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##  <br> A Darkey's Sorrow.

 "If the town of Salem, in Massachusetts, saia Bot Bimingsty, thinks shehas the ouliest witelies in this country, all I got to say about it is that she is almply mistaken. Now, there was old
Brother MeGraw Brother MeGraw and old Blster Hut On-"
Bob's Bob's story, in short, was thus: Old
Brother MeGraw and old Siater Hutton were members of Phllip's Bridge Church. Brother MeGraw was a conslistent member, but old Slster Hutton, to say the truth, was regarded somewhat ns at
heathen, and even addicted to witcheraft. A calf of Brother Mectraw's, of uneom-
hem and mon promise, dwindled in spite of uncommon palins, and flually died, and the good man, persunded in his mind that his neighbor, although a spiritual sister,
had bewitched it, set out in his wrath for her house, and takivg her by the head, gave her a violent wrench. Sister Huton reported the case to the chureh; and at the Conference one Saturday, Brother
McGraw, being mildy remonstrated McGraw, being mildly remonstrated
with, went so far as to say that he would with, went so far as to say that he would
have to think about it. The Moderator biandly suggested to him to withdraw for a few moments, retire into the woods, reflect, and pray over the matter. He ad so. On returuing, the Moderatos serve the calm regret that was vialble upon bis countenance. This Moderator was a man of power, both as to intellect
and charaeter. It was Sllas Mercer. Then this dialogue ensued:
Mr. Mercer: "Well, Brother McGraw, 1 see you've returned, and I think
you've come to a just concluation tio the
matter about which you have been re. flecting." He looked ioquiringly at the
ate abou which you have been reaged brother, and the aged brother anwered his inquiring look with meek
silence. "I think you feel sorry, Broth silence. "I think you feel sorry, Broth-
er MeGraw," suggested Mr. M., in a kindly, leading tone. "Yes, Brer Moderator," answered the
aged brother, "wery sorry; V'm wery sorry."
Yet there was some gruffness in his tone, which led the MeGraw," sald he, "will you let the
chureh know what sort of sorrow it is you feel \% Is it a godly sorrow, Brother Then the aged brother lifted high his Then the aged brother lifted high his
head, looked the Moderator full in the $T^{c} m$ sorry-I' $m$ wery sorry-that I
dutn' breals her neek." Drawer, in Marper's Magazine for
Augua?

## What to You Say?

Our Profcssor, was discoursing on the subject of identity. He held up a jack-
knife and said, "If I should lose the blade of this knife, Mr. Higginbotham, and should have a new one put in place fit, this would still be the same kuife,
would it not, sir? "It would, sir"" said Higginbotham. "And if I should then lose the handle and replace it, it would be the same ?" "Certainly, sir," "Very
good," said the Professor, and marked him ten. "Pofessor," said I, "suppose now that I should find the first blade
and the flrst handle and put them togeth. and the first handee and put them
er, what knife would that be?"

Es Upin Franklin, Venango county, Pa., Patriek M. was an honest, hard.
working Irishman, working Irishman, illiterate rather, but
not Ignorant. He joined the Episcopai not ignorant. He joined the Episcopai
chureh, was conflimed and instituted church, was confrmed and insututed
the observance of family worshlp. His wife had been a schcol teacher, and of course, was educated. One day Patrick
was reading in Luke, I thlnk, about Lazwas reading in Luke, I think, about Laz-
arus. He read while his wife was listenarus. He read while his wife was
Ing: "And the beggar died, and was car'Not eagles, Patrick," said his wife, "but angels." Patrick was always im. patient of contradiction, so looking over his spectacles at his wife, be replied;
"Dom the odds, Hetty, so long as he got: "Dom the odds, Hetty, so long as he got
there," and went on with his worshin. tar He was a pribter, and he wentinto a mililinery store to buy a breakfast cap
for his sister. He atated ble want and for his sister. He stated his want and
then fell to musing. "What kind of a cap would you wish. What kind of a ly female that waited upon him. He roused himself from his reverie and an. swered: "Nonparell full face tallic cap." She had served a year in a printing-orlice and she tumbled, so to speak. "Min-
lon!" she exclaimed, "I know better you want something primer." Then he smilled and sald he would let the cap go and take an M brace; where upon she blushed and sald she would have to prove him first, after which she would bave no objectlon to his locking up her
form in hls M brace. That finished the form in has ar brace,
busines. No cards.

