

# The True Northerner.

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## THE ATHEIST.

The fool hath said, "There is no God!"  
No God! Who lights the morning sun,  
And sends him on his heavenly road,  
A far and brilliant course to run?  
Who, when the radiant day is done,  
Holds forth the moon's nocturnal lamp,  
And bids the planets, one by one,  
Steal o'er the night vale dark and damp?

No God! Who gives the evening dew?  
The fanning breeze, the feathering shower?  
Who warms the spring morn's budding bough,  
And plants the summer's noontide flower?  
Who spreads in the autumnal bower  
The fruit trees' mellow stores around,  
And sends the winter's icy power  
To invigorate the exhausted ground?

No God! Who makes the bird to wing  
Its flight like arrow through the sky,  
And gives the deer the power to spring  
From rock to rock triumphantly?  
Who formed Behemoth, huge and high  
That at a draught the river brought  
And great Leviathan to lie,  
Like floating isle, on ocean plains?

No God! Who warms the heart to brave  
With thousand feelings soft and sweet,  
And prompts the aspiring soul to leave  
The earth we tread beneath our feet,  
And soar away on pinions free  
Beyond the scenes of mortal strife,  
With fair, ethereal forms to meet,  
That tell us of the after life?

No God! Who fixed the solid ground  
Of pillars strong that after not?  
Who spread the curtains of the sky  
Who do the ocean bounds allot?  
Who all things to perfection brought  
On earth below, in heaven above?  
Go ask the fool of impious thought  
Who dares to say, "There is no God!"

## SLEEP-WALKING.

No phenomenon in the human economy is calculated to excite so much surprise as that called somnambulism, or in a condition intermediate between sleep and wakefulness. In perfect sleep, all the organs or faculties composing the mind, together with the external senses and the powers of voluntary motion, are in a state of rest or torpor.

Dreaming is a slight approach to wakefulness, seeing that some of the cerebral organs are then in a state of activity, while others are quiescent. In dreaming, the external senses may or may not be in a state of activity. Some people, for example, can be led to dream of particular subjects by the talk of others placed near them when sleeping; while other dreamers are totally insensible to all sounds emitted within the range of their organs of hearing. In ordinary dreaming, too, the powers of voluntary motion are often exercised to a slight extent. A dreamer, under the impression that he is engaged in an active battle, will frequently give a bed-fellow a smart belaboring. Often, also, in cases of common dreaming, the muscles on which the production of the voice depends are set in action, through the instrumentality of that portion of the brain which is not in a quiescent state, and the dreamer mutters, or talks, or cries aloud.

All these partial demonstrations of activity in the external senses, and in the powers of voluntary motion, form an approach to that remarkable state termed somnambulism, in which all or nearly all of the senses, and of the muscles of the body, are frequently in perfect activity, the torpor of a part of the cerebral organs being the only feature rendering the condition different from that of waking life. The degrees in which the preceding characteristics are observable in somnambulism vary, as is natural, in different cases, and the cause of this, as well as of the condition itself, are well and forcibly explained by Mr. Macnish, in his "Anatomy of Sleep." "If we dream that we are walking, and the vision possesses such a degree of vividness and exciting energy as to arouse the muscles of locomotion, we naturally get up and walk. Should we dream that we hear or see, and the impression be so vivid as to stimulate the eyes and ears, or, more properly speaking, those parts of the brain which take cognizance of sights and sounds, then we both see any objects, or hear any sounds, which may occur, just as if we were awake. In some cases, the muscles only are excited, and then we simply walk, without hearing or seeing."

In other cases, for the reasons given, we both walk and see, and in a third variety, we at once walk, see and hear. In the same way, the vocal organs alone may be stimulated, and a person may merely be a sleep-talker; or, under a conjunction of impulses, he may talk, walk, see and hear.

These brief explanations may aid in preventing the reader from being puzzled by the philosophy of this curious condition of the bodily system, or from being disposed to discredit the cases related. The simplest and perhaps least surprising cases are those in which the locomotive powers alone of the body are set in action by the vividness of a dreaming impulse.

The person rises, strikes his head or body against something, and awakes. A leap from bed is also a comparatively common and slight species of somnambulism. In the belief of being compelled to cross a ditch by the pursuit of a bull, a gentleman bounded some time since from bed, and at one spring found himself placed upon a dressing-table which stood a short way from the foot of the bed. A few inches further, and he would have passed through, or at least struck a window. In February, 1868, a gentleman of Baltimore actually walked out of the window in his sleep, falling heavily to the ground, but fortunately escaped with only a sprained ankle. But such cases have little interest in comparison with those in which the somnambulism is not momentary, but of continued duration.

The following case is related by Smellie, in his "Philosophy of Natural History": "Nearly thirty years ago I had an opportunity of examining a striking example of somnambulism. Within a mile of Edinburgh I happened to reside

some time in a farmer's house. Mr. Baird, my landlord, had a servant maid, whose name was Sarah. I was not long there when I learned from the family that Sarah, particularly after receiving an affront, or being angered, was accustomed to rise in her sleep, to go out, and to walk about the fields. My curiosity was excited, and I begged to be informed the first time that Sarah should rise in her sleep.

"A few nights afterward, one of Mr. Baird's sons awoke me, and told me that Sarah had got out of bed. I immediately hastened to the apartment where she slept. When I arrived Mr. and Mrs. Baird, one of their sons, and a servant maid, Sarah's companion, were present. Sarah was in the midst of them. I took my seat by her. She answered any questions that were put to her pretty distinctly; but she always mistook the person who spoke, which gave us an opportunity of assuming any character within the circle of her acquaintance.

"I knew that one of the farmer's servants, whose name was John Porteous, was a lover of hers; and therefore I addressed her in the style which I supposed John might have sometimes done. From that moment she began to scold me, and, in the most peremptory manner, forbade me ever to speak to her again on that topic. The conversation was accordingly changed. I talked of her mistress, who was in the room, because I knew that they had occasional quarrels. Till now, I suspected that the whole was a trick; but for what purpose I could not discover. Sarah, however, abused Mrs. Baird in the harshest terms; she said but the other day she had been accused of stealing and drinking some bottles of ale; that her mistress was suspicious, cruel and narrow-minded. As the mistress of the house was present when these and other opprobrious terms were used, I began to be shaken in my preconceived notion of imposture, and therefore changed the object of my experiments and inquiries. I examined her countenance, and found that her eyes, though open, wild and staring, were not absolutely fixed. I took a pin, and repeatedly pricked her arm; but not a muscle moved, not a symptom of pain was discoverable. At last she became impatient to leave the room, and made several attempts to get out by the door; but that was prevented by the domestics. Perceiving her inability to force the door, she made a sudden spring at the window, and endeavored to throw herself over—which would have been fatal to her. To remove every suspicion of imposture, I desired the people, with proper precautions to prevent harm, to try if she would really precipitate herself from the window. A seemingly free access was left for her escape, which she perceived, and instantly darted with such force and agility, that more than one-half of her body was projected before her friends were aware. They, however, laid hold of her and prevented the dreadful catastrophe.

"She was again prevailed upon, though with much reluctance, to sit down. She soon resumed her former calmness, and freely answered such questions as were put to her. This scene continued for more than an hour. I was perfectly convinced, notwithstanding my original suspicions, that the woman was actuated by strong and natural impulses, and not by any design to deceive.

"I asked if any of the attendants knew how to awaken her. A female servant replied that she did. She immediately went to her, laid hold of Sarah's wrist, forcibly squeezed and rubbed the projecting bones, calling out at the same time, 'Sarah! Sarah!' By this operation Sarah awoke, stared with amazement, looked round, and asked how so many people came to be in her room at so unreasonable an hour. After she was completely awake, I asked her what was the cause of her restless and violent agitation. She replied that she had been dreaming that she was pursued by a furious bull, who was every moment on the point of goring her."

In the preceding case there is one point worthy of especial note, and this is the insensibility of the girl to pain when her arm was repeatedly pricked. As will be shown afterward, this is a phenomenon which has recently thrown quite a novel interest over somnambulism, and made it a subject of greater importance.

The somnambulist in Smellie's case had not apparently the perfect power of vision. She did not, or could not, recognize the persons about her, yet she saw a window, and would have leaped through it, knowing that a passage was practicable. The true condition of the vision in somnambulism is indeed the point most difficult to comprehend. The boy who, according to the common story, rose in his sleep and took a nest of young eagles from a dangerous precipice, must have received the most accurate accounts of external objects from his visual organs, and must have been able to some extent to reason upon them, else he could never have overcome the difficulties of the ascent. He dreamed of taking away the nest, and to his great surprise found it beneath his bed in the morning in the spot where he only thought himself to have put it in imagination.

The strange feat of a young man in Cleveland, Ohio, in September, 1868, shows similar vision and reason in sleep. Just at daybreak he was seen walking up and down the ridge of the roof. After this he descended the sloping side to the gutter, near which hung the branch of a tree. To this he leaped with the ease of a cat, crept along the bough, and descended by the trunk to the sidewalk. On reaching the ground he stared around wildly, and set off at a run, but was pur-

sued and overtaken after two blocks' chase, being sound asleep when reached. The following case, mentioned by Mr. Macnish, is scarcely less wonderful. It occurred near one of the towns on the Irish coast. About 2 o'clock in the morning, the watchmen on the revenue quay were much surprised at describing a man disporting himself in the water, about a hundred yards from the shore. Intimation having been given to the revenue boat's crew, they pushed off and succeeded in picking him up; but, strange to say, he had no idea whatever of his perilous situation, and it was with the utmost difficulty they could persuade him he was not still in bed. But the most singular part of this novel adventure was, that the man had left his house at 12 o'clock that night, and walked through a distance of nearly two miles, and had actually swum one mile and a half when he was fortunately discovered and picked up.

"The state of madness gives us, by analogy, the best explanation of the condition of these climbers and swimmers. With one or more organs or portions of his brain diseased, and the rest sound, the insane person has the perfect use of his external senses, yet may form perfect conclusions regarding many things around him. The somnambulist, with his senses in activity, but with some of his cerebral organs in a torpid state, is in much the same position as regards his power of forming right judgments on all that he hears and sees.

The story of the sleeping swimmer is borne out by a statement from an indisputable authority, Dr. Benjamin Franklin. The Doctor relates that on one occasion, while bathing in a hot salt-water bath, he fell asleep, and floated on his back in that state for nearly an hour, as his watch testified to him.

Sometimes, in the case of a person liable to somnambulism, it is possible to direct the thoughts of the dreamer to any given subject, by acting on the external senses. Smellie, the writer already quoted, gives the subjoined instance: "Mr. Thomas Parkinson, then a student of medicine in the University of Edinburgh, was accustomed to talk and answer questions in his sleep. This fact was known to his companions. To amuse ourselves, two of us went gently into his chamber while he was asleep. We knew that he was in love with a young lady in Yorkshire, the place of his nativity. We whispered her name repeatedly in his ear. He soon began to toss about his hands and to speak incoherently. He gradually became more calm and recollected; his imagination took the direction we intended. He thought he was stationed under the lady's window, and repeatedly upbraided her for not appearing and speaking to him, as she had so often done on former occasions. At last he became impatient, started up, laid hold of books, shoes and everything he could easily grasp. Thinking his mistress was asleep, he threw these articles against the opposite wall of his chamber. By what he said, we learned that his imaginary scene lay in a street, and that he was darting the books and shoes at the lady's window in order to awake her. She, however, did not appear, and, after tiring himself with frequent exertions, he went quietly into bed without waking. His eyes were nearly shut, and although he freely conversed with us, he did not seem to perceive that any person was present with him. Next day we told him what had happened, but he said that he had only a faint recollection of dreaming about his mistress."

It is consistent with our own knowledge that many country surgeons, who ride much by night, and pursue a most laborious life generally, sleep perfectly well on horseback. This, however, although a position in which the bodily motion is not entirely passive, is not properly somnambulism.

Perhaps the most perfect sleep-walkers were Sir John Moore's soldiers, many of whom, in the disastrous and fatiguing retreat to Corunna, were observed to fall asleep on the march, and yet to go on, step by step, with their waking companions. Many tradesmen have been known to get up by night and work for a time at their usual employments, without being at all aware in the morning of what they had done. Gall mentions a miller who did this.

One of the most extraordinary cases of this order, however, is that of a student of divinity at Bordeaux, who was accustomed to rise in the night-time, and to read and write without the use of his eyes. This case is stated in the French "Encyclopedia," under the word *Noctambule*, and is attested by the Archbishop of Bordeaux. This prelate, in order to test the young man, interposed an obstacle between his eyes and the paper on which he was reading or writing; but he read and wrote with equal facility and equal accuracy as before. Macnish, who repeats this story, does not mention the fact of the eyes not being used, though this is the most marvelous feature in the case. The reading may not have been aloud, and may only have been apparent; but, as for the writing accurately without the use of the eyes, this was certainly a feat which few waking persons could have accomplished. In addition to these cases, many others might be gathered, and particularly from Mr. Macnish's "Anatomy of Sleep;" but that book is so accessible that it is enough to refer to it for further information. We shall only mention one other case which is there given. It is that Dr. Blacklock, who, "on one occasion, rose from bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where his family were assembled, conversed with them, and afterward en-

tained them with a pleasant song, without any of them suspecting he was awake, and without his retaining, after he awoke, the least recollection of what he had done." Being blind, his family would have the more difficulty in discovering his unusual condition.

A curious case occurred in St. Louis a few years ago. A lively young fellow, who was a confirmed somnambulist, dreamed that he had filled his friend's boots with water. He jumped out of bed, and, in his sleep, actually carried out his practical joke, going to the water-pitcher and pouring the water into each boot till he filled it to the brim, without spilling a drop. Then, with a pleased expression, he replaced the pitcher and returned to his bed. On awaking in the morning he was utterly unconscious of what he had done.

Somnambulism, or the tendency of it, most commonly arises from causes not apparent or discoverable. Where it occurs in persons not accustomed to exhibit any such propensity, some disorder of the digestive functions may be suspected, and the restoration of these functions to a healthy state may put a stop to the practice. But in confirmed cases nothing can be done but to keep the doors, bar the windows, and keep dangerous objects or instruments out of the way, or a cord may be affixed to the bedpost and the arm of the sleep-walker. As a general rule, the somnambulist should be taken to bed before being awakened.

## Boy Suicides.

A YOUTH HANGS HIMSELF BECAUSE HIS FORTUNE HAD BEEN SQUANDERED.

James M. Fair, a lad of fifteen years, a member of the family of Mr. Tyler Watts, living in Union avenue, Jamaica, hanged himself on Friday. Some years ago his father died at Stewart's Run, Pa., leaving young Fair \$17,000.

This was invested in bonds, and was in charge of an uncle. His mother contracted a second marriage. The uncle having occasion to go to Europe, and the stepfather appearing trustworthy, the securities were placed in charge of the latter. While the uncle was away the mother died, and Mr. Tyler Watts, who had married the mother's sister, took the boy into his family. It was found that the stepfather had been squandering the fortune entrusted to his keeping, and before Mr. Watts could stop it by appeal to the law about \$15,000 was irretrievably gone. It is believed that this loss preyed upon the boy's mind, as he is represented to have been very fond of money. It is understood that he, some days ago, made an attempt to hang himself, but failed in consequence of the too great length of the rope. He had repeatedly told schoolmates that he intended to commit suicide either by shooting or hanging.

On this occasion his preparations were very carefully made. He went into the coal house, a few steps from the back door of the main house, placed a door upon the top of some coal and wood, and arranging some wood on the top of this door, laid another door above this, making a scaffold. He then tied a strip of bed-ticking over a beam, making a noose at the other end, which he placed around his neck, and then jumped off the improvised scaffold—having a fall of about a foot. Some of the inmates of the house hearing a noise looked through the coal-house door and discovered the suspended body, with the legs and arms twisting convulsively. He was cut down as soon as possible and carried into the house, and restoratives were applied, but all in vain. Coroner Henderson impaneled a jury, and the verdict was "deliberate suicide."

Young Fair was a very handsome lad, disposed to be self-willed, and represented to be somewhat wild. It is said, in evidence of the fact that the hanging was not accidental and the result of a foolish experiment, as some supposed, that only a few days ago he had some cards printed, having on them only his name, which he distributed among his mates to remember him by, saying that he intended to kill himself.

## Another Boy Hangs Himself.

Charles Titus, aged sixteen years, in the employ of Nathaniel Phillips, of Harbortown, Mercer county, N. J., committed suicide by hanging himself in his employer's barn, on Friday. The lad had been in unusual good spirits all day, and Mr. Phillips left him ploughing in the field while he took a drive to Lambertville. When he returned he found the boy's body.—*New York Sun.*

## Women will be Women.

There were many spirit-stirring incidents in the session of the centennial suffrage sisters on yesterday. Nothing, for instance, could have exceeded the effect upon the audience of Miss Anthony's noble forbearance when she declared that, for her part, she would counsel no mob violence on the part of the women in the assertion of their rights; rather than that, she would willingly work and wait for justice for another hundred years. Equally effective, though possibly a trifle inconsistent, was the generous concession of the sisters to the tyrant man, when, after exhausting the resources of the feminine vocabulary of vilification upon his defenseless head, they politely borrowed his hat to pass around for contributions. Miss Anthony might have used her centennial sun-bonnet for the occasion, or gathered the "stamps" in her apron; but to show that the gentle spirit of forgiveness still reigns in the bosoms of the suffragists, and that they love whom they chasten, they just seized upon the most convenient piece of masculine head-gear and permitted the tyrant to help fill it for them.—*Chicago Times.*

## LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT.

The Truth About the Black Hills—"Tell the Boys to Stay at Home."

[From the Cleveland Herald.]

At last we have received a genuine letter from the Black Hills. Our correspondent is a Millersburg man who was sent out to the Black Hills by a company at Scranton, Pa., to ascertain the exact facts. His letter is dated at Custer City, on French creek, which he says has 332 houses built or under construction. Eight of these are frame and the remainder of hewed logs, about ten feet high and roofed with poles laid close covered with dirt about a foot deep. About 3,000 persons are on this creek, which is a valley about a quarter of a mile wide, with a small, winding stream having scarcely a perceptible current, sometimes above and sometimes under ground. The bed rock of the valley is about twenty feet beneath the surface. At the top of the soil the finest particles of gold are found, but nothing more until the bed rock is reached, and then from "color" up to one dollar, by scraping the rock. The yield is more frequently the tenth part of a cent than over. Nothing has yet been discovered that will pay the miner's board. There is a good deal of mica rock. Three sawmills have been built but no market can be found for the lumber, which is offered at twenty-five dollars per thousand for pine lumber. The logs will average twenty inches and cut two twelve-foot logs to the tree.

Hill City, on Spring creek, has 120 log or pole houses, of which about a score are finished, and the remainder abandoned after the sides were up. Only about thirty persons remain in the place, and not a dozen miners are making their board. A large amount of work was begun and abandoned. The bed rock is about thirty-two feet wide, with but little gold. Cassel, Rosewood, Deadwood and Whitewood creeks and Bear Gulch—streams running north some hundred and fifty miles—have all been thoroughly prospected, and but little gold found, or diggings that will pay a miner's board.

No snow exists to interfere with mining. Timber on the hills is of a better quality than in the valleys. The hills, instead of being a regular chain of snow-capped mountains, appear like a knot or snarl of detached and twisted elevations. Some break forth and run along a valley for about a mile, when the hills close in and the water disappears. Few valleys have water on the surface.

He says there are hundreds in the hills, "hardy and stout, with willing hands to work, who are begging to work for their board. It is heart-rending to meet old and tried miners, with from five to fifteen years' experience, who have spent from six to eight months in the hills and have not made enough to buy a pair of boots to cover their feet." He believes there are good quartz leads and some few placer diggings, but to take it as a whole he thinks there will be twenty dollars spent for every dollar taken out. The result of his experience has been the disbanding of his company and a report to those who sent him that they had better stay home.

The writer gives an unfavorable report of the attitude of the Indians. He says he helped to bury two men that were killed by the Indians on the Cheyenne route. Our correspondent dined with a prospector, and two days afterward his dinner companion was shot by Indians and his wagon and harness burned. The traveler, when he goes into camp, begins by throwing up rifle-pits for defense. Five men from Lamars, Iowa, were attacked, and after two hours' fight, in which they were all wounded, were compelled to leave their wagons with \$3,400 worth of goods and 1,500 cartridges in the hands of the Indians. Two men sitting on their mules in Deadwood creek were shot down by Indians, and one on Cassel creek. Custer's expedition is looked upon as the cause of all the trouble. Everything is very high in the hills, and the Indians threaten to cut off all further supplies and then drive out the miners.

The conclusion of the letter is brief and to the point. We commend it to those who indulge in dreams of shouldering their picks and digging out a fortune in the Black Hills—"Tell the boys to stay at home."

## "Strict Discipline."

The steamer Crocus has landed 850 Chinamen in San Francisco. On the passage they were horribly ill-treated. The captain of the vessel, when questioned, churlishly remarked that "strict discipline" had been enforced. He said: "The fellows would be continually coming on deck, and wouldn't go below when ordered. So to make them go without too much violence I got some long poker made, which I kept in the furnace red hot all the time. It operated like a charm. When the Chinamen would get obstreperous all I had to do was to order out my poker men, when they would scamper below very quickly. I did not have to touch the same one twice I can tell you." The captain laughed, says the reporter, as though remembering some ludicrous incident. The Chinamen thus kept crowded beneath the decks must have suffered terribly, and upon that point the captain said: "Most of the trouble we had on the trip was when the fellows were below. I turned hot water over them once or twice, but generally all that was necessary was to fire a revolver over their heads. They are a cowardly set, and heartily afraid of a revolver." The prejudice against Chinamen is so strong in California that the captain's brutality is not censured there.

## DON'T DRINK TO-NIGHT.

I left my mother at the door,  
My sister by her side,  
Their clasped hands and loving looks  
Forbade their doubts to hide,  
I left, and met with courtesies gay,  
When the moon brought out her light,  
And my loving mother whispered me,  
"Don't drink, my boy, to-night."

Long years have rolled away since then  
My jolly curts are gray,  
But oh! those words are with me yet  
And will not pass away,  
I see my mother's loving face,  
With goodness, radiant light,  
And hear her words ring in my ears,  
"Don't drink, my boy, to-night."

My mother is now resting sweet  
In the graveyard on the hill;  
But her kind words come back to me  
And haunt my memory still;  
I've often, often passed the cup,  
Oh! then my heart was rife,  
Because I've heard the warning words—  
"Don't drink, my boy, to-night."

I've now passed down the road of life,  
And soon my race is run;  
A mother's warning listened to,  
An immortal crown is won.  
Oh, mothers, with your blessed smiles,  
Look on your boys so bright,  
And say, as you alone can say—  
"Don't drink, my boy, to-night."

These words will prove a warning, when  
In the thorny path of life,  
The boy is in the tempter's wiles,  
And warring in the strife,  
They words will stop the morning cup,  
And revelry at night,  
By whispering back a mother's voice—  
"Don't drink, my boy, to-night."

## Pith and Point.

A BEAU KNOT IS EASIER TO UNTIE.

A HASTY MAN NEVER WANTS WOE.

TRIFLES light as hair are eagerly seized upon by a baldheaded man.

DEEP thinkers—visitors in a coal mine, thinking if they will get out alive.

Now that we have the bright silver in circulation, let no one go to "stocking" it up.

The flower born to rise mused in the flour which rises in the baking-pan during the night.

According to the poet, "Morn awakes the world," but, according to other good authorities, a baby with colic does it.

LAVATER thought that your real self is an average somewhere between the opinions of your enemies and your friends.

It is said the stomachs of persons living on the sea-coast, where oysters and clams are abundant, rise and fall with the tide.

"A ROMISH LICTOR," said Bates, whose historical information comes by detail on the fly, "a Roman licitor! Well I s'pose she deserved it. No one but the Roman knows."

It takes a servant twice as long to bang the stove and scuttle, while putting coal on the grate, if you are trying to talk to somebody than if you are not. He does it for revenge.

An undertaker at Providence didn't know whether a subject was dead or in a fit. He boxed him up to settle the question, but the man kicked his way out and then boxed the undertaker.

They think a good deal of their pigeons in Cambridge, Mass. A boy has just been sentenced to eight years in a reformatory for stealing four. Two years per pigeon.

ECONOMY is a good thing to have around the house, but the police of Rochester are making it sad for the man who befeels his sick cow when told that she would never see another sun rise.

"BROTHER, why don't you ask the stranger to pray?" "Because," reprovingly observed the deacon, "this ain't no place for practical jokes. That man's the president of a gas company."

AFTER all the talk, neither Miss Kellogg, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., White law Reid or Anna Dickinson, seem any nearer marriage than they were at the beginning of the century.—*Chicago Journal.*

An auctioneer, disposing of some articles, and complaining of the lowness of the price, said: "Gentlemen, if I sell any more at that money I'll get my head in my hand." Whereupon a weaver present observed, "It'll no burden ye, my man; it's gay light."

In the Tamnton lunatic asylum there is a patient who for one year refused to eat, and down whose throat were poured three quarts of milk daily during that time. On the last of the 365 days he said, "Well, it's just one year since I've been willing to eat. Now I guess I'll eat like other folks," and he did.

We passed the window the other evening, and they were having a little family jar. She called him "an old fool," and he called her "a teakettle." "You're a teakettle," he roared, vehemently; "you'll sing pleasantly one minute and boil over the next." We didn't stay to hear more.

It is an edifying spectacle to see a cartman calmly smoking his pipe on the top of a load of household goods, his feet quietly reposing on the finest painting, or the new clock, while the head of the family sneaks along the fence with a market basket on his arm filled with old china and the silver spoons.

HENRY is woman's rights! Two hundred women of Guilford, Conn., turned out Wednesday, with hoes, rakes, spades and wheelbarrows, and cleaned up the village green in regular housekeeper style, while the men sat around grinning and whittling dry-goods boxes, and trying to look as though they were not ashamed.

A DUBLIN woman, jealous of her husband, threatened to drown herself in a tub of water that stood on the porch. "You dare not hold your head in it until I touch you," said the man. The excited woman at once plunged her head in the water. The husband waited too long, for when he drew her back she was dead.