# Saint Mary's B[illegible]

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THE

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INGERSOLL ON LABOR.—I sympathize with every honest effort made by the children of labor to improve their condition. That is a poorly governed country in which those who do the most have the least. There is something wrong when men are obliged to beg for leave to toil. We are not yet a civilized people. When we are, pauperism and crime will vanish from our land. There is one thing, however, of which I am glad and proud, and that is, that society is not, in our country, petrified; that the poor are not always poor. The children of the poor of this generation may and probably will be the rich of [illegible] The sons of the rich of this [illegible]y be the poor of the next, [illegible] rich fear and the [illegible] of the Uni[illegible]n can take [illegible]y: "My [illegible]action are [illegible] There is [illegible]o which you [illegible] poverty of your [illegible] a mill-stone about [illegible]ublic schools are open [illegible] you there are education, honor, fame and prosperity." These thoughts render holy every drop of sweat that rolls down the face of honest toil. I sympathize with the wanderers, with the vagrants out of employment, with the sad and weary men who are seeking for work. When I see one of these men, poor and friendless—no matter how bad he is—I think that somebody loved him once, that he was once held in the arms of a mother, that he slept beneath her loving eyes and wakened in the light of her smile. I see him in the cradle, listening to lullabies, sung soft and low, and his little face is dimpled as though touched by the rosy fingers of joy. And then I think of the strange and winding paths, the weary roads he has traveled from that mother's arms to vagrancy and want. There should be labor and food for all. We invent. We take advantage of the forces of nature. We enslave the winds and waves. We put shackles upon the unseen powers. These slaves should release from bondage all the children of men.—*Robert J. Ingersoll.*

PROF. HUXLEY ON THE HAND.—Prof. Huxley recently delivered a lecture at the Workingmen's College, Upper Kennington lane (of which he is the president), before a large audience. His subject was "The Human Hand, and Some Considerations which Arise Out of It." He said that in all probability the hand was the part of the man's bodily frame which was the most important, perhaps not even excepting the brain itself. There was an endless diversity of operations of which man was capable which were altogether dependent on the hand, and it was one of the most powerful means of communication with human kind. The hand performed all its important functions by virtue of some very simple facts in its form of construction. He referred to Paley's "Natural Theology" and the argument therein, that if a person found the whole of the machinery of a watch, and concluded from the works of it that it must have been intended for the purpose for which it was made, it could not be doubted that the human frame was intended for the very functions which it performed. He pointed out that, whatever the force of the argument of analogy in the particular case of the hand, it most assuredly did not apply in the sense in which it was used by Paley, because it was perfectly easy to prove that a man's hand was not made or put together in that way, but that it came about in quite a different manner. It was not a process in any way analogous to human means of construction; but was as different from that as the taking a piece of iron and making it into an engine was from taking it and letting it grow to an engine. That difference was very important as it showed the danger of arguing from mere analogy—it showed that Paley's argument was not consonant with fact. It was a most important thing to know that so complicated a structure as the human frame should, as a matter of fact, be developed or evolved by a purely natural operation.

☞ He was a countryman and he walked along our busy thoroughfare and read a sign over the door of a manufacturing establishment, "Cast Iron Sinks." It made him mad. He said that any fool ought to know that.

## Graves of the Presidents.

Congress having granted an appropriation for the erection of a monument over the tomb of Jefferson, and a similar appropriation being sought for that of Taylor, it occurred to the New York *World* to prepare and publish an article descriptive of the places where the seventeen deceased Presidents of the United States repose: and a very interesting account it is. The last resting place at least of one of these distinguished personages has no stone to mark the fact that beneath lie the remains of a former ruler of this mighty nation, others are neglected and despoiled by the hands of relic and curiosity seekers, while still others, (noticeably that of Lincoln,) are fitted up with all the magnificence that wealth and art could lavish upon them. The first of the graves of these historic characters described in the *World's* article is that of the immortal

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Every American, of course, is familiar with Mt. Vernon, Va., either by actual sight or description. The tomb is a roomy brick vault, with an arched roof and very substantial. Through the iron gate two sarcophagi are seen. On a marble tablet in the arch is an inscription:—"Within this enclosure rest the remains of General George Washington." The coffins, which lie in the open vestibule of the vault proper, are of Pennsylvania marble; that of Washington bears an American shield, the other but two words, "Martha Washington." A few feet behind them is the vault door, bearing the inscription, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

THE TWO ADAMS—FATHER AND SON.

John Adams and John Quincy Adams sleep side by side beneath the Unitarian church at Quincy, Mass. The tomb is an apartment in the front part of the cellar under the church, walled in with large blocks of roughly faced granite slab, seven feet by three, with a huge clasp and pad-lock, and massive hinges of wrought iron, all red with rust, forms the door. Within, the bodies lie in leaden caskets, placed within cases each hewn from a single block of stone. The brick furnace for heating the church is close to the door, and the dim and dusty vault, which is rarely visited, serves as a store room for light wagons, sleighs and other property. On the right of the pulpit, as you face it, is the memorial tablet of the elder Adams and of his wife, of slightly clouded marble seven feet by four, surmounted by a life-size bust. The inscription on the tablet is too long for reproduction here. On the other side of the pulpit is the tablet of John Quincy Adams and his wife.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

The grave of Thos. Jefferson is in a thick growth of woods, a few hundred yards to the right of the embowered road leading from Charlottesville, Va., up to Monticello. The spot is as lonesome as lovers of solitude could desire. Its thirty graves are partly enclosed by a brick wall about one hundred feet square and ten feet high, which on the south side has been topped over bodily, and now lies in level courses of brick and crumbling mortar level with the ground. On the north and west sides are iron gates, locked and red with rust. The west wall is clad with a scanty growth of Virginia creepers; a single bush of eglantine springs amid the matted grass and weeds, loose bricks and stones that cover the whole enclosure. Midway along the Northern wall Wormley, Jefferson's old servant, who survived him twenty-five years, dug his master's grave in the spot his master had indicated, but the mound has been trodden level with the earth. At its head was placed a coarse granite obelisk, nine feet square. Not an inch of its surface but has been chipped and battered by the relic seeker till from base to apex the corners present the appearance of a rough hewn stone. The sole inscription not hammered away is in small letters on the base: "Born April 2, O. S., 1742. Died July 4, 1826.

JAMES MADISON.

James Madison is buried on the place which he owned at the time of his death, at Montpelier, Va. The graceful shaft over his grave is in the centre of a large field, in a lot one hundred feet square, surrounded by a substantial brick wall five feet high. Within the enclosure is Madison's resting place, a neatly tufted mound, over which rises to a height of twenty feet, from a pedestal of four pieces, a slender and graceful obelisk, bearing the inscription, "Madison, born March 16, 1751." By its side is a smaller shaft in memory of his wife.

JAMES MONROE.

The remains of James Monroe sleep in Hollywood cemetery, at Richmond, Virginia, at a point from which the eye can take in a greater part of the city. The plot is 804 feet area, and was bought by Gov. Wise for the State. Monroe died in New York, in 1831, and it was not until twenty-seven years had elapsed that his body was removed to Richmond. The seventh New York regiment acted as an escort, and the remains were deposited with great ceremony in the place they now occupy. This is a vault of brick and granite, five feet under ground. The covering is a huge block of polished marble on which rests the sarcophagus, a granite block wrought in the shape of a coffin. On one side of this is a long and suitable inscription. Over and around this odd monument is a gothic structure, twelve feet long, nine feet wide and twenty feet high, four pillars supporting a peaked roof.

ANDREW JACKSON.

Andrew Jackson's home was the Hermitage, eleven miles from Nashville, Tenn. In a corner of the garden, eighty yards from the dwelling, lie the great President and his wife, under a massive monument of Tennessee limestone. Three steps conduct to its surface, a circular area eighteen feet in diameter from which spring eight fluted doric columns, supporting a pretty though plain entablature and dome, surmounted by an urn. Within, the ceiling and cornice are ornamented in white stucco. In the centre of the platform is a pyramid resting on a square; on the left is a stone just over the body of the President with this inscription: "Gen. Andrew Jackson, born March 15, 1767, died June 8, 1845."

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

The grave of Martin Van Buren is in the north-eastern corner of the cemetery at Kinderkook, Columbia county, New York. The Van Buren lot is crowded with graves, is unfenced, and without a flower or shrub for adornment. The ex-President's grave is in the centre of the lot. Above it rises a plain granite shaft, fifteen feet high. About half way up on one face is the name of the deceased, with the date of his birth and of his death.

WILLIAM H. HARRISON.

The ashes of William Henry Harrison, the occupant for only one month of the President's chair, repose, with those of his wife and children, in a plain brick vault on the summit of a hillock at North Bend, Ohio, fifteen miles west of Cincinnati. A flat stone at the height of about two and a half feet from the ground roofs the brick work of the vault. A thick undergrowth covers the hillock, and a few small evergreens cluster near the tomb. The owners of the Spring Grove cemetery at Cincinnati have offered the Harrison family a lot, to which it is quite likely that the President's remains will be removed.

JOHN TYLER.

Just ten yards east of Monroe's grave at Richmond is a turfed mound beneath which lies the body of John Tyler. At his head is a small magnolia tree, now in full bloom, beneath which are a tea rose and a blooming green rose. At its foot, round a large deodar, cluster a bunch of chrysanthemums, a white lily and a tea rose. On the south side is a magnolia bush; on the north a young but vigorous juniper tree. Not a stone is there to tell that beneath lies the body of John Tyler. At the time of his death, in 1862, he was a member of the confederate house in Richmond, and was buried with distinguished honors. The State Assembly instructed the Governor to have a suitable monument erected to his memory.

JAMES K. POLK.

The James K. Polk mansion is at the corner of Vine and Union streets, Nashville, Tenn. A few feet from the gate a whitewash path conducts to the tomb of the ex-President, which stands in the centre of a smooth grass plot encircled by another path of dazzling white shells, by which a clump of white lilies are in full bloom. There are some small shrubs bordering the path, but no other trees or flowers. The monument, which is about twelve feet high, and as many square, is in limestone. In style it is Grecian doric, though the columns are unfluted which support the usual architrave, frieze, cornice and attic. The stone or column on the floor beneath rises to a height of some five feet, and though solid, is of similar shape. The tendrils of a plant of Kenilworth ivy cling to one of the columns. On the architrave of the eastern front is engraved an inscription, giving the name of the President, and the date of his birth and of his death.

ZACHARY TAYLOR.

Zachary Taylor's body now occupies its third grave and soon will find a resting place in a fourth. It was first placed in a cemetery at Washington, and thence removed to the Taylor homestead, five miles back of Louisville, Ky., whence a few months ago it was taken to Cave Hill cemetery, at Louisville. The old family burying ground had in years of neglect gone to complete ruin, the rotten palings crumbled away or been laid prostrate by storms or breachy cattle, and weeds and rank grass, of numerous kinds, were matted over the sunken mounds, when Taylor's nephew, Richard Taylor, removed the bones of his distinguished relative to Cave Hill, where their present resting place is indicated by a small and plain slab of white marble. In the course of the summer they will be taken to Frankfort, where over them the State will erect an appropriate monument. The Legislature at its last session appropriated $4,000 for this purpose, and Senator Beck has a bill before Congress for extending further aid to the project from the national treasury.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

Three miles north of Buffalo is Forest Lawn cemetery. Almost upon the crest of the hill and near the centre of the cemetery rises the obelisk made of Scotch granite that marks the resting place of Millard Fillmore. The Fillmore lot is thirty by forty feet, enclosed by a plain iron railing set in a stone curb, and containing four graves. The obelisk is twenty-two feet in height, resting on a pedestal of the same material, superimposed on a base of Lockport stone. A light moulding running around the pedestal is the only ornament. The word "Fillmore" is on the northern side of the base in large letters. Millard Fillmore's grave is at the eastern extremity of the lot in the centre of the grassy space. Over it is a large cross surmounted by a crown, both of juniper and purple and yellow immortelles, all faded and [illegible].

FRANKLIN [illegible].

The remains of Franklin Pierce were laid in the Minot cemetery, on Main st., Concord, N. H. The Pierce lot is surrounded by a neat iron fence six feet high and traversed by concrete paths neatly sodded, though there are neither inclosures nor curbs. Pierce's monument is of pure Italian marble, elaborately wrought, a spire with cap, die and plinth resting on a base of granite three and a half feet square, surmounted by a draped cross, its total height being fourteen feet eight inches. On the plinth is the word "Pierce," and on the panel of the die the inscription.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

The grave of James Buchanan is in Woodward Hill Cemetery, Lancaster, Pa., on a bluff in the southern part of the city. The lot is thirty by twelve feet, enclosed by a neat fence of black iron, with posts of mottled white and black granite at the corners. All around the fence is a hedge of blooming roses that interlace closely the iron bars. In the centre of the lot Buchanan's remains lie in a vault of heavy masonry, covered with large limestone flags. On these is a ground base of New Hampshire granite, seven feet two inches long, three feet seven inches wide and a foot thick, supporting a monument in the Roman style, a single block of Italian marble six feet four inches long, two feet ten inches wide and three feet six inches high wrought with heavy moulded cap and base. On the moulding of the cap is carved an oak branch studded with leaves, acorns and extending round the block. On one end of the die facing the main avenue is the word "Buchanan," on the side facing the chapel is the inscription.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln, born in a log hut, is buried under a towering pile of marble and bronze, in Oak Ridge cemetery a mile and a half north of Springfield, Ill. The structure, 117x72 feet, is of New Hampshire granite on a concrete foundation. The main platform is fifteen feet ten inches from the ground approached by four grand staircases, one at each corner, with balustrades.—The main platform, also surrounded with a balustrade, is seventy-one and a half feet square, with semi-circular projections at the northern end over the catacomb, and at the other over Memorial Hall. This platform, floored with gigantic flags of Illinois limestone, is the apparent base of the shafts and pedestals for the support of the statuary, these occupying a space about fifty-four feet square, the pedestals at the corners being circular and eleven feet in diameter. From the centre rises the shaft, twelve feet square at the base and eight at the top, ninety-eight feet four inches from the ground, with a winding staircase within. Shields of polished granite, bearing the name of the States, and linked by two bands of like material, encircle the square three feet below its edge. Of the pedestals, at the corners, are heroic groups in bronze, representing the naval and the three branches of the military service. Seven feet above them, on the southern side of the shaft, on a pedestal whereon the national coat of arms is carved, stands the statue of Lincoln. In a catacomb beneath, within a leaden coffin, within a cedar case, which is enclosed in a rich white sarcophagus, having carved on one end the word "Lincoln," rests the embalmed body of the President. A marble tablet with a plate glass plate in the centre closes the crypt.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

The monument over Andrew Johnson's grave was unveiled recently. It stands on the summit of a lofty cone shaped eminence, half a mile southwest of Greenville, Tenn. The monument is of marble upon a base of granite nine and a half feet by seven. From piers on each side of the graves where lie side by side the President and his wife, who survived him less than six months, springs a granite arch of thirteen stones, beneath the graves covered with white pebbles, may be seen, and upon which rests the monument proper. On the plinth of marble, four and a half feet square and three feet two inches high, are carved the scroll of the constitution, the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments not being visible, and an open Bible on which rests a hand as if in act of taking an oath. From this springs a tapering shaft of marble at the base, festooned at the top with the American flag and surmounted by an eagle with outstretched wings as if protecting it.

☞ A courtly negro recently sent a reply to an invitation, in which he "regretted that circumstances repugnant to the acquiescence would prevent his acceptance of the invite."

WEBSTER AND THE QUAKER.—Smart as Daniel Webster was, says Sam Slick, a Yankee clock peddler, there was a Quaker chap too cute for him once.—This Quaker, a pretty knowin' old shaver, had a cause down to Rhode Island; so he went to Daniel to hire him to go down and plead his case for him; so says he, 'Lawyer Webster what's your fee?' 'Why,' saes Daniel, 'let me see, I have to go down South to Washington, to plead the great insurance case of the Hartford Company—and I've got to be at Cincinnatti to attend the Convention, and I don't see how I can go to Rhode Island whithout great loss and fatigue, it would cost you maybe more than you'd be willing to give.'

"Well, the Quaker looked pretty white about the gills, I tell you, when he heard this, for he could not do without him nohow, and he did not like this preliminary talk of his at all. At last he made bold to ask him the worst of it, what he would take? 'Why,'' says Daniel, 'I always liked the Quakers, they are a quiet, peaceable people, who never go to law if they can help it, and it would be better for our great country if there were more such people in it. I never seed or heard tell of any harm in 'em except going the whole figure for Gineral Jackson, and that everlasting, almighty villain, Van Buren; yes, I love the Quakers, I hope they'll go the Webster ticket yet; and I'll go for you as low as I can any way afford, say —one thousand dollars.''

"The Quaker well nigh fainted when he heard this, but he was pretty deep too; so says he, "Lawyer, that's a great deal of money, but I have more causes there; if I give you the one thousand dollars will you plead the other cases I shall have to give you?' 'Yes,' says Daniel, 'I will to the best of my humble abilities:' So down they went to Rhode Island, and Daniel tried the case and carried it for the Quaker. Well, the Quaker he goes round to all the folks that had suits in court, and says he, 'What will you give me if I get the great Daniel to plead for you? It cost me one thousand dollars for a fee, but now he and I are pretty thick, and as he is on the spot, I'll get him to plead cheap for you.' So he got three hundred dollars from, one, and two from another, and so on, until he got eleven hundred dollars, jist one hundred dollars more than he gave. Daniel was in a great rage when he heard this.—'What!' said he, 'do you think I would agree to your letting me out like a horse to hire!' 'Friend Daniel,' said the Quaker, 'didst thou not undertake to plead all such cases as I should have to give thee? If thou wilt not stand to thy agreement, neither will I stand to mine.' Daniel laughed out ready to split his sides at this. 'Well,' says he, 'I guess I might as well stand still for you to put the bridle on this time, for you have fairly pinned me up in a corner of the fence anyhow.' So he went good-humoredly to work and pleaded them all.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company was held at Camden station, Baltimore, yesterday. The old board of directors, representing the private stock, was unanimously re-elected, and the fifty-second report of the president and directors was read and submitted. The report gives evidence of recuperation in the business and affairs of the company, and was much strengthened by the statement made by the president, in the course of the meeting, that since September 30th, the close of the fiscal year, the floating debt had been still further reduced in the sum of about a million dollars. The report states that the earnings of the road and all its branches for the fiscal year were $13,765,279.99; expenses $7,769,301.36, leaving for net earnings $5,995,978,63, and showing that the workings expenses were 56.44 per cent. of gross earnings, or 5.83 per cent. less than the preceding year. One element in obtaining this result is the substitution, which has been effected, of steel for iron rails on 624 miles of the track, thus reducing the cost of repairs. The earnings of the Washington branch were $278,879,45; expenses $76,850.49; net earnings $200,028.91. The report treats at length on the alleged injustice of the capitation tax imposed by the state of Maryland, and says that "the restoration of cordial and co-operative relations with the state of Maryland are properly subjects of general congratulation and satisfaction. The report of the transportation department show a steady increase in the tonnage of through merchandise—east and west. There has been no falling off since the panic, as many suppose: but, on the contrary, the business done by the road has increased annually, with one slight exception.

☞ "Is the doctor in?" asked an anxious-looking young man, as he paused half-way up the stairway leading to Dr. Stone's office, yesterday. "No, I guess not," replied the person addressed, "but you can leave an order on the slate." The young man hesitated a moment. "Well I guess I would hardly have time to wait," he said. "Is it a very urgent case?" "Well, yes," the young man said, "rather urgent, I think. Just as I started away [illegible] home my youngest brother was [illegible] out of a second-story window."

A STRANGE PRESENTMENT.—[illegible] a bright boy of seven years, child of Mr. Samuel Templeton, keeper on the Prairieville gravel [illegible] just below this city, met with an [illegible] dent on Thursday of last week, which [illegible] sulted in his death soon afterward. [illegible] noon on that day he mounted a wagon loaded with wood, with the intention of unloading it. The lad seized a stick, and was in the act of throwing it to the ground, when he lost his equilibrium and fell, head foremost, to the earth. His cries brought his father to his assistance, who led him into the house. The boy did not seem to be much injured. He was conscious, explained to his father how he fell, pointed out his bruises and conversed rationally for an hour, when he suddenly lost consciousness and remained in that condition until his death, which occurred about six hours after the accident. The night preceding the above sad accident Mrs. Templeton, the mother of the child, had a strange presentment of his death. Early in the evening, while the child was asleep, she approached his little bed, and looking into his face, burst into tears. The grief with which she was overcome was intense and uncontrollable. It attracted her husband's attention, who inquired into its cause. "Samuel," the weeping mother answered, "I don't think we will ever raise this child." "I can see no cause for your fears," replied the father, "the child is as healthy as can be." But this answer did not satisfy the mother, for a dark cloud hung over her.—Her heart beat rapidly and heavily.—Strange shadows crossed her vision; an unseen grief oppressed her; the presage of some horrible coming event cast a burden on her soul she scarce could bear. At the usual hour the sobbing mother retired, but her rest was uneasy. Toward midnight she arose from her bed and again sought the [illegible] her boy, who slept the de[illegible] sleep of innocent childhood, [illegible] scious of the grief-stricken m[illegible] bent over him, bathing his fa[illegible] tears and kisses. Mr. Templeton ex[illegible] tulated with his wife, and assured h[illegible] that her fears were a mere whim, and begged her to calm her grief and go to sleep. But no sleep came to that mother's relief that night, and day broke to bring her no respite from the sad burden her bleeding heart bore. The slightest unusual noise about the house thrilled her with evil forebodings, and thus the weary hours d[illegible] the foreshadowed end [illegible] cident as above relate[illegible] *Journal.*

[illegible] with [illegible] if left alone, [illegible] loose, and falls ou[illegible] patient lies in bed. [illegible] eign bodies from [illegible] has recommended [illegible] the patient should at th[illegible] kept open. It is sufficient [illegible] the end of the finger into [illegible] auditory canal, and to m[illegible] jaw move, in order to bec[illegible] of the enlargement that th[illegible] dergoes each time the cond[illegible] or sick jaw is made to move. Dr. Vo[illegible] some practical remarks on the su[illegible] says that in the removal of these bodies we should never employ force; not that the foreign bodies should be left in the ear, but that matters should not be made worse by violent manipulation. More recently Dr. Dolby has laid down the very practical law that no attempts should be made to remove a foreign body from the ear unless the auditory canal be thoroughly illuminated. Where this rule is broken, the tympanic membrane will most probably be ruptured, and the life of the patient be thus placed in imminent peril.

A CONVINCING ARGUMENT.—He was squirting tobacco juice over the floor of the saloon, and telling how capital oppressed labor, when one of the dozen men in the place inquired:

"Air you one o' them Communists?"

"I hold, sir, that we must have an even distribution of property—yes, sir, or we'll fight, sir!" was the pompous reply.

"Stranger, kin ye lend me a chew of tobacco?" asked the inquirer.

A box full of fine-cut was handed him. He put it in his pocket, and was walking away, when the Communist called out?

"Beg pardon, but you are carrying off my tobacco!"

"S'all right—s'all right," replied the other. "I was out, and you have plenty. We've got to even this busin[illegible] up, you know, and you keep the b[illegible] I'll keep the tobacco."

He was too big to lick, [illegible] munist put the empty b[illegible] et, and refused to la[illegible] crowd.

☞ "[illegible] FO[illegible] judge[illegible] say be[illegible] The p[illegible] the do[illegible] ke to[illegible]

[illegible] official was recently traveling [illegible] Petersburg to that city, where he [illegible] to take part in a criminal process instituted against certain Nihilists. He received a warning from the revolutionary tribunal not to meddle in the affair, but, not heeding this advice, proceeded on his journey. Arrived at Odessa, he could not find his trunk, which was somehow missing from the baggage wagon. After some delay, however, it was found. It had been opened, and although none of its marketable contents had been abstracted, the papers relating to the pending trial had all disappeared. In their place the procureur found a letter from the secret government, blaming him for having neglected their well-meant caution, and informing him that as his conduct had not been in any other respect reprehensible, the executive committee contented itself with depriving him of the papers connected with the trial in which he was engaged. The new chief of the gendarme, Gen. Drenteln, has entered upon his duties at St. Petersburg, but his head cannot rest easy on his shoulders. He has already received notices from the Nihilists that it will be well for him to prepare for death. When he appears in the streets the Cossack patrols are doubled.

OVER-TREATMENT [illegible] We are very apt to [illegible] our desire to co[illegible] visitors, and i[illegible] sume that i[illegible] them [illegible] or th[illegible] preache[illegible] considerate to [illegible] and think and [illegible] they need not [illegible] parades. Th[illegible]

[illegible] a humorist to laug[illegible]

SCENE IN RICHMO[illegible] man, in the voice of [illegible] toes!" Coffee-colored da[illegible] dat racket; you distracts[illegible] neighborhood." Sable gen[illegible] "You kin hear me, kin you?" [illegible] colored dame: "Hear you! I [illegible] you a mile!" Sable gentleman: "Thank God for that! I's hollerin' to be heard. Tatoes!" With which cry he touched up his lean horse and moved on.

☞ There is a story of a certain Boston Doctor of Divinity, whose name they spell with a "P." A man of the same name died, and a zelous newspaper fellow, seeing the death in the paper and thinking only of Dr. P., wrote a most enthusiastic obituary. A wag met Dr. P. the next day. "What, are you not dead!" he said. "Well, then you ought to be. No man can ex[illegible] up to that obituary."

☞ If a Frenchman at[illegible] funeral he always wa[illegible] newly-made widow[illegible] inconsolable, w[illegible] form. Afterwa[illegible] expecting to f[illegible] deepest grief[illegible]