The Emporia News.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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2 m	4 00	6 50	8 00	14 00	18 00	30 00	40 00	5
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EMPORIA NEWS.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 9, 1874.

JOTTINGS.

New Mexico wants to be converted from a Territory to a State.

A great many destructive fires were reported last week.

The Baxter Springs Republican has been sued for libel.

E. P. Hammond continues to religiously stir up the people of Alton, Ill.

It is said that the First National bank of Kansas City, will resume business this week.

The K. P. R. R. has one route agent who will Pray. We are glad that he never preys.

Gen. Burrill, the Cuban butcher, has been relieved of his command by the Spanish authorities.

There is an indication of a money crisis in Berlin, the Prussian capitol. They always follow a war.

The Cuba storm has blown over without a shriek from Geo. F. Train. That Train must be ditched.

An English business man sued a railroad company because they did not run on time. He gained the suit.

A little boy in Leavenworth county, and another in Franklin county were killed last week by fast riding.

There is some talk of building a railroad from Warsaw, Mo., to Kansas City, via Windsor, Holden and Pleasant Hill.

The New York Post believes that Tweed will escape from prison; and leave some man richer than he was before the exit.

The Ottawa and Lawrence chess clubs are still playing their game of chess by postal cards. The thirty-fifth move has been made.

The Kansas Pacific mail car carried two hundred and forty-one thousand pounds of mail matter during the month of October.

Warren Hussey, president of a bank in Salt Lake City, thinks the Indianapolis Journal has injured his character $100,000 worth.

The new constitution of Pennsylvania is somewhat unique. It limits the Governor and other Chief officers of the State to one term.

The Duke of Genoa, a nephew of Victor Emmanuel is in San Francisco. Of course all the todies are excited, and ready to smole their best smiles upon him.

Denison, Texas is going to have cleanliness and light whether they have godliness or not. We mean to say that they are going to have a soap and candle factory.

The London Times estimates that 74,000,000 bushels of wheat will be required from this country to supply the markets of Europe until the crop of 1874 is harvested.

And now it appears that the Commissioners of Charities in Brooklin, N. Y., have squandered $400,000 in the last four years. We have no adjective to express our contempt.

The great talkers at the Chicago and Cincinnati "working-men's" conventions, Fred. A. Hoffman and Kraft, are soft handed young men who never did a days work in their lives.

The Leavenworth Argus men slung some ink on the elite of that city; agreed to take it all back; then said it again; then had a fight with the injured parties, and shot at one man. Nobody hurt.

NO TREMPS.—A printer, by the name of Incas, died a few days ago, in the very house where he was born, and where he has lived every since. He was seventy-nine years old.

The commander of the Osaipee says the Virginius went down off Cape Fear in sight of land. The Spaniards of Cuba believe she was sunk on purpose to prevent her return to Spanish authorities.

The South Carolinians have a Moses. He is their Governor. It is said that he took liberties with Macauley's essay on Milton in a late message. A Governor Moses should not steal a dead man's thunder.

Every few days we hear of the monte man taking in some greeny on the railroads. We do not pity the fools who are swindled, but we do believe our railroad men ought to put a stop to the proceedings of of those villians

Here is the kind of fun doctors sometimes enjoy in our neighboring State, Mo. We clip the following from the Kansas City Journal:

Dr. Woodson was left to foot it at a late hour last night, while out attending a sick bed. Some fellow fancying his handsome black nag appropriated it to his own use.

We were rejoice to see so many of our leading papers discouraging the use of wine on New Year's day. Many young men have been ruined by the presentation of their wine cup by "fair hands." We hope to see the time when no lady will under any circumstances, tempt young men to drink ardent spirits.

The railways in Great Britian, according to an English engineering journal, are 15,544 miles in length. Of this 8,512 miles are double track. The cost of these English roads foots up a total of $265,000,000. In the United States, in 1870, there were 67,000 miles of railway, which cost $3,150,000,000. So that that the average cost of construction here is only a matter of $47,000 per mile, to $180,000, in England.

The "Reformers" are advising the reform element of the legislature to organize. We like the word reformation in a good sense, but we do believe that some of our Reformers need reforming themselves. Our real reformers will have to look out for some of the would be reformers, or they will be awfully sold.

NOTES BY RURAL.

EDITOR NEWS: As the time is drawing near for the meeting of the Kansas State Legislature, a few thoughts may not be amiss. We notice a call by the Hon. John Davis, for a meeting of the Farmers' Co-operative Association of the State of Kansas, at Topeka, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. We suggest that all Farmers' Clubs now in existence be prompt, and send delegates to the above meeting, to be held the second Tuesday of January, 1874. The influence that might be exerted upon the Legislature in the early days of the session might be a lasting benefit to the great labor reform movement that is sweeping over the country with unprecedent rapidity. We notice a number of persons over different parts of the State that are mentioned for the position of U. S. Senator, all claimed to be good men for the position. Now it is our opinion that unless we can unite upon an upright and competent man from the Southwest that "scooped" will be written upon our banner, instead of victory. There seems to be considerable of the old rotten, defunct party feeling in the better counties, and unless we show a bold and undivided front we will be doomed to disappointment. It is high time that a change of base should be had. Corruption is stealing over the land. One can scarcely pick up a paper now days but what he is led to exclaim, "Ah, poor man; why let the greed of gain get hold of your better feelings, and lead you down to destruction and misery." Remember that a good name is better than the varlet of a Rothchilds; an honest man is the noblest work of God. We are not inclined to be contrary in regard to this Senatorial question if the Colonel seems to be the strongest man, (and we are inclined to think he is.) Unite upon him. Show a bold front. We understand the Colonel said that if money was to be used he would never be elected. This is just what we like to hear. We understand from this that he does not intend going on the Pomeroy plan, as has been practiced heretofore, and caused so much damnable corruption. We would like to see our U. S. Senators elected by a direct vote of the people. It would do away with one great temptation. For one man to cast a ballot for perhaps thousands does not seem to be right. He may vote to suit his constituents, and he may not. All officers should be elected by a direct vote of the people, from road overseer to President. Let us have our obnoxious laws repealed. It can and will be done if the people will it.

A few words in regard to some other matters and we will close. We notice that some dozen or more plow manufacturers met and formed a ring, in Chicago, some time in October, and resolved that they would not sell to grange agents except at retail prices, but recommend their agents in all localities to sell to parties that wish to buy largely for cash at rates as much reduced as the expenses incidental to doing business will permit. This is signed by over twenty manufacturing companies in Illinois. They can just go to the d—l. If our money is not as good as the middleman's, we want to know it. It seems that these monopolies are bound to have us support about so many middlemen in luxury. Grangers, don't you do it. The time is coming when the manufacturer will be glad to get our money direct. Let us concentrate upon one of each kind and give him our trade. We can do it. We recommend our county counsel to call a convention at an early day, for the purpose of uniting upon the kinds of farm implements we will use in Lyon county. We are willing to unite on any good standard implement that can be bought at the lowest rates.

RURAL.

MONSTERS OF THE SEA.—Mr. Charles B. Brainerd of Boston, describes in the Scientific American an attack upon a fisherman on the Florida reef by a marine monster which he calls a devil fish. The creature from the description, would seem to have been a gigantic cuttle fish, much larger than any one ever before seen on our coast. The fisherman is said to have been a man of immense size, weighing three hundred pounds, and of strength in proportion to his colossal dimensions; and yet he was powerless when clasped by the long arms of the monster, and his life was only saved by the prompt assistance of his companions. In the Norway seas the cuttle fish grows to a great size, and its long arms, of which it has ten, two of them being longer than the rest, are of such strength and tenacity that when a man or an ordinary fish is enfolded within them, there is no power of extrication. These arms are furnished with sucking cups, by means of which it attaches itself to other bodies with extraordinary firmness. Naturalists suppose that it was a creature of this description that Victor Hugo had in his mind in his account of the frightful struggle of the seaman with his assailant in the British Channel.

The waters on our southern coast, and especially in the Gulf, are frequented by a huge creature belonging to the ray genu, known as the devil fish; but although of great size and strength, and capable of mischief if so disposed, it is not regarded as dangerous or inclined to aggressive operations under any circumstances. It is shaped something like a skate or sting ray, barring the tail, and is furnished with two strong muscular feelers or flippers that extend in a semi-circular form on each side of the head to the length of two or more feet, according to the size of the fish. They are the instruments for seizing and holding its food. The habit of the fish is to uproot and carry away poles, stakes or other objects with which it comes in contact. It is said that they have been known to lift from the bottom a kedge or anchor of considerable size, with boats or shallops of moderate dimentions lying in harbor, and swim out to sea with them. There is nothing incredible in this, for they are often eighteen feet in length by fifteen in width, and sometimes larger, with strength to correspond. The weight of one of these creatures could not be less than half a dozen tons.

Butler King, who was a long time in Congress, lived on the bank of the Savannah river, where he owned a plantation. His negroes were accustomed to fish in the river, near its mouth, with a cast net. They would go down to the right place, two in a dugout and if the tide did not serve they would go to sleep in the bottom of the canoe, making the craft fast to a pole thrust into the mud. On one occasion, being too early for the tide, they tied up in this way, and soon slept hard and fast. Presently along came a well grown devil fish, that grubbed up the pole with his flippers, and made off with the canoe, negroes included. And when they awoke half an hour afterward, they found themselves proceeding to sea at the rate of some three miles an hour, moved by an invisible agency, and terrified beyond description. They cut the rope immediately and hastened ashore without delay, and never afterward were known to make their craft fast to a pole in the Savannah river.

A SWINDLER CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.—W. N. Monroe, a railroad contractor from Elizabethtown, Kentucky, lately fixed up a nice little robbery of himself in a hotel in Louisville. He complained to the proprietor that he had lost $7,000 in the hotel. The money had been taken from his satchel in his room while he was at supper. The proprietor immediately engaged three detectives to trace the robbery. The detectives first had an interview with Monroe in his room. He told his story, and he talked too much, and not the right kind of talk for a man who had so recently lost $7,000. At last one of the detectives told Monroe that he had heard enough, and already knew the robber. This astonished Monroe more than it pleased him. He was still more astonished and distressed when the detectives proposed that he should submit to a search. To this mode of proceeding Monroe decidedly objected, but the sharp-scented thief-catchers began shaking him down anyhow. They found $1,070, which was at least a considerable portion of the money on his person, and a letter which developed the fellow's whole plan of operation. It was a scheme to cheat his creditors by the story of the robbery, and making over his property to his brothers before it could be seized for debt. The detectives got evidence that he had been seen writing this very letter about 1 o'clock that day. In it he described a robbery, which according to his own verbal account did not occur until five or six hours afterwards. When he found himself completely cornered he acknowledged the fraud and asked to be let alone, but the detectives took charge of the money and the letter and locked Monroe up in the jail. They were not long in catching that thief, and Monroe wishes they hadn't caught him.—St. Louis Republican.

THE SABBATH.—"The streams of religion run deeper or shallower," says Calcott, "as the banks of the Sabbath are kept up or neglected." A preacher in Holland called the Sabbath "God's dyke shutting out an ocean of evils." A preacher in Louisiana said, "Brethren, stop that *crevasse* in the Sabbath, or your plantations will be inundated with immorality." "The more entirely," said McCheyne, "I give my Sabbath to God, and half forget that I am not before the throne of the Lamb with my harp of gold, the happier am I." Sir Walter Scott said, "Give to the world one half of the Sunday, and you will find that religion has no strong hold of the other half." S. T. Coleridge writes, "I feel as if God had, by giving the Sabbath, given fifty-two springs in the year." "Where there is no Christian Sabbath," says Justice McLean, "there is no Christian morality; and without this free institutions cannot long be sustained."

CRUME AND CRUELTY.—A writer in Mr. Bergh's paper, the Animal Kingdom, presents some curious statistics of the connection between crime and cruelty. Out of 2,000 convicts of whom inquiry was made, only 12 admitted that they left pets at home. This is in accordance with the experience of all visitors among the poor. They will tell us that the flower pot in the window, the canary hung in the sunshine, the comfortable cat on the hearth, are sure indications of the best house in the district or the quietest room in the tenement. It is going too far, perhaps, says the New York Tribune, to say that cruelty to animals is the first step in crime. Crime and cruelty are equally the results of a bad disposition and bad training. It is certain, however, that tenderness to the brute creation does millify and refine the temper, and so it is from no mere sentimental tenderness that we applaud Mr. Bergh's noble efforts, but from a conviction that they are indirectly doing as much good to men as to brutes.

ALWAYS IN DEMAND.—It is said the market is overstocked with men seeking employment, and yet there is always a demand for intelligent, reliable and energetic men, to fill the places of trust and position. But they must be members not only of the genus "*homo*," but of the species "*vir*;" for such there are always places waiting to be filled.

Who are the men that are needed in this world? Young men that shall bear burdens. We have enough mullen-stalks, we want oak trees. We have enough mushrooms, we want timber. We have enough men who are willing to do anything for the sake of getting along, but what are they worth? They are bridges for men to walk over. They are tools. Men use them like sand paper, to scour with, and then throw them down and trample them under foot. A young man that does not know how to say "No;" a young man that has not power to resist the cup when it is presented to him—what is he but a poor miserable wash-cloth, but a rag, dishonored, and put to the vilest uses! Who cares for him, or mourns over him but some Christian mother or Christian minister? But a young man that knows how to say "No;" that knows how to resist evil; how to give buffet for temptation—is not he hardening himself? Is not he making his bones tough—particularly his backbone? He is becoming columnar. And it is such as he that are sought after in business.

A lady in Portland (Me.) seeing a man girdling his trees with ink and cotton, to prevent worms from ascending, stopped and asked him if he would not "come round" and fix her trees. She received an evasive answer. On mentioning the circumstance to her husband, she was astonished to learn that the man she had sought to employ was the Rev. Dr. Hill, late president of Harvard College, and now pastor of the First Parish Church of Portland.

"You must be a quarrelsome fellow," said a phenologist to a man whose bumps he was examining. "Say that again and I'll knock you down," was the response.

CHANGING PLACES.

BY MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

An aged negro, most of whose life had been spent in bondage, but who was now rejoicing in liberty, appeared one day at the study of an eminent minister and introduced himself as "Brother Harkliss Jones, from Sou' Caliny."

The good minister shivered at the thought of another clerical beggar for church money, to be spent, as so much of it usually is, in the traveling expenses of the applicant. "Well, Brother Harkliss," he asked with patient kindness, "what can I do for you?'

"You can listen to me, brudder;" replied Harkliss, with a princely air.

"I'll do that it you'll be short; but my time is very precious, brother;" answered the pastor.

"So is mine, brudder!" exclaimed the visitor with a dignity which almost startled the minister. "You and I's both sarvants of the King and his business always 'quires haste."

"Yes; and your church wants a little help I suppose after the war. Well, I'm glad they sent a sensible man for it."

"No, sir. My church is de church universal, and dat has got de mighty one of Jacob for her help; and needn't go beggin' of nobody! I come to give and not to ax, sir."

"Then you've got some money for my church, I suppose;" said the minister, smiling.

"No, sir; what I've got to give will come closer home to you than your church."

"Well, what have you to give me, then?"

"A little advice and a heap of comfort; I come up from my old home 'cause my chil'n and gran' chil'n was bound for to come. I was as near de Lord on de banks of the Great Pedee, as I ever spects to be up here; and dere was as many souls for to save down dere, as dere is up here. But young folks, you know, is songuery in deir views, and mighty strop'tous in carryin' on em out. Dey got a notion—poor things!—that every foot o' land up North was sanctified by Mr. Lincoln's sperit; and that the earth yielded like it did afore the cuss fell on it—without labor or sweat! Dey thought de North was a little heaven whar no man had to say to his neighbor, 'Love ye de Lord,' case dey all loved him already. I told 'em dere was work and poverty and sin up here, like dere was down home; for I'v seen Northern folks plenty in my young days, and mighty hard ones dey was, too! But my chil'n dey 'pood' at me and said 'mong themselves, 'daddy, he's hind de times. If we goes he'll soon foller.' Now, dey was right dere, for nex' to de Lord, I loves my chil'n and gran' chil'n. When I see dey was comin', I packed up my bundle and come too. It 'peared like I saw a great shinin' finger in de dark cloud one night pointin' due north. Den says I, 'dat's my pillar o' fire, and where I'm sent I'll go, and de Lord will have my work laid out ready for me.' So here I be, sir."

"And you want me to set you to work?"

"Not a bit of it, sir; on the contry I want to set *you* to work! Dat's what I'm comed here for this mornin'."

The cool composure of the sable guest fairly astonished the gentleman used to so much deference and respect; and he asked in a tone of surprise, "What do you mean, brother?"

"Well, I've been to hear you preach two Sundays, and I've made up my mind dat you're off de track! You talks like it was a chance anyhow, whether we saints gets to heaven after all. Dere was too many 'ifs' in your sermons. De Master had no 'ifs' in his preachin'. His gospel is 'Him dat believes *shall* be saved, him dat comes *I will in no wise* cast out; come unto me you dat is tired and heavy laden, and I *will* give you rest. *Dere is no condemnation* to dem dat are in Christ Jesus. Whar I am, dere *shall* my people be also; I give eternal life unto as many as my Father give me, and *none shall* pluck dem out of my hands.' Isn't dat good gospel, sir?"

"Yes, and I believe every word of it;" replied the minister.

"Is dere any chance, think you, for Satan to slip in and upset de great work of redemption?"

"No."

"Den why don't you tell people so? One sermon o' your'n was tellin' all 'bout de doubts Satan pushes into the hearts of de Lord's people. Why, dat sermon was mor'n half 'devil,' all through! and another was tellin' de saints dat dey must do dis and dat and 'tother to get peace and comfort here and heaven beyond. If you believe dat Christ died and rose again, and dat kase he lives, we shall live also, why don't you comfort God's people wid dese words? Let de devil alone a while in your preachin', (you'll get 'nough o' him widout makin' so much on him;) and just preach Christ, Christ, Christ! 'Pears like I don't want to hear nothin' else but just only dat dear name while I stays here in de flesh. I rises every morning in Christ, and I walks and talks wid him all day. When night comes I lies down and sleeps wid him, like it was my last sleep, and I mought wake next morning wid him in glory!"

"I'm black and poor and old to de eyes of de world; but I'm fair and rich and fresh to his sight, kase *I'm in him*. All dat he has got is mine, and dere ain't a king on the arth dat old Harkliss would change places wid. No, no, no!"

"But while you never doubt God's power to save, you sometimes have doubts of your acceptance with him, haven't you?" asked the minister who was, by this time, seated meekly taking his lesson.

"No, never; why should I? Dere was a night once, long time ago, when my soul ceeding sorrowful, like de Master's when he was in the garden. I felt like I was helpless for dis life, and I had no light on de world beyond. I hated my hard massa, and I most hated God, too, for not giving me a better lot. I was out in de kanebrake all alone, a mile away from any livin' cretur. I felt like I wanted to kill myself kase my massa he done gone and sold my wife and baby! Dat ar night I got a hint into my soul what hell was; and as I sot dere a thought come into me and I spoke it out. 'Dere isn't no God,' says I. And dem words scart me so't I sprung right off de ground whar I was lying! It was bewildered, I reckens, for all of a sudden I see a great white hand sweep back the dark night, and a light shined all roun' 'bout me. I didn't see nobody, but I felt strong arms about me, and in a minute my poor aching head was leaning on somebody's breast; and oh what a place that was to rest on! Den a voice said, 'Come unto me, poor, tired and heavy laden soul, and I will give you rest.'

Den I knewed dat dere was a God, and dat it was de voice of his Son in my soul. I've been a new man since dat night; but half de time I been only a common sort of a Christian, like you, rising and falling, hoping and doubting, such a Christian as troubles the world to know whether dere is any good in religion or not."

"I was a waiter in dem days, and was a good deal wid de white folks, and it was fash'nable 'mong dem for to doubt, and mourn, and whipe when dey talked religion, and I used to forget dat night in de cane-break, and fell into the fashion of the gran' folks. But it didn't work with me, and I got into darkness. Den I'd try to fight my own way out of the swamp; but de more I tried, de faster I stuck. Den I would try to hire de Lord to lift me out of the horrible pit and de miry clay by good works, helpin' de weak field hands, or giving away my pocket-money. But we never made a bargain—de Lord and me! He always brung me low till I was glad to get peace free and to take away all chance of bragging from me. He generally brought de peace when I was asleep and doing no good works. Den I would wake wid glory in my soul, and I would run on mighty peart for a spell. I didn't know what Christ was den. He was in me besides him."

"Come here and sit in this large chair, brother, it is more comfortable than that one," said the minister in a subdued voice, as if addressing a superior. "I want to hear how you got clear of the tempter, and filled with Christ at last."

"Oh, well, it is'nt no great story, but here it is: Dere was an old col'd sister dey used to call Gimsey, a sort of preacher like 'mong the field hands. Well, when she come down to her deathbed, she done call all massa's people and de neighborin' black folks 'round her, kase she said she'd been in heaven a whole hour, and come back to give us a word of comfort. We gathered 'bout her, and she lift up her two hands and pray dis way: Lor' Jesus, answer dis one pra'er of mine for dy own name sake. It is old Gimsey's last pra'er, de next word wid me will be praise and hallelujahs. Bring dese poor chil'n into de light like you bring me into de light fifty year ago! Don't let Bruder Harkliss, cast contempt no longer on dy blessed name by doubtdin' of dy word which is truth! Humble proud Jenny, and in massy punish drunk Dose, and comfort lone Polly, and cure sick Abe, and bring all de rest to dy feet here, and to dey house up here bam by!' Den she open her eyes and begun for to preach, and she give each one a separate little sarmon all to hisself. She done call me, 'come here, Bruder Harkless, and take my cold hand in yourn.' I went, and she said, Ole Harkliss, Harkliss! you's worse den orprofitable servant! You's half de time bar'in' false witness gin de Lord dat bought you, and tellin' de world dat his word ain't for to be trusted, that he don't always speak truth!'

"No, no,' says I auntie, 'I never done dat; I trust him wid all my heart.'

"Mebby you do, right here on de verge o' heaven; but quick's you gets out you'l say, Dere's no tellin' whether I'll ever reach heaven or not. 'Harkliss,' says she, '*do you believe* de Lord has writ yer name on de palms of his hand and his name on your forehead?'

"I bowed down my head in shame, for I see my sin. And den de truth of God shone out like a great sun as I never see it afore. My soul was full of glory, such like as de world never sees, and I says, 'Yes, auntie, he has told me time and again, dat he is mine, and dat I am his.' 'Do you believe he speaks de truth, Harkliss?' says she. 'Yes, auntie,' says I, 'I *know* now he does. I sees his word like fire.' 'Den you quit a doubtin' afore de world,' says she, 'Harkliss, if you'd been as misrespectful to your owners as you've been to de Great Master, and if you'd gone round saying, he's promised me such and such, but I doubt he'll keep his word—he'd sold you into de rice swamps a hundred times in dese years! Better cut off yer right hand, and pluck out yer right eye, den to doubt de truth of his word. You is his, for he bought you wid his own precious blood, and as sure as he's in heaven you shall go dere too! I'm tired chil'n, and must go to sleep. Good night.'

"Dere, sir, dem was old Grimsey's last words on earth; de next one she spoke was glory 'for de throne.

"Well, dere was a great light all through my soul den, dat has never gave out since 'Pears like de Lord is in de midst of it, where I can feel his presence, and when de 'ifs' and 'may be's' comes round trying to break my peace, I shouts out, no matter who hears me, 'De Lord says dat I am his, and dat where he am, dar shall I be also; and his word endureth forever.' Den de 'ifs' all fly off like they were unclean birds, and leaves me in de light! Why, sir, I's got de world so uneer my feet dat nothin in it can worry me only de sin I sees; and dat will be cleared off some day, for de Lord is comin' down here mighty soon, to make all things right. De Lord's Chil'n got a good right to glory, and nobody—no, not de devil, dat you make such 'count on—can' take it 'way from 'em! Now my errant's done here. You quit preachin' 'bout book learnin' and 'doutin,' and de 'devil,' and stick to de gospel—Christ, Christ—and you'll see de glory come down on yer people; and you'll see them trampin' on the world like I do. Don't think this yer is spiritual pride in me, for I'am as humble as a kitten, in myself; but O, I'am proud of my King and my country, whar I'am goin' mighty quick! Good-bye, sir."

The minister rose and took the hand off his guest kindly saying: "Let me write your name down, brother for I want to see you again, and to know you better. How do you spell Harkliss?"

"Her-c-hell I don't guess I can member, it,s nigh on to forty year since I learnt how to spell from my young master. He said I was named for one of them heathen goddishes dat dey used to make believe dey had in old times He's 'mong dat nonsense dey teaches in college. He's de feller who killed lions and monsters, and such- like wid his club, and stole queens, and clean out stables and de dear knows what all nonsense! You's been to college, so you must know 'bout him' de strongest goddish of all—Harkliss."

I know him," replied the minister. "Well, Brother Hercules, come and see me again very soon. Good bye."

When the old negro had closed the door behind him, the minister read over the few pages he had already written of his next Sunday's sermon. It was cold and lifeless and worthless,—there was no Christ in it. He tore the sheets into atoms which he threw into the waste-basket, and sat down before his fire to meditate on the words of his visitor. He never thought so little of himself before. He felt that he could write nothing to instruct or edify his people then; and taking up his hat he went out to visit some of the poor hidden ones of his fold, whom he knew to be great in the kingdom of Heaven.

Never had two men changed places so suddenly as when he who looked like an old black beggar brought the learned gentleman to his feet for a lesson on the truth of God's word, and of his duty to uphold that truth before his people.

AN UNIQUE REPORT.

A horse-racing, base ball and sensational reporter was sent by a Boston editor to report a sensational sermon. Here is the report:

"The House met at 10 a. m. Prayer by the chaplain. The first race was between the chaplain and the singers, it being a pretty even match for the first two heats; but the singers got the beat of the last three heats, and came in on the amen two lengths ahead, winning the last three heats and race. Time, 5:02. 'Petitions were then presented for forgiveness and other similar matters, and notice was given for special assignments during the week for various objects.' The singers then sailed up to the judges' stand, and, after getting into position, sailed away on the course with all canvass set a spanking breeze from the organ, which drove them along in fine style. The top-rigged flat flying the blue pennant was well ahead at the stake, and came home ahead of all the fleet.' The speaker then took the floor and announced his intention to ask that the resolutions of censures that had been heaped upon Ananias should be rescinded, and proceeded to read the records of the case, from which it appeared that Ananias had sold his horse, and had not given all the price to the church.' The speaker then went on to say that no reason appeared on the records for Ananias to give any, and much less all, his property to the church, and he questioned if any of those before him would do any more than Ananias had in the same place. He then went on to show that Ananias had obeyed his wife in the matter, and expressed the belief that few of those before him could say as much for themselves. After further arguments of a similar character, he moved that the character of Ananias be and is hereby declared A No. 1 by the members of the House."

RELIGIOUS.

The singing in Rev. G. H. Hepworth's Tabernacle is led by a person who stands by the pastor.

Let no man say he is proof against temptation at any point. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

The statistics of the Primitive Methodists in England show a membership of 160,658, being a decrease from last year of 806.

New Jersey has been divided into two diocese. One will have forty-seven parishes, and the other forty-two.

The Rev. Joseph Gurley, late a Methodist minister, has been recommended for deacon's orders, in the Minnesota diocese.

A colored Congregation church in Cleveland, Ohio, known as Mount Zion church, has just completed a commodious house of worship.

The Congregational churches in Massachusetts number 509, a gain of four over last year. The membership is 82,464, a gaid of nine.

The Clergyman's Mutual Insurance League of the Episcopal church numbers 1,018 members, each of whom pays two dollars on the death of each member

The Devil does not cease his efforts to draw a soul astray when he sees that soul in prayer, or in worship, or in bible study, or in the active ministry of good.

In Trinity Church, Kandy, India, a Buddhist priest made a public renunciation of his old tenets, laid aside his priestly robes, and professed his faith in christianity.

One thousand churches have been added by the Methodist Board of Church extension since the first day of June. 1864, furnishing accomodation for 200,000 people.

A German Methodist society recently organized at Denver, Col., now numbers fifty members, who have bought a church site, and intend to erect a $12,000 house thereon.

A vigorous effort is being made in several Episcopal dioces to secure for the clergy a minimum stipend equivalent to $1,500 a year, and is meeting with a fair amount of success.

Rev. Dr. Weschler, Jewish Rabbi in New Haven, Conn., says Reformed Israelites do not believe in a Personal Messiah, and that the Old Testament Scriptures do not teach such a doctrine.

Pints and quarts of filthy catarrhal discharges. Where does it all come from? The mucous membraine, lining the chambers of the nose, and its little glands, are diseased, so that they draw from the blood its liquid and exposure to the air changes it into corruption. This life-liquid was to build up the system, but it is extracted and the system is weakened by the loss." To cure, gain flesh and strength by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which also acts directly upon these glands, correcting them; apply Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, the only method of reaching the upper cavities where the discharge accumulates and comes from. The instrument and two medicines sold for $2 by all Druggists. 604

How to make a slow horse fast Don't feed him.

RISIBILITIES.

Cash on delivery is the custom adopted by popular lecturers.

A post-mistress in Pennsylvania employs her husband as head clerk.

A Georgia editor was bitten by a dog, "being evidently mistaken for a bone."

"Time cuts down all, both great and small." How about the provision and grocery bills?

"Transactions in Hair," is the heading by a Detroit editor to an account of a street fight.

"Her Face Was Her Fortune," will soon be followed by "His Cheek Was What Made Him."

Smirkins looked at a painting of a pig and pleasantly asked, "Who is that pigment for?"

When a policeman finds a man full he takes him to the station house and his friends bail him out.

A Philadelphia paper has ascertained that Noah Webster used to play euchre and steal eggs.

Mrs. Partington says she gets up every morning at the shrill carrion of the chandelier.

Springfield, Mass., has an ordinance which imposes a fine on any one "who swears out aloud."

The young man who boasted he could marry any girl he pleased, found that he couldn't please any.

A lazy editor in Ohio reads all his exchanges in bed. He finds it the easiest way to fill up his sheet.

The manner of advertising for a husband in Java is by placing an empty flower-pot on the portico roof.

"Grangers, I will sell you coffins cheaper than any other man in the city!" is what a Council Bluffs man advertises.

One advantage of living in Troy is that one can go to any hydrant, any day, and get an eel for dinner, and no extra charge.

Georgia Item.—"Bill Bridges, of Dooley county, attempted to knock down a pine tree with his horse, and killed the latter."

Elgin, Illinois, offers the boys two cents apice for all the rats they can kill, and the schools are on the point of suspending.

Colored citizens of the south don't say "shoo fly" when an insect troubles them now-a-days—"Gwoffemdah" is the mysterious word.

Mrs. Andrews, of Vermont, said she didn't care a darn whether dinner suited her husband or not, and a justice fined her seven dollars.

California papers won't publish the Governor's message on account of its length. It makes nine columns of solid nonpariel.

It is suggested that in building railroads, the rails should be heated red-hot, so that the workmen will lay them down rapidly.

A Maine man has sued a paper for slander for calling him an indefatigable genius, and a local paper says a jury has awarded him $212 damages.

The editor of the Duluth Herald publishes a proclamation, saying, "we shall jerk a living out of this society during the coming winter, or we are much mistaken."

A young lady of Logansport recently sent a young man four quarts of butternuts as a token of acknowledgement for having saved her from drowning.

A philosopher says that a true man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature, and swings there as easily as a star.

During the biting frost of last night, a horse was left standing on Liberty street without a harness on. A man who would leave a horse in that condition would chew plug tobacco at his mother's funeral.

It is announced from Washington that the late President Lincoln's coachman has been appointed to a snug place in the Treasury Department. This goes far to confirm the popular belief that ours is a stable government.

A Titusville paper says: "A man called at one of our shoe stores yesterday and vainly essayed to get on either numbers 11, 12 or 13 shoes. The store-keeper then suggested that he should put on a thinner pair of stockings and try on the box."

"If," says a Western editor, the the day before Thanksgiving" we had a dollar for every glass of lemon slop, sweetened wine, beer and thicker things that will be drank to morrow, we wouldn't dun another subscriber in a year. But we haven't that number of dollars, so pay up."

It is now discovered that the account of a "balloon" being found in a tree in North Africa, and supposed to have traveled southward from France during the Franco-German war, is founded on a typographical error. The word should have been printed "baboon."

A genteel appearing loafer addressed an insulting remark to a lady of Troy, N. Y. She had a pail of yeast in her hand, and answered his impertinence with a dash of the lively liquid which covered him from head to foot. His friends now regard him as a rising young man.

A Precentor who had a bad cold occupied the "desk" so badly, that the minister whispered to him over the side of the pulpit—"What's the matter wi ye, John?" John whispered back—"That there was an unco kittlin in the paup o'his hass." "A kittling do ye caw't? It sounds to me like an auld tam cat."

The Boston Traveler says: "Positively frightful! Are our liberties to be insulted? They propose to raise the tax on whisky to one dollar a gallon! Do they forget a hundred years ago? Send a cargo of whisky here with a dollar a gallon tax on it, and see how quickly, in the garb of 'first offenders,' some one will take care that it is all poured into the harbor—or somewhere else."

A country postmaster, in making a requisition on the department at Washington for three thousand postal cards, apologizes for the unusually large number ordered by saying: "You may think that this amount of postal cards that I send for are great (our office being small), but I will explain it to you. We want them to advertise for a man that was our town treasurer and absconded."

MISCELLANY.

One of the miseries of life is to be beaten in an argument, and immediately afterward to think of some expression which would have totally annihilated your opponent.

A small child being asked by a Sunday school teacher. "What did the Israelites do after they had crossed the Red Sea?" answered, "I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves."

Rev. Charles Brooks was asked, "What is the shortest sketch of human life?" He answered thus: "At ten, a child; at twenty, wild; at thirty, strong, if ever; at forty, rich; at fifty, wise; at sixty, good, or never."—"Veritatis simplex oratio est."

So long as we keep cool and control our feelings we do not attract the attention of people; but as soon as soon as we get into an anxious state of mind which we cannot regulate, then people see the weakness, and become our critics and our enemies.

At a Sunday school in Ripon a teacher asked a little boy if he knew what the expression "sowing tares" meant. "Coarth I does," said he, pulling the seat of his little breeches around in front; "there's a tare my ma sewed. I tared it slidin' down hill.

A doctor living near Boston is so penurious that when he goes to make a visit in the country he takes a hen in his gig to eat up the oats his horse scatters when eating. The hen knows her business so well that she gets right out and goes to work without being told."

The London Church Times contains the following advertisement: Home wanted for an unmanageable boy, aged ten, with a clergyman. Strict disciplinarian, accustomed and willing to birch. Liberal terms; sings in the choir. X., Post-Office, St. Leonards-on Se.

A courteous Frenchman, in reply to a question why ladies were not admitted into the Chamber of Deputies, said that to be a member it was requisite to be forty years of age, and it was impossible to suppose that any lady would reach that unseemly age.

A De Kalb, Ill., minister walked about two miles a few days since to marry a wealthy couple in the hope of securing a handsome present. The bridegroom put an end to his expectations by pressing upon his acceptance a silver penholder and a bouquet of flowers.

It has been calculated that if thirty cents a day be expended on liquors it will, at the close of the year, amount to $109,50 and at the end of ten years to $1,095. At the present price of flour, this would be sufficient to supply four families of five persons each with bread for an equal length of time.

A little negro boy of the South had just been equipped with a new suit of clothes, the first he had ever had in his life you may be sure. Next morning he appeared with one leg of the trowsers ripped up from shoe to waistband. On being asked how it happened he answered, "Please ma'am, I wanted to hear it flop."

The number of Sunday school teachers in this country in 1828 is said to have been 350,000. A writer in the Chicago Teacher thinks there are now 6,000,000 scholars, and 1,000,000 teachers. The estimate is considered too high; but the increase in the number of scholars, and the enthusiasm manifested in the work in the past ten years, has been truly wonderful, and must have produced great results.

"Every good act," says Mohammed, "is charity." Your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation of your fellow-men to virtuous deeds is equal to almsgiving; your putting a wanderer on the right road is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does to his fellow-man.

"The Karen mothers," says Mrs. Vinton, "dedicate their infants to their idol gods early, zealously and scrupuously. After the conversion of these heathen mothers, they are no less zealous for the salvation of their children. They cease not, day or night, till God hears their cry and often their little ones are brought savingly to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus."

Is not this a voice of thunder to us? Verily, will not these heathen rise in judgement to our condemnation.

An anfort