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The Carolina Watchman.

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BE YE ALSO READY.

Ready when the dawning
Comes creeping cold and grey,
And we waken up from slumber
To greet another day.

Ready when the noon-tide
Is quivering with heat,
And there stealeth o'er the spirit
A languor, dreamy, sweet.

Ready when evening falls,
And lilies fill with dew;
As the westering sun's last gleam
Is fading from your view.

Reading at midnight hour
A vigil still to keep;
The heart awake, though weary eyes
Have closed themselves in sleep.

Blessed the servant found,
What time his Lord returns,
Who ready in his hand both hold
A lamp that brightly burns.

M., in the London Christian

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

'If you please, ma'am, could I speak to you one minute?' said Mrs. Locksley.

Theodora Dale started from the deep reverie in which she was buried, and looked up with large, startled eyes.

'Certainly, Mrs. Locksley, said she. 'What is it?'

It's about the rent for these three rooms, Mrs. Dale,' said the landlady, drawing herself up with a little jerk, 'Two good months you've occupied 'em, and it stands to reason, ma'am as a hardworking widow woman, as has only herself to look to, wants to see the color of her money. Not as I would a' hurried you, ma'am, with a half relenting glance towards Theodora's deep mourning garments, while the poor Major lay ill, nor yet while he was being buried, but—'

Theodore looked pained.

The deep scarlet dyed her cheeks.

'I'm sorry to have inconvienced you, Mrs. Locksley,' she said, 'but I was of course obliged to settle the undertaker's bill at once, and that has taken all the ready money which I had at command. I have written to my husband's relatives however, and expect a remittance very soon which—'

Mrs. Locksley compressed her lips.

'I have heard that same thing from my lodgers before, ma'am,' she said.—'All I can say is that I would very much like to have the bill paid as soon as possible.'

'It shall be paid to-night, Mrs. Locksley, without fail,' said Theodora, her cheeks becoming hotter than before.

And the instant the door closed upon the stout figure of the landlady she let her head fall upon her clasped hands and burst into tears, tears that were almost like distilled fire, so scalding and bitter were they.

Theodora Dale had been married only three months.

She had been a school girl of only seventeen at M'me. Bonmerci's establishment, when Maj. Lionel Dale saw and admired her.

He made some careless inquiries about the young beauty with the gazelle eyes, scarlet lips, and black hair that clustered so low upon her forehead, and learned, in an incidental sort of a way that she was an orphan, training at the expense of M'me Bonmerci herself, for a governness.

'Hang it!' said Maj. Dale, 'she is too pretty for that. I will marry her.'

Little Theodora Mayder, who had scarcely left off playing with dolls, was heartily sick of M'me Bonmerci's exactions on one side, and the unconscious tyranny of the children on the other, when the handsome, middle-aged Major proposed matrimony to her.

'But I am so young,' she pleaded, the carnations and lilies succeeding each other upon the cheeks.

'You are the prettiest little half blown rose bud in the world,' the Major answered, gallantly.

M'me Bonmerci spoke a word or two of warning to her.

'My child,' she said, beware that you do. He is three times your age—he gambles. It is true that your life is now a hard one, but—'

'I shall marry him,' retorted Theodora. And she did.

At the end of three months Major Dale's favorite horse ran away with him and killed him, and Theodora was a widow.

Naturally enough, she wrote to her husband's relatives, whom she had never seen, and now upon this October evening she was expecting an answer to her letter.

The color mounted to her face as the postman paused beneath her window.

She caught the letter from his hand and tore it eagerly open.

It contained nothing but her own letter, returned to her, with these words pencilled across the envelope:

'Mr. Chandos Dale's compliments to the young lady who beguiled his brother into a secret marriage and he is confidently of the opinion that her talents in the husband hunting line needs no assistance.'

And this cutting taunt, this gratuitous insult, was all.

Theodora sat pale and silent.

She knew that her husband did not care to refer to his relatives, and generally avoided the subject whenever she broached it, but she had never dreamed that he had allowed them to think her a mere adventuress who had contrived to entrap him into a disadvantageous marriage.

She had long ere this discovered that Lionel was a selfish man, but she had never before dreamed how selfish.

But the blow, sharp and sudden as it was, nerved her to further exertion.

She put on her hat, went out to the nearest jeweller, and sold her watch and chain—Lionel's wedding present, for probably about one-third of its value.

With this she paid her bill at Mrs. Locksley's.

'Beg your pardon, ma'am, but what are you going to do now?'

'I am going to give music lessons,' said Theodora. 'It will be a life of druggery,' she said to herself, but I would starve sooner than apply to the Dale, for assistance.'

And the years crept by, and the seventeen year old widow who stormed the citadel so bravely, won the day.

'Signora Theodora Dalli. No, I have not heard her yet,' said Mr. Chandos Dale indifferently. 'But they say she is the best Marguerite we have yet had, and I sent to secure a box for to-morrow night.'

Signora Dalli was in her best voice that night when Chandos Dale, her brother-in-law, sat with folded arms in the proscenium box.

And the half blown bud of five years ago had ripened by this time into a full blown rose.

And Mr. Chandos Dale, sitting there with intense eyes and artist's soul, all alive to the flute-like richness of her voice, thought that she was simply the most beautiful creature he ever saw.

The Mayor of the city where the Signora was singing had a little private reception in her honor after the opera was over.

Chandos Dale, of course was among the invited guests and then Signora Dalli, knew who he was.

"I have the advantage of him,' said Signora to herself, smilling a curious smile, "and I shall take care to retain it."

Just a month later Mr. Dale proposed to make the beautiful Signora his wife.

'Are you really in love with me?' said the Signora, opening wide her almond shaped eyes, where the jetty fire seemed to burn with jetty lustre.—

'With me—an opera singer?'

And Chandos, about as hopelessly infatuated as it is in the power of man to be, vowed that he would commit suicide if she did not have him at once.

'Put it in writing,' said Signora with a laugh.

'Why?'

'It is my fancy.'

'Your will my law,' protested Mr. Dale. So he wrote a very pretty and polite declaration of love on tinted paper, and sent it to the Signora's suit of apartments at the private hotel.

The very same evening he received the very letter which had come to Lionel Dale's widow that October sunset with the penciled bit of sarcasm, and under it written:

'The young lady who beguiled Mr. Chandos Dale's brother into a secret marriage has needed no assistance from his relatives. The Signora Dalli—otherwise Mrs. Lionel Dale—returns the enclosed compliments, and has the honor to bid Mr. Chandos Dale farewell.'

Theodora never enjoyed anything so much in her life as she did the writing of that letter.

She had conquered her own fortune now.

She was indebted to one; and the next month she was married to a young English gentleman who had followed her bright eyes half over two continents, while Mr. Dale had the satisfaction of knowing that he had wrought out his own destiny.

How a Chinaman Caught a Ticket Agent.

Silver coin is at a discount in California just now, and it is customary to demand gold when the amount is over $10, which explains the following from the San Francisco *Bulletin*:

"Two muchee Smartee," was what the moon-eyed child of the Orient said to the ticket seller at the wharf when gold was demanded for three tickets to Stockton, at $3.50 each, making $10.50.

"Too muchee smartee; you no cachee gold allee time."

"Yes, John, I must have gold for these tickets—ten dollars and a half. Come, out!"

"How muchee one ticket?"

"Three dollars and a half."

"Alle right; me takee one," and he paid his three dollars and a half in silver; then bought another one and paid three dollars and a half in silver, and bought a third in the same way, having paid out ten dollars and a half in silver without showing any gold. With a look of triumph the mild-eyed son of Confucius gathered in his last ticket, and said:

"Too muchee smartee."

Early American advertisements are curious. Here is one in 1808: "Much Wanted—A neat, well-behaved female, to do kitchen work in a small famify at Charlestown, near Boston. She may pray and sing hymns, but not over the fish kettle; may go to meeting, but not to believe in the divinity of Elias Smith; nor belong to the whining congregation of midnight worshippers. Enquire at the Repertory office, near Boston."

GOVERNOR TILDEN SPEAKS AT LAST.

He Denounces Republican Fraud, but is Hopeful of the Republic.

[By telegraph to the News and Courier.]

NEW YORK, June 12.—Governor Tilden made a brief speech at the reception of the Manhattan Club to-night. After alluding to the departure of Governor Hendricks to-morrow, with his best wishes for a prosperous voyage and safe return, he said: "Everybody knows that after the recent election the men who were elected by the people President and Vice-President of the United States were 'counted out,' and men who were not elected 'counted in' and seated. I disclaim any thought of the personal wrong involved in this transaction. Not by any act or word of mine shall that be dwarfed or degraded into a personal grievance, which is, in truth, the greatest wrong that has stained our national annals. To every man of the four and a quarter millions who were defrauded of the fruits of their elective franchise, it is as great a wrong as it is to me. And no less to every man of the minority will the ultimate consequences extend. Evils in government grow by success and impunity. They do not arrest their own progress. They can never be limited except by external forces. If the men in possession of the government can in one instance maintain themselves in power against an adverse decision at the elections, such an example will be imitated. Temptation exists always. Devices, to give the color of law, and false pretences on which to found fraudulent decisions, will not be wanting. The wrong will grow into a practice if once condoned. In the world's history, changes in the succession of governments have usually been the result of fraud or force. It has been our faith and our pride that we had established a mode of peaceful change to be worked out by the agency of the ballot-box. The question now is, whether our election system in its substance as well as form, is to be maintained? This is the question of questions. Until it is finally settled there can be no politics founded on inferior questions of administrative policy. It involves the fundamental right of the people. It involves the elective principle. It involves the whole system of popular government. The people must signally condemn the great wrong which has been done to them. They must strip this example of everything that can attract imitators. They must refuse a prosperous immunity to crime. This is not all. The people will not be able to trust the authors or beneficiaries of the wrong to devise remedies, but when those who condemn the wrong shall have the power, they must devise the measure which shall render a repetition of the wrong forever impossible. If my voice could reach throughout our country and be heard in its remotest hamlet, I would say: "Be of good cheer, the Republic will live, the institutions of our fathers are not to expire in shame; the sovereignty of the people shall be rescued from this peril and re-established." Successful wrong never appears so triumphant as on the very eve of its fall. Seven years ago a corrupt dynasty culminated in its power over the million of people who live in the City of New York. It had conquored, or bribed, or flattered, and won almost everybody into acquiescence. It appeared to be invincible. A year or two later its members were in the penitentiary or in exile. History abounds in similar examples. We must believe in the right and in the future. A great and noble nation will not sever its political from its moral life."

MISSOURI.

Senator Bogy's Son a Crushed Man.

ST. LOUIS, June 14.—A dispatch says: "There is a considerable sensation among the stockholders of the Commercial Fire Insurance Company, which made an assignment on Tuesday. Joseph Bogy, son of U. S. Senator Bogy, was president of the company, and its active manager. Senator Bogy was the heaviest stockholder. He states that he is a loser to the extent of a hundred thousand dollars cash, and that the disaster will ruin him financially, if his creditors are not indulgent. Joseph Bogy loses sixty thousand dollars, including a full mortgage on his residence, and all his property.

Joseph Bogy was also president of the Exchange Bank of this city, and to-day resigned that position. His friends represent that he is completely crushed.

What is an Editor?—Well, he is the man who reads the newspapers, writes articles on most any subject, sets tpye, read proof, folds mail, runs on errands, saws wood, draws water, works in the garden, talks to all who call, is blamed for a hundred things which is nobody's business but his own, helps people get into office [who forgets all about it afterwards] and frequently gets cheated out of half his earnings. He puffs and does more to build up town than any other body, and the miser and fogy are benefited thereby; yet they will say that the editor's paper is of no account, will not advertise or take the paper, but will borrow it. Who wouldn't be an editor?—*Oxford Torch-Light.*

Extract from the New York Correspondence of the Raleigh Observer.

[NEW YORK, June 11, 1877.]

* * * * *

The habit of cheating seems to affect every thing here. I have been surprised to hear that *ground* coffee is sold as low as 12 cents per pound. As the cheapest green coffee is worth 18 or 20 cents, this roasted and ground article is of course composed mainly of some other substance, with a little coffee mixed with it to give it fragrance and flavor. I learn that peas furnish the bulk of the mixture. These are worth perhaps two cents a pound, Chickory is not used in these cheapest pound packages, because chickory is worth 8 cents per pound. There is one consolation about this adulteration and fraud—there is no harm in the peas, as there is in most of the adulterations of liquors and other articles of diet and drink. Champagne and cider are notoriously made, not of grapes and apples, but of chemicals and water; and whisky owes much of its power to strychnine. A few days ago I was asked by a customer to purchase for him a bolt of ribbon. In a first class store I found it, marked 2¼ inches wide, 12 yards long. It really measured 2⅛ and 11½. The saleswoman spoke of this as a matter of course. I hope no Southern manufacturer has followed such dishonest customs. When I was familiar with such matters, some twenty years ago, Southern sheetings and shirtings had a reputation as being honestly made, not filled in with starch, to hide defects, and dishonestly measured. I trust they retain their character.

These are queer people, every way. In a lecture at Rochester, N. Y., a few days ago, George Francis Train, who is quite a character here, declared, that "there would only be about 3,000,000 saints in heaven, and that all the rest of the human race would be condemned to the infernal regions. Among the latter such men as Byron and Franklin would certainly be found, and Train in his enthusiasm for these great men exclaimed. "I want to be able to grasp their extended hands if I have to go to h—to do it. "And, by the way, all those in favor of going to h—with me say 'ay'" The audience responded with a unanimous "aye!" that made the hall ring. This is almost past belief; yet it appears to be true in all its horrible profanity. It is awful. H.

STRANGE STORY ABOUT HATCHING CHICKENS.

A correspondent of the *Newbernian* states the following facts:

"On Wednesday, the 23d inst., an incident of such a strange and incomprehensible nature occurred at my place just beyond the corporate limits of this thrifty little village, that I take the liberty of writing you and giving you the details in as concise and succint a manner as will comport with a truthful narration and correct understanding of the affair. Last Fall I obtained a pair of beautiful pure-blood "white Leghorn" chickens. I gave them every attention in my power, anticipating a goodly return for my care in the way of young chickens this Spring. In due course of time I was much gratified and partially rewarded for my pains. My hen began laying; after she had, as we say down here, laid her *latter*, to make assurance doubly sure, I set her on a limited number of eggs, six only. Last Wednesday a week ago was the time set apart for her to bring off her brood of little birdies. On the morning of that day, however, I discovered her wandering about the yard forlorn and in evident distress. I watched her every movement narrowly and with considerable anxiety you may be sure. After the laps of some three hours, and she not having returned to her nest, my curiosity got the better of me and I determined to see what was the matter. Accompanied by my little son, I at once repaired to the nest, and imagine my surprise, as well as sorrow, when I saw the nest perfectly empty, no sign of eggs was anywhere to be seen. I assure you, I was very much vexed and annoyed. As I turned thoroughly angered to retrace my steps, I espied about four paces away a tremendous king or corn snake stretched at full length basking in the noon-day sun. The mystery was at once solved. The snake had robbed the nest. This snake is a species of the Boa, and is innocuous, has no fangs, is parti-colored, being flecked with alternate blotches of white and black, is an enemy of all other snakes, is superior to a cat as a mouser, bolts its food and lies in a semi-domant state after it is glutted till digestion is complete; forgetful, however, of all its good qualities and remembering only my disappointment and loss, I seized a hoe and with a single blow killed it outright, severing its head from its body, I discerned a singular spasmodic twitching of its stomach. Impelled by curiosity, I took my knife, opened the snake, when lo and behold! six sprightly, bright little chickens skipped from its intestines; the process of incubation had evidently been consumated in the stomach of the snake, as the presence of the remains of the egg shells would plainly indicate; but the strangest part of the affair is yet to be told; the liberated chickens instead of being pure white as was anticipated, were marked with white and black diamond shaped blotches, just as (I might say) the parent snake; the scales upon their legs are identical in structure, arrangement and color with those on the body of the snake; their feet look more an incongruous mass of vermiform attenæ than they do like toes. Another peculiarity is, that when approaching any object they do so in a zigzag or vernicular manner, never straight forward, and though rats are constanly preying upon all my other chickens, they have never molested one of these, but on the contrary, they seem to instinctively avoid them. Strange as it may sound to your ears, yet I aver, I sometimes think they must certainly possess some of the attributes and characteristics of the snake family. "Truth is oftentimes stranger than fiction." To say the least, these chickens may be ranked among the phenomena of nature. There are scores of intelligent gentlemen in this vicinity of undoubted veracity, who have examined the chickens and will readily vouch for the truthfulness of the above statements.

Respectfully, ARIEL DIXON.

Grantsboro', Pamlico co., May 31, 1877.

Salem Press: It is a general remark that the chestnut trees and chinquapin bushes are annually becoming less in this section of country. The trees and bushes die, the cause of which has excited considerable interest, but remains as yet a mystery.

The fact is a notable one, borne out by proofs abundant in this immediate neighborhood. Also by the death of immense quantities of chestnut along the line of the Western N. C. R. R. It is the operation of nature, we suppose, in her process of change going on in the East as well as in the West, in which one growth is superseded by another. You will find patches of young oak trees in the long leaf pine forests; and a variety of short leaf pine springing up on old fields where the long leaf formerly grew.

In this section the oak lands after being worn out in the cultivation of crops, if "turned out" first spring up in old field pines, which grow broad and stubby; and after a while other trees, such as sassafras, sycamore, dog wood, poplar, black gum, &c., come forward, especially near the margin of the piece of ground. Accidents, as the cutting of a pine in the season favorable for the development of the pine borer frequently happen, and the greater part of the pine trees are killed, thus giving a better chance for the more rapid growth of the other kinds, together with vines, sumac, &c. Later, the pines which are left, few fear, and scattered, begin to assume more and more the appearance of the forest pine; and later still some species of the oak struggle into view; and ultimately, as in some places we have seen, several varieties of the oak, particularly the chestnut, flourishes finely, and it becomes difficult to decide whether or not the land was ever before in cultivation.

In this case we observe the process of nature in redeeming the soil wasted by bad cultivation. In the other it seems to be somewhat similar—nature adapting herself to some new condition which is more favorable for the growth of one kind of tree than another. The trees which die seem to have failed in resources either from the soil or climate and give place to other varieties possessing different requirements for health and growth.—*Watchman.*

Great Loss of Swine.—Mr. Dodge, the Statistician of the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, as the result of an investigation of the losses from diseases of swine during the past twelve months shows the destruction of 4,000,000 animals of all ages, and a money loss of more than $20,000,000. One-fifth of the reported loss occurrs in Illinois; next in prominence are Missouri, Iowa, and Indiana, which together lose $10,000,000. Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana have nearly as large a percentage of loss in numbers, aggregating in value a million and a half dollars. The reported losses are very small in New England, the country bordering on the great lakes, and the Pacific coast. Of the remaining districts, West Virginia comes nearest exemption, and Ohio and the Atlantic coast States stand better than the alluvial districts. The apparent loss is equivalent to a third of the sum of exports of pork products last year. It is somewhat greater than usual, eliciting demands from correspondents for a competent scientific investigation by the Government,

JEFF. DAVIS WINS A SUIT.—The Supreme Court of Mississippi has decided that Jefferson Davis, by a residence of thirty years, and other acts of ownership, acquired title to the plantation known as "Brierfield," notwithstanding Joseph E. Davis, his brother, never conveyed to him the title thereof; that when the latter sold this plantation he became indebted to the former in the amount of $70,000, the price thereof; and that Jefferson Davis is not estopped by the fact that having become executor of his borther's will, or by any acts of executorship done by him, or by any other thing, from asserting his claim to the proceeds of sale of said plantation against the estate of Joseph E. Davis, but is entitled to be paid the same.

A LESSON FOR THE TIMES.—Few persons properly estimate the difference between a high and a low rate of interest, and therefore borrow money at ruinous rates that no legitimate business can stand, but few have figured on the difference between six and eight per cent. One dollar loaned for a hundred years at six per cent., with the interest collected annually and added to the principal, will amount to $340. At eight per cent. it amounts to $2,203, or nearly seven times as much. At three per cent., the usual rate of interest in England, it amounts to $19.25, whereas at ten per cent., the usual rate in the United States, it is $13,809, or nearly one thousand times as much. At twelve per cent. it amounts to $15,145,007, and at twenty-five per cent., (which we some times hear talked of) it reaches the enormous sum of $2,551,799,404, or more than the State of Ohio is worth.—*Courier Journal.*

THREE THREATENING FIRES.

Three alarming fires, though not serious in their results, occurred, last week, from the same general source—stage lights and scenery. One was in a theatre and two were in Roman Catholic churches. A panic occurred in two instances and some persons injured, but the panics were happily quelled and no fatal consequences resulted.

On the evening of Decoration day a theatre in Twenty-third street was filled with a fashionable audiance to witness an invitation musical and magical soiree. During the performance the scene, which had been raised too high, took fire from the chandelier, and in a moment the stage was one mass of flames. The fire was extinguished with some difficulty, and the managers, who assisted in putting it out, were badly burned. The audiance, who were at first alarmed, were finally quieted, and the entertainment proceeded.

The next day, Thursday, two altar fires occurred in Roman Catholic churches in this city and Brooklyn. At the Church of St. Antonio, on Sullivan street, the sacrament was to be administered for the first time to a number of Sunday school children who had been confirmed. The new members in white dresses with white veils on their heads, stood in front of the altar, upon which were lighted chandelabra. Suddenly the flames from one of the jets ignited the veil upon the head of one of the girls. The cry of "Fire" was followed by an immediate uprising of the congregation, and a rush was made for the doors. Several persons were severely bruised in the rush, and it was necessary to remove an old woman to her home in a carriage.

At the Church of St. John the Baptist, Brooklyn, the same day, folds of spangled lace which enveloped the statue of the Virgin took fire from one among the myriads of candles by which it was surrounded. The sexton of the church mounted the burning altar and endeavored to snatch the folds of lace from their hangings, but, after scorching himself to no effect, he was fored to retreat. A number of men rushed forward and tore down the frame and its decorations from the wall. No further injury was done.—*N. Y. Observer.*

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.—Mrs. Margaret Alemsly of No. 14 Gay street was arrested recently by officer Vallely of the Eighth precinct police, in front of No. 477 Broome street, while quarrelling with a man who she said was her husband and who had abandoned her. Both were taken to Jefferson Market Police Court, when Mrs. Alemsly told Justice Wandell that the man was Edward Alemsly, her husband, whom she had married in February, 1865, at Charleston, S. C., and had lived with him until about two years ago, when he abandoned her. She knew him by his peculiar teeth, hair and beard, and was positive it was her husband, and also brought in two witnesses who also identified him as Mr. Alemsly. One of the witnesses, a little girl named Mary Edgerton, was brought into court after the case had been begun, and picked the man out of a crowd of spectators, reporters, &c. The man declared positively that he was not the woman's husband, that his name was not Edward Alemsly, but August Jansen, and instead of being a Scotchman, he was a German, and born in Prussia. He produced one of his employers, a highly respectable firm doing business at No. 477 Broome street, and proved that he had been in their employ as janitor for seven years, and that he was a married man and had a family of five children. It was evident from his speech that he was a German, and the Justice decided that it was a singular case of mistaken identity, and dismissed the complaint. Mrs. Alemsly left the court in a highly excited condition, evidently dissatisfied with the decision of the Justice.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

TRIP UNDER A WATER-WHEEL.—The New London *Telegram* tells the following marvelous story: "A little son of James Chapman, aged five years, had a very narrow escape from death lately. He was playing on the embankment at the lower end of Brigg's pond, when he slipped and fell into the flume of the old oakum mill, and was carried rapidly down the stream, being tossed about by the rushing waters like a chip. It was thought that when he reached the old wheel his brains would be dashed out against it, as the space beneath was not large enough to admit of his passing safely through. But he shot under it like a fish, and went under the bridge at Cedar street, and into the trough through which the water is conducted into Smith's organ factory. Here he succeeded in clutching a joist fastened across the trough, where he clung until he was rescued. His first words, after he had been put in a place of safety, were: "Where's my top."

Marshal MacMahon is for muzzling the press. He fears public discussion. Several papers have already been prosecuted. An exchange says:

"The immediate cause of the dissolution of the ministry and the proroguing of the Assembly was the press law, which the dictator objected to. A republic where the journals are forbidden to discuss public affairs seems a contradiction of terms."

A Short Sermon on Manliness.—Learn from your earliest days to insure your principles against the perils of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make it a point of morals, do it, however rustic or antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously, as a man who wore a soul, of of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.—*Sidney Smith.*

Whenever you want to go out of this city and do not know the hours when the trains leave, you get a newspaper and read the time table; whenever you do not know when the church begins, you get the paper and reads its advertising columns for the hour; whenever you want to know the price of gold, stocks, the condition of the grain, flour, cattle, and other markets, you get a newspaper to obtain the information. And so it is with the current news of the day. And herein lies the profit and success of those who advertise. There is no item or branch of business that is not benefited by advertising.

Glorious was the scene when Enoch was translated, or when Elijah's chariot of fire appeared in the whilwind and took him up to his glory; yet more glorious was the scene when, surounded with his disciples, the risen Saviour slowly and majestically ascended by his own power and glory before them while blessing them, and a cloud received Him out of their sight. How unspeakably glorious then will be that full result of his resurrection and ascension, when crowding from every country, in glorious resurrection-bodies shining as the sun, at one and the same moment, the myriads and myriads of his saints, of every age, are all gathered into his presence, where is fulness of joy, and are forever with the Lord.—*E. Bickersteth.*

WISE SAYINGS.

The moment a man is satisfied with himself, everybody else is dissatisfied with him.

There are many shining qualities in the mind of man, but none so useful as discretion.

If we do not flatter ourselves the flattery of others will not hurt us.

The man who minds his own business has a good, steady employment.

Never apologise for a long letter; you only add to its length.

Retiring early at night will surely shorten a man's days.

He speaks in his drink what he thought in his drouth.

True men make more opportunities than they find.

An angry man opens his mouth and shuts his eyes.

O my soul, impressed with the image of God, redeemed with the blood of Christ, betrothed by faith, endowed with Spirit, adorned with virtues, reckoned with the angels! Love Him, by whom thou hast been so greatly loved. Wait upon Him, who hath waited on thee. Seek Him, who seeketh thee. Love thy lover, whose love hath anticipated thee, whose love is the cause of thine. He is the merit, the reward, the fruit, the use, the end.—*Augustine.*

Mr. Evarts has written a letter to President Diaz insisting that the Mexican marauders be confined to their own territory. He is for trying turf first, and if that is unavailing stones will be hurled. If the depredating and thieving continues, Gen. Ord will then be authorized to take such steps as will put an end to it. Diaz must put down the brakes or there will be lively times on the border and beyond.

An exchange says, "A little credit now and then is relished by newspaper men." And if we must choose between the credit of our tailor and that of our contemporaries, we shall cling to out tailor.

"What is editorial coutesy?" asks a New Jersey paper. Why, it is when an editor is caught stealing chickens at midnight, and his brother editors kindly allude to the matter as a freak of a somnambulist.

Sound Advice to Ladies.—A medical contemporary, who has been giving the fair sex a lesson on health, remarks that "red cheeks are simply oxygen in a reflected form; and ladies anxious to possess them should seek them where the roses gets theirs—out of doors"

Doubtless this is all true: but let's hear something from the other side. How does our medical friend explain the fact that roses stay in their beds all day? That's the question.—*Oxford Torch-Light.*

There are some Radicals that are very anxious for the formation of a new party. The truth of the matter is, the Radical garment is worn thread bare and won't last much longer, and in order to present a respectable appearance, they want to get an old Whig patch stuck on the seat of the Republican breeches.—*Oxford Torch-Light.*

"An old Whig patch" can't be made to stick on radical breeches.