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TWO LETTERS.

HIS.

If you were dead and in some silent valley,
A red wild rose were blooming on your grave,
In some lone fen where idle breezes dally,
And somberly green willow-branches wave.

With willing feet I oft would stand above you,
And with sad eyes your moss-grown name spell out,
Thinking that once each said to each "I love you,"
In those fair days before we dared to doubt.

But no, you are not dead; the world adores you,
Kneels at your feet and calls your face divine,
Praises your beauty, worships till it bores you,
Knows not and cares not that you once were mine.

Edith, I care not that your blood is flowing
In splendid radiant cheek or dainty wrist:
That on your supple throat there still is glowing
A queenly coil of pearl and amethist.

Our love is dead, so you are dead thrice over,
Though on your face have dropped no mourner's tears;
And you and I, who once were maid and lover,
Are farther sundered than the farthest spheres.

But stars and spheres—
Oh! what a silly letter
A plain and prosy man will sometimes write.
I'm sentimental, and you can't do better
Than laugh at me, once more, with all your might.

The fact, you see, is this:—I can't forget you;
In all our quarrel, I alone was wrong;
And I've been blue enough since last I met you,
A month ago; it seems ten times as long.

Oh! Edith, could I only go and see you,
And tell you all the things I want to say!
I cannot give you up; I will not free you;
I love you, Edith. May I come to-day?

HERS.

Why, Tom, dear Tom, of course you may;
You see I call you Tom again;
So please come over, right away,
You oddest, truest, best of men!

To tell the truth, I've pitied you,
And you've, most likely, pitied me;
But then, you know, it wouldn't do
To let the world my pity see.

You men, of course, are very wise,
And think you know a woman's heart;
But bats and owls have brighter eyes
Than you to understand her art.

You were just hateful, though, that night;
But I'm afraid I made you so;
Tom, drop our quarrel out of sight—
Forgive, forget, and let it go.

Well, Tom, I'll not write any more,
Although, indeed, I've much to say;
My music-master's at the door,
So au revoir, and come to-day.

P. S.—You frighten me to death
With "willow," "valley," "grave," and "fen,"
Dear me! I almost lost my breath!
Tom, don't you dare do so again!

LUCK AND LABOR.

Many people [illegible] their bad luck when they ought to [illegible] own want of wisdom or exertion. [illegible] Cobden, a distinguished writer in England, thus wrote about luck and labor:

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up.

Labor with a strong will, will turn up something.

Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring news of a legacy.

Labor turns out at six o'clock, and, with busy pen, or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines.
Labor whistles.
Luck relies on chance.
Labor on character.
Luck slips down to indigence.
Labor strides up to independence.

☞ [illegible]

A Practical Joke.

I did love her. Oh, how I did love that girl. And they say all is fair in love and war, and perhaps there is some excuse for me.

I had loved her a long while, and I knew that she liked me.

I was as big a fellow as she could see anywhere about. I had a farm of my own, and when I was married father had promised to build me a first-rate house, and stock the farm for me.

And when I went to church on Sunday or to town I had good clothes to wear and was never told I looked ill in them. On the whole I felt myself a good fair match for Fanny Martin, though she was so nice a girl. And her father and mother thought so too, and she never refused my attentions.

I had settled, in a slow, quiet sort of way in which countrymen do settle the things, that we'd make a match of it.—The other young fellows knew it, and if we were not fashionable we were so far gentlemen that we had our code of honor. None of them interfered or tried to cut me out.

But then "he" came, you see—dapper and pretty, and dressed like a tailor's fashionable-plate, and he talked of things I knew very little about, and his hands were white, and he had graceful and gallant ways that I had never learned.

Mr. Williams—that was his name.—And in that summer holiday of his while we were working hard over the hay, and were tanned, dirty and worn, and so tired that sleep was about all we wanted when work was done, why then, he, soft, sweet and smiling made himself agreeable and crept into Fanny Martin's heart—my Fanny.

She scarcely looked at me. She did not care whether we met or not; and on Sunday there he was making me feel somehow so coarse, rough and vulgar, and when I wanted her to go with me into the woods where we used to sit in the great green shadow and listen to the birds sing, she had some excuse for staying at home; and when on the road from church I took her hand in mine, she would snatch it away and say very crossly:

"Don't Ben; don't do such a silly rustic thing while the London folks are here. They never do it themselves, and they laugh so."

"Mr Williams laughs, you mean, I suppose, said I. That's gentlemanly, too."

And then she blushed and curled her little lip and said:

"You are criticising Mr. Williams' manners, are you?"

After that there was a coolness between us, and though it made my heart ache, I couldn't think it mattered much to her.

I stayed away from her father's house and did not walk home with her from church on Sunday; indeed I did not go to church at all. And I knew the young folks—aye, and the old folks, too—were saying that we had fallen out with each other, and I suppose every one guessed why, but I would never answer any questions, not even when my mother asked me, not I.

So the summer passed and the autumn came on, and the people stayed and stayed.

I saw that fellow's silk hat, twill umbrella and exquisitely fitting garments wherever I went. Farther than I could see other people I used to see him—Mr. Williams and Fanny.

They had never made Fanny work much at home, and had plenty of time to enjoy herself—an only daughter, you see I mean—and her people was what is called forehanded.

I never intended that she should drudge after we were married. When I had hoped for that I did not mind work myself, but I'd never have made a slave of my wife.

This Mr. Williams could not make of her a more precious treasure than I would; I knew that.

I was thinking this over one evening in the meadow, when suddenly I heard some one say:

"Ah—Mr. Burling."

I looked up and there was Mr. Williams, nattier than ever, with a cigar in his mouth. If he knew just how I felt to him I'm sure he'd not come to find me alone in the great meadow, and I thought of that as I jumped up from the grass and looked at him. But he smiled as sweet as possible, and there is something in a man's heart that makes it hard to do the first rude thing.

Still I was not polite to him.

"That's my [illegible]," said I to him; do you want me?"

"I want something of you," said he. "There's a little excursion party to-night from our house We'r going to take a lady. Have you a carriage and horse of course, that you could let me hire for the evening? I'd rather go alone with a pretty girl, and if you will help me out I will be ever so much obliged to you."

So he had come to ask me to help him to have a nice time with my girl—he who had cut me out.

I looked at him, just holding my hands still by main force, and I thought of him riding along the moonlit road with Fanny close by him.

I asked myself whether his arms would [illegible]

[illegible]

one building. A little cow-shed. We put the tools in there sometimes, and I had a pad-lock for the door. The key was in my pocket.

It came into my head that I could spoil his evening for him, and spite Fanny, too, by locking him in this shed. And if he had spirit enough to fight me for it, afterwards so much the better.

I led the way down into the meadow where it stood, and unlocked the door.

Just look in, said I, and see if that will suit you.

"Can't see anything," said he. "It's pitch dark. Wait, I have a match."

He took one from his pocket and stooped to strike it on the sole of his boot, and then I gave him a push and over he went flat on the floor, and I had the key in my pocket.

"You'll not make any one hear very soon, my lad, said I, and you'll not kiss Fanny Martin going over the bridge this evening."

Then I went away and laid myself flat upon the porch in front of our house and felt happier than I had before for a long time.

Revenge is sweet now and then.

I do not pretend to have any of the old Adam in me.

I'd been there about half an hour, and the chirp, chirp of the cricket was lulling me off to sleep, when suddenly I heard a little, light step close by me, and saw a woman's white dress fluttering, and jumping up there before me, Fanny Martin.

The first thought that came into my mind was that she was looking for her beau, and it made me fiendish.

"Is that you, Miss Martin?" I said.

"Yes, Mr. Burling," she said—and though I said Miss Martin, how it hurt me not to be called Ben. "I came over to see your mother; is she in?"

"No," said I.

"Then I'd better go home," said she. But she lingered.

"Not looking for anybody else?" I asked.

"No," she said, very sadly. "Good night."

But I could not let her go without a cut.

"I thought you'd be on this wonderful moonlight drive," said I.

"Then you were mistaken."

"Did he forget to send for you? Mr. Williams you know."

"I haven't been asked to go. I don't know why you speak so. Mr. Williams, I suppose, is with the lady he is engaged to. She came down last week with her mother."

"Oh," said I, and I began to wish I'd asked a few more questions before I locked young Williams up in the cow-shed. We stood still, apart from each other. I saw her lip quiver. Was it for him?—Had he jilted her? That was tit for tat, anyhow.

But she was so pretty and sad, and so winning, that I felt my heart give one great throb. I took a step nearer—she took another.

'Oh, Ben,' cried she, I can't stand it if you keep angry with me. I always have liked you the best, but you've been so awful cross.'

And then she was crying on my shoulder.

Did you ever make up with some one you'd quarreled with, loving her all the time.

Did you ever feel, holding the dear face between your two palms, pressing sweet kisses on the dear, soft mouth, that it had come back, all the old love and trust and sweetness and hope thought dead? If you have had you must know what I felt that minute.

I found myself again. I was Ben Burling once more. How strange it was.—Out of all my life I'd like to have that one moment back; it was the sweetest I ever lived through.

Up in the midst of a far meadow rose a column of flame.

The cow-house was on fire, and I had locked poor innocent Williams up in it, there to be roasted alive.

'Oh, Fanny, I cried, glaring at the horrible sight. 'I'm a murderer—a murderer—don't touch me!'

And away I flew to undo my mischief, if there was time. There might be, perhaps. Never was such a run as I took across that long meadow. When I reached door, plunging my hand into my pocket for the key, I could not find it. I had dropped it somewheres, it was not about me.

'Williams!' I cried. 'Williams! are you there? I am outside. Courage!'

'For Heaven sake! if you can speak, do,' I shrieked, but silence answered me.

Doubtless the smoke had already smothered the poor fellow, but I set to work and tore away the burning boards. I was scorched. My hair, my face, my eyebrows. Twice my clothes were on fire, but I rolled on the dew-wet grass, and was up in the flames again. Oh, it was horrible!'

If he had been my rival, it would have been bad enough, but an innocent young fellow, his sweetheart waiting for him somewhere!

What a moment it was.

Heaven have mercy on me! cried I. Let me save him, don't punish me by making me a murderer! and I tore and wrenched the boards with my burnt hands. And in a moment more—well—it was the roof fell, I think—I don't know.

* * * * * * *

"You'll do very nicely now,' said some [illegible]

[illegible]

ver the bed foot. Phelim, Saed, Marian, the servants were also visible.

'And why he was so set on saving that old shell I can't tell, said mother He must have hid something precious there,'

They did not know then. I sat up and looked at them all.

'It wasn't the shed,' said I, 'Mother, Father, Fanny, it was Mr. Williams. I had locked him up there, I've murdered him.'

'No, you haven't,' said another voice, and some one came around the bed. 'I'm alive, you see. You didn't think I'd stay locked up in a cowshed when I had an engagement with a lady, did you? I just burned the lock off with my cigar, and came away. I intended to give you a fright in return for your trick. I suppose it is what you call a practical joke in the country—but I didn't think of anything serious, I am really sorry.'

I don't know what I said. I know I felt very foolish; but that was not half as bad as feeling like a murderer.

I had a pretty pair of hands for the next four weeks, but I don't mind it as much as if Fanny had not fed me with hers.

She petted me as if I were a hero instead of an idiot. I believe she thought I had done something noble and grand.

And she's been my wife now—how long, Fanny?

Not so long as to forget to be lovers, though my boy's head is on a level with his mother's shoulders and my own is turning gray.

SHE THOUGHT SHE KNEW.

The passengers in the sleeping coach were just dozing off when something howled out:

'Ow—wow—wow!'

'Great dragons, there's a young one aboard!' growled a fat man from his upper birth. 'I'll bet a hundred dollars none of us passengers can get a wink of sleep to-night.'

'Wow—wow!' whined the child.

'There he goes again!' growled the fat man. 'I never travel but what I run across some one's offspring.'

'Who is that talking?' called the mother of the crying child in a very loud voice.

'Me,' answered the fat man. 'Why didn't you either leave that child at home or stay home yourself?'

'Are you talking to me?' demanded the woman.

'Yes, ma'am, I am. I say it is a shame to bring a sick child into a sleeping car to disturb twenty or thirty persons.'

'Are you a father?' she asked.

'No, I hain't.'

'Nor a mother?'

'No, ma'am.'

'Well, sir,' she said, as she poked her hear out between the curtains, 'when you've been the mother of eleven children moved forty-eight time, lived in nine different States, and worn one corset right along for seventeen years, you'll begin to know your business. I think I know mine; and if this baby wants to howl he is going to do it, if I have to come over there and kick a ton and a half of conceit out of you.'

☞ He was on his knees before her, and with a voice tremulous with passion, he said: 'Nothing shall separate us evermore, my darling. For your sake I will beard the lion in his den! I will face death on the battle-field! I will skim the seas! I will endure all hardships, all suffering, all misery!' He paused and looked eagerly at her, with his whole soul quivering in his eyes. 'Will you do all this for the sake of my love?' said she, gazing earnestly at him. 'Yes! yes! a thousand times yes!' 'And if we wed,' she continued, flushing slightly, 'Will you get up first and build the fire?' With a shriek of despair he fled.

☞ It is a most interesting "sight for to see" a young lady with her eyes like a gazelle, lips like rubies, teeth of pearly whiteness, cheeks that have stolen the deep carnation of the deathless rose, and her mouth stuffed full of gingerbread.—Isn't it?

☞ 'A woman can't keep a secret, hey!' exclaimed the wife of a man had just expressed his conviction on that subject; 'why Mary Skyes told me two days ago that she was to be married next Sunday, and I haven't even told you of it yet!'

If a body meet a body coming from the well;
If a body kiss a body, need a body tell?
If a body love a body, what shall a body say
If a body bid a body name the bridal day?

☞ Wasn't it rough on Ella, just as she was telling Frederick, at lunch, how ethereal her appitite was, to have the cook bawl out. 'Say, will ye have yer pork and greens now, or wait till yer feller's gone?'

☞ A young lady asking a young man in a music shop, 'have you happy dreams?' was astonished when he replied, 'No, ma'am, I'm mostly troubled with nightmare.'

☞ To spin and to weave, to knit and to sew, was once a girl's employment; but now to dress and catch a beau is all she calls enjoyment.

☞ In a breach-of-promise case the [illegible]

From the New York Observer.

CURIOUS SUPERSTITIONS AMONG THE DUTCH PENNSYLVANIANS AND OTHERS.

The extent of superstition and the use of incantations in some of our German settlements, would scarcely be believed by any one who had not actually seen something of these things. I shall not designate the locality, of which I write further than that it is one of the best parts of Pennsylvania, and largely settled by what are vulgarly called *Pennsylvania Dutch.*

It may be safely asserted that a majority of the inhabitants of this country, firmly believe in what is commonly called "pow-wowing" for the cure of disease and burns, for stopping the flow of blood, &c. A common expression, when a person is sick, is, "Send for such a one *to do for him.*" The *doing* always consists in going through certain prescribed forms, using certain words, blowing, breathing on the sick person, &c. There are many otherwise quite sensible people, who when burned or scalded, will run immediately to some old woman or man who professes to be able to blow the fire out of the place. I have heard these persons assert, that they had the fire thus blown out of a burn, so that no pain or injury resulted. And I have myself been gravely advised to carry a potato in my pocket for the cure of rheumatism, and was told of numerous cases in which it had effected a perfect cure. The potato, it is said, becomes as hard as bone. I could easily find some of these hard, bony potatoes, which have been carried for this purpose. Yet, alas, rheumatism still continues to afflict.

I have before me the hand-book of these incantations. It is a small old-fashioned little volume, in the German language, published at Reading in 1820 by John George Hokman. The title is, "The long hidden Friend, or a True and Christian Instructor for every man, containing wonderful and tried remedies and charms for Man and Beast." It would be a rational conclusion that the author was a crazy man, but how about those who read and believe and practice his silly prescriptions! For the book is widely circulated and was published in English some years ago, and is beyond doubt fully believed by not a few.

Some of the so-called remedies in this book are utterly unfit for publication, and in nearly all there is a very irreverent use of the divine names, and all are extremely ridiculous. Merely as a specimen take the following: "To stop Bleeding.—Blood thou must stop until the Virgin Mary bring forth another son. Repeat these words three times." Again, "Remedy for Burns. Burn I blow on thee. It must be blown on three times in the same breath, like the fire by the sun." This is followed by three crosses, which is common in the book, sometimes with the direction to make the crosses with the thumb. One more: "Security against Mad Dogs.

Dog hold thy nose to the ground,
God has made thee and me, hound! †††

This you must repeat in the direction of the dog, and the three crosses you must make towards the dog, and the words must be spoken before he sees you."

It will hardly be believed that there are people in this enlightened age and land who believe and practice such silliness, and things, if possible, more silly than the above. But it is serious truth. Persons professing to be Christians, some of them so conscientious that they think it wrong to protect their houses or barns by lightning rods, or to effect insurance against fire, do believe and practice these very things. The fact is notorious, and the superstition tinges more or less the whole community.

There is another practice, which I have noticed in this and other German settlements, the origin and meaning of which I have never been able to discover. It is the custom at funerals for all the male mourners to keep their hats on their heads during the service at the church. Can you tell us whence this custom, and what it means? I saw it first in a Presbyterian church in a Western State.

M. S. N.

☞ The mental condition has far more influence upon the bodily health than is generally supposed. It is no doubt true that ailments of the body cause depressing and morbid conditions of the mind; but it is no less true that sorrowful and disagreeable emotions produce disease in persons who, uninfluenced by them, would be in sound health; or if disease is not produced, the functions are disordered. Not even physicians always consider the importance of this fact. Agreeable emotions set in motion nervous currents, which stimulate blood, brain, and every part of the system into healthful activity—while grief, disappointment of feeling, and brooding over present sorrows or past mistakes, depress all the vital forces. To be physically well, one must, in general, be happy. [illegible]

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Catgut is not the gut of cats, but of sheep.

Kid gloves are not kid, but are made of lamb-skin or sheep-skin.

Arabic figures were not invented by the Arabs, but by the Indians.

Tube-roses is no rose, but the tuberous pallanthe (*Palianthes tuberosa.*)

Salid oil is not oil for salade, but oil for cleaning callets or salades—that is, helmets.

Black lead does not contain a single particle of lead, but is composed chiefly of carbon.

Turkish baths are not of Turkish origin, nor are they baths at all. They are hot-air rooms.

Prussian blue does not come from Prussia, but is the precipitate of the salt of protoxide of iron with prussiate of potassa.

Brazilian grass does not come from Brazil, or even grow in Brazil, nor is it grass at all. It consists of strips of palm leaf, and is chiefly imported from Cuba.

Whalebone is no bone at all, nor does it possess any properties of bone. It is a substance attached to the lower jaw of a whale, and seems to strain the water, which the creatures take up in large mouthfuls.

Sealing wax is not wax at all; nor does it contain a single particle of wax. It is made of shellac, Venice turpentine and cinnabar. Cinnabar gives it the deep red color, and turpentine renders the shellac soft and less brittle.

Burgundy pitch is not pitch, nor is it manufactured in or exported from Burgundy. The best is a resinous substance, prepared from common frankincense, and brought from Hamburg; but by far the largest quantity is a mixture of rosin and palm oil.

Copperas contains no copper, but consists of the sulphate of iron.

Cobalt, sold as fly-poison, contains no cobalt, but consists of impure metallic arsenic.

Red precipitate, or red oxide of mercury, is not made by precipitation, but by heating the nitrate of mercury; when precipitated it has a yellowish color.

EATING BREAD AND MILK WITH LIME WATER.

Milk and lime water are now frequently prescribed by physicians in cases of dyspepsia and weakness of the stomach, and in some cases, to our knowledge, the diet has proved very beneficial. Many persons who think good bread and milk a great luxury frequently hesitate to eat it, for the reason that the milk will not digest readily. Sourness of the stomach will often follow. But the experience of many will testify that lime water and milk is not only food and medicine at an early period of life, but also at a later, when, as in the case of infants, the functions of digestion and assimilation have been seriously impaired. A stomach taxed by gluttony, irritated by improper food, inflamed by alcohol, enfeebled by disease, or otherwise unfitted for its duties, as is shown by the various symptoms attendant upon indigestion, dyspepsia, diarrhœa, dysentery, and fever, will resume its work and do it energetically on an exclusive diet of bread and milk and lime water. A goblet of cow's milk, to which four tablespoonfuls of lime water have been added, will agree with almost any person, will be agreeable to the stomach when other food is oppressive, and will be digested when all else fails to afford nourishment. The way to make lime water is to procure a few lumps of unslaked lime, put the lime in a stone jar, add water until the lime is slaked and is about the consistence of thin cream. The lime will soon settle and leave a clear and pure liquid at the top, which is lime water. As the water is taken out more should be added, and the lime should be frequently stirred up and allowed to settle.—*Scientific American.*

THE DUKE'S LESSON ABOUT DILIGENCE.

There was a duke once who disguised himself, and placed a great rock in the middle of the road near his palace. Next morning a peasant came that way with his ox-cart. "Oh, these lazy people," said he, "there is this big stone lying right in the middle of the road, and no one will take the trouble to put it out of the way." And so Hans went on raving about the laziness of the people. Next came a gay soldier along. His head was held so far back that he didn't notice the stone, so he stumbled over it. He began to storm at the country people around there for leaving a huge rock in the road. Then he went on. Next came a company of merchants. When they came to the stone, the road was so narrow that they had to go off on single file on either side. One of them cried out:—"Did anybody ever see the like of that big stone lying [illegible] all the morning, and no one [illegible]

[illegible]

A horn was heard, and a splendid cavalcade came galloping up. The duke came from his horse, and began to speak to the people: "My friends, it was I who put this stone here three weeks ago. Every passer-by has left it just where it was, and has scolded his neighbor for not taking it out of the way." He stooped down and lifted up the stone. Directly underneath it was a round hollow, and in the hollow lay a small, leathern bag. The duke held up this bag that all might see what was written on it: "For him who lifts up this stone." He untied the bag and turned it upside down, and out upon the stone fell a beautiful gold ring, and twenty large, bright coins. So they all lost the prize, because they had not learned the lesson or formed the habit of diligence.—*Methodist.*

THE VATICAN.

The Vatican is a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which covers a space of 1,200 feet in length and 1,000 feet in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of the cruel Nero. It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who, in the early part of the sixth century, erected a humble residence on its site. About the year 1160 Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Innocent II., a few years afterward, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II., King of Arragon. In 1305 Clement V., at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for more than seventy years. But soon after the return of the Pontifical Court to Rome—an event which had been so earnestly prayed for by poor Petrarch, and which finally took place in 1835—the Vatican was put into a state of repair, again enlarged, and it was thenceforth considered as a regular palace and residence of the Popes, who, one after another, added fresh buildings to it, and gradually enriched it with antiquities, statues, pictures, and books, until it became the richest depository in the world. The library of the Vatican was commenced 1,400 years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts, among which are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles Borromeo, and many Hebrew, Syrian, Arabian and Armenian Bibles. The whole of the immense buildings composing the Vatican are filled with statues found beneath the ruins of ancient Rome; with paintings by the masters, and with curious medals and antiquities of almost every description. It is said that there have been exhumed more than 70,000 statues from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

A pin and a needle, says the American Fontaine, being neighbors in a work-basket, and both being idle, began to quarrel as idle folks are apt to do.

'I should like to know,' said the pin, 'what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?'

'What is the use of your head,' replied the needle, rather sharply, 'if you have no eye?'

'What is the use of an eye,' said the pin, 'if there is always something in it?'

'I am more active, and can go through more work than you can,' said the needle.

'Yes, but you will not live long.'

'Why not?'

'Because you have always a stitch in your side,' said the pin.

'You are a poor, crooked creature,' said the needle.

'And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking'

'I'll pull your head off, if you insult me again.'

'I will pull your eye out if you touch me; remember your life only hangs by a single thread'' said the pin.

While they were thus conversing a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and, attempted to sew with it; she soon pulled its head off and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle.

'Well, here we are,' said the needle.

'We have nothing to fight about now,' said the pin.

'It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses.'

'A pity we had not come to them sooner,' said the needle.

☞ After having written a squib with much care and deliberation, and the dignified compositor up stairs hollers down the pipe: "Is this a joke or an advertisement?" such a missive is calculated to make a funny man take an interest in the means of cheap suicide.

☞ Those three Chinamen who took a [illegible]

☞ There is [illegible] a feeling of regret when we part forever with familiar [illegible]

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