I saw a cow-bide in the grass.
A rush-light on the floor;
I saw a candle-stick in mud,
And a bell-punch at the door.
I saw a horse-fly up the creek,
A cat-nip at her food;
I s chestnut-burr, and heard
A shell-bark in the wood.
I saw a jack-plane off a board,
A car-spring off the track;
I saw a gack-plane off a board,
A car-spring off the track;
I saw a monkey-wrench a hat
From a fair jady's pate;
I raw a rattle-snake a bird,
And hogs-head on the plate.
I saw a brandy-snach a glass,
I saw a shooting a ar,
I heard the corn-stalk in the field,
And pig-fron crow-bar.
I saw a pin-wheel off a poet,
And wheel-wright in a shop,
I saw a gin-sling up on a barI saw a gin-sling up on a barI saw a shad-roe and a clam-bake,
And saw a chicken-stew.
I saw a sword-flah from a bank,
I heard the water-spout;
I saw tobacco-spit, and then
I heard an eye-bawl out,
I saw a fence-rail at the din,
I heard a waist-band play
A lovely strain—a sweet spit-toon—
And then I went away.

A Modern Sermon.

The following, says an English pa-per, exhibits the method upon which he average parson constructs his delectable discourse:

"Brethren, the words of my text

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard.
To get her poor dog a bone;
fat when she got there, the cupboard was And so the poor dog had none."

"These beautiful words. dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyze their meaning, and to attempt to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our every day life,

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cup-To get her poor dog a bone.

"Mother Hubbard, you see, was old, there being no mention of others, we may presume that she was alone; a she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No! she ment to the cupboard. And here observe that she went to the cupboard. She did not hop, or skip, or run, or jump, or use any peripatetic artifice; she solely and merely went to the cupboard.
"We have seen that she was old

and lonely; and we now further see that she was poor. For, mark, the words are 'the cupboard.' Not one of the cupboards,' or the 'right-hand cupboard,' or the 'left-hand cupboard,' or the one above, or the one below, or the one under the floor, but just the cupboard. The one humble little cupboard the poor widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets or glittering precious stones, or costly apparel, or feasts, or any other attributes of wealth? It was to get her poor dog a bone! Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor too. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard-in hope, in expectation, may be-to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open or ajar, to open it for that poor dog.

"But when she got there the cupboard was And so the poor dog had none."

"When she got there!' You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. She got there. There have been taught to believe that the were no turnings and twistings, no slippings or slidings, no leaning to the right or falterings to the left.
With glorious simplicity we are told prudence. she got there.
"And how was her noble effort

rewarded?

"The cupboard was bare!' It was bare. There was to be found cheesecakes, nor penny-buns, nor gingerbread, nor crackers, nor nuts, was bare! There was but one, only glorious loadstar of the poor dog, customed to receive. was bare! Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a fillet of wholesalers and retailers are comveal, even an ice from Gunter's, the pelled to receive much smaller case would have been different, the profits, should not the laborer be incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare, my brethren, bare as a bald head, bare as an infant vantage of small profits? born without a caul.

"Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry-The widow, no doubt, went out and bought a dog biscuit.' Ah, no! Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow, whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she only used one cupboard, perceived—or I might even say saw—at once the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barren cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable; she did not try, like the so-called men of science, to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. 'The poor dog had none!' And then, at But do we not know sufficient? Are

we not cognizant of enough? "Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of old Mother Hubbard, her poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still or, is in practice impossible."

standing at the open supboard door; depict to ourselves the dog still drooping his disappointed tail upon the floor; the sought for bone still remaining somewhere else? Ah, no. my dear brethren; we are not so permitted to attempt to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as far as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our gature, to avoid being widows; to shun the patronymic of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard in the house; and to keep stores in them all. And, oh, dear friends, keeping in recollection what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But, brethren, if we do-if Fate has ordained that we should do anything of these things, let us then go, as Mother Hubbard did, straight, without curveting or prancing, to our cup-board, empty though it be; let us, like her, accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness; and should we, like her, ever be left a hungry dog and an empty cupboard, may future chronicles be able to write also of us, in the beautiful words of our text:

' And so the poor dog had none."

Labor vs. Capital.

That labor and capital are inseparable all must admit, after a careful and attentive investigation. There is no capital where there is no labor, and capital will not exist without labor-the one is but the antecedent of the other; deprive any community of the one and you necessitate the expulsion of the other.

The laborer will not work where there is no likelihood of a compensation for his work, and the capitalist, who is continually employing his widow—a friendless, old solitary means for the erection of buildings, widow. Yet did she despair? Did the beautifying of premises and the spread of commerce, not only benefits himself, but is furnishing funds for

the man who labors. In speaking of the capitalist, we do not necessarily mean the bondholder, the banker or the millionaire; but the farmer, the merchant, the miller, the mechanic, etc. Each, as they employ hands from time to time, and furnish the means for their compensation, are capitalists.

The young man, who by industry has accumulated funds enough to work a few acres of land, and em

ploys help to till it, is a capitalist. So much has been said and done to cause hatred and rivalry between labor and capital, between workingmen and the men of means, that even now a feeling of antipathy exists, and what is the result? The laborer imagines his employer to be a hard master, not willing to compensate him as he should for his labors. Consequently strikes have been instituted causing the waste of property, the loss of life, and eventually throwing North in handling women is from worthiness Professor Gubler, of Paris, many men out of employment, who for years commanded the confidence and respect of their employers.

Such wrongs have been common. and are known in almost every city, and they occur simply for the want of due appreciation of the labor performed, and confidence in the em-

Our political organs in their strife for power have done much towards irritating this feeling of enmity, in presenting the matter in such a light to the public, that the workingmen employer was a tyrant, endeavoring

The past few years have been years of anxiety to the business man, fraught with many uncertainties. With unstable values and unstable credit, at every turn there was neither apples nor oranges, nor a doubt. They were operating on a margin which was growing nar-rower each year, and this does not nor lucifer matches. The cupboard apply to one particular class of business, but to every branch of indusone solitary cupboard in the whole try. The days of large profits are of that cottage, and that one, the over, and business men do not expect sole hope of the widow, and the the same margin they have been ac-

> If then the manufacturers, the willing to bear a part of the burden, and share with them the disad-

> One of the hardest lessons we have to learn is to live according to the times and within our means. When we are willing to do that, strife between labor and capital will cease, and one will be as indispensable to the other as night is to day .- Grocers

How to apply Ashes and Salt.

Unleached ashes may be applied at the rate of forty or fifty bushels per acre upon land that is full of weeds. The more vegetable matter there is in the soil, the more ashes it will bear. Salt may be used at the rate of 300 to 400 lbs. per acre. Sawdust is quite useless until thoroughly rotted. By mixture of liquid from the stables, it may serve as a useful vehicle for this valuable fertilizer.

London Truth :- "In Germany vast quantities of beer and of wines are drunk, but neither are heady, and consequently there is hardly any drunken-ness. Thus I would wean the poorer classes from their tippling habits, instead of seeking at once to convert them from

A Question of Modesty.

[Providence (R. L.) Dispatch.] It is strange how different civilization looks upon the same matter. In Japan, for instance, men, women and children bathe freely together with-out a vestige of clothing, and with no thought or suggestion of inde-cency. There is, in the United half. States even, a wide difference in the views which women of different sections entertain in respect to what constitutes an insult from a man. It is undeniable that, at the North, a degree of contact and familiarity is

tolerated without a thought of impropriety which, in the South is resented as an impertinence and insolence. The recent tragedy at Richmond, Va., in which Chas. C. Curtis was shot dead by John Poindexter, is a case in point. The murdered man had complimented Miss Isabella Cottrell, Poindexter's sweetheart, on her pretty foot, and had, as the young lady declared, squeezed her arm rather too warmly in helping her into a carriage. With this as a provocation, Poindexter cowhided Curtis and then shot him dead, and the jury could not agree that Poindexter had committed a crime in taking Curtis' life.

A New York girl, the other day,

invited her aunt from Savannah, who was visiting her, to enter a Broadway shoestore with her. Araminta, the niece, much to her aged relative's horror, projected her pretty foot and ankle across the clerk's knee, had her old boots removed and submitted, interestedly, holding her dress conveniently out of the way, while the clerk began eneasing the fair one's nether extremities in a new and extra long pair of fifteen dollar "high buttoners." The Savannah aunt was shocked beyond expression at her niece's strange immodesty in exposing ber stocking feet to male gaze, and when the shoe-clerk, beginning at the lower buttons, gradually progressed in his upward work, Georgia medesty and propriety could no longer endure the shocking spectacle, and down came the sun umbrella on the shoeclerk's head with a whack, and her fingers, tingling with shame, made busy with his hair. It was to no purpose that Araminta explained that such occurrences were the "regular thing" in New York. That is undoubtedly the truth, and the reporter who has been interviewing New York belles, apropos of the bloody tragedy at Richmond, doubtless correctly reports the views which prevail among

the women of Gotham.

At the South, however, there is no immediate prospect of the adoption of the views or the degree of freedom from men which is tolerated in New York and elsewhere in the North. Nor can it be denied that the looseness which many shoeclerks, hack-drivers, car-conductors, the Southern standpoint very shock-ing. Some of these fellows are insufferable. They find a breastpin out of plump, or a hairpin sticking a sixteenth of an inch further out than it should, or a lock of hair astray, or a watch slipping out of a belt, or a stitching, or a flower in the hat droops a trifle, or the shawl-pin doesn't hang just so, and they insist lady's elbow to lift her over a straw on the walk or across a six-inch guthis hand upon waist and partially lifting her up. If he helps her into a carriage, he wants to lift her in, and, in assisting her to alight, he makes her jump into his arms, where he holds her as long as he dares. While riding with her he always has his band on the seat behind her, ready to seize her waist every time there is a jolt big enough to give him an ex-cuse for doing so-in fact, he seems to be continually aching to paw, in one way or another, every lady into whose company he is thrown. It may not be improper between people well acquainted with each other, but it doesn't look well, and ladies, while they don't like to appear annoyed, still feel so, and wish to be let alone.

Manures.

It is now well understood by the farmers of New England that in order to secure paying crops they must use such fertilizers as will secure them. There is but little land but what will produce fruit, vegetables, hay, grain, wood, etc., with the right care and cultivation. The Ploughman in speaking on the subject of manures, says.

Professor Quinton declares his belief that at some future age of the world man will have attained such a complete mastery over the forces of nature as to be able to communicate with his fellows over long distances, and from country to country, merely by the exercise of his will power. When this period arrives our wife can halloo over the back fence to Queen Victoria and ask her whether she intends to have her new spring silk made up with a Camargo basque displaying the vest, or a shirred front with bouffant black drapery—or somehow that way. And every man will be his own Atlantic cable.—Norristown Herald.

Mr. Oliver Ames is finishing an elegant cottage at Martha's Vineyard.

Mr. George Dines, who has made ex-tensive experiments and observations on the formation of dew, finds that the depth of deposit in England in an evening rarely exceeds a hundredth part of an inch, and that the average annual depth of the dew deposit upon the surface of the earth does not exceed an inch and a

TO STRAIGHTEN WARPED WOODS.

Of all the trials and vexations that beset the beginner there are none more annoying than the tendency of wood to warp. He sends to his dealer for a small assortment of fine woods, and expects to receive them perfectly true and flat. Perhaps the woods are flat when they leave the dealer, but in transit they are very likely to twist out of shape, reaching their destination badly warped. The ex-pressman may not be aware of the subtle nature of these woods, and in not a very gentle manner lays the package on a cold, damp floor. The dry wood sucks in the moisture on one side, swells and curls. It should not be a difficult mat-ter to cure this. If the wood is in a large piece the convex or hollow side should be steamed or moistened a little and then laid upon a dry floor, holding it down with a smooth, flat board upon which weights are placed. When quite dry it will be found to have regained its original shape. If the wood is in small pieces it can be easily straightened by gently steaming the convexed side over a teakettle and then holding the other side toward the heat until it becomes straight, when it can be left in a press or under weights for a few hours. Almost any warped woods will yield under this treatment.—Leffels' News.

DISEASE IN SEWERS. In every house there is of this refuse material a large amount. On washing day many gallons, often barrels, of water in which our clothing has been washed, and containing the filth that the skin has thrown off during the week, must be disposed of. All through the week more or ess dishwater and dirty water from various sources accumulates. As a rule it is thrown into a drain which is, perhaps, covered only with a board, and carried only a few feet away, when it soaks into the soil or spreads out on the ground and evaporates into the air. If the soil is pervious it may leak into it and some of it eventually find its way into the well. In the course of a short time these slops fill the soil full, a sort of fermentation takes place, and as the air is more or less excluded, most poisonous gases are de-generated. It is now positively known that many diseases have their origin in breathing these gases. It does not fol-low that they always cause disease, because the germs may not always be present, but they frequently do. Diphthe-ria, that scourge of both city and country, has been traced time and again in the city to sewer gas passing into the house. In the country, where less attention is given to the cause of disease, the drain for slops is not always recognized as the source of diphtheria, but in very many cases it has been proved to be so beyond the slightest doubt.—Herald of Health.

SPECIFIC AGAINST HYDROPHOBIA. The British-American Journal has the following in connection with the dread disease, hydrophobia, and its suc-cessful treatment: "Dr. Grzyvala, of Krivoe Ozeroe, Podolia, for whose trustcrucial trials, which he describes at length, he has found that, after having had opportunities of treating at least one hundred cases of men bitten by rabid dogs, with the Xanthium Spinosum, he has never in any one of these cases failed to ward off hydrophobia. He gives some gather of a dress has started the startling examples. During the Crimean war a family of twelve persons had been bitten by a hydrophobic wolf. Six of them entered his wards in the Hospital on fixing these matters, and keep of Olschanka, government of Podolla, district of Balta. They were treated fumbling and pawing and picking with infusion of the leaves of the away at a lady until attention is xanthium, and all recovered. The six drawn to the performance and an- others, who were treated by the actual noyance is the result. One of these fellows will put his hand under a lady's elbow to lift her over a straw hydrophobia in the course of twelve to sixty days. He recounts many other facts not less striking. For an adult, ter, and, when going up a rise of two the dose is sixty contigrammes of the or three steps, will insist on putting dry powder, repeated three times a day, and continued during six weeks. Chil-dren under twelve take half that quantity. The dose for animals is much larger. A herd of thirty oxen had been bitten by a mad wolf; eight had succumbed with symptoms of hydrophobia. The Commissary of Police came to Dr. Grzyvala for his 'antirabic powder.' He gave three ounces of the powder, with bran, daily to each of the remaining animals; none of them suffered from the disease. These are examples of which Dr. Grzyvala says he has a hundred

THE GENESIS OF THE MOSQUITO.

A physician corresponding with the Scientific American says: "For several years past I have noticed in warm weather that my wooden cistern, which is above ground, has been infested with peculiar looking little red worms. I have heard many others like myself complain of these worms, and I had taken it for granted that they were a species of earth worm. However, last summer I procured a glass jar and sprinkled the bottom of it with a very small quantity of sand and clay. I then half filled the jar with clear fresh water, and after put-ting a dozen of these worms in the jar I tied a piece of cloth over the mouth and placed it in a light, airy place. The worms were from half to three-fourths of an inch in length, of a bright red color, and had rather a jointed appearance about the body. They would crawl on the bottom of the jar, swim through the water by a rapid bending of the body backward and forward, and occasionally come up to the surface of the water and float. Within twenty-four hours after placing them in the jar I noticed that they had all gone down to the bottom of the vessel and had enveloped themselves separately in a kind of temporary shell made of earth and sand. In a few days after this I saw one of these worms crawl out of his temporary house at the bottom of the jar and swim to the surface of the water. Here, after twisting about for a few seconds, he ruptured a thin membrane that enveloped his body, and came out a full-fledged mosquito ready for business. I noticed many of the other worms going through the same performance within a short while after-

ward. Some of the mosquitoes were much larger than others, but, as I have already stated, some of the worms wer also larger than others.

REMEDIES FOR CARPET BEETLES, MOTES, AC. Francis Gregory Sanborn, Consulting Naturalist, writes to the Scientific American in regard to the pest of all house keepers: "At this season we are fre quently besieged by inquiries in rela-tion to the 'carpet beetle,' moth, etc. Many of our readers may be glad to know of the following simple remedies":

First-Steep one quarter of a pound of

Cayenne pepper in a gallon of water; add two drachms of strychnia powder. Strain and pour this tea into a shallow vessel, such as a large tinned iron milk pan. Before unrolling a new carpet set the roll on each end alternately in this poisoned tea for ten minutes, or long enough to secure the saturation of its edges for at least an inch. After beating an old carpet, roll and treat all its seams and edges to the same bath. Let the carpet dry thoroughly before tacking it to the floor, in order to avoid the accidental poisoning of the tacker's fingers by the liquid. It is perhaps unnecessary to state that the residue of the liquid should be thrown out where it will not be drunk by any domestic animal, or if preserved for future use, carefully labelled "poison." This preparation will not stain or disfigure carpets nor corrode metals in contact with the carpet, as will most preparations of corrosive mblimate.

Second-One pound of quassia chips, one quarter of a pound of Cayenne pepper, steeped in two gallons of water Strain and use as above. This prepara tion, although irritating to the human skin, especially on cut surfaces, has the advantage of not being poisonous. To either of these teas from one quarter to one-half more boiling water may be added at the time of first using, if greater depth of the liquid in the vessel be required. When it is desirable to treat carpets that are not to be taken up, either of the above preparations may be applied by means of any of the common atomizers to every seam and margin with good results, although a second, and even third, application may be needed.

Legal Opinions.

An honest farmer once called upon the late Roger M. Sherman, the celebrated lawyer, and told him that he wanted an opinion. He had heard a great deal about the value of Mr. Sherman's opinions, and how a great many people went to him to get an opinion, and John, though he never had, nor was likely to have, a lawsuit or other difficulty for a lawyer to help him from thought he would have an

'opinion" too. "Well, John, what can I do for you? said Mr. S., when John in his turn was shown into his room.

"Why, lawyer," replied John, "I hap-pened to be in town, and having nothing to do thought I would come and get your opinion. State your case, John. What's the

matter?

"Oh! nothing. I ain't got no lawsuit I only want to get one of your opinions they say they're very valuable." But, John, about what?"

"Oh! anything, sir, take your pick and Mr. Sherman, seeing the notions of his client on the matter on hand, took his pen, and writing a few words folded them up and handed them to John, who care-

fully placed the paper in his pocket.
"What's to pay, sir?" "Four and six-pence, Yankee money-seventy-five cents."

When John returned home the next morning he found his wife, who pretty much took the lead of his business matters, anxiously discussing with his chief farm servant, the propriety of getting in a large quantity of oats on that day, which had been out the one previous, or of undertaking some other labor.

John was appealed to to settle the question, but he could not decide. At length, he said: "I tell you what, Polly, I've been to a lawyer and got an opinion that cost me four and six pence. There it is-read her out; it's a lawyer's writing, and I can't make head or tale of it!

John, by the way, could not read the plainest print, but Polly, who was some-thing of a scholar, opened the paper and read as follows: "Never put off till to-

morrow what can be done to-day."
"Enough said!" cried John, "them oats
must be got in." And they were "got in." and the same night such a storm came on as otherwise would have rained them entirely.-Exchange.

Found at Last.

Some years ago, as a Mississippi steamboat came to a river landing, a tall, ungainly, gawkish looking fellow, leaning against a wood pile, attracted the attention of the passengers, one of whom, a talkative and conspicuous person, remarked to his friends that he was going to have some fun out of that fellow. Drawing a savage-looking bowie knife,

"So, old fellow, I've found you at last. You're the man that stole a dog of mine, and I've sworn to get square with I've been looking for you for a you.

The gawky lazily opened his eyes in wondering amazement at first, as though he didn't understand it. Then catching sight of the laughing passengers looking on from the deck, he took in the situation. By the time "smarty" had finished telling him how long he had been looking for him, he had taken out of his pocket a fist like a sledge hammer on the end of the arm of a wind-mill. He swung it once and knocked the man who had been looking for him plump into the river. Then resuming his place against the woodpile, he raised his eyes to the deck, and with a very lazy drawl inquired :-"Is there anybody else on this boat

looking for me?

Simple pity ain't much better to a person than an insult; but to pity him with a five dollar bill is bizzness .- J. Bil-

It is a bad plan to "make up" the beds immediately after breakfast. The sleep-ing apartments in the house should be ing apartments in the house should be aired every day. Beds should be opened every morning to the sun and to the atmosphere. Do not be in too much haste to get the chambers in order. Let the sheets and blankers be spread over separate chairs, the matresses lifted apart, and the pure morning air be allowed to get into every nook and cranny of the room before the beds are made. Better to endure a little delay in getting the house in order than loss of health.

The Checker-Board.

Up to three evenings ago, says the De-troit Free Press, such a thing as checker-board was never known in Mr. Grattan's He and his aged partner have house. managed to pass the long evenings very pleasantly, and he supposed they were happy enough until a friend from the East paid them a flying visit and asserted over and over again that the game of heckers was not only all the rage there, but that it served to quicken the perceptive faculties, enlarge the mind and render the brain more active. After giving the subject due thought Mr. Grattan walked down town and purchased a checker-board, and when evening came, he surprised his good wife by bringing it in from the woodshed, and said:—

"Well, Martha, we'll have a game or two before we go over to the social. I expect to beat you all to finders, but you won't care.'

"Of course not, and if I beat you, why you won't care," she replied. They sat down and he claimed the first

move. She at once objected, but when he began to grow red in the face she yielded, and he led off. At the fourth move she took a man and chuckled as she raked him in. "I don't see anything to grin at," he

sneered, as he moved a man backwards. "Here! you can't move that way! she called out. "I can't, eh? Perhaps I never played

checkers before you were born! She saw a chance to jump two more men and gave in the point, but as she moved, she cried out :

"Put them men right back there! I've concluded not to move backwards, even if Hoyle does permit it!"

She gave in again, but when he jumped a man her nose grew red, and she

cried out :-"I didn't mean to move there; I was thinking of the social !" "Can't help the social, Martha-we

must go by Hoyle." In about two minutes she jumped two men, and went into the king-row, shout-

"One would think by your childish actions that you never played a game before!" he growled. 'I know enough to beat you!"

"You do, eh? Some folks are awful smart. "And some folks ain't!" she snapped.

as her king captured another man.
"What in thunder are you jumping that way for?"

"A king can jump anyway!"
"No, he can't!" "Yes he can !" "Don't talk back to me, Martha Grat-

tan! I was playing checkers when you were in your cradle!" "I don't care! I can jump two men whichever way I move!"

He looked down on the board, and

saw that such was the case, and roared

"You've moved twice to my once!" "I haven't!" "I'll take my oath you have ! I can't

play against such black-leg practices!"
"Who's a black-leg? You not only
cheated, but you tried to lie out of it!" Board and checkers fell between them. He could get on his hat quicker than she could find her bonnet, and that was the only reason why he got out of the house A Woodward avenue grocer found him sitting on a basket of cranberries at the door as he was closing up for the night, and asked him if he was waiting for his wife to come along.

"Well, not exactly; I stopped here to feel in my pocket for the key of the barn. I shall sleep on the hay to-night and see if it won't cure this cold in my head!'

You Can Let Go.

Few will read this incident without a tear for the hero who so courageously gave the fatal order.

Private Fisher had remained through all his trials stout, fresh and hearty, interesting in appearance, and so gentlemannered and uncomplaining that we all loved him.

Supported on his crutches, he had walked up and down his ward in the hospital for the first time since he was wounded, and seemed almost restored. That same night he turned over and uttered an exclamation of pain.

Following the nurse to his bed, and turning down the covering, a small jet of blood spurted up. The sharp edge of the splintered bone must have severed an artery. I instantly put my finger on the little orifice and awaited the surgeon. He

soon came, took a long look and shook The explanation was easy. The artery was imbedded in the fleshy part of the thigh, and could not be taken up. No

earthly power could save him. There was no object in detaining Dr. -. He required his time and his strength, and long I sat by the man, un-

conscious himself that any serious trouble was apprehended. The hardest trial of my duty was laid upon me, the necessity of telling a man in the prime of life and fullness of

strength that there was no hope for him. It was done at last, and the verdict received patiently and courageously, some directions given by which his mother would be informed of his death, and then he turned his questioning eyes upon my

"How long can I live?" "Only as long as I keep my finger upon this artery." A pause ensued. God alone knew what thoughts hurried through that heart and brain, called so unexpectedly from all earthly hopes and

He broke the silence at last. You can let go"-

But I could not, not if my own life had trembled in the balance. Hot tears rushed to my eyes, a struggling sound to my ears, and a deathly coldness to my

lips.

The pang of obeying him was spared me, and for the first and last time during the trials that surrounded me for four years I fainted away.

A good story is told of a colored minister of Ballard County who was brought on trial before his church on the charge of stealing bacon. After a number of witnesses had been examined, the deacons retired, and soon after returned the fol-lowing verdict:—"The Rev. Moses Bledso am ackwitted of de sinuations that he actual did stole the pork, and twas not showed dat somebody else miten't have been wearin his cloz; but de broder is hereby festionatally warned, dat in dehereby fectionately warned dat in da future he must be more keerful."