

Poetry.

My Child's Origin. BY DAVID BAKER. One night an old Saint Peter slept...

One night an old Saint Peter slept He left the door of Heaven ajar...

God grant but this I ask no more: He'll wing his way to that blissful shore...

God grant but this I ask no more: That should your number be enlarged...

Go ask that "bleeding bride" and see If she won't from Heaven and me...

God grant but this I ask no more: That should your number be enlarged...

Go ask that "bleeding bride" and see If she won't from Heaven and me...

God grant but this I ask no more: That should your number be enlarged...

Go ask that "bleeding bride" and see If she won't from Heaven and me...

God grant but this I ask no more: That should your number be enlarged...

Go ask that "bleeding bride" and see If she won't from Heaven and me...

God grant but this I ask no more: That should your number be enlarged...

Go ask that "bleeding bride" and see If she won't from Heaven and me...

God grant but this I ask no more: That should your number be enlarged...

Go ask that "bleeding bride" and see If she won't from Heaven and me...

God grant but this I ask no more: That should your number be enlarged...

Go ask that "bleeding bride" and see If she won't from Heaven and me...

God grant but this I ask no more: That should your number be enlarged...

Go ask that "bleeding bride" and see If she won't from Heaven and me...

God grant but this I ask no more: That should your number be enlarged...

Go ask that "bleeding bride" and see If she won't from Heaven and me...

God grant but this I ask no more: That should your number be enlarged...

Go ask that "bleeding bride" and see If she won't from Heaven and me...

BELMONT CHRONICLE.

AND THORNBURN EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. THE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING. TERMS \$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. NEW SERIES, VOL. I, NO 51. ST. CLAIRSVILLE OHIO THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1857. [WHOLE NO 1008.]

side, to wait the appearance of the master of the place. A short interval only elapsed before Berkford made his appearance...

"What chap is that?" was the first exclamation of the tory upon the appearance of the Captain. "What chap?" asked Berkford, unable to recognize his visitor...

"Why, the young brigadesman—Raymond!" "And who are you?" "Tom Miller."

"Who sent you to me?" "Joe Robinson." "Oh, ah—it's all right I presume. But how do you know that Raymond is here?"

"I heard as how he had started for the city, from Joe's," in the camp of Captain James. He had been chased here down here, and then come and see you."

"Where is the brigadesman now?" "I don't know—haven't seen him myself yet. Robinson says he has bribed himself in a blue frock and now discharges, and made himself look like a real honest plough boy."

"Well, I'm obliged to you for the trouble you've taken in the affair—I presume Robinson has satisfied you peculiarly?" "Yes, we've ranged that matter."

"That's right—you shall neither of you lose by the operation if we are successful this time. Now you remain here a few moments, and in the meantime I will step out and obtain an order for his arrest."

"I cannot answer as to that. I have but just learned the fact of his presence and have hastened to inform you, and get your permission to search and arrest him."

"Certainly! certainly! hunt every nook and alley in the cursed town—I will go with you myself, and give what assistance lies in my power!"

"Have you conversed with Mary lately?" he at length said. "Yes—but I fear it was of little avail."

"She met you with a refusal, I presume?" "Yes." "We may blame that young rebel, Henry Raymond, for this conduct!" added the Captain merrily.

"Undoubtedly. It's a pity he isn't safely lodged in the New York Jail, instead of being left to pursue his own course freely."

"It cannot be done! I have attempted the thing three times, and been foiled every time." "Oh that I were a young man!"

"The Captain found Cesar not a very agreeable companion—that the individual was too busily engaged in ruminating over his own affairs to heed the conversation of the moment."

"The man that is now before me is a different creature from the man who was before me. He is a different creature from the man who was before me."

"I don't know," replied the Major, "but I think I can see that you are injured, unless it is a little scratch upon your face."

"Cesar's head cut all to pieces!" returned the despairing negro, lowering his cranium, and inviting an examination from his master.

"Gammone! there's only a slight mark upon your cheek. Who did it?" "This rascal, Cesar, ventured to relate his adventures. It seems that you are injured, unless it is a little scratch upon your face."

"I don't know," replied the Major, "but I think I can see that you are injured, unless it is a little scratch upon your face."

her large azure eyes, bright with the lustre of youthful happiness; yet there was a touch of tender pity in her drooping lids that won the confidence of every beholder.

"The man that is now before me is a different creature from the man who was before me. He is a different creature from the man who was before me."

"I don't know," replied the Major, "but I think I can see that you are injured, unless it is a little scratch upon your face."

"Cesar's head cut all to pieces!" returned the despairing negro, lowering his cranium, and inviting an examination from his master.

"Gammone! there's only a slight mark upon your cheek. Who did it?" "This rascal, Cesar, ventured to relate his adventures. It seems that you are injured, unless it is a little scratch upon your face."

"I don't know," replied the Major, "but I think I can see that you are injured, unless it is a little scratch upon your face."

"Cesar's head cut all to pieces!" returned the despairing negro, lowering his cranium, and inviting an examination from his master.

"Gammone! there's only a slight mark upon your cheek. Who did it?" "This rascal, Cesar, ventured to relate his adventures. It seems that you are injured, unless it is a little scratch upon your face."

"I don't know," replied the Major, "but I think I can see that you are injured, unless it is a little scratch upon your face."

"Cesar's head cut all to pieces!" returned the despairing negro, lowering his cranium, and inviting an examination from his master.

Paying an Election Bet—Funny Proceedings. In New York, pending the heat of the canvass for Mayor, two men, named Gilbert and Brown, laid a wager on the result of the election, agreeing that he whose candidate was defeated should see a load of wood in front of the Gerard House...

The most amusing part of the whole affair is, that the bet was paid by the loser in full. The betting heroism of Major Ben Perley Poore, under similar circumstances, wheeled a barrel of apples from Newburyport to Boston last fall...

Shortly before one o'clock, two savanahs and saws, decorated with ribbons, were placed upon a raised platform where the work was to be done. A pole was also elevated, with a banner inscribed in large capitals—FERN-NDU WOOD!

The clock had hardly struck one, when the wood sawyer commenced the platform amid the cheers of thousands. The winner of the bet, Mr. Brown, stood alongside of him in accordance with previous arrangements, to hand him the wood. Some of the Washington street and Five Points boys who were present, amused themselves by calling for cheers for Fernando Wood, and groans for Tiemann and the Reporter of the Standard, who were not exactly responded to in the manner required.

Precisely at a quarter past one Mr. Gilbert commenced his task, swinging the first stick once through, and the second twice, the third once and so on. When he came to the third stick Mr. Brown greeted with a large lump of beef fat to grease the saw amid the cheers and laughter of the crowd.

Mr. Gilbert, when asked why he sawed each alternate piece of wood, answered that he sawed twice for Wood, and once for Tiemann. This, of course, caused considerable merriment. Some ladies passed, in a carriage, whom the sawyer recognized by a polite bow, which was returned by the inmates amid renewed cheers.

Various jokes were cracked at his expense, and there were constant shouts of "hurry up that wood!" "It will engage us at sixpence an hour," "come and saw mine," &c. One gentleman in a glazed hat squinted toward him, but this was instantly stopped, while some of the "boys" and women walked off with many of the sticks which were to be sawed, thus saving him some labor. At the eighth stick Mr. G.'s hand appeared to suffer a little, whereupon he put on a pair of brown kid gloves, when he set to work again without assistance.

While he was sawing the fourteenth stick a boquet was thrown him from the balcony of the Grand House, by a lady. At the sixteen stick he received a gun cocktail, which was sent him by a lady from the Franklin House, on the opposite side of the way.

When Mr. Gilbert reached the twentieth stick a bottle of wine, with sandwiches, &c., was sent out to him from the Gerard House. He heartily partook of the refreshments amid great cheering by the crowd. After the twenty-first stick was finished a photograph was taken of Gilbert and Brown by the platform, after this another fine boquet, with a gold ring attached to it was thrown to Gilbert by a lady. Three cheers were then given for Gilbert and three more for Brown.

An old man, with a sharper, was soon discovered in the crowd, and was soon mounted on the stand, and set to work sawing the saw. Gilbert and Brown, while the old man was sawing the saw, went into the Hotel to imbibe, and the "boys," taking advantage of their absence, upset the old man off the platform. When Gilbert returned, he again attacked the woodpile in good spirits, and had finished the twenty-third stick, when another boquet was sent him from the crowd.

A Beautiful Calc.

MEADOWDALE. A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION. BY VAN B. SNEAD.

CHAPTER XV. THE ALARM—THE PURSUIT AND ITS RESULT. Tom Miller sat alone in the underground room of the Old Meadow House.

"Do not give yourselves any unbusiness concerning the matter, Sir Henry. I feel assured that he has not left the city yet, in case it will be but a slight job to circumvent him. It is he is gone, I will dispatch a party of troopers upon his track, and his being on foot will render his capture perfectly sure."

"Do not give yourselves any unbusiness concerning the matter, Sir Henry. I feel assured that he has not left the city yet, in case it will be but a slight job to circumvent him. It is he is gone, I will dispatch a party of troopers upon his track, and his being on foot will render his capture perfectly sure."

"Do not give yourselves any unbusiness concerning the matter, Sir Henry. I feel assured that he has not left the city yet, in case it will be but a slight job to circumvent him. It is he is gone, I will dispatch a party of troopers upon his track, and his being on foot will render his capture perfectly sure."

"Do not give yourselves any unbusiness concerning the matter, Sir Henry. I feel assured that he has not left the city yet, in case it will be but a slight job to circumvent him. It is he is gone, I will dispatch a party of troopers upon his track, and his being on foot will render his capture perfectly sure."

"Do not give yourselves any unbusiness concerning the matter, Sir Henry. I feel assured that he has not left the city yet, in case it will be but a slight job to circumvent him. It is he is gone, I will dispatch a party of troopers upon his track, and his being on foot will render his capture perfectly sure."

CHAPTER XVI. THE RETURN—CESAR'S ADVENTURE.

When the remaining soldier reached the Old Barracks, he found Sir Henry Clinton and Captain Berkford awaiting the return of his party.

"Are you not one of the men sent in pursuit of the spy?" "I am," replied the soldier, removing his hat, and presenting a subdued mien to his superior.

"Well, sir, have you returned successful?" "I am sorry to say I have not." "What do you give over the chase so soon?"

"I was through compass, sir. Myself with two comrades and becoming separated from the main party, and very unexpectedly came upon the rebel. We attempted to arrest him, but were unable to accomplish it. Some unseen power must have given strength and courage to the fellow—arm—I am all that remains of the three—my two friends were struck down nearly at the same time by the hand of the rebel, and my horse was spared only when I was unable to resist, and had promised to return to quarters without molesting him again."

"It is a lie! you're his accomplice!" cried Clinton, pallid with rage. "It is an impossibility for one man to show such a front!" "No, Sir Henry," interrupted Berkford, "the man speaks the truth. I might have sworn that nothing short of the whole British force would have been able to capture him! We have tried to before, and half a dozen men are a mere moulton for him. Curse the fellow! I believe the devil himself would step forward and assist him, if he should happen to be caught in a very tight place!"

"You know him, then, Berkford," interposed Clinton. "Yes! I—I wish I didn't though." "Perhaps you might set some trusty scout upon his track, then, and apprehend him before he does any military damage."

Mammock Trees in California.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin, who has visited the famous big trees in Calaveras county, makes the following mention of some of them:

"There lies the father of the Forest, the greatest of the ninety-five giants. Though long since fallen, it is the wonder of every beholder. From the nearest calculation this monster is 112 feet in circumference, and according to its size and the usual proportion of trees, it must have been four hundred feet high! After going some distance up the trunk, we climbed through a hole in the top, and ascending a ladder to the top, walked over one hundred feet along its trunk towards the roots. Not far from it, one of our party rode through one of the fallen trees on horse-back.

"Three of these remarkable trees stand so near together, that for twenty-five feet from the ground, one could not pass an ordinary sized bear between them—the middle one is a little taller than the other two. Apart from the rest, stands the 'Husband and Wife,' but not near enough together to afford any mutual support to each other. A little further on is 'Rip Van Winkle,' unlike his original, however, he will never rise again. Solitary and alone, stands the 'Hermit,' a little further on, the 'Gen. Scott' towers like a lofty form. We were also shown the 'Old Maid,' and the 'Old Bachelor.'

Rivals to these monsters of the forest have been discovered in Mariposa county, and are described in the California Farmer. They are pines, and measure, some of them, from 80 to 100 feet in circumference and 200 in height. The group numbers about five hundred, scattered over a track of two or three hundred acres, and are disposed in a triangular form. One hundred and fifty-five of the largest have been measured.

"A Locofoco journal up in Columbia county in this State, contains a lengthy article setting forth what the incoming Legislature ought to do. Among other reforms which it advocates, is the 'total abolition of the public school system.' The fellow seems to understand full well that free schools and modern Locofocoism are utterly incompatible.—Athens Messenger.

"What medicine does a man take for a scolding wife? He takes an elixir. (He takes and he likes her.) FIRE SHIELD.—The Boston Transcript, which is excellent authority, says the following is the best ever written: 'The mind is the light in the pupil of the eye; the more you pour upon it, the more it contracts.'

Funeral of Thomas Crawford, the Sculptor.

The funeral of the celebrated American sculptor, Thomas Crawford, who died in London, after a protracted illness, on the 10th of October, took place on Saturday. His remains were brought from England in the ship Southampton, and re-embarked on Tuesday last. On the following day they were conveyed to the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. Campbell, No. 118 Grand st., whence they were removed on Thursday to St. John's Church. There they were visited by numerous friends of the deceased, who undertook to adorn the coffin with tasteful memorials. The coffin itself was rather a novelty. It was made in London, and presented a striking difference to the coffins usually made in this country, being covered with the finest black marble, and richly adorned with flowers and ornaments, painted deep black and highly varnished. The effect was rich, but intensely sombre. On Saturday the lid was covered by the friends of the deceased, with the choicest flowers—immortelles, forget-me-nots, carnations, lilies, and lavender—woven into wreaths, or scattered promiscuously just as the friends' heads dropped them. Over the silver plate bearing the inscription was laid a cross composed of the choicest of these flowers. The inscription was: THOMAS CRAWFORD. Born in New York, March 23, 1813. Died in London, Oct. 10, 1857.

The church was filled on Saturday with the personal friends of Crawford, and with hundreds of citizens who, not personally acquainted with him, honored his genius and his memory. We noticed Dr. Cogswell, Dr. Francis, Wm. H. Appleton, John Van Buren, David Dudley Field, Caleb Lyons, John Jay, Louis Gudyfield Clark, Charles Elliot, Professor Bots and a host of the artists now resident in the city. The pall-bearers were Hon. Charles Sumner, H. T. Tucker, Wm. C. C. Smith, Wm. H. Hick, Kenett and Rosier, the artists Mrs. Crawford, widow of the deceased, and her husband. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Dr. Berrian, assisted by Rev. Drs. Dix, Weston and Young. Portions of the service were chanted by the choir, which included Messrs. Bouché and Stetson. The latter ceremony was that of the Episcopal Church for the Burial of the Dead. Rev. Dr. Weston, with the relatives and pall-bearers, accompanied the body to Greenwood Cemetery, where it was placed in a private tomb. A monument will be erected over the spot in the course of the ensuing spring.

Provision to the removal of the body from London, a funeral service was performed over it, by the rector of the Church of St. Gabriel's, Pimlico. The widow of Crawford is a daughter of the late Samuel Ward, the banker, and sister of Mrs. Howe, of Boston, author of "Passon Flowers."—N. Y. Times.

Old Men in Old Times. MODERN DEGENERACY. Modern luxury is not favorable to long life. In the patriarchal era, if translators of the scriptures are correct in their interpretations of the Mosaic measurement of time, an ancient Hebrew was quite a youth at the age of a century or so, and could scarcely be considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian to light, seventy is usually the extreme limit of human existence. The fact is, the more modern we become, the more we live, and the more we work, the less we live. We spoil our stomachs with super-indulgence, and the result is impure blood, vitiated secretions, a disordered system, and premature decay. The root of half the fatal diseases of the race is dyspepsia, a fatal ailment, which, if it is present, in the days of Moses and the patriarchs, would have been considered settled for life before he had reached his second centennial epoch. Now, however, a man is venerable at fifty, and although Old Parr saw his 139th birthday, and the census occasionally brings a centenarian