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### Poetry.



### SPRING.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Dip down upon the northern shore,  
Oh sweet new year, delaying long;  
Thou dost expectant nature wrong,  
Delaying long; delay no more,  
What stays thee from the clouded noons,  
Thy sweetness from its proper place?  
Can trouble live with April days,  
Or sadness in the summer noons?

Bring on his, bring the foxglove blue,  
The little speedwell's darling spire,  
Deep tulips, dashing with fiery dew,  
Laburnums, drooping wells of fire?

Oh thou new year, delaying long,  
That long'st to burst a frozen bond,  
And flood a fresher throat with song.

Now fades the long last streak of snow;  
Now buoyons every make of quick  
About the flowering squares, and thick  
By ash-trees roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
The distance takes a lovelier blue,  
And downed in yonder living blue  
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
And milkier every milky sea,  
On winding stream or distant sea.

Where now the sea new pipes, or dives  
In yonder greeting gleam, and fly  
The happy birds, that change their sky  
To build and brood, that live their lives.

From land to land, and in my breast  
Spring wakes too, and my regret  
Becomes and April violet,  
And duns and blossoms like the rest.

### A WORD TO APPRENTICES.

Apprenticeship is the most important stage of life through which a mechanic is called to pass; it is emphatically the spring season of his days—the time when he is sowing the seed, the fruits of which he is to reap in after years. If he spare no labor in its proper culture, he is sure of obtaining an abundant harvest; but if, in the culture of the mental soil he follows the example of many in tilling the earth, and carelessly and negligently does his work, like them, he will find the seedling time past, and his ground only bringing forth weeds and briars. Let the young apprentice bear in mind, when he commences learning any business, that all hopes of success in future are doomed to fade away like the morning mist, unless he improve the golden season. Let him bear in mind that he can become master of his business only through the closest application and the most persevering industry; and that unless he does master it, may bid farewell to all the visions of future prospects and success. The apprenticeship is the foundation of the great mechanical edifice; and surely if the foundation of a structure be not firm, the structure itself crumbles and falls to the earth. Then, young friends, persevere; be studious and attentive; study well all the branches of your business, both practical and theoretical—and when the time shall come for you to take an active part in life, you will not fail to be of use not only in your own particular business, but in society.

### A STRONG MINDED WOMAN.

The Trenton American is our authority for the following romantic incident:

"A gentleman while driving from Newark to Bloomfield, late at night, met a female, young and beautiful, on the road. He invited her to ride with him, and inquired the cause of her being out alone at that time of night. She replied that she had arrived in Newark too late for the stage to Bloomfield, where she was going to visit some friends, and had concluded, as the distance was not great, to walk out there rather than to remain in the city. The gentleman then asked if she was not afraid to be alone on the public highway at that hour and on such a dark night. "On no," she replied, "I have carried a pistol for two years, and am never afraid." The gentleman looked at the speaker and saw she was not only young but fair, and came to the conclusion that her education had been somewhat different from that of our city belles, who think it an awful matter to be left alone for a half a minute in the middle of a room. The young lady, the gentleman learned, is of the highest respectability, and had come from Pennsylvania to visit her friends here, alone. She was doubtless well able to take care of herself."

NUMBER OF HUMAN BONES.—It is a fact, which, apparently, is not generally known, that there are thirty-two bones, neither more nor less, in all the divisions of the human body.—Thus, there are thirty-two teeth, thirty-two spinal junctions, and so on.

### From an English Magazine. A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

"Father will have done the great chimney to-night, won't he, mother?" said little Tommy Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast, which he carried to him at his work every morning.

"He said that he hoped that all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered the mother, "and that'll be a fine sight; for I never like the ceding of those great chimneys; it is so risky for father to be the last up."

"Oh, then, but I'll go and seek him, and help 'em to give a shout afore he comes down," said Tom.

"And then," continued the mother, "if all goes on right, we are to have a frolic to-morrow, and go into the country, and take our dinner, and spend all the day in the woods."

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and some bread in the other. His mother stood at the door, watching him, as he went merrily whistling down the street, and she thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in, and then her heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasures.

Tom with a light heart pursued his way to his father, and leaving him his breakfast, went to his own work, which was at some distance. In the evening, on his way home, he went around to see how his father was getting on.

James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen, had been building one of those lofty chimneys, which, in our manufacturing towns, almost supply the place of other architectural beauties. The chimney was of the highest and most tapering that had ever been erected, and as Tom shaded his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun, and looked up in search of his father, his heart sank within him at the appalling sight. The scaffold was almost down, the men at the bottom were removing the beams and poles. Tom's father stood aloft at the top.

He then looked around to see that everything was right, and then, waving his hat in the air, the men below answered him with a long loud cheer, little Tom shouting as loud as any of them. As their voices died away, however, they heard a different sound, a cry of horror and alarm from above. The men looked around, and coiled upon the ground lay the rope, which before the scaffolding was removed, should have been fastened to the chimney, for Tom's father to come down by! The scaffolding had been taken down without remembering to take the rope up. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough to reach the top of the chimney, or even if possible, it would hardly be safe. They stood in silent dismay, unable to give any help or think of any means of safety.

And Tom's father. He walked round and round the little circle, the dizzy height seeming more and more fearful, and the solid earth further and further from him. In the sudden panic he lost his presence of mind, his senses failed him. He shut his eyes; he felt as if the next moment he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below.

The day passed as industriously as usual with Tom's mother at home. She was always busily employed for her husband and children in some way or other, and to-day she had been harder at work than usual, getting ready for the holiday to-morrow. She had just finished her arrangements, and her thoughts were silently thanking God for the happy home, and for all those blessings, when Tom ran in.

His face was white as ashes, and he could hardly get his words out.

"Who, lad—thy father?" asked the mother.

"They have forgotten to leave him the rope," answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak.

The mother started up, horror-struck, and stood for a moment as if paralyzed, then pressing her hands over her face, as to shut out the terrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help, she rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd gathered around the foot of the chimney, and stood quite helpless, gazing up with faces full of sorrow.

"He says he'll throw himself down."

"These munna do that, lad," cried the wife, with a clear hopeful voice; "the munna do that—wait a bit. Take off thy stocking, lad, and unravel it, and let down the thread with a bit of mortar. Dost thou hear me, Jim?"

The man made a sign of assent, for it seemed as if he could not speak—and taking off his stocking, unraveled the worsted yarn, row after row. The people stood around in breathless silence and suspense, wondering what Tom's mother could be thinking of, and why she sent him in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

"Let down one end of the thread with a bit of stone, and keep fast hold of the other," cried she to her husband. The little thread came waving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thither by the wind, but it reached the outstretched hands that were awaiting it.—Tom held the ball of twine, while his mother tied one end of it to the thread.

"Now pull it slowly," cried she to her husband, and she gradually unwound the string until it reached him. "Now, hold the string fast, and pull it up," cried she, and the string grew heavy and hard to pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened a thick rope to it. They watched it gradually and slowly uncoiling from the ground, and the string was drawn higher.

There was but one coil left. It had reached the top. "Thank God!" exclaimed the wife. She hid her face in her hands in silent prayer, and tremblingly rejoiced. The iron to which it should be fastened was there all right—but would her husband be able to make use of it? Would not the terror of the past hour have so

### unverned him as to prevent him from taking the necessary measures for safety? She did not know the magical influence which her few words had exercised over him.—She did not know the strength that the sound of her voice, so calm and steadfast, had filled him—as if the little thread that carried to him the hope of life once more, had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God, which nothing ever destroyed or shook in her pure heart. She did not know that as she waited there, the words came over him, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God." She lifted her heart to God for hope and strength, but could do nothing more for her husband, and her heart turned to God and rested on him as on a rock. There was a great shout. "He's safe, mother; he's safe!" cried Tom. "Thou hast saved my life, my Mary, said her husband, folding her in his arms. "But what ails thee? thou seemest more sorry than glad about it." But Mary could not speak, and if the strong arm of her husband had not held her up, she would have fallen to the ground—the sudden joy after such fear had overcome her. "Tom, let thy mother lean on thy shoulder," said his father, "and we will take her home." And in their happy home they poured forth thanks to God for his great goodness, and their happy life together felt dearer and holier for the peril he had been in, and the nearness of the danger had brought them unto God. And the holiday next day—was it not a thanksgiving day?

### A DETERMINED DUELIST.

The duel in which a brother of the late Philip Barton Key was killed by Lieutenant Sherburne, twenty years ago, is described as follows by an ex-midshipman of the U. States Navy:

"It was fought in the month of June, 1836, on a vacant lot of land lying between the Capitol at Washington, and the Navy Yard. The day was intensely warm; and just as the fight was ended, there rose one of the most frightful thunder storms I ever witnessed. This rendered the bloody affray the more remarkable. At about 8 o'clock in the morning, I was called on by a friend of young Key, who informed me that a duel was to be fought, and he eagerly solicited me to interfere, and, if possible, prevent it. I replied that I would interpose to the best of my ability, though I certainly had no especial interest in either party. I inquired of my informant if it were not possible that he had been misinformed? He replied that there could be no mistake about it: for young Key had, the day before, borrowed the dueling pistols of the Hon. Henry A. Wise, and that everything had been arranged. I at once called on Mr. Wise, and asked him if he had loaned his pistols to any one? He replied that he had. That a young gentleman had solicited them for the purpose of practicing, and that he had loaned them; but was confident that nothing like a duel was on hand, for, he added, 'I am sure I would not loan them to a youth for any such purpose.' Still, being urged by my friend, I instantly repaired to the locality where it was said the duel was to be fought. On our arrival, we divided young Key and his antagonist, Sherburne, on the ground. I believe that a shot had already been exchanged; but of this I am not certain. Key and Sherburne were both midshipmen in the United States Navy, and their cause of quarrel, as well as I can remember, originated while both were on the Ocean station, and had its origin in the ward-room. It had nothing to do with women.—Sherburne was a native of New Hampshire, a young man of merit, exceedingly modest, and opposed to dueling from conscientious considerations. He endeavored to effect a reconciliation, but Key was inexorable. Sherburne, I am very sure, fired once in the air, refusing to seek the life of his antagonist. This produced no effect on Key; he insisted that the fight should proceed. Sherburne then said to his second, 'If he will not accept any accommodation, I will certainly kill him.' At the next fire, Key fell mortally wounded, a ball having passed entirely through his lungs and chest, producing inflammation of the heart. Sherburne, accompanied by his friend and surgeon, Dr. H., with the consent of the friend of Key, and his surgeon, approached the dying youth, asked his forgiveness, and tendered him his hand. He was repulsed with the spirit of a demon, and indignantly bidden to be off. "Away! away!" exclaimed Key, in the voice of death, "leave me. I came not here to whine and whimper. I came here to fight—to be avenged—to maintain my wounded honor. The chances have been with you, and I die—leaving to you my last and eternal execration and defiance!" In five minutes after he was a corpse.

### TEMPERATE DUCKS.

The vicinity of Haysworth, in this county, is somewhat celebrated for the immense number of ducks which congregate there every spring. A gentleman who lives there, informs us that he and his neighbors have lived on duck flesh so long that they have some fear of becoming web-footed. A man named Ben Taffe, fatigued himself so much by loading his gun, and killing ducks with fine shot, that he concluded to see if he could not kill them with coarse whiskey. With that object in view, he came to this city, and bought a gallon of what is known by hard drinkers as "sure death round the corner." He took it home and soaked a lot of corn in it and left the corn lying round loose. The ducks swallowed the corn without tasting the whiskey and the consequence was, that they became dead drunk in a few minutes. They did not recover from their first drunk until Mr. Taffe twisted their heads from their bodies. About fifty of them were victimized in about an hour.—Bloomington Pantagraph.

### A JEALOUS HUSBAND.

The following story, told by an exchange, fully illustrates the truth of the remark that strikes light as air, are to the jealous confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ. A gentleman residing at Crestline, with a loving and beautiful wife, became exceedingly jealous of a Mansfield lawyer, who visited the house frequently, and who always sought a private interview with the lady. The husband quietly brooded over his wrongs for a time, and then actually proposed to a brakeman on the railroad that he should murder the lawyer for a stipulated sum. The brakeman accepted the proposition, but instead of executing his bloody trust, he told the lawyer all about the matter. The story goes as follows:

"One evening, as the husband was approaching his home, he beheld the lawyer leaving the house, and on entering, saw his wife hurriedly shut a bureau drawer. In her absence, he examined the drawer. Imagine his surprise at discovering in it a quantity of gold coin which he supposed had purchased his wife's elopement. He was almost frantic, but said nothing, still hoping to hear of the lawyer's early decease, as per arrangement with the brakeman. On the next morning the lawyer and brakeman, by an understanding with the wife, who was 'posted' in the whole affair, called at the house, the wife received them in her quiet and lady-like way the husband treated them with great coolness and indifference, and began to regard the brakeman with suspicious of infidelity to his trust. The wife quietly went to the bureau took therefrom the bag of gold, and turning to her husband, said:

"Here is \$8,741 which my attorney has, after a great amount of labor, collected as my legacy, from the administrator of my uncle, whom you did not know, but who died in New Jersey, some eleven years ago. His kindly office, for which he has retained a reasonable fee, has affected you with jealousy. I hope this may teach you never to impute crimes to others, unless you have better evidence than mere suspicion of their guilt."

The brakeman then rose, and handed over a package saying:

"This is the price set upon the lawyer's head, but after an investigation, I concluded he didn't need killing, and herewith return it to you hoping you will become a wiser and better man."

The reader may imagine the effect produced upon the jealous husband by being simultaneously convinced of his wife's fidelity and possessed of \$8,741 in gold.

### A SURGICAL MONSTROSITY.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Tribune, under date of April 24, has the following:

"A child seven months old, was recently brought to the Jefferson College Hospital from the western part of the State, having appended to its left cheek a large mass of flesh, somewhat resembling a tumor. This mass grew more rapidly than the child itself. At birth it was no larger than an apple, but when brought here last month it was nearly a foot long. Its surface was neither smooth nor regular, but was divided into several globular masses, while pulsation was distinctly perceptible, regular and interrupted from forty to a hundred beats per minute. It was traversed by a large artery, showing that it was largely supplied with blood. The tumor was connected to the child's cheek by a peculiar caul-like membrane, pierced with holes, and its presence was a source of constant irritation to the child, though supported by the mother's hand. How to remove this huge tumor without destroying the life of the child was the great surgical problem. The parents were of the danger, were yet extremely anxious to have the frightful parasites taken off. Dr. Hancock, under whose charge the patient had been placed, decided that the use of the knife would result in a fatal hemorrhage, and determined to divide the caul-like membrane by using a French surgical instrument, the *exciseur*, which, by forcing down the skin, and bruising the vessels thoroughly before the chain of the instrument cuts through the mass, effectually prevents all serious bleeding. The operation was performed in presence of an immense assemblage of medical men students and others.

"The child was placed under the influence of ether, when all pulsation in the parasite was observed to cease. The instrument being applied, the chain was rapidly worked until the parts were well compressed, and afterwards very slowly. In fifteen minutes the tumor came away with the instrument, the chain having worked through the connecting membrane, while scarcely a drop of blood followed the removal, and but one small vessel required a ligature. The surface left on the cheek was about two inches square, and the tumor weighed two and a half pounds. The whole operation was entirely successful, and the child lives, and has fully recovered. But the extraordinary part remains to be told. The tumor thus taken off was found to contain a living child, imperfectly developed is true, but still a living child. Fingers were seen and a portion of a rudimentary arm. The intestines were well developed, and no doubt was entertained of its being a male child. A body, presumed to be the heart, contained, imperfectly formed, arteries and veins—of large size. The mesenteric arteries and veins were of large size. The dissecting knife came repeatedly in contact with the osseous matter of a rudimentary skeleton. Fat was found in large quantities everywhere. It was, in fact, a repetition of the Siamese Twins, only less perfectly developed. These results were received with profound astonishment by the crowded audience who witnessed the operation. The case is said to be unique in the annals of human malformation.

### EMPANELING A JURY.

The New York Piousness goeth it in the following manner:

We dropped into the Court of Quarter Sessions the other day, to "take a look round us," and while there, we witnessed the mode of empaneling a jury.

The first name called was Simon Bungstarter. He had heard the case in dispute, and formed an opinion—quite forgot what opinion was—could easily form another, though. Disliked the prisoner; was down on prisoners generally. Challenged.

The next, De Drabbit Ruff, had never heard of the case; formed no opinion; could not read; disliked reading; could write a cross to his name; always judged prisoners by their looks; didn't know what the case was all about. Accepted.

Stephen Brottelby—Had read of the case in the papers; first in the Herald—thought the prisoner guilty; then in the Tribune—knew he was innocent; could judge impartially and give a verdict with the majority. Challenged.

Barnard McGroggerty—Heard of the case from one-eyed Laffert; knew the prisoner well; he owed him two dollars—a rum bill; would make him sweat; was a professional jurymen, and always went into the jury box with his verdict in his pocket, so as to lose no time; could now leave his verdict with the court and go home. Challenged.

Bury Cuttlehead—Had expressed no opinion, but formed several, wanted to be paid for his services, else he wouldn't serve; had the small pox very bad, so could keep the jury from disagreeing; say which way you want the case to go, and he was bound to fetch it.—Challenged.

Meyers Schweinbuscherygrith—Heard von de gase; don't got no binions, dicks de brinner should be banged; felt sick with his stomach putty bad; want to go home. Accepted.

Wellington Winterbottom—Eard summat habout it; thinks hit hall an 'umbag. Would like to 'ove the prisoner down to Brummagem Bill's for an 'our would knock the fat off his eyeballs blam'd quick; didn't believe him. Accepted.

Sampson Stolid—Could judge impartially; didn't care which way he went; if the prisoner was acquitted he's let off; if he's found guilty, he's pardoned.

We waited no longer, having business elsewhere. We left the Court under the impression that there's a little fun and a good deal of farce about empaneling a jury.

CLOSED FOR REPAIRS.—In Judge L.'s office was always kept for private entertainment and solace, a demijohn of "good old Jamaica." His Honor noticed that every Monday morning it was lighter, a more abstracted "John" than he left it on Saturday night. Sam was also missing from his usual seat in the orthodox paternal pew.

On Sunday afternoon Sam came in about five o'clock, and (rather heavily) went up stairs. The Judge called after him: "Sam, where have you been?"

"To church, sir."

"What church, Sam?"

"The Second Methodist, sir."

"Have a good sermon, Sam?"

"Very powerful, sir; it quite staggered me, sir."

"Ab, I see," said the Judge, "quite powerful, eh, Sam?"

The next Sunday the son came home rather earlier than usual, and apparently not so much "under the weather." His father hailed him with: "Well, Sam, been to the 'Second Meth.' again to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good sermon, my boy?"

"Fact was, father, that I couldn't get in; church shut and a ticket on the door."

"Sorry, Sam; keep going, you may get good by it yet."

Sam says, on going to the office for his usual spiritual refreshment, he found the 'John' empty, and bearing this label: "There will be no service here to-day, this church being closed for repairs!"

Sam departed a "sadder and a wiser," but (with his bibulous proclivities) not a better man.

TRUE!—The Harrisburg State Sentinel, the organ of Gor. Packer, says the Lancaster Union, "pitches into" Old Buck without mercy. The last number of that paper has column upon column of bitter things—and true ones, too—against the "old sinner." The following is a sample of their character, and many of our "Democratic" fellow citizens will join with us in saying that it is a truthful shot. Even the most of those who adhered to Buchanan and denounced Col. Frazer all through the hard fought contest between the two "Democratic" leaders in Lancaster county, will admit the truthfulness of the following:

"THE OLD WAR HORSE."—Reah Frazer, the old war horse of Democracy, as he was called when he fought so gallantly the battles of the party, was an intimate personal friend of James Buchanan when that gentleman, in the infancy of his Democracy, needed friends. Col. Forney, a little later, was another zealous, working friend of old Buck. Both found out his true character in the lapse of years; but as Frazer's friendship commenced earlier in the day, so the grand discovery was made by him at an earlier period. Frazer is dead; some of his opinions survive him—this one among the number:

"Buchanan is a treacherous friend—a cold-blooded old Federalist—who, if he ever shall become President, will betray his party and his trust."

Verily, a shrewd man, was "the old war

### ILLUSTRATION OF LIFE.

Bishop Heber, upon departing for India, said in his farewell sermon:

"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first goes down the mighty channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the willows upon its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the bank seem to offer themselves to our hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is a long a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing us; we are exalted by our short lived enjoyment. The stream bears us on, and joys and griefs are left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed; for, rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the waves beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is to witness save the Infinite and Eternal."

A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL.—It appears to be generally admitted that "Jordan is a hard road to travel." Jim Sherwood tells of one that, if not the veritable "Jordan" itself, must be its "next friend." Let Sherwood speak for himself:

Time—towards evening. Place—forks of the road somewhere in North Carolina. Log cabin; close by, a red-headed boy sitting on the fence whistling "Jordan." Enter traveler on an old gray mare, both looking pretty well worn out.

Traveler—Say, boy, which of these roads goes to Milton?

Snuttering Boy—B-b both on 'em goes thar.

Traveler—Well, which is the quickest way?

Boy—B-b both alike; b-b both on 'em g-g gets thar b-b both the same time o' day.

Traveler—How far is it?

Boy—B-b both f-f-four mile.

Traveler—Which is the best road?

Boy—Th-th-they ain't nary one t-b-best. If you t-t-take the right hand road and g-go about a m-m-mile, you'll wish you was in b-b-bell; and if you t-t-turn back and take the left hand one, b-b-by the time you have g-gone half a m-m-mile, you'll wish you'd k-k-kept the other.

Traveler—G'lang!

### EQUAL JUSTICE TO MAN AND WOMAN.

The refined woman recoils with virtuous scorn from her fallen sister, but often welcomes him by whom she fell. We are told that Christ said to the woman's accusers, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone;" but, smitten by conscience, they went out one by one. And who is not in some way allied to this great guilt? The fact of common weakness should at least make us merciful. It is not just that upon the woman alone should fall the blot of shame. The text is a great lesson of justice also. There is neither justice, honor nor delicacy in our modern custom, which scarcely frowns upon the guilty man, while pouring out all the vials of wrath upon the guilty woman. It may or may not be true, as some insist, that this foul cancer in society can never be eradicated; but yet ought at least to insist upon it that the chalice shall be equally divided, that the sinning man shall be branded as deeply as the sinning woman. Suppose every guilty man bore the mark of shame in his face, in the market, or at church, how long would the evil continue? But the meanness of man has thrust the whole shame upon woman.—Rev. E. H. Chapin.

### Power of Prayer.

A Minister, whose name is not necessary now to give, had a son who was quite a rogue, and withal something of a wag. One day the boy had been guilty of some misdemeanor, for which the father called him to an account, when the following dialogue took place:

"John, you have done wrong and I must punish you."

"Very well, sir, just as you say."

"Then take off your coat."

"Certainly, sir."

"Now take off your vest."

"Just as you please, sir."

"Now, my son, it is my duty to flog you."

"Yes, sir; but, father, would it not be best first to engage in prayer?"

This was too much for the minister, the waggery of the son completely overcame him, so without either prayer or flogging, he dismissed the boy, while he turned away to relieve his risibles.

JUST SO.—Why is there always a strong draught under the door and through the crevices on each side? Because cold air rushes from the hall to supply the void in the room, caused by the escape of warm air up the chimney, &c.

Why is there always a strong draught through the keyhole of a door? Because the air in the room we occupy is warmer than the air in the hall; therefore the air from the hall rushes through the keyhole into the room, and causes a draught.

Which is the hottest place in a church or chapel? The gallery.

A miser having threatened to give a poor man some blows with a stick. "I don't believe you," said the other, "for you never gave anything."