MAURY COUNTY DIRECTORY.

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R. P. LEDBETTER, Breeder and Importer of Pure Berkshire Hogs; near Columbia, Tenn.

HENRY JONES has Berkshire Pigs for sale at $100 each, Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.

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ELI & WHITESIDE, Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods, and Hats and Caps: The Home-made shirt. The Spiral Seam Drawer. Shirts made to order. 41 Cherry street, Nashville.

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F. L. DAVIES & BRO., Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, and silverware, corner of Church and Summer streets, Nashville, Tenn. ROBERT SHEGOG, Salesman.

E. WIGGERS, Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler, No. 3½ North Cherry street, Nashville, Tenn. Goods sent C. O. D. for examination, also watches, etc. for repairs received and returned by Express.

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COOKE, SETTLE & CO. Jobbers of Boots and Shoes, 36 Public Square, Nashville, Tenn. Watson M. Cooke, Joel W. Settle, Russell M. Kinnard. JAMES FORGEY, Salesman.

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LIQUOR DEALERS.

GHEATHAM & WOODS, Nos. 1 and 2 South College st, corner of Church, Nashville, Tenn.

JOHN V. WRIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Columbia, Tenn.
Jan. 5—tf.

DAVID C. SHELTON. ALBERT W. STOCKELL.
SHELTON & STOCKELL,
ATTONEYS AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, TENN.
Will practice in Maury and the adjoining counties. Collections promptly attended to.
OFFICE—Front room (up stairs) over J. M. James' Jewelry Store.
Feb 2 '72.

CHARLES CLEAR
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Columbia, Tenn.
Special attention given to the collection of claims.
April 23, 1y.

J. T. L. COCHRAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND GENERAL COLLECTING AGENT
COLUMBIA, TN.
March 17.

JOHN B. BOND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE.
Prompt attention given to Collections. de

A. M. HUGHES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, TENN.
Will attend all the Courts to be holden fo Maury and adjoining counties.
OFFICE—Whitthorne Block. [Feb24 '71

HUGH T. GORDON. C. O. NICHOLSON.
GORDON & NICHOLSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, ... TENN
Will practice in the several Courts of Maury and adjoining counties.
☞ Prompt attention given to collection of Claims.
May 20, 1871.

W. VANCE THOMPSON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office on Garden Street, nearly west and opposite Masonic Hall,
COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE.
Will practice in Supreme and Federal Courts in Nashville, and in the Chancery and Circuit Courts of Maury and adjoining counties.
Feb. 5, 1869.—tf

G. P. FRIERSON,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, TENN.
Will practice in the several Courts of Maury and adjoining Counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville. Prompt attention given to collections. Office in Lawyer's Block, West Market Street, same formerly occupied by Frierson & Fleming. mar18y

R. P. CYPERT. Z. MACK CYPERT
R. P. CYPERT & BRO.,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Waynesboro, Tennessee,
Will practice in the Circuit and Chancery Courts of Wayne and the adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville. Collections promptly attended to.
Sept. 15.—tf.

W. C. DORSETT, M. D.,
Respectfully offers his Professional services—both SURGICALLY and MEDICALLY—to the citizens of Columbia and vicinity.
OFFICE.—Whitthorne Block, corner of West Main and Garden streets.
my20-tf

H. S. COX,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office—Whitthorne Block
COLUMBIA, TENN.
July 29 '70

DR. J. P. HERNDON,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Office Photograph Gallery,
COLUMBIA, TENN.

DR. SAMUEL BICKNELL,
DENTIST.
Having permanently located in Columbia announces to the public that he is prepared to serve them in the various branches of Dentistry, in a skillful and scientific manner. His prices will be as moderate as circumstances will admit.
Office, in Whitthorne Block.
Jany. 14, 1870.

Marble Works
OF
WILLIAM SHIRLEY,
At W. Bland's old Shop, on the Mt. Pleasant Pike, near the Institute, where I shall keep on hand
MONUMENT
AND TOMBSTONES,
Work made to order, Ornamental or Plain. All work Warranted to give satisfaction. Limestone made to order. June 20-1y

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!
PERIODICALS,
STATIONERY, WALL PAPER,
Window Shades, News, Notions, &c., at
W. H. ENGLE'S,
West Side Public Square,
COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE.

J. H. FUSSELL. S. W. STEELE
FUSSELL & STEELE,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
for the
SALE, PURCHASE AND RENTIN
Of All Descriptions of Property,
COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE.
Office—Whitthorne Block. oc]21y-1

TO TRAVELLERS.
THE NELSON HOUSE,
COLUMBIA, TENN.,
H. EDSALL, - - - - PROPRIETOR.
Keeps good tables, clean and comfortable bed and rooms, and the best of servants, all moderate prices. [nov. 18, '7

COLUMBIA HERALD.

BY HORSLEY BROS. & FIGUERS. COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, MARCH 1, 1872. VOL. XVII.—NO. 26.

JACOB HARRIS,
TAILOR,
COLUMBIA, ... TENN.
Cutting done in the most fashionable manner, and warranted to fit.
Cleaning and Repairing done in an acceptable manner, on short notice.
☞ If you want a Suit handsomely made to order, bring me the cloth.
☞ Two doors above the Nelson House
May 21, 1871. 1y.

FRANKLIN HOUSE.
Columbia, Tennessee.
Having refitted and taken charge of this Hotel, I solicit a share of public patronage. My table shall be supplied with the best the market affords. Lodgings clean and comfortable. Prices in suit the time.
July15—tf JAMES L. GUEST.

RUSHTON'S
NEW YORK STORE
PUBLIC SQUARE,
Columbia, Tenn.
Have just received a full stock of
Millinery Goods,
French and American Artificial
FLOWERS,
Feathers, Ornaments, &c., &c.
French, Swiss and Hamburg
Embroideries.
Plain and Embroidered
Sash Ribbons, Neckties, Bonnet Ribbons,
Entirely New Styles.
Real Thread, Gimpure, Valencia and Silk
LACES.
Ladies' Under-Clothing, Infant's Cloaks, Dresses, Caps and Bonnets, of superior finish.

Varieties.
Lubin's Genuine Extracts,
Florida Water,
Bay Rum,
Colognes and Cosmetics,
Shaving and Fancy Soaps,
Cold Cream and Pomades,
Toilet Cases, &c.
Melton Gold and Real Whitby Jewelry in Sets, Ear Drops, Necklaces, &c.
And we are prepared to supply all orders at the lowest prices. We shall constantly receive the newest styles of fashionable and fancy goods from New York as they come into market. In the Northeast corner Public Square, next to Williams & Tyler's.
Nov. 3.-1y.

NEW HARD-WARE STORE.
We would respectfully announce that we have just opend a very large and complete assortment of
SHELF AND HEAVY
HARDWARE,
Consisting in part of
Girls Don't Talk Slang.
American and English
Table Cutlery,
Westenholm, Wade and Butcher, and other celebrated brands of
Pocket Knives, Guns, Pistols
AND SPORTING MATERIALS,
Carpenters' and Blacksmiths' Tools
Implements,
BUILDERS' SUPPLIES, NAILS
BUTTS, SCREWS, &c., &c.
AXES, HATCHETS, BROAD AXES
CROSS CUT AND MILL SAWS,
HORSE and MULE SHOES,
HORSE NAILS,
And in fact every thing pertaining to the General Hardware Business, which we intend selling at the very lowest possible rates
FOR CASH.
Call and examine our stock and prices, and we feel confident that you will find it to your interest to favor us with your patronage.
Yours Very Truly,
S. P. NORTON & CO.
Columbia, Tenn., Sept. 15.-m6

MANIFEST DESTINY.

[Richard Henry Stoddard.]

Nothing is as it was of old.
Where cities stood the cattle browse;
Weeds strike the roots through royal mold;
The lizards bask in Cæsar's house.
What Cheops built the pyramid?
Whose dust, if any, there is hid?

If there, the master race, fell,
Much more the tribes whom they o'erthrew
From [illegible] no man can tell.
[illegible] dew.
The [illegible]
The [illegible] swarthy sires
[illegible] of the land;
Who [illegible] fires;
[illegible] in hand,
Grey [illegible]
Or tracked [illegible] his lair.

Who, grim and hard of heart at best,
Daubed in his war paint, stole away
With twenty devils in his breast,
To where his hated foeman lay,
Whom, if a sleep, he could not find,
And his strong rum sin pinions blind.

To burn him at the dreadful stake—
He would devote to sudden death;
As suddenly his scalp would take,
And mock the rattle in his breath;
Then, if pappoose and squaw he saw,
Would massacre pappoose and squaw.

These bronze barbarians of the past,
Cast in the molds of hell, are gone:
Their world was wanted; far and fast
We drove towards the setting sun.
Ay, and if future need should be,
We'll drown them in the Western sea.

With iron nets we hold their trail;
They find as wherever they go;
Though fierce, they can not make us quail,
Nor match the rifle with the bow.
We'll give them graves, and let them try
The happy hunting grounds on high!

TRIP LIGHTLY.

Trip lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong;
We only make grief double,
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to form unsightly?
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,
Though all the way be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And gaily sing the lark;
Fair hopes have not departed,
Though roses may have fled,
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead

Trip lightly over sadness,
Stand not to rail at doom,
We've pearls to string of gladness,
On this side of the tomb.
While stars are mightly shining,
And the heaven is overhead,
Encouraging, not repining,
But look for joy instead.

CONNUBIALITIES.

The sweetest songs are those
That few men ever heard,
And no men ever sing;

The clearest skies are those
That farthest off appear
To birds of strongest wing;

Spasmodic love—a neuralgic affection.

The latest thing in the way of speculation is a "corner" for flirtation.

Why are sweethearts usually called "honey?" Because they are be(e)loved.

Some married people always go to bed quarrelling, yet they never fall out.

A large ball of flowers is now substituted at weddings for the traditional "marriage bell."

Women first tempted man to eat. He took to drinking on his own account.

Why are young ladies bad grammarians? Because you seldom find one who can decline matrimony.

A lady was lately hugged to death in Minnesota—another illustration of the "power of the press."

They say female compositors get through their copy very rapidly, being anxious to get the last word.

Why is a good husband like dough? Doughn't you know? Why, it is because a woman needs (kneeds) him.

"Husband, if an honest man is God's most noblest work, what is an honest woman? "His rarest, dear," was the uncivil reply.

"Superior" is the favorite Boston feminine word of commendation, and is applied equally to a bonnet or a sermon, a painting or a pie.

An exchange says that the green young couple who blew the gas out in a Cleveland hotel have gone where they will need gas-light no more.

A New Orleans paper says that a young widow in that city, who writes well, "is training herself for an editor." Who is the editor she is training for?

Junior clerk: "Haw! look here, Fipps; I want to be away a month or so." Senior clerk: "All right, old fellow. Leave, I suppose?" Junior clerk: "Haw no—domestic affliction—some one's going to marry me."

A young female vaccinator of Boston has taken away much of the custom of the male medicals. The bloods of Beacon street submit their Pilgrim fatherly arms with extreme unction to the manipulations of the charming small-pox preventer.

A Weyanwega fond father, having seen a recommendation that a long ladder should always be left leaning against the house in case of fire, says that "they can't lean a ladder against his house, as his girls can see beaux enough without the use of a ladder."

A gentleman in search of a man to do some work, met on his way a highly respectable lady, not as young as she once was, and asked her, "Can you tell me where I can find a man? "No I cannot," she replied, "for I have been looking these twenty years for one myself."

Girls Don't Talk Slang.

Girls don't talk slang! If it is necessary that any one in the family should do that, let it be your big brother, though I would advise him not to adopt "pigeon English" when there is an elegant systematized language that he can just as well use. But don't you do it. You can have no idea how it sounds to ears unused or averse to it, to hear a young lady when she is asked if she will go with you to some place, answer, "Not much!" or, if requested to do something which she does not wish, to say, "Can't see it."

Not long ago I heard a young miss, who is educated and accomplished, in speaking of a man that she intended to "go for him!" and when her sister proffered her assistance at some work, she answered, "Not for Joe!"

Now young ladies of unexceptionable character and really good education fall into this habit, thinking it shows smartness to answer back in slang phrases; and they soon slip flippantly from their tongues with a saucy pertness that is neither lady-like nor becoming. "I bet" or "you bet" is well enough among those who are trading horses or land; but the contrast is startling and positively shocking to hear those words issue from the lips of a young lady. They seem at once to surround her with the rougher associates of men's daily life; and bring her down from the pedestal of purity, whereon she is placed, to their own coarse level.

Two young brothers named Shotwell, who for six months edited the mammoth weekly at Somerville were taken sick and died respectively on the 4th and 6th inst. Their last issue came out on the 10th. The weekly was a sprightly youths paper, and showed plainly that the young editors were boys of unusual brilliancy and promise. Short! Sad!

An Indianopolis man took advantage of his wife's having the small-pox to send for his mother-in-law. The result surpassed his expectations, and he had the satisfaction of paying her funeral expenses a few days after her arrival.

THE MISCHIEF-MAKER

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Between the rivers Kistnah and Beehma in the Deckhan, surrounded by wild, rocky hills, lies the town of Shorapoor, capital of a State of that name, inhabited by a people who have generally been considered lawless, superstitious, and quarrelsome. Of late years they have been more industrious and peaceable, and though still an excitable race, may be said to be advanced in the arts of peace.

It was during a more remote period, when few strangers ventured to penetrate the country, that a weary-looking traveler, covered with dust entered one of the gates, and sat down awhile at the side of a well. He then proceeded to take off his waistband and turban, washed his head and feet, drank of the cool, refreshing water, combed his head and moustachios, and spreading a small carpet on which he laid his trusty sword, drew from his wallet a neat little muslin skull-cap; then seated himself cross-legged lighted his pipe and began to look comfortable indeed.

In the meantime there were not wanting many idle and curious people, who having first at a distance observed the movements of the stranger approached him nearer and nearer. But he seemed to take little notice of the crowd, and appeared absorbed in a sense of his own enjoyment, taking long whiffs of his pipe and looking as if he had made a considerable progress toward the third heaven.

At length a respectable looking man who had come up drew nearer than the rest, and asked him from whence he had traveled, and whither he was going? What he was seeking in Shorapoor, and whether he was a merchant, or merely came to look about him? But the question only ended in smoke, being answered only by whiffs.

Then came another still bolder man, and said: "Sir, the heat is great; be pleased to come with me to my house, and repose yourself there, and I will give you a nice, cool place in which you may sleep."

Upon this the stranger drew his pipe from his mouth and replied: "You are exceedingly kind, good sir, and I am really grateful to you for your proffered hospitality; but the fact is I don't believe you would wish to have me in your house, did you know what I really am!"

And thus saying he rolled his eyes about, twisted up his moustachios, stroked his head, and assumed such a mysterious air that an indescribable terror seized the crowd; so much so, that in falling hastily back, some of them fell down, and others tumbled over them in a very ridiculous manner.

"He's a thief," whispered one. "Or a Thug," said another. "Or an evil spirit in the form of a man," observed the third. "At all events, doesn't he look like a man who has killed another?"

In short the alarm became general, and several deemed it prudent to sneak off and then take to their heels. A few, however, of the bolder spirits kept their ground; and seeing that the stranger did nothing but take long whiffs from his pipe, sending the smoke peacefully curling over his beard and moustachios out of both his nostrils, they regained their confidence, and began to think that, after all, he might be some important personage; who could tell? So, after a little pushing and elbowing among themselves, a man was thrust forward, under an idea that something might come of it; but no, the stranger appeared as indifferent as ever.

Then another, who had screwed up his courage to that point, boldly advanced and thus spoke:

"Do, pray, sir, tell us who upon earth you may be? No answer.

Then the man who had offered a sleeping place in his house, chimed in and said: "Aye sir, do let us know who or what you may be? I assure you we are none afraid of you?" And with these words he twisted up his moustachios and tried to look as fierce and bold as possible, while his knees were knocking together, and his heart fluttering all the while. On a repetition of these questions, however, by both these men, the stranger, with infinite gravity, took the pipe from his mouth, and thus spoke:

"Are you not too much frightened to hear?"

The runaways, however, had departed, and those left behind seemed more determined not to follow them, more especially as the stranger had made no sign as if he would draw his sword; neither did they think he looked at all so horrible now. They, therefore, one and all, called out, "No! we are not a bit afraid; let us hear!"

"Well, then," exclaimed the stranger, taking a long puff at his pipe, "strange as it may appear to you all, my name is Mischief Maker! And what is very extraordinary, whatever I do, wherever I go, wherever I am, I always create mischief, I always have created mischief, and shall continue to do so to the very end of my life!" And upon this he rolled his eyes, and puffed away at his pipe harder than ever.

"Oh, is this all?" cried the party, "is this all?"

"For a matter of that," said an active little man, with twinkling eyes, "you need be under no uneasiness whatever. I dify you to make more mischief than we have already, for we are all more or less at enmity with our neighbors; and as our fathers and grandfathers were, the same, we conclude it must be owing to something that can't be changed; for instance, the air or water of our town; so set your heart at rest, and come along with us, and we'll take care of you."

"Well," rejoined the stranger, "I am very glad indeed to hear what you say of your own town; for to be candid with you, it's exactly what I heard of you all as I came along; and this makes me think that in a place where all were mischief-makers and busy-bodies already, I could have nothing to do but (for once in my life) live in peace. However, don't trust me—that's all I have to say—and if any evil arises from my visit, turn me out, and I'll seek a home elsewhere."

An old Brahmin had come up in time to hear this avowal. "'Tis very strange," said the wise man. "This fellow is surely a magician, and may set all the rocks of Shorapoor dancing and tumbling about our ears some day. Turn him instantly away, or it may be worse for us all."

"No, no," shouted the multitude, "That would be inhospitable. Let him remain, and we shall soon see what he can do."

The little active man now came forward again, and said shyly, "Sir, if you are really such a mischief-maker as you describe yourself to be, suppose you were to give us a little specimen of your powers—just some trifling matter to judge by."

"What, now?" said the stranger.

"Aye, now!" exclaimed all; and the sooner the better."

"Well, let it be so," said he; "let me put up my things and come along!" And with this he arose, packed up, girded on his sword, and strode majestically forward, followed by a crowd continually increasing as they advanced further into the town.

"Now, don't push or press upon me so much," said the stranger; "but observe what I do, and watch the consequences. So they let him proceed, and as he advanced they soon perceived that he was forming some deep plan, particularly as he pushed every now and then, with his forefinger between his teeth, and nodded and wagged his head, as much as to say, "I have it!" Upon which he made straight for a shop kept by a man who sold flour, and such like things, and accosting the dealer with great civility asked if he had any honey? "That I have, sir," replied the shopkeeper, "plenty of it, fresh from the comb; only taste it and I am sure you will buy. Here, sir, look at this beautiful jar, full of the finest honey that was ever seen in Shorapoor."

"It looks well," replied the stranger, dipping his hand in; "and does not taste amiss," saying which he gave his finger a little careless kind of a shake; but he knew right well what he was about, as a little lump stuck on the outer wall.

"It really is good," said the mischief-maker. Give me a small pot of it, that I may take it home to my children."

While the shopkeeper was filling a new pot, over which he tied a fresh leaf, the people who had been following came up and said, "Sir, you are making game of us; you are giving us no proof of what you said. What mischief is there in buying a little pot of honey?"

"Be quiet, my good people, and content yourselves for a couple of minutes, while I get my change, and put my purchase in a safe place, and you will see something—wait here and I'll be back to you directly."' The Mischief Maker vanished in an instant!

Now it happened that this shop was a mere shed of a place, projecting into the street, from the wall on which the honey had been thrown; nor had the tempting bait been there long before it was smelt out by a large hungry fly, which had been spending many fruitless hours buzzing about the dealer's jar, so careful was it always covered. Here was a glorious opportunity for a fine supper, and down he came upon it with an eager appetite—without looking about him as he ought—for over his head under the cover of the wall, among old chinks and cobwebs, there dwelt a wily, dust-covered lizard who enjoyed a fly beyond anything else in the world, and had been particularly unsuccessful in fly-catching all day. Watching, therefore, till the fly had buried his mining apparatus deep in the honey, he crept down quietly, looking as like a bit of oil plaster as possible, but for those bright eyes of his, which in eagerness for the capture, were intently fixed upon the fly. Unlucky wight! Little did he think that those very eyes had attracted the attention of a fine tabby cat, who, but a few minutes before, with blinking eyes, presented a picture of contentment, but now roused by a sudden temptation, was crouching steadily down as she beheld the lizard, for whom she had so often watched in vain. Down stole the lizard—on stole the cat; so here at the same moment were three creatures so bent upon indulgence that they never thought of looking around them. But were these three all the parties to be engaged? Alas! no. There was a sworn enemy of the cat's approaching also, under cover of a large basket in the same shape of a mischievous white dog, kept by a quarrelsome man on the other side of the street. This dog was a terror to all cats in the neighborhood, and, most of all, of the flour-dealers; so often had he chased her, and so often experienced the bitter disappointment of seeing her climb up the posts of the shop, and then spitting at him from the top of the shed.

Infatuated lizard! Wretched fly! Betrayed pussy! She heeded not the sly creep of the dog, so intent was she upon the successful issue of her spring upon the lizard. The fly was gorging himself with honey. He alone partook not of the intense anxiety of the lizard, the cat and the dog. He partook only of—honey.

The crisis at length arrived. The lizard made its nimble pounce at the fly. The cat sprang at the lizard. The lizard missed its footing in consequence, and would have been the cat's portion—fly, honey and all—but for the dog's sudden attack upon puss. Here was a scene! The lizard falling to the ground, was at once involved in the consequence of the quarrel between dog and cat. What were fly or honey to him at the moment when in a state between life and death, he crept back sore and wounded to his chinks and cobwebs? The fly might or might not have escaped. Not so, the cat, now surely worried by the dog, in spite of all her outcries and all she could do in the way of biting and clawing; for it was an old score the dog was paying her off, and that might soon cost her life, if her master had not rushed out of the shop with a broomstick, with which he began to belabor the dog.

Now the owner of the dog had been at as long enmity with the man of flour and honey as the dog had been at enmity with the cat, and probably longer. Of course, therefore, when he heard his animal's cries, and saw the punishment inflicted, he armed himself with a broomstick also, and rushing across the street, gave the flour dealer such a crack upon his head as knocked him down as flat as a pan cake.

"Take that, you villain," said he, for it is a debt I long owed you."

"Have you," said the flour dealer's son, as he rushed out with a cudgel in his hand.

"Then tell me how you like that"—giving him such a hearty whack across the shoulders that he was fain to drop his broomstick.

Yet the blow had hardly been given, before a friend of the dog's master ran up with a drawn sword, and would have made mincemeat of the flour dealer's son, but for a soldier, who cried out, "Shame thou, coward and son of a coward, who would attack a youth with only a stick in his hand, and you armed with a sword. Shame on you. It's just like you rascally Hindoo fellows, who pretend to be soldiers, and are as much like soldiers, as that poor cat. Why don't you try me?"

"Why not?" replied the man. "Do you think I am afraid of such a bully as you? Come on, you scoundrel, and I'll show you what difference there is between a cat and a Hindoo."

Upon this the soldier drew his sword, and both began to cut at each other in good earnest.

On all this the people cried out, "Murder! murder!" and a great many soldiers running to the spot were soon engaged, always attacking the Hindoos who were on the dog's side, and the Hindoos the Mussulmen who were on the side of the cat; and whenever a Hindoo and a Mussulman were fighting, the Hindoos aided the Hindoo, and the Musselmen the Musselman, and the consequence was the death of many on each side, and the wounding of the foolish quarrelsome people engaged.

Of course such a hubbub as this could not be continued long without its being reported to the Rajah, who forthwith hastened from his palace, with his body guard and some horsemen, and soon put a stop to this terrible fray, and all the ringleaders were forthwith seized and tied together, and marched off to prison, there to be closely inquired into, and the cause of so dreadful a riot ascertained, and fixed upon the guilty.

All that night, therefore, were the magistrates and police officers hard at work, listening to evidence, but they did not advance a single step in the business, no, nor for several days after, notwithstanding the great impatience of the Rajah, to whom they could only report from time to time the hearing of nothing but the words, "Cat, dog—cat and dog," "Dog and cat,"—"Dog,"—"Cat."

A very similar feeling, also, was entertained by the lawyers who were called in, and who, after intense application, declared themselves doubtful—so much was to be advanced and really to be said and supported by various precedents, both on the side of the cat and the dog, and, consequently of the owner of the cat as well as the owner of the dog, and the partisans of the owners of the cat and dog—insomuch that the whole city was split into the most determined cat and dog factions, and all strangers that entered the gates were instantly absorbed in the dog and cat vortex, and whirled actually round and round in the terrible fray, which every now and then broke out in fresh fury notwithstanding all the vigilance of the Rajah's guards. And yet even these valiant heroes were in some degree infected, giving slight cuts at cat and dog men, just as they themselves inclined to support the cat or dog question.

And so matters might have remained either to the day of the final depopulation of Shorapoor, or Doomsday itself, but for the wise old Brahmin who had given such timely warning to turn out the stranger.

He had in reality been quietly chuckling a little, as many are won't to do who have lived to see their prophecies first despised and then fulfilled; but his heart relenting, he hastened to the palace, and prostrating himself before the Rajah, with hands joined together, he thus spoke:

"May I be your sacrifice, O thou eater of mountains and drinker of rivers! I have a petition to make in this matter of cat and dog!"

"It shall be heard," replied the Rajah. "Thou art a wise man; what dost thou say?—dog—cat—dog and cat, or cat and dog! For my own part I shall reserve my decision, though somewhat inclined to the opinion that the cat caused all the mischief, and for this reason—because if the dog had not seen the cat, he very probably would not have chased her—'out of sight out of mind,' being one of the oldest as well as the truest proverbs.

"Alas! that I should differ with your Highness—Brave Falcon, terrible in war—the most valiant of the State—the Tiger of the Country," replied the Prime Minister. "How could that cat help being worried by the dog!—and did not nature give her a right to go where she pleased?"

So the whole court took at once different sides, and matters might have come to a serious explosion, even within the sacred walls of the palace itself, but for the Brahmin, who again lifted up his voice and said:

"May it please your Highness! Let me declare to you that it was neither the dog nor the cat that caused all the misery, but the Fly and the Honey!"

"The fly and the honey! The fly and the honey!" exclaimed the astonished Rajah. "What honey and what fly!"

And as this was a perfectly new idea, the assembly listened with profound attention while the holy man unfolded the true history of the case. His having seen the stranger, and warned the people against him. How accurately he had observed the drop of honey daubed against the wall. Then the approach of the fly, the sly gliding of the lizard, the wily creeping of the cat, and the stealthy, vindictive movements of the dog—involving all these creatures in much pain and difficulty, and which afterward overspread the city.

"Hold, learned man," cried the Rajah, "thou hast said well; my eyes are opened!" and he desired search to be made for the man who had two well earned the title of Mischief-Maker. But he was nowhere either to be found or heard of, and the poor flour dealer, who stood among the prisoners with a bandaged head, declared that the villain had not even paid for the honey that caused the whole tumult.

"Well," exclaimed the Rajah, after a profound pause, "here now may most plainly to be seen a proof—if any such were required, that my subjects only want a pretext, no matter what, to quarrel, and they are sure to go to loggerheads.

"I now throw no blame either on the cat or dog, for each animal followed its own peculiar instinct. The blame and the punishment, too, must light upon the owners of the dog and cat for fighting; and thus inducing others to espouse so ridiculous a quarrel."

And forthwith he ordered all the principal rioters into confinement, saying also to the rest of the people:

"Go home now, fools that ye are, and try whether you cannot make up your minds to live in peace with one another. I cannot prevent you keeping cats and dogs, because were I to do so we should be devoured by vermin and exposed to robbery. But this I tell you, you shall not turn yourselves into cats and dogs for the future with impunity—Depart?" So they all sneaked off, and the active little man whose head somebody had broken, scratched it and said:

"Only think how well that strange fellow knew us all!"

Russia.

The beginning of Russia as an independent state was over a thousand years back, and we have not yet completed our first national centenary. But the two empires, old and young, have a great spirit of progress in common. Peter the Great, who did not assume the title of emperor until 1721, four years before his death, deserves to be considered as the true founder of the vast realm now governed by his descendant, Alexander II., great-grand-son of Catherine II., who, a member of the house of Roumanoff only by marriage with one of its heads, first carried into effect many of the grand and ambitious designs of Peter the Great. The succession from her comprehends the Emperor Paul, his two sons Alexander and Nicholas, and the ruling monarch, who began his reign in 1855 by bringing the Crimean War to a close, and has ever since cultivated the arts of peace. The revolt of the Circassians closed by the surrender of Schamyl, their gallant leader. Russia, with her territory extending across the north of Asia, and her army and navy extremely powerful and well prepared, is now greater than ever. Germany, Austria, and France, exhausted by recent destructive warfare, are ill prepared for any further contest. It is not likely that Russia will throw down the gauntlet to any of the great powers, her neighbors, but she is prepared, possibly, to carry out the programme of Peter the Great, which included the annexation and sovereignty of Turkey, an effete realm, the dim spectre of departed greatness.

It is easy, no doubt, to journey alone n the broad sunshine and on the beaten highway of our lot; but over the midnight plain and beneath the still immensity of darkness the traveler seeks some fellowship for his wanderings. And what is religion but the midnight hemisphere of life, whose vault is filled with the silence of God, and whose everlasting stars, if giving no clear light, yet fills the soul with dreams of immeasurable glory?

The man who on his wedding day starts as a lieutenant in the family will never get promoted.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

A French correspondent, traveling in Russia, sends to his Parisian paper the ensuing story of a tragedy lately enacted in the Czar's District of Plotsk. About thirty years ago an old and bitter feud between two families of landed proprietors in that bleak district reached a tragic climax in the assassination of a prominent member of one household by his particular foeman in the other. Swift remorse and fear of the officers of justice drove the murderer to suicide on the very day of his victim's burial, and at first the horror of the whole affair had a tendency to end forever a quarrel which had produced such terrible results in both families; but after the first shock of their bereavement the kindred of the slain man made threats of exacting more adequate revenge than had been realized in the self-destruction of his slayer, and the authorities were obliged to interfere for the prevention of further shedding of blood. Constrained, then, by the tardily aroused law, the rival families at last concluded a treaty of peace, upon the payment of a certain sum of money by the murderer's relatives and the feud was declared at an end; yet the hereditary enemies on either side preserved a stern demeanor toward each other, and the prophecy of a mad village priest that the assassination must yet be expiated by another death did not favor an early establishment of friendship. Upon one man, however, of the assassin's family the prophecy here mentioned produced an effect tending to cultivate an appearance of amity, at least. This person, an uncle of the late assassin, and a rather nervous and superstitious kind of character at that time, became impressed with the idea that his own infant son was the one destined by fate to suffer for the crime of his kinsman, and his paternal devotion resolved to avert the threatened curse by doing all that he could to heal the breach between the families. Under the influence of his superstious fear he insisted upon paying the whole sum of money which had been demanded by the relatives of the murdered man, although thereby impoverishing himself; and from thenceforth spared no opportunity to conciliate those who might otherwise remain the covert enemies of himself and his son. In furtherance of the same object the boy, as he grew to manhood, was carefully kept in ignorance of the feud of his ancestors, and taught to treat the former enemies of his family as friends; but, despite all this, the youth could never be brought to a strong natural liking of the people for whom his father professed the warmest sentiments, and, chancing to learn by accident, one day, why the paternal estate had been impoverished, in ransom, as it were, of his own life, shocked and alarmed his sire by wishing himself old enough to renew the war with the foeman of his dead cousin. With all his old fear revived by this disposition in his son, the father was incited to fresh conciliatory overtures to the family from whom he still dreaded the fulfillment of the old prophecy of retribution, and hesitated not at any sacrifice of pride or property to secure their good feeling for himself and his generation. Several years rolled on without particular incident in the matter, until late in December last, when, upon being informed that the head of the formerly hostile house was tempted in straits for the sum of 5,000 roubles to pay a pressing debt, the ever-vigilant paternal watcher wrote at once to the embarrassed debtor, offering to lend him the needed amount. It would take nearly all that he had left in the world to accomplish this romantic act of accommodation, and his son protested vehemently against the sacrifice; but here, thought the old man, was a supreme opportunity to bind the borrower and his kindred to him and his house for life, and when the former gratefully consented to come after the offered loan on the evening of the following day, his delight was as great as though the projected benefaction were to be bestowed upon himself. The home of the father and son being situated at some distance from that of the old enimies, the borrower came hither on horseback, at the appointed hour, and was cordially received by the older man. The younger, still bitterly hostile to the transaction, refused to be present at the interview, and left the house; but the meeting of the elders was not the less friendly on this account, and in the conversation preceding the tender and acceptance of the money there was renewal of the fraternal pact in which one of them believed that the prophecy was rendered harmless for another generation. Over a glass of wine the new creditor responded to the hearty thanks of his debtor by frankly confiding to him his lifelong recollection, self-application of that same prophecy; and, with many protestations of mutual esteem for the present and future, both pledged themselves to prevent any revival of family feelings which should by either thought or act, recall the tragic past. With his roubles in a canvass bag the borrower at last remounted his horse and started for home. On his way, and a short distance from the house he had just left, was a piece of wood, under the leafless branches of which he had just entered, when a masked man, springing from behind a tree, caught his horse by the head, and, with pistol presented, demanded immediate and silent surrender of the money, carred by the rider. Unarmed as the latter was, he had no choice but to hand up his treasure to the highwayman and behold that misterious personage's disappearance with it among the close-standing trees. Being thus robbed, however, he was disinclined to risk the possibly greater perils of a further ride homeward, and disconsolately turning his steed's head returned in deep dejection to his creditor's mansion. Great were that creditor's surprise and horrow upon hearing the story of the robbery, and the robbed man was welcomed to a bed for the night with all the commiseration of a brother in sore distress. Both men felt the misfortune keenly, but it was the lender of the money who displays the profounder emotion, under superstitious presentment of something still darker to come. The borrower was, of course, grevously discomfited, but this did not defer him from a night's sleep, which was broken near dawn by the explosition of a pistol. Starting from his couch at the sound, he heard his name hoarsely called from a neighboring apartment, and hurrying hither he found his host bending over a prestrate figure upon the bed, with a lump in one hand and a smoking-pistol in the other. On the bed, with a bleeding bullet-hole in his forehead, a mask upon a chair near at hand, and the stolen bag of roubles slipping from beneath his pillow, lay the son for whose preservation from harm the father had made his own whole life a sacrifice. Made sleepless by dread of he knew not what, the father had at last stolen to his son's room so as to assure himself that the youth was there; had discovered in him the robber of his guest, and had shot him dead as he slept.—*World.*

The Agricultural Congress, which met on the 18th inst., in Washington City, was well attended and visited by the President. They adopted a resolution urging Congress for further appropriation of public lands in the interest of Apriculturism and farming education.

The bill repealing duties on coffee passed the House in Congress by 153 to 33.

The Prayer Found in Christ's Grave, A. D. 903.

The above is the title of a prayer given to the public through the medium of the press for the first time. It consists of three collects—asking for a variety of blessings, invoking the aid of Mary and Joseph. This prayer, as the document states, was found in the Savior's grave in the year 903. Here it is. Read and judge for yourselves:

"The following prayer was found in the grave of our Lord Jesus Christ in the year 903, and sent from the Pope to the Emperor Charles (for safety) as he was going to battle. They who repeat it every day, or hear it repeated or keep it about them, shall never die a sudden death, nor be drowned in water, nor will poison have any effect on them; and it being read over a woman in labor she will be safely delivered, and be a glad mother; and when the the child is born lay it on his or her right side, and he or she will not be troubled with any misfortunes. And if you see any one in fits lay it on his or her right side, and he or she will stand up and thank God. And they who shall repeat it in any house shall be blessed by the Lord, and woe to him that laughs at it, for he will suffer. Believe this, for it is certain as if the Holy Evangelists had written it. They who keep it about them need not fear lightning nor thunder, and they who repeat it every day shall have three days warning before their death.

"O adorable Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ dying on the cross for our lives. O Holy Cross of Christ ward off from me all sharp repeating words. O Holy cross of Christ, ward off from me all weapons of danger. O Holy Christ, ward off from me all things that are evil. O Holy Cross of Christ, protect me from my enemies. O Holy Cross of Christ, protect me in the way of happiness. O Holy Cross of Christ, ward off from me all dangerous de