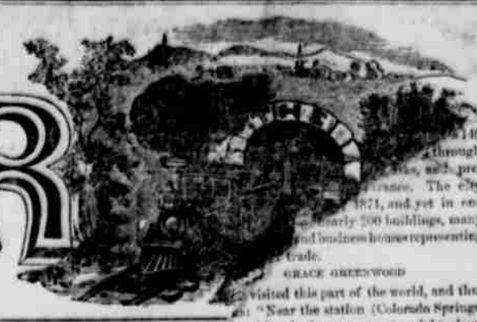
INTERIOR



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THE RED CROSS.

The year is drawing to a close, and we need the money due us on subscription. Those of our subscribers who find a red **X** after their names on the margin of the paper, or on the wrapper, are politely notified their subscription is due, or over due, and are requested to remit the same immediately. We desire to purchase a power press, and enlarge our paper four columns at the beginning of our second volume, and will do so if properly encouraged, and promptly paid. Please come to our assistance, friends, and we will make you the LARGEST if not the BEST weekly paper in Central Kentucky.

A Small Lesson.

Translated from the French.

We are not sure that we shall "scape whipping" for publishing the following little village romance with a moral.

There was once upon a time—as old wives used to say—a husband and wife, who had brought up three daughters, respectively named Karen, Maren and Metty.

They might certainly have been reckoned very pretty, had people not known them to be all three quite as stubborn and contradictory and desirous of having the last word. Metty was far the most disagreeable. By dint of time, there came two wooers for the two eldest daughters, who finished by marrying.

But it was years before anybody ventured to make up to Metty. At last, however, even she had a sweetheart. It is true that he came from a long distance. The bans were to be published three times, and on the third day after such publication, which had been fixed at an out-of-the-way hour by the bridegroom, he and Metty met in church, in order to be married. When these particulars were settled, the man, who was an odd fellow at once took his departure.

On the wedding day, the old parents had made their appearance at church with their daughter. But they had a long time to wait for the bridegroom. At last he appeared, mounted on an old gray horse, with a musket slung a cross his breast, a pair of worsted gloves on his hands, and a large dog at his heels.

No sooner, was the marriage ceremony over, than he said to his bride, "Jump on to that horse, and place yourself before me, that we may return home."

She did as she was bid, although her father raised a number of objections. He could have wished that the newly made pair had entered his house, first of all, to eat something. But the new husband would not hear of any such thing, and they went their ways.

When they had gone tolerably far, the husband let fall one of his gloves.

"Pick it up," said he to the dog; but the animal let it lie, for anything he cared.

"Pick it up, instantly!" repeated he; but again the dog did not stir.

After having commanded him a third time to do what he had bid him, but with no better success, and without the dog's seeming to care a farthing for his commands, the man took up his gun and shot him dead on the spot.

They then went their ways and reached a wood, where the husband had a mind to take some rest. Our travelers accordingly got off their horse, and put the bridle on his neck. When the man thought they were sufficiently rested, he called his horse three times; but the horse took no notice of his master's voice and went on grazing. On seeing this, the husband took up his gun once more and killed the disobedient horse. On witnessing this sight the wife felt strangely uneasy; and while continuing her road, determined, come what might, never to contradict her husband.

Shortly after, he took up a green twig, and folded it so that the two ends would meet, and presented it to his wife, bidding her to keep it till he asked to have it back. The newly married pair then followed their road on foot, and arrived without further accident at their farmhouse.

Here they lived very happily, for Metty had not forgotten the resolution she had taken in the woods—never to contradict her husband. She always appeared so gentle and docile, that nobody could have suspected that she was the untractable Metty. Now this is what her husband said to her one day: "Should we not go and see your father, Metty, to ascertain how he and your good old mother are by this time?"

The wife declared that nothing could please her better; accordingly the husband ordered the horses to be harnessed, and off they went. Toward evening they had overtaken a flock of storks all journeying together.

"What a quantity of crows!" said the man.

"They are not crows, but storks," said the woman.

"Turn the chaise round, and take us back home," was the order the husband gave his servant.

They accordingly returned from whence they came.

Sometime after, the husband again asked his wife if she did not long to see her aged parents.

Of course Metty wished it heartily. On the road they met a flock of sheep.

"What a large flock of wolves!" [illegible] the husband.

"They are not wolves," observed the wife, "but sheep."

"Turn round the cart, and take us home," ordered the husband of the servant. And this was accordingly done.

A third time the farmer asked his wife if they ought not to pay a visit to her old parents, and as she acquiesced eagerly, the horses were once more harnessed. They had gone over a deal of ground, when they met a flock of hens.

"What a quantity of crows!" said the husband.

"Quite true," said the wife.

This time they did not turn back, and when they reached the dwelling of the old folks, there were great rejoicings. Karen and Maren likewise came with husbands. The mother took her three daughters into the room, for she was very curious to question Metty as to her mode of living, and to know whether she was satisfied with her husband. During this interval, the father kept filling a large jar full of silver coins, which he placed on the table before his son-in-law, saying it would belong with its contents to the woman who was most obedient.

On hearing this, the eldest began to cry out, "Karen, my beloved, come hither for a moment—come my dearest Karen." But all his appeals were lost upon Karen. Even when he went into their bedroom, and began to urge her, with a kind of gentle violence, he could not make her stir.

The second husband fared no better with his Maren.

It was now the third husband's turn. He merely went to the door, knocked, and said, "Come here Metty."

Out she came in a moment, and enquired whether he wanted anything.

He answered, "Merely the sprig I gave into your keeping when we were in the wood on our wedding day."

She gave it him at once, as she always carried it in her pocket. Then the husband chewed it to the others saying, "Behold! I bent this branch while it was yet green—you ought to have done the same!"

Vast Philosophical Illustration.

The *Springfield Kentuckian* has an interesting column every week under the caption of "Charcoal Sketches." We clip from it the following, which smack of irreverence, but it is mighty good:

"A well known Methodist preacher of Marion county, who loved to use

"Words of learned length and thundering sound,
That amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,"

Once described the flight of the soul of a christian, from this world to the next, in the following language:

My dear brethren and sisters, when the soul of a christian leaves this clay tenement, and takes its upward flight towards the ethereal regions of space, it moves with the velocity of a sunbeam, which traversed 200,000 miles in every moment of time, and according to the discoveries of the late French philosophers, it takes a thousand rays of light to weigh an ounce. It passes the sun, the grand center of the solar system, at the distance of ninety-five millions of miles from the earth, and onward, and still onward, that "vital spark of Heavenly flame" takes its rapid course, until it passes Sirius, twenty billions of miles from our sublunary sphere, known in the language of the vulgar as the dog star, and supposed to exercise a deleterious influence over the health of the human family, and onward, and still onward, until imagination, taxed to the last efforts of intellectual power, loses itself, in the vain attempt to embrace and comprehend within its grasp, the vast conception of infinite distances, and lands fast by the throne of God.

My dear brethren and sisters, it is not my purpose, by the use of these vast philosophical illustrations, to make an ostentatious display of the depth of my astronomical learning; but merely use them, because I think they are fit and appropriate illustrations of the mighty subject we have under consideration."

THE Postmaster-General has issued a circular for the information and guidance of parties remitting old, defaced and mutilated currency by mail to the United States Treasurer for redemption, in which it is stated the duty of postmasters to register without fee all letters containing fractional or other currency of the United States for redemption and deliver to them for mailing under the regulation prescribed in the circular.

WANTED—A MINISTER.

The Difficulties of the Situation.

The following which shows off what some people want of a minister, is taken from one of our religious [illegible]

Thriftyville was [illegible] of his name. They are looking far [illegible] the thrilling so-and-so deep-toned bass they want the [illegible] as they wake up on Fall Lick, and and ripe in [illegible] the flow from off the and beauti[illegible] and his melodious chefs He r[illegible] sport of which he is the husband.

[illegible] body has said that "times are easy," [illegible] not yet been able to ascertain who [illegible] was. Easy indeed! We had [illegible] that when the wheat and cattle and [illegible] were sold, and the money realized, we have money enough afloat to meet the [illegible] of those who were compelled to have [illegible] hopes have not been fully realized, [illegible] still is—hard times and no money [illegible] all [illegible] for Christ.

He must be strong and original in the pulpit, and bring none but beaten oil there—and yet be at leisure to receive any call, any interruption, be prepared for every occasion, and, like the town pump, never sucking for water, nor giving out dry.

He must be a workman who shall go down deep into mines of truth and quarry out its pillars and set them up, and make men come and wrestle around them; and yet be the most gifted man in light conversation and all that floats in the everyday world around him.

He must have health so that his body never wearies, his nerves never quiver—a real specimen of muscular Christianity, and yet be a hard, severe thinker, a close reasoner, and a most diligent student, getting his books from any quarter.

He must be pure in this worlds goods to show that money is not his object, so that he can sympathize with the poor, and so that he can't help feeling humble and dependent; and yet his family must be the most hospitable, and entertain more company than any other in town; his children second to none in education and training; they must be respectfully dressed; he must give away more and more cheerfully than any man in the place, not even excepting Esquire Rich himself; and his family must be models, in all respects for the community.

He must be able to live in a glass house, always acting in public, coming in contact with all sorts of men and prejudices, so original that all will respect and fear him—and yet never cold, eccentric, morose, repulsive or awing in manners. He should have the lofty attributes of an angel, with the sympathies, the gentleness, and softness of the little child.

He must be always ready, keyed up to the best possible pitch, and yet so calm in spirit, and word, and look, that nothing can disturb his repose.

He must never preach so that the people are not proud of him when they have a stranger in their pew so that the echo of his sermon shall not come back when he goes abroad; and yet every sermon must be so beautiful that all the young people will admire it, and wonder over it, and the little child can carry it all home and repeat it to her grandmother.

And the writer might have added—he must preach with the eloquence of a six-thousand minister, and yet willingly give his services for six hundred a year.

Selah.

There is as little known in musical history concerning the word "Selah," occuring in the Bible, you know of it in Hebrew history or from the Hebrew grammar. It is, however, supposed by some scholars that the words means the introduction of instrumental performances; in fact, and interlude. This I cannot believe to have been the meaning of the word. It is more than likely that interludes were being played in the singing of the Jews in Solomon's time, introducing them at various places in the longer Psalms, so as to give rest to the voices, and to produce variety; for we are told that they used instruments in the Temple and praised God with them. But I cannot believe that interludes occurred only when and where the words "Selah" appears. There are long Psalms without one "Selah," while in short ones, it appears frequently. If "Selah," meant "interlude," then it would more likely have appeared in the longer Psalms, and less in the shorter ones. Again, some say it means a rest, or silence, while still others believe it to mean a change of choruses, supposing that several choruses were singing antiphonally. In such a case the word could have no use at the end of the Psalm, where it frequently occurs. No matter what speculative minds may determine it to mean, the facts, after all, are that we know nothing positive, that all interpretations are guess-work.—*Brainard's Monthly.*

HE who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the requisites of man.—*Lavater.*

NEVER confide in a young man; new pails leak. Never tell your secrets to the aged; old doors seldom shut closely.

The Penitentiary.

From the Frankfort Yeoman.

We made a visit [illegible] night, [illegible] Penitentiary of the locomotive. Oh, [illegible] old plains, how we dislike and dread them! The sense of utter desolation and loneliness here reaches its climax. The scenery is almost without diversity—one ever-present monotony, dull, insipid, spiritless. The eye grows weary of immensity—the horizon shuts out the view. The sun rises out of darkness and sets in a like region of lifeless reality; thus it is to us, at least, and [illegible] correspondent's descriptions of the "[illegible]" of the plains "to the contrary notwithstanding."

It was only on the fourth morning, while nearing the "Queen City of the Plains"—Denver—that the monotony of the view gave place to one of peculiar grandeur and beauty. The sun was just reddening the East, and soon his beams fell softly upon the snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains; and awakening from their dreamy repose, they flashed back a smile while peak upon peak rose "proud [illegible] crystalline air.

[illegible] MOUNTAINS [illegible] persons aboard the [illegible] over the plains [illegible] seen. Within the [illegible] is designed exclusively to obtain a first-[illegible] tion two brick buildings. The first, which is 170 by 30 feet, will contain the kitchen, dining-room, cells and hospital. The second, which is 170 by 40 feet, is for hemp-spinning. They are both two-storied, and the latter is ready for the roof, which will be of tin. Any one who will visit the prison now and see how the female prisoners are provided for, will wonder how any keeper could take care of them with the accommodations at his command. Forty or fifty women, of all colors, from white to ebony, occupying one large room over the hospital. In this they all sleep, with no arrangement for separating them in case of sickness. In this room we found two babies—one six or eight months old, which its mother brought with her to prison, and the other about a week old, born in prison of a mother who has been in about three months. They looked out of place there; but we learn the question as to what shall be done in such cases, is one which has long vexed the minds of the directors and keeper. Under the English law, a prospective mother cannot be executed; and here it has been the practice for Governors [illegible] those about to become a mother. In fact, the mother of the first child was pardoned out on that account, but in a few months, the baby being born in the meantime, she was arrested for another crime, tried, and sent back with a baby in arms. The keepers declined to take the baby as not included in the sentence, but finally did so after taking legal advice, and humanely not desiring to sever it from its mother.

Passing from the female to the male department, we were struck, in visiting the cell-house, with the improvement of the floor, which formerly was of clay, and rough at that, but which is now of asphaltum. It is smooth, hard and dry, and emits a mild odor of tar, which is good not only for the health of the convicts, but has driven off all the fleas and other insects which formerly troubled the premises thereabouts. Another much needed improvement, is the erection of a stable 60 by 30 feet, with stalls for 24 horses, on the Government lot on Mero street opposite the prison, and was completed just in the nick of time, as we found it nearly full of sick horses, which otherwise would have had to rough it in an open lot. Gen. Lyon says he has found his treatment very successfull; believes the stables should be well ventilated; rubs the throat of the horse with turpentine liniment; uses Bromo-Chloralium as a disinfectant, and fumigates the stable occasionally by burning tar. The business of the Penitentiary, which is worked now to its fullest capacity, is interfered with by the horse disease, and if it continues will necessitate the employment of oxen, for which Col. South informed us he was contracting.

Seasonable.

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." We find the following in the Glasgow *Times:*

"Hogs, brains, sausage, spare ribs, back bones, lard and cracklings have monopolized the air, earth and humanity hereabouts for the last month. Hog talk and hog meat are in everybodys mouth. Even Cupids court is redolent with the lingo of pork and cracklings, and if you are inclined to take a "rib," you are met with "crackling" fires, girlish fires, girlish "squeals" and paternal "grunts." It requires a stiff "backbone" and "brains" in good working trim to effect a "middling" result. Your remarks must be inter-"larded" with square "shoulder" hitting arguments to make your "tongue" tell an efficacious "tale," and even then you will find yourself quaking like a dish of "jelly," and ten to one you will find Pap as cold as a plate of "souse," and inclined to give no "ear." An assurance that you are worth 4cts in the market and will average 400 gross, generally "slaughters" the old man and provokes a "gut"-tural admission that he is "penned," after confessing that with the "lights" before him there is a "margin" in you, he tells you "sagely," that it is "meet" that you should have her.

[illegible] and dare devil [illegible] operating at a [illegible] rate in several of our adjoining counties. We hear of him in Madison and county, Rockcastle county, and it appears that his head quarters is Laurel or Whitley. It is evident that he heads a large gang of thieves and robbers, and our citizens should and will take steps to check his career if he comes this way.

POISON, SIMPLY.

Dr. McDowell, of Pond creek, in this county, visited one of his patients, a Mrs. Lyne, a few days ago, and she refused to take the medicine he offered her, alleging that he was intoxicated. The doctor drank the drug himself to assure her that it was harmless, and in less than fifteen minutes, fell from his chair a dead man.

PANTHERS.

The neighborhood on the South Fork of Rockcastle river in this county, is greatly alarmed over a den of panthers which has been discovered in Cedar Cliff. The dangerous animals have been prowling around the county "seeking whom they may devour" for several days; chasing horsemen who pass the road. A number of citizens have banded together for the purpose of destroying the blood thirsty creatures, but found their den inaccessible. Send some of your daring sports this way, and we promise them lots of fun.

MATRIMONIAL.

While this annual fever is raging all around us, and even at Mt. Vernon and Pine Hill, it is "quite seldom that we don't have any around here any more." The ladies are very slow about availing themselves of their leap year privileges, and but a few days remain unto them.

In my next letter I will endeavor to say a word for Jackson county, her [illegible] resources and hidden wealth.

A VERY "convenient thing to have in the family," is one of those handsome clothes hampers at W. H. Anderson's drug store.

Do You [illegible]?

Some [illegible] man was ever discontented with the world who did his duty in it."

While hope and contentment have their sway, despair may strive in vain to conquer the heart. The secret of that life whose joys are not all faded fruits consists in finding all the happiness there is in every thing that surrounds it. It uses for its life's great purposes every thought and act that the world gives it.

Whether we see rightly or wrongly, whether our intellection be real or imaginary, it is of the utmost importance in science to aim at perfect clearness in the description of all that comes, or seems to come, within the range of intellect. For if we are right, clearness of utterance forwards the cause of right; while, if we are wrong, it ensures the speedy correction of error.—*Tyndall.*

The Governors of Kentucky.

We present below a list of the several Governors of Kentucky from the foundation of the Commonwealth to the present time:

1. Isaac Shelby, 1792 to 1796.
2. James Garrard, 1796 to 1804.
3. Christopher Greenup, 1804 to 1808.
4. Charles Scott, 1808 to 1812.
5. Isaac Shelby, 1812 to 1816.
6. George Madison, 1816 to ——, died October 14, 1816.
7. Gabriel Slaughter, 1816 to 1820, Lieutenant Governor, acting.
8. John Adair, 1820 to 1824.
9. Joseph Desha, 1824 to 1828.
10. Thomas Metcalf 1828 to 1832.
11. John Breathitt, 1832 to 1834, died February 21, 1834.
12. James T. Morehead, 1834 to 1836, Lieutenant Governor, acting.
13. James Clark, 1836 to 1839; died September 21, 1839.
14. Charles A. Wickliffe, 1839 to 1840; Lieutenant Governor, acting.
15. Robert P. Letcher, 1840 to 1844.
16. Wm. Owsley, 1844 to 1848.
17. John J. Crittenden, 1848 to 1850; resigned July 31, 1850.
18. John L. Helm, 1850 to 1851; Lieutenant Governor, acting.
19. L. W. Powell, 1851 to 1855.
20. C. S. Morehead, 1855 to 1859.
21. B. Magoffin, 1859 to 1861, resigned August 18, 1862.
22. James F. Robison, 1862 to 1863; Speaker of the Senate, acting.
23. Thomas E. Bramlette, 1863 to 1867.
24. John L. Helm, 1867, from September 3 to September 8th, when he died.
25. John W. Stevenson; elected Lieutenant Governor 1867, and Governor in 1868.
26. P. H. Leslie, elected 1871.

Man Under the Bed.

They have got a curious story afloat in Sheffield, about a lady who, on retiring to her room about midnight, found a man under her bed. She feared to go to the door and unlock it, least the burglar should suspect that she was about to summon help, and should intercept her. To gain time she sat down and took her Bible from her dressing-table. Opening the sacred book at random, it so happened that the chapter lighted on was that containing the "Parable of the Prodigal son." Kneeling down when the chapter was ended, she prayed aloud—prayed earnestly and fervently, prayed for others who might have been tempted into ill-doings—that they might be led from evil, and that to such might be vouchsafed the tender mercy promised to all who truly repent their sins. The lady rose from her knees and went to bed. The man got up as noiselessly as he could, and said, "I mean you no harm, ma'am; I am going to leave this house, and thank you for your prayers." The lady was recently visiting at a friend's house in the North of England, and while there was asked to go to hear, in a dissenting place of worship, a minister who was "a reformed character." In the course of the sermon he told all the incidents of this terrible night exactly as they occurred. After the sermon, she went into the vestry and asked him about it, when he said he was the burglar, but that her earnest supplication sank into his heart, and he resolved to live a reformed life.

Home, Wife and Saturday Night.

Happy is the man who has a little home and a little angel in it of a Saturday night. A house, no matter how humbly furnished, provided there is hope in it; let the winds blow; close the curtains. What if they are plain calico, without border, tassel, or any such thing? Let the rain come down; heap up the fire. No matter if you haven't a candle to bless yourself with, for what a beautful light glowing coals make, rendering cloudless, shedding a sunset through the room; just light enough to talk by, not loud as in the highways; not rapid, as in the hurrying world; but softly, slowly, whisperingly, with pauses between for the storm without and the thoughts within to fill up with. Then wheel the sofa round by the fire; no matter if the sofa is a settee, uncushioned at that, if so be it is long enough for two and a half in it. How sweetly the music of silver bells from time to come falls on the listening heart then. How mournfully swell the chimes of "the days that are no more." Under such circumstances and at such a time, one can get at least sixty-nine and a half miles nearer "kingdom come" than any other point in this world laid down in the 'Malte Brun.' Maybe you may smile at this picture; but there is a secret between us, viz: it is a copy of a picture rudely done but true as the Pentateuch of an original in every human heart.—*Industrial Age.*

Drovers vs Fops.

Dinner was spread in the cabin of that peerless steamer the "New World," and a splendid company were assembled about the table. Among the passengers thus preparing for a gastronomic duty was a little creature of the genus fop, decked daintily as an butterfly, with kids of an irreproachable whiteness, miraculous necktie, and spider-like quizzing-glass on his nose. The delicate animal turned his head affectedly aside with—

"Waitah! Bring me a propwellah of of a female woostah."

"Yes, sah."

"And, waitah, tell the steward to wub my plate with a vegetable called an onion, which will give a delicious flavaw to my dinnah."

While the refined exquisite was giving his order, a jolly Western drover had listened with open mouth and protruding eyes. When the diminutive paused, he brought his fist upon the table with a force that made every dish bounce, and then thundered out,—

"Look here, you gaul darned ace of spades!"

"Yes, sah."

"Bring me a thundering big plate of skunk's gizzards!"

"Sah!"

"And you old ink pot, tuck a horse-blanket under my chin, and rub me down while I feed!"

The poor dandy showed a pair of coat tails instanter, and the whole table joined in a tremendous roar.

A PARISIAN journalist, Darbey d' Aureville, is said to have recently sent to Father Hyacinthe a copy of one of his works, "Le Petrie Marie." In this book a child, the fruit of the priests marriage, has a blood-stain on his forehead which takes the form of a cross, gradually increases, and which nothing can efface.

ASKI COUNTY.

[illegible], Ky., Dec. 31, 1872.

[illegible] did not reach our [illegible], however all gave it a [illegible] as the dew to the [illegible] refreshing tendency. The Post Master says when this excellent paper fails to come to time, "many and faces are seen exclaiming, how we wish it had come." But we must not complain while the epizootic is in our land.

Now is the time to subscribe for a good home paper; one that gives all the important news in your immediate localities, and one that will keep you posted regarding all the markets and furnish your families with the very best reading matter.

Messrs. Hilton & Campbell propose enlarging their paper, and are offering great inducements to those getting up clubs and in this way the best country paper in Kentucky and a first class weekly JOURNAL can be obtained very cheap. So go to work and make up clubs, if not give your names to the proprietors at Stanford or their agent at Somerset.

MARRIED.

At the residence of Mrs. E. C. Crawford in Somerset on the evening of the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. J. CHYRSE, Mr. J. BEATIE GRAGG, to Miss MATTIE CURD.

May their future be one continual scene of hallowed bliss, widening and deepening as it bears them onwards and upwards to that Great Being on high in whose presence vows so sacred and solemn were plighted to each other.

REV. W. W. HARRIS

Continues to preach at the Baptist church in our town. His sermon on last Sabbath on Regeneration was a great and masterly effort.

OUR STOCK TRADERS.

Thompson & Collier, Robt. Murphy, C. W. Richardson, Spencer Hubble, and others of our county propose driving their stock to the Southern market so soon as the prevailing epidemic ceases. J. P. Ingram is now feeding his drove at Athens, Tenn. "ALERT."

Sporting on Forbidden Ground.

During the last few days a number of persons came into our [illegible] Tom—Why, do you feel the symptoms of it?—Exit Sam.

An old school physician, although quite a young man, was spoken of recently as an "alpaca doctor."

Why is a candle-maker the worst and most hopeless of men? Because all his wicked works are brought to light.

It is said to look funny to see a young lady with both hands in soft dough and a mosquito on the end of her nose.

Sunday is the strongest day because all the rest are week days, yet if it is the strongest, why is it so often broken?

A young man generally gives a lock of his hair to his sweetheart before he marries her. After marriage she sometimes helps herself, and don't use scissors.

An exchange says that it's rather amusing too see a new-married, healthy young woman, whose husband earns a salary of twelve or fifteen dollars a week, hunting for a girl to help in house-keeping.

Awkward—The newly elected captain of a military company, not long ago, received the following invitation: "Mrs. —— requests the pleasure of Captain ——'s company to a small party on Friday evening." To which the gallant son of Mars thus replied: "Captain —— presents his compliments to Mrs. ——, and regrets that seventeen privates will be detained by habeas corpus writs, and two sergeants are on the sick list; the rest of Captain ——'s company will have much pleasure in waiting on Mrs. ——."

A Puzzle With a Moral.

The following rather barefaced story of how a Dublin chambermaid is said to have got the twelve commercial travelers into eleven bedrooms, and yet to have given each a separate room, we clip from the Companion. Here we have the eleven bedrooms:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11

"Now," said she, "if two of you gentlemen will go into No. 1 bedroom, and wait there a few minutes, I'll find a spare room for one of you as soon as I've shown the others to their rooms."

Well, now, having thus bestowed *two* gentlemen in No. 1, she put the third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, and the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9, the eleventh in No. 10. She then came back to No. 1, where you will remember she had left the twelfth gentleman along with the first, and said: "I've now accommodated all the rest, and have still a room to spare, so, if one of you will step into No. 11, you will find it empty. Thus the twelfth man got his bedroom. Of course there is a hole in the saucepan somewhere; but I leave the reader to determine exactly where the fallacy is, with just a warning to think twice before deciding as to which, if any, of the travelers was the "odd man out."

A Real Charm.

A young farmer found that he was getting poorer every day. He went to a friend to ask his advice. This friend, with a very grave face said:

"I know of a charm that will cure all that; take this little cup, drink from it every morning of the water you must get at the crystal spring. But remember, you must draw it yourself at five o'clock, or else the charm will be broken.

Next morning the farmer walked across his fields, for the spring was at the further end of the estate. Seeing a neighbor's cows which had broken through his fence and were feeding on his pasture, he turned them out and mended the fence. The laborers were not yet at hand. When they came, loitering after their proper time, they were startled at seeing their master up so early.

"Oh," said he, "I see how it is; it comes of my not getting up in time."

This early rising soon became a pleasant habit; his walk and cup of water soon gave him an appetite for breakfast, and the people were, like himself, early at work. He saw that the advice his friend had given him was as good as it was simple. For the charm that saved him from ruin was his early rising.

Charity is God-Like.

The Christmas holidays are fast approaching. Some of our readers are rich, some are poor, and some in absolute want. What is the duty of the first to the latter, and what the duty of all? Has God blessed you with an abundant store-house? Are your barns so full that you desire to "pear them down and build greater," or desire to add to their dimensions, in order to hold the magnificent harvest of the present year? If so, remember that there are those in your midst who need your charity, who need your aid. To such we say, can you lie down at night with the thought that your fellow-man, so nearly and so near your door, covers up his shivering children at night with miserable rags, and is compelled to send them to bed with an aching crust? Reader, if you have an abundant store-house, see to it that you do your duty towards ameliorating the and condition of such poor. Are you poor? If so, you may not be too poor to do your part in the way of charity. Remember, the poor widow of old cast in her "mite," and it was said that she "gave more than all the rest."

It is not what you give, so far as the amount is concerned, but the manner of the giving, and the store-house from which you give. It is said that "God loves a cheerful giver." More than this, it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

For the needy; the oppressed poor of our section, what appeals we make, what appeal is it essential for us to make, in order that we may anticipate a kind administration to their wants? As you sit by your cosy fire-sides during the bleak, dark days of winter, do not forget the shivering poor, around whose desolate hearth-stones gather the ragged children. Open your hearts. Do not wait for a solicitation of alms. Hunt them up, and as you would wish to be done by, do by them.

Strayed.

From the premises of Mr. Wesley Rout, near Stanford, about the 20th of September last, two yearling or two-year old steers. The owner is unable to describe them, as they strayed from a lot of cattle at night. If any person has taken up such cattle they will be suitably rewarded by reporting the same to T. O. Foster, of Milledgeville, or J. F. Price, and [illegible] 38-tt

[illegible] with awakening the Rock.

his saddle to ride away, the [illegible] M[illegible]ess, full of love, and relenting, beckoning to him with her hand, and at the same time calling out:

"Return, Jonathan! Return, Jonathan!"

To him they were the sweetest words that ever fell upon mortal ears. He returned, and the day was speedily fixed for the celebration of their nuptials. The first child born to them was a son, and the happy father, in commemoration of the blissful words which had bidden him into his earthly heaven, had him baptized and christened "Return Jonathan." And the child thus curiously named grew up into an important manhood. Among the officers of the American revolution he was one of the best and bravest, and for his brilliant exploit against the British at Sag Harbor he received the thanks of Congress and a sword. He was a warm friend and supporter of President Jefferson, by whom he was appointed Indian Agent to the Cherokees, among which people he passed the last of his well-spent life.

Heart Disease.

From Chamber's Journal.

When an indivsdual dies suddenly, the cry is head at once, "heart disease!" Nine out of ten of these sudden deaths are caused by apoplexy. An experience of over 30 years in several of the largest hospitals of Europe, confirms me of this belief. An examination, *post mortem*, has revealed to the surgeon making them that the heart, in 28 cases of "sudden death," was in perfectly normal state, and no trace of disease could be discovered, except in two of them; and it was decided by a large majority of the thirty surgeons in attendance, that even in those two cases the heart was but little diseased. Further, that the disease of that organs was not sufficient of itself to produce death suddenly, unaccompanied with complicated disease of other organs. Hence we conclude that sudden death is caused by either organic or sympathetic disease of the heart. We do not intimate or assert that apoplexy caused the sudden death of the remaining 26 cases before us; for we found that other agencies of death had been at work, of which it is unnecessary to speak here.

Our object is to combat the ignorance of the times in which we live, and to endeavor to allay the dreadful suspicions of those who may have a fearful apprehension of sudden death from "heart disease," simply because, from the derangement of the digestive organs, or other exciting causes, the heart may palpitate unduly. F. R.

Deep Well.

At the village of Sperenburg, about twenty miles from Berlin, a well has been sunk to the depth of 4,194 feet. A shaft was sunk in this locality, because the known existence of gypsum there led the explorers to infer that they might possibly find a mine of rock salt. At the depth of 80 feet, they did reach the salt, and continuing on they passed through the salt deposit, 3,907 feet, without having reached the bottom of it. The boring would have been continued to ascertain what deposit lay under the salt; but the mechanical difficulties were too great. The greater part of the boring was done by steam.

The following was written by a father to a son in college:

"My dear son—I write to send you new socks your poor mother knit for you by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear you would not spend it wisely I have kept half and only send five. Your dwn mother and I are well except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls if Tom had not had them before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings, if you do not you are a dunker, and your mother and I are your affectionate parents."

"AH, Mr. Simpkins, "we have not chairs enough for our company," said a gay wife to her frugal husband. "Plenty of chairs dear, but too much company," replied Simpkins, with a knowing wink.