Trifling with Sacred Things.

I once frightened 200 colored people almost to death. They were holding a protracted meeting in a little tumble down church near Nashville and the excitement ran high. I attended with some other bad boys, misbehaved and was fired out. I determined to break up the meeting. I procured some phosphorus, and the next night before the crowd assembled drew skeletons, death's heads and devils all over the walls. I then concealed myself in the loft, armed with a long hollow reed; while my companions, provided with sheets and masks, hid themselves in the grove in which the church was situated. That night the church was packed and religious fervor reached its climax. The preacher was picturing the horrors of hell and the hideousness of its master and the sinners were shivering with apprehension. Two large lamps hung in the center of the low room furnished the light, and by the help of the hollow reed I blew them both out.

The preacher stopped in the middle of his exhortation. The walls blazed forth with horrors traced in burning, snaky outlines. There was a convulsive gasp, a scream from 200 throats and a stampede. The preacher went through a window, and, though a rheumatic, outran all his parishioners. Then my ghostly confederates appeared, uttering dismal groans. Scores of the terrified blacks, unable to run, lay down and groaned with an agony of fear. The joke was too good to keep. My father heard of it. He was a Presbyterian divine and did not believe in trifling with sacred things. It is said that he laughs best who laughs last, and the colored people came in on the subsequent cachination.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Coal Worth More Than Clothes.

Apropos of the way the coal barons are grinding profits out of the consumers and propose still further to continue the grinding process, a little conversation was heard last week at the Pennsylvania railroad station in Jersey City that was very pat. A young New York business man was at the station, waiting to meet his mother, who lives with him here, but had been down in Pennsylvania in one of the small towns of the coal regions visiting relatives. The mother arrived, and after the usual osculatory greetings the son bethought himself of her baggage. She went to the baggage room with him and pointed out a very small trunk.

"I brought all the clothes I took away with me back in that," she said.

"Brought back your clothes from Pennsylvania!" exclaimed the young man in tones of mock surprise and distress. "Brought clothes from Pennsylvania to New York! Why, in the name of all that is sensible, mother dear, did you not throw away your clothes and bring your trunk back full of coal?"—New York Times.

A Bad Break.

A doctor, who was treating one of his patients for a simple but tedious disorder, found the man in such an irritable condition that he began to cheer him up. But his words fell on deaf ears, for the man had been housed up so long that he was firmly convinced that his time had come.

"Tut, tut," said the doctor. "I'll have you round again in a few days if you'll keep quiet and take the medicine. Why, man, I suffer from the same complaint as you myself."

There was a look of compassion in the patient's eyes as he reached out the bottle and said:

"In that case, doctor, do take some of this medicine you prescribed for me."

The man had grown almost hopeful under the influence of the doctor's reassuring words, but his hopes were cruelly dashed the next moment as the medical man drew back from the bottle with a shudder and replied, "No, thanks."—New York Evening Sun.

Somebody Was Looking.

M. Sala tells the following: "I was present at the Jubilee garden party giv[illegible]

the same concern for wounded mates or companions by flying round them or alighting near the sufferer. St. John mentions a case of a sheldrake which would not leave its wounded mate, and peewits will sometimes return and hover over wounded birds, especially early in the year, before the full grown young have learned the extreme caution which marks their behavior later in the season.—London Spectator.

A RELIGIOUS THIEF SILENCED.

He Shouted in Meeting and Stole Hay from His Neighbors.

In the early days of Sunday River valley Ithiel Smith lived there. He had plenty of hay in the barn. It was customary to go to the barn about 9 o'clock in the evening and fodder the cattle and see that they are all right for the night; also to have enough hay on the barn floor to feed in the morning about 4 a. m. On several mornings this hay that he left on the floor for morning use was gone. He did not know what had become of it. At first he thought he had forgotten to pitch the hay from the mow, but when every few mornings his hay was gone he began to think about the cause of the loss of the hay, but could not discover it.

Toward spring he noticed that a neighbor used to often come in and spend an evening with him, staying late. Smith noticed that he generally came snowy nights, and staid till after the cattle were foddered for the night. One night after this neighbor had been gone for some time Smith went to the barn. His hay was gone. It was snowing hard. Then he went back to the house and said not a word about the hay.

He made it in his way to go to this neighbor's about chore time and see how much hay he had in his barn. He saw about half a ton on the scaffold over the cows.

The next time that this man came in to visit him he did his chores and left the hay on the floor as usual. When the man left Smith's house to go home, Smith went out carefully to the other side of the barn where he could look around the corners and see the small door on that side. Just as he looked around the corner he saw a bundle of hay come out of the door; then the neighbor came out after it, shutting the door, and shouldering the hay went across lots in the snow to his barn.

Smith let him go and did not say one word, but he put on locks to his barn doors the next day.

In the spring when the snow thawed there was a road across the field covered with scattered hay to this man's barn. One Sunday as they came from meeting this man was along and several other of the neighbors. Smith invited them to come to his barn; he wanted to show them a curiosity. They all went. He took them into the barn and opened the small door that the hay went out of, and showed them the streak of scattered hay, saying, "The curiosity was that it led from his barn to neighbor So-and-So's barn, and all the tracks went the same way from Smith's barn to this man's barn." Smith said, "Now, good neighbors, can you solve this great mystery? I leave you to find the cause."

They gave their verdict then and there, saying, "That explained how this man had kept his two cows on one ton of hay and had part of it left at this time."

This man did not call on Smith any more, neither was Smith's hay missing after that. But Smith could not forget the loss of his hay, especially by a man that claimed to enjoy religion and would get shouting happy every time that he went to meeting. It puzzled Smith how this man could be so happy and not make restitution to him for the hay he had stolen from him in the past.

Smith made up his mind that the next time this man shouted he would shout too. After a while there was a meeting at the school house. This hay man was there. As soon as the preacher gave the liberty to speak, up got this man that took Smith's hay and shouted, "Bless God, glory, halleluiah, glory to God. I am so happy that I know that all my sins are forgiven and I am free from sin."

At this Smith shouted, "My hay will be safe now." This caused a laugh. This man tried to shout again, but failed. Smith shouted, "Go on, brother; my hay will be safe if you do not backslide."—Lewiston Journal.

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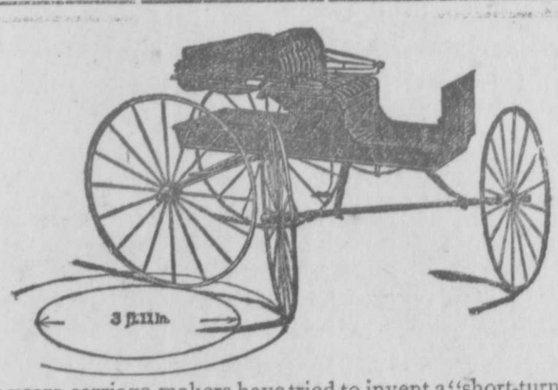
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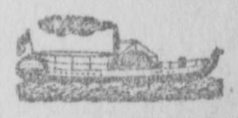
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