WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

$1.50 Per Annum | KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1884. | VOL. IV. NO.46.

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SURGEON DENTIST,
KIRKSVILLE, MO.
All work Guaranteed First Class. Office over Caskey's store, south side.

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Office with J. C. Thatcher, south side Square. Calls promply attended to at all hours. [n051-1y

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The old RELIABLE INSURANCE AGENT is now located on the South Side of the SQUARE, Has only old and reliable companies represented. He will insure residences and farm property on better terms than has ever been offered here before. For promptness and accuracy in business, refers to his eight years' business in your midst and all who have sustained losses under Policies written by him.
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[Opposite Depot.]
KIRKSVILLE, MO.
John Zener, Proprietor. W. I. Rissler Clerk.
This hotel has recently been refitted and furnished and will be conducted in first-class style, convenient to all trains east or west. Charges moderate.
☞The traveling public are invited to give us a call. n35-tf

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Notary Public, Real Estate and Tax-Paying Agent.
Buys and sells on commission, makes collections examines titles, furnishes abstracts, writes deeds of conveyance. Have for sale large tracts of the most desirable grazing lands, at low figures either in Adair or adjoining counties, well watered and can give time on payments to suit purchaser with low rate of interest. Lands especially adapted to sheep raising, being elevated and rolling. Have also large list of improved farms in tracts from 40 acres to any desired amount near market and continuous to county seat. Also town property and building sites. No Registry fee—correspondence with non-residence owning lands or town property in this or adjoining counties is respectfully solicited. No charge without sale is effected

AT J. FOWLER'S
MERCHANT TAILOR.
KIRKSVILLE, MO.
(East side square over Jamison's Drug Store)
Is the place to get the Best Suit of Clothes for the Least Money.

CHICAGO
LUMBER YARD.
☞Full stock dry lumber at lowest price.
DOUGLASS & SON.

KENNEDY & LINK,
DEALERS IN
Grain, Seed, Hay
Etc, Etc.,
SLOAN'S OLD STAND
Directly west of the Parcell's House

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AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE,
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Kirksville, - - - - Missouri.
All orders filled on short notice North east corner of the public square.
Marble Purchased direct from the quarries and only the best of workmen employed

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AUCTIONEER,
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Parties having stock to sell please give me a call. Sales cried in any party of county. For terms and particular address,
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Leave orders at this Office.

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Buys and sells lands, town property etc, on commission. Some very desirable farms and city propert, unimproved and improved for sale at great bargains Taxes paid, rents collected abstracts furnished, and accounts collected promptly. Correspondents solicited. All business looked after with care and promptness. OFFICE—South east corner square, over Jamison's Drug Store. Room No. 2. n38 m

J. M. McCALL,
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OFFICE: North side square, New Brick up stairs. Will attend promptly to collections and all other business intrusted to his care. Many to loan on favorable terms.

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Pensions For wound, disease, or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increase, bounty, back pay, and discharges obtained. Apply at once. Delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address with stamp the old established firm of Eno & Co., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 917 F Street Washington, D. C.

FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Jacob Shoop, deceased, will make final settlement of said estate at the May term of the Probate court of Adair county, Missouri to be held on the second Monday in May 1884. n43-4w
ADAM SHOOP,
Administrator

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

ELLA DARE.

I stand on the banks of a wonderful river,
Whose waters sweep down to the sea,
With a rhythmical voice, and a tremenduous quiver
That speak a real language to me.

'Tis the current of life, in masterful motion
That beats, and that throbs, with such force,
As it rushes on to an infinite ocean,
Impelled from an infinite source.

Listen to sounds that flow down from the ages,
That tell of the race when a child,
Rude, rough and barbaric written those pages,
In language half human, half wild

The stream was then low, sluggish and muddy,
With banks that loomed high on each side
And again they were deep-shaded and ruddy,
From wounds that were gaping and wide.

But there's a hush, then a musical murmur,
That ripples and rings like a bell,
In tones that each moment grow stronger and firmer,
In joyous and jubilant swell.

O'race progress these voices are singing,
The contest of matters and mind;
Through the gates of the centuries bringing
Great laws and great forces combined.

Living truths for the soul, that are needful,
To nourish the wants of to-day,
That the spirit grew wiser and needful
In choosing the holier way.

Now, full up to its banks, these deep-flowing waters
Sweep onward in measuries course,
While high on the billows earth's sons and her daughters
Are born by invisible force.

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And none about the sad ones,
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it;
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it,
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hands contains the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

Written for the Graphic.

Herbert Thornton;

—OR—

"TRIED AS BY FIRE."

BY W. MAXWELL.

CAAPTER XII.

A CHAPTER WITHOUT INCIDENT.

The next three month's of Herbert's life at Hopkinsville was so devoid of incident that little is left for the faithful historian to describe. The Hopkinsville Academy opened with a grand flourish of trumpets. Professor Shearman was nothing if not sensational in methods. Herbert's position was a subordinate one, but he went to work with such an earnest desire to do his work well, and with such a love for the work itself that the defects of youth and unexperience were scarcely noticeable. The kindly advice of the deacon, as narrated in a former chapter had opened Herbert's eyes to the necessity of caution and reserve. In all other matters he found the people with whom he came in contact were singularly hospitable, and many of them intelligent and companionable. The contrast between the society and culture of of the best element of Hopkinsville, and that of his old home, was not by any means always to the advantage of the latter. Here Herbert found the grasping, money making, purely materialistic element peculiar to modern society less obtrusive, while the spirit of mammon, and what came later to be termed shoddyism was almost unknown. Herbert found himself welcomed to many old fashioned, courtly family circles, where the sentiment *"noblesse oblige,"* gave a charm and a coloring that was a new revelation to him of social life. Mere fashion or show held no sway. The masters of broad acres and many slaves lived a plain, simple, homely life, clad in home spun, yet as proud of blood and descent as an aristocrat. Herbert found. too, that intellect and manners were the only test of social standing The mere fact of color, placed every man, of Anglo-Saxon descent in a certion level so far above the slave element which formed the basis of society, that it was a sort of potent of nobility, and of itself constituted a letter of introduction which nothing but bad conduct and essential coarseness could nullify.

Herbert also fouud a certain literary culture that puzzled him at first. Himself a close and loving student of the English classics as embodied in the works of such writers as Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, Shakespeare and a host of others who cast such a charm over the literary history of the last two centuries of the English tongue, he was often startled by the familiarity with those writings exhibited by people who had never seen the inside of an educational institution higher than the log school house of the frontier.

When he came to find entire absence of all modern books, and the almost complete isolation of the people from the current scientific drift of the day; when he entered those homes of hospitality and saw that their treasured libraries consisted of well worn volumes of these very authors, handed down as they had been from father to son, it was no longer such a puzzle. The manners and customs and even the language of the cultured classes partook, more of the stately and sedate character of a former centure than of the hurly-burly, image breaking, rushing steam driving present. Of course there was also a rude and uncouth class that had grown up neglected and uncultured, but even these, hid beneath a rough exterior many admirable characteristics. To serve a friend, or to resent an insult, to maintain 'honor' with life if necessary, were common characteristics.

The Academy flourished like a green bay tree. The whole of the second story of the court room was occupied, and every branch from Latin and Greek down to the alphabet was taught. One corner of the room was cut off by calico curtains for a commercial department where some of the larger young men studied the intricacies of book keeping along with penmanship and commercial arithmetic. At one time a law department was under contemplation, but later events nipped that proposition in the bud.

As time passed Herbert found himself quite a favorite both in the school and in general society, and had good cause to congratulate himself on having been so fortunate as to settle in Hopkinsville. Letters, in those days were more serious affairs than in these busy times, yet scarcely a week passed that did not bring Herbert one or more of these missives. Besides his mother, and his old professor at Bartonville, who maintained a regular correspondence, and one or two classmates, whose occasional letters varied the monotony. Herbert's means for learning the sayings and doings at his old home, were limited to the letters which came to him from Alice. It was through these Herbert learned of the new addition to the society of Bartonville in the person of Mr. Hewitt. Indeed at one time Alice's letters contained so many references to that gentleman's saying and doings that for a moment Herbert found himself almost a victim of jealousy. Quickly banishing the the though, however, he was amply recompensed in the little added post script which met his eye at the close of the letter. It is a queer feminine peculiarity but nevertheless common to every one of Eve's fair daughters, learned or unlearned, high or low, that in the post script lies the pith of their correspondence. Reader doubtless you have noticed this in your own case. If you have then you need not be told what Alice's post-script contained. At any event it was sufficient to set his heart beating to quick-time, and to render that a red letter day in his calendar of important events.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SECRET BROTHERHOOD.

In a little back room up a rickety flight of stairs in the second story of an old frame house, which stood in the outskirts of Bartonville, are assembled six or eight men. The windows are closely shaded; so closely that not a solitary straggling ray of light is permitted to reach the outside. There is nothing specially remarkable either in the room or its occupants, further than that the flour and the walls are thickly padded with coarse carpenting evidently intended to deaden sounds and to prevent outsiders from either hearing or seeing anything that might transpire within. A few rickety chairs. a bench, and a common pine table, make up the rather meager furniture of the room. The occupants of the room are only remarkable, if one might be permitted to use that term, in the fact that there was nothing remarkable, about them, further than the very evident fact that they do not by any means represent a very elevated portion of the community. Two or three chronic loafers, a beefy looking countryman, two parties that had long rested under suspicion of being gamblers, and illicit dealers in liquors, and one or two other not specialy worthy of mention or of sufficiently marked characteristics to justify a description. The only one of the party exhibiting any degree of culture or intelligence was the new lawyer, a young man, who had secently opened an office in Bartonville and had forthwith aspired to be a leader, in the opposition against the progressive or radical element which had generally held sway in Bartonville.

"Hist! here they come."

This exclamation was followed by a shuffling of feet on the landing at the head of the stairs, followed by a low knock. The door was cautiously opened and two men entered. The first was the little lawyer Mr. Slyman Fox; and his companion, the rubicund sporting man, Jacob Smith.

"Ah! All here promptly!" exclaimed the lawyer. "This looks like business. Our crowd isn't very large but what it lacts in numbers it makes up in brains and patriotism. In the language of the immortal bard of Avon "Gentlemen lets take a drink." This sally was greeted with applause, and as if by common consent all eyes were turned upon the portly form of Mr. Jacob Smith.

The latter produced from his capacious pockets the desired and evidently eagerly anticipated refreshment, in the shape of a huge black bottle which without further ado passed from hand to hand, and mouth to mouth, until it had made the circuit of the room. We will not delay or weary our readers with a detailed discription of the proceedings of this mysterious meeting. It is a well known historical fact that many sections of the northern and middle states were permeated and honey-combed with a half military, half civil, and altogether treasonable secret order pledged by the most binding oaths to resist what was termed the encroachment of the federal government on the rights of the south, and to resist if necessary by force of arms any attempt of the government to coerce the slave power. This society was a branch of that order, properly known under the names of the sons of Liberty, Knights of the Golden Circle, and other titles which were changed from time to time as the exigency of events might demand. The three letter s. i. c. used by the the little lawyer on the occassion of the first meeting on the stage coach which brought the three strangers to Bartonville, were the first letters of the countersign of the order, meaning "Southern Independent Confederacy." The answer was the last two letters of the countersign—"i c." The sign of special meetings, and important matters demanding the immediate attendance of every member was the scattering of irregular bits of white paper on the street or wherever they might catch the eye, and the shape of these bits of paper conveyed a language known only to the initiated. When cut into a half moon it meant that every member must come armed and prepared for action. All this and much more was imparted to the "Circle" on the night of the meeting described above, by the lawyer, Slyman Fox, assisted by his confederate. Before they closed, the little lawyer explained that the Grand Master of the division, whose word must be law, was none other than Mr. John Hewitt. "His real name" said the lawyer, "I cannot impart, until the higher degrees are conferred, but you will all remember that the signs and passwords I have given you, are sufficient to identify any member or officer of the order. By no word, look or other signs of recognition are you to publicly approach him. He is not to be known as of us or with us. Remember." The black bottle was again passed, and at a late hour the party dispersed, singly, through back streets and alleys to their homes. A week later a close observer passing along the streets might have noted clippings of white paper scattered along the walks or being drifted hither and thither by the September breezes. But even, if observed such a trifle would not have caused a second thought. The shape of these bits of paper told the members of the "Bartonville Circle" that business of a serious nature was on hand. It was a night on which a full moon would shine but drifting clouds dimmed the brightness of that luminary and sent floating shadows across the landscape. An early hour found all the former members present and one ot two strangers who passed the guards with pass word and countersign, and were introduced as visiting brothers by Mr. Slyman Fox. "Men and Brethren of the mystic circle," said the lawyer, "I had not expected, so soon, that real work would be demanded at your hands, but like true Knights, doubtless you are all ready for the summons to duty. Remember your Oaths!" The lawyer then proceeded to unfold the plot to kidnap the blacksmith. The fact that he belonged to the hated race was dwelt upon, but his prosperity and industry had long been a source of envy to the loafer element of Bartonville. The additional fact of the evident partiality toward him, exhibited by the principal man of Bartonville—Col. Sanford—had not lessened the distaste felt by that class of community which feels ill at ease and envious of the success of its neighbors. That blacksmith *Dan* had been a slave and bore within his brawny frame the slightest admixtnre of the blood of the African, however far removed, was within itself a fact never to be forgiven or forgotten. Sobriety, industry and thrift only aggravated the offence.

Whispers of this had been up before but Dan's position and his brawny frame had preserved him from insult or interference heretofore. It was no diffieult matter therefore for the lawyer to secure the co-operation of the circle in the plot which he laid before them. The members being young in the cause were not asked to take either a dangerous or very active part in the programme. They were to guard the approaches to the shop where Dan slept, and to assist in binding and placing him in the covered hack which was to be in readiness to take him across the line. The two strangers would drive the conveyance to the next station, thirty miles distant and safely guard the valuable prisoner. In case Dan was successfully kidnapped and carried into slavery one hundred dollars of the money realized was to go into the treasury of the circle.

"To night at twelve o'clock," said the lawyer, "let every man be at his station to prevent outside interference, and when the signal is given that the work is completed, let every man go to his home. Should pursuit be attempted, of course we shall expect you to do all you can to divert it in the wrong direction. * * * * *

It is midnight. The full moon rides high in the heavens, but the drifting clouds still occasionally darken the sleeping landscape. In these intervals the conspirators have found opportunity to silently surround the abode of Dan. In the shadow of an adjacent building stands a covered spring wagon with two powerful horses impatiently champing their bits. At their heads stands the driver muffled in a long loose coat, with a slouched hat drawn down over his face. Two gliding figures, keeping close to the wall, gain the back entrance to Dan's sleeping room. A sudden rift in the clouds illuminates the scene for a moment and then the shaddows thicken again. That flash shows one of the figures at the door to be the burly form of Jacob Smith, and the other, one of the strangers who is to accompany the driver of the covered wagon. Both are strong men but it is questionable in a fair tussel whether they could get the better of Dan with his large well knit frame and work hardened muscles. A key clicks in the lock, the door opens and the two men disappear within.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Mrs. Logan.

The State Legislature of Illinois ought to pass Mrs. Logan a vote of thanks and a pension for her kindness to its people in Washington, for no other Senator's wife or family does as much for his constituents as Senator Logan's. Other Senator's wives may be quite as willing, however, and in pr portion exercise the same amiable spirit. Every man, woman, and child in Illinois has heard of Mrs. Logan, wants to see her immediately, feels the greatest admiration for her and is at once made to feel that she is the same cheery, unselfish and unspoiled woman that she was twenty years ago. She is a great woman in the best sense of the word, and in with her great mental and executive abilities she possesses many little feminine and domestic traits that are especially charming in such a character. She has a woman's true passion for fancy work, and makes beautiful macrame work, and many little jokes go around among her friends concerning this lace. Whenever a visitor settles down for a long talk Mrs Logan produces her macrame threads, and the energy with which she ties her knots is a sure indication of the measure of her annoyance. Some of the finest and most firmly made pieces of macrame that she has are mute evidences of the hours she has had to listen to bores and long winded people of all persuasions.—[From a Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON LETTER

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb., 29, 1884.

THE THIRTEENTH WEEK

of the session finds Congress considerably behind-hand in its business, only just entering in fact upon serious work. Only one of the regular appropriation bills, the comparatively unimportant military academy bill, has been acted on by the House, and none by the Senate. There is much complaint among democrats outside of Congress, that the majority in that body is not making satisfactory progress— that too much time has been frittered away in discussing matters of little importance. Mr. Randall is getting a good deal of blame from members of his own party, because he has not shown any inclination to furnish the House occupation in the consideration of the appropriation bills, and they charge that he is ready to sacrifice everything in the interest of his protectionist friends. It has been said, and indignantly denied, that Mr. Randall's plan is to hold back the appropriation bills until the tariff bill is reported, so as to have them on hand to antagonize that measure by calling them up at such times as will suit the purpose. If Mr. Randall desires to retain his hold upon his old admirers outside of Pennsylvania he will have to do something pretty soon. Congress is rapidly approaching the time when the heats of Washington become more influential than the public interests in effecting legislation.

Among the

NOTABLE VISITORS

to Washington recently no one has attracted more curiosity and attention than "Mike" McDonald, the king of the Chicago gamblers, and the political boss of his city. It was a strange thing to see the open and avowed head of the gamblers of Chicago here in Washington as the personal and intimate friend of the Chicago Mayor, and apparently upon equal social terms with the millionaires, brokers and eminent lawyers who made up the Chicago delegation here, and who so triumphantly carried off the location of the convention. Mike McDonald is confessedly the most powerful politician in Chicago. He has an army of voters who obey his will. Men who desire to run for congress, the legislature or the municipal council, have to see McDonald and make terms with him. He is worth at least half a million of dollars. He owns outright the principal gambling establishment in Chicago and controls every one of the lesser establishments, McDonald is of Scotch Irish descent. He was born and brought up in the village of Niagara Falls. His parents, who are very quiet, respectable people, are still living in the village. McDonald is 45 years of age, and has been a resident of Chicago for the last 30 years. Although he is the king of gamblers he never plays himself, but he is always ready to stake money on any event, and while here won $1,000 on bets that the convention would be held in Chicago. He drinks very little, and smokes only the mildest of cigars. His face shows that he lives a careful, well regulated physical life.

It is just now a question what is to become of

UNCLE SAM'S TEA FARM,

established by Le Duc when he flourished as Commissioner of Agriculture Instead of selecting a good piece of land, he preferred leasing 100 acres from the old Middleton estate in South Carolina, which was entirely worn out and grown up with underbrush Expecting that considerale sums would be spent on this, the owners rented it for 20 years for a silver dollar. During the first year some $10,000 were expended, a large portion of it in the salaries of a superintendent and in building a road. Some tea plants were set out and a good many of the nuts were planted. When Dr. Loring became commissioner, he sent the veteran William Saunders down to examine the tea farm, and his report was decidedly unsatisfactory. Congress ceased to make any appropriation, and efforts have been made to close up the affair. This is not satisfactory to the South Carolinians, who represent that the plants, although neglected, have been growing famously, some of the three-year old seedlings measuring seven feet in height. They all have enormous tap-roots, which a foot under ground, are twice as thick as any portion of the stem. Digging has failed to reach the ends of these roots, and the gentlemen who have examined them have arrived at the conclusion that the plants, disgusted with the treatment they are receiving from civilized Americans, are turning their backs on us and returning to their native land by the underground route. The tea is said to be excellent, but the expense of picking and rolling the leaves makes it cost over a dollar a pound.

DOM PEDRO.

An Anecdote of Lincoln.

"The last time I saw him was about two weeks before his assassination. He sent me word by my brother James, then in his cabinet, that he desired to see me before I went home. I went into his office about 11 o'clock. He looked jaded and weary. I stayed in the room until his hour for callers was over. He ordered the door closed, and looking over to where I was sitting asked me to draw up my chair. But instead of being alone, as he supposed, in the opposite direction from where I sat, and across the fire-place from him, sat two humble looking women. Seeing them there seemed to provoke him and he said: "Well, ladies what can I do for you?" One was an old woman, the other young. They both commenced talking at once. The President soon comprehended them. 'I suppose,' said he, 'that your son and your husband is in prison for resisting the draft in Western Pennsylvania. 'Where is your petition?' The old lady replied: 'Mr. Lincoln, I've got no petition; I went to a lawyer to get one drawn, and I had not the money to pay him and come here too, so I thought I would come and ask you to let me have my boy.' 'And it's your husband you want?' said he turning to the young woman. 'Yes,' said she. He rung his bell and called servant, and bade him go and tell Gen. Dana to bring him the list of prisoners for resisting the draft in Western Pennsylvania.

"The General soon came, bringing a package of papers. The president opened it and counting the names said: 'General there are twenty-seven of these men. Is there any difference in degree of their gilt?' 'No, said the General; 'it is a bad case and a merciful finding.' 'Well,' said the President, looking out of the window and seeming talking to himself, 'those poor fellows have, I think, suffered enough; they have been in prison fifteen months. I have been thinking so for some time and have so said to Stanton, and he always threatens to resign if they are released. But he has said so about other matters, and never did. So now, while I have the papers in my hand I will turn out the flock.' So he wrote: 'Let the prisoners named in the within paper be discharged,' and signed it. The General made his bow and left. Then turning to the ladies he said: 'Now, ladies you can go. Your son, Madame, and your husband, Madame, is free.'

The young woman ran across to him and began to kneel. He took her by the elbow and said impatiently: 'Get up, get up; none of this.' But the old woman walked to him, wiping with her apron the tears that were coursing down her cheeks. She gave him her hand and looking into his face, said: 'Good bye, Mr. Lincoln, we may never meet again till we meet in Heaven.' A change came over his sad and weary face. He clasped her hand in both of his, and followed her to the door, saying as he went: 'With all I have to cross me here, I am afraid that I will never get there; but your wish that you will meet me there has fully paid for all I have done for you."—[Extract from a sketch of Joshua F. Speed.

Becoming Acquainted.

Two old negroes become acquainted in a way that shames formality. Meeting for the first time, they look at each other. Then one remarks so the other can here him:

"Doan' belebe I knows dat man, but his face is mighty 'miliar."

Then the other one says: "Seed dat man somewhar, but I kaint place him. Howdy do, generman?"

"Porely; how is it wid yesse'f?"

"Porely; thank yer. Whar does yer lib?"

"On de Pryor place. Whar does verse'f 'zide?

"On de Avery place. How's all yer folks?"

"Porely, thank yer; how's all wid yesse'f?

"Porely, 'bleeged ter yer."

After this thay are old acquaintances, and never fail to greet each other as friends.

"Hack! hack! hack! madam, why I was almost hacked to pieces by the savages," exclaimed Aunt Tabetha on emerging from a crowd of hack drivers at the depot.

By putting r in the wrong place a Richmond printer made the editor say at a scene at the close of a burial: "Disconsolate fiends stood riveted to the sport." Another intelligent compositor left out the letter d in an item about a beautiful actress, and informed a smiling public that "crows flocked to see her."

In struggling to make a dull brained boy understand what conscience is, a teacher finally asked: "what makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "The big leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.