



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RANDOLPH COUNTY.

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RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

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NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

APPLICANTS FOR LICENSE TO TEACH SCHOOL, WILL BE EXAMINED ON THE LAST SATURDAY IN EACH MONTH, AT THE NEW BRICK SCHOOL HOUSE, WINCHESTER.

PLEASANT HIATT,

Examiner, Randolph County.

THE WRONG GIRL.

[From the Flag of Our Union.]
BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

"Well, I do say you've been long enough about the milking—I must conclude you was a-going to stay in the cow yard to be ready there to-morrow morning."

Deborah Peck was not apt to address her sister in tones such as she then used; nor to snatch anything from her hand in the manner she snatched that pail of milk; nor yet to fling herself across the room as she then did, and afterwards to sit dumbly for an hour and go dumbly to bed. Something very unusual must have occurred.

The expression of Magdalen's face was evidence of the fact. Her tongue came to her mouth—she did not presume to say a syllable in excuse when Deborah reproved her so sharply, but dropped her eyes with a look of shame, and so sat down to her knitting. Magdalen Peck had got a heat, and now the secret is out. It was a thing that did not lightly affect the interests of the maiden sisters who had dwelt so peacefully in Woodbine cottage—I will not reveal how many years.

Isaiah Sparks was a bachelor of suitable age to be the husband of Miss Peck, whatever that age might be. He was by no means ill-looking. He owned a fine farm, and was respected by his fellow townsmen. Mr. Sparks had lived calmly in the neighborhood with Miss Peck all their lives; but at this late day a random shot from the blind god had gone through his waistcoat and left a wound which Maggy alone could cure. But of all things the latter didn't need—in her sister's estimation—was a lover or a husband. Their father had left them in very comfortable circumstances; they had no anxiety and very little care about worldly things; and though it might appear to many, a humdrum sort of life the two old maids led together, they never had thought it so at all. They had their sufficient resources. Nothing had ever occurred to sour their tempers; they were fond of one another. Deborah especially had a spice of mirth in her composition that drove away gloom and loneliness as a fire drives out cold. In short, they were perfectly content and satisfied with present and future, until Isaiah Sparks' new plot began to develop itself.

It had always been the custom for Debby to wash up the supper dishes and get the kindling wood ready for morning, while Maggy milked the cow which the farm laborer drove nightly to the yard. On one occasion, Debby having finished her chores, sat down by the window, while across the road her sister was still at her task. She saw Mr. Sparks going by, mounted on his black horse, and his eye rested on the cow yard, as if he were criticizing a fine picture. Just then Magdalen, whose back was towards the road, and who couldn't have known the man was within a mile, rose up in her smart, spirited style, and came forward, her pail in her left hand, to hang her milking stool on the fence. The civil neighbor bowed to Magdalen, remarking that it was a pleasant evening. She bowed to him and replied that it was very pleasant.

A very trifling incident, but Debby made capital of it for a deal of merry joking during that evening and the following day, which Maggy enjoyed equally with her sister.

"I wish you had run out and asked whether it was me or the cow he was staring at," laughed the younger Miss Peck.

"O, you—I know it was you. Didn't you feel the influence of his gaze between your shoulders like a poor man's plaster, applied warm?"

Be happy while you may, Deborah Peck. Soon the joke appeared no joke. The second night from that her sister observed through the twilight a man leaning over the cow yard fence, as if talking to Maggy at her milking. So little had coming events cast their shadows before in her horoscope, she could not determine who the individual might be; till, as Maggy, her task finished, came slowly out of the yard, he turned, and Debby saw that, as sure as she lived, it was Isaiah Sparks!

This was Sunday evening. It flashed across Debby's remembrance that Mr. Sparks had taken special pains to speak to them as they came out of church, and that afterwards, when she fested about it, her sister, instead of joining her as before, turned away her face without a word or smile. An ominous sign; and when she saw the couple crossing the road this side by side in that manner, Debby Peck instantly surmised there was danger, which must be promptly met.

She opened the door and planted herself on the threshold, a barrier against all intrusion, as formidable as the two lions Pilgrim spied in the way of life. The gentleman gave one look at her indignant countenance, said good evening to Magdalen and beat a hasty retreat showing that he understood well enough he "hadn't oughter."

into Miss Peck's veins, she could hardly have been more fiery cross. She said nothing to Maggy directly, but she read her a good many lectures regarding duties to one's family and kindred, and did whatever else was calculated to disturb her sister's conscience with a sense of being about to commit a great moral wrong. Magdalen was uncommunicative, and that very fact was enough to prove she was not convinced. Affairs were moving on much the same as if there had been no opposition—or perhaps a trifle faster for it. Mr. Sparks never ventured near the house—that is to say, nearer than the cow yard; and there, whenever the milking stool was not hung on the fence, he was. It was the only opportunity he had, and he was evidently determined to make the most of it.

Talk of a sacrifice of five, ten, or twelve years, of course of loss of sleep, waste of midnight oil, *et cetera!* If it suits the parties, why very well; but the business can be carried on and brought to the same successful end on infinitely less capital.

Magdalen was from home one evening, and as at nightfall she had not returned, her sister put on her hood and shawl and went to the cow yard in her place. She had been reflecting a good deal as she sat alone, and had come to the conclusion that she was not acting very wisely or very kindly in regard to her sister and Mr. Sparks, and she seriously determined to turn square round and make a virtue of necessity. Woodbine Cottage might be dreary enough without Maggy; but then, if Maggy chose to go, why not cheerfully make the sacrifice of giving her up? This was the style of thought to which her busy hands kept time, when the voice of the man who had a leaning towards the cow yard fence said, resolutely:

"Good evening, Magdalen."
"Good evening, Mr. Sparks," came in a subdued key from the woman on the milking stool.

Her face was steadily bent to her task, and hidden by the brown hood, which, together with Maggy's shawl, had deceived the bachelor lover. So absorbed had Debby been, that she had not even thought of the likelihood of his coming that night; but on the instant it flashed through her mind that if a joke was all she could have out of the affair which had cost her so much feeling, why she would make the most of that, at all events.

"Call me Isaiah," rejoined Mr. Sparks, tenderly. He hemmed once or twice, softly, then proceeded: "Magdalen," he said, "you must be well aware of the sentiments of warm affection which I entertain toward you. You have known me long, and you know my circumstances. I have come here to-night to declare myself, and to ask you to become my wife."

"There is but one objection," murmured Deborah, rising and standing just on the opposite side of the fence from the bachelor, her face turned modestly away.

"What is that, dear?" he asked eagerly, reaching over and taking her hand in his.

"My sister—she would be left quite alone."

"O, as to that," he rejoined quickly, with the air of one determined not to see any impediments in his way, "she may live with us and welcome if she will, but at any rate you will not be far apart. I may consider myself accepted, dear?"

The real Magdalen was not ten paces off. The ecstatic lover would have hardly noticed the shriek of an engine at the same distance behind him; her sister, however, had watched her approach and awaited the right moment. That moment had come, and she suddenly turned her face full on Isaiah Sparks, while the loudest, merriest peal of laughter rang on the air that had been heard in the neighborhood of Woodbine Cottage for many a day.

GRANT'S GRAND TOTAL.

We believe that no military hero in the world's history has won such important successes, unclouded by defeat, as our modest and unassuming Lieutenant General. They may be summed up as follows:

At Fort Donelson, February 16th, 1862, he captured Major General S. B. Buckner, with 13,000 prisoners, 3,000 horses, about 2,000 stand of arms, 48 field pieces, 17 heavy guns, and other military stores.

At Vicksburg, July 4th, 1863, he captured Lieut. General Pemberton, with 20 general officers, 4,000 commissioned officers, and 29,000 men—total, about 34,000. He also captured 128 pieces of field artillery and 90 siege guns, besides 83 pieces previously taken—total, 301. Of small arms 45,000, with arms and munitions of war for 60,000 men, with a vast quantity of steamboats, locomotives, cotton, etc.—and more important than all, the Mississippi. As Vicksburg involved the surrender of Port Hudson, we have to credit to Grant the fruits there gathered—5,500 prisoners, 51 guns, 44,800 pounds of powder, 150,000 rounds of ammunition, 5,000 stand of arms, 2 steamers, and other stores. Arkansas Post, captured by a detachment from his command, adds 5,000 prisoners and 40 guns.

At Chattanooga, besides the brilliant feat of rescuing our beleaguered and endangered army, and driving the enemy from a vastly superior position, he captured 65,000 prisoners and 40 guns. A detachment of his immediate command, under Weitzel, captured 3,000 prisoners, and 180 guns at Fort Fisher and Wilmington. In the crowning campaign against Richmond, he destroyed a rebel army of 60,000 men, all of whom were either killed, wounded, dispersed or captured. In the final surrender at Appomattox Court House, April 9th, 1865, 26,000 prisoners, 16,000 stand of arms, 160 cannons, 70 flags, 1,000 wagons, 4,000 horses were all that remained; but at Richmond Weitzel had previously reported the capture of 800 guns, and a considerable number must have been captured at Petersburg.

This surrender involved the subsequent surrender of Johnston with 25,000 prisoners and over 90 guns, and must be followed by similar surrender of the armies of Dick Taylor, probably 12,000, Kirby Smith and Magruder, estimated at 25,000.

It would be safe to say that, including the captured not above enumerated, two hundred thousand men and two thousand guns have been captured by General Grant, and as the immediate results of his victories. His grand total of captures are at least twice as great as the forces under his command at any one time. When we add to these figures the rebel killed and wounded at Donelson, at the battles before Vicksburg, at Chattanooga, and at the Wilderness, the last of which is estimated to have amounted to sixty thousand and it will appear that General Grant has put *hors du combat* not less than three hundred and fifty thousand rebels in captured, killed, wounded and dispersed. True, some of these successes were obtained by desperate fighting and severe losses, but impartial history will declare that we could not have had Vicksburg without the terrific battles of Spotsylvania. In the light of the whole record, now complete, every one of Grant's campaigns is demonstrated to have been a success. The temporary laurels won by Lee, Johnston and other rebel chiefs, but add their tribute to Grant's enduring fame which, like Moses' divinely consecrated rod, swallows up all the others.

TOO MUCH SUN.

BY RACHELLE RICHMONS.

Then let it weep, the little cloudlet; its pearly tears carry with them no weight of woe to the home of buds and blossoms; its mission surely is of love; then let it be fulfilled. Let the buds be made to blossom and the blossoms to blush in deeper beauty, for the dews of heaven shall sink into their little hearts and shall waken in them a new life. The warm light of an unclouded sun has enfolded them so closely and so long that the life was becoming stifled and the beauty waning; the sunbeams, although such fond companions, have allowed the dust to settle close upon them and to choke the inner life that made them beautiful.

But this little cloudlet shall shelter, with its shadow, bath with its waters, and spend its all—in its tears—in purifying. Then let it weep.

Then let them weep, the youthful eyes, the weeping shall not make them listless. A sorrow has cast its shadow on the heart, and the heart strings tremble slightly; but it is well; for behind this veil of tear-drops Peace is walking arm in arm with sweet Tranquility, her gentle sister, the counsellors of these two shall come as moonlight comes to midnight, making light dark places; and starlight shall be upon the troubled waters of the soul, and in their murmurings shall be heard music, sounding strangely sweet because never heard till now. And

the wavelets shall awaken happy thoughts that slumbered in the stillness that was cold, and warm and generous feelings that stirred not as the waters stirred not; then let them not be stilled. The young life has known such a long day of happiness, such a glare of gayety has shone upon it, that the soul from being held so close to so much light is, losing its sweet life all unconsciously. Rich colors pale before strong lights. A little shade is needed to add the richness that we love to seek; and so the heart from too much glare and heat is parched, the colors of the life grown pale and wan. But this little sorrow shall cast its twilight light, give deeper, richer coloring to the life and character, and the eyes, though dimmed awhile, shall look with joy upon its beautiful work, its quickening, its awakening. Then let them weep.

THE OCEAN BOTTOM.

Mr. Green, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures when making search in the deep waters of the ocean. He gives some new sketches of what he saw at the "Silver Banks," near Hayti.

The banks of the coral on which my divers were made are about forty miles in length, and from ten to twenty in breadth. On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and is so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet when submerged but with little obstruction to the sight.

The bottom of the ocean, in many places, is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studded with coral columns from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eight feet in diameter. The tops of these more lofty support a myriad of pyramid pendants, each forming a myriad more, giving the reality to the imaginary abode of some water nymph. In other places the pendants form arch after arch; and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean and gazes through in the deep winding avenue, he finds that they will all him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral which had long been buried beneath old ocean's wave. Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if the pillars columns were towers belonging to these stately temples that are now in ruins.

There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs and plants in every crevice of the corals where water had deposited the earth. They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants that I am familiar with that vegetate upon dry land! One in particular attracted my attention; it resembled a sea fan of immense size, of variegated colors and the most brilliant hue. The fish which inhabit these "Silver Banks" I found as different in kind as the scenery was varied. They were of all forms, colors and sizes—from those of the symmetrical goby to the globe-like sun-fish; from those of the dullest hue to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hues of the sunbeam; from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark.

Some had heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs; one of small size resembled the bull terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move. To enumerate and explain all the various kinds of fish I beheld while diving on these banks would, were I enough of a naturalist to do so, require more than my limits would allow, for I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical seas, can be found there. The sun-fish, saw-fish, white shark, blue or shovel-nose sharks, were often seen.

There were also fish which resembled plants, and remained as fixed in their positions as a shrub; the only power they possessed was to open and shut when in danger. Some of them resembled the rose when in full bloom, and were of all hues. There were the ribbon fish, from four or five inches to three feet in length; their eyes are very large, and protrude like those of a frog.

Another fish was spotted like a leopard, from three to two feet in length. They build their houses like beavers, in which they spawn, and the male or female watches the egg until it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long, which I should think would weigh from 400 to 500 pounds.

"PATRICK," said a judge, "what do you say to the charge, are you guilty or not guilty?"
"Faith, that is difficult for your honor to tell, let alone myself. Wait till I hear the evidence."

We have now 10 new Territories waiting to be made States. They are: Wyoming, Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, Utah and Washington.

QUIDDITIES IN THE SOUTH.

SHARKS.

These animals are peculiar to southern seas, and they are about as well calculated to make the waters hideous as any thing we know of; much more so than the Confederate navy. Indeed, in the language of Job we may say, "Lay thy hand upon him; remember the battle; do no more." These creatures attain the length of sixteen feet, and are the peculiar terror of watermen in Summer-time. One said he would swim across the Ashley now for a very small sum, but he would not do it in June for all the money that could be piled up. Why? "Because before I should get half way across a shark would have me." Two men, disregarding this fact, went in swimming. One heard a shriek, looked round, and the other was gone. Several men were bringing down a raft. One got into a canoe. It capsized, and before the man could be got out he was taken. Their manner of taking prey is this. They first come up within about four feet, look steadily at it for a few moments, then dart back about nine yards, whirl upon their back, shoot quick as lightning upon the miserable victim, which is crushed between the sharp teeth and monstrous jaws. In a moment the flury is over, and when the water subsides it is tinged with blood and the man is gone. They say there are land sharks as well as water sharks, and some are found even in northern localities. For my part I heartily abominate both varieties of the species wherever found.

ALLIGATORS.

Every school-boy knows the shape of these hideous creatures. They are black as Satan, ugly as sin, and grow to the length of fifteen feet. Their skin is worth fourteen dollars, and when tanned, is made into boots and shoes for rebels. They love to live in marshes among the tall grass, of which the Lord knows there is enough along these low coasts. They live on fish and other animals; and when hungry will attack men, but the citizens say they prefer hogs and niggers. They can outrun a hog and will head him every way he goes. At last the hog, weary with running, and excited by curiosity, stops to see what kind of a queer creature it is that is approaching with his mouth so wide open. He has perhaps hardly satisfied his curiosity, when down comes the upper jaw. The head is half cut off the first lick, and the porker is done for. He is then slowly swallowed, and the brute sleeps in the sun for several days till he is stung by hunger again, and remains mostly in holes.

SEMPER.

THE RICH MAN'S WAGES.—Several gentlemen, on board of a steamboat in a Southern river, were noticing and commenting upon the plantations they were passing. One of them addressed a plain and somewhat rustic looking man, who stood near him, and inquired who owned the elegant place then in sight.

"Mr. Johnson is the owner," was the reply.

"Well, Mr. Johnson has a splendid farm, then," returned the gentleman.

Presently another plantation attracted the attention of these gentlemen, and the rough looking man was again applied to for the name of the proprietor.

"Mr. Johnson is the owner," said the man.

"Indeed, the same man that owns the other?"

"Yes, the same man."
"What a fortunate man this Johnson must be, to have two such establishments as these."
A third, a fourth, and a fifth plantation fell under the notice of the gentlemen, and in reply to their questions they were informed that they also belonged to Mr. Johnson.

"And who takes care of all these for Mr. Johnson?"

"I take care of them," said the plain looking man.

"Well, it must be a great deal of trouble, and he ought to pay you well for it."
"He does not, if he ought," said the man.

"What does he give?" asked the gentleman.

"He only gives me my victuals and clothes," said the gentleman, who happened to be Mr. Johnson himself.

"Only your victuals and clothes for doing all that! Why, he must be too mean a man to live!"

A FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—Dean Jackson, passing one morning through Christ Church quadrangle, met some under graduates, who passed along without *cappping*. The dean called one of them and asked, "Do you know who I am?"

"No sir."

"How long have you been in college?"

"Eight days, sir."

"Oh, very well," said the dean, walking away, "puppies don't open their eyes until the ninth day."

Why is a broken chair like one who despises you? Because it can't bear it.