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PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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MARX BAUMGART, HAS JUST OPENED OUT A New Liquor Store.

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"PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE." "I cannot wait any longer, I must have my money, and if you cannot pay it, I must foreclose the mortgage and sell the place," said Mr. Merton.

"In that case," said Mr. Bishop, "it will, of course, be sold at a great sacrifice, and after all the struggles I have made, my family will again be homeless. It is hard, I only wish you had to earn your money as I do mine; you might then know something of the life of a poor man. If you could, only in imagination, put yourself in my place, I think you would have a little more to me."

"It is useless talking; I extended this one year, and I can do so no longer," replied Mr. Merton as he returned to his desk and continued writing.

The poor man rose from his seat and walked sadly out of Mr. Merton's office. His last hope was gone. He had just recovered from a long illness, which swallowed up the means which he had intended to make the last payment on the house. True, Mr. Merton had waited one year, when he failed to meet the demand, owing to illness in his family, and he felt very much obliged to him for doing so. This year he had been laid up for seven months, during which time he could earn nothing and all his savings were needed for the support of his family. Again he failed, and now he had to be homeless, and have to begin the world anew. Had Heaven forsaken him, and given him over to the tender mercies of the wicked!

After he had left the office, Mr. Merton could not drive away from his thoughts the remark to which the poor man had given grief and attention, "Put yourself in my place, and you would have a little more to me."

In the midst of a row of figures, "Put yourself in my place" intruded. Once again it had crossed his mind he laid down his pen, saying, "Well, I think I should find it rather hard. I have a mind to drop in there this afternoon and see how it fares with his family; that man has aroused my curiosity."

About five o'clock he put on a gray wig and some old cast-iron shoes, and went to the door. Mrs. Bishop, a pale, weary-looking woman, opened it. The poor old man requested permission to enter and rest awhile, saying he was very tired with his long journey, for he had walked many miles that day. Mrs. Bishop cordially invited him in, and gave him the best seat the room afforded; she then began to make preparations for tea.

The old gentleman watched her at tentively. He saw there was no elasticity in her steps, no hope in her movements, and pity for her began to steal in her heart. When her husband entered, her features relaxed into a smile, and she forced a cheerfulness into her manner. The traveler noted it all, and was forced to admire this woman who could assume a cheerfulness she did not feel for her husband's sake. After the table was prepared, there was nothing on it but bread and butter and tea. They invited the stranger to eat with them, saying, "We have not much to offer you, but a cup of tea will refresh you after your long journey."

He accepted their hospitality, and, as they discussed the fragrant meal, but them, without seeming to do so, to talk of their affairs.

"I bought this piece of land," said Mr. Bishop, "at a very low price, and instead of waiting, as I ought to have done, until I saved money enough to build, I thought I would borrow a few hundred dollars. The interest on this would not be near as much as the rent I was paying, and I would be saving something by it. I did not think there would be any difficulty in paying back the money; but the first year my wife and one of my children were ill, and the expense left me without means to pay the debt. Mr. Merton agreed to wait another year, if I would pay the interest, which I did, year after year, for seven months ago I was unable to work at my trade and earn anything, and, of course, when my day comes round—and that will be very soon—I shall be unable to meet the demand."

"But," said the stranger, "will not Mr. Merton wait another year if you make known the circumstances to him?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Bishop, "I saw him this morning, and he said he must have the money, and should be obliged to foreclose."

"He must be very hard-hearted," remarked the traveler.

"Not necessarily so," replied Mr. Bishop. "The fact is, these rich men know nothing of the struggles of the poor. They are men, just like the rest of mankind, and I am sure had they but the faintest idea of what the poor have to pass through, their hearts and purses would open. It has passed into a proverb—When a poor man needs assistance, he should apply to the poor." The reason is obvious. Only the poor know the curse of poverty. They know how heavily it falls, crushing the heart of man, and (to use my favorite expression) they can at once put themselves in the unfortunate one's place and appreciate his difficulties, and are therefore always ready to render assistance, as far as they are able. If Mr. Merton had the least idea what I and my family had to pass through, I think he would be willing to wait several years for his money rather than distress us."

With what emotion the stranger listened may be imagined. A new world was being opened to him. He was passing through an experience that had never been his before. Shortly after the conclusion of the meal he arose to take his leave, thanking Mr. and Mrs. Bishop for their kind hospitality. They invited him to stay all night, telling him he was welcome to what they had.

He thanked them, and said, "I will trespass on your kindness no longer."

I think I can reach the next village before dark, and be no sleep farther on my journey."

Mr. Merton did not sleep that night; he lay awake thinking. He had received a new revelation. The poor had always been associated in his mind with stupidity and ignorance, and the first poor family he had visited he had found far in advance, in intelligent sympathy and real politeness, of the exquisite and fashionable butterflies of the day.

The next day a boy called at the cottage and left a package in a large blue envelope, addressed to Mr. Bishop. Mrs. Bishop was very much alarmed when she took it, for large blue envelopes were associated in her mind with law and lawyers, and she thought that it boded no good. She put it away until her husband came home from work, and she handed it to him. He opened it in silence, read its contents, and said, fervently, "Thank Heaven!"

"What is it, John," inquired his anxious wife.

"Good news, wife," replied; "such news as I never hoped for nor even dreamed of."

"What is it—what is it! Tell me quick! I want to hear it if it's anything good."

"Mr. Merton has cancelled the mortgage—released me from debt, both interest and principal—and says any time I need further assistance, if I will let him know, I shall have it."

"I am so glad! It puts new life into me," said the now happy wife. "But what can have come over Mr. Merton?"

"I do not know. It seems strange after the way he talked to me yesterday morning. I will go right over to Mr. Merton's and tell him how happy he has made us."

He found Mr. Merton, in and expressed his gratitude in glowing terms.

"What could have induced you, he asked, "to show us so much kindness."

"I followed your suggestion," replied Mr. Merton, "and put myself in your place. I expect that it will surprise you very much to learn that the strange traveler to whom you showed so much kindness yesterday was myself."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Bishop; "can that be true! How did you disguise yourself so well?"

"I was not much disguised, after all; but you could not very readily associate Mr. Merton, the lawyer, with a poor wayfarer man—had I not?" laughed Mr. Merton.

"What is it a good joke," said Mr. Bishop; "good in more senses than one, it has terminated very pleasantly for me."

"I was surprised," said Mr. Merton, "at the broad and liberal views you expressed of men and their actions generally. I supposed I had greatly the advantage over you in means and education; yet how cramped and narrow-minded have been my views besides yours! That wife of yours is an excellent woman, and that boy of yours will be as good as any man. I tell you, Bishop," said the lawyer, becoming animated, "you are rich—rich beyond what money can make you; you have treasures that gold will not buy. I tell you, you owe me no thanks. Somehow I seem to have lived years since yesterday morning. What I have learned at your house is worth more than you owe me, and I am your debtor yet. Hereafter I shall take as my motto 'put yourself in my place,' and try to regulate my actions by it."

GEN. JACKSON AND THE FRENCHMAN. On the morning of the 8th, just before the commencement of the fighting, as General Jackson was surveying the line of battle, a wealthy French merchant of New Orleans drove up to the line and requested an interview with the General. On reaching his presence Jackson demanded of the Frenchman the object of his visit.

"I come," said he, "to demand of you to return to the city all of my cotton which you have taken to make breastworks."

"Ah," said Old Hickory, "can you point out the particular bales that are your property?"

"Oh, Monsieur, certainement, zat is my vision," pointing to many bales in the vicinity.

"Well," said Old Hickory, "if that is your property you have come just in time to protect and defend it, and calling to a corporal he ordered him to bring a spare musket, and, giving it to the Frenchman, he told him to stand and defend his property. At the same time he gave the corporal an order to shoot the fellow if he attempted to run. There is no doubt but that the Frenchman was glad that his cotton was there to screen him from British bullets."

A SENSIBLE POSTURE. The following law and law case, taken from the records of the New Haven Colony in 1669, are strange reading in these times. The statute says: "Whoever shall inveigle or draw the affections of any male or female, without first gaining the consent of her parents, shall pay to the plantation for the first offense, 40s; the second, £4; for the third he shall be imprisoned or corporally punished." Under this law, a Mr. Marline and Sarah Tuttle were prosecuted for "setting down on a chestnut together, his arm around her waist, and her arms upon his shoulder, and shoes off, lead him on to smooth lead and his posture about half an hour, in which time he kissed her and she kissed him, or they kissed one another, as witnesses testified."

The best and only way to get over with a treacherous mole—and you ever saw any other—is to take his shoes off, lead him on to smooth lead and his posture about half an hour, in which time he kissed her and she kissed him, or they kissed one another, as witnesses testified.

This, he added, would greatly enhance the value of the book, as every Protestant would have that edition of the Bible which exposed the tricks of the Jesuits. And if the committee could implicate the horrible Hudson Bay Company in any way with the denial of Peter, he could guarantee the sale of at least a thousand copies in Oregon alone. Regarding the antiquity

of the word "rooster," he devoted fifteen pages of a postscript regarding Rooster Rock, in the Columbia River, which he claimed was known to the descendants of Hans when they first visited Oregon after leaving the parental roof, but that they were driven out of Oregon because they refused to take the Jesuit oath, which the committee could find in his history of Oregon, a copy of which he sent for their own personal inspection.

This epistle took so long to decipher that the committee voted to adjourn *pro tem* so as to give themselves time to digest the different propositions sent in, and after a healthy collation of beef, bread and beer, the Anglican-American Revisionary Committee adjourned, completely befogged as to what disposition they should make of the simple text.

"And immediately the cock crew."

The Anglican "divines" desired to leave the text as they found it, but the American persons were determined to substitute the word "rooster" to designate the male chicken, so as to have the text read—

"And immediately the rooster crew."

But as the Anglican persons never saw the word "rooster" in either Johnson or Walker's Dictionaries of the English language, they just scooped the idea of using such a Yankeeism in the sacred volume, hence the convention came near breaking up in a serious disturbance. At length some of the more conservative persons proposed that the matter be laid before the most prominent citizens, preachers and historians of America, so as to get their views upon the correct rendering of the text, and circulars were sent to a large number of prominent men, many of whom responded, but we have room for only a few samples of the opinions given.

Henry Ward Beecher thought that the text alluded to his troubles with Tilton and Elizabeth, and that it should read—

"And immediately Tilton crew."

But the committee saw at a glance that he was selfish in the matter, so they threw his advice under the table.

The next letter opened was from Bob Ingersoll, who said he didn't believe in scriptures, anyhow, but for the sake of making peace among the persons he would give them his opinion, which was that the text should be made to read—

"And immediately the American Eagle screamed."

This suited the trans-Atlantic party first-rate, but the Anglicans bluffed their brethren by compelling them that "the American Eagle didn't exist in the lapostopic times," hence he couldn't scream on "the occasion alluded to." This put a damper on Bob Ingersoll's text, and that was the end of the matter.

The next document was from General Grant who said he was badly crippled that he was not in any manner to touch on texts of scripture, but as he was a freeman of the city of London he desired to accommodate his countrymen with his views on the important question. He added that no doubt the original translators were all wrong in their application of this text for the reason that they did not have the enlightenment of the nineteenth century to guide them; that at the time alluded to the Jews were having a jolly good time, the text alluded to some kind of mixed drinks used by the Jerusalemites in their carousals and known as "cock-tails," and therefore the text should read—

"And immediately the cock-tails flew."

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REMARKABLE CONDUCT OF A REV. MR. DAVIS. Rev. Mr. Davis is the Rev. (New), Gazette, has recently become the pastor of the Episcopal Church at Carson. One evening, shortly after his arrival, a social was given at the church for the purpose of giving the members an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the new pastor. Two of the oldest and most respectable pillars of the sanctuary entered the pastor's study—a very little room, where a fire was brightly burning around in a dozen attitudes and smoking. As Mr. Davis was known to be a western man and liberal, the cigars did not shock the brethren much. They were introduced and rather stared at Mr. Davis, a very unclerical-looking gentleman, with a drooping black mustache and a somewhat rakish air.

"I'm glad you've come among us, Brother Davis," said one of the old gentlemen, politely.

"Thank you," replied his reverence, affably. "It is a pretty good layout, I reckon."

The old man gaped, but managed to say that he hoped the church would prosper under his ministrations.

"Well," responded the clergyman, with cheerful confidence, "I'll give the boys a rate, and do what I can to drive a few gospel stakes. It is a pretty good crowd for business."

Both the horrified brethren stared speechlessly at the pastor. Seeing that they failed to comprehend, the reverend gentleman kindly explained:

"Oh, you don't tumble to the rascal? What I mean is, will you church fellows stand in when I peep and go for the sinners?"

Finally murmuring something about being always willing to assist in the Lord's work, the brethren were staggered out when the new pastor stopped them with:

"Isn't this a dusty style of treating a fellow? Can't you trot out something to wet one's whistle?"

They fled after one scared look at one another, and were rushing from the church when another brother hailed them and said he wanted to introduce them to the new pastor.

"We've seen him," groaned one.

"Where?"

"In the study, in a cloud of tobacco smoke."

"Impossible. He's in the vestry, and a very nice old gentleman he is."

"And who is the other Mr. Davis—the young man in the study?" asked the young man when he saw they had shaken hands with a wholly safe and entirely respectable Mr. Davis.

The good old gentleman chuckled and replied:

My son Sam, doubtless—Sam, of the Virginia Chronicle.