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Select Poetry.

Return of Spring.

The voice of Spring is whispering
Cheerful songs unto the moor;
Little warblers' pipes are singing
Songs they oft have sung before,
Nature, darling mother nature,
Holds aloft her shining wand;
Strewing Flora's path with flowers,
Beautifying all the land.

A yellow, golden, tropic sun,
Melting winter's ice and snow,
The same old work it oft' has done,
Changing gloom into a glow.
Zephyrs here and there are sighing,
Sighing for the golden lore,
Frosty winter left when dying,
For the zephyr's earthly store.

And zephyrs fan the babbling brook
Into a joyous rippling;
And music from each tiny nook,
Blend with the murmuring fountain.
The same old sang of spring
That greets us on our waking—
Whispering to the "wee-sma-hours,"
Of lovely spring's returning.

Soon we'll roam with joy unbounded
O'er the emerald meadow's bloom;
Drink the nectar from its blossoms,
And inhale its sweet perfume.
Let our sorrows go with winter,
And our hearts cling unto spring;
Like the nectar from its blossoms,
Joy unto our hearts 'twill bring.

Our Olio.

From the Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch.

MORTUARY MADRIGALS.

BY MAX ADELER.

J. Alfred Brimmer, Esq., editor and proprietor of *The Morning Glory*, having observed the disposition of persons who have been bereaved of their relatives to give expression to their feelings in a poetical form, reflected that it might perhaps be a good thing to introduce to his paper a department of obituary poetry. He considered whether if, when an individual inserted fifty cents' worth of death notice, the establishment should contribute gratuitously half-a-dollar's worth of mortality stanzas, his paper would not at once become the most popular vehicle for the conveyance of that peculiar form of melancholy intelligence to the public. And Mr. Brimmer rightly estimated that, as most newspaper readers seem to take a deeper interest in such sepulchral news than information of any other kind, the journal containing the largest supply would have the greatest number of subscribers.

So Mr. Brimmer determined that he would, as an experiment at any rate, engage an obituary poet for a short time, with the purpose to give him permanent employment if the plan seemed to take with the public. Accordingly he sent for Mr. Remington Ott, a constructor of verses, who had frequently contributed to the columns of *The Morning Glory* poems of what would have been considered by a fastidious student of English literature an appalling and revolutionary character.

Mr. Brimmer soon effected an arrangement with the bard, by which it was agreed that Mr. Ott should take a position in the office for a short time, and whenever a death-notice arrived he should immediately endeavor to grind out some verses expressive of the situation.

"You understand, Mr. Ott," explained Brimmer, "when the death of an individual is announced, I want you, as it were, to cheer the afflicted family with the resources of your noble art. I wish you to throw yourself, you may say, into their situation and to give them a verse or two about the corpse which will seem to be the expression of the emotion of the hearts of the living."

"To lighten the gloom in a certain sense, I suppose?" said Mr. Ott.

"Precisely! Lighten the gloom. Do not mourn over the departed; but rather take a joyous view of death, which, after all, Mr. Ott, is, as it were, but the entrance to a better life. Therefore, I would advise you to touch the heartstrings of the afflicted with a tender hand, and endeavor, for instance, to divert their minds from contemplation of the horrors of the tomb."

"Refrain from despondency, I suppose, and lift their thoughts to—"

"Just so! And at the same time combine elevating sentiment with such practical information as you can obtain from the advertisement. Throw a glamour of poesy f'r instance, over the commonplace details of the every-day life of the deceased. People are fond of minute descriptions. Some facts useful for this purpose may be obtained from the man who brings the notice to the office; others you may readily supply from your imagination."

"I'll throw off stanzas," said Mr. Ott, "in such a manner that people will want their friends to die for the sake of the poetry."

"But above all," continued the editor, "take a bright view of the matter always. Make the sunshine of smiles, as it were, burst through the tempest of tears; and if we don't make *The Morning Glory*, hum around among the mourners of this town, my name is not Brimmer."

He was right. It *did* hum.

The next day Remington Ott went on duty, and Brimmer ran down to the seashore for a breath of fresh air. All through the day death-notices came pouring in, and when one would reach Ott, he would seize it and study it up to ascertain the particulars. Then he would rush up stairs, lock himself in his room, take down his rhyming dictionary, run his fingers through his hair, and hack away for half an hour at a piece of paper until he considered that he had that poetry in a shape which would make the stricken family feel proud of the corpse. When his day's work was done, Ott went home with a conviction that *The Morning Glory*, had finally robbed Death of its terrors, and made life comparatively valueless.

In the morning Mr. Ott proceeded calmly to the office for the purpose of embalming in sympathetic verse the memories of other departed ones. As he came near to the establishment he observed a crowd of five or six thousand people in front of it, struggling to get into the door. Climbing a tree, he overlooked the crowd, and could see within the office the clerks selling papers as fast as they could handle them, while the mob pushed and jammed and yelled in frantic efforts to obtain copies—the presses in the cellar meanwhile clanging away like mad. Upon the curl stone in front of him there was a line of men stretching down the street for four squares, each man engaged in reading *The Morning Glory* with an earnestness that Mr. Ott, had never before seen displayed by the patrons of that sheet. The bard concluded either that his poetry had touched a sympathetic chord in the popular heart or that an appalling disaster had occurred in some quarter of the globe.

He went around to the back of the office and ascended to the editorial rooms. As he approached the sanctum loud voices were heard within. Mr. Ott determined to ascertain the cause before entering. He obtained a chair, and, placing it by the side of the door, he mounted and peeped over the door through the transom. There sat J. Alfred Brimmer holding *The Morning Glory* in both hands, while the fringe which grew in semi-circle around the edge of his bald head stood straight out, until he seemed to resemble a gigantic gunswab. Two or three persons stood in front of him in threatening attitudes Ott heard one of them say:

"My name is McGlue, sir!—William McGlue! I am a brother of the late Alexander McGlue. I picked up your paper this morning, and perceived in it an outrageous insult to my deceased relative, and I have come around to demand sir, WHAT DO YOU MEAN by the following infamous language?

"The death-angel smote Alexander McGlue,
And gave him protracted repose;
He wore a checked shirt and a Number Nine shoe,
And he had a pink wart on his nose.
No doubt he is happier dwelling in space
Over there on the ever-green shore.
His friends are informed that his funeral takes place
Precisely at quarter-past four.

"This is simply diabolical! My late brother had no wart on his nose, sir. He had upon his nose neither a pink wart nor a green wart, nor a cream colored wart, nor a wart of any other color. It is a slander! It is a gratuitous insult to my family, and I distinctly want you to say *what you mean* by such conduct!"

"Really, sir" said Brimmer, "it is a mistake. This is the horrible work of an incendiary miscreant whom I trusted as a brother. He shall be punished by my own hand for this outrage. A pink wart! Awful! sir—awful! The miserable scoundrel shall suffer for this—he shall indeed!"

"How could I know, murmured Ott, out there by himself, "that the corpse hadn't a pink wart? I used to know a man named McGlue and *he* had one, and I thought *all* the McGlues had. This comes of irregularities in families."

"And who," said another man, addressing the editor, "authorized you to print this hideous stuff about my deceased son? Do you mean to say that it was not by your authority that your low comedian inserted with my advertisement the following-scandalour burlesque? Listen to this;—

"Willie had a purple monkey climbing on a yellow stick.
And when he sucked the paint all off it made him deathly sick;
And in his latest hours he clasped that monkey in his hand,
And bid good-bye to earth and went into a better land.

"Oh! no more he'll shoot his sister with his little wooden gun;
And no more he'll twist the pussy's tail, and make her yowl for fun,
The pussy's tail now stands out straight; the gun is laid aside;
The monkey doesn't jump around since little Willie died."

"The utterly atrocious character of this balderbash will appear when I say that William was twenty years old, that he never had a purple monkey on a stick, that he never sucked such a thing, that he never fooled with cats, and that he died of the liver complaint."

"Infamous—utterly infamous!" groaned the editor, as he cast his syes over the lines. "And the wretch that did this still lives! It is too much!"

"And yet" whispered Ott to himself, "he told me to lighten the gloom and to cheer the afflicted with the resources of my art; and I certainly thought that idea about the monkey would have that effect, somehow. It is ungrateful!"

Just then there was a knock at the door, and a woman entered crying.

"Are you the editor?" she inquired of Brimmer.

Brimmer said he was.

"W-w-well!" she said, in a voice broken by sobs, "wh-what d'ye mean by publishing this kind of poetry ab-bout m-my Johnny? M-my name is Sm-Smith, and wh-when I looked this m-morning for the notice of Johnny's d-death in y-your paper I saw this awful, wicked, wicked v-verse:

"Four doctors tackled Johnny Smith—
They blistered and they bled him,
With squills and anti-billious pills
And ipecac they fed him.
They stirred him up with calomel
And tried to move his liver;
But all in vain—his little soul,
Was wafted o'er the river."

"It's false!—that's what it is! Johnny had only *one* doctor. And they d-didn't try to m-m-move his liver, and they d-didn't bl-bleed him and b-blister him. It's a wicked falsehood, and you're a hard hearted brute f-f-for-printing it!"

"Madam I shall go crazy if you continue!" exclaimed Brimmer. "This is not my work. It is the work of a serpent whom I warmed in my bosom, and whom I will slay with my own hand as soon as he comes in. Madam, the miserable outcast shall die!"

"Strange! strange!" mused Ott. "And this man told me to combine elevating sentiment with practical information. If the information concerning the squills and ipecac, is not practical, I have misunderstood the use of that word. And if young Smith didn't have four doctors it was an outrage. He ought to have had them, and they ought to have excited his liver. Thus it is," thought Ott, "that human life is sacrificed to carelessness."

At this juncture the sheriff entered, his brow clothed with thunder. He had a copy of *The Morning Glory* in his hand. He approached the editor, and, pointing to a death-notice, saying:

"Read that horrible mockery of my woe, and tell me the name of the writer, so that I can chastise him."

The editor read a follows:

"We have lost our little Hanner in a very painful manner,
And we often asked, How can her harsh sufferings be borne?
When her death was first reported her aunt got up and snorted
With the grief that she supported, for it made her feel forlorn.

"She was such a little seraph that her father who is sheriff,
Really doesn't seem to care if he never smiles in life again,
She has gone, we hope to Heaven, at the early age of seven.
(Funeral starts off at eleven,) where she'll never more have pain."

"As a consequence of this infamy, I withdraw all the county advertising from your paper. A man who could trifle in this manner with the feelings of a parent is a savage and a scoundrel!"

As the sheriff went out, Brimmer placed his head upon the table and groaned.

"Really," Mr. Ott reflected "that person must be deranged. I tried, in his case, to put myself in his place, and to write as if I was one of the family, according to instructions. The verses are beautiful. That allusion to the grief of her aunt, particularly seemed to me to be very happy. It expresses violent emotion with a felicitous combination of sweetness and force. These people have no soul, no appreciation of the beautiful in art."

While the poet mused, hurried steps were heared upon the stairs, and in a moment a middle-aged man dashed in abruptly, and seizing Brimmer's scattered hair, bumped his prostrate head against the table three or four times with considerable force. Having expended the violence of his emotion in this manner, he held the editor's head down with one hand, shaking it occasionally by the way of emphasis, and with the other hand seized the paper and said:

"You disgraceful old reprobate! You unsympathetic and disgusting vampire! You hoary headed old ghoul. What d'you mean by putting such stuff as this in your vile sheet about my deceased son? What d'you mean by printing such doggerel as this, you depraved and dissolute inkslinger—you imbecile old quill-driver you:

"'Oh! bury Bartholomew out in the woods,
In a beautiful hole in the ground.
Where the bumble-bees buzz and the woodpeckers sing,
And the straddle-bugs tumble around;
So that in winter, when the snow and the slush
Have covered his last little bed,
His brother Artemus can go out with Jane
And visit the place with his sled.

"I'll teach you to talk about straddle-bugs! I'll instruct you about slush! I'll enlighten your insane old intellect on the subject of singing woodpeckers! What do *you* know about Jane and Artemus, you wretched buccaneer, you despicable butcher of the English language? Go out with a sled! I'll carry you out in a hearse before I'm done with you, you deplorable old lunatic!"

At the end of every phrase the visitor gave the editor's head a fresh knock against the table. When the exercise was ended Mr. Brimmer explained and apologized in the humblest manner, promising at the same time to give his assailant a chance to pommel Ott.

"The treachery of this man," murmured the poet, "is dreadful. Didn't he desire me to throw a glamour of poesy over common-place details? But for that I should never have thought of alluding to woodpeckers and bugs, and other children of Nature. The man objects to the remarks about the sled. Can the idiot know that it was necessary to have a rhyme for "bed?" Can he suppose that I could write poetry without rhymes? The man is a lunatic! He ought not to be at large!"

Hardly had the indignant and energetic parent of Bartholomew departed, when a man with red hair and a ferocious glare in his eyes entered, carrying a club and accompanied with a savage looking dog.

"I want to see the editor," he shouted.

A ghastly pallor overspread Brimmer's face and he said:

"The editor is not in."

"Well, when will he be in, then?"

"Not for a week—for a month—for a year—forever! He will never come in any more!" screamed Brimmer. "He has gone to South America with the intention to remain there during the balance of his life. He has departed. He has fled. If you want to see him you must follow him to the equator. He will be glad to see you. I would advise you, as a friend, to take the next boat—to start at once."

"That is unfortunate!" said the man with the golden locks; "I called for the purpose of battering him up a lot with this club!"

"He will be sorry," said Brimmer, sarcastically. "He will regret missing you. I will write to him, and mention that you dropped in."

"My name is McFadden said the man. "I came to break the head of the man who wrote that obituary poetry about my wife. If you don't tell me who perpetrated the following I'll break *yours* for you! Where's the man who wrote this? Pay attention!

"Mrs. McFadden has gone from this life,
She has left all its sorrows and cares;
She caught the rheumatics in both of her legs
While scrubbin the cellar and stairs.
They put mustard plasters upon her in vain
They bathed her with whisky and rum:
But Thursday her spirit departed and left
Her body entirely numb.

The slave who held the late Mrs. McFadden up to the scorn of an unsympathetic world in that shocking manner," said the editor, "is named Remington Ott. He boards on Blank street, fourth door from the corner. I would advise you to call on him and avenge Mrs. McFadden's wrongs with a judicious intermixture of club and dog bites."

"And this," sighed the poet, outside the door, "is the man who told me to divert McFadden's mind from contemplation of the horrors of the tomb. It was this monster who counseled me to make the sunshine of McFadden's smiles burst through the tempest of McFadden's tears! If that red-headed monster couldn't smile over that allusion to whisky and rum; if those remarks about the rheumatism in her legs could not divert his mind from the horrors of the tomb—was it my fault? McFadden grovels! He knows no more about poetry than a speckled mule does about the shorter Catechism."

The poet determined to leave before any further criticisms were made upon his performances. He jumped down from his chair and crept softly toward the back staircase. Arriving at the landing, he suddenly encountered Brimmer, who was moving off in the same direction. The editor had hardly time enough to utter a profane ejaculation and to lift his hand to strike the poet, when an old lady in a poke-bonnet and silver spectacles suddenly emerged from the stairway and pinned the editor to the wall with the ferule of her umbrella. After grinding her teeth at him for a moment she floored him with her weapon, and, seating herself upon his prostrate form, she extracted a copy of *The Morning Glory* from her bag, and, pointing to a certain stanza in the obituary column, asked Ott to read it aloud. He did so. It ran in this fashion:

"Little Alexander's dead;
Jam him in a coffin;
Don't have as good a chance
For a fun'ral as often.
Rush his body right around
To the cemetery:
Drop him in the sepulchre
With his uncle Jerry."

At the end of every line the indignant conqueror punched the fallen Brimmer's ribs with her umbrella, and exclaimed:

"O you willin! D'you hear that, you wretch? What d'you mean by writin' of my grandson in that way? Take that, you serpint! O! you—you willinous wiper you! tryin' to break a lone widder's heart with such scand'lus lies as them! There, you willin! I kemmere to hammer you well with this here umbrel'er, you wicked willin, you owdacious wiper, you! Take that, and that, you wile, indecent, disgustin' wagabone! When you know well enough that Aleck never had no Uncle Jerry, and never had no uncle in no sepulchre anyhow, you wile wretch, you!"

While she pounded the editor, the poet groped his way down the stairs six steps at a time, and emerged from the front door with remarkable suddenness. His journalistic career ended upon that day. When Brimmer's employees dragged away Alexander's grandparent, and carried her struggling and screaming down to the street the editor sent for a carriage and was taken home to bed, from whence he arose a week later with an earnest determination never to permit another line of Obituary Poetry to enter the columns of *The Morning Glory*.

A widow in Dorchester, Mass. has been three times married. Her first husband was Robb, the second, Robbins, and the third, Robbinson. The same door-plate has served for the whole three, and the question now is, what extended name can be procured to fill out the remaining space on it.

It is remarkable that every day in the week is by different nations devoted to the public celebration of religious services. Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, Saturday by the Jews.

The Giants of Antiquity.

In examining the claims of the giants of antiquity, we must take into consideration that it was the custom of all ancient nations to magnify the stature of their kings and heroes. To be considered a giant in strength and size was the ambition of every warrior. Even the great Alexander was not free from this vanity, for we are told that in one of his Asian expeditions, he caused to be made and left behind him a suit of armor of huge proportions, in order to induce a belief among the people he was of great stature. Homer exaggerates the size and strength of all the heroes of the Trojan war, and leads us to infer that the whole race of men, even in his day, had degenerated. We may suspect even that the Jewish writers were not entirely free from a similar failing. Admitting that a people like the Rephaim existed in Palestine, of greater stature than the Hebrews, it would require but a little stretch of a poetic imagination to paint them as giants. They may have been no larger in comparison with their conquerors than are the Patagonians, besids other more civilized races of to day, yet have seemed immense to the children of Israel, who were more probably under than over the average height.

Again, there is no absolute certainty that the Biblical text, as we have it, is as was originally written. Our authorized version makes Goliath, for instance, six cubits and a span in height, but the Vatican copy of Septuagint (Codex Vaticanus) as old as any in existence (unless the Sinaiticus exceeds it), reads "four cubits and a span" agreeing in this with Josephus. To which account are we to adhere? If to the latter, then the giant of the Philistines was only a little over six feet and a half in stature, instead of nine and a half. The sacred writer does not give us the measure of King Og, but only that of his bedstead. It is not necessary to dispute the thirteen and a half feet of the giant's couch, but we are half inclind to suspect that Og was afflicted with an ambition similar to that of Alexander, and used a bedstead not in proportion to his actual size but in proportion to his fancied inportance. It is curious to observe that, according to Dr. Smith, the words in Deuteronomy, translated "bedstead of iron," are also susceptible of the rendering, "sarcophagus of black basalt," but this does not militate against the probability of our supposition.

Comparatively, modern writers are not free from like exaggerations in regard to the stature of noted men. William of Malmesbury makes the tomb of Walwin, nephew of King Arthur, and one of his famous knights, fourteen feet in length; Hollinshead, quoting Sylvester Giraldus, says that the body of King Arthur, found in Glastonbury, in 1189, was two feet higher than any man who came to see it. As Camden who gives an account of the discovery, fails to note this peculiarity, of the corpse, the story is probably without foundation. In like manner, Charlemagne and his paladins have been represented as of great stature. Eginhart says that the great emperor was seven of his own feet in height, from which we must infer either that he had a very small foot, entirely out of proportion to his size, or that he was a very tall man. The old writers would have us believe, too, that Roland, the hero of Roncesvalles, was also of gigantic stature and strength. Happily, we have some direct evidence on this point. Hakewill, quoting Camerarius says; "Francis I., King of France, who reigned about a hundred years since, being desirous to know the truth of those things which were commonly spread touching the strength and stature of Rouland, nephew to Charlemagne, caused his sepulchre to be opened, wherein his bones and bow were found rotten, but his armor sound, though covered with rust, which the King commanding to be scoured off, and putting it upon his own body, found it to fit him, as thereby it appeared that Rouland exceeded him but little in hignesse and stature of body, though himselfe were not excessive tall or big." We have similar evidence in relation to the body of William the Conqueror which was reported to have been dug up, four hundred years after burial, and found to be eight feet in length; for Stowe says that, when the English took Cannes, in 1562, some soldiers broke into the monument in search of booty, and found nothing remarkable about the bones.

Were it possible to get at the truth concerning the giants of antiquity, there is little doubt but that half of them could be shown to be pure myths, and that nine-tenths of the remainder could be reduced in size very materially. Pliny's assertion that mankind is gradually degenerating, is wholly gratuitous, and has no foundation in fact. Indeed, a vast deal of proof can be adduced, tending to show that the men of to-day are equal, and probably superior in stature to the ancients. The Greeks and Romans were undoubtedly of small size. The helmets and sword-hilts that have come to us from the heroic ages, could not be used by the majority of soldiers of the present Europen nations. Ancient rings, also, are generally too small for modern fingers.

But the classic writers give testimony enough on this point. Cæsar, speaking of the Gauls, says: "Our shortness of stature, in comparison with the great size of their bodies, is generally a subject of contempt to the men of Gaul." Tacitus also describes the Germans as of robust form, and of great stature; Strabo says that he had seen Britons at Rome who were a half-foot taller than the tallest Italians. Yet there is no proof that the men of these nations were any larger in ancient times than they are now. On the contrary, the graves and barrows tell a different story. The remains are usually under the average height of men of the present day. It is the same with Egyptian mummies. According to Athenæus, a man of four cubits, or six feet, in height, was considered of "gigantic size" in Egypt.

Apollodorus, the grammarian of Athens, gives the height of the "gigantic Hercules" as four cubits, and Phya, the woman who was selected to personate Minerva, at Athens, in the time of Pisistratus, on account of her great height, which was considered wonderful, did not exceed in stature four cubits less by three fingers, or only about five feet ten.

Numerous other examples might be given, but the facts cited are sufficient to prove that mankind, at the present day, if no greater, is certainly no less in height and in size than in the days of old, and that fully as many instances of abnormal stature have occurred in comparatively modern times as when "there were giants on the earth."—*Appleton's Journal.*

Profane swearing is abominable, vulgar language is disgusting, loud laughter is impolite, inquisitiveness is offensive, tattling is mean, telling a falshood is contemptible, ignorance is disgraceful, and laziness is shameful. Avoid all the above vices, and aim at usefulness.

REMEMBER THIS.—No man can ever borrow himself out of debt. If you wish for relief, you must work for it. You must make more and spend less than you did while you were running in debt.

Wit and Humor.

Practical Joke.

While we were lying in camp at Rosseville, Georgia, the sixtieth Illinois returned from their furlough with a number of recruits. One of these having exhausted his supply of clean shirts, and not having learned to be his own laundress, asked a veteran where he could get some washing done.

"Do you see those tents there by the church? Well, go there, and ask Mr. Morgan; he does washing. He is a crusty old cuss, but if you talk pretty nice to him he'll do it for you."

The recruit went as directed, and found General Morgan walking in front of his tent, dressed, as was his usual custom, in the uniform of a high private.

"Where will I find Mr. Morgan?" asked the recruit.'

"My name is Morgan. What will you have?"

"I came to see if I could get some clothes washed."

"H-m-m. Who sent you here to get your clothes washed?"

"John Smith over here in the sixtieth." "Corporal of the gaurd!" (The corporal approached and saluted.) "Young man, go with the corporal, and show him John Smith, so that he can bring him over here. And you come back with him and bring all the dirty clothes you have."

They departed and soon returned with the guilty veteran and a huge armful of dirty shirts, socks, etc.

The General to Smith—"Did you send this young man here to have his clothes washed?"

"Yes, sir, for a joke."

"For a joke! Well, we'll have the joke carried out. We do have clothes washed here sometimes. Corporal, take this man, Smith, and that bundle of clothes down to the creek, and have him wash them, fold them neatly, and return them to the owner? See that he does the job up handsomely!"

The veteran went away to his work sorrowfully, and the General resumed his walk.

A Swift Marriage.

Dean Swift was walking in the Phœnix road, Dublin, when a thunder-shower came on, and he took shelter under a tree, where a party was sheltering also, two young women and two young men. One of the girls felt very sad, and, as the rain fell, her tears fell. The Dean inquired the cause, and learned that it was their wedding day; they were on their way to the church, and now her white clothes were wet, and she couldn't go. "Never mind; you," said the Dean, and he took out his prayer-book, and there and then married them, their witnesses being present; and to make the thing complete, he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and with his pencil wrote a certificate, which he handed to the bride. It was as follows:

"Under a tree, in stormy weather,
I married this man and woman together.
Let none but Him who rules the thunder
Sever this man and woman asunder.
JONATHAN SWIFT, DEAN of St. Patrick's."

GONE BACK ON THE DOCUMENT.—A short time since a colored man entered the office of the Clerk of the County Court, and advancing to a table where the Deputy Clerk was busily engaged, he produced a marriage license for which he had paid the legal fee a few days before.

"Bos," said he, poking the license under the nose of the absorbed Deputy.

"What is it?" was the impatient response.

"Boss," continued the darkey, "de lady declines dis document, and I fotch it in to git my money back."

It was a little consoling to the darkey to be told that some men went further and fared worse, but when assured his money could not be returned, he turned indignantly on his double soled pumps and muttered as he made his exit, "Ebery body's gone back on de document."—*Warrenton Index.*

AN EGG STORY.—During the war, one of the Northern hotel-keepers was on a visit to Norfolk. The eggs came to the table boiled hard.

"Look here," said the hotel keeper, "Sambo, these eggs are boild too hard. Now take my watch, and boil them three minutes by it."

"He gave the negro his splendid gold watch. In about five minutes, the freedman returned with the eggs and watch on the same plate. The watch was wet.

"What have you been doing with my watch?" asked the Northern visitor. "Why, it's all wet!"

"Yes, sah," said the negro. "I biled de watch wid de eggs. All right dis time, sah!"

I say Jim, what is the difference between the commencement and the beginning of anything?"

"I don't know," said Jim. "What is it?"

"There ain't any," was the reply.

"I see," replied Jim. "Now you tell me this: A mule was on one side of a river and some hay on the other, and the mule wanted to get the hay without wetting his feet. How did he do it?"

"I don't know" said Jones: "I give it up."

"So did the other long eared animal," said Jim.

Henry Clay once accused John Randolph of being an aristocrat. In a voice whose shrill, piercing tones, penetrated every ear in the House, Randolph exclaimed: "If a man is known by the company he keeps, the gentleman who just sat down is more of an aristocrat than I claim to be; for he spends most of his nights in the company of kings and queens and knaves."

"My brudders," said a waggish collored man to a crowd, "in all affliction, in all ob your troubles, dar is one place you can always find *sympathy*."

"Whar? whar?" shouted several.

"In de dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.

"Is this seat occupied?" asked an exquisite of an old lady. "I don't know," said she, running her hands over the surface, "it feels mostly like plush, but you can't always tell."

"Six feet in his boots? exclaimed Mrs. Partington. What will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder? Why they might as well tell me that a man had six heads in his hat."

" Are dose bells ringing for fire? inquired Simon, of Tiberius. "No, indeed, Tibe, dey hab got plenty of fire, and de bells are ringing for water."

"You're a man after my own heart," as the cook said when she let her beau in at the back gate.

Advice to Young Gentlemen.

The beaux of Hagerstown, Md., impose upon the belles of that place, by keeping them up until a late hour of the night, which has induced a sensible young lady to offer them the following good advice, through the columns of *Twice-a-Week:*

"Dear gentlemen, between the ages of 16 and 27, listen to a few words of gratuitous advice: When you make a social call of an evening on a young lady, go away at a reasonable hour. Say you come at 8 o'clock; an hour and a half is certainly as long as the most fascinating of you in conversation can desire to use his charms. Two hours indeed can be very pleasantly spent with music, chess, or other games, to lend variety; but, kind sir, by no means stay longer. Make shorter calls and come oftener. A girl that is a sensible, true-hearted girl will enjoy it better, and really value your acquaintance more. Just imagine the agony of a girl who well knowing the feelings of a father upon the subject, hears the clock strike 10 and yet must sit on the edge of her chair, in mortal terror, lest papa should put his oft-repeated threat into execution—that of coming down and inviting the gentleman to breakfast. We girls understand it all by experience, and know what it is to dread a prognostic of displeasure. In such cases a sigh of relief generally accompanies the closing of the door behind the gallant, and one doesn't get over the feeling of trouble till safe in the arms of Morpheus.

"Now young gentlemen friends, I'll tell you what we girls will do. For an hour and a half we will be as irresistibly charming and fascinating as possible—then, beware! Monosyllabic responses will be all you need expect; and if when the limits shall have been passed a startling query shall be heard coming down the stairs 'Isn't it time to close up?'—you must consider it righteous punishment and meekly depart, a sadder, and we hope, a wiser man. Do not get angry, but next time you come be careful to keep within bounds. We want to rise early these pleasant mornings and improve the "shining hours;" but when forced to be up at such unreasonable hours at night, exhausted nature will speak; and as a natural consequence with the utmost speed in dressing we can barely get down to breakfast in time to escape from papa, who dosen't believe in beaux—as though he had never been young—and a reproving glance from mamma, who understands a little better a poor daughter's feelings, but still must disapprove outwardly to keep up appearances.

"And now, young men, think about these things, and don't, for pity's sake, don't throw down your paper with a 'Pshaw!' but remember the safe side of ten.'"

The First of April.

The following well-timed and sensible remarks on the miseries of the First of April, we find in the *Mechanicsburg True Republican*, and as they apply equally as well to this county, we reproduce them:

"There is no other day named in the almanac which attracts so much attention and is filled with so many hopes, expectations, disappointments and chagrin as the 1st day of April in this community, that being the 'general settlement day.' It has been the custom so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary that that day is the auspicious time to settle accounts 'thee and me.' How it came to be established we cannot say any more than we can give the reason why 'moving day' is on the same day, or in New York on the first day of May. It is a nuisance nevertheless, and we are informed by our bankers that the practice of making payments on the first of April is increasing with surprising rapidity every year. If A. makes a purchase from B. he gives his note maturing on the first of April, 18—. B. gives a similar obligation to C., and thus it goes. Everybody expecting everybody to 'ante up' on that particular day. Now what is the consequence? Why, from about the inception of a year to the second week in April, everybody is short of cash. Parties who have money to loan hold it 'for a snap on the 1st.' The banks are compelled to contract their circulation in anticipation of a 'run' on that day, and as a consequence we country people lose three months' business every year because we make the 1st day of April 'settlement day.' We have known farmers who have sold their grain in Winter and deposited the money they received for it in bank, and compelled their blacksmith to wait until the 1st, who in turn settled with his creditors on that day. Now what is the use of all this? Why not, when giving an obligation make it payable at say one year from date, or 30 days after date, instead of 'on the first day of April 1874,' I propose to pay A. B., one hundred dollars? We charge nothing for the suggestion here given, but hope it will receive the consideration of our financial economists."

How to Get Along.

Do not stop to tell stories in business hours. If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting round stores and saloons. "Never fool" in business matters. Have order, system, regularity, liberality, and promptness. Do not meddle with business you know nothing of. Never buy an article you don't need, simply because it is cheap, and the man who sells it will take it out in trade. Trade in money. Strive to avoid hard words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path. More miles can be made in a day in going steadily on than by stopping. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as his bond. Aid, but never beg. Help others when you can, but never give what you can't afford to, simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say "no." No necessity of snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully. Have but few confidants; the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than those of others. Learn to think and act for yourself. Be vigilant. Keep ahead rather than behind the times.

March Fourth.

The New York *Evening Post* points out that it is purely accidental that the beginning of the Presidential and Congressional terms should date from the fourth of March. It happens thus: By a resolution of the last Congress held under the articles of Confederation, passed September 13, 1788, it was provided that electors should be chosen on the first Wednesday of the next January; that the President and Vice President should be elected on the first Wednesday in February; and that the new government should be organized at New York, on the first Wednesday of March. That day happened to be on the fourth day of the month, and, inasmuch as the Constitution itself fixes the Presidential term at four and the Congressional term at two years, it follows that such terms must always close at midnight on the third day of March.

Ground Bone.

As it is not generally known how this fertilizer is made we take pleasure in giving a description of the largest factory in the world, that of Lister Bros., Newark, New Jersey. The establishment occupies 4 acres of ground, and possesses an admirable front upon the Passaic River, with suitable wharfage for loading and unloading from steamers. Twenty-five teams are daily employed in gathering refuse bone from all parts of Newark and vicinity, also from New York and suburbs while immense quantities are transported from distant points by sailing vessels, from Maine, New Orleans, and even Brazil; amounting to an average of 30 tons per day, or over 10,000 tons per annum.

The bones, immediately after receipt at the yard, are divided into several classes. The thigh bones are assorted by themselves for burning into bone black, or for sale to the bone-turners to convert into ivory ware knife-handles, napkin-rings, tooth-brushes, etc.; the skulls form another heap, while the remainder form still another mass.

From these two last heaps the bones are carried into the interior of the factory, and cast into large wooden tanks, filled with hot water from the boilers, and here they are boiled until the meat is separated from the bone. They are then dipped out, the bones thrown into one pile, and the meat carried into another room. The meat is then manipulated with sulphuric acid, heated, and dried. Then it is brought to the grinding mills. These consist of a series of five mills, one after the other, intimately connected, and of tremendous capacity and strength. Into the first mill a workman throws the bones from the big heap, mixed with a due proportion of the dried meat. These pass through three sets of grinding rollers in the first mill; then pass in little cups up into another receiver, and again pass through a second mill, ground fine, and again passes by cups up to the receiver of a third mill, from which it emerges in the form of fine ground bone. This is the article generally used for farm purposes, being fine enough to sow broadcast, and give good immediate effect, yet lasting over years ahead.

The same article is passed again through a fourth mill, ground finer than ever, and emerges in the form of bone meal—the bones being very minute, and forming a coarse-grained meal. This we consider the best of all articles of their manufacture; the effects being excellent the very first year, and still not exhausted for subsequent crops. This is not all. The bone meal itself is passed through a fifth mill, with fine teeth, grinding close and fine, and from this comes bone-flour; while a blower creates a draft in the pipe and blows all the very finest particles from the flour as it descends into a chamber, where it falls into long bags and is saved. This is known as bone-float—a powder so fine as almost to float in the air, and lighter than any grain-flower or meal we have ever known. This is used especially for making a liquid manure, to apply to house-plants or for garden purposes, being as quick as guano. The establishment runs night and day, the entire year, employs 3 engines of 60, 40 and 15 horse power respectively, 200 men, and 5 steamboats constantly at work; and still are insufficient for their extending business. Every farmer knows that good bone is one of the very best articles to apply on his crops, whether broadcast to help his grass, land and grain, or to apply in the hill; but many unscrupulous dealers by adulterating their articles and adding from 10 to 25 per cent. mineral matter and plaster, add from $5 to $10 per ton to their profits. This amounts in the course of a year to a very large sum to every manufacturer, and the temptation to adulterate is very great. Hence it is a matter of public interest to discover who are honest, and who are rogues. The gentlemen, whose place we have visited, are the largest dealers in bone in the United States; their article has attained such a reputation that English farmers and Dealers have come over here and offered to take the entire manufacture and export in to England.

The superphosphate is merely bone-meal mixed with diluted sulphuric acid and bone-black, and made fine and more active for immediate use. The processs is quite interesting, and it is a great satisfaction to learn of one place where a really pure articel is made. The partners, from father to son, have always stuck to their business, worked hard, done business honestly, avoided credit, and made themselves successful, by fair dealing. We think farmers ought to appreciate a good example like this, and give them credit for the benefits they confer upon the agricultural community.

Charge It.

A simple little sentence is this, to be sure, and yet it may be considered one of the most insidious enemies with which people have to deal. It is very pleasant to have all the little commodities offered for sale in the market, and it is sometimes hard to deny one's self of the same, when they can be obtained by just ordering them and saying "charge it." But the habit of getting articles, however small the expense may be, without paying for them, keeps one's funds in a low state most of the time. "I have not the money to-day, but I should like the article very much, says a young man who, happening into a store, sees somthing which strikes his fancy. "Never mind," says the gentlemanly clerk, "you are good for it." "Well, I will take it and you may charge it." And so it is that little accounts are opened at one place and another, till the young man is surprised at his liabilities; which, though small in detail, are sufficiently large in the aggregate to reduce his cash materially when settling day comes. In many instances, if the cash was required, the purchase would not be made, even had the person the money by him; but to some, getting an article charged does not seem like parting with an equivalent. Still, when pay-day comes, as it always does, his illusion vanishes, and a feeling is experienced of parting with money and receiving nothing in return.

Although California-raised hops are not unknown in the Eastern market, it may not be generally known that they can be raised only in the winter. The colder the weather, the better the vine is said to thrive, and in clear, frosty nights, it has been known to grow an inch in five hours. It bears beautiful, snow-white flowers, something like tube-roses, only much more fragile and fragrant. Ladies wear them at evening parties. These flowers open only at night, and wither in the day-time. When the mercury is lowest and the snow crispest, then this delicate flower opens its petals and fills the frosty air with its perfume.

One of the most injurious dietetic habits of Americans is that of eating fresh hot bread, cake and biscuit. The Prussian government compels bakers to keep their bread at least one day before selling. If Americans would follow their example, there would be fewer dyspeptics than at present.

Public Affairs.

Patriotism, Potations, Liberty, Lager.

A question has arisen and been argued before the Pennsylvania Supreme Court as to the validity of what is known as a temperance "local option" law. By a bare majority of the Court it has been held constitutional. In the dissenting opinion of Chief-Justice Read, we note the following passage referring to Massachusetts:

It is notorious that liquor could be had in every hotel, restaurant, and oyster saloon in Boston. The law is in fact a dead letter there; the evil being to encourage deception, falsehood and fraud, and to accustom citizens to a daily violation of law. Messrs. Reuter & Alley, of Boston, are the most extensive brewers in the United States, producing 118,000 barrels of ale per annum. In Massachusetts the people were spending two pounds sterling per head on strong drinks in face of the Maine Liquor law. We are all for the Maine law, said a man to Mr. McRea, but we are against its enforcement.

The brewers in Philadelphia produce 600,000 barrels of malt liquor annually, giving employment to nearly 100,000 men, and consuming in its manufacture 1,500,000 bushels of barley, of the value of $1.10 per bushel. Ale is a healthy liquor, and lager beer is a favorite beverage, particularly of our large German population. The question of license is to be submitted to the citizens of Philadelphia at the next general election, and if the vote is against license then the city will be under a prohibitory liquor law during the whole centennial celebration, to which we have invited the whole country.

"On the 4th of July, 1776, every patriot drank to the independence of the thirteen States. Shall it be that on the 4th of July, 1876, all we can lawfully offer to our guests on this great anniversary will be a glass of Schuylkill water, seasoned with a lump of Knickerbocker ice?"

Unanimity in Juries.

The New York *World* says:—Our contemporaries discuss with much interest the wisdom and expediency of that inherited rule of law imbedded in our Federal and State constitutions which requires unanimity in the verdicts of juries. The occasion of this interest in the subject appears to be the introduction of a measure in the British Parliament looking to a change in the system now and so long applied in that country, which Hallam described as "the preposterous relic of barbarism." In many quarters there is evidently the impression that a movement to break up the unanimity system in England is new. On the contrary, it has been going on for nearly half a century. A Royal Commission in 1830 recommended that a majority of three-fourths of a jury should be competent to return a verdict. On this Commission sat some of the greatest common-lawyers of the day. Majority verdicts are valid in Scotland, Australia, France and other Continental countries, and work well. In no other tribunal is unanimity essential to the validity of its decisions. Why in juries? The truth is that in the whole contrivance for deciding disputed *facts* we unreasonably cling to inherited forms after the necessity or occasion for those forms has passed away. We demand twelve men in a jury-box. Why *that* particular number? Who knows why the number of twelve was adopted in England? Is there a better reason than that often given of similitude to the number of the apostles? How did the plan of unanimity grow up? No one can authoritatively say. But if we insist on unanimity as in the far-off day of less intellectual activity among the masses than now, and therefore of less chance of antagonism of opinion among jurymen than now, why do we not go back to the old plan of shutting jury up the without light, food, or water, till they agree, and thus give victory to the best physique? Our present system is neither one thing nor the other.

A SHIP THAT HAS COME HOME.—The ship that was to bear fortune to the "Chase heirs" has at last come home, bringing with it the snug sum of $260,000,000 to be divided among the American heirs of three brothers, Englishmen, who emigrated to this country about the year 1680. Of these brothers Aquilla settled in Newburyport, Massachusetts; Thomas in Rhode Island and William in Yarmouth, Massachusetts. A fourth brother named Richard, remained in England. The vast property comes by descent from a Sir Townley, living about the year 1600 at Townley Hall, in Lancashire, England. He was the progenitor of a certain Miss Mary Townley, who married a man named Chase, who was the father of the four sons mentioned. This Mary Townley was the heir of all her ancestor's immense riches. A late decision of the English courts has given them three-fourths of the sum of $385,000,000, the full amount of the inheritance in our times to the American heirs, the remainder, about $125,000,000 having already been distributed among the heirs of Richard, who had remained in England. The *Annapolis Republican* says it is now generally supposed that the Maryland Chases will come in for part of this vast amount, as they trace from the same common ancestor. Nothing definite has yet been ascertained however.

HORSE RACING AT FAIRS.—The right of managers of County Agricultural Societies to permit horse racing at their annual exhibitions, is to be tested up in Washington county, Penn. Previous to the fair held in that county last Fall, Dr. Le Moyne notified the authorities of the association that he should enter suit if horse racing or trotting was allowed, but no attention was paid to his notice. The Doctor has instituted proceedings against the managers, and the point at issue will be subjected to the most rigid legal investigation. The result of this case will be looked upon with considerable interest.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

Capital punishment was abolished in Iowa two years ago, and statistics just published show that ten murderers have since then been convicted in that State, while of shootings, stabbings and beatings to death in fits of anger the list is a frightfully long one, considering the population of Iowa. We have already stated that the number of murderers in the Michigan State prison, sentenced to life imprisonment, is sixty.

Gov. Austin, of Minnesota, officially states that the number of lives lost during the great snow-storm in that State in January last, is eighty-one, against eight hundred, as published at the time.

The Legislature of Rhode Island has legalized marriages between whites and blacks. Massachusetts did a similar thing, some years ago, but subsequently repealed the act.