Historical Society


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## The Avant Courier.

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## Poetry.

### He Didn't sell.

"I b'lieve I'll sell the farm, Jane Ann, and buy
a house in town;
Jones made an offer yesterday—he'll pay the
money down.
He said he wasn't anxious, but he had the cash
to spare,
And reminded me that nowadays cash sales are
very rare.

The farm ain't worth much, anyway, the soil is
mighty thin,
And the crops it yields are hardly worth the puttin' of them in;
Besides, that pesky railroad that they're puttin'
through this way,
Will cut the old place slap into—Jones told me so
to-day.

I ain't afeard of work, you know—my daddy
allus said,
'There ain't a single lazy hair in Nehemiah's
head.'
There wasn't no lazy hairs, I know, in that old
head of his.
For he did the work of three hired men in spite
of the rheumatiz.

No, no, I'm not afraid to work—of that I don't
complain—
I've tried to work with willin' hands in sunshine
and in rain;
And I've allus wore a cheerful face, except at
times, maybe,
When them giddy, head-strong steers of mine
would 'haw' when I yelled 'gee!'

Perhaps it may be sinful for a mortal to find
fault,
With toiling hard both day and night, if he only
makes his salt,
But I've thought while cradlin' rain-lodged oats
on the side-hill over there,
That my cross was most too hefty for a small-
boned man to fear.

It's allus been my custom when a plowin' stumpy soil
To hum some good, old-fashioned hymn—it sorter eased my toil;
But I tell you what, 'twas pretty hard to smother words of sin
Whene'er a springy root 'ud break and whack
me on the shin.

I mention these 'ere things, Jane Ann, because
I'd like to lead
A peaceful, blameless kind o' life, from all
temptation freed,
But as long as grasshoppers exist and tater bugs
abound
There'll be some tall profanity at times a floatin'
'round.

So now if you're agreed, Jane Ann, I'll sell the
farm to Jones—
He'll find that what it lacks in soil is well made
up in stones—
And we'll move into the town next week—what's
that you're sayin', wife—
You'll never leave the good old place as long as
you have life?

Well, there it goes again, I vum! Go on and have
your say—
You're bound to wear the breeches—in a figgerative way;
But you'll find I'll have my way this time, old
girl, as well as you,
So if you're bound to stay right here, by grannies—*I'll stay too!*"

### THE IMPERISHABLE BOY.

**His Sportive Endurance—An Animated Pastime.**

[From the Easton Free Press.]

The best authorities among scientific persons have long conceded the fact that it is impossible to kill a boy by any of the recognized processes of demolition. He tumbles off chestnut trees and falls down wells with impunity; he is perfectly happy in the midst of harrowing railroad accidents, and prematurely enthusiastic 4th of July explosions afford him intense delight; the most persistent book agents have done little more than discourage him, and able-bodied streaks of summer lightning have passed him with disgust.

Yesterday afternoon there was a persistent recurrence of ominous silence and hilarious laughter among the two dozen or more carriers of the *Free Press* that became so monotonous that we felt called upon to investigate. We looked, and behold! the boys had invented a new game, having all the elements of dangerous fun necessary to perfect enjoyment.

One boy stood with his back against the wall, the next boy stooped down his head in the first boys stomach; the third boy stooped with his head on the second boy's back, and in this way the line was continued back as far as desirable. Then all the spare boys took a running leap in succession, putting their hands on the hindmost boy, and jumped over as many as possible, to come down at the end of the jump on a boy's neck with the force of an infantile pile-driver, and the next boy comes down on him in the same way, the efforts of the jumpers being directed to breaking the line of the stoopers or their necks, either object being equally desirable and attainable. The position of the boy against the wall is one of great honor and responsibility. It requires a boy of strong stomach to enjoy the process of having the head of another boy driven into his waistband by the continued efforts of fifteen of his fellows. Sometimes the jumpers become unbearably enthusiastic, and the boy against the wall finds it necessary to step aside to re-swallow his dinner. This gives the stooping boy a chance to distinguish himself as his head is jammed against the wall so hard that he feels his ears sticking out under his arms. Sometimes it happens that a small, consumptive boy gets into the line of stoopers, and when a big boy comes down on his back he breaks in two, and this causes a hiatus that is immediately filled by the stoopers in the rear, who sprawl on their noses and elbows, while the remaining jumpers cavort over them like a cavalry charge.

We always like to encourage little games of this kind. They have a soothing effect upon marked bills, the noise outside, and the undertaker. The game to which we refer has resulted in no mortality so far; but it is only three days old, and we have an abiding hope.

### Perhaps.

Perhaps one of these days J. Madison Wells will die, and Sitting Bull be hung, and Charley Ross will be found, and Carl Schurz and Jay Gould will kill one another in a duel, and Rutherford B. Hayes will resign, and Samuel J. Tilden will be married and the county board will be abolished. Then this distracted country will know the blessings of peace.—*Chicago Times.*

## Washington Letter.

**Robert Ingersoll's Lecture—The Old Colonial Law—How Christians Treated Infidels When They Were in Power—Scandal—Blackmailing, Etc., Etc.**

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 20, 1878.

*To the Editor of the Avant Courier:*

Robert Ingersoll has been lecturing here again. This time his subject was "Hell." I heard two good orthodox church people speaking of the matter in this wise: Said one, "Isn't it lamentable that such blasphemy as he utters should be allowed in the District? Who can tell what harm he is doing." "No," was the reply, "I don't mourn over it at all. It will do more good than harm. If Bible truths were never denied, apathy would prevail and people would not study the Book of Books with half the earnestness they now do."

These are the two opinions that prevail here; but much anxiety is felt among the churches. One earnest antiquarian has been hunting up the old Colonial law touching the subject, which, by the way, the Attorney-General recently decided is still in force in the District, having never been repealed. In the first section of that law is found the following: "If any person shall deny our Saviour Jesus Christ, to be the son of God, or shall deny the Holy Trinity, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, or the Godhead of any of these Persons, or the trinity of the Godhead, or shall utter any profane words concerning the Holy Trinity or any of the Persons thereof, and shall be thereof convicted, he or she shall, for the first offense, be bored through the tongue, for the second offense shall be stigmatized by burning the forehead with the letter B and for the third offense shall suffer death."

Thus Robert Ingersoll is liable by law to be precipitated into the place whose existence he denies and whose name was the subject of his *third* lecture given here within a few weeks. Seriously, however, it is high time for such a law to be repealed—it savors a little too strongly of the Dark Ages.

Scandal is never idle here. There is always more material for her to work with than she can possibly use. One of the latest pieces relates to the $1,800 that the Treasury officials have been trying so long to discover. It was paid into the Department by the banks to pay for extra work imposed by their careless method of putting up money. The assessment was made by Mr. New, who succeeded Spinner as U. S. Treasurer, and the $1,800 has never been accounted for. Now these are the surmises and this is the scandal: Mr. New had a nephew who was a messenger in the Treasury and a niece as an employee there. The nephew's chief business was to carry money to the desks of counters and return it to the place of deposit. Sums of money mysteriously disappeared. A young lady turned in her account and money one night to the remittance desk. The next day it was moved by the messenger in question, after which it was found $1,000 short. The young lady was dismissed summarily. $2,000 were missing but a day or two before the nephew, who was known as a frequenter of gambling houses and much addicted to chance games, was dismissed, the events coming so near together as to suggest cause and effect.

Soon after this every $900 lady clerk of the Redemption Division, excepting Mr. New's niece, were indirectly taxed $17.50. It was accomplished by forcing each one, by means of vague hints of discharge in case of refusal, to make application for seven days leave of absence *without pay.* $3,500 were thus secured, but not accounted for, and rumor has it that it was either used to cover some of the nephew's irregularities or to pay the excess of appointees from Mr. New's State. The facts here given are not mere hearsays—they are facts and can be corroborated to the satisfaction of any having interest to make inquiries concerning them.

ADAMS.

### A Girl Takes the Deer by the Horns.

Miss Emma Richards, of Akron, a girl twenty years of age, was with her mother visiting at the residence of Mr. Timothy Loomis, in Lodi, when a son of Timothy, surnamed Phineas, proposed that he should show her a small herd of deer that were kept in an inclosure on their premises. The young lady consented, and Phineas started into the brush to start them up, the young lady meanwhile standing at the gate to await the appearance of the menagerie. Suddenly she heard a cry of "murder" in the somewhat juvenile voice of Phineas. Never thinking of fear, Miss Richards started in the direction of the noise, and after going a few rods discovered the boy pinned to the earth, while an angry buck stood over him, with the prong of one horn through the flesh of the boy's side and imbedded in the earth. She instantly grasped a club and went for Mr. Buck. He paid no attention to the first and second blows, but when she gave him the third crack he turned and went for her. Unable to ward off his approach with the club, she dropped it, and grasped him by the antlers, at the same time calling to the boy to arise and put for the fence. He was either too much hurt or too badly scared to mind her, and so, disengaging one hand, she lifted the boy to his feet, at the same time crowding the deer back with the other. Once on his pins young Phineas found his speed, and put for the fence like a streak of lightning on a copper rod, while the brave girl gave all her attention to Mr. Buck. It was a lively tussle, and it kept all her nerve and pluck to prevent her being thrown to the ground. Still holding on to the horns, she backed off gradually, and in that manner reached the fence, but not till her clothes were badly torn and her body was bruised again and again. At last, nearly exhausted, she reached the fence and succeeded in getting over it without receiving any serious injury. It was a close call; but the spunk that many a man could not have furnished won the day.—*Cleveland Leader.*

It anybody wants hell, there are still plenty of people left to give it to 'em.

### Why he went West.

Published by request of Dick L—— for that innumerable army of "tramps" who march West, then go East again.

The following from the Adrian *Times*, will be appreciated by the brethren of the mystic tie; it won't be worth the while for any one else to attempt to extract the fun from it: Saturday, Constable Bowen found the boys in high glee over the sport they were having with a chap on State street, who was making desperate efforts to prevent the road from flying up in his face. Marching him to jail, the officer waited until Monday morning, and then "Stev." came before Esquire Stearns and took a chair. The following angular dialogue occurred:—

"From whence came you?"

"Vel, I vas been from der city New York oder die New Jerusalem."

"What came you here to do?"

"I learn to subdue mine abbities, and improve mineself in brinting."

"Then you are a printer, I presume?"

"Auf a regular Scandinavian brinter's office."

"How gained you admission to this city?"

"By a good many long walks."

"How were you received?"

"By a Cherman frent mit a glass beer."

"How did your friend dispose of you?"

"Oh, he took me two dree times the city round, mit saloons in der south and der west, and east, and den de ovvicer cooms."

"What did the officer do with you?"

"He daught me der way to der shail in der east, until my steps were more upright and regular as before."

"Will you be off or from?"

"Vell, offer you should please, Sequare, I'll be off right away quick."

"Why do you leave the east and go west?"

"In search of work."

"Work being the object of your search, you will decend a flight of dirty stairs, consisting of some five or seven steps, turn square about, get on a level road, put out of the city, and make a plumb line for Chicago, where the wicked are always troublesome, and the weary are as bad as the rest." And Stev. Yemong is on his way to Chicago.

### The Habit of Learning.

There are those who, having once formed the habit of learning in early life, never allow it to fall into disuse, but keep themselves till old age fresh and youthful by new and valuable acquisitions of knowledge. The brief introduction they get at school and college into the world of science, of art, of literature, far from satisfying them, is a stimulus to them to know more and more of what may be known, and plunge deeper and deeper into the mysteries around us that invite solution. These love learning for its own sake. It may be this love of learning is indiginous in many of them, but in many instances the love of learning is stimulated and fostered by wise parents and enthusiastic teachers, and the soil of their minds is so enriched that it produces growth not native to it. A gracious work does any teacher perform who thus transforms a sterile mind into a fruitful one. The notion many people have that there comes a time when one is too old to enter upon new acquisitions of knowledge is a very erroneous one. De Tocqueville, himself a zealous student through life, says: "There is no time of life at which one can wholly cease from action; for effort without one's self, and still more, effort within, is equally necessary, if not more so, when we grow old, as it is in youth. I compare man to a traveler journeying without ceasing toward a colder and colder region; the higher he goes the faster he ought to walk." If the habit of learning is kept up vigorous there is no difficulty in undertaking the conquest of a new science or a new language. One of the characters in "Marmone," an old gentleman, remarks: "Perhaps I am an old fool to attempt a new and difficult study like this (the English language) at any time of life; but I am a student in other things still, and so why not in language also? My theory is that old people cannot generally learn merely because they have long lost the habit of learning; but I have been learning all my life, and have never lost the habit at all; so I begin boldly." But we need not have recourse to the pages of fiction for illustration. Agassiz was a close student to the last; and our leading scientific and literary men, hoary though many of them, are carrying into middle and advanced life the habits of industry in the acquisition of knowledge that characterized their earlier years. "Frankl'n was fifty years of age before he fully entered upon the study of Natural Philosophy. That he might read Niebuhr in the original, Dr. Arnold in advanced age learned German; Robert Hall was once found lying upon the floor, racked by pain, learning Italian in his old age, to enable him to judge of the parallel drawn by Macaulay between Milton and Dante." All these men had kept up the habit of learning. In one of the law schools in New York city is a student whose son is an influential Senator in the State Legislature, yet he does not fall a whit behind his class or bate a jot of heart or hope because there are fewer years before him than they may reasonably count upon. In such a world as this, where with all his efforts to gain even the rudiments of any one science, we can know so little of what might be known concerning it, it would seem that the thirst for acquiring more knowledge could never cease to stimulate the active mind, and that constantly renewed activity in exploring the arcana of nature and wrestling from it secrets hitherto undivulged should be the rule and not the exception with all minds. Yet how many there are who when they leave school and college lay aside all studious habits, and allow themselves to sink into routines of thought and action, or rather of no thought and inaction, that effectually bar all further progress. But it is never too late to mend, and these sluggish souls may, if they will reacquire the habit of learning, enjoy the satisfaction that comes from a consciousness of constant intellectual growth.

### The Burglary at Simpson's.

Of late several burglaries have been committed in the neighborhood in which Mr. James Simpson lives, and, of course, the folks are not a little alarmed. In Simpson's Row, alone, enough firearms and ammunition have been collected to conduct a very fair-sized war with Mexico, and Simpson, particularly, has bought a whole armory of weapons and loaded them to the muzzle. Simpson's brother-in-law, George Washington Budd, commonly known as "Wash," lives with him, and for weeks past Wash, upon going to bed, has made such a preparation and display of various kinds of engines of destruction that a looker-on might have concluded that his purpose was to conduct a kind of Battle of Gettysburgh on his own responsibility.

The other night Wash, after recapping all his revolvers, running his thumb along the edge of his broad-sword, half-cocking his gun, and laying his bowie-knife on the chair, thought he heard a burglar prowling about down stairs. Buckling on his artillery, Wash, in his stocking feet, crept down the back staircase, determined to annihilate the thief.

Simpson heard the noise at the same moment, and he, thinking Wash was in bed asleep, loaded up his machinery of death and crept softly down the front stairs, also without his boots.

Both reached the first floor at the same moment. They stopped and listened. Wash thought he heard the burglar in the parlor. Simpson felt sure the rascal was in the dining room pocketing the spoons. So while Wash trod noiselessly frontward Simpson stepped stealthily to the rear. Midway in the hall they came into collision. Each felt perfectly certain that the other was the burglar.

Wash grappled with his antagonist instantly. Simpson knew that a death struggle had began, so he took hold with all his might. Neither had a chance to draw his weapons.

Wash strove to throw his burglar down, and Simpson, perceiving the game, made a huge effort to prostrate Wash. They pushed, and pulled, and jerked, and shoved, and panted, bumping up against the wall, kicking up the carpet, and making such a hubbub that Mrs. Simpson, up stairs in her room, and afraid to come out, lifted up her voice and screamed with awful vehemence.

After a fearful and desperate struggle, during which Wash had his coat torn to rags and a couple of handfuls of hair pulled out, and Simpson had his nose jammed against a chair, until it felt as if it had swelled to the size of a watermelon. Wash let go a moment to get his breath. Thereupon Simpson made a rush for the front stairs quietly in the dark, and Wash, pretty well scared and tired of war, dashed off up the back stairs, resolved to go and see why Simpson didn't come down and help wipe the burglar out.

As Simpson got to the landing, he saw Wash's form, by the dim light from the bath-room, in the back entry.

"Who's that?" shouted Simpson nervously, feeling for his revolver.

"Me, Wash," replied his brother-in-law.

Simpson went to him and said:

"Thunder and lightning, Wash! Why didn't you come down sooner?"

"Sooner! Why where've you been? I've had the most awful time you ever heard of."

"So've I," replied Simpson. "There's a burglar in the house, and I've been tearing him to pieces."

"You don't say? Why, my gracious, I've had a fight with one, too; and I think I laid him out!"

"You did? Where?"

"Why, down stairs, there, in the front entry."

"Not in the entry, you don't mean?"

"Yes," said Wash, "in the entry; nearly banged the head off of him. Where was your man?"

"Why, in the entry, too. Queer I did'nt hear you!"

"It is queer," replied Wash; "because I hammered his nose against a chair until it must be mashed flat."

"Whose nose?"

"The burglar's; and he tore my coat to rags and pretty near scalped me."

"Who did?"

"The burglar."

Simpson was silent a minute, and then he said:

"Come in here to the light."

They entered the bath-room, and Wash looked at Simpson, and Simpson looked at Wash.

"Wash!"

"What?"

"Wash, you're the biggest idiot in the State. Hang me if I don't think you've been fighting with me! Look at my nose."

"No! You don't say? Did you pull out your burglar's hair, and splinter up his coat?"

"I'm afraid I did," said Simpson.

"Mr. Simpson," said Wash, canly, "if there is a bigger ass on the continent than I am, I think I can lay my hand on the man, a party by the name of Jim Simpson."

Just at this juncture Mrs Simpson flew from her room, down the hall-way, and into the bath-room, where she fell on her knees, clasped her hands and shrieked:

"Save me, James! oh, save me! Washington, save me, save me! Don't let me be murdered! Don't! don't! oh, don't!"

Simpson looked sheepishly at Wash; then, without saying a word, he seized Mrs. Simpson by the arm, ran her over to her bed-room and slammed the door. Then George Washington Budd went sadly up-stairs, disgorged his murderous apparatus, locked his bowie-knife in his trunk and went to bed.

Both combatants swore secrecy; but Simpson couldn't help telling his wife, and she spread it, of course, and so here it is.—*Max Adeler, in N. Y. Weekly.*

Let the greatest order regulate the transactions of your life.

Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to comfort, but live in an honorable simplicity and regularity.

### Colonel Bob Ingersoll on Hell.

[From his New York Sunday evening Lecture.]

The idea of Hell was born of revenge and brutality on one side and of cowardice on the other. In my judgment the American people are too brave, too generous, too magnanimous to believe in the infamous dogma of eternal damnation. [Applause.] I have no respect for any human being who believes in it. [Laughter.] Wait until you see me in hell before enjoying yourselves laughing at me. [Laughter.] I have no respect for the man who preaches it. I have no respect for the man who paints the imagination of childhood with the infamous lie. [Applause.] I have no respect for the men who would thus add to the sorrows of the world. I have no respect, I say, for one who would thus endeavor to put an infinite cloud or shadow on the heart of humanity. I want to be free and frank with you at the outset. I hate the doctrine. I despise the doctrine.

### Colfax as a Hotel Clerk.

Schuyler Colfax was traveling in Iowa lately, and arrived at Warren at three A. M., and had to wait several hours for a train. As the guest decided to remain in the waiting-room till daylight, the landlord, not knowing who Mr. Colfax was, and wanting an hour's rest, asked the ex-Vice President it he wouldn't wake the porter at a certain hour, and also tap at the doors of the female "help," and make himself generally useful. Mr. Colfax readily assented, and began by polishing the stove, sweeping the floors, and doing what any other handy and industrious citizen would have done. The porter was awakened, the girls were rapped up, and a roaring fire greeted "mine host," who on rising complimented Mr. Colfax on his efficiency. When the train arrived, some one stepped on the platform and saluted Mr. Colfax with, "God bless you Schuyler Colfax; what in the world are you doing here?" The landlord was amazed, and was just able to ask: "Are you Schuyler Colfax?" And when the inn-keeper left "you could have played marbles on his coat-tails."

### A False Alarm.

A large congregation had assembled to hear a stranger of some notoriety. Soon after he had introduced his subject, the cry of fire! fire! fire!" in the street very much disturbed the congregation, and many were about to retire, when an elderly lay brother rose and said:

"If the congregation will be composed, I will step out and see if there is any fire near and report."

The congregation became composed, and the minister proceeded. Taking advantage of the occurence, he called attention to a *fire* that would consume the world!—a fire that would burn forever in a lake that is bottomless!—and had just concluded a sentence of terrible import, and not without manifest impression on his audience, when a voice from the other end of the church, as if in flat denial of all he had said, bawled out:

"*It's a false alarm!*"

The effect was ludicrous in the extreme. The old man returned, but the inopportune response spoiled the force of the eloquent appeal from the pulpit, and even the minister could scarce refrain from joining in the universal smile that passed over the congregation.

### A Fiendish Act.

The Walla Walla *Watchman* of February 8th says: "Last Monday evening Charles Newland, a hardworking, inoffensive man, died in his cabin, situated 1 1-4 miles below Shellworth & Co's mill, under very suspicious and appalling circumstances. He was in the employ of Shellworth & Co., but would live in his cabin below the mill, so as to hold his claim, which he desired to pre-empt according to law. Last Monday, when near noon, he started down to his cabin and found the door broken open; also missed his tea-pot, but thought nothing of it. He then made a fire, baked some bread, fried a little meat, and ate his dinner. Soon thereafter he felt sick and was suddenly seized with an awful thirst. "I am poisoned," he soliloquized and started at once to go to his nearest neighbor's, Mr. Smith's, for help, but before he reached the house, his limbs sank from under him and he fell helpless to the ground. He cried for help and Mr. Smith and his son came running to his assistance. His limbs now quivered and he was seized with spasms; as soon as they subsided he felt easy and said: "Smith, I am poisoned. I can tell by the bitter taste my victuals had when I ate them, and my fearful longing for water; but I must not drink, for I am gone the moment I do. Take me back to my cabin and send for Shellworth." They tenderly raised him up, for he was in great agony. Mr. Cooper, partner of Mr. Shellworth, on hearing of the account, started down to visit the unfortunate man, and, as he neared the cabin he could hear his appealing, pitiful cries. When out of the spasms he could always speak and he again told Mr. Cooper that he was poisoned with strychnine. When he learned that a doctor had been sent for he said: "It's no use, I am dying. Eat nothing from what you find in this cabin, for it is poisoned." After this, convulsion followed convulsion, and the poor man died, amid pain and suffering, which is indescribable. Words, whether written or spoken, can never express it, but who can be the guilty wretch who thus cruelly hurls a man into eternity without apparent cause or provocation? He is strongly suspected, we believe, but will justice ever reach him?

### Captain Eads' Big Contract.

Capt. James B. Eads has received from the Government $1,000,000 for improving the navigable waters at the mouth of the Mississippi river. The whole amount to be paid by the Government is $5,250,000, and that is when a depth of 30 feet and a width of 250 feet of water shall have been attained. The Captain claims that about 75 or 80 per cent. of his contract work is finished, and that he has as yet received only 18 per cent. of his rightful compensation.

### Hell Again.

And now it comes out that the recent attempt at dehelletization of the Bible is all based on the translation of the single Greek word, "*aionion*," which has been erroneously rendered "eternal." Well, we think so. After you have eaten *aionion*, even a raw one, no one can detect it in your breath more than a month. It is a good while, but it is not eternal.—*Pough keepsie News.*

### What's an Editor.

Josh Billings is confounded obstinate in adhering to truth that we insist should be abolished. Look at this:

An editor is a mule whose bizness is to investigate a nuse paper. He writes editorials, grinds out poetry, inserts deths and weddings, sorts manuscripts, keeps a waste basket, blows up the "devil," steals matter, fites other people's battles, sells his paper for a dollar and fifty cents a year, takes white beans and apple sass for pay when he can get it, raises a large family, works 12 hours out of 24, noz no Sunday, gits damned by everybody, and once in a while whipt bi sumbody, lives poor, dies middle aged and often broken hearted, leaves no money, is rewarded for a life of toil by a short but free obituary puff in the nuse papers.

### Can't Afford It.

A few days since we saw a young man who "couldn't afford to take books out of the library." He was well dressed, and we wondered if it was really possible that he could not afford fifty cents a year for the very rich blessing the library ought to be to a young man. Yesterday we saw this same young man pay fifty cents for a dozen cigars, which perhaps will last him two days. Suppose they last him a week. This would be the same he would have had to pay for the use of the library a year.—Now, that young man is what is called a "steady young man,"—does not drink—and has no immoral habits. He is spending probably $100 a year for cigars, and other useless luxuries. Unless he changes these habits he will never be worth a dollar in the world, and should sickness or adversity come upon him, will be a burden upon some one.

### A Friend Under the Pillow.

Lovely woman sleeps with a revolver under her pillow in Nevada. At dead of night a plucky little woman in Eureka awoke to find a burly burglar prowling about her room and ransacking the bureau. She did not scream. She lay as still as a corpse and waited until he entered the parlor. Then she took a revolver from its nest underneath her pillow, and creeping to the doorway, leveled it at the intruder and without a tremor in her voice commanded him to give up his plunder. There was fire in her eye and iron in her tones, and the burglar quailed. A bracelet, a gold chain, a pair of ear-rings, all the jewels he had found in the top bureau drawer, he laid on the parlor table and meekly asked her it she had any further remarks to make. She expressed her keen regret that the scantiness of her toilet would prevent her conducting him to jail. He bowed gravely and left the house. The little woman then dressed herself, lighted a lantern, went to the furnace where her husband was employed, and told him all about it.

### Your Local Paper.

The New York *Times* says you might nearly as well forget your churches, your academies and your school houses as to forget your local paper. It speaks to ten times the audience that your local minister does. It is read eagerly each day and week from beginning to end. It teaches you all, and if it has a lower and less wisdom than a sermon, it has a thousand times better chance at you. Lying as it does, on almost every table in every house, you owe to yourselves to rally liberally to its support, and exact from it as able, high-toned a character as you do from an educator in your midst. It is in no sense beneath notice and care—for it is your representative. Indeed, in its character, it is the culmination of the importance, interest and welfare of all. It is the aggregate of your consequence, and you cannot ignore it without miserably depreciating yourself.

### First Elements of Smoking.

Let every honest smoker take courage. Cigars are not made out of cabbage leaves. The British Government discusses the subject of tobacco adulteration in a big blue book, which contains a tabulated account of the seizures of the spurious article made in the United Kingdom since 1864, and in the whole volume there is no mention of the cabbage blossom. But there are many suspicious things among the ingredients, as the abstract in *Pall Mall Gazette* shows. The first sort is required for the actual substance of the cigar; the second for improving its outside appearance; and the third for imparting to it what is supposed to be a better taste. In the former category the favorite substances seem to be the leaves of the lime-tree, the husks of wheat and oats, cotton, yarn, and tonquin bean. But there are numerous cases where the ingredients have been much more curiously selected, and have included cocoanut fibre, small seeds, cotton, wood, and bread. At one establishment fifty pounds of tobacco dust were found and analyzed, when it was shown to contain string, wood, nails, grindings of tobacco-pipe, dirt and all sorts of refuse. Another large class of materials is apparently used for securing the adhesion and consistency of the cigar when made. Amongst these, starch is the most prominent; but it includes gum and amidine, blue, gum arabic, glue, glycerine, and essential oils. The color of the fabrication is the next thing to be attended to, and for this purpose resort is had to yellow ochre, red sandalwood, logwood, lampblack, and Venetian red. As for the flavor of the cigar, it is varied to suit the most diverse tastes; but the usual object seems to impart to it a pleasing sweetness of tone. Accordingly saccharine matter, and especially treacle, is very largely passed into the service. For those who like a rather more decided taste, liquorice, salt, logwood, glycerine, and aniseed are used.

### Fastidious Editors.

How fastidious Massachusetts editors are becoming. A Boston paper says: "Smokers should not puff tobacco smoke in the faces of ladies or others who are supposed to dislike tobacco." Pretty soon, if things go on in this way, a fellow won't be allowed to put his feet on the shoulder of the man in front of him in church, nor fire tobacco quids at the bald heads of the deacons. Those down Eastern always did run everything into the ground.—*New York Dispatch.*

### Postal.

The Postal Department at Washington has decided that all papers mailed for England must each be placed in a single wrapper, with a two cent stamp. It is now against the postal laws to put more than one newspaper in one wrapper directed to Great Britain.

### The Receipt for Prosperity.

1. Let every youth be taught some useful art, and be trained to industry and thrift.

2. Let every young man lay aside and keep sacredly intact a certain portion of his earnings.

3. Let every one set out in life with a fixed determination to engage in business for himself, and let him put his determination into practice as early in life as possible.

4. Begin in a small, safe way, and extend your business as experience shall teach you is advantageous.

5. Keep your own books and know constantly what you are earning and just where you stand.

6. Do not marry until in receipt of a tolerable income—sufficient to live on comfortably.

7. Never get into debt. A man who owes nothing can never fail.

8. Let every man who is able to, buy a farm upon which to bring up his sons. It is on the farm that the best men, morally and intellectually, are turned out.

9. Bear in mind that your business can not be permanently prosperous unless you share its advantages equally with your customers. An all turkey, all buzzard, system of business can never succeed in the long run. Both parties to a transaction must be mutually benefitted if the trade is kept up.

10. Experience has shown that a scrimping policy with employees is not the most profitable for the employer. Live and let live is a better theory.

11. If you find yourself incompetent to manage a business successfully, settle down contentedly for wages, do your best for your employer, make his interests yours, and shape your expenditures so as to live within your income. Every one is not qualified by nature to manage successfully, but as much real happiness is enjoyed in a salaried position as in any other, if the individual be only frugal and contented.

12. Don't seek a political office.

13. Aim to be just and fair in all your dealings, and cultivate a good reputation for paying promptly.

If these few rules were generally observed, we should hear but little complaint of hard times.

## Wit and Humor.

A brilliant scene—Kerosene.

A man at Harrisburg, Pa., invited his friends, recently, to his "grand annual bawl!" He has been married 11 years and has 11 children.

"Truth lies at the bottom of a well." We have often verified this by looking down into a well and seeing Truth's honest countenance in the smooth water.

A lady witness in a Kansas scandal case declined to answer a question. The lawyer pressed her. "Why will you not answer?" he asked at last, in despair. "Because it is not fit to tell decent people." "Well, then," said the attorney, with imperturbable calmness, "step up and whisper it to the judge."

When Washington was carving his way into the hearts of his countrymen, do you suppose he ever leaned upon his sword to ponder that the day would come when his portrait would look down benignantly from over a bar, upon two red-nosed snoozers putting away bad whisky, and jamming their noses into each other's eyes, as they discussed, in mangled English, the boons and blessings of freedom?—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

There are times in the life of an editor when all is not dark and dreary; when he is reminded that there are but few persons who feel that cheerfulness should occasionally flash across his dismal physiognomy; that an editor has feelings which can be made to vibrate with the enjoyments of this life, and their endeavors to brighten his life are as an oasis to the weary traveler across the dreary desert. We refer to the old lady who sent us in a squash.—*Beaverville (Pa.) Graphic.*

A farmer, having been terribly annoyed by drummers, put up a sign, "No sewing machines wanted here; got one." It was no use. The next drummer wanted to see the machine, "and perhaps he'd hitch a trade." So the farmer put up, "Got the small-pox here." That worked well for a little while, but then came along a drummer frightfully pitted with the small-pox, who smilingly said: "Seein' you've got it bad here, they've put me on this route."

Half of a house was cut off in Napa, Cal., and moved away. The family that continued to reside in the remainder temporarily stretched muslin across the open space. That evening a crowd gathered to see the shadow pantomime that the inmates unconsciously made for public amusement. The supper table was close to the curtain, so that the movements of the eaters were seen in grotesque silhouette on the cloth. Then the husband kissed his wife, and that sight made the spectators laugh so loud that the show was instantly broken up.