WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC

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Kirksville, Missouri

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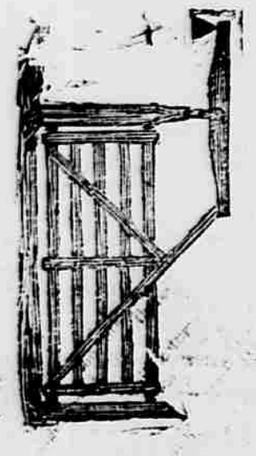

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J. L. MAHAFFY,
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Missouri.

Mexico is troubled by burglars.

The fair at Sedalia begins next Tuesday.

Farmers near Charleston are complaining of dry weather.

The session of the Jasper county teachers' institute closed to-day.

Hade Brown's boy was not drowned. The report was unfounded.

Dogs are killing sheep for the farmers in the vicinity of Moberly.

Large quanities of walnut logs are being shipped from Richmond.

The annual meeting of the Christian church is being held at Moberly.

The Jasper county democratic convention meets at Carthage September 16.

John Dillon is traveling through this state with the "Electric Light" company.

The corn crop of Ray county is estimated to be one-third short because of the drought.

A man at Warrensburg owns a blind horse which he claims is the fastest runner in the west.

Mrs. Amanda L. Williams, of Warrensburg, died of paralysis while seated at the supper table.

The military companies of Boonville will compete for the prize at the Tipton fair on Friday of next week.

The greenbackers met at Palestine on Saturday, the 11st inst., and nominated a full county ticket, from representative down to coroner.

Mr. Milo Blair, owner of the Sedalia Eagle, has sold one-half interest in that sheet to Mr. Chas. D. Wassal, of Chester, Ill., who is an old journalist.

The Trenton Times recently changed hands, and contained the following terse valedictory, by the retiring editor: "I've quit. F. A. Dinsmore.

A party of movers carried off an idiot girl from Louisiana one day last week. The father of the girl was at last accounts in pursuit of the abductors.

A runaway team of horses knocked down and dragged a heavy farm wagon over a little child at Carthage, but, strange to say, it escaped without serious injury.

The dedication of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, which was to have taken place on last Sunday, at Sedalia, was indefinately postponed on account of unfavorable weather.

Editors up in Carthage have an educated way of referring to each other. For instance, one of them says in his paper: "I warn you that if you ever caricature me as a democrat I will wear you out, and don't you forget it."

The East St. Louis postmaster states through the Herald that the postoffice rules are very stringent so far as the transmission of young alligators is concerned, and strangers will please govern themselves accordingly.

Dr. Darby, of Rockport, informs the Columbia Statesman that while he was out east of town last Saturday evening, gathering wild cherry root to make chill medicine, he ran upon a den of about 200 snake of all kinds and sizes. He says that a very large rattlesnake ran him from an orchard to a yard gate, a distance of two miles. The doctor's hair has been turning gray ever since.

Better than Expected.

A crowd composed mostly of farmers got to talking politics in a hotel barn on Grand River street a day or two ago, and the dispute became so hot that two of the parties came to blows. The affair had just ended when an old man drove up in a wagon and he was at once informed that his son George had been in a fight.

"Has he? Has he? And did he have a fair show?"

"Yes."

"It was square work was it?"

"It was, and your boy got licked."

"Noa!"

"Yes, he did. In three minutes he was cleaned out and used right up."

"Did he make an apology?"

"He did."

"And said he was in the wrong?"

"Yes."

"And did he leave the barn on the run?"

"No; he walked over to the drug store."

"Walked, eh! Bully for George! It did make me feel a little bad to hear that he was bounced, but the most that I feared was that he started on the run for home and left me to load wo barrels of salt."—[Free Press.

Emigrating to Missouri.

A letter was received at the St. Louis board of Immigration yesterday, informing the secretary that a large colony of emigrants from the western portion of the state of Pennsylvania will leave there in the course of a couple of weeks to settle in New Madrid county Missouri. Special rates of transportation are now being arranged for the colonists, who are represented as thrifty Pennsylvania Germans.

It is stated that the convention held at Poplar Bluff, Mo., on the 23d inst. has given quite an impetus to the immigration boom in that portion of the state. The people are now more than ever awakened to the necessity of making efforts to induce the thousands of emigrants coming west to purchase homes in Missouri.—[Globe-Democrat, 5th.

Suicide at Moberly.

MOBERLY, Mo., Sept. 6.—This morning at sunrise a prosperous farmer named Ben. Gosting, living seven miles east of Moberly, shot and killed himself Mr. Gosting is well off and it is said was unusually kind to his family. No cause can be assigned for the commission of the rash act. The victim is forty years old and leaves a wife and several children.

KIRKSVILLE, Mo., Sept. 6th, 1880. EDITOR GRAPHIC:—SIR:—I noticed in your report of the commands participating in the reunion, which closed on Friday night, a very brief sketch of the 21st Mo., Infty. This very short historical memoranda does not speak of the service of this regiment before 1862. In justice to this gallant old regiment and by the request of its numerous friends, I will give a very brief sketch of its service. Enlistments in this regiment dated as far back as June 18th, 1861. And the companies which formed its nucleus were collected under Col. Moore, at Athens, and about the 12th or 13th of Aug., 1861, gave to Martain E. Green, the repulse, which was followed up by his hasty retreat south of the H. & St. J. R. R., and were routed again at Florida, on Salt River, although this affair was participated in by 3rd Iowa, 16th Ill. and a portion of the 7th Mo. cavalry, yet old Co. L., 21st Mo. Inf. was the first to enter the tiger's den. After this Col. Moore, with his brave boys kept the rebels out of N. E. Mo. until we were ordered south in Feby. 1862, on the 5th of this month. The commands of Col. Moore and Col. Woodyard were consolidated at Canton, Mo., and there received the name which they carried during the remainder of the war. The Lancaster skirmish and the skirmish at Fairmount and at Fabius, south east of Fairmount are well remembered by every one of the old boys in blue, who went through the war with the old 21st. We arrived at Pittsburg landing, March 17th, 1862, took a very active part in the battle of Shiloh, the siege of Corinth, the battle of Corinth October 3rd and 4th, 1862, Meridian expedition in 1864, Red River raid, battle of Tupelo, Miss., Oxford raid, came up to assist in driving Price out of this state in 1864, returned to the battle of Nashville, then to Mobile and Fort Blakeley as you have already stated. Had I recourse to papers at home, 250 miles from here, I might give a better synopsis of the action of this command. Not having them nor time to refresh my memory otherwise I will let this brief notice suffice although I could fill several more of your papers with the unwritten history of this glorious old regiment. Yours truly,

C. FOSTER,
Late Lieut., Co. L., 21st Mo.

For The Graphic.

Dr. A. H. John, Stand up and answer:

Did you not, when you came to this county "out Herod, Herod" with your republicanism? Did you not, in a short time, like the sow, return to your wallow—democracy? Did you not return to that—by you—hated republican party, and support Grant in 1872? Did you not plunge into the greenback movement and "out Herod, Herod," or the devil in that? And are you not now, to preserve a show of consistency, that deceives nobody, with forked tongue, claiming to hold the same opinions, and howling continue almost at the same breath? And did you not, my dear Dr, write a book on the "Metaphysics of Money," the philosophy of which few have or can deny, because their lack of confidence in the author would not allow them to read it? And last, though not least, in political infamy, have you not returned to the bosom of democracy, betraying, Judas-like, or attempting to betray the most sacred political cause that man ever espoused? And do you not know that you inspire no confidence in the democratic party, and are only permitted to remain as a sort of scavenger, to do the dirty work? If there questions, or most of them must be answered in the affirmative, you must be superlatively cheeky to arraign John M. London, or anybody else for inconsistency. And now, my dear metaphysical and philosophical Dr., don't make John stand up any more. It annoys. His time is taken up in preparing to beat Col. Harsh at the next election. Besides it is in bad taste for you to make John stand up for one change when you have made so many. Or for receiving republican votes for congress, on his own platform of principles, when it is generally believed that you would stand on any platform, and receive votes from any party or person for any office. Doctor, don't pester John. UNCLE JAKE.

The Chinese Problem.

Biddy picks Jonathan's pocket. John interrupts the crime. She goes empty-handed to the Holy Virgin. Cardinal M'Closkey takes alarm, and rubs the ears of the politicians and all hands cry out, "away with John!" Shall we let Biddy back into our pocket again?

Jefferson Davis plantation at Hurricane, Miss., is leased by a firm composed of four negroes, who were formerly owned by a brother of the ex-president of the confederacy. They own plantations worth $75,000, hire several more, and do a large mercantile business at Vicksburg, Miss.

Female barbers are gaining considerable custom at Washington. All are colored, and their entire custom comes from their own race. They charge 5 cents for an ordinary shave, but when a customer has his head shaved 10 cents is asked.

EDITOR GRAPHIC:—Allow me a short space in your columns and I will give a short history of the 64th regiment, Illinois volunteers, there being but 4 of us present at the Kirksville reunion. Sergeant Wm. Musson, Sergt. D. H. Ludden, Charles White, W. W. Williams, mustered into U. S. service Dec. 16th, 1861, at Camp Butler, Ill., were shipped to Quincy June 10th, 1862, remained there until Feb. 17th, when we started, armed and equipped, for Cairo, arrived at that noted mud hole Feb. 19. Remained in barracks until the 4th of March, when we crossed the river to Bird's Point, and thence marched to New Madrid, Mo., and participated in the seige of Island No. 10; when it's defenders surrendered three companies of our battallion, including Co. D., were detailed to guard them north to Chicago and other points. Our task being completed we rejoined our command in front of Corinth, Miss., in the month of April, where we took an active part in the siege, until the 31st day of May, when we were among the first to enter the town. We next engaged the enemy at Tuscumbia Creek, June 3rd, and at Iuka, Sept. 19, also at Corinth, 3rd and 4th of Oct. 1862.

In the month of November, 1862, we were assigned to garrison the outpost of Glendale. We remained there until the 4th of Nov. 1863, Pulaski, Tennessee, where on Dec. 21, the battallion reenlisted. We enjoyed our furlough and returned with a full company to Decatur, Ala., and upon the 1st of May we began a campaign which was to end the war; we were engaged as follows: Resaca, Dallas, Big Sharity, Kenesaw Mountain, Nickajack creek, Decatur, Atlanta, July 22, 28, and Aug. 4th. Jonesborough, Snake Gap, Cedar town, Savannah, Georgia, Pocotaligo River Bridges, Ellisto river, Orangeburg, Columbia and Cheraw, S. C., Fayettesville and Bentonville, N. C., and finally, surrender of Johnson's army, near Raleigh, we then marched to Washington, D. C. was reviewed, May 24th, shipped to Louisville, Ky., where we arrived June 10th, 1865. The 64th, meets at Macomb, McDonough Co., Ill., Sept. 15th and 16th. The reunion is extended to the soldiers of the 16th Ill. W. W. WILLIAMS.

The Democratic Museum.

"Puck" publishes a cartoon representing the interior of the great Democratic museum of relics and curiosities. It says:

The democratic party has a show, and Mr. Barnum is the showman—not old P. T. Barnum, but a smaller democratic barnum. He is showing Gen. Hancock through the Old Curiosity Shop. It is quite a new experience for the General. He is a thorough democrat, (or, yes; he has been a democrat from birth; but he has not had very much to do with his party since it was his disagreeable duty to help defeat it at Gettysburg. In fact he never did run very much with democrats. He is a soldier—and a good one, and it has been his duty defend the nation, and, naturally this has brought him into the company of republicans, who are rather nice in that line. So, you see, he is quite a stranger in his own house. The show contains many things that are new to him. This may account for his looking a little pale and startled.

"Just step right up, General," say Mr. Barnum, smiling blandly: "Guess you're astonished to find what an A 1, first-class Old Curiosity Shop we've got here. Didn't know your noble heritage as a born democrat, did yer? Now here, by these highly interesting antiquities, you may see the rise of the democratic party. It's riz pretty high, but that ain't nathin to the rize it's agoin to git. No, I don't mean its goin' up. Never mind, cast your superb eye over this. This is the whipping post, the famous patriarchal institution of the south; and here are the shackles and the whips—the trimmings, so to speak—Lord, you can almost hear the howl of the nigger—don't it seem life-like? Ah, General, that there post was the pillar of the party.

Oh! them good old days is gone, long gone; but meble we'll have 'em back again if the south stays solid. You're a northern man, General, do you remember how those chivalrous Southrons used to call us "Northern Mudsills," in their playful way? Sumner was a Northern Mudsill—there's the club that Prest Brooks laid him out with—chivalrous of Brooks, wa'n't it.

Now, here's where we get to the war—the unholy war that was waged agin the divine ordinance of slavery. You did some of the waging, General; but we won't think no harder of you, if you're solid with the south now. Here's the first shot of freedom—white freedom—strictly white, I mean to say. It was fired plump into Sumter. Here's one of the Nigger torpedoes—used to be set afloat in the bay, in blockade times. We ain't got many Yankee battle-flags to show; but that's partly your fault, General. There—just see that—don't your heart beat faster at sight of that? It's the pistol that the Martyr Booth shot the tyrant Lincoln with. Chivalrous of Booth, wa'n't it? We mighter had some of Lincoln's brains, that oozed out of the wound; but that kind of thing ain't much in our line. Since the war, our stock ain't so complete and rich in relics—we ain't had the chance. But you may like to glance at a few repudiated state bonds—we've got a neat collection of them—and here's our greatest triumph of late years—the real original rag-baby. There ain't no hard-money nonsense about you General, is there?

And here is General Hancock, your new mount. None of your old war-horses—this is the genuine old democratic charger—just wants your superb head to make it a complete animal." And then Mr. Barnum stops, and waits for the enthusiasm. General Hancock wipes his forehead, turns his fascinated eyes from the whipping post and the shackles, and cries: "Great Scott, am I to be the head of *that?*"

Mr. Barnum flatters himself with the hope that the "good old days" he laments may come again. They may; but the chances are diminishing. The boys in blue are once more in line. They have had their little sulk, all by themselves; their selfish schism nearly broke up the party, and aided in forcing upon it a rather unsatisfactory candidate. But the stalwarts have come to their senses, they are back in the ranks, nice good little boys, and everybody knows *that* means business.

Sixty Days Without Food.

A citizen of Cass avenue was smoking his cigar over the gate the other evening when a "go-as-you-please," who looked unusually thin, came scuffing along and halted and asked:

"Do you keep posted on the news?"

"Yes, I think so," was the reply.

"Know all about the Tanner case, don't you?"

"Yes."

"I was down in Indiana during his first ten days, and since that I've lost track of him. Did he hold out for forty days?"

"Oh, yes."

"Stood it right through, did he?"

"Yes."

"Say," confidentially remarked the tramp, as he came closer, "do you know I began to fast same day as Tanner did?"

"Did you?"

"Yes, and it is now over sixty days since I touched food. That beats him by over twenty days, and I could put in another ten as well as not. Say?"

"Yes."

"Do you think such things are of any real scientific value?"

"No."

"That's just my opinion. I can't see where nor how science is to gain a cent's worth of practical information. Do you think Tanner will ever become president?"

"No."

"Nor I either, and I have no hopes of myself. Do you think it will upset any established theories concerning the treatment of the human system?"

"No."

"Nor I either. Say?"

"Well."

"I've been thinking this thing all over, and I can't see how it pays me to go on with this fasting. It wouldn't prove anything in particular if I should put in 101 successful days."

"No."

"Then I guess I will come to the conclusion to stop it."

There was a long and uncomfortable silence. The tramp finally moved off out half-fed and returned and said:

"Say, if a man had tasted for 100 straight days in this town you wouldn't offer him as much as an old crust when his time was up, would you?"

"No, sir," was the decided reply.

"Nor you wouldn't give him any of your old clothes?"

"No, sir.

"Nor lend him ten cents to pay for lodgings?"

"No, sir."

"That's just the conclusion I had reached, and I'll be darned if I don't fast my hundred days out just to show you that I can get along without any of your assistance!"

And the indignant faster walked off with his head up and his heels having a firm grip of the pine planks.

Examples of Eminent Blind.

Homer, Ossian, Milton, and Blacklock were poets. Sanderson a celebrated mathematician, and Cancasian professor at Cambridge. Going before our year older junior, a mathematician; also Huber, author of a work on the "Habits of Bees;" M. Pheiel, of Celmar, also a poet—his works fill six octavo volumes; and Miss Francis Brown, a poetess of considerable excellence. Holman traveled round the world. William Metcalf, builder of roads and bridges. John Metcalf, of Manchester, guide to those traveling through intricate roads by night when covered with snow; afterwards a projector and surveyor of roads in difficult mountainous parts; most of the roads about the peak and near the Peak were altered by his direction. Laura Bridgeman could neither see, hear nor speak, and yet she learned she was a sinner and Christ a Saviour. Milburn was chaplain for some time to the American congress; is a writer, lecturer and traveler. Prescott was a famous historian; Goodrich an excellent writer for the young. Rev. J. Cross was vicar of Bradford. John Gough, of Kendall, was a famous mathematician, and an accurate botanist and zoologist. Dr. Moyes, of Kirkdilly, was an itinerant lecturer on chemistry and optics, though blind. Lord Cranbourne, blind from his childhood, published, a few years ago, a history of France for children. Giovanni Gambassio became an excellent sculptor. Ziea, the Bohemian General, performed great acts of military valor after the loss of his sight.

A Mean Reb.

At the second battle of Bull Run a Michigan regiment, in making a change of position, came upon a Confederate soldier sitting astride of a Federal who was lying on his back. Each had a firm hold of the other, and neither could break the hold. As the troops came up the reb was taken in, and as the Yank arose he was asked how he came to be in such a fix.

"Why, I captured the blamed Johnny," he replied.

"Then how did he come to be on top?"

"That's what makes me so infernal mad!" shouted the blue coat. "He captured me the same time I did him, and then he wouldn't toss up to see who had the bulge! He's no gentleman—no, sir he ain't!"

SUNDAY READING.

TRIAL OF FAITH.

(Gen. 22:14.)

The lesson of this week affords us the best illustration of faith tried and proven perfect, to be found in human history. Many years before, when God gave Abraham promise of a son, he believed the Lord and his faith was accounted to him for righteousness. Now by this sublime act of obedience, he shows that his faith is still perfect. But oh, how severe the test! To the skeptical this presents almost insuperable difficulties, specially since a fanatic in Massachusetts claimed to have been called of God to offer his child as an illustration of his faith in the resurrection. But the cases are not at all parallel. This will appear to the far mind, and the difficulties of the skeptical will be removed by the following reflections: As we get the incident of history from the Bible, we must take it in its Bible connections. It is a part of the continuous history of a remarkable man,—remarkable according to the traditions of other nations, and of profane historians. It appears from the sacred record that God had from the first, until after the time of Abraham, appeared openly in form as a man, and conversed with men. Then Abraham could not be mistaken as to the source of the instruction to offer his son. It was not a dream nor mental vision received in ecstacy, but the command of the same familiar voice that called him from the home of his childhood, that promised the son and would now for a noble end, prove the father's faith.

2. Abraham is a representative character, "as the father of them that believe" this test of his faith is of incalculable value to the devout all along the ages.

3. With God are the issues of life and of death. It is with him to direct whether we or our children shall die by disease, slowly wasting, or by some sudden visitation. Admitting that God actually spoke to Abraham as is stated in the second verse of the lesson and the difficulties vanish. The offering of Isaac which was actually accomplished in the purpose of his father though the hand was stayed from the deed, is a vivid type of the offering of the Divine Son by the heavenly Father for the sins of the whole world. God gave his son so that he was in his purpose and practically to the faith of all the devout "a lamb slain from the foundation of the world." The Divine hand was stayed from the actual blood-shedding of the Son through many generations, and a lamb of the pastures substituted, and offered annually on the recurrence of the great day of the atonement in the temple built by Solomon, on this same Mt. Moriah.

Rev. Dr. E. W. Hitchcock writes enthusiastically from Paris of the prospects of Protestantism in France. The religious regeneration in France, he says is not only demanded by the exigencies of her condition, but is prophesied by the march of events. Along side of and underneath the tendency to free thought, to indifferentism, to infidelity, to atheism, is a counter-current of religious thought and feeling and aspiration. There are opportunities for preaching the gospel such as have not before existed for centuries. The masses are disposed to listen to Protestant teachers. The religious question has entered largely into politics. Anti-clericalism is popular. The education of the masses on a broad and national basis occupies the attention of the government. The syllabus with its profane dogma of papal infallibility, has opened a gulf between the church of Rome and the thinking, patriotic and conscientious men, which can never be filled or bridged over. The religious regeneration of France is prophesied as well as demanded, and it may be looked for, and it should be prayed for and toiled for. This regeneration, so far as human agency is concerned, will be brought out chiefly through the native churches, reinforced from other Christian lands, and rebaptised with "the Holy Ghost and with fire." They alone are competent to deal with the masses of the French people, and lead them out of their spiritual bondage. Especially when, as not unfrequently occurs, the half of a village or commune, under the inspiration of some political leader, break away from the Romish church in which they were born, and seek an alliance with the Protestant church, because they must have some religion, this popular movement must be organized and directed by the native church, by men conversant with the language, tastes, prejudices and genius of the people.

Why Should the Work Cease?

TO SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—It is a fact hard to be accounted for that many Sunday schools close in the fall, and sometimes remain closed far into the spring. Why? Is Bible instruction less needed in winter than in summer? Whose fault is it? Who are responsible for this state of things? What have you done to sustain, keep alive, and give interest and efficiency to your Sunday school?

Are souls less precious, or is labor for their conversion less a duty in winter than in summer? Are the world, the flesh, and the devil inactive during this season? Do sickness and death cease their work during the winter? Are you all assured of renewed opportunity next year? If not, can you say, I am clear of any responsibility in this matter.

Common schools do not close; amusements, lectures, and social gatherings for enjoyment do not cease. Christians ordinarily multiply their meetings and efforts for their own and others' good, and look for revivals chiefly—to many of us solely—in winter. And when all else is active, why should the Sunday school—the best, in many instances the only means of religious instruction for the children and youth—go into winter quarters and die, to await a feeble and uncertain resurrection next year?

Remarkable Time Piece.

In an old record is found the following account of a Japanese time keeper: "This clock, in a frame three feet high and five long, representing a noon landscape of great loveliness. In the foreground were plum and cherry trees and rich plants in full bloom; in the rear a hill, gradual in ascent, from which flowed a cascade admirably imitated in crystal. From this point a thread like stream glided along, encircling in its windings, rocks and tiny islands, but presently losing itself in a far off stretch off woodland. In the sky turned a golden sun indicating as it passed the striking hours, which were all marked upon the frame below, where a slowly creeping tortoise served as a hand. A bird of exquisite plumage resting upon a plum tree branch, by its wings proclaimed the expiration of each hour. When the song ceased a mouse sprang from a grotto near by, and running over the hill, hastily disappeared."

The Banker's Joke.

They were enjoying a bath. "You should see the bank now," said the president of the First National, of Thorntown, Ind. "You should see the bank now; Dick has it fairly filled with beautiful flowers, all fine house plants, and all doing well. "I shouldn't think" said his friend the chronicler, "that it would be a very good place for floriculture. "Oh, yes!" replied the president, "they do splendidly; you see there is so much falling due there all the time that——" But his auditor mist the rest of it, for a Nantucket crab had got judgment on his foot and he was trying to get ashore before it foreclosed.

He Wanted Something New.

A cigarette scion of one of the first families on the west side came into this office yesterday to request that a notice of his coming nuptials might be inserted in the paper.

"Don't say however," said the young man earnestly, "that I am about to lead to the hymeneal altar the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. So-and-So, because that kind of slush is too old, and besides, no one can lead a woman, and then again, it's leap year. Better make it read that I have consented to be her'n." He was assured that it would be done, and left.—[Chicago Tribune.]

Mingled Joy and Anguish.

The other morning and Galveston merchant was seen standing in his store with his face tied up and smiling like a house on fire. "What are you grinning for," asked a passer-by. "I choost sold out mine old umprellas, and I feel so glad as never vash. Dish rainy vedder vash a plessing." "What's the matter with your jaw?" "My tooth aches so pad I vants to die. Dot rainy vedder always makes dot," and as his thoughts went back to the sale of the umbrellas he put his hand up to the jaw and laughed, and swore and stamped and smiled until people passing mistook him for a lunatic.—[Galveston News.

There are hot, still nights when there is not air enough stirring for a man to play an accordeon with. It is then that the flute fiend pours forth his most plaintive melody by the means of discouraged wind supplied from his own lungs.

London society will act unitedly to snub professional beauties. It is a beautiful fight as it stands, in which the ugly and worthy will have a chance. The beauties will not be invited to parties, and in that case the young men will not care to go.

The Rev. Mr. McAllister, of the Litchfield, Conn., congregational church, recently spoke in the pulpit of the grand old pines of Maine as reaching up so high towards heaven that the angels were in the habit of making nests in their branches.

Mr. Wendell Phillips is described by the Boston Courier as riding up Mt. Waebusett and meeting on the summit a friend who addressed him thus: "Well, Mr. Phillipps, I never expected to meet you so near heaven as this." "You never will again," Mr. Phillips retorted drily.

There is nothing like being stout-hearted in the midst of difficulties. Some men give up at the slightest opposition, while others become grandly enraged by opposition, and wrest the victory from unwilling fortune. "If I have lost the rings here are the fingers still," said the bold Spaniard, and into the fray he went again.

The country can get along better without politicians than it can without produce and pumpkins, but the Quincy store is beyond all cavil, the best place to buy your groceries, produce, provisions, nuts, fruits and candies.