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The Years Are Passing By.

The years are passing by!
We watch, as from an open door,
Their passage through Time's corridor;
Each shadow, in its falling, slopes
Across the grave of buried hopes;
The pulse of being slower beats
Through Winter's snow, thro' Summer's heats,
And faith and hope and love grow cold
As we grow old—as we grow old!
The years are passing by!

The years are passing by!
Time's record hath such pages blurred
With hasty deed, with bitter word;
Such sad mistakes mark all life's years
We scarce can read, because of tears;
We see dead faces on the walls,
We hear dead voices in the halls,
We touch some hands on bended knee,
We kiss some lips we cannot see—
The years are passing by!

The years are passing by!
They carry with them as they go
The rain, the sunshine and the snow;
They leave behind the drift of days
Wherein each soul some penance pays;
Some hopes we have, but not our own,
Some loves we cherish, not alone;
And there are leaves and faded flowers
That tell sad tales in memory's hours.
The years are passing by!

The years are passing by!
The seal of silence on our lips
We closer press. Time's umbra dips
To deeper darkness down the lane
Through which we walk to hide our pain.
We smile and smile as one who bears
A life untouched by grief or cares,
But when in solitude we wait,
We bow our head at sorrow's gate.
The years are passing by!

The years are passing by!
Another joins the passing band!
Oh, is there not some other land
Where compensation for all ills
The measure of life's being fills?
We wait the answer, but in vain,
The shadow falls, a sense of pain
Rests on us whereso'er we go
And whispers of the sod and snow.
The years are passing by!

OBSERVATIONS.

The Guinea hen talks too much to be a good layer.

Chinese soldiers get three cents a day, and no restrictions as to how they spend it.

How it must make a donkey laugh to see what an insignificant little ear a whale can boast.

The editor of a Mississippi paper, who has been married two weeks, observes that "a woman isn't so bad after all."

A whale doesn't look so very big when you remember some of the piscatorial achievements of many an amateur trout catcher.

Late riser: "What does a man get who comes late to breakfast?" Biddy: "He gets all he can ate." Anyone but a quick-witted Irish woman would have replied that he gets nothing at all.

If Bismarck insists on his resignation, the Emperor William knows our address. Up two flight of stairs, and knock at the right hand door. Don't kick on the panels.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"Do you know who I am, sir, that you dare talk so to me?" said an irate father to an impudent young hopeful. "Yes, I know who you are," was the reply, "but Mr. Brown, who lives next door, doesn't, for I heard him say only the other day that you were an old ass."

Dr. Johnson had a habit of eating very fast, and using his fingers in place of his fork. One day the cynic was dining with a company, when a young would-be wit remarked, "Doctor, you remind me of Nebuchadnezzar." "Nebuchadnezzar," replied the doctor, his mouth full of victuals—"ah, yes. That's because I'm eating with brutes."

DARING TOM BOYD.

He Makes a Leap of One Hundred and Twenty Feet at Munfordville.

MUNFORDVILLE, KY., April 11.—A few days since Thomas Boyd, a clock tinker, claiming Belfast, Ireland, as his home, came to this place and had a notice published in the Hart county *Democrat* that he would on Sunday, to-day) jump off the railroad bridge across Green river, a structure 120 feet high. At ten o'clock people began to gather from all points in the county, and the trains north and south brought from Bowling Green, Cave City, Horse Cave, Bacon Creek and Upton's hundreds more to witness the big jump. By 12 o'clock at least 1,000 people had collected eager and anxious to see the unparalleled feat, when the bridge watchman informed the impatient crowd that the railroad company had given him orders to stop Boyd from jumping. This did not suit the crowd, and numerous threats were made by the most determined to have him make the leap whether the railroad company were willing or not; yet none were bold enough to place him on the bridge. Dissatisfied, the crowd moved a short distance up the river, and made Boyd climb a sycamore tree about forty feet high, and jump from that. This he did with such ease and dexterity that the crowd cheered furiously and became so much the more anxious to see him make the leap from the bridge. Finally, as a last resort, dispatches were sent to the proper railroad authorities in Louisville, and in reply word was received that he could do so under protest and at his own peril. Clothed in black pants and vest, tight-fitting scull-cap, and in his sock feet, he walked out to the middle of the bridge, as cool and collected as most men are under ordinary circumstances, and laughed and joked a few minutes with the crowd, when he announced that he was ready to make the perilous leap. The immense gathering of people, so far beneath that they looked like pigmies, were moved by intense feeling and became hushed and silent. "One, two, three," and the daring diver sprang head foremost 120 feet down into the water below. For a few seconds he was under the water, but as soon as he appeared above the surface, swimming lustily, a tremendous cheer went up from both banks of the river, and the canoe that paddled him ashore was met by hundreds of excited people, and Boyd's hat was filled to overflowing with silver. He is the same man that jumped off the Ohio falls bridge, but this is at least thirty feet higher, and is decidedly the highest jump and the most daring feat of the kind ever performed in this State. Saturday he proposes to jump off the railroad bridge at Bowling Green.

GOINGS ON IN CONGRESS.

Inoffensive Way the Statesmen Have of Whiling Away the Time.

Burlington Hawkeye.

Mr. Speaker—
The gentleman is a deep-dyed liar—
What is the reason?
Sir, I am personal responsible—
Mr. Speaker, I rise to a question of privilege—
The committee on the revision of the laws—
Sir, Mr. Speaker, am I to be denounced in this house as—
The gentleman misunderstood me. In calling him a liar I meant nothing personal. I say he is a scoundrel.
Mr. Speaker, I accept the gentleman's apology. I had heretofore considered him more a fool than a knave. I am pleased to learn that he is equally both. I am personally responsible for—
Allow me, Mr. Speaker, to call attention to a piece of shameless iniquity in this bill, which is already fully known to the thieves and vampyres who have charge of it. There is, in the first section—
I would like to pair off—
At this critical juncture the Sergeant-at-Arms announced that two women and three babies were waiting to see two of the members, and after agreeing that the evening session should be for debate on finance only, the House adjourned.

AFTER SEVEN YEARS.

A Story of a Provident Wife and a Shiftless Husband.

Reidsville (N. C.) Times.

Seven years ago the good wife of Raleigh Libast's, who lived near Sharon church in this county, left him with no one else to "love him but that little dog" of his, and all that time had been living far away from him, while he, poor man, in the old home that wasn't what it used to be, had been living in the utmost solitude of "where's Rosetta gone." But the other day as the lamblings frisked in the meadows, and all nature stood a rosy maiden for the first dance with gentle spring over the grassy greens, and while Raleigh sat in his back shed mending his fishing lines to try for some pike, there came stealing over the air a female voice at the gate crying:

"Rawlee! oh Rawlee! I say! Pack up y'er things rite off an' come'r long with me!"

"Sallee! By Gosh! its Sally!"—and they embraced. Pop, pop, fired two pair of old lips—and it was over.

"Yes, it's me, I've come fur ye, Rawlee; git rite along up, an' come on. I've been hard at work, these seven years, been to Danville—took in washin'—kept a snack house, and at last made money enough to buy a little home, and I've got ye a horse an' dray, Rawlee, an' I want ye with me to go to work an' let us live like folks."

"But—Sally—wait till I ketch a pike—it's such a putty day, they'll bite the allfired'st!"

"Pike! We can't live on pike, Rawlee, you was fishin' for 'em when I left ye. No, git rite up an' follow me!"

He arose and bundled his lines in his pocket. "Sally, ain't thur no good fishin' round Danville?"

"Yes, Dan river is right thar, and its full of studguns and red horse and pike and everything, but Rawlee, you shan't fish none till Sat'dy evenin's arter the week's work is done."

"Wall, I spose I'll go on them terms, but thar ain't no other woman on yurth could break me up so—step along, Sally, I'll foller." And they went together. May heaven bless them, especially Sally.

Testing for Keen Sight and Color-Blindness.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has taken the lead in a systematic examination of its employes to ascertain whether any of them were affected by color blindness. For a week or two past the examination of the 5,000 employes on the railroad and ferryboats at Jersey City, as to their capacity to distinguish color, has been going on. The tests to which the men are subjected were three: First, their acuteness of vision, as indicated by their ability to distinguish letters printed in various sizes and placards at a distance of twenty feet from the spectator; second, of their ability to judge the relative distinctness of objects thrown on a screen strongly lighted and seen in different positions through a quarter-inch aperture at a distance of twenty feet. The final test was the ability to distinguish colors. Several of the men failed to describe the forms of objects accurately as presented to them in the manner stated, and sixteen others, who passed successfully the first and second tests, failed utterly to distinguish between the three test colors of light green, rose and red, in skeins of those colors placed before them at a distance of three feet. The tests are to be continued until all the men are examined.

Speaker Randall on the Unit Rule.

WASHINGTON, April 14th.—Speaker Randall has written the following letter to a prominent Democratic politician in Pennsylvania in reply to an inquiry as to the former's views with regard to the unit rule in the forthcoming State convention:

"Dear Sir: Your inquiry received. I am opposed to the unit rule because it fetters and practically disfranchises the minority. In Pennsylvania the delegates to the national convention are chosen by districts, the State convention having nothing to do with their appointment; has no power to direct the manner in which their votes shall be cast. With the four delegates at large, who are elected by the State convention, the case is, of course, different. The unit rule has proved a convenient device by which to shackle the Republican party in Pennsylvania and to subject it to absolute personal domination, and it is not at all desirable to engraft the practice upon the policy of the Democratic party. With us the people govern in their own way. The Lancaster resolution of 1876, to which you refer as a precedent, goes for nothing, as it had not the judgement of a full convention in its favor.

"S. J. RANDALL."

Adventure with a Mad Dog.

Mooresville Gazette.

Mrs. Lewis, wife of Jas. M. Lewis, Esq., of this county, had a round with a mad dog last Sunday week. She was at home, the family having gone to church, when a mad dog came into the yard. She either knew or thought the dog was mad, and first thought she would take a gun and shoot it, but concluded not to do so as it was Sunday. She however, being a plucky woman, thought she could kill the rabid animal with a stick and went into the yard thus armed. Attacking the dog it was with difficulty she could keep him off, and her clothing was several times torn by the teeth of the maddened animal. Mrs. Lewis soon had to take refuge on the ash-hopper; but it was not long before the dog dislodged her from that position, and she beat a precipitate retreat into the house with the dog at her heels tearing her clothes several times as she ran; but she escaped into the house without a scratch on her flesh. A negro came along soon afterwards, who was on the search for the dog, knowing it was mad, and he quickly despatched it with his gun.

Mr. Tilden's Reliance on the South.

A New York letter says: "Some of the city journals are publishing reports from various Southern States to show the impossibility of Mr. Tilden's getting any considerable support from that quarter in the Democratic national convention. Mr. Tilden, I am informed, attaches but little importance to these statements, which he characterizes as but "week inventions of the enemy." The great mass of the Southern people, he has no doubt, are heartily in favor of his renomination, and whatever opposition is manifesting itself on the part of some of the leaders, he is quite certain, will melt away before the convention assembles. Mr. Tilden, it is thus seen, is one of the most hopeful of men. Nothing, appearently, can discourage him. He has a firm belief in himself and in the alleged necessity which must compel the Democratic party to again make him their standard-bearer, in spite of themselves. He has no apprehensions for the South. He is certain that will take care of itself. He is more anxious about the situation nearer home."