

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

Volume 2.—Number 58.

Grand Haven, Mich., February 8, 1860.

Terms:—\$1.00 per Annum.

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

Published every Wednesday,
BY BARNES & FOSHA.

TERMS:—ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
\$1.50 when left by the Carrier.

Office, on Washington Street,
(First door above the Post-Office).
Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Michigan.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Time.	1sq	2sq	3sq	4sq	5sq	6sq	7sq	8sq	9sq	10sq
1 wk.	50¢	1.00	1.50	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00
2 wks.	1.00	2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00
3 wks.	1.50	3.00	4.50	6.00	7.50	9.00	10.50	12.00	13.50	15.00
1 mo.	2.50	5.00	7.50	10.00	12.50	15.00	17.50	20.00	22.50	25.00
2 mo.	4.50	9.00	13.50	18.00	22.50	27.00	31.50	36.00	40.50	45.00
3 mo.	6.50	13.00	19.50	26.00	32.50	39.00	45.50	52.00	58.50	65.00
6 mo.	12.00	24.00	36.00	48.00	60.00	72.00	84.00	96.00	108.00	120.00
1 year.	20.00	40.00	60.00	80.00	100.00	120.00	140.00	160.00	180.00	200.00

Twelve lines or less (Minimum) make 1 square.
Business Cards, not exceeding six lines, \$3.00.
Legal advertising at legal rates, fifty cents per folio for the first and twenty-five cents per folio for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements unaccompanied with written or verbal directions, will be published until ordered out, and charged for. When a postponement is added to an advertisement, the whole will be charged, the same as for the first insertion.

Job Printing.

All kinds of Book, Card, Post-Bill, Catalogue or Fancy Printing done on short notice, and at reasonable rates. Blanks of all kinds, printed to order, with neatness and dispatch.

Patronage is respectfully solicited.
Letters relating to business, to receive attention, must be addressed to the Publishers.

BARNES & FOSHA, PUBLISHERS.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

S. R. Sanford, Sheriff of Ottawa Co., Grand Haven, Mich.

James P. Scott, Clerk and Register of Ottawa County, and Notary Public. Office at the Court House.

George Parks, Treasurer of Ottawa County, Grand Haven, Mich.

Augustus W. Taylor Judge of Probate, Ottawa County. Post-Office address Ottawa Center. Court days, First and Third Mondays of each Month.

Charles E. Cole, County Surveyor, Civil Engineer and Leveller. Post-Office Address: Berlin, Ottawa County, Mich.

Atwood Brothers, Counselors at Law, Office, up stairs, 2nd door above the News Office, Washington st., Grand Haven, W. S. ATWOOD. J. LANGDON ATWOOD.

Grosvenor Reed, Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office, Washington street, first door East of the Hardware store.

J. B. McNett, Physician and Surgeon. Office, second door above News Office, Washington Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

S. Munroe, Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence, Washington street, Grand Haven, Mich.

Henry Griffin, Druggist, Commission Merchant and General Agent. Corner of Washington and 1st Street.

George Wheeler, Watch and Clock Maker, and Repairer, Washington Street G. Haven, Michigan. A new and select assortment of Clocks, Jewelry, Yankee Notions, &c., just received. Prices low and terms cash.—Patronage of the Public respectfully solicited. Grand Haven, October 10th, 1859.—[12]

George D. Harvey, Dealer in Newspapers, Periodicals, School Books, Stationery, also Detroit Dailies and Weeklies, Yankee Notions, Tobacco, Cigars, Candles, Nuts, &c. Opposite the News Office, Washington street.

Wm. M. Ferry Jr., Manufacturer of Stationary and Marine, high or low pressure Engines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Brass Castings, Ottawa Iron Works, Ferryburg, Ottawa Co., Mich. Post-Office address, Grand Haven, Mich.

John H. Newcomb, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, etc. State Street, Mill Point, Mich.

William Wallace, Grocer and Provision Merchant. One door below the Post Office, Washington Street.

Cutler, Warts & Stedman, Dealers in General Merchandise, Flour, Salt, Grain, Lumber, Shingles and Lath. Water St., Grand Haven, Mich.

Miner Hedges, Proprietor of the Lamont Premium Mills, dealer in Merchandise, Groceries and Provisions, Pork, Grain and Mill Feed, Shingles, &c., &c. Lamont, Ottawa County, Michigan.

Noah Perkins, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, &c. Opposite the store of J. H. Newcomb, State st., Mill Point, Mich.

J. T. Davis, Merchant Tailor, Dealer in Gents Furnishing Goods, Broadcloth, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c. Shop, Washington St. next door to the Drug Store.

Lewis Porter, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Clothing Goods. No. 16, Canal St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Ferry & Co., Manufacturers of Lumber, Lath, Timber, Pickets, &c., and Dealers in all kinds of Merchandise, Provisions, Shingle Bolts and Shingles. Ferryville, White River, Mich.

Ferry & Son, Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Pickets, Timber &c. Business Offices, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich., and 236, Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

Boot & Shoe Manufacturing and Repairing Shop, one door below Wallace's Store, Washington Street, Grand Haven, Mich. E. KIRNEY, Foreman. R. C. FOSHA.

Robinson & Co., Billiard Saloon, (up stairs), second door east of the Ottawa House, Water street, Grand Haven, Mich.

The Rich are not the Happiest.

A man in his carriage was riding along. A gaily dressed wife by his side; In satin and lace she looked like a queen, And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as he past, The carriage and couple he eyed, And said, as he worked with his saw on a log, "I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife, "One thing I would do if I could— I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health Of the man who saweth the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work, Whose face as the morning was fair, Went tripping along with a smile of delight, While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked in the carriage, the lady she saw Arrayed in apparel so fine, And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work, So fair in her calico dress, And said: "I'd relinquish position and wealth, Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is in the world, whatever our lot, Our minds and our time employ, In longing and sighing for what we have not, Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

LATEST DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA.

A letter was read before the American Geographical and Statistical Society, on the 5th of Jan., addressed to that body by the celebrated African traveler, Dr. Livingstone, under date of "Tette, Zambesi, Feb. 22, 1859," in which he gives some interesting particulars of his latest discoveries. Referring to his explorations of the Zambesi river, he says:

"We are all quite sure now, during at least eight months of each year, a steamer of four or five feet depth of draught could trade without embarrassment. The reason why so little has been known about the Zambesi may have been the branching in the stormy promontory, by which it was hidden from navigators. And those easy-chair geographers, dreaming over the geography of Ptolemy, actually put down the Zambesi as flowing into the sea at Quilimane, which in his days it probably did, though not a drop of Zambesi water in ordinary circumstances reaches that port. Had some branch of the Anglo-Americans planted their footsteps on its banks, the world would have known all about it long ago; and no one would have ventured to play with the river as has been done, making it lose itself and flow under the Kalahari desert."

Dr. Livingstone and his party ascended a branch of this river, the "Shire," and he gives some account of the people and things along its banks, thus:

"So far as we can ascertain, this river has never been explored by Europeans before. One part of the luxuriant valley of the Shire is marshy and abounding in lagoons, in which grow great quantities of the lotus plant. The people were busy collecting the tubers, which when boiled or roasted, resembled chestnuts. They were thus real Lotophagi, such as are mentioned by Herodotus. Another part of the valley abounded in elephants.—Herd upon herd appeared as far as the eye could reach; and noble animals they were. We sometimes chased them in our little steamer; for the Shire branches off occasionally, and forms islands. The upper part of the valley is well peopled, and many of the hills are cultivated high up. But never having seen Europeans before, they looked on us with great suspicion. They watched us constantly, well armed with bows and poisoned arrows, ready to repel any attack, but no incivility was offered when we landed, nor were our wooding parties molested. The greatest coward flies first; so, thinking we had as much pluck as they, we did not lift a gun, though we saw them ever ready to fire, or rather shoot. We did nothing to make us ashamed to return, and if we have their confidence, we may go further. They had abundance of provisions and sold them at a cheap rate; also cotton of two kinds—one indigenous, short in the staple, but very strong and woolly to the feeling—the other very fine and long in the staple. We bought a number of specimens of their spindles and yarn, and as it was quite equal to American uplands, we did not offer them any American seed. The cotton plant is met with everywhere, and though burned down annually, springs up again as fresh and strong as ever.—They grow sugar cane too, bananas, manioc, &c. The men are said by the Portuguese to be very intelligent, but very wild. The women wear the lip ornament, which is a ring about four inches in circumference, and nearly a quarter of an inch thick, passing through a hole in the lower lip, which is thus made to protrude frightfully. I am thus particular (the doctor is somewhat waggish), in case our own ladies, who show a noble perseverance when fashion dictates, may wish to adopt lip ornaments."

Of the climate, and the health of the party, Dr. Livingstone, in conclusion, writes as follows: "We were warned by the fate of the Niger expedition not to delay among the mangrove swamps of the delta—the very hot-bed of fever. We accordingly made all haste away, and we took daily a quantity of quinine. The period of the year

which I selected though not the most favorable for navigation, was the most so for health, and thank God our precautions were successful. The Kroomen, from Sierra Leone have had more of it than we, until a short time ago, when it was the most unhealthy season of the year even to the natives. Three of us have had touches of the complaint, but are all now quite well. I have never had a days illness since my return. We find too, that so far from Europeans being unable to work in a hot climate, it is the want of work that kills them. The Portuguese all know that so long as they are moving about, they enjoy good health, but let them settle down, and smoke, or drink brandy, fever follows and the blame is all put on the climate."

This letter was written in acknowledgment of the author's election as a corresponding member of the American Geographical and Statistical Society.

At the same meeting Mr. Folsom introduced M. Du Chailu, the African traveler, who read a paper detailing his adventures for four years in Central Africa, under the meridian, among the cannibal and other tribes. The trade of these savages, he said, seemed to be confined to an exchange of dead bodies on which to feed. Human bones were found in large quantities, everywhere around their villages. He was never in danger amongst them, inasmuch as he was regarded as a magician, and they were afraid of him. The tribes of negroes in Central Africa, other than the cannibals, were numerous. He had visited 25 of them, but found, notwithstanding that, the country was generally very sparsely populated.

The gorilla, that terrible monster which bears such an unpleasant likeness to man, formed perhaps the most interesting topic of M. Du Chailu's lecture. Its existence was long doubted by naturalists, and to America belongs the credit of discovering, or rather re-discovering it. The lecturer exhibited the skull of one of these animals, and gave a description of their habits, size, strength &c., in terms with which, from their frequent publication, readers are sufficiently familiar, but which were listened to on this occasion with new interest from the fact that the speaker had seen and shot them in their native haunts. Their tremendous roar, he said could be heard four miles off, and the beating of their hands upon their chest (a mode of expressing their anger) is audible at a distance of one mile.

This shades of night have fallen beautifully upon all the weary world. The moon beams gladden all the hills. The stars come out like angels of love and mercy. All are sleeping, forgetful and happy, yet I linger by the open casement to gaze upon those bright beauties of nature, to drink in one draught of heaven's own pure air. Yet I am sorrowful; and on this glorious eve, at this hushed midnight hour, all thoughts and feelings seem to turn back upon incidents of the past when in boyish glee I went my way rejoicing. Now it is not so. All joy seems hushed, days steal on; I sleep and wake, but no change. Yet life is what we make it. Why not call back images of joy and gladness as those of grief and care? We came forth in childhood's morn to gather flowers. Because in our way we have dropped a few, we will not sit down to weep over the lost, but rather amuse ourselves by admiring those we have left us.

SMALL FARMS AND PLENTY OF MANURE.—H. P. Sloan, in the Rockford Register, talks right to the point as follows: "If a farmer has but forty or eighty acres to cultivate, and has a stack-yard or barn to which he draws all his grain to thresh, and there lets his stock live thro' the winter, converting all his straw into manure, he can make manure enough to keep the forty or eighty acres in as good condition for growing good crops from generation to generation. Also, a small farm, thus managed, is much more profitable, in proportion to a large farm conducted in the usual way. There are fewer acres to pay taxes upon; there is less money invested; there is less fencing to make and keep in repair, leaving the owner much less expense, and a greater profit according to the capital invested and expended."

WARD'S ICE BOAT.—Ward's Ice Boat was put into successful operation at Prairie du Chien on the 11th inst., and proves a decided success. The trial trip to Lafayette, a distance of thirty-two miles, was made in 2:10, returning in two hours and carrying twenty passengers. On the 12th inst., at 4 P. M., the boat left with a large party for Galena, instead of St. Paul, on account of there being less snow on the ice in that direction.

Professor Ward hopes to make the trip from Prairie du Chien to Dunleith, in less than five hours. The inventor and his friend are greatly elated with the success of the ice boat, which will prove a new era in steam navigation. Orders have been given for the construction of another ice boat, which, when completed, will run between Galena and Prairie du Chien. [Rockford, Ill., News.]

An Overwhelming Speech by a Widgw.

Hon. George N. Briggs, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, delivered a temperance address some time since, in the course of which he related the following anecdote with thrilling effect:

Mr. Briggs said this question of the introduction of intoxicating drinks assumed a somewhat practical form, not many years since, in a thriving borough of Pennsylvania. The inhabitants had assembled, as was their usual custom, to decide what number, if any, of licences the town should petition for from the County Court from whence they were issued.—There was a full attendance.

One of the most respectable magistrates of the borough presided, and upon the platform were seated, among others, the clergyman of the village, one of his deacons, and the physician.

After the meeting had been called to order, one of the most respectable citizens of the borough rose, and after a short speech, moved that the borough petition for the usual number of licences.

They had better license good men and let them sell. The proposition seemed to meet with almost universal favor. It was an excellent way to get along quietly; and one and then another, in their turn, expressed a hope that such a course would be adopted.

The President was about to put the question to the meeting, when an object rose in a distant part of the building, and all eyes were turned in that direction.—It was an old woman, poorly clad; and whose careworn countenance was the painful index of no light suffering.

And yet there was something in the flash of that bright eye, that told she had been what she was not now. She addressed the President, and said, with his permission, she wished to say a few words to the meeting. She had come, because she had heard they were to decide the license question.

You, said she, all know who I am.—You once knew me the mistress of one of the best estates in the borough. I once had a husband and five sons; and woman never had a kinder husband—mother never had five better or more affectionate sons. But where are they now? Doctor, I ask where are they now? In yonder grave-yard are six graves filled by that husband and those five sons, and oh! they are all drunkard's graves. Do you ever care they are drunkards? You would come and drink with them, and you told them that temperate drinking would do them good.

And you, too, sir, addressing the clergyman, would come and drink with my husband, and my sons thought that they might drink with safety, because they saw you drink. Deacon, you sold them rum which made them drunkards. You have now got my farm and all my property, and you have got it by rum. And now, she said, I have done my errand, I go back to the poor house for that is my home. You, reverend sir, you doctor, and you deacon, I shall never meet you again, until I meet you at the bar of God, where you, too, will meet my ruined and lost husband, and those five sons, who thro' your means and influence, fill the drunkard's grave. The old woman sat down—perfect silence prevailed, until broken by the President, who rose to put the question to the meeting—shall we petition the Court to issue license to this borough the ensuing year? and then one unbroken "No!" which made the very walls re-echo with the sound, told the result of the old woman's appeal.

ACCESSIONS TO THE DEMOCRACY.—It has come to our knowledge within a few days that quite a number of old-line whigs have deserted the black republican party, and arrayed themselves with the democracy. There are many in this town, several in Buchanan and Bertrand. Besides, we know of many democrats who were led into the republican party by false representations, who have resolved to fight hereafter under the old democratic flag. Welcome to our ranks.

The democracy are firm and unyielding to a man. They know their cause is just, and that upon their action depends the permanency of the Union and constitution. We can assure our friends that Berrien county will rebuke fanaticism by an overwhelming vote when the proper time comes. Democrats who have been heretofore inactive see the absolute necessity of laboring with their republican neighbors to induce them in crushing out a party that has ruined this State, and, if not checked, will destroy the Union itself. In many instances their exertions are crowned with success. Push on the ball. [Niles Republican, Jan'y 28.]

A PARTICULAR OLD LADY.—An old lady died in Newburyport recently who was somewhat particular in her habits, occupying one room of the house in which no person but herself had entered for forty years.

FIRST GUN.—At the charter election, in the city of Port Huron, on Tuesday, January 10th, the democrats carried the Mayor and a majority of the city officers. Last year it went largely Republican.

The Biter Bitten.

High up in air, the sea-new spies
An oyster lying on the strand,
Gaping with open shell to inhale
The summer breeze from off the land.
To seize the luscious morsel quick,
With sudden swoop and deadly pick,
The sea bird darts his horny beak
Between the oyster's shell;
But, closing on it quick as thought,
The bird is by the oyster caught!
And nipped so tight and well,
That, strive and struggle as he may
To free his beak and get away,
He keeps him captive, firmly bound,
Till with return-tide he is drowned.

Who to themselves would all appreciate
Of that they see deserve the sea-new's fate;
Nor doth he fail to meet it, soon or late,
Whose nose is thrust in everybody's plate.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Dobbs says he knew a man once who got immensely rich minding his own business.

—Pawnbrokers and hard drinkers often take pledges; we fear that the former generally keep them longest.

—Naomi, was five hundred and eighty years old when she married. Never despair, ancient maidens!

—Madder colors red. This is the reason why the madder you get the redder you grow.

—The young ladies' best friend—their looking-glass, because it always gives them "aid to reflection."

—Come here master Tommy. Do you know your A B C's? "Yiz, zur I know a bee sees."

—Bob, did Mrs. Greene get the medicine I ordered? "I guess so, for I saw craps on the door next morning."

—A man can not possess anything better than a good woman, nor anything worse than a bad one.

—A Tennessee paper says "the inauguration of the Governor was celebrated by the firing of minute guns every half hour."

—A chimney has been built near Boston, ten feet higher than the Bunker Hill Monument. Its height is two hundred and thirty feet.

—Peter, said a schoolmaster, "you are such a bad boy that you are not fit to sit in company with good boys on the bench. Come up here and sit by me, sir."

—Here's Webster on a bridge," said Mrs. Partington, as she landed like a new mounted dragoon. "Study is contentivity, and you will gain a great deal of inflammation."

—A lady asked her "gardener why the weeds always out-grow and covered the flowers." "Madam," he answered, "the soil is mother of the weeds, and only step-mother to the flowers."

—Mrs. Partington says nothing displeases her so much as to see people, who profess to expect salvation, go to church without their purses, when a recollection is to be taken.

—A writer on domestic economy, in giving instructions for keeping eggs fresh, says, "lay with the small end down."—He does not specify whether this direction is for the hen or the housewife.

—Somebody says, a baby laughing in its dreams is conversing with angels.—Perhaps so—but we have seen them crying in their waking hours as though they were having a spat with the devil.

—E. Merriam says that eighty-three persons lost their lives last year by burning fluid explosions, and one hundred and six injured, some of whom were not expected to recover.

—"I wonder, Lucy, how it feels to kiss one of these horrid creatures with a mustache." "Indeed, I don't know, but I'm going to get the leath' broom and try it."

—No man can promise himself to be wealthy till night. One storm at sea, one coal of fire, one false friend, one unadvised word, one false witness, may make you a beggar and a prisoner all at once.

—A recent traveler in America records the following anecdote: "Jack," said a man to a lad just entering his teens, "your father is drowned." "Darn it," replied the young hopeful, "and he's got my jack-knife in his pocket."

A LONG LIVED MULE.—A South Carolina paper notices the death of a mule, whose age was known with certainty to be sixty-two years at the time of his death. This is an instance of longevity that is somewhat remarkable.

—The rich have the most meat; the poor have the best appetite. The rich lie the softest; the poor sleep the soundest. The poor have health; the rich have delicacies. The rich hang themselves thro' fear of poverty; the poor (such as always have been poor) laugh and sing.

—If there is anybody under the canvas of heaven that I have in utter exorcence," said Mrs. Partington, "it is the slandering going about like a boy constructor, circulating his calomel upon honest folks." And the old lady sighed at what evil slander had done, and gazed with holding her favorite cat up by its tail.

Daniel Webster on Abolitionism.

Daniel Webster, in the United States Senate, spoke as follows:

"Now, sir, this prejudice has been produced by the incessant attrition of abolition doctrines, by abolition presses, and abolition lectures upon the common mind. No drum head in the longest day's march was ever more incessantly beaten than the feelings of the public in certain parts of the North. They have been beaten every month and every day and every hour by the din and roll and rattle of the abolition presses and abolition lecturers, and that it is which has created these prejudices."

And, again he declared: "I am against agitators North and South. And against all narrow and local contests. I am an American, and I know no locality in America. My heart, my sentiments, my judgment, demand of me that I should pursue such a course as shall promote the good, and the harmony, and the union of the whole country. This I shall do, God willing, to the end of the chapter."

CATCHING BEES.—A simple contrivance has been invented by M. Dagon, of Moret-sur-Loing, in France, for receiving and enclosing bees from the hive, or when swarming. It consists, says the London Bulletin, of an elongated muslin bag, distended on cane hoops, and opening and shutting at the mouth by a running string. The bag being attached to the branch on which the bees are swarming, and the inside rubbed with honey, all the bees will soon make their way to the bottom, when the mouth can be closed and the bees conveyed away in the bag. The same contrivance is applied to abstract the bees from the hive and obtain the honey.

FRESH AIR.—Give your children plenty of fresh air. Let them snuff it until it sends the rosy current of life dancing joyfully to their temples. Air is so cheap, and so necessary with all, that every child should have free access to it. Horace Mann beautifully says, "To put your children on a short allowance of fresh air, is as foolish as it would have been for Noah, during the deluge, to have put his family on a short allowance of water.—Since God has poured out an atmosphere of fifty miles deep, it is enough to make a miser weep to see our children stunted in breath."

The earliest recollection of my life is the calm, blue eye of a devoted mother, as she bent over my couch in infancy and taught me "Our Father which art in Heaven." And often in after life, when my wayward heart would have led me into folly and crime, the glance of that mild eye, the pressure of her soft hand, and the music of her mellow voice, restrained me; and, to-day, my mind calls up no holy joy of my early life in which her memory, like an ever present spirit, does not participate. [Jocelyn.]

GOOD LUCK.—The New Haven Courier says a story of good luck is circulating in Danbury and vicinity, which, if true, is worth noticing. A man, near Fairfield, named Stevens, it is said, lately bid off at an auction sale, for a trifling sum, a package of old papers belonging to his father's estate, among which was found a deed for a soldier's land warrant. Rumor says that the location is where the village of Batesville in Arkansas is now built, and that he has sold his claim to a gentleman of that State for \$48,000.

DIAMOND CEMENT.—To mend marble, wood, china, glass and ornamental ware. Take water 1 gallon, nice glue 3 lbs., white lead 4 oz., alcohol 1 quart. Mix together. Directions.—If it is cold weather, warm the bottle until the cement is dissolved; then with the finger or brush rub it on the broken parts, both edges, put together, and retain in their places until dry.

—An editor had a bottle of London Dock Gin presented to him, and after drinking the whole of it, he wrote an article in substance: "Here's to the ladies and other branches of business (hie) in and around town—and especially to the President's Pressage, Monington Washment etc., all of which may be found cheap at the Durb—(hie) Dook—Brook and Duck store of Old London Dock Jin for \$2 a year if payment (hie) is delayed until the end of the Calantic Table."

—A gentleman went a fishing and among other things hauled up a large sized turtle. To enjoy the surprise of the voracious girl, he put it in her room. The next morning she bounced into the breakfast room with the expression—"Be jabbers, an' I've got the devil!" "What devil?" inquired her master. "What else, sure, but the ball bed-bug that has been eating the childer for the last two months."

—A man in Johnson county, Iowa, sixty-five years of age was recently united in matrimony to a girl of thirteen.