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Poetry.

"ONLY WAITING."

BY J. W. CARROLL.

Only waiting, for the signal,
From the angel host above,
To join in heavenly chorus;
Singing Holy God of Love!

Only waiting, till the portals,
Of the jasper gates on high,
Shall swing wide ope in welcome
To the blue ethereal sky.

Only waiting for a moment,
To watch, to weep, to pray,
To gild the hours here, we spend;
For a bright and lasting day.

Only waiting for the shadows,
To lift from off the heart;
Only waiting for the meeting,
Secure from Satan's dart.

Only waiting for the angels
To whisper welcome home;
From sin and sorrow free
They bid us gently come.

Waiting, only waiting,
By a little new-made grave,
O'er which are daisies weeping;
For one they could not save.

Only waiting for the sunbeam,
To pierce the gloomy cloud;
And wake from peaceful dream
Our loved one's in the shroud.

Only waiting for the morrow,
To end this vale of tears;
To drive away all sorrow
And usher endless years.

Only waiting for a mother,
For a father loved and near;
For a sister or a brother,
Or another, yet more dear.

Waiting for the tidings,
To banish care and pain,
Waiting, only waiting
To meet in heaven again,

—*Frederick Examiner.*

The Peddler's Death.

On the evening of September 10, 1778, Pablo Mortione, a peddler, trading among the scattered villages of the French and Spanish Pyrenees, applied for shelter from the approaching storm at the house of Antonio Maschez, a small farmer, who lived a couple of miles from St. Pol de Leon, in the Andorre Pass. He was well-known to the farmer, as indeed he was to every one else for twenty miles around, and met with a cordial reception from both Maschez and his wife, a stalwart Cordovan woman, who ruled her husband and her household with a rod of iron. Both, indeed, professed extreme pleasure in seeing him, and with true mountain hospitality made him welcome to the best the house afforded.

While waiting the preparation of supper in the great kitchen of the farm house, Mortione whiled away the time by displaying the contents of his pack to the little daughter of his host and hostess, and the mother in more than one instance neglected her cookery to feast her eyes, sparkling with cupidity, upon the gorgeous fabrics, the gaudy handkerchiefs, the flashy jewelry, and a host of other attributes to the peddler's stock in trade.

When at last supper was announced, she devoted herself to a minute inspection of the pack while its owner satisfied its cravings of his appetite with an ample meal.—That over, he bundled his stock together, and pleading the weariness of a long day's journey, went to bed on the floor of the next room. The little girl also retired to her pallet in a remote corner of the same apartment.

Shortly after Maschez, who had gone out to secure his cattle from the storm and split some billets of firewood, returned.—He bore an armful of wood and a heavy hatchet with which he had been cutting it. He found his wife pacing restlessly up and down the kitchen, every now and then pausing at the door of the bed-room to listen to the heavy breathing of the tired peddler, already fast asleep, with his precious pack as a pillow. As he threw the wood noiselessly into the fire-place, she turned upon him with a warning gesture.

"*Caramba!* Wife, what ails you?' he asked, in amazement.

"Pah! Quiet! Do you hear how soundly he sleeps?'

"Well, he has had a long journey today, and he is tired enough to sleep well.'

"He must never wake from that sleep!' hissed the wife, close to his ear.

"How!'

"He must never wake, I say. Listen, Antonio Maschez, that man has enough wealth to make us rich, and with the contents of his pack I can dress better than alcaldi's wife, who will break her heart with envy. He must die!'

"What do you mean!' cried the horror-stricken farmer, starting back.

"Quiet, you poor, cowardly fool!' said his wife, fastening on his shoulder with a grip of iron, and snatching the sharp hatchet from his hand. "If you are afraid to do it I am not.'

"Do you mean to murder him.'

"Ay, and you too, if you give the alarm.'

Standing in awe of his wife, as he did, the farmer dared not utter another word of expostulation. Clinging to the side of the fire-place for support, the miserable man watched the murderess stealthily approach the bed-room door. She set the candle close to the threshhold, so as to obtain sufficient light for her purpose without running any risk of disturbing her intended victim.

In a moment more her figure disappeared in the gloom of her room where her child and her guest were sleeping. At this instant a terrific crash of thunder and lightning shook the earth, and the tempest broke down the narrow pass in which the house was situated, with a frantic howl.—All earthly noises were drowned in the conflict of the elements. A vivid flash of lightning, however, revealed the figure of Madame Maschez standing in the doorway. She still held the hatchet in her hand, but it was dripping with blood.

In the brief moment which had passed, a human life had been taken for the sake of a few gewgaws and a couple of hundred francs.

Such was the tragedy which occurred in the Andorre pass on the night of September 10, 1858, as told at his trial by the husband of the murderess himself. So quick and noiseless had the crime been committed that the little child, who had been awakened by the crash of the storm, had heard no other sound than that which had disturbed her slumbers, and went to sleep again.

The female tigress compelled her cringing spouse, by furious threats, to assist her in dragging the body into the kitchen.—Under cover of the storm this was done without detection, and the pack was likewise transported to the common room.—The sheepskin, over which the murdered man had been lying, was soaked with his blood, and, together with his clothing, was thrown into the fire. The pools of blood on the earthen floor were speedily soaked up by the ground.

The only evidences of the murder left were the pack, the hatchet, and the corpse itself. This latter was quickly disposed of. In a shed at the back of the house were half a dozen wine casks, most of them empty. Into one of these the body was thrown, and at daylight Madame Maschez headed it up with her own hands and ran it full of water.

several days passed, and the Maschez house was always so beset with visitors that no opportunity for the burial of the body occurred. No one had seen the peddler enter the house, and his absence was not noticed.

On September 13th the little girl, while at the village school of St. Pol de Leon, exhibited a very fine silk handkerchief, one of a number contained in the peddler's pack. The handkerchief attracted the attention of the village priest, who taught the school, and he asked:

"Where did you get this fine kerchief, little one?'

"Mother has plenty of them,' was the innocent reply. "The strange man with a bundle who slept at our house one night, and never went away again, had them.'

The child had unwittingly betrayed her guilty parent. Suspecting something from her remark, the priest at once despatched a messenger for the alcade. He came accompanied by a muleteer from Andorre, who, that very morning, had called at his house to inquire for the missing peddler, to whom he wished to deliver goods. Within an hour the school was dismissed, and a strong party of villagers assembled, and, under the leadership of the priest, and alcade, set out for the Maschez house.

The farm house was deserted. From a gully behind it, however, came a sound as of splitting wood, and guided by it, the party pushed on. As they crossed the patch of vegetable garden at the back of the house they noticed a smooth track on the ground as if a heavy wine cask had rolled over it. On reaching the gully this track was explained.

At the foot of the steep bank Maschez himself stood, spade in hand, beside a trench, newly dug, and deep enough to accommodate the body of a man. Madame Maschez, armed with a sharp but rusty hatchet, was beating in the head of a wine cask near by. Her face was flushed and her manner determined. Her husband, on the contrary, was pale as death, and trembling in every limb.

Without a word the party made a rush for the guilty pair. At the crash of their approach Madame Meschez beat the head of the cask in, and turned, with weapon uplifted, to meet them.

In the cask, almost full of water, they could see the head and shoulders of a man.

With a howl of fury the half savage mountaineers rushed at the murderers; unable to escape, the amazon faced them, dealing blow after blow with the formidable weapon in her hand. Half a dozen of the assailants sustained fearful wounds.—Then one of them with a frantic rush drove the tines of a hay fork, with which he was armed, clean through the body of the murderess. With a furious cut of her hatchett, she severed the stout staff as if it had been a reed, and fell. One of the tines of the fork had pierced her heart.

Maschez had disappeared at the commencement of the fight. Search for him, however, revealed him insensible from fright in the open grave.

He was taken to Andorre for trial, and the facts of the murder elicited. The entire spoil gained by the poor peddler's death was a little bag containing 260 francs, and the contents of his pack, worth perhaps twice as much more. For his involuntary complicity in the affair Maschez was sentenced to the gallows for life.

Yes, dear; the blarney stone is the same as the sham-rock.

IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.

The battle was over! all day long it had raged, but now the conflict had ceased, for the victory was won.

A dearly-won victory! the life-blood of many a gallant hoast stained the turf, and upon countless homes had fallen the darkness of the shadow of death. Throughout the length and breadth of the land was heard the wail of mourning, and the sobs of the widowed and fatherless mingled with the triumphant swell of the martial music. Sorrow and gladness walked hand to hand; the sound of the requiem ascended with the glad *Venite exultemuss* and the flag of victory waived over the open grave.

Upon the solemn battle-field, among the wounded, the dying, and the dead, lay one who fought bravely and well through the battle's wild alarm. The dimness of death was upon his eyes; its icy hand was stopping the slow beating of his heart, and checking the current of his blood.

He was dying and he knew it! The cries of victory had fallen upon unheeding ears; and now, in the quiet evening, he lay, silent and still, waiting for the end.

Searching for the living among the dead, two of his comrades found him there, and with gentle hands lifted him to carry him to the camp. All tender as they were, the movement was more than he could bear, and stifling the moan upon his lips, he bade them lay him down and let him die in peace.

They laid him down and stood beside him with uncertain will. It seemed so cruel to leave him there, unattended and alone; "besides,' they said, "to leave him here means death.' So once more they raised him in their arms, and with a slow and steady step proceeded on their way.

But the cold sweat broke out upon his brow, and the dim eyes looked the entreaty that his lips refused to speak. To carry him further was but to hasten his death; there was no mistaking now the impress of the great destroyer's hand, and again they laid him gently down upon the blood-stained turf, and left him there to die.

And now he was alone. Around him lay the silent forms of gray old veterans; of fairhaired boys, upon whose blue-veined foreheads no loving hands would ever more be placed; of stalwart men, whose cold lips wore the curve of stern determination. No comrade's hand was there to wipe the death-dew from his brow or raise his dying head. He was alone, and what visions rose before him none can tell.

It may be he went back to the careless, happy days of childhood, and dreamed of the dear old home. It may be he heard, in fancy, voices long silent, and saw around him faces once dear and cherished. It may be he saw the heavens opened, and radiant, white-winged messengers waiting to take him home.

An officer passing with careful step and watchful eye, saw him, and stopped.

"Shall I get you a drink of water, my poor fellow?' he asked gently.

"No, thank you, sir.'

"Is there anything I can do for you?'

"No, thank you, sir.'

"Have you any relatives or friends, to whom you would like to send a message! I will gladly take it.'

"I have not—a friend—in the world.'

The officer was silent; he had stood by many a dying man, but never yet by one who had not some loved name upon his lips. Kneeling down, he wiped the death damp from the bronzed forehead with pitying hand.

"Is there nothing at all I can do for you, my poor fellow? Do you wish for nothing?'

Slowly the dying man opened his eyes and looked up into the kindly, sympathizing young face.

"There is one thing, sir, I should like,' he murmured. "In my knapsack—my Bible.

Opening the knapsack, the young officer took out a little well-worn Bible.

"Is there any particular part you wish to hear?' he asked.

"The fourteenth chapter of St. John—near the end—you will find something about peace.'

He turned over the leaves and found the place.

"Is this it? 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'"

Fitting words for that solemn battle-field! The world was waiting to lavish its applause and honors upon the victorious living; the song of triumph, and their country's love and praise were theirs; glad hearts and open arms awaited their coming to fatherland and home.

But for the lonely, friendless soldier, unknown, unnamed, the "*peace* which passeth all understanding!"

The dim eyes opened, and a look of radiant happiness fell upon the soldier's face. All was forgotten! the pain and suffering, the feverish thirst and aching wound! the heart-sick longing for the touch of a loving hand, the wearing strife, and life's long toil!—all gone forever.

The cold lips moved with broken, murmured words, and the officer bowed his head to listen.

"That peace—is mine! that Saviour—is mine! heaven—is—mine!"

The night closed round, drawing its pall of darkness over the dying and the dead. Motionless and still, with upturned face and folded hands, lay the dead body of the friendless man, with his little, worn, old Bible lying on his breast.

With careless glance and step they passed him by; he was only a dead soldier of the ranks! Only an unknown soldier of the ranks, one among the many slain! only one less to swell the victor's song of triumph, to claim his meed of England's praise!

School's Out.

Did you ever pause and contemplate that particular and peculiar phase of human nature developed by the existent schoolboy when released from study and discipline—when "school is out," and he is on his way home.

Ordinary humanity, when released from the toils of the day, is prone to seek rest and relaxation. The boy scorns all such effeminate ideas. He is composed of three parts—legs, arms and yell, and the yell is the biggest part of him. His legs and arms have been kept in irksome compulsory quietude all day, and must now be exercised. His voice has been seething and swelling in him for hours, and now must have vent.

As soon as he is clear of the schoolhouse steps he stops and deliberately yells a yell that is earsplitting, but which has no more object, meaning or direction than the midnight vociferation of a mule, and yet it appears at a full run with his arms flying about like the scintillations of a pin-wheel. He is no respector of persons and is utterly indifferent as to whether he runs down a smaller boy, spins an aged citizen three times around or mashes a girl's hat over her eyes in his headlong career.

Nervous ladies hug the sides of the houses as he rushes by in a drove like a whirlwind, and screams like a steam whistle.

"Mercy on us! If that boy was only mine I'd—' but just then her own boy flies past falls over a goods box, bounces up, kicks up, kicks at another boy, and is chased across the street and around the corner before she can get the "You Robert!' with which she intends to annihilate him, out of her throat.

There is but one thing that has the slightest soothing effect on the boy when he is on the way home from school. He can see his old man further than Prof. Hall can see a haystack with a telescope, and the moment that parent dawns upon his vision he becomes as proper as a model letter writer, and the neatly modulated voice with which he wheedles the author of his being out of five cents on the spot is a lesson for future ambitious savings bank presidents.

The amount of racing, jumping, pulling and hauling and howling that a school-boy can concentrate into a transit of two squares is positively astonishing, and the preternatural coolness and quietude with which he lakes his red face and panting breath into the kitchen and asks if supper ain't most ready, is a human conundrum that calls for unqualified admiration.—*Easton Free Press.*

Little by Little.

Edwin was one day looking at a large building which was being put up just opposite his father's house. He watched the workmen from day to day, as they carried up brick and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order. His father said to him, "Edwin, you seem to be very much taken up with the bricklayers; pray, what might you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?'

"No,' said Edwin, smiling; "but I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is and yet that great house is built by laying one brick upon another.'

"Very true, my boy; never forget it. Just so it is with all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk around the world, it would be by putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of one little moment after another.' Drop added to drop makes the ocean. Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn, also, not to be discouraged by great labor. The greatest labor becomes easy if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the whole of the great building is only one brick upon another.'

A remarkable frog story is told by the Toronto *Globe*. It says: "A pine log was being sawed into lumber at a saw mill in Acton. The outside slab and one board had been cut off, and while the workmen were turning over the log they were surprised to see a large toad poke his head out of a hole in which he was imbedded, and where he had barely escaped being cut up by the saw. As the log was the fourth or fifth from the butt of the tree, his position must have been at least fifty or sixty feet from the ground. The animal was quite flat, and nearly as large as a man's hand. He was perfectly blind, but when taken from his bed he made use of his limbs to crawl away. The tree was perfectly sound with the exception of a decayed spot of about a foot in length below the hollow place in which he was imbedded. How did he get there, and what did he live on?—And is the story true?

The celebrated Henderson, the actor, was seldom known to be in a passion.—When he was at Oxford he was one day debating with a fellow student, who, not keeping his temper threw a glass of wine in his face. Mr. Henderson took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and coolly said: "That, sir, was a digression; now for the argument."

The True Riches.

There are riches which do not take to themselves wings and fly away. Banks may break, corporations fail, business come to a standstill, yet he who has the true riches will possess his soul in patience and peace, for the true riches are essentially indestructible. It is often necessary for man to lose his material wealth in order that he may become aware how rich he is in what cannot be taken away from him. "As darkness shows us worlds of light we never saw by day,' so days of adversity bring to our knowledge resources of which we are ignorant and unconscious, but which as far surpass in value and extent what we had called ours as the heavens surpass the earth.

"A still and quiet conscience' gives "a peace above all earthly dignities,' and he who has this is rich, though the possessor of naught beside. If the right were easily distinguished from the wrong, if our judgments were unwarped by prejudice or passion, if our perceptions were always clear and our conclusions always sound, if the moral and mental atmosphere in which we live were always free of mist and mirage, we might perhaps, with certainty, choose the right and refuse the wrong. But as it is, we must be often in doubt, and in our ignorance and uncertainty are sure to fall into many errors and to lay hold upon many mistakes. He who can acquit himself of intentional wrong-doing, who bears with him a conscience void of offence toward God and man, he is rich in that which cannot be taken away from him. A genuine and sympathetic love of Nature in her various forms and moods is inexhaustible wealth. Friendship with the sky, the air, the trees, the stars, the sea, the birds, the flowers, never fails in its power to divert, to soothe, to cheer. For a time, indeed by bereavement, by pain, by trial, the beauty of nature may be veiled, but it shines forth again all the more potent in its spell because of its temporary eclipse. He who can evermore keep his soul in sympathy with the great soul of Nature, in sunshine as in storm, may claim for his own those lines of Whittier:

"Too near to God for Doubt and Fear,
She shares the eternal calm.'

A sincere interest in the general good is an unfailing source of wealth. "No man liveth to himself, no man dieth to himself.' Though a great many men and women have no love, or hope, or aspiration that does not begin and end with self. Such narrow souls, no matter how splendid may be their outward surroundings, know nothing of real felicity. The greatest joy of the noblest life is the consciousness of conferring benefits upon others. Not for self have those lived whom we delight to honor, not to hoard up gold or join lands to lands, but to serve their generations in honor, in truth, in simplicity. We often hear of those, who in such a world as this, have nothing left to live for. For such can there be anything to die for? While there is wrong to be righted, a tear of woe to be wiped away, there is something yet to live for.

An intelligent love for literature, for art, for science, for one or all these makes its possessor wealthy. Plato, Milton, Shakespeare, has ever a welcome for the loving disciple, live he in palace or cabin. The illustrious army of great men that have made the annals of the race bright, with their intellectual achievements, have no frown or sneer for the humblest student who listens attentively to their teachings. Though ignored by the living, the voices of the mighty dead are full of counsel and companionship and instruction for him; nay, to him also speak continually, though not face to face, the thinkers and writers of the present time. Furrowed in the current literature of the day are the thoughts of our wisest, and he who runs may read.

An unfaltering trust in the Divine goodness is the sum of all wealth. He who has this has all things, though he be in immediate possession of but few things.—Arid deserts, sterile mountain chains, the wastes of ocean, the frozen regions of the North are as necessary, so the wise ones say to the highest welfare of the planet as are tropical luxuriance, fertile fields, productive valleys, peaceful lakes and gliding rivers. There is not one of us who has been tried in the furnace of affliction that has not found the richest joys springing from the deepest griefs. It is easy of a sunny day, when everything is well with us, to believe in the goodness of God, but when no light blesses our eyes, and we walk in darkness and cloud and storm, doubts creep in, and we need to forty our faith, to strengthen our confidence, to rest our souls in an unfaltering trust, and wait patiently till the morning.

Salt for the Throat.—An exchange says: In these days when diseases of the throat prevail, and particularly a dry hacking cough, which is not only distressing to ourselves but to those with whom we are brought into business contact, those thus afflicted may be benefited by trying the following remedy:—"Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt in about half a tumbler of cold water, and with this we gargled the throat most effectually just before meal time.—The result has been that during the winter we were not only free from the usual coughs and colds, to which, as far as our memory extends, we have always been subject, but the dry, hacking coughs has entirely disappeared. We attribute it entirely to the salt gargle, and do most cordially recommend it to those of our readers who are subject to diseases of the throat."

A Curious Theory.

A pamphlet written by Dr. Samuel W. Francis, a "Fellow of the New York Academy of medicine,' contains a large number of 'curious facts.' The intention of the author appears to be to prove "the great oneness of the earthly system' by means of the resemblance in form between the parts of the human body and many vegetable productions. Thus, the cocoa-nut is, in many respects, like the human skull, although it more closely resembles the skull of the monkey; and may perhaps serve Darwin's purpose as a link between the two. A sponge may be so held as to remind one of the unfleshed face of a skelcton, and the meat of an English walnut is almost an exact representation of the brain. Plums and black cherries resemble the human eye; almonds and some other nuts resemble the different varieties of the human nose, an an open oyster and its shell are a perfect image of the human ear. "The shape of almost any man's body,' we are told, "may be found in various kinds of mammoth pumpkins.' The open hand may be discerned in the form assumed by scrub willows and growing celery. The German turnip and the egg plant resemble the human heart. The author finds other striking resemblances between human organs and certain vegetable forms. In the course of his investigation, he traces the forms of many mechanical contrivances in common use back to the patterns furnished by nature. Thus he tells the hog suggested the plow, the butterfly the ordinary hinge, the toadstool the umberella, the duck the ship, the fungus growth on trees the bracket. Even in the region of art he finds these resemblances. The sky presents forms and colors such as we see on no painter's canvas, while "the rooster crows in three fourths time, and 'Bob White whistles a short galop in two-fourths time."

Drinking Water.

Drinking wine is a habit; so is drinking spirits, ale, cider, coffee and water. The last is thought a necessity; but to drink much is a habit. Some people drink little, not because their constitutions require less than others; it is their habit. These people never perspire so much as those who drink more. The more that is drunk the more water passes away or the system would suffer. It is the strain effects it.—The skin, the kidneys, bowels, lungs, all are drawn upon. The is as may be naturally expected, exhaustion. For this reason the man who drinks much water, particularly during the summer and in the hottest weather, is less able to endure fatigue. The water is no benefit to him—that is, the excess. It must pass away, and this requires an effort of the system, which is the sweating process. Had he not used the excess of water he would not have perspired so; it would not have been there for the system to expel. It is a habit to drink water so much; a false thirst is created. We should drink only what is needed. The habit of drinking more will soon be overcome, and the person will feel much stronger and more capable of bearing fatigue. In Winter little fluid is wanted beyond what our food furnishes; in Summer some more, but not much.—*Country Gentleman.*

Hanging in Effigy.

Hanging in effigy is an old French mode of punishment. It was practiced in France in cases where the criminal had made his escape from custody after being condemned to death. An effigy of the doomed man was placed in his prison after his escape, from which, at the time named in the sentence, it was conveyed to the place of execution, and there with all the form of a real hanging, suspended by the neck from the gallows.

There are two famous cases of this kind on record, one of which occurred in the twelfth century, in the reign of Louis the fat, and the other in 1662 during the reign of Louis XIV; the first case being an execution for treason, and the other for taking part in a notorious duel. The French Republic, after the Revolution, put a stop to the farce, by substituting for it the posting in public the name of the guilty party.

In England it has long been the custom to hang Guy Fawkes in effigy on every anniversary of the "Gunpowder Plot,' and unpopular public men are there, as here, frequently treated to a hanging in effigy before their own doors.

The Centennial Account Closed.—The Philadelphia papers publish a letter from the first comptroller of the treasury of the United States to the treasurer of the centennial board of finance, giving a full and honorable acquittance for the reimbursement to the United States of the million and a half dollars given to the centennial exhibition by Congress and then taken back. The million and a half was paid into the treasury long ago by the board of finance, but the official discharge has only just come to hand. This closes the account, and the bond of $50,000, given by a hundred citizens, for the faithful disbursement of the money by John Welsh, president, and Frederick Fraley, treasurer of the centennial board of finance, has been returned as completely 'fulfilled.'

"I want five cents' worth of starch,' said a little girl to a grocer's clerk. The clerk asked: "What do you want five cents' worth of starch for?' "Why, for five cents, of course,' she answered, and the clerk concluded to attend to his own business.

Extraordinary Result of Kindness.

A servant of the Rev. Rowland Hill suddenly died, and his master preached his funeral sermon to a numerous audience, in the course of which he mentioned the following anecdote: Many persons present were acquainted with the deceased, and have had it in their power to observe his character and conduct. They can bear witness that I speak the truth when I assert that for a number of years past he has proved himself a perfectly sober, honest, industrious and religious man, faithfully performing, as far as lay in his power, the duties of his station in life, and serving God with constancy and zeal; and yet this man, this virtuous and pious man, was once a robber on the highway. More than thirty years ago he stopped me on the high road and demanded my money. Not at all intimidated, I argued with him. I asked him what could induce him to pursue so iniquitous a course of life. "I have been a coachman, sir,' said he, 'but am now out of place, and not being able to get a character, can get no employment, and am therefore obliged to resort to this means of gaining a subsistence.' I desired him to call upon me; he promised he would and kept his word. I talked further with him and offered to take him into my service. He consented; and ever since that period he has served me faithfully, and not me only, but he has faithfully served his God. And instead of having finished his life in a public, ignommious manner, with a depraved and hardened mind, as he probably would soon have done, he has died in peace, rejoicing in hope, and prepared, we trust, for the society of just men made perfect.

A Good Crop.—Reuben Satterthwait, who resides near Stanton, Mill Creek Hundred, owns one of the most productive farms in New Castle county. It contains less than one hundred acres and yet he keeps about thirty head of cattle, besides his horses, and from fifty to one hundred head of sheep. He raised the present season 500 bushels of wheat from 13 acres of land, being a fraction over 38 bushels to the acre, and his corn crop will yield some 80 or 90 bushels. He claimed to have raised last season from 1½ acres 75 bushels of prime wheat. This enormous yield was caused by a heavy dressing of sheep manure. Mr. Satterthwait is certainly a successful farmer and his place is a model of neatness.

The Hotel keeper's Premonition.—"What was that you just read?' anxiously inquired a Chicago hotel keeper of a guest the other day. "I was reading that it is proposed to compel every hotel room above the first story to be furnished with a rope ladder,' replied the guest. "Great heavens,' exclaimed the host, "then we landlords are ruined.' Then he continued piteously: "A rope ladder from every room!—it is bad enough now, but that, sir—why that would be a premium for every man to slip away without paying his bill!' And he walked away muttering the mutter of a prospective bankrupt.—*Chicago Journal.*

Eggs in Winter.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman gives the following recipe for keeping eggs through Winter, and says:—"It has never failed during twenty-five years that I have used it. It is simply to set the eggs on end as soon as gathered, and keep them in a cool place, I have kept eggs laid in September, until April, and they were just as nice to fry with ham, or for any other use, as new eggs. There is no use of any pickle. If the eggs are good and fresh when put in position, they will be good all winter.'

In the town of Wells, Maine, live two remarkable men (brothers), one of whom is seventy-seven years old and the other seventy-two. Their aggregate weight is five hundred pounds, and their combined height twelve feet five inches. They were born in the same house in which they now live, and never have been out of the town in their lives. Both are married and have families, have always kept their property in common, and never kept any accounts.

In some portions of Texas, where greenbacks have never been plentiful, the people have resumed specie payments, receiving and paying out gold in their daily transactions without any premium. Tired of waiting on the slow process of Congressional legislation on the subject, they concluded that as the premium had become so very small—less than two per cent. and in some places even 1 per cent.—it was not worth while to bother about it any longer.

An old Baptist minister enforced the necessity of differences of opinion by argument: "Now, if everybody had been of my opinion, they would all have wanted my old woman.' One of the deacons who sat just behind him, responded: "Yes, and if everybody had been of my opinion nobody would have her.'

When a political opponent of Tom Marshall's attempted to win the sympathies of the crowd by boasting that his father was a cooper, Tom at once admitted the fact, and pointing at his antagonist, said: "But the old man put a mighty poor head to one of his whiskey barrels.' That ended the contest.

"Jones, if burglars should get into your house, what would you do?' "I would do whatever they required of me. I've never had my own way in that house yet, and it's too late to begin now.'