

SNYDER & WARREN, PROPRIETORS.
MCMINNVILLE, OREGON

CALDWELL AT SPRINGFIELD.

Here's the spot. Look around you. Above on the right Lay the Hessians encamped. By the church on the right Stood the gains Jersey farmers. And here ran a wall— You may dig anywhere and you will turn up a ball.

Nothing more did I say? Stay one moment, you've heard Of Caldwell, the parson who once preached the word Down at Springfield? What! No? Come, that's bad. Why he had All the Jerseys Adams. And they gave him the name Of the "rebel high priest." He stuck in their gorge, For he loved the Lord God—and he hated King George!

He had cause, you might say, when the Hessians that they Marched up with Knyphausen, they stopped on their way At the "Farms," where his wife, with a child in her arms, Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew But God—and one of the hired crew Who fired the shot. Enough! There she lay.

And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband, away! Did he preach—did he pray? Think of him, as you stand By the old church to-day; think of him and that band Of militant cowboys! See the smoke and the heat Of that reckless advance—of that struggling retreat! Keep the ghost of that wife foully slain in your view—

And what could you—what should you—what would you do? Why, just what he did! They were left in the lurch, For want of more wadding. He ran to the church, Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed out in the road With his arms full of hymn-books, and threw down his load At their feet! Then above all the shouting and shouting

Rang his voice: "Put Watts into 'em, boys! Give 'em Watts." And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow, Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago: You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball. But not always a hero like this—and that's all.

—Bret Hart.

MR. SPATTERDOCK'S MISTAKE.

"It'll never do—never." Mr. Spatterdock shook his head at some imaginary auditor, as he stood warming himself with his back to the fire.

The blazing hickory logs snapped and crackled, sending a cheerful warmth through the snug room, with its heavy mahogany furniture, fresh ingrain carpet and gaily-flowered curtain.

"Rob's a likely young fellow, and if he must get married, there's no reason why he should throw himself away on a poor girl, with nothing to bless herself with but a pair of cherry cheeks and coal-black eyes, or whatever color they are—I ain't never set eyes on the girl. But Rob Greenaway's my own nephew and it's my duty to look after him. Marrying, indeed! What the dickens does he take such a silly notion in his head for, anyway? I ain't never married and look at me!"

And, truly, Mr. Spatterdock seemed an enviable man, if he was an old bachelor, nearly forty.

His housekeeper was a model of thrift and neatness. Not a crook or a cranny of the big old farm-house but what was swept and scoured and garnished. Not a pane of glass but was sheer and speckless as a French mirror. And you might dance a jig on any of the carpets and not raise a mote of dust to show in the brightest sunbeam.

Wash-day came every Monday and ironing-day every Tuesday, rain or shine, week in and week out, from year's end to year's end.

"Look at me!" continued Mr. Spatterdock, still addressing his imaginary auditor. "I've never married, and, what's more, I've never wanted to. And Rob will get over this notion, too, if only— Let me see. It's no use arguing with a young fellow that's as set as mule when he takes a notion; and the Greenaways allus was obstinate.

"I'll send him away awhile—three months or so, anyhow. There's sister Roseanna, living over to Sweetgum Holler. I'll send him there for two or three months, and he'll forget all about her in that time. Or maybe I kin see the girl herself, and sort of buy her off, like. Yes, that's what I'll do. Hillo, Rob! that you?"

Mr. Spatterdock's greeting was suspiciously warm, but Rob seemed not to notice it.

"Good-morning, uncle!" he returned, rather soberly. "You wanted to see me, I believe."

"Yes, Rob."

A rather stormy interview ensued, in which the uncle, however, came out successful.

"Well, well, and so that's settled, anyhow."

Mr. Spatterdock had come home a few hours later, having accompanied his nephew to the depot and watched him speed off on the train.

"Rob's off safe and sound," he muttered, punching the fire till it blazed like a young Vesuvius. "He didn't like the notion of going, at first. Reckon he thought I was a-goin to send him clear to Injy! But, soon as he found 'twas only forty miles away, to Sweetgum Holler, he got as chirk as a bull-tarrier. He's promised not to let a soul know where he's gone, an' I've promised, if they're both in

the same notion three months from now I won't say nothin' more agin them

"But it's my business to see they ain't both in the same notion. I must go and call on Miss Penny—Petti—whatever the name is—and try to fix it up somehow or another."

To tell the truth, it was more the meddling of the women-folks than anything else which had set Mr. Spatterdock against his nephew's choice.

"Real common sort of folks they are," declared Mrs. Ruhama Chickpea, "and nobody knows where they come from nor what they've b'en. I shouldn't 'low it, Mr. Spatterdock."

But as Mrs. Chickpea's eldest daughter, Rebecca, was known to be "setting her cap" for Rob Greenaway, perhaps her testimony should be taken with some allowance.

"Poor as church mice, too," said the Widow Smilax, who was supposed to have an eye on Mr. Spatterdock himself. "Of course, it's Rob's money they're after."

And Mr. Spatterdock had gone home thoroughly convinced that it was his duty to save his nephew from the snare that had been spread for him.

"And this is Miss Pettigil? Miss Penny Pettigil?"

"Yes." Mr. Spatterdock glanced sharply around at the home-like appearance of the tiny room in which he was standing, and looked curiously into the elfish brown eyes fixed on his own.

If this was Penny Pettigil he was in a deuce of a pickle! Why, the little witch was a beauty, out and out—and a lady, too!

Buy her off? Mr. Spatterdock would as soon have thought of—of—of anything else in the world!

And somehow or other, he could never tell exactly how it happened, but there he was, sitting in a little, chintz-covered rocking chair, chatting of Rob, and everything else under the sun, while Penny Pettigil's wonderful, elf-brown eyes flashed and sparkled, or dropped their dusky lashes over cheeks that glowed like crimson coral.

"H'm! Rob's a lucky fellow, after all," muttered the uncle, as he walked home with his head in the clouds, metaphorically, his heart beating, meanwhile, in a way he had never known it to beat before.

"Throwing himself away, indeed! It's her that's a-throwing herself away, if anything. Poor girl! She'll be lonesome while Rob's gone. I must drop in often."

The villagers held quite aloof from the Pettigil's, but Mr. Spatterdock made ample amends for their neglect.

Mrs. Pettigil, Penny's mother, was a sweet-faced old lady, and Penny herself was as piquant and changeable as an April day.

"And so you sent Rob off to git him away from that girl, Mr. Spatterdock?"

The Widow Smilax, after lingering on the way home from church until Mr. Spatterdock overtook her, was making the most of the opportunity thus afforded.

"That kind of girls is so artful, to be sure! But it seems most a pity that you took so much trouble, now that the girl has gone away herself."

"Gone away—herself?" Mr. Spatterdock stared.

"Why, yes, to be sure!" Didn't you know it? She went the week before Rob did. Went to visit her married sister, I hear, a-livin' out at Sweetgum Holler."

Mr. Spatterdock wondered whether he really had gone crazy or not. But, of course, there was some mistake!

He declined the widow's invitation to dinner, much to her disappointment, and went at once to learn the truth of the matter.

"I thought you knew it was my cousin that Mr. Greenaway came to see," exclaimed Penny, dropping her eyes, bashfully. "Her name is Penny, too, though we generally call her Pen, to distinguish us. Her sister was taken sick, and she went to stay with her, and so—"

"And so, Penny—my Penny—you are really free, and you do care enough for me to be my little wife?"

Whatever the answer was, there was a double wedding at the tiny cottage when Rob came home, and the village criterions, who had refused to receive the plebeian Pettigils, now had occasion to wonder whether Mrs. Simeon Spatterdock and Mrs. Rob Greenaway would receive them.

"A SORT O' EXPECTIN' LOOK."

A New Hampshire countryman last summer used to do a good deal of obser-ant sauntering about a house where boarded some city ladies. One of them, not very young, but of rather attractive appearance, came in for much staring, shrewd rather than impudent. Once it came in his way to do her a service by which he discovered her name and also the prefix Miss before it. "Well, I be hanged," he replied, "ef I hain't puzzled over that a bit. I wouldn't ask, fur I kind o' made up my mind long ago I could most always tell. Somethin' about you didn't look married, 'n' then agin somethin' did." "What was it did?" she asked. "Well, a sort o' look as ef you hed about settled it; was contented, 'n' done fur, 'n' didn't ask nothin' o' no man." "Is that look so unusual?" "Well, yes; 'ereabouts 'tis; but I've seen that look afore in women from down your way (Boston). I used to s'pose them es hed it was always married, but seems not. Well, all I hev to say is 'tain't natural! A woman ought always to hev a sort o' expectin' look about her till she's hitched. It helps her market. It does, no mistake.

Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes error a guilt and truth discourteous.

WM. C. BRYANT.

The Author of "Thanatopsis" a Truthful and Thorough Man.

HIS GREAT CONSIDERATION FOR THE FEELINGS OF OTHERS.

William Cullen Bryant was a plain man and disliked pretentious people. "How is it that you can make Mr. Bryant talk?" asked a lady of another, with whom she had seen the poet conversing. "Simply by not trying to be smart and making no effort to talk well," was the reply.

Many sought the poet whose works they admired. Some used to call him cold and unsympathetic. They were mistaken. The man they sought was modest in his estimation of himself, and therefore shy. He disliked to be lionized, and would not be patronized. But his apparent coldness of manner, arose from his truthfulness—he was unwilling to express a greater degree of interest than he felt.

No man was more cordial to those he knew and esteemed. As the editor of the Evening Post, he was distinguished for his frank and easy manners with his subordinates. His commands were put in the form of requests. If he wished to see one of the staff, he never sent for, but went to him. He never was ostentatious of himself, or of his position.

Consideration for others and a desire to avoid the infliction of pain were prominent traits of Mr. Bryant's character. A literary editor of the Evening Post once had a bad case of postic idiosyncrasy to deal with. Mr. Bryant had said to him, "I wish you to deal very gently with poets, especially the weaker ones." The editor was embarrassed—on one side was the injunction, on the other was the book of poems, without a line to praise.

Just then Mr. Bryant came in, and the editor, stating his embarrassment, read some of the stanzas to him. "No, you can't praise it, of course," answered Mr. Bryant; "it won't do to lie about it, but"—turning the volume in his hand and inspecting it—"you might say that the binding is securely put on and that—well, the binder has planed the edges pretty smooth."

Journalism demands rapid work. Topics must be shot on the wing. The haste is fatal to the style of journalists. But Bryant's style was marked through his half-century of editorial work by purity and elegance. It never degenerated.

"How do you manage to retain the purity of your style?" asked a friend. "If my style has fewer defects than you expect," answered the poet, "it is for the reason, I suppose, which Dr. Johnson gave Boswell for conversing so well; I always write my best."

"But," rejoined the friend, "there are daily emergencies when there is no time to choose words and be dainty, when the alternative is a hasty article or none at all."

"I would sooner," replied the painstaking editor, "the paper should go to press without an editorial article than to send to the printer one I was not satisfied with."

Perhaps another cause for the purity of Mr. Bryant's prose may be found in his habits of reading. He was fond of the old English classics, and often deplored their neglect by the present generation. He believed there was no worse thief than a bad book, and thought a man degraded his memory and his reason who used them to read any book which did not make him better, intellectually or morally.—Youth's Companion.

A QUAIN TOWN.

Germantown, close to Philadelphia, is a demure old Quaker town. One of its peculiarities is a free library of 10,000 volumes, from which fiction is rigidly excluded. The works of Shakespeare, Byron, Pope, Dryden, Thackeray and Kingsley are among those that are kept out. "Have you any of Mark Twain's works here?" a Philadelphia Times reporter asked. "No; his books of travels, I suppose, we hardly considered reliable enough," the librarian replied. "I don't know, though; there's some truth in them, I suppose—at least I've heard it said there was. I heard it though," said the librarian, looking a little dubious, "in a way that didn't altogether satisfy me. We don't put any plays in, and Shakespeare stays out on that ground. Of course there are some works on general literature that contain his quotations, but we can't help that. We hold that the mind should be led to take up wholesome reading—books on travels or natural history or biography—something that will amuse and instruct together. Our idea is that in reading, a person may become dissipated, just the same as by drinking whiskey."

Scrap-books though generally useful have their disadvantages, like old love-letters in a breach of promise suit. A Brooklyn newspaper writer, who contributed a very thorough article on Gambetta to his paper, is to-day a wanderer because the analysis of the great Frenchman's career originally appeared in a London daily. A brother journalist found him out, told the story, and actually produced a copy of the original article which he had preserved in his own scrap-book.

An Eastern journal states that "paper made from strong fibers can now be compressed into a substance so hard that nothing but a diamond can scratch it." How the editor verified the diamond part of the story is not known.

COFFEE.

The coffee-berry grows wild in Abyssinia, where a beverage has been prepared from it from time immemorial. It was introduced into Persia 875 A. D., and thence into Arabia some six hundred years later, where it was used mainly by students to keep them awake nights.

In 1621, Burton writes, "The Turks have a drink called coffee, as black as soot and as bitter, which they sip up as warm as they can suffer, because they find by experience that that kind of drink so used helpeth digestion and promoteth alacrity"—vivacity of spirits.

About 1650 it was introduced into England and France against much opposition. It will be seen that our Pilgrim Fathers were acquainted with the drink. Probably no beverage is now more extensively used.

The essential principle of coffee is caffeine, a poison capable of producing paralysis of the great nervous centres, but mainly affecting the spinal cord. The same is true of theine, the essential principle of tea. Such drugs are not necessarily harmful. Phosphorus is a violent poison; but it is found in fish.

Persons who drink coffee freely eat less food. The Gallie, an African chieftain, often, in their long wanderings, live solely on coffee and butter—a bagful of coffee a day of the size of a billiard-ball.

It is better adapted to the warm than to the other climates. Many, and an increasing number, at the North are injured by it, while it is used much more freely at the South with no harm.

There are thousands of people who cannot use tea and coffee without injury even in their mildest dilutions. When strong and in large quantities they may impoverish the nervous force, and prepare the way for the inroads of all forms of nervous diseases.

ONE ON THE BARKEEPER.

A few evenings ago while a half dozen gentlemen were standing at a bar of one of the most fashionable up-town saloons, a well-dressed, good-looking stranger entered the room and walked straight to the bar, and addressed the barkeeper in language like the following:

"Stranger, I am in a very, very bad condition. I want a drink; I must have a drink, but I am compelled to make the humiliating statement that I am unable at present to pay for it. If you will be kind enough to favor me in my extremity, you shall be paid, sir."

"We don't keep whiskey to give away here" was the blunt reply of the barkeeper. The stranger begged but the barkeeper was inexorable and even rude. The mild-mannered stranger turned to the gentlemen who had been witnesses to the conversation, and said: "Gentlemen, you are all strangers to me, but would one of you be kind enough to loan me the price of a drink? I will pay it back."

One of the party addressed handed the stranger 15 cents.

He stepped to the bar and said: "Now, can I have a drink?" "Yes," said the barkeeper; "anybody can get a drink for the money, here."

"I thought so," said the stranger. The bottle of "red licker" was placed on the bar; the stranger filled his glass liberally.

"A little bitters in there, if you please," said the stranger. Then when the bitters were furnished, he asked for a larger glass of water, which was also set up. The stranger drank his beverage and then turned to the man who had loaned him the money and said:

"Stranger, I make it a point of honor to pay borrowed money before I pay whiskey bills; here is your 15 cents; I am greatly obliged for the loan; and so saying he walked out. The dazed barkeeper, seeing he was sold and that the laugh was on him, ran to the door and called to the stranger to come back. The stranger returned and inquired: "What do you want?" The barkeeper replied: "That was a cute trick; you played, and I own up that you caught me. The drinks are on me. What will you take?" "Excuse me, sir," replied the stranger, "I drink only with gentlemen; I cannot drink with you," and the mysterious stranger walked away, leaving the barkeeper to wonder whether it would not be better to give a stranger one drink than to be caught by a trick and have to "set them up" to a whole crowd.

BELLS.—The invention of bells is attributed to Polonius, Bishop of Nola, Campania, about the year 400. They were first introduced into churches as a defense against thunder and lightning; they were first put up in Croiland Abbey, Lincolnshire, England, in 945. In the eleventh century, and later, it was the custom to baptize them in the churches before they were used. The curfew bell was established in 1078. It was rung at eight in the evening, when people were obliged to put out their fires and candles. The custom was abolished in 1100. Bellmen were appointed in London in 1556, to ring the bells at night and cry out: "Take care of your fire and candle; be charitable to the poor and pray for the dead."

The breaking of a glass in James G. Blaine's carriage, as it stood under the shed, in Washington, caused a report to be sent all over the country that an attempt had been made to assassinate him, when the glass was actually broken by a boy with a "bean shooter." The friends of Mr. Blaine, who shows such able advertising qualities, should be engaged by a circus as advance agents,—Peck's Sun.

ESSAY ON CATS.

Their unobscured Fondness and protection in many Instances of Little Children.

DEFIED AND BURIED WITH POMP BY THE EGYPTIANS.

No member of the family has suffered the abuse that the family cat receives at the hands of the general world. We do not speak of those who starve her, who turn her outdoors at night, who go away for a season in the country and leave her to forage for herself, but of those who simply slander her by injurious reports. When she suffers little children to lift her by the tail and carry her round by the heels, dress her up in caps and aprons as a doll, and inflict upon her a thousand well meant pains, it looks as though she loved them. There are innumerable instances on record of the affection of cats for children, and entirely contradictory of the outrageous old notion of their sucking the breath of babies. Puss, indeed, often makes her nest in the cradle, but not because she loves the little milky breath, nor because she loves the warmth, but because she loves the baby. She has been known to fly at the biggest and most ferocious dog entering the room where her little friend lay sleeping; to jump from the cradle when the child cried and run for the mother, returning and standing with her fore-feet on the cradle's edge, nervous and anxious till the mother took up the child; and one belonging to Mrs. Wilson, of Cmlts, near Aberdeen, Scotland, once accosted his mistress with pitious meows, running repeatedly to the door, and endeavoring to fetch her with him, and finally succeeding, when the lady found her sick and feeble child had been left, and so enveloped in the rugs and wraps that it would presently have suffocated if help had not been brought by the cat. When, moreover, the cat conquers her hereditary attachment to places, and follows persons about in their peregrinations, it can not be because she loves to travel. Dr. Stables, a surgeon of the British navy, tells us of his cat, which, although at six years old the mother of a hundred kittens, yet found time to accompany him on all his travels, having journeyed over 20,000 miles in his company, usually bestowing herself, when she judged that it was fitting-time, in the little basket that carried her, but on one occasion, having taken so long an airing before starting that her master was obliged to leave without her, she hailed him, as he walked along the railway platform, from a first-class carriage that she had thought it best to take to save time.

But when people say that Puss is cruel they forget that all carnivorous animals, and man among them, are cruel too. Yet Puss is sometimes more virtuous than man in this regard, and will live for years with the tempting morsel of a bird playing about her, disputing her dinner, and alighting on her very head. Dr. Good told, long ago, of one that had lived at peace with a tame canary suddenly, to the horror of the family, seizing it in her mouth, and springing to the top of a tall secretary, whereupon it was found that a strange cat had entered the room, which authenticated fact, from a scientific authority, must be held to dispose of the accusations both of cruelty and of stupidity if there were not other instances in plenty to do the same. There is certainly sagacity in the way any cat finds her way across miles of country to an old home, in the way she often sits by the cow, and asks the milkman to attend to her wants in the way she as often goes fishing; it was sagacity in the cat which caught the escaping canary, and brought it back alive to her mistress; it was sagacity in the cat that absolutely baited a mouse-hole with part of her own dinner, and sat and watched till she could pounce upon the mouse; it was sagacity in the cat that knew when Sunday came, as Mr. Whyte of Dallfield Terrace, Dundee, relates; and the cat that, threatened with condign punishment, have suddenly disappeared and never reappeared are legion. If one wants a study in philosophy, by-the-way, and an opportunity to discriminate between instinct and reason, he has only to observe any young cat on her first experience of a mirror, as she tries to put her paw behind it, pops back to see if the foe is still there, and ends by boxing the ears of the impudent creature confronting her there, and scampers away with her tail as big as ten, profoundly convinced of magic, whether or not she knows the word. Certainly cats are to every household where they are loved at all a part of the Lares and Penates, and to such households it is no matter of marvel that the Egyptians deified them, and laid their poor little carcasses away at last with all the honors given to the royal mummy. But it was not merely as the friend of the hearth that this was done; for Egypt was the land of grain, and the enemy of rats and mice preserved it from incalculable loss. In our own country, where it can hardly be denied that such vermin cost many thousand dollars' worth of damage yearly, the cat is no less valuable an animal than she was in ancient Egypt, and if she is not deified, she should certainly be treated with indulgence and respect.

Ladies sometimes forget that jewelry and profuse ornaments are no evidence of refinement, but rather tokens of vulgarity and want of taste.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Worth makes the man. Worth makes the dress he breaks in.

First small girl—"I know what I'm going to be when I grow up!" Second ditto—"What are you going to be when you grow up?" First girl—"A widdler."

A boy's tool chest only costs \$2.50 if the lad is anyways bright, but he saw the logs off every chair in the house and bore holes through the door in a week's time.

A Brooklyn grocer put 6,250 beans in a glass jar, and the guessing man all the way from 550 to 2,500. The one thing to know beans and amounts to estimate numbers.

You can buy grapes and peaches in winter, but the small boy will feel happy until he can go out and see his skates on and buy green apples on the street that will bend him like an alligator inside of half an hour.

One hotel in Albany has a knapsack rope at every window for guests to let themselves down by. The proprietor has been offered \$100 to send this way from the third story window, but he declines with thanks.

A Chicago man who flogged his daughter because "she had too many fellows and they disturbed his sleep" also kept the lamp and the burning all night," was fined \$100. Parents in Chicago have to be tough who is boss.

Dr. Schliemann, it is stated, dug northwest of Athens in search of Pericles' grave. We suspect a picton has got abroad that the late Mr. Pericles was poisoned, and it is proposed to hold a post mortem examination on the body. The grave should be brought to justice.

A new idea, that of photographing employes is being adapted by a firm at the East. This is done so that an employe skips out he can be found. If the employes will now insist on having photographs of their employes, the thing will be all right. Employers are as apt to skip out and leave employes to mourn, as the other way.

Ellen Foster confidently asserts that "by the year 2,000 there will be a rum-shop in the land." Let us see, that is 117 years hence. Let before that time all the saloon keepers now living will have retired millionaires, and will care very little whether the business be kept up by their successors or not.

Three Georgia girls each had several egg-nogs and a whole straight, then got in a buggy and started off in high spirits for a party. From the fact that they were so quickly found asleep in a corner, while a blacksmith was setting up the remains of the buggy with a hoe, it is fair to infer that the party passed off without their presence.

An exchange says: "Oscar Wilde will lecture in England on 'Impressions in America.' The only impression he ever made was when he visited a bakery and inadvertently sat down in a pan of dough." There must be some mistake here, and we doubt Mr. Wilde ever made an impression under those circumstances. Even he had sat down in a pan of dough as alleged above, the impression would have been in Mr. Wilde instead of the dough.

A patent medicine man wrote the editor of a religious paper, enclosing \$5 and saying: "Enclosed please find \$5 for which I want to say that my child medicine is the best in the market." The editor replied: "I am thankful for your opinion of my paper as an advertisement medium, but I cannot conscientiously say that your medicine is the best; consequently I decline your proposition." "That's an honest man," mused the advertiser. Some would have—"hello, he didn't turn the five dollars."

One evening recently, while a prayer meeting at the First Presbyterian Church was in progress, a congregation was startled at hearing an alarm clock in possession of one of the ladies present go off at a funeral rate. It appeared that the owner had had a watchmaker repair it, and was very particular in telling him to set it for half-past five o'clock. The lady was thinking of A. M. and P. M. watchmaker of P. M. It was set for 5:30 P. M., and went off on time at the prayer meeting, where the owner stopped on her way home.

The Chicago Hotel Reporter, speaking in the interest of young men, complains that the avenues by which they can earn an honest living are, respectively, full, calls their attention to the fact that there is a scarcity of good hotel cooks, and offers a salary a good cook receives is \$100 a month. If the young men of the present day will learn to cook, they will not only stand a good chance of getting paying positions, but they will be considered more available matrimonial partners. No fastidious should be without a head that can cook.

A few years ago a clergyman, who had recently announced, in a sermon, that he was going to be a half-rate ticket, which it was usual to sell to gentlemen of a certain cloth. He was rather a youthful looking minister, and the ticket-seller inquired incredulously, "Are you a clergyman?" Quick as thought the young divine began to open his sermon sack, saying: "I'll read you one of my sermons." The ticket-seller was satisfied, and handed over the half-rate ticket with a readiness which indicated that he was not in the mood to hear a theological essay.

Those who would let anything but the place of Christianity, must abolish all sorrow from the earth.