The Eaton Weekly Democrat.

EO. W. MEHAFFEY, Proprietor and Publisher. "PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN." Two Dollars per Annum in Advanc

VOL. V.—NO. 11. EATON, OHIO, THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1870. WHOLE NO. 219.

POETRY.

HER CHIGNON ON MY SHOULDER.

One dark and dreary winter day,
When snow-drifts fast were melting,
And 'gainst the window's dewy pane
The rainy flakes were pelting,
Beneath the bright gas' genial blaze,
As outer blasts grew colder,
I was seated by my Maggie's side,
With her *chignon* on my shoulder!

I heeded not the storm without—
Within the sun was shining;
The clouds of life were lifted, then
I saw the silver lining;—
And as my darling sweetly smiled,
My throbbing heart grew bolder;
I dreamed, as I had never dreamed,
With her *chignon* on my shoulder.

I dreamed of riches and of fame
Acquired by honest labor;
A name to live when I am gone,
And wealth to help my neighbor;—
I dreamed, too, of a happy home,
Where growing old and older,
Her little hand clasped close in mine,
Her *chignon* on my shoulder.

The tide of years will bear us on;
Our paths are undiverging;
No frosts of time can blast the bud,
Nor freeze the love that's singing;
And not until each heart-throb ceases,
And dust to dust shall molder,
Shall I forget the blissful time
Her *chignon* pressed my shoulder.

—*Philadelphia Dispatch.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THROUGH THE BARS OF A CELL.

COURTEOUS READER:—I am the inmate of a State Prison. Do not be astonished, my friend, at being addressed by such a being. I can assure you I am a special convict, and, perhaps, some of these days when I am free, you may encounter my veritable self in the bosom of your social circle. If your curiosity is awakened, I will breathe to you through the gratings of my cell my eventful history. It is a strange one, respected friend. Indeed I make bold to say that a stranger one was never breathed into your ear.

I had an only brother. We had been brought up in a distant village, in the State of Pennsylvania. Our father died when my younger brother was born, leaving my mother very poor. She brought us up bravely, however. I being the eldest, was sent off at an early age to fight the battle of life, and, while helping myself, to do something toward helping others. With this noble purpose in my mind I made rapid progress, and finally had the hardihood to set off to New York, rightly imagining that there were the greatest prizes for an ambitious youth. Full of the most ardent affection for my mother, I tried to make everything turn to my own advancement. I felt as though every act of my life had an effect upon their fortunes. This feeling so inspired me that self-denial was not only easy, but delightful. Feeling as I did, that all my savings benefited them so greatly, how could I do otherwise than save?

I was extremely fortunate in New York. My last employers in the country gave me letters to one of the chief merchants in that city. He received me kindly. Finding out my industrious and saving habits, he speedily promoted me. Year by year he added to my salary. At length, after years of labor, I found myself, at the age of twenty-five, the confidential clerk of my employer, with a large salary, and the control of millions.

Some years before I had conceived the idea of giving my brother a good education. My brother was to me more like a son than anything else. His nature was widely different from mine. I was bold, resolute and daring; he was gentle, poetical, and full of sentiment. I was stern, practical and independent; he was quiet, reliant and meditative. I was formed for a life of warfare and action; he for a life of study and meditation.

He went to college. His progress was remarkable; he was at the head in everything; he graduated with the highest honors. I saw him at the final exhibition when he obtained his degree. I admired and applauded more than any one else my young brother. In truth, as he stood there with his fragile form, his pale face, his eye beaming with the light of genius, he was worthy of all the admiration I had to bestow. I have his portrait now with me. It resembles the poet Shelley more than any face that I have ever seen.

My brother went home, and, as I supposed, studied for his profession. I corresponded always with my mother. My brother was always irregular in letter-writing, and I never thought much of not hearing from him. I soon became troubled, however, at learning that he was unwell. I recommended a trip across the ocean and a tour through Europe, and offered to pay his expenses. After this offer I waited anxiously to learn the effect. I did not hear from home for nearly a month. I grew very anxious, and thought seriously of paying them a visit. Since my departure, fifteen years before, I had never been home, and had only met my relatives on their visits to me at New York.

One day on going to the office I found a telegraphic dispatch. The words of that dispatch have burned themselves into my memory:

"Your brother is dying! Come home!" It was a stranger's name. Great God! my brother dying! A stranger, too, telegraphing to me! What meant all this? Was my mother also dying?

I never closed my eyes for three days and three nights, nor did I eat a mouthful until I came in sight of my native town in Pennsylvania. I waited for two hours trying to overcome my agitation created by fasting and want of sleep. Ordinarily nothing ruffled me; but now I was as weak as a child. I walked up the main street. I came within sight of the old familiar cottage. The blinds were all down. Great Heaven! I was not prepared for such a blow. I dreaded the worst. The worst had come. A stranger opened the door—a stranger stared at me. I recognized much of the old furniture with which my mother would not part. I saw my brother's portrait hanging in the hall.

"Are they in?" I gasped out, not knowing what I said.

No one recognized me. I did not wish to be recognized. Fearful of being an object of vulgar pity, I had determined to act as a stranger. So, with all the calmness that I could muster, I asked after my mother by name. Then the blow fell. The woman at the door spoke solemnly:

"She's dead, Sir."

"Hadn't she a son?" I asked, with a frightful attempt at indifference.

"Yes, Sir—his death broke her down. She died next day."

"Unfortunate people!"

"Ah yes, Sir. There's never been a death in the village so unfortunate. Especially poor Henry, Sir. He was a great favorite."

"I used to know a brother of his in New York. Does he know about this?"

"Ah, Sir, I don't know. It'll be a sad blow for him."

"How did it happen?"

"Won't you walk in, sir? and I'll tell you."

"No, thank you. It's so close. I'm hot; I'll sit here."

I sank into a seat by the cottage door. The woman told me all. Her story was simply this:

When Henry came home from college he was the pride and boast of the village. People sought his acquaintance who before had overlooked him, and his learning and genius won the regards and admiration of all. Among the young ladies of the place there was one from Philadelphia who appeared to be greatly struck by my brother. She belonged to one of the first families in that city, and was exceedingly beautiful. Her beauty, however, was only in appearance. Strange to say, with the utmost loveliness of form and features, she combined a hardness of heart and a selfishness of nature frightful to contemplate. She only sought my brother for the sake of making a conquest of the talented young villager. As to love or marriage, she would have laughed at the idea. Her aspirations were far higher than that. By the utmost artfulness, and by the exceeding charm which she was capable of displaying, she completely overcome my brother. With all the intoxication of genius he surrendered himself to her power. With him to love was to give up his soul, his life, his all. It was no light or transitory matter. It was the most serious thing on earth. As to her, he never doubted her sincerity.

At last he woke from his dream, and only awaked—to die. He spoke to her once about his feelings. She treated him cruelly. When sure of his affections she began to try to torture him with jealousy. On his remonstrating, she turned him away forever with a withering sneer. He was stunned at first, but afterward thought it a mistake. He sought her out again, and implored her to tell him truly. This time her calm contempt was unmistakable; he saw her as she was. Had he possessed my strong nature he would have survived this shock. The woman does not live who could kill me by a disappointment. But my brother was a gentle soul. When his heart broke, he died. And so he yielded to this blow.

All can be told in a few words. My mother, horrified, startled, overwhelmed, by this most unlooked-for calamity, and gentle in nature like my brother, sank like him under the sudden stroke.

"And now," concluded the woman, "they both lie buried beside her husband."

All the time she spoke I did not utter a word.

As she ceased I rose slowly, murmured "Thank you," and staggered away. Instinctively I wandered to the burying-ground. I knew well where they lay. I soon stood before their newly-made grave—two twin mounds containing all that I cared for on earth—the treasured objects of a lifetime's labor—the ones for whose happiness I had been a slave! And they had come to this!

I spent the night there. I brooded over plans of vengeance. If they were crushed by a blow, I rose under mine and heard their cry for vengeance coming even from the tomb. I had that woman's name. She had, under the outward beauty of her fiendish soul, killed my mother and brother. She should suffer! But how? This was the meditation of the night. I took long strides up and down as I paced beside the graves, and before the dawn I had decided.

My scheme was one of grandeur. You seldom hear of such schemes. People generally find it difficult to take revenge because they are too anxious to take care of themselves. Now, I cared nothing for myself. My sole desire was for vengeance. For that desire I was ready to sacrifice every thing.

I started for New York immediately, and arrived there as soon as possible. The head of our house was living at that time up the Hudson. He left every thing to me. My measures were all taken. I wrote to him informing him that I was going to Europe to see about some British funds that were endangered. I drew on England for those funds to the amount of two million dollars, and then left the office. But I did not go to England. I calmly returned to my own lodgings, where I wrote some letters. These were letters of introduction to the chief people in the United States from the leading aristocracy of Great Britain. With these I knew I could have the *entree* of any society. I started for Philadelphia, and put up at the first hotel in the place. I lavished my money with a liberal hand, ordered the servants peremptorily, and acted like an eccentric nobleman. On the books of the hotel I wrote the name, "Henry Lord Arlington."

On my card there was the same name, and over it a neatly-engraved crest. This nobleman I was personally acquainted with. He had large dealings with our house, and all his circumstances were well known to me. On the following day I saw the following in the principal paper:

"DISTINGUISHED STRANGER.—Yesterday a distinguished nobleman arrived at the —— Hotel. He is Henry Lord Arlington, and is related to the leading English nobility. He comes to this country to study our institutions, and see the wonders of nature in which our land is so rich. His father is the Earl of Sunderland, to which he is heir. When we state that his Lordship has an income of about a million dollars a year, and is a gay young bachelor of twenty-five, we think we have said enough to turn the heads of all the young belles in the city."

I was soon waited on by the chief people in the city. I bore letters of introduction to them, and met with an eager welcome. My stately manners, my calmness and self-reliance won me respect. I was shortly the lion of the city. I soon encountered my victim.

Isabel Nevers, for this was her name, was the daughter of one of the old families. Her father was a man full of self importance and absurd conceit. He prided himself on being the son of an American officer, and cultivated his lofty feeling of arrogance to a ridiculous extent. His daughter was worthy of him. Hard, cold, and selfish. She was only attractive in outline and feature. The feeling of ambition and self-importance overruled all other sentiments. Love she could not feel. Marriage she looked upon as a speculation. She sought a husband only for the sake of wealth and social influence. Wealth and Position were her gods.

I saw with exultation how readily she fell into the snare I spread for her. No sooner had she seen me than she exerted all her arts to win me. And I—never did any lover appear half so intoxicated as I. The reader can foresee the end. The newspapers announced it:

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—It is stated that Lord Arlington is about to lead to the hymeneal alter the daughter of one of our most distinguished citizens. If this be so, we venture to say that the Court of St. James will have no brighter ornament than Miss Nevers."

All this transpired in about a fortnight. The marriage was settled upon. I showed to old Nevers my banker's authority to draw on England for millions. I made deeds of settlement to my bride of estates and lands. I lavished my wealth with a liberal hand. She held instruments with my signature to the extent of millions.

On the evening before our marriage I wrote off to my old employer, anonymously:

"SIR: The young man in whom you place confidence is a scoundrel. He is now not in Europe but Philadelphia, with forged letters bearing the name of Lord Arlington. Do not despise this, but come yourself to Philadelphia. Learn all, and save yourself from Ruin—"

We were married. It was the most magnificent wedding ever known in Philadelphia. All the *elite* of the city were present. Such splendor, such display, had never before been seen.

Three days passed. One morning a loud and peremptory knock was heard at the door. I had been living with my wife at Mr. Nevers's, in seclusion, preparatory to taking her to the aristocratic connections of her noble husband. The crisis approached. Well, I had nerve for any thing. The servant opened the door. Loud voices sounded in the hall. My wife stepped to the door and hurried back. She was white as a sheet.

"Ha, ha!" she exclaimed, nervously; "they want Lord Arlington. They say he's an *imposter*."

"An impostor! Well, that is good!" I cried, gayly.

"I must see him," cried a loud voice.

"Well, it's getting better and better!" I exclaimed; and springing up, I went to the door.

I saw my late employer. He started back.

"Well my good man can I do anything for you?" My calmness, my hauteur, my impudence, were beyond description.

"Edward," said he, "has it come to this? Confess all, and I'll forgive you."

Had not my heart been beyond the reach of pity, his tones would have melted me. But I calmly gazed at him.

"My dear sir, you are laboring under some strange delusion," I said. "Do I resemble any one whom you know?"

"You will not confess, then?" he exclaimed, sternly confronting me. "Then, officer, I leave him to you."

He turned away. I felt myself seized by officers, with a warrant, and carried away. My employer was no man to be trifled with. He had proofs against me too strong to slight, and he held me to bail to such a vast amount that I could not get bonds. I had to go to prison.

On the following day the papers were full of it. To add to the excitement, I wrote a confession of my misdeeds, which was circulated everywhere. It was a terrific blow to the Neverses and my wife.

I sent for my employer. I told him all. I handed him back the draft for millions I had only used it to show. The money I had spent was all my own—the savings of years. None of it had gone to my wife, however. I had made her presents of jewels, but they all turned out to be paste. My employer forgave me. He had not lost a cent through me. He shook hands warmly.

"God bless you, my poor boy!" he cried. "Your desire for revenge has misled you. May you be forgiven as I forgive you!"

He exerted himself for me, but could do nothing. My offense had been too great. I was sentenced to five years' solitary imprisonment.

Here I am now. My wife has never been near me. I hear she and her father went to California. Perhaps she has married again. If so, I wish her joy. But if she has, when I get out of prison, I'll track her and make her give her new husband up again.

Courteous reader, through the bars of his cell a felon wishes you adieu.

Grandmother's Spectacles.

THEY had done good work in their day. They were large and round, so that when she saw a thing she saw it. There was a crack across the upper part of the glass, for many a baby had made them a plaything, and all the grandchildren had at some time tried them on. They had sometimes been so dimmed with tears that she had to take them off and wipe them upon her apron before she could see through them at all. Her "second sight" had now come, and she would often let her glasses slip down, and then look over the top of them while she read. Grandmother was pleased at this return of her vision. Getting along so well without them, she often lost her spectacles. Sometimes they would be for weeks untouched on the shelf, in the red morocco case, the flap uplifted. She could now look off upon the hills, which for thirty years she had not been able to see from the piazza. Those were mistaken who thought she had no poetry in her soul. You could see it in the way she put her hand under the chin of a primrose or cultivated the geranium. Sitting on the piazza one evening, in her rocking chair, she saw a ladder of cloud set up against the sky, and thought how easy it would be for a spirit to climb it. She saw, in the deep glow of the sunset, a chariot of fire, drawn by horses of fire, and wondered who rode it. She saw a vapor floating thinly away, as though it were a wing ascending, and grandmother uttered in a low tone: "A vapor that appeareth for a little season, and then vanisheth away." She saw a hill, higher than any she had ever before seen on the horizon, and on the top of it a king's castle. The motion of the rocking-chair became slighter, until it stopped. The spectacles fell out of her lap. A child hearing it, ran to pick them up, and cried: "Grandmother, what is the matter?" She answered not. She never spoke again. Second sight had come! Her vision had grown better and better. What she could not see now was not worth seeing. Not now through a glass, darkly! Grandmother had no more need of spectacles!—*Rev. Thomas De Witt Talmage.*

A Stupid Witness.

Those who are in the habit of attending police and other courts must have observed the difficulty under which the lawyers and Judges labor sometimes in getting witnesses to testify in legal form. The following, which recently took place at a Cincinnati court, is an amusing and perfect example: A man had been caught in the act of theft, and pleaded in extenuation that he was drunk:

Court (to the policeman who was witness).

"What did the man say when you arrested him?"

Witness. "He said he was drunk."

Court. "I want his precise words, just as he uttered them; he didn't use the pronoun *he*, did he? He didn't say '*he* was drunk.'"

Witness. "Oh, yes, he did—he said he was drunk; he acknowledged the corn."

Court (getting impatient at the witness' stupidity). "You don't understand me at all; I want the words as he uttered them; didn't he say, 'I was drunk?'"

Witness (deprecatingly). "Oh, no, your Honor. He didn't say *you* was drunk; I wouldn't allow any man to charge that upon you in my presence."

Prosecutor. "Pahaw, you don't comprehend at all. His Honor means, did not the prisoner say to you, '*I* was drunk?'"

Witness (reflectively). "Well, he might have said *you* was drunk, but I didn't hear him."

Attorney for the prisoner. "What the Court desires is to have you state the prisoner's own words, preserving the precise form of pronoun that he made use of in reply. Was it the 1st person, I, the 2d person, thou, or the third person, he, she or it? Now, then, sir (with severity), upon your oath, didn't my client say, '*I* was drunk?'"

Witness (getting mad). "No, he didn't say *you* was drunk either, but if he had, I reckon he wouldn't a lied any. Do you 'spose the poor fellow charged this whole court with being drunk?"

THE DOOR.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

Casting about for a theme, the door seems to afford a very good opening for an article. We don't recollect seeing anything written on the door, not since we were startled by seeing "Small-pox" written on one in an obscure portion of the city.

The door is about as old as architecture itself, and we are inclined to believe was invented before windows were, though that is a disputed point. It is our opinion that house architecture began with the door. In the early days when people lived out of doors (and out of almost everything else), it occurred to one of those uneasy individuals of inventive minds, who are constantly disturbing the calm placidity of the world with new-fangled ideas, that a door would be a good thing to have. Sleeping in a ten-acre lot, for instance, of a stormy night, it would be so comfortable to have a door to his lot; and what a sense of security would be afforded when he went away from home, to know that the door was locked!

This, of course, excited the envy of his neighbors, who slept in lots adjoining, and who began to repine at their lot. Some said he was putting on airs; others that he was unduly suspicious of his neighbors, and they asked him tauntingly why he didn't put a number on it and have a door-plate; in fact, they slammed that door in his face continually. Then another individual of an inventive turn set himself to work to get up an improvement on the door, and thus vitiate his patent, just as men do nowadays when a fellow thinks he has got a good thing. There are several things we have thought of inventing, only we knew if we did an improvement would come out the next day that would knock our patent higher than a kite.

This other man hit it at length; he took a door and built a house to it! and doors have been constructed in that manner ever since. We give this theory for what it is worth (writing as we do, by the column), but it is probably as correct theorizing as much that is indulged in concerning the early origin of matters and things. Windows, of course, followed doors, for it was natural for people to want a window to look out of when the door bell was rung late at night, to see who was there. Or, perhaps, before the inventing of windows, some man laboring under delirium tremens wanted a place to jump out of, and thus realized the incompleteness of the house of the period, supplying the deficiency so soon as he recovered.

It is not with the window that we are now dealing, as we shall reserve that for another able article; we are, metaphorically, knocking at the door.

The door is more intimately associated with our every-day life than one would think, if he didn't think anything about it. How cold and forbidding to some, and how slow to respond to their knock, while to others it wears a face as genial and inviting as that of an old friend, and at their approach flies open like lovers' arms inviting to warmest embrace. Dark and stern it scowls from within its portals upon the houseless wanderer, who gazes sadly and pleadingly in its face as he half pauses on the sidewalk, and then creeps falteringly by; but there is radiance in its look, and a welcome in its creak when the loved and honored are invited to enter.

In the olden times it was usual for the wealthy and hospitable to decorate their doors with ribbons and banners, and above the door they sometimes inscribed a sentence, as "The Good House," or the name of the king who had honored the owner with office and emoluments. There are inscriptions now, but they usually read "Mutual," "Home Insurance Company," "To Let," or something of that kind, and the only banner we see is the red flag of the auctioneer.

If some of the ancient customs have passed away, there are hospitable doors left yet; doors that when opened reveal glimpses of brightness, and gladness, and beauty that do the heart good to look upon. There are doors, too, that are never closed upon the unfortunate, and doors that long to receive back the wayward wanderer, whose footsteps are ashamed or afraid to turn in the direction of their thresholds. Mournful doors there be, bearing the significant crape that tells its own silent tale of the sorrow that is within, and that preaches to us the eloquent, though oft unheeded, sermon of morality.

If the doors could only speak, what stories they could tell. Of warm and joyous greetings; of heart-falterings and misgivings, as trembling hands rang the bell; of cold farewells; of longing glances through tearful eyes, that follow the departing form of the loved one; of the letter that brings joy, and the message that brings grief; of tender whisperings and loving partings; of *billet-doux* going out, and bills coming in; of gay weddings arriving, and sad funerals departing. Tell you,—the door sees a great deal of life in its day. It sees your first visit to the outer world, borne in your nurse's arms. You give it a stunning slam as, with boyish shout, you hasten to your play; and when you "come to be a man," and learn to smoke and drink, and, therefore, find it necessary to join a club, it sees you stumble up the steps late at night, and laughs as you try to find the keyhole—tickling it, as one might say, with your night-key. It sees you totter out and totter in when you get old, and at last closes upon your final departure for your long home. Pray Heaven that the eternal door you knock at then is not shut upon you!

We did not know there was so much in the door until we got to writing about it. Our attention had not been attracted to it, owing, probably, to the fact that we were never "shown the door," not as we recollect. Our only advice, in concluding, is, beware of evil *doors*.—*Cincinnati Times.*

The Old Black Bull.

OLD JOHN BULKLEY (grandson of the once famous President Chauncey), was a minister of the Gospel, and one of the best educated men of his day in the Wooden Nutmeg State, when the immortal (or ought-to-be) Jonathan Trumbull was "round," and in his youth.

Mr. Bulkley was the first settled minister in the town of his adoption, Colchester, Conn. It was with him as afterward with good old Bro. Jonathan (Governor Trumbull, the bosom friend of General Washington), good to confer on almost any matter, scientific, political, or religious—any subject, in short, wherein common sense and general good to all concerned was the issue. As a philosophical reasoner, casuist, and good counselor, he was "looked to," and abided by.

It so fell out that a congregation in Mr. Bulkley's vicinity got to logger-heads, and were upon the apex of raising "the evil one," instead of a spire to their church, as they proposed, and split upon. The very nearest they could come to a mutual cessation of hostilities was to appoint a committe of three to wait on Mr. Bulkley, state their case, and get him to adjudicate. They waited on the old gentleman, and he listened with great attention to their conflicting grievances.

"It appears to me," said the old gentleman, "that this is a very simple case—a trifling thing to cause you so much vexation."

"So I say," says one of the committee.

"I don't call it a trifling case, Mr. Bulkley," said another.

"No caso at all," responded the third.

"It aint, eh?" fiercely answered the first speaker.

"No, it ain't sir!" quite as savagely replied the third.

"It is anything but a trifling case, anyhow," echoed number two, "to expect to raise a minister's salary and that new steeple, too, out of our small congregation."

"There is no danger of raising much out of you, anyhow, Mr. Johnson," spitefully returned number one.

"Gentlemen, if you please"—beseechingly interposed the sage.

"I did not come here, Mr. Bulkley, to quarrel," said one.

"Who started this?" sarcastically answered Mr. Johnson.

"Not me, anyway," number three replied.

"You don't say I did, do you?" says number one.

"Gentlemen—gentlemen!"

"Yes, Mr. Bulkley," says Johnson, "and there's old Winkles, too, and here's Deacon Potter, also."

"I am here," stiffly replied the deacon, "and I am sorry the Rev. Mr. Bulkley finds me in such company, sir!"

"Now, gentlemen, brothers, if you please," said Mr. Bulkley, "this is ridiculous!"

"So I say," murmured Mr. Winkles.

"As far as you are concerned, it is ridiculous," said the deacon.

This brought Mr. Winkles up, standing.

"Sir!" he shouted, "sir!"

"But, my dear sirs"—beseechingly said the philosopher.

"Sir!" continued Winkles, "sir! I am too old a man, too good a Christian, Mr. Bulkley, to allow a man, a mean, despicable toad, like Deacon Potter"—

"Do you call me—me a despicable toad?" menacingly cried the deacon.

"Brethren," said Mr. Bulkley, "if I am to counsel in your difference, I must have no more of this unchristianlike bickering."

"I do not wish to bicker," said Johnson.

"Nor I don't want to, sir," said the deacon, "but when a man calls me a toad—a mean, despicable toad"—

"Well, well, never mind," said Mr. Bulkley; "you are all too much excited now; go home again, and wait patiently; on Sunday evening next I will have prepared and sent to you a written opinion of your case, with a full and free avowal of most wholesome advice for preserving your church from desolation and yourselves from despair." And the committee left to await his issue.

Now it chanced that Mr. Bulkley had a small farm, some distance from the town of Colchester, and found it necessary, the same day he wrote the opinion and advice to the brethren of the disaffected church, to drop a line to his farmer regarding the fixtures of said estate. Having written a long and of course elaborate "essay" to his brethren, he wound up the day's literary exertions with a dispatch to the farmer, and after a reverie to himself he directs the two documents, and the next moment dispatches them—but, by a misdirection, sends each to its wrong destination.

On Saturday evening a full and anxious synod of the belligerent churchmen took place in their tabernacle, and punctually, as promised, came a dispatch from the Plato of the time and place—Rev. John Bulkley.

All was quiet and respectful attention. The Moderator took up the document and broke the seal open, and—a pause ensued, while dubious amazement seemed to spread over the features of the worthy President of the meeting.

"Well, Brother Temple, how is it—what does Mr. Bulkley say?" and another pause followed.

"Will the Moderator please proceed?" said another voice.

The Moderator placed the paper on the table, took off his spectacles, wiped the glasses, then his lips—replaced his specs upon his nose, and, with a very broad grin, said:

"Brethren, this appears to me to be a very singular letter, to say the least of it!"

"Well, read it—read it," responded the wondering hearers.

"I will." The Moderator began:

"You will see to the repair of the fences, that they be built up high and strong, and you will take special care of the old black bull!"

There was a general pause; a silent mystery overspread the community; the Moderator dropped the paper to a "rest," and gazed over the top of his glasses for several minutes, nobody saying a word.

"Repair the fences," muttered the Moderator, at length.

"Build them strong and high!" echoed Deacon Potter.

"Take special care of the old black bull?" growled half the meeting.

Then another pause ensued, and each man eyed his neighbor in mute mystery.

A tall and venerable man arose from his seat; clearing his voice with a hem, he spoke:

"Brethren, you seem lost in the brief and eloquent words of your learned adviser. To me nothing could be more appropriate to our case. It is just such a profound and applicable reply to us as we should have hoped and looked for from the learned and good man, John Bulkley. The direction to repair the fences is to take heed in the admission and government of our members; we must guard the church by our Maker's laws, and keep out stray and vicious cattle from the fold! And, above all things, set a trustworthy and vigilant watch over that old black bull, who is the devil, and who has already broken into our enclosures and sought to desolate and lay waste the grounds of our church."

The effect of this interpretation was electrical. All saw and took the force of Mr. Bulkley's cogent advice, and unanimously resolved to be governed by it; hence the old black bull was put *hors du combat*, and the church preserved in union.

The effect produced on the farmer by the communication intended for the church, history does not record.

How We Spend Our Money.

There are people who think it a small matter whether beef costs fifteen or thirty cents per pound. What are fifteen cents to a lofty soul? But more thoughtful persons find that the large results of the life of a civilized community are varied by the size of the fractions which are incessantly multiplied into each other.

If one makes it a personal question, it may be laid down as one of not more than three or four rules for living, that one must know just how many cents there are in a dollar. Or, to take Mr. Micawber's version: Income, twenty pounds; expenses, nineteen pounds and eleven pence; result, happiness. Income, twenty pounds; expenses, twenty pounds and one shilling; result, misery.

Take your bills for any year, and look through them carefully. The items below one dollar are not only the most numerous, but they make the largest sum. The trifles spent for post-prandial cigars and like nameless elements of expenditure, do not get into bills at all; but twenty to forty per cent. of our earnings dribble out of our purses in fractional currency. Most of us are engaged in a war with cents, and eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

Mankind will never be agreed upon a list of necessities. But, though no general statement is possible, it is easy to set down the necessities of any people. With the middle class—a class determined by means only—these prime wants are meat, bread, vegetables, fruits, coffee, tea, sugar, and a few others. To this it must be added that house and furniture take one-third of our incomes. Clothing, fuel, service and items take another third, and are kept within that limit only by a very vigilant management of the bureau of the interior. The man who has a spendthrift at the head of his office may as well go under at once. In short, not more than one-third of our incomes can be saved for the table; generally less is left for this purpose.—*Western Monthly.*

A Jealous Sparrow's Revenge.

In the interior of the Tyne dock wagon shops the attention of one of the workmen was attracted to the movements of a pair of sparrows engaged in constructing a nest in a hollow where two girders met for the support of the iron roof. For several days they labored most assiduously in preparing their abode, when by some sudden freak the progress of the tiny fabric was suspended. A few mornings afterward the ears of the workmen were saluted by loud chirruping and fluttering of wings, and from what transpired subsequently, it was evident that the female bird had severed the connubial bond, and enlisted the affections of another, who now vigorously contested with the rejected bird for the possession of the nest. For several hours the conflict continued, until the usurper proved the stronger. The rejected bird shortly afterward returned and hovered about the spot, apparently watching an opportunity for revenge. This speedily occurred, for in the course of a short time the newly-joined pair left for a short period. In their absence, the defeated sparrow approached the nest, and placing his back beneath the feathery moss, raised it from its resting-place, and sent it to the ground. The surprise of the other birds, on their return, at beholding the demolition of their dwelling, appeared to be great, and was amusing to observe. Notwithstanding this disaster, however, they commenced building a second nest in the same place, the rejected mate watching their proceedings with apparent interest. After two days of incessant labor they again left for a short time, and, taking advantage of their absence, the disappointed bird again demolished their residence. The birds, on their return, commenced building their third nest, with what result we know not.—*Our Own Fireside.*

A Good Word for Good Humor.

EVERY man should be sober sometimes. I once knew one so unfortunate as to be sober all the time, and yet an honest man. We have known men that never smiled, or seldom, whose faces were rigid as an iron mask, and yet they were kind, simple, and really reliable.

But such are exceptional cases. Uniform sobriety is presumptively very much against a man. He who gives no play to the gentler feelings has something the matter with him that should be looked into before one trusts him.

Mirth itself is not always honest. But it tends to openness, to sincerity, to sweetness. Mirth has better stuff in it to make a man of than sobriety has. It, too, is used sometimes as a mask for hypocrisy; but not half so often as sobriety is. Only consider how many men, quite empty and worthless, inwardly neither rich nor forceful, are kept agoing by the mere trick of gravity.

When some men come to you it is like sunrise. Everything seems to take new life, and shines. Other men bring night with them. The chill shadow of their sobriety falls upon every innocent gayety, and your feelings, like birds at evening, stop singing and go to their roost.

Away with these fellows who go owling through life—all the while passing for birds of paradise.

He that cannot laugh and be gay should look well to himself. He should fast and pray until his face breaks forth into light.—*Beecher.*

A CONNECTICUT cooper has made barrels enough to form a line ten miles long.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

THE settlement of Cincinnati was commenced in December, 1788.

SEVENTY-SEVEN different kinds of rice are cultivated in India.

A LADY in Maine was left by the war with 31 orphan grandchildren.

THERE are said to be 500,000 French Canadians in the United States.

MAINE calculates that she has a population of seven hundred thousand.

A PARIS female is reading people's fortunes by the lines on their feet.

THE Jerseyman who invented patent-leather died recently, worth over $3,000,000.

THE outstanding five per cent. bonds of the State of Indiana will be redeemed July 1.

AN experiment in France proves that a horse will live for twenty-four days on water alone.

"MONTH" is the sole unrhymable monosyllable in the English language, says the Boston *Advertiser*.

THE quantity of malt used in the United Kingdom in 1867 was 47,880,000 bushels, each making 18 gallons of beer.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., proposes to celebrate, on June 7, the fifteenth anniversary of the location of the State Capital in that city.

THE Romanist population of the French Empire is 36,800,064; the Protestant, 1,501,950; the Jewish, 158,994.

A MAN in New Orleans offers to fight an alligator under water, with only a knife, if some one will give him $500.

THE dwellers on the Rhine are wondering at an old man of 76, who bathes in the icy river, and rests on a cake of ice.

ST. JOHN, N. B., has a mushroom, grown in a cellar during the winter, measuring fifteen inches in circumference.

A CONNECTICUT woman, who married her father-in-law a few years ago, now thinks the marriage null, and sues him for services as housekeeper.

A COUNTRY Postmaster in New York State has posted a notice in his office directing people "to lick their own stamps, else the letters won't go."

THE leaves of the coffee plant are now proposed as a substitute for tea. In Sumatra the natives cultivate the plant almost entirely for the leaves.

ACCORDING to the circular of Messrs. Dupee, Beck & Sayles, of Boston, the amount of fine copper secured from the Lake Superior mines during 1869 realized 23,483,079 pounds.

LONDON city pauperism increases. The number of paupers in that city in the second week in March was 174,769, to contrast with 149,165 for the same week in 1869. The indoor poor were 37,337 against 36,788.

THE Pittsfield *Eagle* says there is a woman living on Washington Mountain who is the mother of twenty-five children, twenty-three of whom are now living, and a more healthy woman is seldom seen.

IT is stated positively that there is a young lady in one of the Biddeford (Maine) mills who is worth at least $10,000, but who works quietly day by day, earning her six dollars weekly, instead of retiring with a competency.

IT is said that the machine power of England and Wales is competent to perform the labor of nearly six hundred millions of men, and is probably greater in productive capacity than the labor power of all the world beside.

JEDDO, the capital of Japan, is, without exception, the largest and most populous city in the world. It contains the vast number of 1,000,000 dwellings, and 5,000,000 human souls. Many of the streets are nineteen Japanese miles in length—22 English miles.

THERE is a man in the vicinity of Cedar Keys, Fla., who has twenty-two children living. The family subsist principally on fish and oysters. They have never had a plate or a cup and saucer in their house. In lieu of cups they use gourds and shells.

A MISSIONARY in India lately preached on the subject of faith, illustrated by the story of Abraham and Isaac, with such magnetic eloquence that one of his native hearers immediately went home and slaughtered his son and offered him up as a sacrifice.

A FRENCH chemist has succeeded in producing a paint with which to illuminate numbers of street doors at night. Figures traced with it shine so as to be read through the most profound darkness; and the preparation of the compound is said to be simple, inexpensive, and uninjurious in any way.

THE Chinese never have any pockets, the only places answering for such being the capacious sleeves. Speaking of the compression of the women's feet, and the painful process of compression, a missionary recently said he regarded it as less revolting, and far less injurious than the practice of compressing the waist by lacing.

OF the cases of suicide, mental disorder is the most active, one-third of all cases that occur being traceable to it; one-ninth to physical suffering; one-eighth to loss of property; one-tenth to remorse, shame, or fear of punishment; one-eighth to family troubles; one-ninth to gaming and other vices, and a very small proportion to disappointed love.

THE total value of property reported stolen in Chicago the past year, was $263,292; total value of stolen property recovered, $186,962. The total amount of fines assessed in the Police Court was $170,576; total number of arrests, 28,978; of these, 23,073 were males, and 5,905 females; married, 7,858; single, 20,426. The number of lost children was 1,067, and the number of lodgers accommodated, 2,755.

A BALTIMORE correspondent writes: "Thunder sours milk and kills oysters. You may load a vessel to its utmost capacity, start for market, and one good round clap of thunder will kill every oyster in the vessel immediately. Pounding with an axe upon the deck of a vessel, when oysters are thereon, or pounding upon the sides of a vessel with a heavy weight, will kill every oyster that feels the jar."

NIAGARA has receded from a point where it was more than 200 feet high to its present position, with a height of about 150 feet, and it is not unlikely that it may grind its way back to the lake which supplies it. On our continent, holding as it does more than three-quarters of the fresh water of the world, are to be found the most mighty waterfalls and cataracts known, among which may be named Niagara, the falls of the Missouri river, the Shoshone Falls on the Snake river, 210 feet in height and immense in volume, and the falls of the Yo-Semite.