

ADVERTISING RATES.

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RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Poetry.

THE ONION.

Draw off his sad waistcoat, Tear his shirt apart; And, weeping tears of pleasure, Creep closer to his heart.

Wrapped in this modern mummy, In ceaseless fold on fold; Yet what a wondrous power Those endless wrappings hold.

Of all the vegetables From garden's length to length, He is the one most mighty— Epitome of strength.

When ere his person enters All noses sniff the air, And epicurean stomachs For gastrics treats prepare.

A subtle spirit rises Of dinner in full bloom— An appetizing odor Pervading all the room.

When at the well-laid table, How is the palate blessed; He lingers o'er his dishes, Yet is himself the best.

But then call on a lady; Why is her smile so grim? Before a word is spoken She knows you've been with him.

Selected Story.

NAMING BABY.

It's about time, my dear, that the baby should have a name, is it not? said Mr. Fulton to his wife, one morning at the breakfast table.

'I think,' replied Mrs. Fulton, 'that if the baby is ever going to be named, it is high time now. Only think, the little dear is now nearly five weeks old.'

'I was thinking, my dear, last night, that it might not be amiss to name the child after me,' said Mr. Fulton. 'Charlie, you will admit, is a cunning, pretty name. What do you think of it?'

'Yes, it is a sweet-sounding name, and I always liked it,' said Mrs. Fulton; 'but then it would be old Charles and young Charles, all the time, to distinguish one from the other. I do not think it would be pleasant, do you?'

'Of course it would not,' said Mr. Fulton. 'I never thought of that. It certainly would be objectionable. What do you say to my middle name, John?'

'It's very good,' said Mrs. Fulton, 'only too common. Our baby is such a little rose-bud that I wanted a decent name—something not quite so common. I think James sounds pretty, don't you?'

'Yes,' answered Mr. Fulton, 'it's pretty enough, but we have got so many of that name among my folks that I am sick of the sound of it.'

'Well, Robert; how do you like that?' asked Mrs. Fulton.

'It might do very well,' said Mr. Fulton, rather crustily, 'if it was not abbreviated so often; and those slang phrases—Bob, Rob, and Snob. I could not bear that name, Mrs. Fulton, and it would not be doing justice to name him Robert. I like Frank. It has a nice sound. What do you say to it, wife?'

'Quite good, Mr. Fulton, but unfortunately among my folks Franks are plenty,' said Mrs. Fulton rather snappishly. 'Every family has a Frank in it, and I don't want to imitate them in naming our baby. I want to be independent.'

'Well, then, what do you say to Henry?' asked Mr. Fulton, mildly. 'Neither your family or mine, I think, has the name of Henry in it. It's very true, my dear, but I don't like the name at all,' said Mrs. Fulton. 'Only think of calling our little dear "Hen, Hen." Better call him "Paddy, Paddy," and done with it. If you can't think of some better names we might as well give it up entirely.'

'Well, it's your turn now, dear,' said Mr. Fulton. 'I am getting tired thinking of names, and am beginning to think that we shall eventually have to leave the subject to others, and abide by their decision. You don't seem to care any thing about the names I propose, and you seem to choose the poorest ones you can. As our child is a boy, you ought not to object to my naming him. It seems to me that it is my right. If it was a girl, of course I should make no objection, and you could name it what you please.'

'If you look upon the subject in that light, Mr. Fulton, I am sure I do not wish to object. I do not wish to deprive you of any of your rights. I did think and hope, however, that you would be willing for me to name our first child. I thought I should take a great deal of pride in giving the first name, and I never dreamed that my husband would raise any objection; and it is such a dear little baby that I do not want a common name.'

'Well, I suppose, dearest, you have set your heart upon naming the baby, and I will not object,' said Mr. Fulton, mildly; 'besides, I really think it should be the woman's prerogative to name the children; but I want you to select a good name, one that he will not be ashamed of.'

'I am sure I want him to have a good name just as much as you do,' said Mrs. Fulton; 'and I think, under the circumstances, we had better leave the family names out. I have a great reverence for Scriptural names. I should like to name our child Isaiah—it sounds grand, lofty, inspiring; but then I don't like the idea of his being called "Shah." David is a splendid name; it has a sweet, musical sound, but I don't like it either.'

'Some persons have had a singular taste for providing their coffins long beforehand, and keeping them as objects pleasant to look at, or morally profitable as reminders of the fate of all, or useful for everyday purposes until the last and solemn use supervenes. A slater in Fifeshire, about forty years ago, made his own coffin, decorated it with shells, and displayed it among other fancy shell-work in a room he called his grotto. Another North Briton, a cartwright, made his own coffin, and used it for a long time to hold his working tools; it was filled with sliding shelves, and the lid turned upon hinges. It is said that many instances are met with in Scotland of working men constructing their own coffins in leisure hours.'

'Alderman Jones, of Gloucester, about the close of the seventeenth century, had his coffin and his monument constructed beforehand; not liking the shape of the nose carved on his effigy on the latter, he had a new one cut—just in time, for he died immediately after it was finished. One John Wheatly, of Nottingham, bought a coffin, and filled it with clove cordial; but he brought himself into bad repute by getting drunk too frequently, for his coffin became to him a sort of dram-shop. A young Navy surgeon, who accompanied the Duke of Clarence (afterward King William IV.) when he first went to sea as a royal midly, rose in after-life to an important position at Portsmouth; he had a favorite boat converted into a coffin, with the stern-piece fixed at its head, and kept it under his bed for many years. A married couple in Prussia provided themselves with coffins beforehand, and kept them in a stable, where they were utilized as cupboards for the reception of various kinds of food; but the final appropriation of the coffins was marked by a singular contretemps. The man died; the widow packed the contents of both coffins into one, while the body was deposited in the other. By some mishap, the coffin full of eatables was lowered into the grave. Next day the widow, opening the lid of the (supposed) cupboard, was shocked at finding the dead body of her husband. Of course the interment had to be done all over again, with an interchange of coffins. The custom of being buried in an erect position has been frequently carried out. Ben Jonson was buried upright in Westminster Abbey, a circumstance which gave occasion for the following lines in the "Ingoldsby Legends":'

'Even rare Ben Jonson, the famous wight I am told is interred there, so't upright, In just such a position, beneath his bust, As Tray need to sit in to beg for a crust.'

'The Great American Falls. The relic-hunters are a feature of Niagara. In addition to the numerous Indian stores in the village, one meets a blind woman, a lame man, or a crippled child, on every corner and every turn. I shook them all off except a one-eyed man with a scar on his nose. He made up his mind that I was his meat, and he headed me off from the Goat Island Bridge, and asked: "Any specimens?" "No, sir." "Any rock ornaments?" "No, sir." "Any toy canoes?" "No, sir." "Any bullets from the battle-field of Lundy's Lane?" "No, sir." "Any headwork?" "No, sir." "Any pea shooters for the children?" "No, sir." "Any Indian pipes?" "No, sir." "Any canes?" "No, sir." "Any tobacco-pouches?" "No, sir." "Won't you please buy something?" he entreated, scratching the scar on his nose.

'Not a pennyworth, sir! I came here to view the grandeur of Niagara, to feel awed and puzzled, to drink in all that's solemn and magnificent in the cataract—and if you follow me on that island I'll murder you.'

I was walking down the island, when I heard a hard breathing behind, and lo! there was that one-eyed man again. "Want to buy any relics?" he asked, as he came up. "No, sir." "Want to buy any battles from the battle-field of Lundy's Lane?" "No, sir." "Want to buy any—"

'It was my first murder, and it makes me shudder to think of it. It is no trifling thing to brain a one-eyed man with a scar on his nose and throw his body over a cliff, and I'm sorry I did it. I see now that it was my duty to have permitted him to bore me to death.'

'Mr. Joy, if you were nominated for some high office, what pledges would you make?' 'I'd pledge myself to accept the nomination, mighty quick!' 'Well, sir, was the Dred Scott decision satisfactory to you?' 'I—I guess it was, boys, though I never knew what Scott dreaded.'

We may all live to see Bijah holding some high office—janitor of the City Hall tower, for instance. —[Detroit Free Press.]

Japanese Breaches of Promise. After a Japanese lover has proven false to his vows, the deserted maiden rises at about two o'clock in the morning, and dons a white robe and high sandals or clogs. Her coil is a metal tripod, in which are thrust three lighted candles; around her neck she hangs a mirror, which falls upon her bosom; in her left hand she carries a small straw figure—the effigy of her faithless lover—and in her right she grasps a hammer and nail, with which she nails it to one of the sacred trees that surround the shrine. Then she prays for the death of the traitor, vowing that if her petition be heard she will herself pull out the nails which offend the god by wounding the mystic tree. Night after night she comes to the shrine, and each night she strikes in two more nails, believing that every nail will shorten her lover's life, for the god, to save his tree, will surely strike him dead. It is a curious illustration of the hold superstition yet has on the Japanese mind.

The Dismal Swamp. The Dismal Swamp, in the great Dismal Swamp, is a weird and solemn in itself. It is blended together, forming a scenic panorama attractive and interesting to the highest degree. There is nobody who has not actually been through the "Great Dismal" that has the slightest conception of what kind of a place it is. Judging from its name, the popular imagination makes it a vast swamp, quagmire and unwholesome fen, dark, silent and damp, where the light of the blessed sun never enters—a spot that seems cursed, and from whose black, murky surface noisome vapors arise that breed disease and death. This is the popular belief, and it is a popular fancy. No notion can be more erroneous.

The Dismal Swamp is not a vast bog sunk low in the ground, into which all the draining of the surrounding country flows; on the contrary, it is above the level ground some fifteen or twenty feet, as was demonstrated by actual surveys. Instead of being a receptacle into which rivers and streams enter and flow, it is, in reality, an immense reservoir, that, in its vast, sponge-like bulk, gathers the waters that fall from the heavens, and pours them into five different rivers, which flow onward to the sea. Any one would imagine that the "Dismal" was a veritable charnel-house that spreads its miasma throughout the country; on the contrary, it is the healthiest place on the American continent. The swamp is formed entirely of green timber; there is absolutely no decomposed wood; one sees trees lying all around in the forests and swamps. The two principal woods that grow in the place are the juniper and cypress, which never rot. They fall prone on the ground like other trees, but instead of the wood decomposing, it turns into peat, and lies indissoluble by air and water for ages perfectly sound.

There is nothing in the swamp to create miasma; no rising of tides and decomposition of rank vegetables; no miasmas exposed to the burning rays of the sun. All is fresh and sweet, and the air is laden with as sweet odors as the sweet odor of the flowers mingles with the pungent scent of the pine and dogwood. In the antebellum days all planters were anxious to hire their slaves to shingle makers in the swamp on account of its health. Mr. Reddick, a well-known contractor, says he worked a gang of fifty hands for fifteen years in the Dismal getting shingles, and in all that time there was not a single case of ague and fever. I have seen numerous affidavits of overseers and agents who have lived in the swamp their whole lifetime, and they never knew a death caused by miasma or a solitary instance of ague and fever. The air is pure and sweet, and the water, tinged to a faint vinous hue by the juniper, is as potent a medicinal drink as are the famous watering-places of the Virginia "Mountain Spas." It is often used by naval vessels going on a long foreign cruise, on account of the healthful properties, and also because it keeps fresh and clear for years. It is a strong and invigorating tonic, with a very pleasant taste.

The soil of the great Dismal is composed entirely of clay and vegetable peat. It is spongy and loose. A pole thirty feet long was shoved steadily down by the guide, and did not begin to touch bottom. The swamp is alive with game, and the lake with fish. The animals are bear, deer, raccoons, and squirrels. The fish are the black bass, or chub, as they call them here, which rise readily to the fly, speckled fish, beach fish, gars, catfish, and perch. They all bite freely at bait, and make a hearty reply to the fisherman's cast.

A Kentucky man who went to the Black Hills wrote back to a local paper, saying, "Offer a premium at your coming fair for the biggest fool in the country, and I'll try and get there in time."

There is no use in saying that Nature does not favor one individual more than another. Look, for instance, at the man who can put five cents into the contribution-box with more liberal grace than his next neighbor can throw into it a two dollar donation.

"Mercy on us! If that boy was only mine, I'd—"; but just then her own boy flies past, falls over a dry goods box, bounces up, kicks at another boy, and is chased across the street and around the corner before she can get the "You is Robert!" with which she intends to annihilate him, out of her astonished throat.

Bi-jah's Political Views. The political excitement has reached the Central Station. A crowd of boys waited on Bi-jah at an early hour, Saturday morning, to secure his political views on various subjects. The spokesman of the party led off with: "Mr. Joy, what do you think of free trade?" "Waal, I dunno," he replied, as he folded up the broom and put it away. "I don't think a feller should trade off a good watch for an old gun or a poor dog."

"What do you think of the Mexican question?" "I didn't know as the Mexicans had asked any question," was the blunt answer.

"How do you stand on the silver bill?" "Never saw one, boys. All the bills I never saw were paper, except Buffalo Bill."

"Mr. Joy, have you a Southern policy?" "I—I've played policy with those Kentucky fellows."

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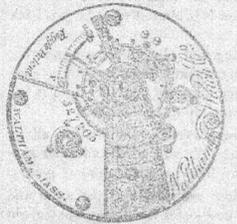
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