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VERMONTERS, at home and abroad, should send for the Catalogue of 500 Stereoscopic Views of Vermont Scenery, to A. F. STYLES, Burlington, Vt. 28tf

DOORS, SASH & BLINDS. The subscribers would give notice that they are prepared to fill orders on short notice for all sizes and styles of Doors, Sash and Blinds, from thoroughly seasoned and kiln dried lumber. We also keep constantly on hand a large stock of ready made coffins and trimmings. A large stock of Lumber constantly on hand. HOWDEN, BOSWORTH & CO., Bristol, Vt. 49;tf

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The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand
OATS,
CORN,
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BUCKWHEAT FLOUR
INDIAN MEAL,
FLOUR OF BONE,
And various other articles. Will sell at small margin from cost, for cash.
V. V. CLAY.
Middlebury, April 17th, 1868. 3tf

FLOUR!

We have made extensive additions to our GRIST MILL, and can make as good flour as can be made any where.
We are now selling our best Milwaukie Club Spring Wheat Flour (which we warrant to be better than one-half the Winter wheat flour sold) for $12.50 per barrel.
Also, Corn Meal Provender, Oats, Bran and Shorts. SHELDON & OWENS.
June 21, 1868. 14tf

ON and AFTER TUESDAY SEPT. 1, the charges per day at the Bread Loaf Inn will go again $2.50; and the charge for dinners, $1.00. Charges per week will remain $10 per month, $9. Children between 10 and 15, three-quarters price; under 10, half-price.
JOSEPH BATTELL.
Ripton, August 22, 1868. 6;2t

FOR SALE.
A Timber Lot of nearly twenty acres, lying near the Baxter Island in Cornwall. The timber consists of Ash, Pine, Cedar and Hemlock. Enquire of David Piper, Middlebury, or of
M. S. KEELER.
Cornwall, Vt., Feb. 6, 1868. 46;tf

Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXIII MIDDLEBURY, VT., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1868. NO. 28

All is Well.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Her window opens to the bay,
On glistening light or misty gray,
And there, at dawn and set of day,
In prayer she kneels!
"Dear Lord!" she saith, "to many a home,
From wind and wave the wanderers come;
I only see the tossing foam
Of stranger keels.

"Blown out and in by summer gales,
The stately ships, with crowded sails,
And sailors leaning o'er their rails,
Before me glide;
They come, they go, but nevermore
Spice laden from the Indian shore,
I see his swift-winged Isadore
The waves divide.

"Oh Thou! with whom the night is day
And one the near and far away,
Look out on yon gray waste and say
Where lingers he.
Alive, perchance, on some lone beach
Or thirsty isle beyond the reach
Of man, he hears the mocking speech
Of wind and sea.

"Oh, dead and cruel deep, reveal
The secret which thy waves conceal,
And, ye wild sea-birds, hither wheel
And tell your tale.
Let winds that tossed his raven hair
A message from my lost one bear—
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer,
Or dying wail!

"Come, with your dearliest truth shut out
The fears that haunt me round about;
O God! I cannot bear this doubt
That stifles breath.
The worst is better than the dread;
Give me but leave to mourn my dead
Asleep in trust and hope, instead
Of life in death!"

It might have been the evening breeze
That whispered in the garden trees;
It might have been the sound of seas
That rose and fell;
But with her heart, if not her ear,
The old loved voice she seemed to hear:
"I wait to meet thee; be of cheer,
For all is well!"

Bread and Butter.

The girl engaged in moulding bread
Shall make some heart flutter,
With hope to get that dairy maid
To make his bread and butter.

She may not play the game croquet,
Or French and German stutter,
If well she knows the curd from whey
And makes good bread and butter.

In meal and cream she's elbow deep,
And cannot stop to utter,
But says if he will sow and reap,
She'll make his bread and butter.

The dairy maid, the farmer's wife,
Shall be the toast we utter;
Alone, man leads a crusty life,
Without good bread and butter.

ITEMS.

Winged time—Fly-time.

Drawing-rooms—Apartments of a dentist.

An auctioneer's epitaph—"Gone."

There are 590 newspapers in New York state.

The state of Michigan has 164 Congregational churches.

There are 246 agricultural societies in the province of Ontario, Canada.

Good men to attend auctions—Men whose faces are forbidding.

The Canadian recruits in the papal army are deserting.

Female cricketers are the latest developement of woman's rights in England.

Our nearest of kin—Mosquitoes. They are our blood relations.

"All's well that ends well."—That's why girls with small feet are counted pretty.

Brownlow is affectionately alluded to by a Memphis paper as "our gubernatorial bell-cat."

A fellow in Leipzig has got three years' imprisonment for encouraging 141 women to think he intended to marry them.

Isn't it remarkable that railway trains can run over so many sleepers without waking any of them?

Dull men are to be closely studied. Their qualities, like pearls, lie out of sight, and must be dived for.

It was an old bachelor who said, "If you meet a young lady who is not very shy, you had better be a little shy yourself."

There is a fenian revival in Philadelphia, with meetings every night, and the usual ominous hints that something terrible is going to happen.

A western editor, in response to a subscriber who grumbled that his paper was intolerably damp, says: "That is because there is so much due on it."

Great Britain has 13,289 miles of railroad; Canada has 21,140 miles, including that in course of construction; and the United States will have, at the end of this year, 40,000 miles.

A minister was thrown from a horse a few days since in Boston, and that is what the local paper calls spreading the gospel in a benighted region.

A dominie, examining his scholars on the Bible lesson, asked a young urchin the question, "Who was Jessie?" Without hesitation the boy answered, "The flower of Dumblane, sir."

A woman was giving evidence in a certain case, when she was asked by the lawyer, "Was the young woman virtuous previous to this affair?" "Virtuous?" "Yes; was she chaste?" "Chaste? she was chaste about a quarter of a mile."

A young lady who teaches music in an academy in Western New York, sent an order to a publisher recently, in which she had spelled the words very poorly. She apologized by adding a postscript as follows:—"You must ekskews the letter, as I pla bi noat, but spel bi ear."

The following is Soames Jenkyns's epitaph on Johnson:

"Here lies Sam Johnson—reader have a care,
Tread lightly, least you wake a sleeping bear;
Religious, moral, generous, and humane
He was, but self-sufficient, proud and vain;
Fond of and overbearing in dispute,
A Christian and a scholar—but a brute."

A complaint was made by a gentleman that he had been swindled by a stock company. "Why did you place any faith in the promise of receiving fifty per cent per annum for your money?" asked the judge. "I didn't believe it," said the witness, "but I expected there would be time enough to find some one who did." This is the history of stock swindling in a very few lines.

A young clergyman, in a highly elaborate sermon which he preached, said several times, "The commentators do not agree with me here." Next morning a poor woman came to see him with something in her apron. She said her husband had heard his sermon, and thought it a very fine one, and as he said the *common critters* did not not agree with him, he had sent him some of the best kidneys.

A CLEAR CASE.—It is a very clear case that poisonous drugs destroy health. Impure Saleratus produce decayed teeth, bronchitis, and dyspepsia, and general debility. It is also clear that Pyle's Saleratus is pure, wholesome, and efficient. Careful persons use no other.—Sold by grocers everywhere in pound packages

One needs only to try its virtues to be convinced of the efficacy of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. No cure, no pay.

MAGNOLIA WATER.—A delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne, and at half the price. 40tf

MISCELLANY.

The Mail Robber.

Fourteen years ago, I drove from Danbury to Littleton, a distance of forty-two miles, and as I had to await the arrival of two or three coaches, and did not start until after dinner, I very often had a good distance to drive after dark. It was in the dead of winter, and the season had been a tough one. A great deal of snow had fallen and the drifts were plenty and deep. The mail that I carried was not due at Littleton by the contract until one o'clock in the morning, but that winter the postmaster was very often obliged to sit up a little later than that hour for me.

One day in January, when I drove up for my mail at Danbury, the postmaster called me into his office.

"Pete," said he, with an important, serious look "there's some pretty heavy money packages in that bag," and he pointed to the bags as he spoke. He said the money was from Boston to some land agent up near the Canada line. Then he asked me if I'd got any passenger going through to Littleton. I told him I did not know, but I suppose I have not" says I.

"Why," says he, "the agent of the lower route came in to-day, and he says that there have been two rough characters on the stage that came up last night, and he suspects that they have an eye on this mail, so that it will stand you in hand to be a little careful."

He said the agent had described one of them as a short, thick set fellow, about 40 years of age, with long hair, and a thick, heavy clump of beard under the chin, but none on the side of his face.—He did not know anything about the other. I told the old fellow I guessed there wasn't much danger.

"Oh, no, not if you have got passengers through; but I only told you of this so that you might look sharp when you change horses."

I answered that I should do so, and then took the bag under my arm and left the office. I stowed the mail under my seat a little more carefully than usual, placing it so that I had my feet against it; but beyond that I did not feel anyway concerned. It was past one when I started and I had four passengers, two of whom rode only to my first stopping place. I reached Gowan's Mills at dark, when we stopped for supper, and where my other two passengers concluded to stop for the night.

About 6 o'clock in the evening I left Gowan's Mills alone, having two horses and an open pung.

I had seventeen miles, and a hard seventeen it was, too. The night was quite clear, but the wind was sharp and cold, the loose snow flying in all directions, while the drifts were deep and closely packed. It was slow, and tedious work, and my horses soon became leg weary, and restive. At the distance of six miles I came to a little settlement called Bull's corner, where I took fresh horses. I'd been two hours going that distance. As I was going to start a man came up and asked me if I was going through to Littleton, I told him I should if the thing could possibly be done. He said he was very anxious to go, and as he had no baggage I told him to jump in and make himself as comfortable as possible. I was getting up my lines when the ostler came out and asked me if I knew that one of my horses had cut himself badly. I jumped out and went with him, and found that one of the animals had got a deep cork-cut on the off fore foot. I gave such directions as I considered necessary and was about to turn away, when the ostler remarked that he thought I came alone. I told him I did.

"Then where did you get that passenger?" said he.

"He just got in," I answered.

"Got in from where?"

"I don't know."

"Well, now," said the ostler, "that's kind o'curious. There ain't been no such man at the house, and I know there ain't been none at the neighbors."

"Let's have a look at his face," said I. "We can get that much at any rate. Do you go back with me, and when I get into the pung, just hold your lantern so that the light will shine into his face."

He did as I wished, and as I stepped into the pung I got a fair view of such portions of my passenger's face as were not muffled up. I saw a short, thick frame; full, hard features, and I could almost see that there was a heavy beard under the chin. I thought of the man whom the postmaster had described to me; but I didn't think seriously upon it until I had started. Perhaps I had gone half a mile, when I noticed that the mail bag wasn't in its old place under my feet.

"Hallo!" says I, holding up my horses a little. "Where's my mail?"

My passenger sat on a seat behind me, and I turned toward him.

"Here is a bag of some kind slipped back under my feet," he said, giving it a kick, as though he'd shove it forward.

Just at this moment my horses lumbered into a deep snow drift, and I was forced to get out and tread down the snow ahead of them, and lead them through it.

This took me all of fifteen minutes; and when I got in again, I pulled the mail bag forward and got my feet upon it.—As I was doing this, I saw the man take something from his lap, beneath the buffalo, and put it in his breast pocket.—This I thought was a pistol. I had caught the gleam of a barrel in the starlight, and when I had time to reflect, I knew I could not be mistaken.

About this time I began to think somewhat seriously. From what I had heard and seen, I soon made up my mind that the individual behind me not only meant to rob me of the mail, but he was prepared to rob me of my life. If I resisted him he would shoot me, and perhaps he meant to perform that delectable operation at any rate. While I was pondering, the horses plunged into another deep snow drift, and I was again forced to get out and tread down the snow before them. I asked my passenger if he would help me, but he didn't feel very well, and wouldn't try; so I worked alone, and was all of a quarter of an hour getting my team all through the drifts. When I got into the sleigh again, I began to feel for my mail-bag with my feet. I found it where I had left it; but when I attempted to withdraw my foot, I discovered it had become entangled in something—I thought it was the buffalo, and I tried to kick it clear; but the more I kicked the more closely it was held. I reached down my hand, and after feeling about a few minutes, I found that my foot was in the mail-bag! I felt again, and found my hand in among the packages of letters and papers! I ran my fingers over the edges of the opening, and became assured that the stout leather had been cut with a knife!

Here was a discovery. I began to wish I had taken a little more forethought before leaving Danbury; but as I knew that making such wishes was only a waste of time, I quickly gave it up, and began to consider what I had best to do under the existing circumstances. I wasn't long in making up my mind upon a few essential points. First, the man behind me was a villain; second, he had cut open the mail-bag and robbed it of some valuable matter. He must have known the money letters by their size and shape; third, he meant to leave the stage on the first opportunity; and fourthly, he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest or detain him.

I resolved these things over in my mind, and pretty soon I thought of a course to pursue. I knew if I would get my hands safely upon the rascal, I must take him wholly unawares, and this I could not do while he was behind me, for his eyes were upon me all the time; so I must resort to stratagem. Only a little distance ahead was a house, and an old farmer named Longee lived there, and directly before it a huge snow bank stretched across the road, through which a track for wagons had been shoved with shovels.

As we approached the spot, I saw a light in the front room as I felt confident I should, for the old man generally sat up until the stage went by. I drove on, and when nearly opposite the dwelling, stood upon a hind footboard done when approaching difficult places. I saw the snow bank ahead, and could distinguish the edge cut which had been shoveled through it. I urged my horses to a good speed, and when near the bank forced them into it.

One of the runners mounted the edge of the bank, after which the other ran into the cut, thus throwing the sleigh over about as quick as though lightning had struck it. My passenger had not calculated on any such movement, and wasn't prepared for it; but I had calculated, and was prepared. He rolled out into the deep snow, with a heavy buffalo robe about him, while I lighted upon my feet directly on top of him. I punched his head into the snow, and sang out for old Longee. I did not have to call a second time, for the farmer had come to the window to see me pass, and as soon as he saw my sleigh overturned, he had lighted his lantern and hurried out.

"What's to pay?" asked the old man as he came up.

"Lead the horses into the track, and then come here," said I.

As I spoke I partially loosened my hold upon the villian's throat, and he drew a pistol from his bosom; but I saw it in season and jumped his head into the snow again, and got the weapon away from him. By this time Longee had led the horses out and came back, and I explained the matter to him in as few words as possible. We hauled the rascal out into the road, and, upon examination, we found about twenty packages of letters which he had stolen from the mail-bag, and stowed away in his pockets.

He swore, and threatened, and prayed; but we paid no attention to his blarney. Longee got some stout cord, and when we had securely bound the villian, we tumbled him into the pung. I asked the old man if he would accompany me to Littleton, and he said, "Of course." So he got his overcoat and muffler, and ere long we started on.

I reached the end of my route with my mail all safe, though not as snug as it might have been, and the mail-bag a little the worse of the game that had been played upon it. However, the mail-robber was secure, and within a week he was identified by some officers from Concord, as an old offender; and I am rather inclined to the opinion that he's in the State Prison at the present moment. At any rate, he was there the last I heard of him.

That's the only time I ever had any mail trouble; and I think that under all the circumstances I came out of it pretty well.

—A letter from Pendleton to a gentleman in Texas is just published, in which the exponent of the northern democracy gives the following advice: "We are making a last fight for constitutional liberty, and the signs of the time indicate a democratic victory hitherto unknown. Yield not a scintilla of your honor. There is no room for compromise. About your being allowed to vote, be not alarmed; we shall see that Texas is represented. Vote, by all means."

Waking up the Wrong Passenger.

Railway traveling in Canada, among other comforts and conveniences, has its jokes. A Montreal paper says that an incident which blended the farce with tragedy, in fact, a case of waking up the wrong passenger with a vengeance, occurred on the Grand Trunk night express west, lately. A Southern gentleman, accompanied by his wife, son, nurse, and three or four daughters, who were going westward, took berths for the whole party on the car. Himself and wife occupied a berth at one extremity of the car, while the nurse and daughters were compelled to seek slumber (not that they found it) at the other end. The eldest daughters, aged 18 and 9 respectively, occupied the lower births, and nurse and her charges the upper. Toward midnight, the two-year-old woke up and went to the drinking fountain for a drink of water: returning, she went to the left hand berth instead of the right, when, oh, horrors! what a sight met her gaze! Her sister, as she supposed, was snoring peacefully with a masculine face, abundantly bearded. She tottered to her sire and whispered the horrible tidings in his ear. The sire arose, the hot blood of Southern chivalry boiling in his veins, and rushed to the indicated berth. It was true—the same brown hair, the same poplin dress—there was no room for doubt, and he let the slumbering man have it between the eyes, straight from the shoulder, a blow from the injured father's arm which would have felled an ox. The astonished man awoke and strove to defend himself from the shower of blows, but the surprise and the cramped position prevented him. The lady, faithless viper, awoke, screamed "my husband," to the amazement of the pugilistic parent, who at once imagined a secret marriage. And from the opposite berth the only original daughter screamed "papa." Tableau. The father was covered with shame, and tendered ample apologies, which the assaulted at first refused to accept, wishing for blood. At last the matter was quieted. Next morning, the parties met at breakfast at Cobourg, where the ladies formed an amalgamation, and all thereafter went merry as an engine bell, the assaulted entering Toronto in triumph, with two black eyes, a nose big enough for two, and a frontispiece illustrated with cuts.

How to Draw the Enemy's Fire.

The following story is told of Colonel Howard, who commanded a brigade in Butler's army: "A few days ago our men were much annoyed by a rebel sharpshooter concealed in the brushwood. After he had wounded several of our men, various attempts were made to get a 'pop' at him, without effect. At last the gallant old Colonel hit upon the following ingenious though rather dangerous experiment of enticing the rebel out of his concealment:

"Boys," said he, coolly, "look out where the smoke comes from, for as soon as the Southern traitor sees me he will let fly!"

Getting deliberately from the rifle-pit, where he had been watching operations, the Colonel walked a few paces and calmly seated himself upon a stump. Scarcely had he done so, before bang went the rifle and a Minie flew past in too close proximity to be agreeable; but, ere the smoke had cleared away, half a dozen bullets had penetrated the spot where the rebel lay, and in a few moments after his body, reeking with gore, was dragged from its hiding place, having received not less than three bullets through it.

On seeing the body, the Colonel exclaimed "There, boys, did I not tell you I could draw his fire!"

FLYING.—An English gentleman has succeeded, by the gradual progress of continued experiments, in constructing mechanism that enables him to fly some distance. *Engineering*, the scientific journal, says of it:

"It consists of a pair of wings of rather small size, arranged so that they can be worked by the arms, and a large, fan-shaped tail of very light construtcion, connected to the body by basket work; so it stands at an angle of about 3 deg. with the horizontal. Mr. Spencer does not profess to fly in the ordinary sense of the term. He uses his apparatus by taking a short quick run, this run being continued until by the pressure of the air against the under surface of the tail, he is raised from the ground. He then, by using the wings, maintains the momentum which he has acquired, as long as possible, and is thus enabled to skim along at a short distance above the ground. He commenced his operations by practising long jumps without the aid of the apparatus, and then commenced using the wings, and finally added the tail. By continued practice and from time to time making alterations in his apparatus, he has been enabled to extend considerably his air flight or "skims," and we were informed by him a few days ago that he has lately accomplished a flight of 180 feet, starting and alighting at the ground level.

A man had received a large lot of lobsters, fresh and lively, when a boy stood looking at the critters, accompanied by his dog. "Suppose you put your dog's tail between the lobster's claws?" said the man. "Agreed," said the boy. The peg was extracted from the claws, and the dog's tail inserted. Away went the dog off home, howling at the squeeze his tail got from the lobster. "Whistle your dog back you young scamp," said the man. "Whistle your lobster back," cried the boy, and absquatulated. The boy made a lobster supper that night.

—A telegram from Fort Edward, N. Y., states, that the breaks on the Champlain canal have been repaired.

The Decoy Sheep.

Reading in an English magazine lately, we met with an account of a curious device of the London butchers. It is a difficult task, as might be supposed, to drive a flock of sheep through the streets of a large city, where the resemblance is so small to green pastures and country roads. They are liable to be scattered in all directions by the crowd of vehicles, and to turn, every few rods, down the cross streets, in a manner sorely trying to patience. Hence, when the butcher has purchased a number of sheep at the general market, it is no small matter, even with the help of a dog, to get them to his private yard for slaughter. Can any expedient lessen the trouble? A knowledge of the animal's instincts point out a method of relief. A sheep is taken and petted till it becomes wonted to the place, and attached to its owner. It is then used as a decoy, being led to the market place where the purchase is made of the little flock for the slaughter, and there placed at their head. The butcher then starts for home, the decoy sheep accompanies him, the others instinctively follow, according to sheep-nature, and refuse to be separated, threading their way through streets and lanes, carts and carriages, pleased with following their leader, till they reach the place of death!

We said, just now, that this was according to sheep-nature. Is there nothing like it in human nature? Alas! we see the same device in use on every hand by the great enemy of souls. How few he would entrap without a decoy! Fish do not bite the bare hook. Birds will not enter an empty trap-cage. Even sheep do not go willingly to the slaughter, but must be enticed there. Sinners love sin, but not death, and do not crowd the broad road with any idea that it leads to destruction. Satan has made a study of nature ever since he found our first parents in Paradise, and he understands it well. He knows that men, like sheep, are gregarious, and prone to go in troops, after leaders. He shapes his policy accordingly. He wastes little time or work on the common mass, but he takes great pains to train the leaders. One good decoy sheep will conduct a thousand flocks to the slaughter.—*Advocate*

What Monarchs are Fond of.

The following curious details regarding the gastronomic taste of the reigning sovereigns of Europe are taken from a Paris paper:

Napoleon III.—Abstemious, cautious; never making the slightest remark to the servants. Moderate drinker, but a great smoker. Du reste, the emperor's kind and considerate manner to every member of his household, however humble his position, is worthy of imitation.

Queen Victoria—Abstemious, Puesyite, liking beef and pastry.

Alexander II.—Hearty eater connoisseur in wine, preferring champane and Burgundy, and fond of game.

His Prussian Majesty.—Good drinker (Roederer, &c.) beef, mutton, biscuits, and sweet things. A pleasant and unaffected host.

His Majesty of Austria.—Silent at table, eats dark meat, especially mutton and game, and drinks the national wines of Hungary and Bordeaux.

Victor Emanuel.—Mighty hunter. Capital appetite, eats only white meat and small game. Kills wild boar, but never eats their meat; drinks the Cote d'Or wines.

Isabella of Spain.—Great appetite; prefers veal and white meats; drinks Spanish wines and Bordeaux.

The Sultan.—Partisan of strong meats, of rice, of pastry, of eastern fruit, and of Burgundy.

His Dutch majesty has the finest cellar in Europe; fond of fish, and especially salmon. His neighbor of Belgium eats very little, and always small game, and drinks sparingly of Bordeaux.

The exking of Hanover lives on the Bohemian pheasant, the woodcock of Galicia, and smoked ham of Styria, and drinks Moselle and the Rhine wines.

King Louis of Portugal is the smallest eater in Europe.

CAN ANY ONE TELL.—Can any one tell why men who cannot pay small bills, can always find money to buy liquors, and treat when happening among their friends?

Can any one tell how young men who dodge their wash women, and are always behind with their landlords can play billiards night and day, and are always ready for a game of poker or seven up?

Can any one tell how men live and support their families, who have no income and do not work, while others who are industrious and constantly employed, half starve?

Can any one tell how it is that a man who is too poor to pay for a newspaper, is able to pay a dollar or two a week for tobacco, whisky, or cigars?

Voltaire, after being on terms of friendship with the King of Prussia, owing to his wit, gave some offence; when the king said to some of his courtiers, 'When we squeeze the orange, and have sucked the juice, we throw the rest away.' 'Then,' said Voltaire, "*I must take care of the peel.*"

—A man deliberately threw himself in front of a locomotive running at full speed on the New Jersey railroad, Wednesday, and of course was instantly killed. No one knew him

Boston is a wealthy city. Its taxable property is more than $195,000,000, being larger than the whole taxable property of the State of Alabama, and more than twice as much as that of California.

The Absurdity of Drinking.

It has become a sort of popular—almost national—faith that it is not possible to be truly happy unless you drink. Among certain classes—and they are by no means exclusively the lowest—drink is the beginning and end of everything. The very name of liquor is held to be synonymous with enjoyment, and the dearer the liquor the more it is prized and coveted. Yet every man who is not a downright drunkard is well aware that the pleasures of drinking are, beyond a certain point, a mockery, a delusion and a snare. I put it to any one who has spent half the night at a porter-bar, or sat half the night in a club room, drinking, smoking and bandying reckless talk, if the enjoyment of such an evening has been anything like that of a few quiet hours spent at home with a book or newspaper? The evil influence of tavern pleasure on the health is too obvious to be denied by any one, and the illusory nature of the pleasures themselves would be undeniable also, if the persons who indulge in them did not deceive themselves and put truth out of sight.

No one ever brought any good out of a drinking-bout yet. It is a short, feverish spasm of animal enjoyment, which leaves nothing behind but moroseness, regret, bad temper, self-reproach, and headache. I should like to ask you, sir, if you say your prayers when you come home in that shape? No—you don't. You are ashamed to say them. You postpone them till you have purged yourself, your mind and your lips, by more sober and rational behavior. Next night when you pass the hours quietly at home with a book or a friend, you feel that you have had real enjoyment, and that the time has passed pleasantly, that you have learned something, and that you have not injured your health. You are not ashamed to say your prayers, and you get up next morning with a clear head, a good appetite, and an increased faculty for work and enjoyment of life.—*All the Year Round.*

The Grecian Bend.

And above and beyond all the pannier!
Never saw I such a sight before—(nor behind, either, for that matter).

The sylph-like maiden of the present season is humped like a camel and not altogether unlike a whale.

Pannier, you must know, is French for anything that sticks out. Steel, whalebone and stuffing enter into its composition. Where nature has been economical, ambitious art is lavish, and it is indeed surprising to see how broad and stupendous a structure can be built upon the most unpromising and flimsiest foundation.

Regularly as evening sets in, the curious and meditative guests seat themselves in position to view the panier-ama.

Indeed, there is much to see and considerable to learn. The Grecian bend first attracts attention. This is achieved by hoisting the shoulders into the ears, throwing the chin upward, the chest forward, and the trunk backward, (no danger of those extremes meeting), and dangling the little hands from the waistband like a kangaroo's short fore-paws. It is rumored that a species of martingale is worn to bring about the most stylish Grecian, while others absolutely hold that sticking plaster is used to maintain the unnatural position. Practiced in the wilds it would be bad enough; but, "oh, it is pitiful, near a whole city full."

Why do not the clergy who have so earnestly preached against the Black Crook take the Grecian bend in hand?

I noticed that very many young ladies who were not ailing when they came to the Springs, showed symptoms of the Grecian soon after their arrival, and secured it chronically before leaving.

It surely was put on; I cannot believe 'tis the natural effect of the waters. To tell the truth I've sometimes felt that way myself, but I generally took peppermint for it and got some one to rub my stomach with warm red flannel.

It is definitely settled that the Girl of the Period must distress her colon with the Grecian? Will the coming woman, (as well as the going one), wear a pannier? Can nothing be done for them?—John Paul.

"COME DOWN."—A good story is told of a certain secretary of a whilom governor of the Empire State. Like most sub-officials, to whom some "pressing" final process is committed, he had an itching palm, while at the same time it would not be exactly safe to show his hand too openly. On one occasion he had, for the third time, been waited upon by an impatient party, interested in two important bills which had passed the Legislature, and with sundry others, were awaiting the governor's signature.

"Did you take my bill before his excellency?" asked the party of the secretary.

"N-not yet," said he, (he had a slight impediment in his speech,) n-not quite yet: the governor's very busy. By the b-by, w-what was the n-name of the m-man that g-got up into a tree when our Savi-ur w-as w-walking along that w-way?"

"Oh, you mean Zaccheus."

"Ye-es; that's the man. We-ell, do you re-recollect what w-was said to him?"

"Certainly, 'Zaccheus come down.'"

"Ex-a-ctly; ye-es, 'Come down!' I was thinking of that ye-esterday, when you c-called, but I couldn't re-m-member the name!"

The hint was taken, the party "came down" accordingly, and when next he called his signed bills were ready for him.

AGRICULTURAL HOSS TROTS.—At this season of horse-racing, Josh Billings' moral reflections on the equine subject are worthy of attention:

Men who have a great deal to do with hosses seem to demoralize faster than the hosses do.

Hosses are like dice and kards, altho they are virtuous enuff themselves, how natral it is to gambol with them.

Hosses love the society of man, and being susceptible of great deceit, they will learn a man to cheat and lie befor he knows it.

I know lots uv folks who are real pius, and who are onest enuff to work up into United States assessors, and such good moral chunks left over, but when they come to talk hoss, they want as much looking after as a case of diptherry.