

The Song of the Gossop.

BY MARK GORDON. One old maid... And another old maid... They were a gossop...

THE PULPIT.

Beecher on Faith. "Faith is a sanctified imagination... working on sacred things."

THE WORKING OF HIGH LICENSES.

The high license law, known as the Harper law, has now been on trial in Illinois long enough to enable us to see how such a system works practically in a great and populous State.

Literary Women.

A medical journal has been looking into the lives of literary women, and it finds that "most of them were either single or, if married, were childless; second, that they have been generally long-lived."

Overcoming Children.

Dr. John Van Bibber, of Baltimore, has taken up the gauntlet in behalf of school children, and protests against the methods in vogue in some of the schools in forcing children in their studies, to which he attributes many of the mental disorders and bodily ailments now so common among children.

Getting All He Asked For.

I got tired looking at those warehouses and factories in Richmond. After looking at 350 of them it became an old story. At last, when I came to one, I would say to the driver: "Another tobacco factory, please?"

Two Married Women at the Gate.

Did you ever hear two married women talk of leaving each other at the gate on a mild evening? This is how they do it: "Good-bye! Good-bye! Come down and see us soon!" "I will. Good-bye! Good-bye! Don't forget to come soon."

Gold Mines of Rowan.

Mr. Prince has been out in the country for eight or ten days with his magnetic indicator, hunting veins. We met him Tuesday last, all smiles and buoyancy, full of the brightest hopes and content that the magnetic developments in Rowan this spring and summer will create an enthusiasm never before known in this State.

Story of the Songs.

Yesterday I was just as happy as a big sunflower, but to-day my heart is full, I can hear it beat. I feel just like saying "I am a broken hearted milk-man."

Some Facts About the National Game.

The return of Spring has been the signal for the beginning of another season of base-ball. Few persons, probably, realize the large amount of capital which is annually invested in this "national game," or the extent to which it is played by professionals and amateurs in all parts of the country.

The Pursuit of Gold.

The Rev. Bidwell Lane, the pastor of the Central Methodist Church, Seventh avenue and Fourteenth street, New York, preached his opening sermon to the congregation at the services in the morning. He took his text from Psalms, xxxix, 3. In the course of his sermon he said, "How few find time amid the cares of business and the manifold duties of life for meditation! All our energies seem absorbed in the cares of 'what we shall eat, what we shall drink or wherewithal shall we be clothed.'"

Talmage on Wheels.

The Brooklyn Tabernacle was filled to overflowing. Dr. Talmage's subject was "The Skating Rink." The Doctor read from Ezekiel, iii, 13, and from Nahum, iii, 2, in both of which the term "wheels" is used. In the one case, was suggestive, he said, of health. The "rattling of the wheels," in the other case, was suggestive of destruction. The question had been put to him, he said, by many of his hearers, "What is the danger of that base ball which is declining in popularity or that the physical man is neglected in this part of the world."

Parental and Filial Duty.

Prof. Felix Adler, in the course of a lecture said that the gift of children tended to moral elevation. The moral nature and individuality of children, Prof. Adler continued, should be carefully studied and respected. They are, it is true, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, but we are only the channels through which the river of life is transmitted to them. Some parents make a point of trying to mould their children into reproductions of themselves. But every child has a right to its own individuality.

Horrible Outrage.

We learn from a reliable source of a shameful and heinous crime which transpired in this county a little more than two weeks ago. The facts detailed to us are as follows: An old gentleman, eighty-four years old, went to a neighbor's house, in Melville township, on last Saturday a week ago, and asked to be carried to the poor house, saying that he had been driven from home. He further stated he had been tied to a tree by his grand-son and whipped with a hickory withe, and afterwards carried by his own son and tied in a tobacco barn and left alone. The old man's arms and legs bore the marks of cruelty received at the hands of his relatives. It was during the last snow and cold snap that he was thus tied up and beaten. Other acts of cruelty were done the poor old man; but enough has been told. It is sad that his relatives are able to support him. Parties guilty of such cruelty ought to be severely punished.

A Fable About Office-Seekers.

One day, as an Ass was journeying along toward a rich meadow, he chanced upon a Fox who was quietly sitting by the roadside. "Ah, friend Fox," said he; "I was just looking for you. I am going to feed in yonder meadow."

Another Blessed Baby.

Visitor—"I think Aurora would be a very expressive name for the little angel." Young Father (who is reading the paper)—"Yes, Aurora would do, because he was a roar all last night; but, unfortunately, that is a girl's name, and the little beggar happens to be a boy."