And is it you, wretch!" I exclaimed, casting a furious look at Max, "that have dared to take advantage of my misfortune to supplant me in that wherein you had my confidence, and wherein I had a right to count on your aid and sympathy?"

Hot words followed, ending in a challenge.

"Come, gentlemen," said the old Professor, "I have a proposition to make," and passed into an adjoining apartment. After a brief absence he returned, bearing a salver, on which were a couple of glasses par tially filled with some liquid.

"There," he continued, placing the salver on a table, "are two glasses of wine. In one of them is a subtle and tasteless poison. He who drinks it will experience no pain, but will, within an hour's time, sink into a calm and peaceful slumber, from which there will be no waking. I would bestow my daughter on no man not ready to peril his life for her sake. Your readiness to do this I propose a more rational mode of testing, than the senseless combat in which you are about to engage. Let each drink the contents of one of these glasses. To the survivor, I pledge the gift of my daughter's hand. All traces of the other's remains I have in my laboratory the means of speedily destroying, and the secret of his disappearance need never be known."

Heavens! how weird the old man looked! Could it be that he was really insane? or was there more in the popular superstition with regard to him than was commonly accredited?

My mind shrank from the idea of suicide. "But, after all," I reflected, what difference is there in principle between staking my life on such a hazard, and the more unequal one, it may be, of bodily conflict? There is at least as favorable a chance of rescuing from a villain's hands an innocent victim."

My purpose was formed.

"I accept the test!" I exclaimed.

Max hesitated.

"Why not settle our difference in the usual mode?" he expostulated.

"*Cowards* may fight duels," I replied, "confiding in superior skill, or schooled by custom. To face death in a new and unexpected shape requires courage. If you have a spark of it, which I doubt, do not waver now. Take your choice," I said, advancing to the table, and pointing to the glasses."

His face was ghastly pale, but pride was stronger than fear. With an almost tottering step he approached the table, and with a trembling hand took up one of the glasses. I took the other. Simultaneously we raised them to our lips, and drained the contents.

The Professor at once conducted us to separate chambers, remarking, as he did so, that an hour would tell the tale.

Left to myself, I began closely to study my sensations. For a time, I was conscious of nothing unusual. At length a feeling of drowsiness began to steal over me. Still, it might be only fancy, or more probably, the natural reaction after a day of excitement. But no; it was becoming too marked for that. Besides, I could not shake it off. My eyelids grew preternaturally heavy. A deathlike numbness pervaded my members. I could not be mistaken. It was I who had drank from the poisoned cup! Dragging myself with my little remaining strength to a couch that stood near, I dropped upon it, and decently composing my limbs, breathed a prayer to Heaven for forgiveness, and with Mary's name on my lips, *fell asleep!*

* * * * * *

The sun was shining brightly when a voice recalled me to consciousness. If I was dead, I had surely gone to *Heaven*, for there stood an angel! But a second look assured my bewildered senses, I was n't dead, after all. It was darling little Mary, whose smiling face and musical tones were giving me sweet welcome.

Goodness knows how many foolish things I would have said, or how many kisses of greeting I would have snatched, in spite of Mary's blushes, if the old Professor, who *ought* to have been busy among his retorts and crucibles, had n't made his appearance just then.

With an air of mystery he led me to his study, where, to my inexpressible astonishment, he handed me my lost wallet, its contents intact.

"Few men have the courage," he said, "to face death with a great crime unconfessed and unrepented of. Before making my singular proposal last night, I had reason to suspect that your supposed friend was not altogether innocent of your recent loss; not that he had been actuated by motives of gain, but by a desire to blast your hopes in a quarter which I need not mention. The event has justified my suspicions. Both the glasses contained a powerful but harmless sleeping potion, and when Max felt himself giving way to an unnatural drowsiness, believing the poison was at work, and that his doom was sealed, he summoned me to hear a confession, of which you have happily reaped the fruits. He has already taken his departure, and will never return."

What the Professor's answer was to my proposal of two years' standing, and what came of it, I leave the reader to guess.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

SILVER.

PANAMA, November 8.—Your readers will remember the story concerning $10,000,000 in silver buried on the Cocos Island, which was started in San Francisco ten years ago, and has been probably published in every country newspaper in the United States. The tale was that a doctor in San Francisco was one night called to the bedside of a sick and poverty stricken sailor. The doctor watched over him carefully, and made and paid for all his own prescriptions. In spite of all his precautions the sailor grew worse, and at last the doctor told him he must die. The man was deeply affected, and wept bitterly. Death came over him slowly but surely.

On his dying bed, with tears in his eyes, he thanked the doctor for all his kindness, and said that he could and would repay him for all his trouble. In a few short breaths he told him that in his younger days he had been a pirate. With twenty companions he had shipped at Callao on a Spanish treasure ship bound to Cadiz. When five days out they rose and butchered the officers and passengers, after which the course of the ship was changed due west. Three weeks afterwards, during a drunken carousal, the ship ran upon a reef of rocks fringing an island in the Pacific, and before morning eight of the bucraneers were drowned. At the break of day they reached the shore in boats, and found the island fertile and pleasant.

After three days' hard work, they brought the kegs of silver dollars to the shore, and buried them. The treasure amounted to over $10,000,000. As water was scarce, and the provisions on the wreck were totally damaged, the twelve pirates took to their boats, and steered for the coast of South America. Nothing was ever heard from one of the boats, and it was probably swamped in a great storm which occurred three days after they had left the island. The provisions in the other boat soon gave out, and the men gradually became delirious for want of sustenance. Two jumped overboard and were drowned. One of their companions died in the boat, and a fourth was killed by his comrades, who drank his blood. After drifting under a burning sun for two weeks, the survivors were picked up by a passing vessel.

One of them died on the following day, and the other lived to tell his story to hundreds of incredulous listeners, and to seek in vain for the means to return to the island. He was now about to end a life of disappointment in death. At the conclusion of his story, the dying sailor drew from under his bolster a roll of papers giving the latitude and longitude of the island, as near as possible, and handed them to the doctor; but before the physician could examine them the old sailor died. The mutiny occurred just during the Peruvian revolution against Spain, and the sailor died in San Francisco some thirteen years ago. A careful study of the chart located the island in the vicinity of Cocos. The doctor embarked in the scheme with all his wealth, rigged out a schooner, and sailed from San Francisco in search of the El Dorado. He returned a ruined man, unable to discover the island. Other expeditions were fitted out, but none were successful.

In July, 1868, several gentleman in this city bought a schooner and fitted out an expedition. There were twenty-six persons in the party. They left in high spirits, with complete charts, and seemed confident of success. The most of the party were old Californians, and were used to a life of adventure. Among the party was one George Cummins, a man of large experience, who had accompanied one of the previous expeditions. They reached the island after fifty-six days' navigation, thoroughly worn out and disgusted. They spent nineteen days there, vainly looking for the hidden riches, and then gave up the hunt as entirely Utopian. Setting sail again for Panama, they finally brought up in La Union, whence Cummins came up to this city with the news of their blasted hopes.

It was thought that the failure of this expedition would put an end to all attempts to recover the specie. This was not the case. Last winter some of the superstitious and wealthy citizens of Costa Rica began to agitate the subject anew. A company was organized, composed of some of the prominent Government officials. The matter was brought before the Costa Rican Congress, and after an investigation they authorized the purchase of several shares of the stock on Government account. A large majority of the members of the new expedition were soldiers, probably sent to look after the interests of the Government. A priest was sent along to look out for their spiritual welfare. They left Costa Rica in June last. Nothing has been heard of them until yesterday, when a letter was received from one of the party by a friend in this city, containing intelligence of the discovery of the treasure. The letter states that all the treasure has not, as yet, been obtained, and therefore no estimate of its value can be given. The greater part of that which has already been dug out is in silver, the most of it Spanish dollars.—*New York Sun.*

THE DISTRICT SCHOOLMASTER.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

There is one man in this basement world, that I alwuz look upon with mixt feelings ov pity and respect.

Pity and respect, az a general mixtur, dont mix well.

You will find them both traveling around among folks, but not often growing on the same bush.

When they do hug each other they mean sumthing.

Pity, without respect, hain't got much more oats in it than disgust haz.

I had rather a man would hit me on the side of the head than tew pity me.

But there is one man in this world to whom I alwus take oph my hat, and remain uncovered until he gets safely by, and that is the distrikt schoolmaster.

When I meet him I look upon him az a martyr just returned from the stake, or on hiz way there tew be cooked.

He leads a more lonesum and single life than an old bachelor, and a more anxious one than an old maid.

He is remarked just about as long and as affectionately az a gide board iz by a traveling pack pedlar.

If he undertakes tew make hiz skollars luv him, the chances are he will neglekt their larning; and if he don't lick them now and then pretty often, they will soon lick him.

The distrikt skoolmaster hain't got a friend on the flat side of earth. The boys snow ball him during recess; the girls put water in hiz hair die; and the skool committee makes him work for half the money a bartender gets, and board him around the naborhood, where they give him rhy coffee, sweetened with molasses, tew drink, and kodfish bawls three times a day for vittles.

And with all this abuse, I never heard ov a distrikt skoolmaster swearing any-thing louder than—condem it.

Don't talk to me about the pashunce ov anshunt Job. Job had pretty plenty ov biles all over him, no doubt, but they were all ov one breed.

Every yung one in a distrikt skool iz a bile ov a different breed, and each one needs a different kind ov poultiss to get a good head on them.

A distrikt skoolmaster, who duz a square job, and takes his kodfish bawls reverently, iz a better man to day, tew hav lieing around loose, than Solomon would be arrayed in all ov hiz glory.

Solomon wuz better at writing proverbs and managing a larger family than he would be tew navigate a distrikt skoolhous.

Enny man who haz kept a distrikt skool for ten years, and boarded around the naborhood, ought to be made a mager gineral, and hav a penshun for the rest of hiz natral days, and a hoss and waggin tew do hiz going around in.

But az a general consequence, a distrikt skoolmaster hain't got any more warm friends than an old blind ox haz.

He iz just about az welkum as a tax gatherer is.

He is respekted a good deal az a man is whom we owe a debt ov 50 dollars to, and don't want tew pay.

He goes through life on a back road, az poor az a wood sled, and finally iz missed —but what ever bekums ov his remains, I kant tell.

Fortunately he iz not often a sensitive man: if he was, he could n't enny more keep a distrikt skool than he could file a kross cut saw.

Whi iz it that these men and women, who pashuntly and with crazed brain teach our remorseless brats the tejus meaning of the alphabet, who take the fust welding heat on their destinys, who have to lay the stepping stones and enkurrage them tew mount upwards, who have dun more hard and mean work than enny klass on the footstool, who have prayed over the reprobate, strengthened the timid, restrained the outragious, and flattened the imbecile; who hav lived on kodfish and vile coffee, and hain't been heard to swear—whi iz it that they are treated like a vagrant fiddler, danced to for a night, paid oph in the morning, and eagerly forgotten?

I had rather burn a coal pit, or keep the flys out ov a butcher's shop in the month of August, than meddle with the skool bizzness.

BEECHER.

Henry Ward Beecher delivered a lecture on "Preaching," to the students of the Theological Seminary, in New York, the other evening. Many others of both sexes were present to hear the lecture, which was given in Mr. Beecher's best vein.

After narrating his own first experience in preaching, he said:—Young gentlemen, when you have received all the instruction that can be given you here, you will find that there is that which cannot be imparted in the lecture room. There is that which has got to be learned by trying. Preaching is a trade, and must be learned as such. You would suppose that a man who would attempt to make a watch without having learned the watchmaker's business would have poor success, or to command a fleet never having learned navigation or naval drill. If the man should say, "I cannot do it," it would not surprise you. If business requires so high an order of talent, or such special and well drilled knowledge, certainly preaching does; and yet people suppose it is one of those things which comes as a gift of nature. Many of its adaptations do, but the business itself has got to be learned, and never will be learned in the lecture room. Mr. Beecher here said that he did n't mean to under value theological preliminary study—that their whole after ministry would feel the effect of their fidelity and thoroughness here. "I was a vigorous student," said he, "in spots, (laughter,) and I look back with regret to every one of those spots that I did n't cultivate." If he had to go through a seminary again, he would get all the knowledge it would give. He would gorge. If you are weak, you will be thrown out of the ministry—and that won't hurt you. If strong, you will find the things you study here are not the things that you will most need, though they will give you impetus and be of the greatest use to you. I say this because you will be discouraged at first. You will as if you were all at sea. You do n't understand how to get hold of people. This is the experience of ten thousand men who had to creep before walking, and walk before running. It is your own familiarity with work, little by little, year by year, your contact with human nature, that is going to make you ministers. There are two elements in every truly Christian ministry, the Divine and the human. The grand instrument the minister employs is his knowledge of divine truth, his knowledge of God in Christ Jesus. Preaching is the utterance of the life and soul of Christ in so far as you have been able to take it into yours. For I hold that we are but extensions of God, and that Christ brought down into this world was the truest manhood expressed in the world, or ever will be. We are able to reproduce in ourselves, in small degrees, the divine nature, and when a man is filled with this spirit and then brings it to bear upon his fellow men, he is a Christian preacher. The other element is the human element. You are employing all this knowledge of the Divine nature for the purpose of producing definite results upon the minds of your fellow men. Here are two elements, two main things a Christian preacher ought to know:—First, Christ, in Him the hope of glory; and second, "I could show myself accursed for my brethren's sake." He must have a feeling of intense sympathy, affection, yearning towards men. These are the two elementss. Mr. Beecher said that his first criticism on much of the preaching now in vogue would be that it is a preaching *about* God. You must distinguish between that part of a minister's life which is lectureship and that part which is preaching. The preaching part of man is the heart power, the kindling of enthusiasm by enthusiasm, love by love. The chief instrument of your own ministry is that subtle underlying element that fires up your consciousness; every single thing you do, it is that sense of Christ in you. Young gentlemen, I give this as my testimony to you:—If God has blessed my labor, it has been because I have had a fervent, growing, intense personal love for Christ, and admiration unspeakable. It has been the main spring of my ministry. Mr. Beecher then impressed on his hearers the importance of closet devotion. If we are to preach Christ we must be ourselves like him. He loved to do good, not upon earth alone, but He lives forever, and sympathizes for others —acts for others. It is that which is moving the universe to-day. If, therefore, a man goes into the ministry, thinking that he is the great engineer of the machine, that his whole business is to keep the instrument well oiled and scoured, he is not a preacher—he is a conductor (Laughter.) "It is better to be a doorkeeper," etc. The true preacher not only has heaven in his soul, but God in his head. It is very easy to baptize a man's forehead, but to wash folks' feet is very different, and ministers that take to one extreme do n't like the other. (Laughter.) Christ says, "I am the way," as if He laid down and said, "Now, walk on me; let me bear up your weakness." This is very hard to vanity, very hard to pride, but you must be servants for Christ's sake. It is hard to everything but love. To love it is natural, sweet, omnipotent. Mr. Beecher then criticized the mistakes of people who graduate from a seminary. They think they are all equipped when they leave. He thought the most important chair in the seminary was that of the pastor of theology, and that should occupy largely the last years of seminary life, that is, teaching men how to use what they learn. A young minister must be like an engineer, the moment he sees a man he must go about him as he would about a fort, and see where he can get in. (Laughter.) He must bombard him at once. (Laughter.) There are comparatively but few ministers that sort out their congregation. Some believe in Divine sovereignty, and they preach in gross, and let God retail it in his His providence. (Here the students testified their appreciation by prolonged laughter.) Mr. Beecher then told them how he made his own sermons. They are always made on typical cases. When he knows of a quarrel between two people he studies their different natures, and a sermon grows out of it; and without a single allusion to the case the work is on, for he strives to elevate their whole temperament, so as to bring to their mind the ugliness of the quarrel. Study each of your congregation. Preaching is picking out men, and then aiming right between the eyes, and then if you do n't hit do n't blame anybody but yourself. If you want to have a comfortable ministry take all the blame of anything that goes wrong in your parish. It economizes immensely. (Laughter.) You have got to put yourself in their places. You have got to know how a mean man feels. This is variously difficult or easy, according to one's tempefament. The speaker then warned them against the liability of becoming "caste" preachers. He would call no names, but he had in his mind one whom they would not suspect, noble in scholarship, noble in heart, and whose lachets I am not worthy to unloose; but his fruit is comparatively small in preaching, and I have often talked with him and said:—"Sir, you have a sympathy with God, but you have n't a particle of sympathy with man. You are all the time thinking of God's honor, God's glory, which is all very well; but you do n't think of man, and the consequence is you are a caste preacher." There is another that preaches ideas almost wholly. He preaches a sermon that is a thorough bred intellectual sermon. Some of his flock are overjoyed at it, and, said Mr. Beecher humorously, they say to him, "The most refreshing sermon we have heard for years," and that thing goes on, and he wants to preach another sermon, and he knows that every time he throws such a club the apples will fall. (Laughter.) Never preach twice alike. Some preachers let the history of years' sermons be like a string of sausages hanging in the shop. Two sausages there, two there, two there, and he takes them up from the bottom, and every one is made of precisely the same meat all through. (Prolonged laughter.) Mr. Beecher closed with the remark that sermons ought to have feet, and ought to run all the way through from beginning to end.

An auctioneer, while engaged in his vocation thus exalted the merits of a carpet: "Gentlemen and ladies, some folks sell carpets for Brussels, but I can most positively assure you that this elegant article was made by Mr. Brussels himself."

PUTTING UP STOVES.

BY MARK TWAIN.

In consequence of the arrival of cold weather once more, about these days there is a universal putting up of stoves, preparatory for the winter campaign, and undoubtedly a great deal of profanity is indulged in. One who has considerable experience in the work of putting up stoves says the first step to be taken is to put on a very old and ragged coat, under the impression that when he gets his mouth full of plaster it will keep his shirt bosom clean. Next he gets his hands inside the place where the pipe ought to go, and blacks his fingers, and then he carefully makes a black mark down one side of his nose. It is impossible to make any headway, in doing this work, until his mark is made down the side of his nose. Having got his face properly marked the victim is ready to begin the ceremony. The head of the family—who is the big goose of the sacrifice—grasps one side of the bottom of the stove, and his wife and the hired girl take hold of the other side. In this way the load is started from the woodshed toward the parlor. Going through the door, the head of the family will carefully swing the side of the stove around and jam his thumb nail against the door. This part of the ceremony is never omitted. Having got the stove comfortably in place, the next thing is to find the legs. Two of these are left inside the stove since the spring before. The other two must be hunted after for twenty-five minutes. They are usually found under the coal. Then the head of the family holds up one side of the stove while his wife puts two of the legs in place, and next he holds up the other side while the other two are fixed, and one of the first two falls out. By the time the stove is on its legs he gets reckless, and takes off his old coat regardless of his linen. Then he goes off for the pipe, and gets a cinder in his eye. It do n't make any difference how well the pipe was put up last year, it will be found a little too short or a little too long. The head of the family jams his hat over his eyes, and taking a pipe under each arm, goes to the tin shop to have it fixed. When he gets back he steps upon one of the best parlor chairs to see if the pipe fits, and his wife makes him get down for fear he will scratch the varnish off from the chairs with the nails in his boot heel. In getting down he will surely step on the cat, and may thank his stars if it is not the baby! Then he gets an old chair and climbs up to the chimney again to find that in cutting the pipe off the end has been left too big for the hole in the chimney. So he goes to the wood shed and splits one side of the end of the pipe with an old axe, and squeezes it in his hands to make it smaller. Finally he gets the pipe in shape and finds that the stove does not stand true. Then himself and wife and the hired girl move the stove to the left, and the legs fall out again. Next it is to move to the right. More difficulty with the legs. Moved to the front a little. Elbow not even with the hole in the chimney, and he goes to the wood shed after some little blocks. While putting the blocks under the legs, the pipe comes out of the chimney. That remedied, the elbow keeps tipping over to the great alarm of the wife. Head of the family gets the dinner table out, puts the old chair on it, gets his wife to hold the chair, and balances himself on it to drive some nails into the ceiling. Drops the hammer on wife's head. At last gets the nails driven, makes a wire swing to hold the pipe, hammers a little here, pulls a little there, takes a long breath, and announces the ceremony completed. Job never put up any stoves. It would have ruined his reputation if he had.

A little boy met his Sabbath school teacher, and innocently asked her if to say "coffer dam" was swearing.

She replied "no my dear—what makes you ask that question?"

His answer was: "I saw an old cow down the street yonder; she was nearly choked to death, and I thought she would 'coffer dam' head off."

A farmer's son had for a long time been ostensibly studying Latin in a popular academy. The farmer not being satisfied with the course of the young hopeful, recalled him from school, and placing him by the side of the cart, one day, thus addressed him:

"Now Joseph, here is a fork, and there is a heap of manure, and a cart; what do you call them in Latin?"

"Forkibus, cartibus, et manuribus," said Joseph.

"Well, now," said the old man, "If you do not take that forkibus pretty quickibus, and pitch that manuribus into the cartibus, I will break your lazy backibus."

Joseph went to workibus forthwithibus.

"What do you mean, you little rascal?" exclaimed an individual to an impudent youth that seized him by the nose in the street.

"Oh, nothing, only I am going out to seek my fortune, and father told me to be sure and take hold of the first thing that turned up."

One day as Pope was engaged in translating the Iliad, he came to a passage which neither he nor his assistant could interpret. A stranger who stood by, in his humble garb, very modestly suggested that, as he had some little acquaintance with Greek, perhaps he could assist them. "Try it, try!" said Pope, with the air of a boy who is encouraging a monkey to eat red pepper. "There is an error in the print," said the stranger, looking at the text, "Read as if there was no interrogation at the end of the line, and you have the meaning at once." Pope's assistant improved upon this hint, and rendered the passage without difficulty. Pope was chagrined; he could never endure to be surpassed in anything. Turning to the stranger he said in a sarcastic tone, "Will you please tell me what an interrogation is?" "Why sir," said the stranger, scanning the ill shaped poet "it is a little, crooked, contemptible thing that asks questions."

A marriage on horseback is announced to take place at the Holmes county, Ohio, Fair. The young couple will begin life under horsepicious circumstances, and we hope will drive well together.

GREAT EXPRESS ROBBERY.

Our readers will recollect, says the Troy (N. Y.) *Times*, the particulars of the great express robbery which was committed upon the Central Railroad last summer. The thieves entered the cars at Fonda, and shortly afterwards passed into the baggage car, and gagging the express messenger and baggage master, proceeded to open the express safe and rifle it of its contents, variously estimated at from $200,000 to $800,000. Soon after the robbery, the company caused the arrest of Charles Conkling, the baggage master, but upon the representation of the detectives he was shortly afterwards reinstated in his position on the road, though, of course, he was suspected of having been one of the leading spirits in the transaction. The detectives shadowed him constantly. His every movement was watched. Other suspected parties were watched, and finally a ray of light penetrated the darkness which surrounded the transaction, and showed the way to the arrest of the thieves, and recovery of a good portion of the money. That ray of light showed the detectives that one man alone, in addition to those they already suspected, was wanted to complete the number of those engaged in the transaction, and to discover him was the object of their constant and sleepless vigilance. At last the clue was found, and the man discovered. But caution and prudence were necessary—the stakes were not alone the men, but the money as well. The man the detectives had spotted was so closely watched that he was scarcely ever out of sight of the men who were waiting for the moment to arrive when they should pounce upon him. His whole history was soon known to the officers. He had always been poor, and so had his parents. His father worked at day labor, sawing wood, etc. He had been employed on the railroad, but left it for some reason not known. Although not a resident of Troy, he was here much of his time, and frequented the notorious dens of this city. Suddenly he became a rich man, at least his lavish expenditure of money led to the belief that he had met with extraordinary good fortune. He purchased a team of horses for his father, and refurnished the humble dwelling of his parents, in Massachusetts, in fine style. He was most liberal in his gifts to his pals and female associates of doubtful character. In fact, he was as free with money as though he were a millionaire. Wednesday last he was arrested in Troy, in the most quiet manner, and taken to Albany, since which time he has kept company with an officer, who never permitted him to be out of sight. When accused of being implicated in the robbery, he stoutly denied it, but after being assured by the officers that they possessed full knowledge of the transaction, and of the guilty parties, he admitted his participation in the robbery, and made a clear and unreserved statement of the whole transaction. The truth of the confession was soon attested. The next step of the officers was to arrest his associates in crime. Two of the parties, brothers, reside in Green Island, and on Saturday they were arrested in so quiet a manner that the members of their families had no knowledge of the fact until Sunday afternoon. They, too, were taken to Albany, and placed in separate rooms, in a hotel, in charge of vigilant officers. The brothers after their arrest made an unreserved confession, embracing full particulars of the whole transaction, and stating to the officers where a considerable portion of the money was concealed. Yesterday morning the officers visited Green Island, and found the statement made by them to be correct, as they recovered a considerable portion of the stolen money. The statements of all three of the parties, neither having knowledge of what the others had divulged, implicated Conkling in the robbery, and in fact pointed to him as the principal. On the arrival of the train at Albany, from New York, Saturday afternoon, Conkling was therefore arrested on a warrant issued by a justice of Fonda, Montgomery county, some time since, and was taken to that place and lodged in jail, where the other prisoners will be removed to await trial. The Albany *Express* of yesterday gives the following particulars, additional to the above. All the money has not yet been recovered, but it is probable the balance over and above what was expended by the three parties first arrested—it does not appear that Conkling had even expended any of it—will be secured to day. There are very many facts and circumstances connected with the affair that must be withheld for the present; but in due time the whole history of the transaction will be made public. When the robbers left the cars near West Albany, they made their escape to the woods, their plunder being packed in haversacks. They directed their steps towards West Troy, and had a most laborious journey. They, however, arrived there before daybreak, and buried the money back of the village, where it remained concealed for some time. It was subsequently removed and divided up, and then again concealed—a portion of it in the very places where it was found by the officers yesterday.

It is much easier to get money than to get justice. The world is apt to resent as a wrong done to its self esteem, that you should claim anything as a right. It prefers to bestow, as a charity, that which you properly, perhaps, can only regard as a debt.

Keep your boy a boy, whilst he is a boy, a well behaved, polite boy; a manly boy; a courageous, self reliant boy; no milk sop boy tied to his mother's skirts, but still a boy; not a weakling fop, a precocious snob, a conceited monkey, aping the airs and acquiring the habits of grown up dandies, and fast characters. Don't make a self indulgent, small gentleman of him. Teach him to wait upon, and take care of himself, and respect his inferiors, and treat them courteously and kindly. Pray, save him from the absurdity of a cane and kid gloves, and garments that are not suitable for downright hearty play.

One of the gentler sex says, that the heaven of the strong minded woman is, "where buttons grow in their proper places, and where men cease from bothering, and needles are at rest."

TO BREAK DOWN A CHURCH.

To do this effectually, you must,

I. Discourage the pastor.

II. Discourage your fellow members.

III. Destroy the confidence of the community.

I. To discourage a pastor.

Absent yourself from one service every Sabbath, or miss at least one in three; if he is not very strong one in four times may answer.

2. Neglect prayer and class meetings.

3. Criticise your minister freely, praise him sparingly, find fault plentifully, pray for him little or none.

4. If he proposes to hold extra meetings, withhold your cooperation.

5. Give yourself no concern whether his salary is paid or not.

6. Never call on him socially, or allow him to think that his comfort or that of his family is a matter of any importance in your eyes.

II. To discourage your fellow members.

1. Observe the directions given above.

2. Complain about everything they do and do n't do.

3. Contrive to make yourself the head of a clique, and by their assistance and your industry to keep the church in hot water generally.

4. While doing this, lose no opportunity to complain of the bad treatment you are receiving.

5. Be as much like Diotrephes, and as little like Paul as you can.

6. Discard charity and candor, take distrust to your bosom, and make scheming your speciality.

III. To destroy the confidence of the community.

1. Observe the foregoing directions:

2. Tell the people that you are in the church by force of circumstances, but have no respect for the way business is conducted.

3. Publish the faults of your brethren, taking care to magnify them.

4. Make no effort to induce the people to attend church.

5. Take no part in the labors of the Sunday school.

6. Publish on all occasions that you have no confidence in the concern, predict that it must fall, go down, blow up, and never succeed.

By observing these directions faithfully you may have the satisfaction, if the church is not unusually vigorous, of witnessing the fulfillment of your predictions.—*Southern Ex.*

Reade says the fortunate man is he who born poor, or nobody, works gradually up to wealth and consideration, and having got them, dies before he finds they are not worth so much trouble.

I engaged, at Galway city, a chaise to conduct me a few miles into the country, and had not proceeded far when it pulled up at the foot of the hill, and the Irish driver, coming to the door opened it. "What are you at, man? This isn't where I ordered you to stop." "Whist, yer honor, whist!" said Paddy, in an undertone. "I'm only desaving the beast. I'll just bang the door, he'll think yer out, and he'll cut up the hill like smoke, see if he don't."

To illustrate how cold the weather is at Laramie, Wyoming, the *Sentinel* of the twenty-second ultimo, says: "An estimable young lady of this town got choked two days ago, while drinking a glass of water, by a piece of ice sticking in her throat, where it still remains. A council of eminent physicians decided that nothing could be done to remove the obstruction before next spring."

Here is a case for lawyers, which occurs in the town of Genesee, New York. It seems that Dr. Cutler's barn stands on the line separating his land from that of a neighbor. The neighbor has a number of cows in the adjoining lots, and the cows have been in the habit of reaching their tongues through the boards of the barn into the manger of the doctor's horse and stealing hay. The other day the tongue of one of these cows was bitten off by the horse, and the question now is, whether the owner of the cow can obtain damages. The animal was on his premises when she lost her tongue; but then, certainly, the tongue was trespassing upon the doctor's side of the line.

The late Bishop of Exeter had the sulkiest way of saying severe things. One day a somewhat eccentric clergyman visited the bishop, clad in the highly unorthodox costume of fancy light trowsers and a black neckcloth. The bishop glanced with reproving eyes at the trowsers, and then observed: "Not quite a clerical garb, I think, my dear Mr. Dornton." "Well, my Lord, replied the confused rector, "the fact is that my trowsers were of much darker hue, but repeated visits to the laundry have made them look lighter;" and, rejoined the bishop, with an upward glance, "I suppose the color of the trowsers has run into the neckcloth."

The wonderful two headed girl is still on exhibition in New England. She sings duets by herself. She has a great advantage over the rest of her sex, for she never has to stop talking to eat, and when she is not eating she keeps both tongues running at once. She has a lover, and this lover is in a quandary, because at one and the same moment she accepted him with one mouth and rejected him with the other. He does not know which to believe. He wishes to sue her for a breach of promise, but this is a hopeless experiment, because only one half of the girl has been guilty of the breach. The girl has two heads, four arms, four legs, one body, and is seventeen years old. Is she twins? Or, having but one body, is she strictly but one person? We will not attempt to answer these questions.

A recently appointed postmistress, at a post office on the plains, sends her first quarterly report to the Department, with the following note: "For weeks past I have slept with a six shooter by my bedside, and a carving knife under my pillow, expecting at break o'day the Indians would come for my scalp, but all of this has not been half so harassing to my mind as the making out of one quarterly report."

BROADWAY EEL POT.

No. 564 Broadway is a two story building. The basement is used for a free concert saloon, the ground floor is used as a drinking saloon, and the second for an open game of faro; where a motley crowd, who fight the dangerous tiger during the day at 17 Ann street, assemble round a dingy table to resume operations for the night. It is not a snap game, as a proverbial cheat game is called; yet if a countryman with a flush purse comes along, the regulars who pass their lives around the table, disappear until he is relieved of his funds by a few deals of stocked cards, when they reappear and keep up the game till morning.

A few nights since there lounged into the gambling room, Captain Foster, many years ago a Texan ranger. He is a man 37 years of age, but appears to be scarcely 25. He was dressed in a style half Mexican and half American. He could not have appeared more verdant had he been just from an Onondago farm. He came here to purchase farms for a revolutionary faction of the State Tamaulipas, Mexico, and carried $30,000 in large denominations of greenbacks. He walked around the table, where eight or ten gamblers were rattling their ivory checks, and in an easy manner fell into a chair at the left hand of the dealer. In a careless way he asked them if they did not play monte. The dealer, of course, said "No," when Captain Foster showed his fat roll of currency. He selected a hundred dollar note and passed it in for $2.50 chips. He laid them down in a clumsy manner generally, dragging each stack or partial stack over the table, and took his own time to place them in order. He asked a question now and then regarding the way to bet, and as luck would run he won until he was paid in $5, then higher up in $25 chips. In less than an hour he had $2,200 beforre him in $25 blue ivory chips.

The bank showed no little alarm, and by a wink one by one the players left their seats. Not acting as though he noticed what was passing, Captain Foster gave them four stacks of $25 chips, and received $2,000 in exchange. There remained only the "call turn" in the box—a king, deuce, and five spot. He laid $260 in chips on the king, calling from that to the five spot. It was beyond the "limit" allowed by the bank, yet as they had lost heavily they decided to let it stand. The cards were pulled, and king out deuce showed itself on the top. Four to one was paid, making another $1,000.

The dealer changed the "deck," seeing which Captain Foster handed in his two full stacks of $55 chips, and was paid $1,000. The new and "stacked" deal started. The captain had an odd four chips; one after another was taken up by the dealer, until the four were lost, as would have been all the money he could have laid down. The dealer hesitated for the captain to pass in more money. He hesitated also, when he was asked if he did not mean to play any more. He replied by picking at his vest pocket, pulling out some stamps, and saying, "I will take a 25 cent chip."

The bankers saw that they were sold for just 2,900. Two of them sprang up from their seats as if to prevent Captain Foster from leaving the room. He had suspected that also, and carelessly put back the lappel of his coat and "took down" one of Colt's nine inch revolvers. He walked to the gas jet opposite to the table, and while standing with his back to the wall, with revolver in hand, rolled a cigarette, and walked out of the room down the stairs, and thence to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The gamblers saw that their supposed green customer knew all the ropes of their den and its machinery. They swallowed their loss as only gamblers can when they find that their game is beat. Twenty minutes after Captain Foster had left, the same motley crowd of men were again around the table.

The Reverend Samuel Clawson, a Methodist preacher of eccentric manners, sometimes called the "wild man," was very popular in Western Virginia some twenty years ago. He was cross eyed and wiry made, and very dark skinned for a white man. At times he was surprisingly eloquent, always excitable, and occasionally extravagant. He once accompanied a brother minister, Reverend Mr. R., a prominent pastor, in a visit to a colored church. Mr. R. gave the colored preacher the hint, and, of course, Dawson was invited to preach. He did so, and during the sermon set the impulsive Africans to shouting all over the house. This, in turn, set Clawson to extravagant words and actions, and he leaped out of the pulpit like a deer, and began to shake the hands of the colored brethren, and mix in quite happily. He wept for joy. Then pressing through the crowd, he found brother R., and sitting down beside him, he threw his arm around his neck, and, with tears streaming down his cheeks, he said,

"Brother R., I almost wish I had been born a nigger. These folks have more religion than we have."

"Well, well," said brother R., you come so near it that you need n't cry about it."

A gentleman, learned in the origin of social customs, on being asked what was the meaning of casting an old shoe after a newly married couple, replied: "To indicate that the chances of happiness in matrimony are slippery."

The Titusville *Herald* has the following paragraph: It is somewhat remarkable, first, that four weddings took place during the past week; second, that the four gentlemen were all merchants of Titusville; third, that they did business on the same street; fourth, that they occupied the same block; fifth, that they were all widowers; sixth, that in the aggregate they have had thirteen wives.

A woman at a dispensary applied for medical aid stating her disease to be the flirtation of the heart. "Not an uncommon ailment with your sex, ma'am," said the doctor, with a twinkle of the eye, "but it is not dangerous if the proper remedy is applied."

A gentleman [illegible]
observed a [illegible]
up rega[illegible]
his fri[illegible]
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