ORLEANS COUNTY MONITOR.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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CLOSING OUT.

GOODS AT COST.

My stock of goods are almost

ENTIRELY NEW

—AND—

BOUGHT FOR CASH

at the time when goods were the lowest that they have been for years and must all be sold by the first day of March next, without fail.

COME AND BUY GOODS AT YOUR OWN PRICE ALMOST.

STORE, DWELLING HOUSE

—AND—

BARN FOR SALE,

also a Blacksmith shop. Terms of payment easy.
E. O. RANDALL.
West Glover, Vt., January 4, 1872. 1-26

EVERYBODY SAYS,

and what everybody says must be true,

THAT YOU CAN GET THE BEST OYSTERS

—AT—

DAVIS'

of any place in the county; and in fact he keeps a

GENERAL ASSORTMENT

—OF—

The Best Groceries

as cheap as the cheapest. Also a nice stock of

CANDY, CAKE TRIMMINGS, SUGAR SANDS, &C.

And if you will smoke or chew you can get the best cigars and tobacco at the grocery.

FRESH FISH

in any quantity, from one pound to a ton.
GEO. C. DAVIS.

WANTED.

FIVE THOUSAND FEET 1 INCH BEST QUALITY SEASONED SPRUCE BOARDS,

For which the subscriber will pay cash on delivery.
EDWARD BARNARD.
Barton, March 4, 1871.

AN APPEAL TO DARWIN.

If we, as Mr. Darwin says,
From monkeys are descended,
Old Time, in changing things, hath not
As yet the matter mended—
Descendants of our ancestors
Have no such times as they,
Who had no rent of house or tax
Of goverment to pay,
No tailor bills came in—Dame Nature
Clothing gave—
And freaks of fashion did not make
Of monkey-girl a slave,
So the oldest way's the happiest way—
The new condition fails—
And Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Just give us back the tails.

No hurrying out of bed had they,
No bolting breakfast down,
No hasty walk to shop in fear
Of some old boss's frown—
The lady-monkey sat not up
Till day the night did rout,
In waiting for the lodge to close
And let her husband out.
They had no votes, 'tis true, but they'd
No offices to keep,
And o'er defaulter's cash account
They never had to weep.
So the olden way's the happiest way—
The new condition fails—
And, Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Just give us back the tails.

They had no fashion's promenade,
Where beauty's feet could stray,
But then the old loss-monkey had
No millliner to pay.
They had no wine, the monkeys young,
Through night to keep a storming—
They saved thereby (you know yourself)
A headache in the morning.
A peaceful race were they, who ne'er
To war's appeal did fly—
They saved thereby occasion for
A Joint Commission High.
A smarter race were they than that
Which from them hath descended,
And Time by changing things hath not
As yet the matter mended.
For the oldest way's the happiest way—
The new condition fails—
So, Darwin, if you can, my boy
Please give us back our tails.

ANCIENT DISCIPLINE vs. MODERN.

A good old Hebrew proverb says,
When boys get off the track,
The switch must be discreetly used
To bring the rebels back.
But later wisdom, to correct
The follies of the young,
Applies a Homœopathic dose
Directly to the tongue.

In Bible days the parents fixed
A penalty to sin
And purged the evil from the heart
With stripes upon the skin;
They little thought that kind papas
Would live in time to come,
Who would reject the virtuous rod,
And try a sugar-plum.

When willful sons in anger rose
Against indulgent sires,
How powerful was this Jewish art
To cool their raging fires.
And so the zealous Puritan,
With Scripture for his guide,
To conquer youthful waywardness
Its potent magic tried.

But modern heads of families
Contend for moral suasion;
They think it dreadful to abide
The scourge's sharp abrasion;
They call it cruel to afflict
With blows the erring son,
And say there is a milder way
In which it may be done.

And yet parental dignity
Was held in reverence then,
And all obeyed their father's voice,
From children up to men.
They did not smoke and strut about
Like our precocious lads,
Or swear, and brag in vulgar jest
How they could rule their dads.

Now if results decide the test,
I know we surely should
Agree to say that ancient plan
Accomplished lots of good;
And wise old Solomon's advice,
Is better far to keep the peace
Than flattery and candy.

An indignant southerner, in speaking of New England, says that one half of the farms are so barren, that you might mow them with a razor, and rake them with a fine tooth comb, and yet not get enough to fodder a grasshopper for a month.

A RICH POEM.—It is impossible to choke off the poets. We say disagreeable things about them every week, and yet they continue to send in their effusions with the same calm confidence of old that we have a silver mine which is kept in perpetual operation for the solitary purpose of purchasing rhymes at stupendous prices. This week we have one from a being who has for his theme "The Watching Mother." This vigilant parent, if we understand the thing, is sitting by her infant child in the middle of the night, ready to respond when it inquires for paregoric. The poet says: "Beside the couch she sat, whereon her infant slept, and as she looked upon his face, she bowed her head and wept. He was her only one, into her heart he'd stept, and as her mother's love welled up, she bowed her head and wept. He was but one year old, and hardly yet he crept. Perhaps he'd die! Ah! dreadful thought! She bowed her head and wept. Thus far an angel form, her boy from harm had kept; with thankful, grateful heart, she bowed her head and wept. Perhaps this will be enough for once. There are sixty-two verses, and in every one that singular parent bowed her head and wept. It made no difference to her whether her offspring crept or walked, accepted its food regularly or screamed, took notice, had guardian angels, measles, or anything, that infatuated mother bowed her head and wept all the same. It is extremely affecting, but unquestionably monotonous. We shall give the rest of the poem at intervals, one at a time, during the year. Perhaps it may run over into the next year. Persons who tire of it can have the address of the poet by applying at this office. If he must be shot, let the murderous deed be committed by some other frenzied sufferer than us.—*Exchange.*

A WESTERN OBITUARY.—Jem Bangs, we are sorry to stait, has deceased.—He departed this life, last Munday. Jems was generally considered a gud feller. He went 4th without any struggle—and sich is life. Tu-day we are pepper grass—mighty smart; tu-morrer we are cut down like as a cucumber of the ground. Jem kep a nise store, which his wife now waits on, his virchews were numerous to behold. Many is the things we bought at his growcery; and we are happy to stait to the admirin' world that he never cheeted, speshully in the wate of makrel, which was nise and smelt sweet. And his survivin' wife is the same wa. We never knew him to put sand in his sugar, tho' he had a big sand-bar in front of his house; nor water in his lickers, though the Ohio river runs past his dore. Piece to his remanes.

POETRY.

he didied in his bed,
a grate big buk he red,
a prayer he hollered out,
then he turned over onto his bed,
and durned ef he didn't die—ded.

He leaves 1 wife, 9 children, 1 cow, 4 horses, a growcery store, and other quadrupeds, to mourn his loss; but, in the langwidge of the poit, his loss is their eternal gane.

The Young Man's Request.

"Squire Meadows, your wife's dead."

Such was the abrupt manner in which the tidings of the decease of that worthy gentleman's partner was conveyed to him, one fine morning as he was busy thrashing in the barn, some little distance from his farmhouse. He looked earnestly into the face of the messenger for a moment, as if he read there confirmation of the truth of his report, and apparently satisfied with the scrutiny, quietly went on with his thrashing, and said to a man-servant:

"Joe, go down to Jack Slowman's, the carpenter's, and tell him to come and measure missis for a coffin. We'll put her under ground, please God, to-morrow, if we've got all the hay in, and can spare the horses."

"It's a happy release," observed all the male population of Dannyville, when they heard the news of Mrs. Meadow's decease. They meant—though they did not say as much—a happy release for the squire, and some of them even envied him the loss he had gained.

Now Mrs. Meadows had been one of the veriest viragoes and shrews with which any poor man had ever been cursed. Her husband had long since ceased to consider his soul his own, but without grumbling submitted to all her caprice and ill-temper. When they were first married they quarreled terribly, but the wife always contrived to have the last word. On one occasion, Mr. Meadows made a desperate effort to come off victorious, and actually told his spouse that if she uttered another "crooked word" she should repent it.

"Well, then," screamed the inveterate vixen, "ram's horns, you dog, if I die for it!"

That was the last effort at being master in his own house which was ever made by Squire Meadows. Always after he submitted tamely to her will in all matters, and was a mere cypher in his own domestic circle.

The day of the funeral came—the day after death; but people did not wonder much at the squire's evident desire to get his late spouse out of sight as soon as possible. Some old folks, indeed, grumbled because they said as Mrs. Meadows had died suddenly while in a paroxysm of rage, she ought to be kept longer to make sure that she was dead. But at the time appointed the coffin was put into the hearse and away moved the funeral procession.

When the coffin was taken from the vehicle and placed upon the shoulders of some men to be carried into the burying ground, the procession moved slowly towards the grave. Just before they [illegible] over the stump of an old tree, and left. The coffin in consequence was thrown violently to the ground and burst open. What was the horror and astonishment of the lookers on to observe the eyes of the supposed corpse to open, and Mrs. Meadows herself to sit up, apparently very much surprised to find herself where she was? The fact is she had only been in a trance, from which the shock of the fall had aroused her. The mourners, of course, returned, and Squire Meadow's face was observed to be a great deal longer than it was when he was riding to it.

But not long afterwards she died in reality, and glad enough was the squire, when, after keeping her a week in his house she showed no symptoms of again returning to plague him. Once more the squire followed his wife to the last home; but he was determined no accident should occur this time, for when the bearers of the coffin approached the old stump, he ran forward and whispered to them, "Careful, my friends be careful; this way—a leetle more to the right. There—God be praised, we've cleared the stump!"

That time Squire Meadows went homeward with an expression of pious resignation on his face that was really delightful to contemplate. But he was not left quite alone. There remained to him a fine little boy, now some twelve months old, not at all like his mother in person or temper. The good squire's life was bound up in that of his child, and he at once determined to devote his existence to the promotion of his boy's welfare. For his own part, he fully resolved never to risk matrimony again; and knowing as he did from sore experience what a perilous state it was, he determined also that his son should be prevented from plunging into it.

In order fully to bring about this desirable end, he sold his farm, which was situated in one of the best agricultural counties in England, took a large house in a secluded part of Wales, and retired thither with his son, who soon began to give evidence of considerable natural ability. Having duly installed a poor relation of his own as the head of his house, he secured the services of two tutors, who, for the sake of handsome salaries, agreed to immure themselves with the lad in the mansion, who was never on any account, to be allowed to see a female.

"If I had never seen one," exclaimed the squire, "who would have been happier than myself? I'll take warning, however by my own experience, so that little Harry shall not fall into similar trouble and trial."

Having made all the necessary arrangements, and seen his son securely domiciled, the squire once more and finally impressed the necessity of keeping the boy perfectly secluded from women, or even little girls. No one but males were to come near him; in short, he was to be brought up in perfect ignorance of the sex. Any infringement of the rules he had laid down were to be punished by forfeiture of the head tutor's salary, and as out of that he was to pay the wages of those under him, you may be sure his own interest kept him faithful to the discharge of his strange duties. The father then set out to see a brother who held a high official situation in India.

A dreary time of it the poor boy must have had, cooped up in that old house, with no sweet female influences to soften and tone his character. Fortunately he was of a studious disposition, so that his tutors declared it was quite a pleasure to teach one so docile, mild and obedient. In fact, he got to be very learned indeed, and often was his distant father's heart gladdened by the reports which he at stated times received of the progress of his son in all the arts and sciences. To these he was enabled to pay undivided attention, as no rustling petticoats had caused his heart to flutter, and not even had one of those dangerous creatures, pretty cousins, popped in his way.

The old squire had determined that the studies of his son should come to an end when he had reached his twenty-first year, for by that time, he thought, the hey-day of youth would be past, and such bachelor habits be formed as would effectually prevent him from committing his happiness to the keeping of any female however attractive she might be. Silly Squire Meadows! He little thought what an inflammable thing a yuong man's heart is; he forgot, in fact that he himself was young once.

In due course of time the squire returned to his native land. Having visited his son, and found him all he desired, he dismissed the tutors, and resolved to test the singular experiment he had made by giving his son his liberty, and taking him with him into the great world from which he had been so long shut out, or rather in.

Just about this time an annual fair was to be held in the county town—and county fairs in those days were very different things from what they now are. There were all sorts of rural games that are at present only known by names, and besides the amusements afforded, much business was transacted.

To the fair, Squire Meadows, now a gray haired man, determined to take his son; and many were the curious glances bestowed on the handsome-looking young fellow as he made his appearance on the village green. This spot was covered with booths in which gingerbread, toys, ribbons, and finery and eatables of all sorts were offered for sale. Then there were shows, in front of which were great exaggerated pictures of the various wonders to be seen therein, such as giants, giantesses, dwarfs, albinos, wild beasts, serpents, and the like. There were also traveling theatres, with their merry-andrew's harlequins, pantaloons and columbines, and shows in which learned pigs displayed the profundity of their wisdom. On various stages erected for the purpose, great awkward clodhoppers grinned through horse collars, eliciting from gaping lookers on some such remarks as the following:

"Haw! haw! haw! haw!"

"He! he! he! he!"

"O, Lar! Only luk at that! Did'e ever zee such a veace in all yer life!"

"Lar a massey! I howpes as there's no timid women here to-day. Haw! haw! [illegible]"

To see these rustics distorting "the human face divine" afforded young Meadows immeasurable satisfaction.—They were "grinning" for a new hat.

"Grin away, Tom!" cried a fellow in the crowd. "Grin aya' m' bwoy! Thee'lt get the hat, sure."

"Two to one on Jim," roared another; "he'd grin a hoss's yead off!"

"They're a couple of the ugliest. wosbirds in the vair," cried a third; "'e wont vind zuch a pair as they in a hurry, I'll be bound."

"I zouldn t like to find 'um in bacon vor a month," said another. "What a mouth 'es got, to be sure. Is enough to frighten th' ould un'."

In other parts of the fair, fellows were jumping into sacks, or climbing a greased pole for the sake of getting a leg of mutton which was placed on the summit, or chasing a pig with a soaped tail, and such intellectual pastimes.—Harry Meadows, to whom all this was delightfully fresh, thoroughly enjoyed it; but before long he discovered "metal more attractive."

Once upon a time a certain celebrated phrenologist asserted, that by placing a machine of his invention in the head of any one, he could exert such pressure on any particular organ as to prevent its development altogether. He procured a kitten, gave out that he should prevent the appearance of the organ of destructiveness and appointed a period of six months from that time for a public trial. Meantime pussy's head was put in the apparatus, and the pressure kept up.—The day of trial arrived, and a numerous company of learned philosophers assembled.

"Gentlemen," said the phrenologist, "I am now going to prove to a demonstration the truth of my theory, that when any organ of the brain is arrested in its development, the function of such organ ceases. The cat which I now exhibit has had a strong pressure applied to its organ of destructiveness, and the consequence will be that that organ, being prevented from assuming its usual size, the cat will have no propensity to kill its prey; it will now live alone on milk diet, and not butcher its own meat. Here is a mouse which I shall liberate from its trap at the same moment that I take my apparatus from the cat's cranium. Behold!"

The mouse ran from the trap, but not a second elapsed before the cat had it in her claws, a victim to the followers of science!

In much the same way had Squire Meadows been experimenting upon his son, as we shall presently see. They had scarcely got out of the crowd which surrounded a wild beast show, when a very pretty young girl, with a rosy cheek and a laughing eye, passed them. She was very daintily dressed, and as she glanced roguishly at the youth a blush suffused her cheeks. On she went, singing a song in a very sweet voice, and Harry stared and listened, with all his soul in his countenance.

"Why, father, wh—wh—what's that!" exclaimed Harry; "that's the finest thing I've seen in the fair! Do tell me what creature that is?"

Squire Meadows didn't half like this, so he merely pooh-poohed, and endeavored to shirk the question.

"No—but what is it, I must know," exclaimed Harry; "and if you won't tell me I'll ask some one that will."

"Nonsense Harry! Well, if you must know, it's only a thing called a goose. See here are some of them."

A whole troup of geese now came tripping along, with butter and cheese for sale, their ribbons fluttering in the breeze, and sweethearts enough in their train. Harry was delighted, and would have stopped to gaze, but his now really alarmed father dragged him along out of harm's way.

It was the custom at that day to bestow "fairings," that is something bought at the fair, on friends and sweethearts as a keepsake; so when the tour of the fair had been completed, the squire observed to Harry:

"My dear boy, to-day a new era in your life has commenced. The plans I have adopted in your education may seem strange but you have never given me cause to regret them. You possess a sensible and well ordered mind; and now, in remembrance of this, choose what present I shall make you as a proof of my care and affection."

"May I choose whatever I like, father?" asked the young man, with sparkling eye.

"Certainly, Harry."

"Thank you, dear father; then give me a goose!"

And that annual gathering is known as "Goose Fair" to this day.

A CEYLONESE STORY.

Long ago, a king—or, as some say, a very wealthy man, but it does not matter which, though a king sounds better—had an only child, a daughter, the heiress of all his wealth, who could not, or would not, speak. He tried all means to cure her, but in vain. At last he sent forth a proclamation that whoever, being of fitting degree, could restore speech to his daughter, should marry her and eventually be lord of all her father's wealth. Many tried, but all failed. At last a prince who had a magical gift, that of causing things inanimate to talk with him, came forward, and was admitted to the hall where the princess was. He spoke to her, and tried to induce her to speak, but answer he got none!

Now, a lamp was hanging in the hall, and to it the prince good-humoredly addressed himself. "Lamp," said he, "I will tell you a story."

"Say on," replied the lamp.

"Well," went on the prince, "four travelers—a carpenter, a painter, a cloth merchant, and a jeweler—set out on a journey. By-and-by they came to a rest-house, halted there, and prepared their food. The keeper of the rest-house had laid down on the floor a log of wood, very suitable for carving. The carpenter, seeing this, pulled out his carving-gear, and carved the log into the shape of a woman, life-size, and exquisitely beautiful. The painter next took his brushes and colors, and painted the figgoddess. Then the cloth merchant opened his packages, chose the finest silks and embroidered robes, and dressed the figure in his choicest drapery. The jeweler took gems, ear-rings, necklaces, and bangles, and all such things, and bedecked the figure with them. Last of all, the figure was endowed with life. I do not take on me to explain how that came about, but it was the fact!"

"No more do I," said the lamp; "but, pray, go on. I hate digressions!"

"When," continued the prince, "that exquisitely beautiful being burst into life, all the four fell violently in love with her, and each wished to make her his wife."

"'Why, I shaped that matchless figure,' said the carpenter.

"'And I bestowed on her that blooming complexion,' retorted the painter.

"'And I robed her,' exclaimed the merchant.

"'But what are your choicest robes to the costly gems which were my gift? A woman is of little account without jewels!' cried the jeweler.

"Thus they went on clamoring and disputing. Now, O lamp! who was to be declared the rightful owner?"

First the lamp said one and then another, giving reasons—and whatever the lamp said, the prince contradicted. The dispute waxed hot and furious, but seemed never to come nearer to an end.

The princess heard all the dispute, and held her peace a long time. At last she could bear to keep silent no longer. So she cried: "You are both silly! The true owner was none of the four, but the keeper of the rest-house, for to him the wood she was made of belonged!"

"Ah! yes," said the prince, "you are in the right, my princess! And now, that you have spoken, let me claim my reward and take you for my wife!" So they went before the king, who was enchanted with the cure and they were married straightway and lived happy ever afterward—at least, it is said, the princess never gave her husband any cause, after marriage, to reproach her for too persistently holding her peace.

HOW TO HAVE A LOVING WIFE.—A correspondent sends the following to the Phrenological Journal:

If you would have a loving wife, be as gentle in your words after as before marriage; treat her as tenderly when a matron as when a miss; don't quite make her the maid of all work and ask her why she looks less tidy and neat than when "you first knew her;" don't buy cheap, tough beef, and scold her because it does not come on the table "porter-house;" don't grumble about squalling babies if you cannot keep up a "nursery," and remember that "baby may take after papa" in his disposition; don't smoke and chew tobacco, and thus shatter your nerves, and spoil your temper, and make your breath a nuisance, and then complain that your wife declines to kiss you; go home joyous and cheerful to your wife and tell her the good news you have heard, and not silently put on your hat and go out to the "club" or "lodge," and let her afterwards learn that you spent the evening at the opera or at a fancy ball with Mrs. Dash. Love your wife; be patient; let whiskey, tobacco, and vulgar company alone; spend your evenings with your wife, and live a decent, Christian life, and your wife will be loving and true—if you did not marry a heartless beauty, without sense or worth; if you did, who is to blame if you suffer the consequences?

NEW ANECDOTE OF JACKSON.

After Jackson's first election in 1828 a strong effort was made to remove Gen. ——, an old revolutionary soldier, at that time postmaster in one of the principal New York towns. He had been so fierce an Adams man that the Jackson men determined to displace him. Silas Wright had just left his seat as a representative in Congress from New York, and was precisely the man to head a movement against the old postmaster.—His influence with Jackson was boundless. His force in debate made him a match for the giants themselves; and as Van Buren was then Jackson's Secretary of State, the combination was powerful. The old postmaster, knowing that these two political masters were against him, went to Washington, called upon the President immediately upon his arrival, and was most courteously received and requested to call again, which he did several times, but nothing was said about the postoffice. The old postmaster heard from his friends at home that the important document was on its way, so he resolved on a coup de main. The next day there was a Presidential reception, and among the early visitors was Gen. ——. After a cordial greeting by Jackson, he quietly took his seat and waited until the long train of visitors had duly saluted the nation's chief and passed through the grand east room on their way home. The president turned to his venerable guest with some surprise as he noticed him still seated on one of the sofas, and entered into familiar conversation with him, when, to his amazement, the old soldier said: "General Jackson, I have come here to talk to you about my office. The politicians want to take it from me, and they know I have nothing else to live upon." The president made no reply, till the aged postmaster began to take off his coat in the most excited manner, when Old Hickory broke out with the inquiry: "What in Heaven's name are you going to do? Why do you take off your coat in this public place?" "Well, sir, I am going to show you my wounds, which I received in fighting for my country against the English!" "Put it on at once, sir!" was the reply; "I am surprised that a man of your age should make such an exhibition of himself," and the eyes of the iron president were suffused with tears, and without another word he bade his ancient foe good evening. The very next night the crafty and able New York politician called at the White House and sent in his card. He was immediately ushered into his presence, and found Jackson in loose gown and slippers sitting before a blazing wood fire quietly smoking his long [illegible] his budget. He represented the district from which the venerable postmaster hailed; said the latter had been known as a very active advocate of John Quincy Adams; that he had literally forfeited his place by his earnest opposition to the Jackson men, and that if he were not removed the new administration would be seriously injured. He had hardly finished the last sentence, when Jackson sprung to his feet, flung his pipe into the fire, and exclaimed with great vehemence, "I take the consequences, sir, I take the consequences. By the Eternal! I will not remove the old man—I cannot remove him. Why, Mr. Wright, do you know that he carries more than a pound of British lead in his body?"—*Col. Forney.*

FUNERAL MOURNERS NOT AMONG THE EXCEPTIONS.—The Knoxville Press gives the following:

"Your fare, if you please, madam," said the conductor to an elderly lady who had got aboard at a way station.—The elderly lady looked up, and drawing forth a letter, spoke with a voice that was shrill: "Two of Mr. ——'s children is dead and they've writ me to come to the buryin' to-day. Isn't it terrible?" The conductor looked as shocked as possible, and expressed sympathy. "And," continued the old lady, "I want you to let me ride free." "I can't let you ride free, unless you have a pass," returned the conductor, mildly. "Not to go to a funeral?" said the old lady. "No, madam," replied the conductor; "I'm sorry to say that the rules of the road are very strict, and I am not allowed to discriminate." "Well, I think you oughtn't to charge folks for going to a funeral," persisted the old lady.—"If we let everybody going to funerals ride free," again spoke the conductor, "it wouldn't pay. Besides, it would be encouraging the funeral business in a way that would cast a gloom over the entire country. Your fare is a dollar and a half, madam." "Well," retorted the old lady, drawing out a well-filled purse, "I think you might let me go free, 'specially as I'm going to a *double* funeral. Mr. ——'s children is both dead, and they'll be buried in the same grave, I reckon. Oh! it's a *terrible* blow!" And the old lady, wiping her eyes, paid her fare. As the conductor moved on, she turned to a passenger and remarked with some indignation, "These rail-roaders is the most unfeelin' folks I ever seed."

CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE.—A man who was condemned to solitary confinement for life in a prison, revealed the following facts:—

The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books. The word *and* occurs 46,277 times; the word "Lord" occurs 1,855 times; the word "reverend" occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse 111 Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm.—The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the Alphabet with the exception of the letter J. The finest chapter to read is the 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The 19th chapter of II. Kings and the 32d chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the 8th chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the 35th of the 11th chapter of St. John. The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike. All the verses of the 136th Psalm end alike. There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

A KENTUCKY FREE LOVE TRAGEDY.

About 12 o'clock on Sunday March, 10th there entered this town from an easterly direction a male and a female rider. They rode leisurely upon the public square, exciting no particular curiosity in the minds of those who saw them. After making some small purchases at a confectionery in this place, and inquiring the nearest and best route to Horse Cave, the riders disappeared from town, taking the Glasgow road Subsequently these persons proved to be Galen E. Taylor, of Casey county, and the wife of George Lannum, of the same county, all neighbors. They were fugitives from that county in a matrimonial sense, Taylor having unlawfully possessed himself of Lannum's wife, the two endeavoring to escape together.

A short time after they had ridden from town, perhaps half an hour, a single horseman rode in their wake, passing hurriedly through the town, taking the direction of the before-mentiond parties. This was Geo. Lannum, the husband of the woman, who, a couple of hours later, was brought into town a prisoner, he having overtaken and killed Taylor.—The tragedy occurred at the residence of Mr. Jo. Dohoney, a worthy citizen of this county, residing two miles out on the Glasgow road. Taylor and the woman, when Lannum appeared upon the scene, were seated at Mr. Dohoney's fireside, resting, and waiting bodily refreshments, which the family were preparing. The riders' horses had been stabled, and the saddles left at the front of the house, and it was by these that Lannum knew he had come up with the escapade. Dismounting, he advanced toward the house, and in passing up the yard was observed by Taylor through the window, who had risen to his feet and was standing upright when Lannum entered. His entrance was the instant signal of hostilities, and, without an interchange of words, each drew his revolver, and the deadly firing began. Two of Lannum's shots took effect in Taylor's breast, in the region of the heart, producing death in less than thirty minutes. Lannum escaped with two bullet-holes through the lapels of his coat and vest, and a slight wound on the back of his left hand.

Lannum surrendered himself to Mr. Dohoney, and by Messrs. George and Whit Flowers was brought into town and lodged in jail, the wife accompanying. The news of Taylor's untimely end was sent to his friends, who came and bore his remains away on Tuesday morning. As to the former standing of all the parties to the tragedy, it is not our province to speak. We shall only add that Taylor married the relating his [illegible] head of a family of seven children.—*Columbia (K. Y.) Spectator.*

A GRAVE JOKE.—Many good stories are told of old Ethan Allen, of revolutionary memory. The following is not a bad one: He was one evening at a party where his well-known courage was the theme of conversation. "He fears nothing," said one; "and I would wager any amount that he would not hesitate to go into the churchyard across the way, and bring a skull from one of the open tombs there," added another. The wager was agreed upon, and one of the party suddenly left the room as Allen entered it. The absent *bon vivant* procured a sheet, whitened his face, and repaired to one of the vaults in question with the view of frightening the old veteran, should he have the temerity to further the wishes of the company. Allen was made acquainted with the nature of the wager, and without a moment's hesitation, said he would bring the required skull and lay it on the table. He went to the vault and laid his hand upon one, when his concealed acquaintance cried out in a sepulchral tone "that's mine!" "Very well," replied he, and picked up another, when the same voice repeated, "that's mine too!" "That can't be true," returned the imperturbable hero, for no man can have two skulls!" Upon this he quickly left the vault with the *memento mori* in his hand; his friend following in hot haste. Allen, however, soonest reached the room where he had left his companions, and placing the skull upon the table, exclaimed, "There gentlemen you have it; but look at it quickly, for the fellow is close behind me that owns it!" The man in the sheet immediately came in, and the laugh was universally against him.

H. G. AFTER MRS. W.—The New York Tribune does not take kindly to the gentle lecturess. With reference to her recent threat to send out five hundred female orators, to make shrill and incoherent the coming Presidential campaign, the editor ungallantly says:

Perhaps she can do it. Who knows? If so, it will add petticoats and picturesqueness to a crusade which has hitherto been somewhat bleak from the lack of those alluring and attractive elements. The twinkle of a No. 2 gaiter with a high heel upon the rostrum would doubtless tickle the great mass meeting imagination, stupefied by long contemplation of No. 14 brogans, double soled; but we don't think the discourses of the wearers of these bewildering boots would amount to much. It is seriously to be hoped that Mrs. W. will reconsider her alarming resolution, and not wantonly flood the land with another deluge of talking virgins. There are surely enough now. With babble of them is the world filled, and of most of them the emptiness is as the emptiness of innumerable drums.—Of the other sort, so far heard from, it would appear that they desire to have as little to do with Mrs. Woodhull as possible.

A good story is told of a fellow at a cattle show, who was making himself ridiculously conspicuous by an evident intention of finding fault with everything. At last he burst forth with: "Call these here prize cattle? Why, they ain't nothing to what our folks raised. My father raised the biggest calf of any man round our parts!" "I don't doubt it," was the timely remark of a bystander; "and the noisiest." The forward youth, as may well be imagined, incontinently subsided.

POLITICAL EVENTS TO COME.—The dates of the most important political events for some months to come, so far as announced, are as follows.

March 27th, State Republican Convention, Ohio.

April 1st, State election, Connecticut.

April 3d, State election, Rhode Island.

April 10th, State Republican Convention, Florida.

April 10th, State Republican Convention, Pennsylvania.

April 10th, National Convention Colored Men, New Orleans, Louisiana.

April 17th, State Republican Convention, North Carolina.

April 23d, State Reform Convention, Louisiana.

April 25th, State election, Virginia.

May 1st, State Conservative Convention, North Carolina.

May 1st, Connecticut legislature meets at New Haven.

May 6th, National Liberal Republican mass meeting, Cincinnati.

May 7th, election Idaho Territory.

May 8th, Meeting of Democratic State Central Committee, Illinois.

May 22d, State Republican Convention, Georgia.

May 23d, State Republican Convention, New Jersey.

May 30th, State Democratic Convention, Pennsylvania.

June 2d, election Washington Territory.

June 2d, State election, Origon.

June 5th, National Republican Convention, Philadelphia.

June 12th, State Republican Convention, Texas.

June 12th, State Democratic Convention Indiana.

A TERRIBLE PENMAN.—We do not vouch for the truth of the following, which we clip from an exchange: There is a banker in Philadelphia by the side of whose handwriting even the penmanship of Horace Greeley seems symmetrical and beautiful. Well, this banker was persecuted by a life insurance agent who wanted him to take out a policy. The victim stood it for a while, but finally, one day, he kicked the agent out of his office. Then the tormentor began to send notes to the unhappy wretch, explaining the endowment system, and asking if any of his aunts ever suffered from torpidity of the liver. At last the banker wrote to the heartless friend as follows:

"You diabolical scoundrel, if you send another line to me, I will come down to your office and blow out what little brains you have!"

When the life insurance man received this he turned it up and down, and held it sideways, and stood before a mirror [illegible] scope and called in six of seven experts, but after all he couldn't determine with any degree of certainty what it meant. To ascertain he presented it at the paying teller's desk in the bank, and that worthy, without a moment's hesitation, paid $5,000 on it, believing it to be a check for that amount. There is one agent less in this city than there was a week or two ago, and one more banker who betrays symptoms of insanity when the subject of life insurance is mentioned in his presence.

THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC.—The soundings which were made between Ireland and Newfoundland before laying the Atlantic cable have made the bottom of the Atlantic almost as well known as the surface of Europe or America. It is covered with a fine mud, the remains of microscopic insects, which will one day doubtless harden into chalk. Of the inequalities of this ocean bottom, Prof. Huxley says:

"It is a prodigious plain, one of the widest and most even plains in the world. If the sea were drained off, you might drive a wagon all the way from Valentia on the west coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay in Newfoundland. And, except upon one sharp incline, about 200 miles from Valentia, I am not quite sure that it would ever be necessary to put the skid on, so gentle are the ascents and descents upon that long route. From Valentia the road would lie down hill for about two hundred miles, to the point at which the bottom is now covered by seventeen hundred fathoms of sea water. Then would come the central plain, more than one thousand miles wide, the inequalities of the surface of which would be hardly perceptible, though the depth of the water upon it varies from ten to fifteen thousand feet; and there are places in which Mont Blanc might be sunk without showing its peak above water. Beyond this, the ascent on the American side commences, and gradually leads for about three hundred miles, to the Newfoundland shore."

MURDER IN KENTUCKY.—AN OLD MAN HACKED TO DEATH BY NEGRO BURGLARS.—LOUISVILLE, March 9.—Early yesterday morning three negroes broke into the house of James McNeil, aged 80, near Shelby City, Boyle county, and brutally murdered the old man, splitting his head open with an ax and stabbing him in several places. Their purpose was evidently robbery, as there was a large amount of money in the house, but the villains were frightened away by the screams of Mrs. McNeil. Immediately on the crime becoming known a search for the murderers was organized. Two negroes were arrested in the afternoon and were lodged in jail at Danville. They had marks of blood on their hands and clothing, and had a bloody knife, which corresponded with the wounds on the body of the murdered man. One of the negroes is named Bob Isaacs, and both have been identified by Mrs. Mc Neil.

It having been reported that an attempt would be made to lynch the murderers, a large number of negroes, armed, gathered in Danville and paraded the streets, threatening to shoot any one who should make the attempt. They were willing the men should be hung if found guilty on a fair trial. The greatest excitement prevails in town.

A story is told of a tavern-keeper by the name of A. S. Camp. A man in painting his sign, left out the stops; so it read "Tavern kept by A S Camp."