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"IS THERE A FUTURE LIFE?"

A PHILOSOPHIC REVERIE ON THE SUBJECT OF IMMORTALITY. Catillon's elegy on the death of his brother: "Ave et Vale" (Farewell and forever).

It may be true that "it takes all kind of men to make a world," but the same cannot be truly said of building up a town. There are some men who are of no use, earthly or otherwise, in building up a town.

Yet Truth we must seek, though it point to the Darkness, Where nothing is ours of the glad days gone by, Leave solace unproved for that Truth is its starkness!

Yes, pause we, ere reason makes final reply, Yes, pause we! If Forces we know are persistent, If Attraction, Heat, Motion, survive in their place;

Wild waltz of the world through all Time and all Space, Can the highest of Forces, the Thought-Force, the Vital, When evolved to the utmost, pass placeless away?

Can the wrong done on earth have no merit of requital? Shall the man be but waste on his funeral day? But waste! What because of the brave, the true-hearted,

For the lost Cause, the true Cause, who perished in vain? Has the might of the martyrs and heroes departed, The Faith, death-defiant, and passed with the pain?

We know not! The Silence is dead to our question! At no final answer can Reason arrive: Nor, in absence of proof, need reject the suggestion

That Somewhere each force of the soul may survive! That Somewhere, though Where our poor wisdom can show not, Those energies work that were noble and pure;

That the aims that were highest their purpose forego not, That the love-chain, death-broken on earth, shall endure!

That when closed on the field of defeated endeavor? The earth-anims are wiped from the generous eyes; That the just cause, earth-thwarted, has failed not forever,

That the high test of Wisdom still higher shall rise, Have they changed? Have the little ones bloomed to maturity? Have the old, whom we loved, in new youth found array?

What heart does not crave for some final assurance, Some balm for the worst wound we meet in life's way? We know not! The wings of our spirit fall broken

And bruised from the bars of our cage when they soar; And the last word of Reason and Hope have been spoken. In the whisper that bids us Endure and Adore,

Though unproved, we avow in our heart we believe it; Faith lives, though we own the old fallacies laid, Through not as the school-men we see and receive.

And when some Sophistries cannot admit, Though adults in manhood, we dare their denial, Still baying through night till the darkness be done,

MOONSHINING ON THE TRAIN AND IN THE TUNNELS.

A newly-married couple were en route to Washington by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. There are many tunnels on this road on the other side of the Ohio river.

Over in West Virginia the train entered a tunnel. Upon emerging into the light the young man's face was seen to wear a studious expression. He was thinking. At first he seemed perplexed, then interested, then triumphant.

Which—shadow—rumble—darkness! The veil is drawn. It is another tunnel. Light again, and the young man looks happier than ever. The bride's cheek displays a gentle blush—a modest, experienced blush, discoverable only to the initiated and cautious.

There are many triumphs, but not enough. If the whole line were a tunnel, the bride and groom would not care how slow the train proceeded.

The man who has not lived to bless the builder of tunnels, does not know what happiness is. He is but little above the brute which never troubles the Creator for passing clouds over the moon on prayer-meeting night.

But our bridegroom was not one of these parties. He appreciated all the blessings which man and nature had bestowed upon him. He did not miss a tunnel.

But all things must have an end. Daylight always comes to the newly-married. Strawberries and cream must be paid for at the cashier's desk. Within the blissful cucumber hides a microscope. Our young husband goes for a drink of water. While on this errand his eager eye catches the signs of another tunnel.

Of course he fears his bride will be so afraid if left in the darkness, and he hastens to her side. Quick move his feet, he fosters her side. The darkness gathers while he is yet half a dozen seats away. But the brave man does not falter. He gropes along, he reaches the seat, (or thinks he does), and slides into it. Deep are the shadows, and loud hums the train.

A soft, languid vigorous—a sound of scuffling—a thump or two—and a bright light of a May day breaks upon the scene. The young husband frantically endeavored to disengage himself from the grasp of an angry colored woman sitting in the seat behind his bride. He at length succeeds, and retires sullenly to his seat, wiping his mouth, and occasionally spitting upon the floor, as if he had bitten through a worm in a fig.

The tunnels come and go, but their shadows are scarcely deeper than those upon the face of the young honeymoon.

There are eight national banks in Oregon having combined capital of \$710,000 and an outstanding circulation amounting to \$406,140. The surplus fund amounts to \$6,789,677, and the undivided profits to \$571,865.43.

Acting Commissioner Walker, of the general land office, has declined to issue any more patents to Northern Pacific railroad, pending a decision fixing the legal status of the road in this regard. He follows the rule laid down by Commissioner Sparks in relation to California & Oregon and the Oregon and California roads.

"I say father," observed an irreverent passenger on a ferry-boat to a good priest whose mule was displaying signs of uneasiness as the bark pushed off, "your mule seems uneasy."

In an examination destined to test the general knowledge of young ladies about to enter the ranks of professional student-life, a series of questions was put as tests of the reading of the candidates. The following were some of the replies obtained from the aspiring youths.

Reset on all we escape the dread infection is the question which the denizens of fever and ague districts ask themselves. The answer comes from former sufferers who for years have escaped the visitation of the periodic scourge, through the protecting influence of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

A man is known by the company he keeps out of.

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Notice to the Public. All persons knowing themselves indebted either by note or book account are hereby requested to come forward and make immediate payment, as all old running accounts must be settled by April 1st, 1884, or the same will be duly collected by law.

MRS. A. GARDEN. would respectfully inform the public that she has just opened out a Complete Stock of Spring and Summer Millinery

TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS, Feathers, Trimmings, Flowers, Ornaments and all the latest Novelties.

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