

**Brother Diamond's Persecutions.**

"MY NAME'S de Rev. James Diamond, from de South, thank you, sah!" said a man conspicuous for his black face and gloves and his white neckcloth, as he put down his hat and came and seated himself for a long call.

The merchant who was writing at his desk was well known and highly honored in both business and religious circles. He looked up from a letter he was writing, bowed civilly, and asked:

"What can I do for you?"

"Well, sah, I's heard dat you's one o' dem faithful servants, dat's allus watchin' for work, and sayin', 'Speak, Lord, for dy servant heareth.'"

"Well, I'm waitin' to 'her' now," said the gentleman, with a smile and a glance that read the applicant's very heart.

"Well, sah, I'se de pasture of a large and flourishing church away down South. We's buildin' an edifice dat'll be a honor to de 'nomination. We's got de whole frame up, but dere isn't no ruff nor sidin' to keep out de storms; so we can't worship none, 'less our bredren helps to finish it up."

"Let me see your credentials," said the benevolent man.

The reverend gentleman handed out two greasy letters, badly written, horribly spelt, and dated eighteen months back.

"Where is your church?" asked the merchant.

"All long de banks o' de great Pedee—I mean the Tombigbee—River; 'scuse me, sah," was the reply.

"What's the name of the place?"

"Isn't no place in particular, sah; it's all bush, and de people rush from far and near to hear me—day all says I preaches powerful."

"Give me the name of the nearest ministers to you, who know you?"

"Oh, sah, 'tain't no use you writin' to dem. Dey's Presbyterians and 'Piscopalers, and hasn't no interest in my views! My bredren dat knows me, root and branch, and dat 'ceives de money I c'lect, is de best ones; and here's dere testimony."

"Who knows you at the North?"

"Rev. Mr. K., and other clergy who 'help me raise de money I got in Phel-delphy."

"I will write to Mr. K., and if he says you are all right, we will give you a lift here."

"Better not do dat, brudder, he's got sorter prejudiced agin me, kase on account of what my enemies down home has writ him. You know, sah, dat de righteous will have persecutions in dis world, I's got 'em, sure," ejaculated the sable brother, adding: "When I was a field hand I had a disease what dey calls 'chrony lethergy,' and 'peared like I couldn't work, no how. But de overseer was bound dat I should work, wheder or no."

"So he put on de lash powerful. I noticed dat he never troubled Sim, who was one o' de deacons; and I think if I's made a deacon he wouldn't have de face to lick me. You know, sah, he dat desires a good work; so I put to, powerful, in de meetin's, so I 'sprised everybody dat know me. Dey said I could be heard shoutin' a whole mile off."

"I hadn't more'n been made a deacon when de persecutors come 'long; and dey say:

"Here, you's a fine deacon, a stealin' o' turkeys and hins!"

"Now, sah, some o' dese feathered individoals had walked some way into my coop, dat I'd hid up out o' dey's sight under a heap of brush; and I confess it did look rayther 'spicious for a deacon; so, not wantin' to hurt de cause, I jus' tuk 'em head and heels, and push 'em into ole Tobey's coop—everybody knowed he was a bin-thief, and catchin' a dozen more thar wouldn't make him so!"

"Well, soon arter dat I had a call to de ministry. Fust it come in a dream a voice sayin':

"Go preach, go preach!" Den I hear it in de wind and in de pine boughs; nex', when I lay 'wake mediatin' in my cabin, I hears all de bullfrogs in de swamp hollerin':

"Go preach! go preach! go preach! go preach!"

To add force to the subject, the reverend gentleman rose, leaned forward, puffed out his cheeks and chest, and imitated the attitude as well as the deep guttural notes of the bullfrogs who were sent with his call to the holy office.

"I kep' tellin' my bredren, but dey wouldn't believe me till a ole sister—o' great 'ligion—had a special vision, and see me ridin' seven war hosses to once, wid banners o' victory flyin' over me, den dey give me a chance to try de log meetin'—us in de swamp."

"Well, I come down on deir sins powerful, till dey shuck in deir shoes, and seanceience tuk hold on some on 'em wid sich a grip dat dey went off into swoonness."

"But dere was one powerful bright mulatto fellow dar, who never see no visions, nor dreamed no dreams, nor see

no lights. 'Peared like de devil got into him dat night to upset de work. He step forward, and says he to me:

"Better look to your own sins, and ax is a man wid two wives fit to preach de gospel?"

"Dat ar killed de spirit o' de meetin'! All of a sudden my seanceience was rowged up; and quick's I'd announced de benediction, I rush to de cabin where my fust wife live—de ole one, de mother o' my chill'n. She was sittin' dar wid her boys like she was innocent of all sin; she was a poor, miserable, wrinkled ole creeter, any way!"

"I kotch her by de hayr and pitched her heels over head out of doors, and yell arter her:

"What sort of a woman is you, livin' wid another woman's husband, and hurtin' of de cause you p'ofesses to love!"

"Den de boys go out and plik her up and fotch her in; and den dey takes up de persecution agin me. Dey give me a awful lickin'; and de massa—he was on 'ligious, of course—told me nex' day, dat if dey hadn't done it good he'd a' made de overseer do it! And so right long de devil has kept up persecutions to make me quit preachin'. But here I be!"

"How long have you been collecting for your church?" asked the astonished gentleman.

"Eighteen months, sah. I's had a long, weary tramp on't; but then we mus' b'ar de cross, if we would w'ar de de crown."

"How much have you collected?" asked the gentleman.

"Nine hundred dollars, sah?"

"How much of it have you sent home?"

"Every blessed cent, sah, 'cept just' b'arly enough to feed and clothe and travel me; and yet de ongrateful creatures in de church keeps sendin' grumbly letters, and 'peachin' my honor, and persecutin' of me in general."

"How much money have you actually sent home?"

"Every cent 'cept what I told you, sah."

"How much is that? Now answer me, truly," said the gentleman, resolutely.

"Well, sah," replied Brother Diamond—the holy rapture suddenly forsaking him, and his upturned eyes falling meekly down—"I's sent back in clear money—sides lots o' promises—seventeen dollars and fifty cents and dat'le buy a heap o' lumber, you know, sah!"

"Yes; I thought you were the fellow I heard of in Philadelphia swindling churches. Now leave this office, take off that cravat and those gloves, and go to some honest work to earn your bread. If I ever hear of your trying to collect another dollar this way, I'll hand you over to de police," said the indignant merchant.

Before this speech was ended, the Rev. Mr. Diamond, minus glove and cane, was performing a plantation quick-step down the street; his 'nomination was never appealed to aid the church in that uncertain locality, "long de Great Pedee or Tombigbee, or tharabouts."

The moral is, that it is just as important for Christians to give wisely, as to give generously. Otherwise they may encourage both idleness and impudence in an unworthy applicant.—*Congregationalist.*

**Gets Some Trouble.**

"DAD man he svindle me, Shudge! S'help me, Moses! He svindle me!" said the excited descendant of Isaac to Judge Morgan, yesterday morning.

"How did he do that, Mr. Wolfinski?" asked the Court.

"I vill tell all about de pizness, Shudge. You see dot feller, Mansmann, of Tenth avenue, came de andra day to mein shitore in Chatham street, and he say to me, 'Yacob, fix me dot suit of close for ochtsene tollare,' und, sach Ich, 'Mansmann, dot is verth more as ochtsene tollare but du beist mein freund, so take it along mit you.' Vell, Shudge, dot feller he try on dem close und dey vas a leetler too loose in de pants dack und goat sleeves; so sacht Ich, 'Mansmann, I fix dem for you und I bring dem bei your house on 10th avenue.' Vell, I do dis und I go bei Mansmann's sein house gestern abend mid dot suit of close, und he try dem on und dey fit shust like a glove. I tell you he was glead. I bet you. Und sacht er bei mir, 'Yacob, you're a pully poy, I bet you! Take ein glass beir?' Den I say, 'Pizness first und beir after.' Den he pay for dot suit o'close. Den we trink dree, four, coople glass o'beir, yaw! Und Mansmann sacht, 'You got bienty dime Yacob. Let us play pinagle.'—Vell, ve do dis. De limit vas ein tollar a game. I can play pinagle pooly vell, I bet you! Never have I see off mein life enny man he beat me a square game. So I vas not 'fraid for Mansmann. But, Shudge, he don't blay a square game. He beat me more

as ochtsene dimes, und vin back all dot money vat he gif me for dot suit of close. Vat shall I do now? He got dot money for it too. Oeh! Der svindler!" hissed the irate Hebrew to the innocent looking Mansmann, who stood at the bar in the guise of a prisoner.

"Well, Mr. Wolfinski, didn't Mr. Mansmann pay you \$18 for the clothes before you began to play?" said the Judge.

"Yaw! Dot ish so! But he vin it all back und I got notting; no cloes; no money!"

"Didn't you play to keep what you won?" said the Court.

"Dot's so! But I don't vin some-dings!"

"That's it. You lost. Now I think you had better go home or you'll loose your Thanksgivng goose. Next case."

Yacob stood like one in a dream for a minute. But when he realized that Mansmann was actually leaving the Jefferson Market Court a free man possessed of a suit of clothes which had cost him nothing, he exclaimed bitterly:

"Vell, s'help me gracious, I don't can tink I was awake. Him got mein goods! Dot's so! Und him got mein guelt! Dot's so! Yacob, dot's besser you going home und ask your wife if you vas a yackass mit long ears!"

**A Young Man's Mistake.**

A YOUNG man from one of the back towns came in to buy a present for his girl one day last week. His wondering gaze being transfixed by the grotesque display in one of the dry goods windows, he entered the store and bashfully stepped up to the pretty young lady behind the counter:

"How much are those?" he inquired, pointing at a pair of nickle-plated garters in the window.

"Seventy-five cents," the lady replied, sweetly, handing out the article in question, and blushing slightly.

"I think they are kinder pretty, don't you?" inquired the young man, anxious for somebody else's opinion.

"Very," replied the young miss; "they are the latest style."

"Everybody wears them, don't they?" continued the young man.

"Almost everybody," replied the young lady, affecting an unconcerned air.

"I was going to git them for a girl that I know," said the young man, somewhat nervously. "Do you think she would like them?"

"I should think she might—I don't know," returned the young lady, blushing again.

"Well, I don't hardly know myself," said the young man, taking up one of the dainty articles and examining it closely. "You don't suppose, they are too large, now, do you?"

"Why, I—I—" stammered the young lady, the blush growing deeper.

"They seem sorter big like," continued the young man, not observing her confusion; "but, of course, I wouldn't be certain. She's middlin' size, but not very fat, and mebbe these would be a little too loose. I should think she was just about your bigness, and of course if these would fit you they'd fit her. Now just suppose you try them on, and if—"

"Sir!" exclaimed the young lady behind the counter, in an awful voice, that lifted the young man's hat on the end of his hair, "you are insulting!" and she swept away to the end of the store, leaving the bewildered young man standing in dumb amazement, holding in his hands what he thought was a beautiful pair of bracelets.

And when one of the men clerks came and explained his mistake, the young man from the back town struck a bee line for his team, and in a very brief space of time was tearing toward home at a rate that threatened to irrevocably ruin the family horse. He won't buy any more bracelets until he is married.

**What is Iridium?**

THE question is plain, though it is novel. Iridium is metal which, in combination with platinum, is said to have enabled Mr. Edison to overcome most if not all the difficulties which presented themselves in the way of electric lighting. Iridium is one of the eleven noble metals—the others being mercury, silver, gold, platinum, palladium, ruthenium, rhodium, osmium and indium—the characteristics of the noble metals being that their oxides are reduced by heat. Iridium forms three oxides, which pass readily into one another, and thus occasion the various tints which the solution of its salts assume. From these tints the name of Iridium, derived from Iris, the rainbow, was given to this metal, which is very little known to the non-scientific.

It is very hard, brittle and white metal, only occasionally found in a pure form in the Uralian ores of platinum, in this country and in the mountainous range which separates European from Asiatic Russia, and is usually combined with osmium as an alloy in flat scales, and was discovered in 1803 by

Smithson Tennant, who, at the same time, first revealed osmium.

It may be melted by the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe, or by the heat of a voltaic current, and its isolated form is unacted upon by any acid—not even by Aqua Regia, though as an alloy it dissolves in Aqua Regia, to which it derives its literal name, "Royal Water," because it dissolves gold (which the alchemists and old chemists called "the king of the metals"), and is usually a mixture of one part of nitric acid to two parts hydrochloric acid.

Inasmuch as Iridium is declared to be indispensable to Mr. Edison's success, it is of interest, not to say of importance, to know what manner of metal this is. One thing appears certain. That the difficulty of obtaining an abundant supply of iridium, for electric light or any other scientific purpose, may be formidable.

**A Touching Little Story.**

A story comes from St. Petersburg which is pretty enough to bear repeating. Not long since a Government functionary died in utter destitution, leaving without friends or relatives two small children. One of them was a boy seven years old. Alone, moneyless, foodless, with his little sister crying for bread, he wrote on a piece of paper as a last resort the petition: "Please, God, send me three coopeks to buy my little sister a roll." This he carried to the nearest church to drop it into an alms box and start it on its way to heaven. A passing priest seeing him trying to put the paper in the box took it and read it, whereupon he carried the children to his house, fed them and clothed them. The next Sunday he preached a sermon on charity in which he alluded to the incident. The collection that followed amounted to nearly \$1,000.

**Account of an Interview Between Madam De Staal and Bonaparte.**

She began by pouring forth the most emphatic compliments, to which he replied coldly, but politely. Without heeding the reserve Madam De Staal persevered. General, said she "which is the woman you could love most?" "My wife, madam," was his reply, "of course," she answered; "but which could you esteem the most?" "She who best attends to her domestic duties," answered Napoleon. I can understand that persevered the lady, "but which woman would be the best thought of by you?" "She who produces most children," replied Napoleon and bowing left the circle. She turned to M. Arnault and said; "Your great man, is a very strange man."

**What is an Editor?**

Josh Billings says: "An editor is a male whose business it is to navigate a newspaper. He writes out editorials, grinds out poetry, inserts deaths and weddings, sorts out manuscripts, keeps a waste basket, blows up the printer, steals matter, fites other people's battles, sells his paper for a dollar and fifty cents a year, takes white beans, poor wood, (100 feet to the cord) for pay when he can, raises a large family, works 19 hours out of twenty-four, knows no Sunday's gits abused by everybody and once in a while wipt bisomebody, lives poor, dies middle-aged, and often broken-hearted, leaves no money, and is rewarded for a life of toil with a free obituary notice in the nuzepapers."

**Curious Comments by a Judge.**

Justice Maude once addressed a phenomenon of innocence in a smock-frock in the following words: "Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent; the counsel for the prosecution thinks you innocent; I think you innocent. But a jury, men of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such commonsense as they possess, which does not seem to be much, have found you 'guilty'; and it remains that I should pass upon you the sentence of law. That sentence is that you be kept in imprisonment for one day; and, as that day was yesterday, you may now go about your business." The unfortunate rustic, rather scared, went about his business, but thought that law was an uncommonly puzzling thing.

**A Poor Bargain.**

An intemperate ne'er-do-well was persuaded by a sharp man of business to turn some property he held over to him, in consideration of receiving two suits of clothes every year, and an allowance of twelve shillings a week so long as he lived, his speculative benefactor calculating the dissipated rascal would soon drink himself to death. He was doomed to be grievously disappointed. As soon as the agreement was signed, seal and delivered, the wily fellow forswore intoxicants, and lived respectably to a ripe old age, leaving the bargain-monger, and his trustees after him, with a balance, so far as that speculation went, very much on the wrong side of the ledger.

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