HOLMES COUNTY REPUBLICAN.

A Political and Family Journal, Devoted to the Interests of Holmes County, and Local and General Intelligence.

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Holmes Co. Republican,

Dedicated to the interests of the Republican Party, to Holmes County, and to local and general news.

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OFFICE—Commercial Block, over Mulvane's Dry Goods Store.
MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

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GOING NORTH.

	Ex. & Mail.	Accom'dn.
Leave Millersburg,	8:27 A. M.	12:33 P. M.
" Holmesville,	8:51 "	12:54 "
" Fredericksburg,	8:54 "	1:19 "
" Apple Creek,	9:21 "	1:50 "
" Orrville,	7:08 "	2:50 "
" Marshallville,	7:17 "	3:13 "
" Akron,	8:10 "	4:35 "
Arr. at Cleveland,	10:10 "	9:45 "

GOING SOUTH.

	Ex. & Mail.	Accom'dn.
Leave Cleveland,		3:30 P. M.
" Akron,	7:20 A. M.	5:55 "
" Marshallville,	8:58 "	6:55 "
" Orrville,	9:08 "	7:10 "
" Apple Creek,	10:28 "	7:34 "
" Fredericksb'rg,	10:37 "	7:51 "
" Holmesville,	11:02 "	8:03 "
Arr. at Millersburg,	11:22 "	8:17 "

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TRAINS GOING WEST.

	No. 1 Fast Ex.	No. 7 Pac. Ex.	No. 5 Mail.	No. 3 Night Ex.
Pittsburg,	1.35 A.M.	10.55 A.M.	7.10 A.M.	5.30 P.M.
Rochester	2.21 "	12.05 P.M.	8.40 "	4.22 "
Alliance,	3.05 "	1.00 "	11.45 "	7.00 "
Orrville,	4.54 "	4.45 "	1.52 P.M.	9.25 "
Mansfield,	5.03 "	5.52 "	4.22 "	10.32 "
Crestline	ar 6.25 "	7.25 "	5.00 "	11.00 "
	dl0.05 "	7.45 "	5.55 A.M.	11.40 "
Forest,	11.27 "	9.39 "	7.33 "	12.32 A.M.
Lima,	12.16 P.M.	10.46 "	9.00 "	1.35 "
Ft. Wayne,	2.30 "	1.35 A.M.	11.45 "	3.55 "
Plymouth,	4.50 "	3.57 "	2.29 P.M.	6.30 "
Chicago,	7.30 "	7.00 "	5.55 "	9.00 "

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	No. 8 Mail.	No. 2 Fast Ex.	No. 6 Pac. Ex.	No. 4 Night Ex.
Chicago,	5.50 A.M.	9.00 A.M.	5.15 P.M.	9.00 P.M.
Plymouth,	9.50 "	12.03 P.M.	9.05 "	12.35 A.M.
Ft. Wayne,	12.50 P.M.	2.25 "	11.25 "	2.30 "
Lima,	2.32 "	4.05 "	1.35 A.M.	5.40 "
Forest,	4.41 "	5.08 "	2.43 "	7.07 "
Crestline	ar 6.30 "	6.30 "	4.20 "	8.55 "
	d 6.00 A.M.	6.50 "	4.30 "	9.25 "
Mansfield,	6.40 "	7.17 "	5.00 "	10.05 "
Orrville,	9.15 "	9.05 "	6.54 "	11.55 "
Alliance,	11.30 "	10.45 "	8.50 "	1.30 P.M.
Rochester,	2.35 P.M.	12.35 A.M.	11.05 "	3.37 "
Pittsburgh,	4.45 "	3.55 "	12.10 P.M.	4.40 "

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War in Europe nothing to do with it.

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For sale at the BOOK STORE.

Millersburg, Aug. 18, 1870. 1m2

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Aug. 20, 1870.—1m2 At the BOOK STORE

Paper Collars, Paper Cuffs, Paper Bosoms.

In all numbers, styles, &c., constantly on hand. We intend to make this branch of our business a specialty, and if keeping up with the times will insure success, we will win it.

Gents will always find on our shelves the latest and best style of Collars.

At the BOOK STOKE.

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WM. H. GARD.

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—AND—

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I would respectfully announce that I keep constantly on hand a good supply of

Fresh Groceries and Provisions

at low figures. FRESH MEATS of all kinds can be had daily. East Room, Critchfield's Building, opposite the Court House.

10tf WM. H. GARD.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

In the quiet nursery chambers,
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,
See the forms of little children
Kneeling, white-robed for their rest,
All in quiet nursery chambers,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

In the meadow and the mountain,
Calmly shine the winter stars,
But across the glistening lowlands,
Slants the moonlight's silver bars,
In the silence and the darkness,
Darkness growing still more deep,
Listen to the little children
Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die"—so pray the children,
And the mother's head drops low;
(One from out her fold is sleeping
Deep beneath the winter's snow;)
"Take our souls;" and past the casement
Flits a gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of his garments,
Walking evermore in light.

Lit tle souls that stand expectant,
Listen at the gates of life;
Hearing far away, the murmur
Of the tumult and the strife.
We, who fight beneath those banners,
Meeting ranks of foemen there,
Find a deeper, broader meaning
In your simple vesper prayers.

When your hands shall grasp this standard
Which to-day you watch from far,
When your deeds shall shape the conflict
In this universal war,
Pray to him, the God of battles,
Whose strong eye can never sleep,
In the warring of temptation,
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
Clears the smoke from out the skies,
Then far down the purple distance,
All the noise of battle dies;
When the last night's solemn shadows
Settle down on you and me,
May the love that never faileth
Take our souls eternally.

A STORY OF TRUE LOVE

BY P. H. CARLOUGH.

Aggie Alton and I had loved each other from childhood. At first it was a mere childish passion, but it ripened and strengthened with maturer years. With all the naturalness and hope that became our ages, we looked forward to the future with happy and eager anticipations. Many a castle built we, that towered high in the air, and many a ship we sent out to sea—ships that were laden with hopes and fears, withal a precious freight; but the lofty castles we had reared fell to the ground a mass of ruins, and our ships, that had sailed forth so auspiciously, never came back to us, but were, alas! wrecked and lost.

But whatever the future held in store for us, we were in the present contented and happy in our own little way. Together we wended our way to school, together studied our lessons and rambled over the green fields. I fought her battles for her, and was as devoted to her as any knight to his lady.

So great was our attachment, so much our happiness concentrated in one another, that we never thought of separation. Never, indeed, in our day-dreams, had we pictured such an event; but still, despite all this, fate decreed that we must part.

Aggie was left an orphan, and her Uncle Thornton, who was very wealthy, was coming to take her to his home in the city. I can remember with visible distinctness how, after learning this, I instantly formed a dislike to him, simply because he was going to take her from me, perhaps forever.

How shall I ever forget the last walk we took ere her departure! It was a beautiful day in the spring, when the flowers were in early bloom; birds sang in the leafy boughs of the trees, and at our favorite haunt, where the little brooklet under the willow murmured joyously, we paused. It was here, on the mossy banks of the brooklet, that we sat down together where we had sat so often before. I made wreaths of the flowers we had gathered, with which I decked Aggie's brow. How sweetly she smiled, and how clearly her merry laugh rang through the grand old woods, when, after gently placing the wreath on her head, I stepped backwards to view the effect, and how her cheeks flushed, and her eyes brightened, when I became profuse in my praise of her beauty.

It seems but yesterday, that happy morning in the glorious springtime of birds and sunshine and flowers—the last time that we were together in childhood's sunny clime.

"You will think of me often, Aggie, will you not?" I said.

"Oh, yes, Robert," she replied. "I shall never forget you."

What sweet words they were, and how happy they made me! I remember how she promised to be my wife, some day, and gave me a keepsake, one little golden curl, in return for which I placed on her finger a plain little ring, which had been given to me by my mother many years before! But now a mist steals before my eyes, and a blank seems to come between Aggie and me.

* * * * * *

Ten years had come and gone since the parting between Aggie and me—years that wrought great changes both in the lot and surrounding circumstances of my life. The boy of fifteen was now a young man of twenty-five. I worked steadily on, with only one desire in view—that of once more seeing Aggie and claiming her as my wife. But still, doubt and anxiety concerning her came to perplex and trouble me.

"She is rich and grand now," I said, "and no doubt has forgotten the playmate of her childhood in all these long years."

I had never seen or heard from Aggie since the day we parted, although her image had never been absent from my mind.

I tried to picture to myself the changes ten years must have wrought in her, but in spite of every effort a sweet, mild face, with its bright blue eyes, little ruby lips and snow-white brow, over which many a golden curl had found its way, comes before me and disperses all other visions.

Yes, ten years had wrought changes—the old homestead, which had for so many years sheltered me, had been sold, and was now occupied by strangers. They who had gladdened it with their presence, and who were dear to me, now slept peacefully in the little churchyard on the hill. I had left the home of my childhood, with many a tear and fond regret, gladly gazing back upon the past, so fraught with pleasant memories, and looking forward to the future with a hopeful heart.

I had left the scenes of my boyhood for the noisy, bustling city, friendless and alone, a stranger in a strange land, and with but little money in my pocket book. I had at first been in despair, but I had felt that in some manner and at some time I should find something to do, and radiant hope, for a time, shed its lustre around my heart, and I felt almost contented.

At last I found a situation—one that proved inferior to my tastes, but despite this I proceeded to the accomplishment of my task. Alas! though great and persevering were my efforts, I was doomed to disappointment, and it was then that in desperation I turned my attention to my pen. At first my contributions were scarcely noticed, but I persevered, and soon they attracted the discriminating eyes of the public.

Night after night did I toil unceasingly, until the work I had in view was completed. It was a simple volume of poems, to which I had given the name "Sunbeams," — in which I had, figuratively speaking, poured out my very heart. Flattering, very flattering, were the praises bestowed upon my work, but what cared I for all this? What was fame to me, or the laurel wreath I had struggled to win for my brow? What though I did receive letters of commendation and encouragement? What though the press in general criticized my works with great favor, and many sought my friendship? There was a void in my heart that I felt would never be filled. But keep up, faint heart, the cross is not too heavy to bear; and remember there is one who can ease your burdens, no matter how heavy they are—how weary you may be.

My hopes, my dreams, were at length about to be realized—we again met, Aggie and I.

The stately mansion at Thornton Place was always ablaze with light. It was the eve of a grand reception, and the *elite* of the city were to be present. Through the medium of my success I had gained admission into society, which had for a long time petted and caressed me, and thus you find me, on this eventful night, where could be seen youth and beauty in their different phases. But the glare and glitter of all surrounding held no charms for me for I longed to see Aggie. But I could not help experiencing a chill at my heart when I thought of her as the mistress of this proud mansion, the possessor of this wealth and grandeur.

At last my dearest wish was gratified. I was introduced to her, not as the friend and companion of other days, but merely as the poet and author, Mr. Desmond. She did not recognize me, although she did at first start at the name, which had once been so familiar to her. I was not prepared for the change in her.

"Can this," I asked myself, "be the Aggie of my childhood—this frail, delicate creature?"

Yes, there was the sunny waves of golden hair, the blue eyes and rosebud mouth, but what a change, what a contrast between then and now! She was attired in simple, flowing robes of white, that fell about her graceful form like a mist. Roses were in her hand and on her bosom. Altogether there was something inexpressible, something dreamy, something ethereal about her, which would have puzzled and bewildered the most casual observer. How her voice thrilled me! It was like the echo of some olden refrain which I had forgotten. She talked with great earnestness on literary topics, and I listened to her like one entranced. I could not but admire the sense of all she said, for it was entirely devoid of that silly affectation which I so abhorred and detested.

I could wear my masks no longer. I signified that I wished to see her alone, as I had something of importance to communicate to her. She smiled gracefully, and allowed me to lead her into the conservatory.

Rare exotics and beautiful plants met our view. The song of birds met our ears, and the music from the parlors stole fitfully in and out—all sufficient to give the impression that we were in fairyland. We were alone. I could not resist the temptation, and I instantly seized both her hands, and bending over her I said:

"Aggie, have you forgotten me? Do you not remember the playmate of your childhood?"

A flush came and went upon her hitherto pale cheek; a wondering light stole into her eyes, and a happy, joyous smile wreathed her lips.

"Robbie, is it you?" she cried.

"Yes," I answered, "Aggie, it is the same Robert Desmond you parted from so long ago."

How can I describe to you the joy I felt at that moment so fraught with bliss to me? We talked about the years that had flown, told to each other our respective histories dating from our parting under the willows so long ago.

I listened to Aggie's recital with breathless interest. Her uncle had been to her as loving and tender as a father could have been—her every wish and whim had been gratified, and her uncle had spared no pains to render the life of the orphan happy and peaceful, and thus it had proved. But the generous and good man had died, leaving her in possession of all his wealth.

"I never forgot you, Robbie," she said, "nor the happy hours we had spent together, and I have wept often over the little ring you gave me at parting." She paused for a moment, but continued with great fervor, "You have made a good name for yourself, Robert—you have reaped honor and fame, and no one can be more proud of your success than I am."

She ended with flushed cheeks and tearful eyes.

"Aggie," I said, "will you believe me when I say that I won all for you and you alone? That it was remembrance of you which has made me what I am?

She started and blushed.

"Aggie," I continued, "I have come for the promise which you made me long years ago. Would you be contented to leave the world of gaiety and pleasure in which you dwell, to live in a home that cannot give you all this? Forgive me for being so hasty in my proposition, but my great love for you prompted it. I forgot that you were far above me in rank and station, and that you might scorn to wed one whose hands have toiled for his own daily bread."

She raised her dreamy, lustrous eyes to mine.

"I scorn to wed you?" she said, "never! And wealth has not nor can ever change me. What care I for the world? I wear a mask in its presence, Robert. I hate pleasure and gaiety, and long for rest—and I love you truly, far more than I can express."

I drew her to me, and then in happy tones told her of all my prospects. Brief, very brief to me, and necessarily so, was our conversation, for Aggie had to return to the parlors and mingle once more with her guests, among whom she moved, totally unconscious of the admiring glances that followed her, and the remarks made about her, but which I treasured secretly, for I felt proud in thinking that she was the object of such universal observation.

That night they pressed her to sing. Swiftly her slender fingers ran over the ivory keys of the piano and in clear and rich, though sad tones—so sad that it drew tears to the eyes of many, she sang "Auld Lang Syne."

Reader, my story is almost finished—a few words more and we must part.

The old homestead had been sadly going to ruin, through the neglect of the owner, with whom I made arrangements for its purchase, and when Aggie and I were united, and she was at last all my own in the sight of God and man, we wandered down to the old familiar haunts of yore, hand in hand, which satisfied us far more than a tour to any foreign country could have done.

We dwelt happily in the old homestead, leading quiet and contented lives. Do not imagine, reader mine, that we secluded ourselves entirely from the world; to a certain degree we did not. Aggie's wealth was devoted chiefly to the wants of those around her, and for the adornment and comfort of our beautiful home, and for many years she helped me in my work, encouraging and cheering me on, and pointing ever upward, until at last, one night, the angels came and bore her away from me.

Ah me! I can only wait
Until life's trials are o'er,
And we meet above, in that home of love,
Where parting is no more.

WHY SO MANY WIVES FADE.

How many pale women you see in the West and in the East, too, for that matter. Young, fresh-looking women marry, and in five or ten years you can scarcely recognize them, while their husbands look as well as on the day of their wedding. One cause of this is complicated housekeeping. When a man understands a business, he finds learned men ready to assist him; he knows what there is to do and secures help accordingly. A young woman goes to housekeeping without any help at all, or perhaps with one awkward girl, like the wife in this respect. There are three meals to get every day—that means cooking; and then come the dishes to be washed after each meal. It would take about forty-five pieces for breakfast and supper, and seventy for dinner for a family of five—one hundred and sixty-five pieces to be carried from the kitchen to the dining-room every day, washed and carried back. If you have six rooms in your house there is one to be throughly swept and cleaned daily, besides brushing up the others, making beds, bringing in wood and carrying in water.

Twice a week there is bread making, twice a week yeast making, one day washing, one day ironing, pantries and safes to be washed out once a week, dairy work to be attended to, besides innumerable jobs in the way of preserving, jelly-making, pickling, curing hams, putting down pigs' feet, looking over apples twice in winter, and making hogshead cheese, mince meat, a thorough house cleaning twice a year, then sewing on dresses, aprons, shirts, drawers, gowns, &c., by the dozen.

Then supposing the housekeeper has a baby—an average six months old baby that weighs about eighteen pounds. Suppose she has this child in her arms thirty times a day (a cross infant is taken up more frequently), and is obliged to work with the right arm whilst carrying the burden of a baby about with the left. Who is it that says there is nothing in gymnastics equal to the endurance of a mother's arms? Even when the day's work is accomplished, and she goes to bed, she still holds her baby and does not sleep soundly for fear of rolling on it or of its getting uncovered; she must attend to its wants several times in the night, and must be in a constrained condition for fear of disturbing it.

I have heard women say they would give almost anything for a night of undisturbed sleep, "with no care on the mind." Then in the morning up and at it again. Don't you see why women get pale, and why, sometimes, a little cross, and how their husbands wonder that their wives don't look pretty and dress well, and entertain them as they did before they were married?

The wives don't reason on the matter; they think it all the man's fault, and then they turn cross, and so things go at sixes and sevens, and this is the place where woman's rights should be taken hold of. I don't think voting would help that very much; woman's labor should be made a study. In the first place men must realize that it is a great labor to keep house. A great many women sink down under the weight; then everybody says: "Poor thing, she always was a weakly, good-for-nothing creature!" and the poor thing has been doing more for the past ten years than two women ought to have done.

A cool proceeding—Skating.

To prevent hair from falling off—Go to the barber's and have it cut.

"I can't find bread for my family," said a lazy fellow. "Nor I," replied an industrious miller, "I'm obliged to work for it."

"Alas!" said a moralizing bachelor within earshot of a witty young lady of the company, "this world is at best but a gloomy prison!" "Yes," sighed the merciless minx; "especially to the poor creatures doomed to solitary confinement!"

A GAY AND FESTIVE AFFAIR.

A party of gamblers sat down to a small game of euchre on election day on the umbrageous bank of a Kansas creek. The sport went on peacefully for a while, until one of the gentlemen was discovered making use of that ignorance of the game which proved so exasperating to William Nye and James Truthful in a famous passage on Table Mountain. The ordeal by battle was decided upon for a settlement of the points at issue. The combatants fought a duel on horseback, in which they dissected each other like zealous young surgeons, and their horses, catching the chivalrous infection, bit and tore each other's necks and cheeks into shreds. When the fight and one of the gamblers were finished, the survivor was promptly shot by a spectator, who had probably bet on a different result, and the fighting became general. The whole party was soon stretched out on the Autumnal herbage, when, unfortunately, a physician (Dr. Lawrence, who tells the story) passed that way and rendered professional assistance, and it is feared some of the gamblers may recover.

THE ART OF THINKING.

One of the best modes of improving is the art of thinking over some subject before you read it, and then to observe after what manner it has occurred to the mind of some great master. You will then observe whether you have been too rash or too timid, what you have exceeded, and by this process you will insensibly catch a great manner of viewing a question. It is right in study, not only to think whenever any extraordinary incident provokes you to think, but from time to time, what has passed; to dwell upon it, and see what trains of thought voluntarily present themselves to the mind.

It is a most superior habit of some minds to refer all the particular truths which strike them to other truths more general, so that their knowledge is beautifully methodized, and the general truth at any time suggests all the particular exemplifications, or any particular exemplification, at once leads to the general truth. This kind of understanding has an immense and decided superiority over those confused heads in which one fact is piled upon another without the least attempt at classification and arrangement.

Some men always read with a pen in their hand, and commit to paper any new thought which strikes them; others trust to chance for its reappearance. Which of these is the best method in the conduct of the understanding, must, I suppose, depend a great deal upon the peculiar understanding in question. Some men can do nothing without preparation; others little with it; some are fountains, others reservoirs.—*Sydney Smith.*

YOUNG MEN, SAVE PART OF YOUR MONEY.

We urge upon all young men, who are just starting in life, to make it an invariable rule to lay aside a certain portion of their income, whatever that income may be.

Extravagant expenditures occasion a very large part of the sufferings of a great majority of people. And extravagance is wholly a relative term. What is not at all extravagant for one person may be very extravagant for another. Expenditures—no matter how small in themselves they be—are always extravagant when they come fully up to the entire amount of a person's whole income.

The mode of living is almost entirely a matter of habit. It is just as easy to get along with three-fourths of your income—what the amount of it may be—as on the whole of it, if you only think so, and restrict your expenditures accordingly.

The thousand inconveniences of debt, embarrassment and dependence may all be avoided by a firm and undeviating adhesion to this rule.

One great aid in pursuing the course which we have recommended will be found in keeping an accurate account of all receipts and expenditures. By frequent reference to this you will see just what you can afford to expend, without encroaching upon your rule; and you will also see what of your expenditures you can most conveniently curtail, or cut off entirely.

There is a great deal, too, in reflection and foresight, in the expenditure of your money. It is a very common remark that one person will make the same amount go twice as far as another. This is owing to the employment of greater prudence and judgment in buying. Almost any amount of money can be thrown away and scarcely any thing obtained for it, by a thoughtless, careless spendthrift.

We despise skinflints. But economy and meanness are by no means identical. On the contrary, as it is easy for any one to see, an unselfish, judicious economy—a wise saving—furnishes the means not only of independence, but of benevolence and generosity also.

One of the papers relates that a farmer, finding a dozen of his men idly stretched out on the ground, offered a dollar to the one who was the laziest of the lot. Eleven jumped up, asserting their claims to the reward, each declaring himself "the laziest dog in the universe." However, the farmer gave the dollar to the twelfth, who had slothfully kept his position, and who, when the reward was offered him, murmured, "Can't you put it in my pocket?"

"Tom," said a girl to her sweetheart, "you have been playing your distresses to me long enough. It is time you made known your contentions, so as not to keep me on suspense any longer."

A man having fallen into a slough, an Irishman, standing by, called loudly to another for assistance. The latter, who was busily engaged in cutting a log, leisurely inquired, "How deep is he in?" "Up to his ankles." "Then there is plenty of time," said the other. "No, there is not," rejoined the first, "I forgot to tell you he's in head first."

The editor who kissed his sweetheart, saying, "Please exchange" is believed not to have exceeded the proper liberty of the press.

LIFE'S CHANGES.

These lines are worthy of Scotland's poet, James Montgomery:

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That has not here an end!
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
But hide themselves in Heaven's own light.

Brevities.

"A lass I am no more," as the girl said when she got married.

It has been said that pantaloons obtained on credit are breeches of trust.

A young man who had received a "blowing up" from his sweetheart, retorted by calling her a windlass.

An Irish jockey, elated with his success at winning a race, observed, "By my soul, I'm *first at last*, I've always been *behind before*."

The woman who undertook to scour the woods has abandoned the job, owing to the high price of soap. The last that was heard of her she was skimming the seas.

"I guess you mean to bring up that ere one to be pretty sharp at a bargain," said a fellow to a woman who was rocking and singing with all her might to a little responsibility.

"Why?"

"Cause you keep bawling *by low*, baby, *by low*, baby, into his ears all the time."

"My dear Amelia," said a dandy, "I have long wished for this opportunity, but hardly dare speak now, for I fear you will reject me; but I love you; say you will be mine? Your smiles would shed," and then he came to a pause; "your smiles would shed," and then he paused again.

"Never mind the wood-shed," replied Amelia, "go on with the pretty talk."

C. L. Vallandigham, disgusted with politics—or it with him—has taken to lecturing on "The Bible." We would not be surprised to hear of Brick Pomeroy's preaching on Christianity next.

"Mama, can a door speak?" "Certainly not, my dear." "Then why din you tell