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For the COURIER:

Melissa's Quandary.

I declare, my head seems bursting,
And my brain is quite a whirl,
These men are so provoking,
'Tis a plague to be a girl.
Now, I don't object to bellehood,
To beauty or to beaux,
But then 'tis so perplexing
When the horrid things propose.

Papa is looking curious,
And mamma is looking wise,
There's a world of awful warning
In Aunt Tabbie's blinking eyes.
I've a score or more of lovers,
Every age and style and kind;
I'm twenty, and unsettled,
For I can't make up my mind.

There's that charming Captain Hawkins,
With his untamed eagle glance;
Such a hero in the saddle,
Such a partner in the dance,
Such shoulders and such whiskers!
I *adored* him for a week,
And then it somehow struck me
He had rather too much cheek.

Then the famous Lawyer Morton,
Who's so witty and so keen,
Who says so many clever things,
I don't know half they mean;
Who studies me as though I were
Some problem left unread;
But I couldn't have the lawyer,
He has really too much head.

Then my dreamy poet lover,
With his starry shining eyes,
And his fortune floating somewhere
In the misty future skies.
They say each poet's worship
Is a woman's secret goal,
But I'm of earth still earthy—
He has rather too much soul.

And there's— well yet another,
Who is noble, kind and true,
Who woos with simple earnestness,
As honest men will woo,
Whose love is deep and tender,
Of his very life a part,
But—(I were shame to say it),
He has really too much heart.

For I must have gems and diamonds,
And I must have style and dash,
And what are hearts, or minds, or souls,
If folks are minus—*cash*.

I vow I'll take old Golding,
Though they say he's eighty-two;
But he's worth at least a million,
And what better could I do.
His mind is getting shaky,
So he won't be over nice,
And 'tis time his soul was tending,
To a home beyond the skies.
He has neither heart nor liver,
And his lungs are far from strong;
Poor man, he quite adores me
But he can't adore me long.

BOZEMAN, November 1, 1877.

TOM. PAINE'S LIFE AND DEATH.

[N. Y. Observer, Sept. 27th, 1877.]

We have received a copy of a printed letter, addressed "To the editor of the *New York Observer*," signed R. G. Ingersoll, (Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, we presume), referring to a paragraph published some weeks since in the *Observer*, in which we offered to produce the evidence "that Tom Paine died a drunken, cowardly and beastly death." This letter, after complaining in an exaggerated manner that Paine and Voltaire have been grossly slandered, and that "for many years religious journals and ministers have been circulating certain pretended accounts of the frightful agonies endured by Paine and Voltaire when dying," etc., proposes to establish a Court of Arbitration to consider certain proposition in regard to the deaths of Paine and Voltaire. The letter further proposes that we shall have ninety days in which to collect and present the testimony in the affirmative of these propositions; the respondent to have ninety days to present the evidence on the other side; the affirmative then to have thirty days more for producing further testimony: the case then to be argued before this Court, whose decision shall be final as to us.

As not one of the affirmations, in the form stated in this letter, was contained in the offer that we made, we have no occasion to substantiate them. But we are prepared to produce the evidence of the truth of our own statement, and even to go farther; to show not only "that Tom Paine died a drunken, cowardly and beastly death," but that for many years previous, and up to that event, he lived a drunken and beastly life.

And we are the more impelled to do this because we have received, within the last few months, numerous letters asking information and facts in regard to the character and habits of Paine. These letters have come chiefly from the West, where infidels appear to be making a desperate effort to rescue the name from the infamy into which it had sunk long before he died. The word beastly, so often applied to Paine, though far from being elegant, most fitly expresses his real character. So debauched, degraded and filthy had he become before his death, that he was a fit companion only for "the beasts that perish," and he was, in consequence, absolutely excluded from all decent society, even from that of respectable infidels.

We have in our possession abundant testimony to the facts in the case, and chiefly from our own correspondents. The direct testimony we preface with an extract from a sketch of the life of Paine, in a volume entitled, Our Countrymen," by B. J. Lossing, Esq., the well-known historian. A portion of this sketch we published in the *Observer* of June 21, 1855, in which Mr. Lossing says:

"In 1802 he (Paine) returned to America and resided a part of the time upon a farm at New Rochelle, presented to him by the State of New York for his Revolutionary services. Paine became very intemperate, and fell low in the social scale, not only on account of his beastly habits, but because of his blasphemous tirade against Christianity."

In the year 1851 Grant Thornburn, of this city, who was personally and well acquainted with the man of whom he wrote, furnished for the New York *Observer* two articles—"Reminiscences of Tom Paine," from which we make some extracts. Grant Thornburn, who was the reputed hero of Galt's "Lawrie Todd," was personally and well known to hundreds of persons still living in this city. His statements, so far as we know, were nowhere called in question at the time they were published:

[From the New York Observer, April 17, 1851.]

MESSRS. EDITORS:—A few days ago I entered my seventy-ninth year. For the last sixty of these years, I have been one day only confined by sickness. I am not sensible of decay in either body or mind, spectacles excepted. I have not a pain, or a stiff joint in my body. I walk as far and as fast, and my personal feelings are as comfortable as when in my twentieth year; thank God, who gave me a sound constitution, and the common sense to take care of it.

I think it is the duty of the aged to tell the generation that is to follow, what they have seen with their eyes and heard with their ears of the wonders the Lord has wrought in their days. In his providential arrangements he brought me into close contact with Paine and Carver, two of His most open and inveterate enemies. Carver and I blew the bellows in the same shop; Paine lodged with Carver; hence our intimacy. My days are numbered, and but few remain. I owe it to my God and to the world to tell what I have seen, felt and heard in their company.

The past sixty years have been styled emphatically *the age of infidelity*. I was in my nineteenth year at the commencement of that period, and have been in contact, and in some cases, in confidential intimacy with some of the most prominent actors in the important events embraced in that period. One of the most prominent in his day was Mr. Thomas Paine. His public history is before the world; but his secret history, as they say in St. Cloud, is probably now known only to myself. Of the truth of this remark you will judge in the sequel.

Thomas Paine was born in 1737, in Norfolk county, old England. He was brought up to the business of stay-making with his father, who was a member of the Society of Friends. He was afterwards an exciseman in the town of Lewes, where he married the daughter of the Collector of the Custom House. After three years she obtained a divorce from him, for neglect and cruel treatment. (Ladies, this mortal was the author of *The Rights of Man.*) Shortly after this he became a *defaulter*, and fled to America at the commencement of the Revolution.

In 1787 Paine went to France. In 1792 he was chosen a member of the bloody Convention, and sat on the trial of Louis XVI. In the Reign of Terror, and of Robespierre, he was thrown into prison, and narrowly escaped the guillotine by a miracle of Providence. While in France he published Letters to Washington,—a scurrilous libel, which was bought, read and extolled by Deists, Jacobins and Infidels, but burned and destroyed by true Americans. God willing, I will give the account of his escape from the guillotine, in a future number, as I heard it from his own lips.

Paine arrived at New York, in the spring of 1802. On the next day I was introduced to him at the City Hotel. On the day after he started for Washington. There he was received with open arms by Jefferson, Aaron Burr, and a whole phalanx of Deists and Jacobins from every section of the country. A public dinner was gotten up to welcome the author of the Age of Reason, and the man who tried to deface the fair fame of WASHINGTON. As easily might Paine darken the sun at mid-day by throwing at it a handful of mud. But the dinner! Here was expected a feast of reason and a flow of soul. Alas! tell it not in Gath! Paine entered; his feet covered with a preparation of mud and compost; his pants having a rent both wide and unseemly; his vest, which had once been black, was now the color of gold dust, from a thick coating of Scotch snuff. His coat had a ventilator on the elbow of each sleeve. His fine linen looked as if not mollified by Colgate's soap since the last 4th of July. He reeled to and fro like a drunken man at his wits end. Thus he entered the room. The free-thinkers were confounded, and thought it was a hoax; they, no doubt mentally exclaimed, "He is no company for gentlemen." He received instructions in a few days, and left the purlieus of the court forever.

Arriving in New York, he was set down at the City Hotel; but his habits being an outrage on all the common decencies of life, at the end of the week he was politely informed there was no room for *him* in that inn. His trunk was carried from hotel to tavern, from tavern to boarding-house, and still the answer was, "We have no room." Inquiry for accommodation was made at a dwelling whose inmates were wretchedness personified; but it was written on the door as with a diamond, "No admittance for Thomas Paine." In this dilemma, Wm. Carver received him into his own house. It was here our intimacy commenced, and it continued, with a few interruptions, seven years thereafter.
GRANT THORBURN."

The following extract is made from a subsequent number of the "Reminiscences of Thomas Paine," by the same hand:

[From the New York Observer, May 1, 1851.]

"It was in Carver's house that, by the movements of Providence, I sat down between two of the most inveterate infidels that ever beheld the light of the sun. They were both mechanics—Carver a blacksmith, Paine a stay-maker. They were both unlearned men, but were of strong mind; for the Devil having made human nature his study for six thousand years, will never employ a fool when he needs a journeyman. Carver, his wife, and Paine, having been inhabitants of the same town in England, at their fire-side, he being present, I learned his history from his cradle; and I saw him in all his native deformity, and traced him with my own eyes to his grave.

"Carver kept a porter house on a small scale on the corner of Thames and Temple streets; at the same time he doctored horses and mended their shoes. It was noised abroad that Mr. Paine kept his headquarters in this domicile, a small two-story frame building, whose outside had neither seen a whitewash nor paint brush since the surrender of Cornwallis at York-town. Hundreds of the old political and free-thinking friends resorted hither to meet him. I witnessed some of their interviews; but oh, what consternation! Instead of the pale-faced man of thirty-six, when he wrote *Common Sense*, they beheld an old remnant of mortality, drunk, bloated, and half asleep. Very few of the better sort ever returned.

"Mr. Paine was sensible of his forbidding appearance, and generally was very morose when strangers were introduced. An old lady from Scotland wished an introduction. We entered his room. Said I: "Mr. Paine, this is Mrs. Bruce, from Scotland." "Scotland," "a country of bigots and fanatics." "Yes," said I, "but it's the only country in Europe where every man, woman and child can read the Bible, and write their own name." Our stay was short. When we got on the pavement, "What do you think of Paine?" I inquired. "I think he is *fou* (drunk), but *och* man," she added, "what an *awfu' judgment looking face* he's got."

His chief companions were journeymen mechanics of the baser sort. One evening I stepped into his room. He was setting forth the Bible to a dozen of these characters, and painting it in the blackest colors. When he ceased, I said, "Mr. Paine, you have been in Ireland and Scotland." He had. "They have very few Bibles in Ireland, and there are very few who can read them, and those who can read, are prohibited by the priest from looking in the Bible." This was also conceded. "Now," said I, "Mr. Paine, if the Bible was a bad book, those who used it most would be the *worst members of society*, but the contrary is the fact, for while our jails, penitentiaries, State prisons and alms-houses are filled from Ireland, this day there is not a Scotsman or woman in any of them, and such was the fact at that time. Observe, this was forty-five years ago. "Besides," I continued, "I see in this room a few of my own shopmates. In months past, when they read the Bible, they went to church with their families. There they rested from the labors of the past week, kept their children under their eye, rose early on Monday morning, and entered on the labors of the week with a sound head and a quiet conscience. And what are they now? Having heard the lectures of blind Palmer, and read your Age of Reason, they became free-thinkers; and if they continue in the same course they now are following, they will soon be free-thinkers also." "And what are they following?" said Paine. Said I, "They now go to the tavern on Sunday, sit drinking, smoking, and talking politics, their children in the streets or fields, learning everything that is wicked; having spent fifty or sixty cents, each one comes home late, and better than half drunk; he has a headache next morning, and perhaps is unable to work till 2 p. m., thus losing a half day's wages. Disease and death soon follow, when his widow and orphans are sent to the alms-house."

I continued: "Mr. Paine, Hume, yourself, and other free-thinkers, all profess to write for the good of society." He assented. "Well," said I, "which is the most useful member of society; he who spends his time and money in the tavern, leaving his children to grow up a curse to the world; or, the man who leads his children to church on Sunday, keeps them in sight through the day, and thus preserves them from the path of the destroyer, besides the saving of his money, and the preservation of his own health?" The clock in the room struck ten as I spoke the last sentence; two candles were burning on the table; he took one and walked off to bed without saying a word. His disciples and I looked on one another for a moment after; after a few friendly remarks on the same subject, each man went to his own house. They never all returned, and some of them walked no more with him.

"On a subsequent evening, he told me the particulars of his remarkable escape from death, but the narrative is too long for this article. I will state the particulars in my next, only remarking, by the way, that when he stopped speaking, I said, "What did you think at the time of this wonderful preservation?" He said the *Fates* had ordained he was not to die at that time. Said I, "Mr. Paine, I will tell you what I think; you know you have written and spoken much against the religion of the Bible; you have extolled the perfectibility of human reason when left to its own guidance, unshackled by priest-craft and superstitition. The God in whom you live and move, and have your being, has spared your life, that you might give to the world a living comment on your own doctrines. You now show to the world what human nature is, when left to itself to wander in its own counsels. Here you sit, in an obscure, uncomfortable dwelling, powdered with snuff, and stupefied with brandy. You who were once the companion of Washington, Jay and Hamilton, but are now deserted by every good man, and even respectable Deists cross the street to avoid you?" He said he cared not a straw for the opinions of the world. Said I, "I envy not your feelings, for I wish so to conduct, that I may gain the esteem of my fellow men."

"He died on the 8th of June, 1809. Few knew that he was alive that month, till they saw his death announced in the papers of the 9th. Had he died on the day when he was chalked for the guillotine in Paris, his name would have stood high in the temple of fame. But he was spared ten years longer, till his profane and hateful life put a veto on his infidel writings.
GRANT THORBURN."

The subject of Paine's character having come up more than a year ago, we received the following letter from the Rev. J. D. Wickham, D. D., of Manchester, Vermont, a gentleman of the highest character, with whom we have been acquainted from our boyhood. He is an uncle to ex-Mayor Wickham, of the city of New York. The following is an extract from his letter, as published in the *Observer* at that time:

[From the New York Observer, Feb. 17, 1876.]

A writer in one of the daily papers said of Paine's habits:

"The stories of his drunkenness and licentiousness are the wicked inventions of the clergy, whose path he has dared to cross, and who only refrain from practicing the abominable cruelties of past ages upon those who differ from them, not because of the want of will, but because their strength is shorn."

The Rev. J. D. Wickham replies to this statement as follows:

"The writer of this communication was more than fifty years ago a resident of New Rochelle, N. Y., where the body of Paine was buried. His grave was in one corner of a farm, which having been confiscated as the property of a Tory during the Revolutionary War, had been presented to Paine by the State of New York for his patriotic service in aid of the Revolution. On this farm he spent his latter days with a solitary female attendant. I have heard the physician who visited him describe the condition in which he was accustomed to find his patient, and to which his vicious habits, and especially his habitual drunkenness, had reduced him. This he represented as revolting to his sensibilities, making even his necessary calls to prescribe for his relief exceedingly unwelcome and repulsive. This physician was an esteemed elder in the church of which I was at that time pastor, highly regarded not only for skill in his profession, but as a man of sound judgment and unimpeachable veracity. He has been dead many years. But the name of Matson Smith, M. D., is still held in honored remembrance by all who knew him."

On the appearance of the letter of Dr. Wickham, we received a communication from the Rev. Charles Hawley, D. D., then and now the distinguished pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Auburn, N. Y., confirming Dr. W's. statements in regard to the character and habits of Mr. Paine.

[From the New York Observer, March 9, 1876.]

"The statement of Rev. Dr. Wickham, who preceded me in the Presbyterian church of that place (New Rochelle) some twenty years, accords entirely with the well-known facts concerning Paine's habits as given me by the older residents, and which, until quite recently, have remained uncontradicted. The venerable Matson Smith, whom Dr. Wickham gives as his principal authority, was an elder in the church at New Rochelle from its organization until his death, a period of more than thirty years, esteemed and trusted by all for his Christian integrity and professional skill. I have heard from him substantially the same account of Paine's degradation, from personal knowledge as his physician, the particulars of which are too loathsome to be described in print. He came to lose all self-respect and regard for decency in his personal habits, which were at times simply beastly. His drunkenness became habitual and notorious before he left New Rochelle; and he was not unfrequently found lying by the roadside, so helplessly intoxicated that he had to be carried home, as I have been told by persons who had befriended him in that pitiable condition.

"There were some who, in spite of the shame and degradation into which he had fallen, still cherished a lingering respect for what he had been, and in consideration of the service he had rendered the Revolutionary cause by his political writings; but no one in that vicinity, as late as 30 years ago, would have had the temerity to deny these things, much less to call them 'wicked inventions of the clergy.' Dr. Smith was accustomed to refer to Paine's powers of conversation as somewhat remarkable, and even fascinating, when he was himself; and never gave me the impression that he spoke from religious prejudice, but rather with regret that one so capable of better things should have sunken so low."

This much for the life of Paine. Now for his death. The testimony contained in the following article we copied from the New York *Tribune* of March 27, 1867. It has been published again and again, and, so far as we know, has never been impeached. The extract from the journal of Stephen Grellet was also printed in the *Observer* of January 29, 1860, with a note stating that it was from the Memoirs of Stephen Grellet, a Quaker, whose "Life and Gospel Labors" were published in Philadelphia, 1860. Mr. Grellet, at the time alluded to, resided in Greenwich, then a suburb of New York, where Paine resided and where he died:

From the New York Tribune of March 27, 1877.

THOMAS PAINE.

His last Hours—Extract from an old Journal.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

Sir: I am much pleased with your editorial "Thomas Paine's Bust." In the Journal of Stephen Grellet, a noted and most worthy minister of the Society of Friends, I find the following record made in the Fall of 1809:

"I may not omit recording here the death of Thomas Paine. A few days previous to my leaving home on my last religious visit, on hearing that he was ill and in a very destitute condition, I went to see him, and found him in a wretched state; for he had been so neglected and forsaken by his pretended friends that the common attentions to a sick man had been withheld from him. The skin of his body was in some places worn off, which greatly increased his sufferings. A nurse was provided for him and some needful comforts were supplied. He was mostly in a state of stupor, but something that had passed between us had made such an impression upon him that some time after my departure he sent for me, and on being told that I was gone from home, he sent for another Friend. This induced a valuable young Friend, (Mary Roscoe), who had resided in my family and continued at Greenwich during a part of my absence, frequently to go and take him some little refreshments suitable for an invalid, furnished by a neighbor. Once when she was there, three of his deistical associates came to the door, and in a loud unfeeling manner, said: 'Tom Paine, it is said you are turning Christian, but we hope you will die as you have lived;' and then went away. On which, turning to Mary Roscoe, he said, 'You see what miserable comforters they are.' Once he asked her if she had ever read any of his writings, and on being told she had read but very little of them, he inquired what she thought of them, adding, 'From such a one as you I expect a correct answer.' She told him that when very young his 'Age of Reason' was put into her hands, but that the more she read in it the more dark and distressed she felt, and she threw the book into the fire. 'I wish all had done as you,' he replied; 'for if the devil ever had any agency in any work, he has had it in my writing that book.' When going to carry him some refreshments, she repeatedly heard him uttering the language, 'Oh, Lord,' 'Lord God,' or 'Lord Jesus have mercy upon me.' "

Thus the poor infidel, wretched in body and mind, received at the last his only ministrations of comfort from hands prompted by hearts filled with the love of the Lord Jesus, whom he had denied and reviled. Very truly, &c.,
W. H. LADD.
Brooklyn, 3d month 25th day, 1876.

We have verified the above extract, and have corrected one or two unimportant verbal errors from the second edition of the "Memoirs of the Life and Gospel Labors of Stephen Grellet," published in London in 1861. (See vol. 1., p. 125.) That so little is know in regard to the last days of Paine, is explained by the fact that he had been deserted by all decent people, excepting those who, like Stephen Grellet and the nurse that he employed, ministered to the wretched man out of Christian compassion. Stephen Grellet, in his journal, states that Paine wrote much during his last illness, but nothing of what he wrote at that time remains: His infidel executors may have had their own reasons for not giving to the world "The Last Words of Thomas Paine."

We are quite sure all candid readers will acknowledge that we have proved our propositions, that Paine lived a drunken, beastly life, and that he "died a drunken, cowardly, and beastly death." That the proof will be accepted by infidels, we can only hope. Some would not be persuaded even though Tom Paine should rise from the dead and confirm it all. Those of the same character with Paine can be expected to renounce their admiration for such a specimen of infidelity and blasphemy and of beastly living only through the enlightening influences of God's grace, which has opened the eyes of thousands and tens of thousands of infidels, and made them humble believers in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners. We wish even to the bitterest enemies of the cross nothing worse than this. And in the hope that this statement of facts may be blessed of God to the farther illustration of the fruits of infidelity as exhibited in the life of one of its chief apostles, we do not regret having been called to devote so much space to the subject.

Wisdom.

—A thing done when thought of is never forgotten.

—Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

—Some people are positive just in proportion to their ignorance.

—Partial culture runs to the ornate; extreme culture to simplicity.

—He who knows the world will not be too bashful. He who knows himself will not be impudent.

—The severest punishment of any injury is the consciousness of having done it; and no one but the guilty knows the withering pains of repentance.

—A secret is a little silence; you cannot talk about it and keep it, it is like money, when once you know there is any concealed, it is half discovered.

—If you wish to be happy, keep busy, idleness is harder work than ploughing, a good deal. There is more fun in sweating an hour than in yawning a century.

—"Train up a child in the way he should go," says the proverb; but it is as well, if you want to do the thing properly, to travel in the first instance, by that train yourself.

To a friend who asked Thiers why he did not cease from such incessant labor, and take repose in his declining days, he replied, "As long as God gives me life, I shall use the faculties he has vouchsafed me. It is only now that I am old that I appreciate properly the value of time and knowledge.

—We can no more stand still in life than we can turn back. When we have no desire to go on, invisible forces are at work to compel us to do so. There are things we must do; people we must meet; events that will occur to us. We cannot believe that the deeds will be all such as we must regret, the events all sorrowful ones, the new acquaintances all enemies.

—Fight your own battles. Ask no favors of any one, and you will succeed five thousand times better than one who is always beseeching some one's patronage. No one will ever help you as you help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. Men who win love do their own wooing. Whether you work for fame, or love, or money, or for anything else, work with your hands, heart and brains.

The Kind of Religion we Want.

We want a religion that softens the step, and tunes the voice to melody and fills the eye with sunshine, and checks the impatient exclamation and harsh rebuke; a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, courteous to inferiors and considerate to friends; a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being cross when dinner is late, and keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross and amuses the children as well as instructs them; cares for the servants besides paying them promptly, projects the honey-moon into the harvest-noon, and makes the happy home like the Eastern fig tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that shall interpose between the ruts and the gullies and rocks of the highway of life and the sensitive souls that are traveling over them.

Educational---Religious

—There are 22 churches in New York city without pastors.

—The State Baptist Missionary Society, of Illinois, is in pressing need of $4,000 to pay the missionaries and settle arrearages.

—England spends five times as much for charity as for education; while Switzerland spends five times as much for education as for charity.

—The difference between the preacher, the builder, and the architect of a church is simply this: One is the rector, the other the erector, and the third the director!

—New Episcopal Bishops are declared to be imperatively needed for both Idaho and Montana; Utah being alone sufficient to demand the entire energies of any one Bishop.

—A minister who had twice married the same couple—divorce ensuing between the marriages—remarked that he didn't wish to add a repairing department to his business.

—Mr. Moody is said to be showing the results of overwork. He has been obliged to forego solid study during the past summer, and has suffered from some trouble in the head.

—A backwoodsman, on hearing Bishop Mead, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, without a manuscript, said: "He is the first of them fine fellows that I have ever seen who could shoot without a rest."

—As little thieves, being let in at a window, will set open gates for greater thieves to come in at, even so, if we accustom ourselves to commit little sins, and let them reign in us, they will make us the fitter for greater offences to get the advantage of us, and to take hold on us.

—At the session of the Colorado Methodist Conference, held in Denver recently, a resolution was offered requesting the Bishops to send to it nothing but able-bodied men, and to give each transferred minister a trial of one year, in order to test his ability to perform frontier work.

—A person, in the course of some remarks in a prayer meeting, having several times observed that he should never forget the dying words of his brother, the pastor suggested that it might be well for him to repeat them; whereupon, with some hesitation and scratching of the head, he said they had slipped his mind.

—At the recent session of the Iowa Methodist Conference at Fairfield, a resolution was passed entreating all preachers and members to abstain from the use of tobacco for conscience's sake; and to vote for the admission to that conference of no one who uses tobacco without a pledge that he will abandon its use.

—This is the age of infidelity, and there are a great many persons who boldly avow their skepticism on anything divine. But some French journalists, who have lately started a paper, exhibit in its title the most striking instance of avowed hostility to religion that we have seen. They call their journal *L' Anti-Christ.*

—A Bangor (Me.) man attended a camp-meeting, and on his return was telling of the good time he enjoyed. A serious-faced man asked: "Were there any converts?" He stopped a moment, and said: "Well, I swear, I forgot to ask. But the baked beans were bully, and the sailing and rowing were divine, and there were some of the handsomest girls there that I have ever seen."

—The *Christian Secretary* tells us "that churches should encourage their pastors by paying them." Isn't that asking a little too much of the churches? Don't you know that if you encourage the pastor by paying him this year, he will want you to encourage him in the same way the next? It is perhaps well enough to encourage him in that way once, but there are members of the congregation who will tell you that it won't do to get into a regular habit of it.

Attending His Own Funeral.

Says a hackman to a patron, pointing to a cabby sitting on his box near by:

"You see that man? Well, he attended his own funeral."

"Not really!" exclaims the surprised passenger.

"I'll tell you how it was," continues the cabman. "That man complained not long ago to his wife of hard times, and said he was going to drown himself. Now it happened that on that very day a body resembling his was found out in the river, and as he was not heard from for three days, the family concluded he was dead. Now, on the day of the funeral he was driving his carriage along a street, when he spied his wife and all his relations following a hearse. "That's sad," says he to himself; "there's my poor old aunt, who is buried." So he joins in the line. As luck would have it, the aunt he thought dead turns round and speaks to him. Then, you see those two dead people begin talking to each other, the procession stops. And they tell me that a livlier funeral than that never was seen in our town."

"Is This Seat Occupied?"

An old but vigorous looking gentleman, seemingly from the rural districts, got into a car and walked its full length without receiving an invitation to sit down. Approaching one gentleman who had a whole bench to himself, he asked, "Is this seat occupied?" "Yes, sir, it is," impertinently replied the other. "Well," replied the broad-shouldered agriculturist, "I will keep this seat until the gentleman comes." The original proprietor withdrew himself haughtily to one end and looked insulted. After a while the train got in motion, and still nobody came to claim the seat, whereupon the deep-chested agriculturist turned and said: "Sir, when you told me that this seat was occupied you told me a lie"—such was his plain language—"I never sit near a liar if I can help it; I would rather stand up." Then appealing to another party he said: "Sir, may I sit next to you? You don't look like a liar." We need hardly say that he got his seat, and that the original proprietor thought that there was something wrong about our social system.
—*Baltimore Gazette.*

Wit and Humor.

—Fish are never found napping, though rocked "in the cradle of the deep."

—Gossips are human microscopes. They magnify everything within their focus.

—"Don't you think, husband, that you are apt to believe everything you hear?" "No, madam, not when you talk."

—"I say," said a rough fellow to a fop with conspicuous bow-legs. "I say, don't you have your pantaloons cut with a circular law?"

BUTTER was in use 4,000 years ago. Yes, and some of the same butter is in use now, we fancy. We thought we tasted some the other day.

IF imagination will cause a man to take disease, why can't a man imagine that it's December, and feel so cold that an overcoat is necessary?

—"How long can a man live without brains?" asked a professor of a rustic. "I don't know," replied the latter, "How old are you yourself?"

—In Greece it is known by the way a woman wears her hair whether she is married or not. In America it is known that a man is married if he doesn't wear any hair at all.

—A man took his clock to Port Chester clock repairer and asked him, "What time is it when this timepiece strikes thirteen times?" "Time it's repaired," replied the man of Time.

—A tourist, in search of natural curiosities, coming to a small stream, looked over his memorandum, and asked a Dutchman near by if "this was Alder creek." "Yaw," was the reply, "dis vas all der creek vas I knows about yust round her."

—A countryman recently gazed intently for a few moments upon the sign of one of our most popular druggists, which read "——'s Pharmacy," and exclaimed, "Well, by gosh, what does —— know about farming? I don't believe he knows as much as a setting hen."

—"Madame," he remarked—(he always calls his wife "Madame" when he desires to be impressive)—"when thousands are starving how thankful you should be, even in muslin and calicoes. Every dime should be looked after now-a-days." Just then a boy rapped at the door with a $14 box of cigars which the speaker had ordered sent up on his way home.

—A young dentist was introduced to a fashionable beauty the other evening, and gracefully opened the conversation, by saying, "Miss——, I hope I may consider that we are not entirely unacquainted; I had the pleasure of pulling a tooth for your father only a short time ago."

—"Far be it from us to doubt the word of a brother editor," says the LaCrosse Sun. We believe them all to be truthful men; but when the Durand Times says that the water is so low at the mouth of the Chippewa river that catfish have to employ mudturtles to tow them over the bar, we feel as though the editor must be away and some local minister filling his place."

The Blessings of Fun.

As a people we are not particularly given to sobriety of demeanor. Mirthfulness and jolity may well be reckoned among our prominent characteristics. We cannot be said to be without a certain amount of dry humor and wit of our own, and know the droll thing when we see it. We are made to laugh in spite of ourselves. The man who says funny things week after week, in the columns of a village newspaper, becomes suddenly a popular favorite; and, waking up some fine morning, finds himself famous. The darling of the lyceum is the man who successfully mimics the foibles and follies of the times with a spice of fun dashing the satire of descriptions. The ballad that sings its way into everybody's heart has humor mingled with its pathos, and the preacher whose sermons are touched here and there with an honest good humor is sure to be sought by the masses. We all crave the rest and recreation that lie in amusement, and better than a hundred prescriptions from the pharmacopœia is the tonic that lingers in a hearty laugh. No one can deny that there is a blessing in fun, and as we are constitutionally adapted to it we see no reason why we should not enjoy it, provided we do not carry the blessing too far.

That Doctor Bill.

"Save me, doctor, and I'll give you a check for a thousand dollars!"

The doctor gave him a remedy that soon eased him, and he called out:

"Keep at it, doctor, and I'll give you a check for five hundred dollars!"

In half an hour more he was able to sit up, and he calmly remarked:

"Doctor, I feel like giving you a fifty dollar bill."

When the doctor was ready to go the sick man was up and dressed, and he followed the physician to the door, and said:

"Say, doc., send in your bill the first of the month."

When six months had been gathered to Time's bosom the doctor sent in a bill amounting to five dollars. He was pressed to cut it down to three; and after so doing he sued it, got judgement, and the patient put in a stay of execution. The poet was pretty correct when he wrote:

"I know no man whom I would trust;
I buy and sell for cash;
Each day I know what I am worth,
And thus avoid a smash."

"I Did Not Think."

But you should think; for that purpose were your faculties bestowed upon you. A thoughtless person is of necessity coarse and selfish. When people do wrong to their neighbors, and give pain unnecessarily, to say "I did not think," puts forward no plea for tolerance, but is rather for condemnation, and an additional peg on which to hang a sermon of rebuke. They should have thought: there is no good reason why they should not think; and, if they did not, then they did wrong, and wrong is always wrong and reprehensible.