ASHTABULA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

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DR. EAMES, would inform his friends, and the public generally that he may be found at his residence on Park Street, ready to attend to all professional calls. Office hours, from 12 to 2 P. M. Ashtabula O. May 21, 1868. 1043

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M. J. FOOTE, Prop.
Good Livery in connection with the House.
J. C. THOMPSON, Prop.
Free Buss to and from the cars. 1204

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G. W. NELSON, Dentist, Ashtabula, O., Will visits Conneaut, Wednesday and Thursday of each week. 1109

W. T. WALLACE, D. D. S. Kingsville, O. is prepared to attend to all operations in his profession. He makes a speciality of "Oral Surgery" and saving the natural teeth. 1106

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THE ASHTABULA LOAN ASSOCIATION
—CAPITAL $100,000—Office Main Street, next door south of Fisk House—does
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS,
Buys and sells Foreign and Eastern Exchange, Gold, Silver, and all kinds of U. S. Securities.
Collections promptly attended to and remitted for on day of payment, at current rates of exchange.
Interest allowed on time deposits.
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WAITE & SILL, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Ready Made Clothing, Furnishing Goods Hats, Caps, &c., Ashtabula 990

MISCELLANEOUS.

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J. E. WATROUS, Painter, Glazier, and Paper Hanger. All work done with neatness and despatch. 1190

READY made Cassimere Suits, all grades, at the Clothing House of
WAITE & SILL. 1186

L. S. & M. S.—FRANKLIN DIVISION.

From and after January 5th, 1873, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

GOING WEST. No. 7.	No. 4.	Dist.	STATIONS.	GOING EAST. No. 3	No. 8
P M	A M			P M	A M
2 35	7 00	0	0 Oil City—East	2 50	8 52
2 45	7 05	0	0 x Junction	2 45	8 45
2 55	7 10	1	1 x Oil City—West	2 40	8 35
3 08	7 20	4	7 x Reno	2 20	8 25
*3 16	*7 28	7	2 Run	*2 24	*8 15
3 25	7 34	9	3 x Franklin	2 16	8 07
*3 45	*7 52	15	8 Summit	*2 01	*8 11
3 53	7 58	18	1 x Polk	1 54	7 52
4 04	8 09	22	3 x Raymilton	1 43	7 45
4 24	8 24	28	5 Naples	1 26	7 35
4 27	8 31	29	8 x Stoneboro	1 23	7 12
x4 31	x8 36	31	3 Branch	x1 18	x7 15
*4 44	*8 47	35	5 Clark	*1 05	*7 10
4 54	8 56	38	8 Hadley	12 59	7 00
*5 10	*9 11	44	3 Salem	*12 45	*6 52
5 16	9 16	46	1 A & G W Crossing	12 38	6 38
5 30	9 31	51	1 x Jamestown	Noon.	6 33
—	*9 38	54	2 Turner ville	*11 51	6 20
—	9 47	57	2 Simon's Corners	11 41	—
—	10 02	62	8 x Andover	11 24	—
—	*10 13	66	6 Barber's—Leon	*11 12	—
—	*10 23	70	4 Dorset	11 00	—
—	10 40	76	4 x Jefferson	10 40	—
—	*10 58	82	4 Plymouth	*10 13	—
—	11 10	87	2 Ashtabula	10 06	—
—	2 20	141	7 Cleveland	7 45	—
	P M			A M	

*Trains stop only on Signal. xTrains do not Stop. zTelegraph Stations. Cleveland Time.

The Jefferson Accommodation leaves Jefferson at 6:00 a m and arrives at 7:45 p m.

The Way Freight trains stop at Jefferson in going West, at 9:30 P. M., and going East at 7:50 A. M. These trains carry passengers.

Passenger fare at the rate of 3 cents per mile; to way stations, counted in even half dimes.

ERIE RAILWAY.

Abstract of Time Table Adopted Jan. 20th, 1873

PULLMAN'S best Drawing-room and Sleeping Coaches, combining all modern improvements, are run through on all trains from Buffalo, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Cleveland and Cincinnati to New York, making direct connection with all lines of foreign and coastwise steamers, and also with round Steamers and railway lines for Boston and other New England cities.

STATIONS.		No. 2. Day Express.	*No. 12. Lightn'g Express	No. 8. Cincin. Express.
Dunkirk	L've	2 50 A M	12 55 P M	.....
Salamanca	"	5 10 "	3 00 "	.....
Clifton	"	7 00 "	1 20 "	9 55 "
Susp. Bridge	"	7 05 "	1 40 "	10 05 "
Niagara Falls	"	7 10 "	1 45 "	10 12 "
Buffalo	"	7 45 "	2 30 "	11 35 "
Attica	"	8 55 "	3 43 "	12 56 A M
Portage	"	9 54 "	4 48 "	2 03 "
Hornellsville	"	10 50 "	6 05 "	3 15 "
Addison	"	11 45 "	7 00 "	4 15 "
Rochester	"	8 00 "	4 00 "	.....
Avon	"	8 38 "	4 38 "	.....
Bath	"	11 01 "	6 35 "	.....
Corning	"	12 08 P M	7 55 "	4 37 "
Elmira	Arr.	12 38 "	7 55 "	5 08 "
Waverly	"	1 16 "	8 40 "	5 52 "
Philadelphia	"	10 30 "	.....	3 50 P M
Owego	"	1 48 "	9 20 "	6 28 A M
Binghamton	"	2 30 "	10 05 "	7 13 "
Great Bend	"	3 01 "	.....	7 45 "
Susquehan'a	"	3 15 "	10 50 "	8 00 "
Deposit	"	4 05 "	11 34 "	8 50 "
Hancock	"	4 32 "	12 03 A M	9 20 "
Lackaw'xen	"	6 13 "	.....	11 10 "
Honesdale	"	7 27 "	.....	2 17 P M
Port Jervis	"	6 55 "	2 50 "	11 55 A M
Middletown	"	.....	3 53 "	12 42 P M
Goshen	"	.....	.....	.....
Turners	"	8 16 "	.....	1 32 "
Newburg	"	.....	.....	2 55 "
Patterson	"	9 11 "	5 50 "	3 25 "
Newark	"	.....	7 06 "	6 05 "
Jersey City	"	9 42 "	6 23 "	3 10 "
New York	"	9 55 "	7 00 "	3 30 "
Boston	"	.....	4 00 P M	6 50 A M

Arrangements of Drawing-Room and Sleeping Coaches.

No. 2.—Sleeping Coaches from Cleveland to Hornellsville, and Drawing-Room Coaches from Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls and Buffalo to New York.

No. 12.—Sleeping Coaches from Cincinnati, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and Hornellsville to New York; also from Hornellsville to Albany

No. 8.—Sleeping Coaches from Cleveland, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls and Buffalo to Susquehanna and Drawing Room Coaches from Susquehanna to New York.

Ask for tickets Via Erie Railway.

For Sale at all principle Ticket Offices.

JNO. N. ABBOTT, *Gen. Pas. Agent.*

CUNARD LINE OF BRITISH AND U. S. MAIL STEAMERS—

Sail from Liverpool via Queenstown every Tuesday and Saturday.

From New York every Wednesday and Saturday.

Wednesdays—Cabin Passage $150, $100 and $80 in gold; no steerage.

Saturdays—Cabin $80 in gold, Steerage $30 currency.

Steerage Passage from Liverpool, Queenstown, Glasgow and Londonderry to New York, $28 currency.

Apply to C. G. FRANCKLYN, 111 Broadway, N. Y., or H. FASSETT & SON, Ashtabula, Ohio. 58.

CHEAP Cassimeres, Medium Priced Cassimeres, and Fine Cassimeres,

The Best American, English, French, and German Makes,

or the Fall and Winter trade are on our Counters awaiting inspection. Believing the

Best Clothes

to be the

CHEAPEST,

we have purchased and are well prepared to make garments, from the follow ng brands of Broadcloths, and Doeskins, Hinger Brothers' Wagner's Bockheskers and Schnables; also Devonshire Kerseys and Edredals in all the desirable shades, as well as German Diagonal and Straight Lined Worsteds. Our line of

TRIMMINGS

is very superior to correspond to the goods enumerated above. 1196

WAITE & SILL.

SELECT POETRY.

TO "SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US."

BY FRANK CLIVE.

Bill Baker owned a fighting dog,
A brindle, coarse-haired brute,
Whose chief delight was to engage
In a canine dispute;
An ill-conducted, vicious, cross,
Stub-tailed hair-lipped, crop-eared,
And red-eyed, canine nuisance,
By the neighborhood canions feared.

Bill's dog came down the street on a
Diagonal dog trot,
A looking for some other dog,
For whom to make it hot;
When, on a scrubby looking brute,
His vision chanced to fall,
Staring from out a looking glass
That leaned against the wall.

Bill's dog surveyed that strange canine,
With sinister regard,
And doubted if he'd ever seen
A dog look quite so hard.
The more he gazed, the less respect
He felt within him stir,
For that demoralized, cross-grained
And hang-dog looking cur.

That stranger dog returned Bill's dog's
Insulting stare, in kind,
Which tended to still more disturb
Bill's canine's peace of mind.
With every bristling hair along
His Back, he fiercely frowned,
And curled his tail until it raised
His hind feet from the ground.

And showed his teeth, and cocked his ears,
And otherwise behaved
Impertinently as dogs do
Whose instincts are depraved;
But all his hostile signs were met
By signs as hostile, quite,
And Bill's dog felt himself compelled
To slink away or fight.

He flew into the looking glass
With all of his might and main—
Filled with chagrin and broken glass,
He soon flew out again.
Reflection showed Bill's dog that he
Had got into a scrimmage,
Though indignation at the sight
Of his own hideous image.

The knowledge of his aspect quite
Destroyed his self-esteem;
For the hideous reality
Surpassed his wildest dream.
Life lost, at once, all charm for him;
So, mournfully he steered
Into a neighboring sausage shop
And never reappeared.

The moral of this doggerel
Is obvious, I trust;
For there is a moral lesson in
Bill Baker's dog's disgust;
If some men knew how they appear
To others, they would hide
Themselvis within a sausage shop—
That is, they'd suicide.

MISCELLANY.

From the Geauga Republican.

THOUGHTS ON TIME.

Tick, tick, tick, tick, says the clock, constantly reminding us that time is fleeting. Each vibration of the pendulum, counts another brief portion of our lives added to the irretrievable past. How rapidly those atoms of time, multiply themselves into minutes, hours days and years; so rapidly, indeed, that when we feel that even time, thus spent, is lost, and an impulse seizes us to rush on after it, in the attempt to redeem it again.—But that was a mistaken impulse. What is gone is gone forever. The past is behind us and we cannot turn back, nor, should we wish to, even though the remembrance of many wasted moments, or, what is worse, of grave mistakes, may haunt us sorely. It is not pleasant, to be thus haunted, but it will help, after all, to avoid similar omissions and commissions in the future. The future looks big to us, even bigger than the past, but the present which alone is ours, to be either for good or ill, looks small indeed. Just a gateway through the future is constantly hurrying into the past; and at this gateway we stand writing our records. Time will go on forever, but, by and by, the sands of our own individual lives will be numbered; our records finished. They will be read just as they have been written; nothing can be erased—nothing added. Therefore it is all important that we write them well.

We have each a duty we owe to ourselves, and, through ourselves, to our God and Creator. He has placed in our care both a physical and intellectual being, and are we to be accounted blameless if, while we feed and clothe the body to repletion, we neglect that far more important part, the intellect? How bountifully has the Creator supplied us with food and adonrment for the mind! The universe is full of it. We need not starve unless we choose to.—It is possible for some to climb to greater heights, and discover sublimer truths in this intellectual pasturage than others; but they throw down to us, with lavish hands; and thus we may read from books what those more gifted with genius have read from Nature herself. Ralph Waldo Emerson speaks of books as great helps to genius, which he thinks "receives more impulse from them than from living minds. We take the book under great advantages. We read it when we are alone. We read it with an attention not distracted." But the amount of benefit derived from reading will depend on the selection we make. It seems as though one could hardly find time to read much fiction when books of history, of travels, of poetry, of biography, religion and science, are to be had in such profusion, and from which we may reap such rich rewards of mental improvement, for the time devoted to their study. Sensational stories possess attractions, especially for the young; but, if they would read for profit, they will read sparingly of this kind of literature, allowing some older friend to make selections for them. We may hope to go on learning while we live, but the object of existence would hardly be realized were we recipients merely. There are innumerable avenues of usefulness open to us. Intelligent workers are what are needed. Let each choose his labor wisely, consulting his natural taste or bent of character which almost always displays itself, and then with steady application, he may be sure to accomplish much. And Woman, too, may write splendid records for herself, if she will. The past has furnished too many examples of noble women to allow us to believe that creative wisdom designed her for a mere gilded, butterfly existence, to flit and dazzle a little while till the freshness and beauty of youth are gone. Vanity, resulting from false education, may look no higher than this, but true womanhood recognizes a noble mission. Wifehood and motherhood are exhalted stations, and she who fills them will need never to mourn over misspent time. But in many other spheres of usefulness has woman labored successfully. History tells us of women whose lives have been made beautiful by all the Christian graces; women who have displayed almost unexampled heroism and fortitude, and women whose achievments of genius and intellect stand deservedly high, and upon their own merits. And is there not a significance worthy of our consideration in the fact that we do not need to become acquainted with the details of their lives to know that they were not votaries of fashion? The brilliant and gifted Hannah More, in speaking of fashionable dress, as it appeared to her a century ago, says: "Simplicity and modesty are things so much exploded that their very names are no longer remembered." And yet how much beauty there is in simplicity, and how much precious time it would save to woman which might be devoted to mental improvement. Who can tell how many Hannah Mores and Rosa Bonheurs and Harriet Hosmers we might have among us if the mass of women could be made to see that there are nobler pursuits than those imposed upon them by the fickle goddess Fashion?

But every life cannot be made up for great deeds. There are small things which need doing as well as large ones, and how are we to say that he or she whom the world calls great is more worthy than many another who has followed uncomplainingly, and without thought of reward, his path of duty, however lowly and obscure, and full of sacrifice that path may be? The inward consciousness of duty well performed shall be to them a rich reward, more precious far than any need of praise which nations could bestow.

For the Geauga Republican.

Laughing.

Goldsmith has told us that
"The loud laugh bespeaks the vacant mind."
So far as my observation extends, he is not altogether right, nor wholly wrong.

There are some people who never laugh without going into a series of prolonged yells, and fairly crack your ears with *rant* and *roar*, whether the mirth-provoking cause be deserving of more than a smile or not. They seem to think the perpetrator of the joke—be it ever so small a one—will think himself unappreciated if they fail to go into spasms of laughter. I think the aforementioned people prove Goldsmith right, so far as they are concerned, beyond a doubt.

It must be acknowledged I love to listen to a loud laugh when it is not "done on purpose," I mean, when it comes from the heart, "laughs itself." Laughing, or the feeling which prompts it, is the oil that keeps the wheels running easily, and keeps away the rust of moroseness and misanthropy.

Of all the things that awake our pity and abhorrence, none, I think, can compare with the vinegar-faced human *crabs* who never so far relax their facial muscles as to smile.

I have the recollection of one of them in my mind now. A man blessed with all he needed to fill his cup of gladness full, except the power to *enjoy* his blessings. To him there was no light, no beauty, in life, and to him *death* meant nothing but worms, darkness and decay. Wealth, which if rightly used, is a blessing, turned to a curse in his hands. All who tried to prove themselves friends to him were in his estimation only anglers for his money. He trusted no one, loved no one, and *never smiled*.

Your own memory can furnish you many glaring contrasts to the person mentioned. Thank heaven that there are as many as there are, and may the ranks of the laughers be increased daily! I don't mean *gigglers*, but *laughers*. No, not by any means. A giggler is too detestable to even deserve to be mentioned, or needs only to be known to be detested.

If you have anything to laugh at, why, laugh. Don't go through life with your face as long as a rail, as though there was nothing but sorrow here. Don't be dreading some awful bugbear ahead of you in the future. If the sun fails to shine every day, just create a little sunshine in your own heart, and you will be surprised to see how far it will shine in a dark day.

Wolf Hunting in Russia.

A correspondent of the London *Morning Post* gives a lively account of wolf hunting, which is one of the favorite sports in those parts of Russia where the animals have not disappeared before advancing civilization. At some abnormal hour between night and morning, you are aroused by a vigorous shake and a hoarse admonition to "tumble up and look sharp about it, for there's no time to lose." You make a hasty toilet and sallying forth see in front of your hut, in the dim light of the coming dawn a huge, dark, shapeless mass, which, as your eyes get used to the darkness, assumes the form of a broad, heavy, three-horse sledge with sides not unlike an enormous washing tub, around which is three or four spectral figures with lanterns—the fitful glare making their grim bearded faces look grimmer and less human than ever. Guns, ammunition, harversacks, etc. and stowed away in the bottom of the conveyance; and last not not least, a young pig, protesting against his abduction with a loudness and fluency, that would do honor to a Hyde Park meeting.

All being now ready, the hunters squeeze themselves into their places, the driver shakes his reins with awild whoop, and away we go into the darkness.—Mile after mile of the frozen waste goes by like a dream, till at length the spectral shadows of the forest begin to gather round us, and the sequel of our unlucky big (whose ears one of our party is vigorously pinching) begin to be answered by another sound which no one who has yet heard it will easily forget: not the long melancholy howl, wherewith a supperless wolf may be heard bemoaning himself on the outskirts of our village any night in a week, but the quick snarling cry of one who sees his food coming and wishes to hasten it.—And behold, there they come at last, the gaunt, wiry, slouching fellows with their bushy tails, and flat, narrow heads and yellow, thievish, murderous eyes. Crack! the foremost of the pack rolls over on to his side, kicking convulsively; but the rest gallop on unheeding. Crack! crack! and two more fall dead, blotting the snow with a smear of dull crimson. Some of the boldest pursuers swarm up to the sledge, and attempt to leap over its protecting sides while we pound their heads with the butt ends of our pieces, and chop their paws with hatchets, and slash them across the eyes with hunting knives, the two hindmost of our party meanwhile blazing away over our shoulders as fast as they can load. And so far a time the running fight goes fiercely on making altogether a very striking tableau.

But "the pace is too stiff to last," as our leader remarks with a knowing grin. A run at full speed through the deep snow tries even a full grown wolf too severely to be continued beyond a certain time, and in the face of a stout resistance the beast's inherent cowardice is sure to come to the surface sooner or later. Already three or four gaunt shaggy veterans who have probably had a good supper over night, began to hang back as if doubting the wisdom of risking their lives for a hypothetical breakfas. The speed of the rest slackened by degrees, and at length the whole would drop off as if by tacit agreement, leaving us to pursue our way unmolested. As we emerge again upon the opening, the beams of the rising sun are just beginning to fall, we see the last of our grim followers sinking like a belated spectre into the gloomy shadows of the forest which we have quitted.

The Fate of a Prophet.

Our readers will remember an account published in these columns some months ago of a peculiar colony, originally from Massachusetts, now settled on what is known as the "Stearns Place," in Columbia County, Georgia. The leader and head of this colony is one Joseph T. Curry, and he assumes over his followers the most autocratic authority. Not content with styling himself their king, he has latterly proclaimed himself the sovereign of everybody else, and, according to the Augusta *Chrovicle*, actually obliged the society to address him as the "Prophet Yahveh, the Great Ruler of the Universe." The career of this most preposterous and transparent humbug adds another to the numerous instance of the amazing gullibility of of mankind. Curry has stripped his people of their whole posessions, compels them to treat him with abject deference, and even to pay him the honors of deification, and still a portion at least of their number have submitted, and have positvely hugged the chain of their leader's imposture. The delusion although on a smaller scale, is far worse than that of the Mormons, and goes to show that in no stage of civilation are men likely to be exempt from the acceptance of the wildest conceivable religious superstitions.

Those to whom the pranks of the "Prophet Yahveh" are distasteful and the credulity of his people offensive will be glad to hear that the fellow is safely caged at last in the Columbia Penitentiary. Like most of his kidney, he has gone a little too far, and happily there have not been wanting men of public spirit in the neighborhood to see the enforcement of the outraged laws. It seems that some time ago Curry's wife came for the first time to the colony from Massachusetts. She is said to be a respecable woman, and the condition of the society under the rule of her husband is said to have given her great disgust and offence. Presently she went away and returned to Massachusetts. Upon her departure the Prophet issued a proclamation declaring the institution of marriage to be abolished, and immediately proceeded to make himself the first to profit by the edict thus emitted. Taking one of the unmarried members of his flock, a Miss Maria Clapp, he pronounced her his queen, and established her in a gorgeous tent, to which all but himself were thenceforth refused admittance. The girl is said to be young handsome, and intelligent, and the summary proceeding of "Yahveh" naturally made a noise. A snow-white flag floated majestically from a pole near the tent announcing the abode of royalty, and Curry was accustomed to march about in a white robe, bound at the waist with a golden cord, while on his head he wore a mitre, with the inscription "Holiness to Yahveh." The entire colony waited upon his person, and there were nightly ceremonies, dances upon the green, illuminations, and other festivities in his honor.

This pleasing mixture or regal and sylvan joys was, however, soon destined to be rudely interrupted. Some citizens of Columbia County, averse to "Yahveh's" tastes and principles, and more especially to their practical exemplification in defiance of the laws of marriage, procured a warrant charging him with unlawfully living and cohabiting with Maria Clapp, and ordering him to be brought before the Superior Court of Columbia County to answer for the same. A numerous *posse* went with the Sheriff, who made the arrest, and trouble was anticipated. None occurred, however; the Prophet and his queen were surprised fast asleep, and by a sort of *coup de theatre*, the tent was dropped about them, all of a sudden, so as to get the requisite clear proof that justified the proceedure. "Yahveh" made no resistance and no remonstrance. He calmly arrayed himself in his white robes, his golden belt, and his mitre, and gave himself into the hands of the officers. To his people he quietly communicated the intelligence that what was being done was the fruit of a certain machination of the devil, of which he, the Prophet, had had previous intimation; and that the device would be speedily foiled and the star of "Yahveh" rise again in triumph. He has since been put on trial, and the counsel assigned him offered a plea of insanity; but to this Curry instantly and firmly objected, alleging his entire right to do as he had done on moral and religious grounds, and refusing to have an untruth, pleaded in extenuation. The trial is still in progress, and in default of bail, the Prophet has had to go to the House of Correction. He will probably make an extended sojourn there, and it is to be hoped that it will be at least long enough to lead to the dispersion of his besotted followers, and the downfall of the monstrous system their leader has sought to establish.

YOUNG LADY IN A HORSE CAR.

Max Adler tells how she does. A young man in a crowed car rises as the young lady enters and offers her his seat. The fair being dances towards the seat, sinks into it, and pretends that the fact of the existence of any young man who once occupied the seat, and who is agoing to get out, has entirely faded out of her consciousness. She smoothes down her dress and its supplemental trippery, flounces and pensnis, and again looks far beyond the confines of the car into emptiness. She knows she is expected by the other women in the car to remain unconscious of their presence while they eye her clothes. They immediately begin. They stare at her dress, her sacque, her hat, her back hair, her jewlery, her gloves, her bows and ribbons, and her miscellaneous millinery, until the entire costume is photographed in their memories, and the price estimated, and a critical opinion formed with a resolution to have a bonnet of the same pattern.

When the young lady thinks that this examination is concluded, she becomes conscious again, and begins to look around and see how all the other women are dressed. She examines each one in detail, and in a few moments she is in possession of all the necessary information. Presently a young man with whom she is acquainted gets into the car, and he stands clutching the strap and trying in vain to keep in a graceful attitude while he converses with her. All the women being to wonder whether she cars particularly for him—and, as she knows their thoughts, she is so distant that the young man becomes more embarrassed than ever, and makes renewed struggles to maintain a graceful position. When she wishes to get out she rises, smooths down her trippery again, indulges in two or three springs, and dances along to the platform. The conductor again considers it imperatively necessary to press the small of her back. She dances to the pavement, and then dances along the street, fully aware of the fact that the women in the car have all turned round to look at her, and serenly confident in the assureance that she has on good clothes which fit her splendidly.

The World Without Sunday.

Think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes, with whom we are identified. Think of labor thus going on in one monotonous and eternal cycle, limbs forever on the rack, fingers forever straining, the brow, forever sweating, the feet forever plodding the brain forever throbbing, the shoulders forever dropping, the loins forever aching, the restless mind forever scheming.

Think of the beauty it would efface, the merry-heartedness it would extinguish, of the giant strength it would crush, of the sickness it would bring, of the projects it would wreck, of the groans it would extort, of the lives it would immolate, and of the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig! See them toiling and moiling, sweating and fretting, grinding and hewing, weaving and spinning, sewing and gathering, moving and repairing, raising and building, digging and planting, starving and struggling—in the garden and in the field, in the granary and the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the wood, in the city, and in the country, on the sea and on the shore, in the day of brightness and gloom. What a picture would this world present if we had no Sabbath!

Selecting a Wife.

We have heard of the test being applied to servant girls, but John Starkley was the man who applied it to the selection of a wife. The Starkleys and the Belknaps had been friends through several generations. In the present generation there was in the Starkley family one son, and in the family of Belknaps five daughters; and it had been arranged between the parents that the heir of the Starkleys should take him a wife from among the daughters of Belknap. John the heir aforesaid, at the age of five and twenty had returned from his travels, when his father bade him select, from the daughters of the friendly house