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At the Stile.

The leaves are growing ruddy as the sun begins to dip,
The birds are twitt'ring forth their even song;
Little Lucy sits expectant with her finger at her lip—
What makes her sister Alice stay so long?
There are butterflies and dragon-flies all ready to be chased,
There are daisy-chains to weave, there are blackberries to taste;
Why not play about the meadows for awhile?
Why linger, linger, linger at the stile?

Impatient little Lucy is a simple-witted mite—
Her sweetheart days are future joys, 'tis clear;
Why should Harry keep his arm around her sister's waist so tight?
Why make her blush by whisp'ring in her ear?
The sun will soon be setting—Lucy does not love the dark;
She does not love the silent bats that flit across the park;
Since he met her Alice might have walked a mile—
Why linger, linger, linger at the stile?

This dialogue, small Lucy, which seems tedious as you tarry,
To Alice is rather a serious thing;
For it means that she and Harry have this evening vowed to marry;
It means a cake, lace veil and wedding-ring.
And when a little bridesmaid, uncommonly like you,
Comes into church so trippingly all dress'd in white and blue,
You'll discover, as you reach the middle aisle.
Why they linger'd, linger'd, lingered at the stile.

—*A. Looker.*

OBSERVATIONS.

"Why," the boy asked, "do you blow down the muzzle of your gun?" "To see," replied the man, "if it is—" And just then he discovered that it was.

"Did you sell anything?" asked the proprietor of his clerk, as the door closed on the retreating form of a shopper. "Well," said the clerk, "I wanted him to take these boots, and, you see, they are half-soled." Proprietor falls in a faint.

A young fellow tried to scare a Brooklyn widow by appearing to her as her husband's ghost. But, as he was in the house before 12 o'clock at night and didn't appear drunk, she detected the fraud at once and thumped the intruder on the head with a fire shovel.

A Cincinnati mule deliberately walked into the river and held his head under water until he drowned. Even a mule gets tired of living in Cincinnati.

"When a South Carolina man can string together a lot of words that don't mean anything, they call him a poet"—*Boston Post.* In Boston they call him a philosopher.—*Courier-Journal.*

Did it ever occur to you why a lawyer who is conducting a disputed will case is like a trapeze performer in a circus? Didn't? Well, it's because he flies through the heir with the greatest of fees.

The young lady who presided at a church fair table and "gave change" was spoken of as an incompetent creature by the managers, but she was the first girl in the society to get married.

Rev. Dr. Hoge Falls Amongst Thieves in a Far-Off Country.

Richmond Dispatch.

A letter received in Richmond yesterday, and dated 28th March, from a lady in Dr. Hoge's party now traveling in Palestine, gives the following interesting episode:

"We had an unfortunate affair the night before. Some one broke in to Dr. Hoge's tent and carried off his trunk and traveling satchel containing all his valuables—his gold watch and opera-glasses, a purse containing £40 in gold, besides much else. After a great fuss and much searching, the trunk was found over the hill, rifled of its contents, and his clothes all scatered around. We hardly hope that anything will be recovered, though the Governor here is making an effort, and has arrested some parties. It was a most unfortunate beginning for us, and our dragoman; but we think him innocent and have placed the guilt upon our guards, who watched beside us whilst we slept. We hope nothing worse may occur."

Another letter written on the 4th of April, and received at the same time, stated that nothing had been recovered, but that the matter was in the hands of the American consul at Jerusalem and the American minister at Constantinople, who was present at Jerusalem at the time. Little hope is entertained, however, of recovering the lost articles.

The party consists of Rev. Dr. Hoge, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Pemberton, Rev. Mr. Holcombe and wife, missionaries to India, and Miss Spaulding, of New York. They are all in excellent health and spirtis, and were to have left for Damascus in a few days.

A Land Without Laughter.

James Redpath in New York Tribune

The Irish have been described by novelists and travelers as a light-hearted and rolicking people—full of fun and quick in repartee—a devil-me-care race of folks, equally ready to dance or to fight. I have not found them so. I found them in the west of Ireland a sad and despondent people; care-worn, broken-hearted and shrouded in gloom. Never once in the hundreds of cabins that I entered—never once even—did I see a merry eye or hear the sound of a merry voice. Old men and boys, old women and girls—young men and maidens—all of them, without a solitary exception, were grave or haggard, and every household looked as if the plague of the first-born had smitten it that day. Rachael, weeping for her children, would have passed unnoticed among these warm-hearted peasants, or, if she had been noticed, they would only have said: "She is one of us." A home without a child is cheerless enough; but here is a whole region without a child's laugh in it. Cabins full of children—and no boisterous glee! No need to tell these youngters to be quiet. The famine has tamed their restless spirits and they crowd around the bit of peat fire without uttering a word. Often they do not look a second time at the stranger who comes into their cabin. Can Americans conceive of a country whose only happy children are in a public institution? If you can do so, then you see the west of Ireland in the winter of 1880. Now, don't say "God pity them;" just pity them yourself first. They need no more prayers, but they do need more meal.

A New Measuring Implement.

A remarkable machine was described at a recent meeting of the "Societe de Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale," at Paris, called profilograph, because when in use it traces mechanically on paper the outlines of the ground over which it travels. It is described in one of our foreign contemporaries as a small carriage mounted on two wheels, drawn by one man and attended by another, who marks the levels at the proper places; and underneath hangs an iron rod with a large ball at its lower end, serving as a pendulum. This pendulum maintains a constant vertical position, while the machine inclines in one direction or the other according as it ascends or descends a slope. To the upper end of the rod is fitted a pencil, which marks on a sheet of paper the ups and downs of the country traversed, whether on an ordinary road or across trackless fields. The exact profile is thus recorded to a given scale. At the same time one of the wheels, acting the part of chain bearer, measures and indicates the distances traveled through the survey. For surveyors and others engaged in leveling operations, this machine would appear to be eminently serviceable, and there is talk of its being made use of in a new general survey of France contemplated by the government.

FRED. GRANT'S AVOWAL.

What His Father Regards as a Dangerous Superstition.

Cincinnati Commercial.

CHICAGO, April 29.—The point of a remarkable conversation between Col. Fred. Grant and one of the most distinguished Republican leaders of Illinois has just come to light. Col. Fred. upbraided the veteran for not being actively at work for Gen. Grant. During the conversation he said:

"My father says that there may come a time in the history of the republic when it may be to the vital interest of the people of this country to nominate a President for a third term, and when precedents set by Washington and Jefferson would stand in the way of the common welfare. It therefore becomes important to get that obstruction to the safety of the republic out of the way. My father says he is in a position to make that trial and win that victory against a public superstition of a dangerous precedent."

The speech of young Grant took the distinguished citizen aback. It was evident that the young man had been impressed with the divine mission of his father, and it is probable that the gentleman would not have deemed it advisable to make his utterances about the views of Gen. Grant public. But fortunately there was a witness who takes the public into confidence through the *Commercial.* The name of the prominent leader is withheld only because of his innocence of this publication. But it can be furnished, and he will not deny the truthfulness of the above report.

Uses of the Lemon.

This is the way an exchange sings the praises of our favorite, the lemon, and we would willingly join in the chorus if there was one. The lemon is a native of Asia, although it is cultivated in Italy, Portugal and the south of France. In Europe, however, it seldom exceeds the dimentions of the smallest tree while in its native state it grows to over 90 feet in height. Every part of this tree is valuable in medicine, though we rarely employ any of it but its fruit, that is, the lemon itself. And everyone knows how to employ this as in lemonade: To squeeze the juice into cold water, this is the shortest way, or to cut it in slices and let it soak in cold water; or to cut it in slices and then boil it. Either way is good. Lemonade is one of the best and safest drinks for any person, whether in good health or not. It is suitable for all stomach diseases, is excellent in sickness—all classes of jaundice, gravel, liver complaint, inflammation of the bowels and fevers. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints. The pippins crushed may also be used with water and sugar and used as a drink. Lemon juice is the best antiscorbutic remedy known. It not only cures the disease, but prevents it. Sailors make a daily use of it for this purpose. A physician suggests rubbing the gums daily with lemon juice to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of the lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers mixed with strong, hot black tea or coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a lemon. It is valuable to cure warts, and to destroy dandruff on the head, by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. In fact its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it externally the better we find ourselves. Natural remedies are the best, and nature is our best doctor, if we could only listen to it. Decidedly, rub your hands, head and gums with it, and drink lemonade in preference to all other liquids.

Missing Heirs Wanted in North Carolina.

Raleigh Observer.

An inquiry comes to us from San Francisco, Cal., for the children of a man named Bushrod Carpenter, who are supposed to be living in North Carolina. Bushrod Carpenter was the son of Dr. Nathaniel Carpenter, who died at King and Queen county in the State of Virginia, in 1778. Bushrod had three brothers named, Nathaniel, Corydon and William Fauntleroy, all of whom are believed to have died without issue. By deaths in the family, a large property, valued at not less than nine hundred thousand dollars, has fallen to the children of these four brothers, and as the three others died without issue, the whole amount will go to the children of Bushrod Carpenter. He was brought into North Carolina when quite young by his mother, the widow of Dr. Carpenter, and she is believed to have married again here. The matter seems worth inquiring into, and if any of the descendants of Bushrod Carpenter or any person able to give information concerning them, will apply at the office of this paper, they can learn the name of the gentleman inquiring for them.

Whittaker's Ear.

Philadelphia Times.

A North Carolina paper relates a story which may serve to explain the great mystery of the Whittaker case at West Point. General Poindexter, who was for many years solicitor-general of that State, was once engaged in prosecuting a man accused of biting off another's ear. When the defense had gone over the ground and shown by an able witness that the fight took place in an old house; that the planks in the floor were laid down loose, with cracks between them, and that while the scuffling was going on the man's ear might have slipped into one of the cracks of the floor and been cut off by the motion of the planks, General Poindexter took the talented witness in hand, and in less than three minutes he testified that the man might have bitten his own ear off. This kind of exploit would be possible only to those people whose mouths go away round to their ears, but this story in all probability explains the Whittaker business.

An Important Decision.

In a case tried before Judges McKenan and Butler, in the United States Circuit Court at Philadelphia, Saturday, an important question was decided upon the right of parties to sue the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad Company in the State courts of Pennsylvania. The court held that the railroad company was a citizen of the State, and could be sued in the State courts. During the argument, counsel for the road urged that the company was not liable to be sued in the county courts, because two of its charters were by other States; that if the contrary was decided, the road could be sued in every State through which it runs, and that innumerable annoyances would follow. An appeal will probably be taken to the Supreme Court.