

A. N. WHITE, Druggist and Apothecary, 101 North Main Street, Buchanan, Mich.

T. M. MORLEY, Salt Foundry, All kinds of salts, including rock salt, and all kinds of machinery for salt works.

BIRD'S BUS—George Bird and Son, 101 North Main Street, Buchanan, Mich.

C. S. SMITH, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Office and Residence, 101 North Main Street, Buchanan, Mich.

C. B. CHURCHILL, Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewels, Spectacles, etc., 101 North Main Street, Buchanan, Mich.

CHAS. A. MORGAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Office and Residence, 101 North Main Street, Buchanan, Mich.

DE FELD HOUSE, Berrien Springs, Mich., 101 North Main Street, Buchanan, Mich.

E. S. DODD, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Office and Residence, 101 North Main Street, Buchanan, Mich.

M. W. PLIMPTON, Attorney at Law, Office and Residence, 101 North Main Street, Buchanan, Mich.

F. BALLENGE, Justice of the Peace, Office and Residence, 101 North Main Street, Buchanan, Mich.

EASTERN STAR, Berrien Springs, Mich., 101 North Main Street, Buchanan, Mich.

LAUREL HOTEL, Berrien Springs, Mich., 101 North Main Street, Buchanan, Mich.

F. H. BERRICK, M. D., Office in Buchanan, Mich., 101 North Main Street, Buchanan, Mich.

A. M. Summit, Lodge No. 192, 101 North Main Street, Buchanan, Mich.

F. & A. M., The regular meetings of Buchanan Lodge No. 192, 101 North Main Street, Buchanan, Mich.

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Berrien County Record.

BUCHANAN, MICH., THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1874. NUMBER 26.

“Rental Vigilance is the Price of Liberty”

MORTGAGE SALE.

DEBULT having been made in the payment of a certain sum of money secured by a certain mortgage on the premises situated in the Township of ...

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The Beecher-Tilton Scandal.

[CONTINUED.]

12. Gives letters from both Tilton and Beecher showing mutual expressions of good spirit, and also a letter from Beecher to Mrs. Tilton commending Moulton for his efforts to heal the differences between them.

13. That about a year ago Mrs. Tilton's confession of mind remained in the fixed opinion that her criminal relations with Beecher had not been morally wrong, so strongly had he impressed her to the contrary, but at length a change took place in her conviction upon this subject, and she wrote to her husband saying that a new light had dawned upon her mind, and she had become thoroughly convinced of her sinfulness.

14. That about this time Mrs. Woodhull detailed the wicked and injurious story which she published a year afterwards. Meanwhile Tilton, desiring to guard against any temptation to Mrs. Woodhull to publish the grossly distorted version which she gave to Tilton, and which she afterwards attributed to him, sought by many personal services and kindly attentions to influence her to such good results as to induce her to withdraw her article from publication.

15. That after this publication, Rev. Thomas K. Beecher wrote of the affair: "Mrs. Woodhull only carries out Henry's philosophy, against which I recorded my protest twenty years ago."

16. That in May, 1873, the famous tripartite agreement between Boven, Beecher and Tilton, surreptitiously prepared, led the press of the country to charge that Tilton had committed some heinous wrong against Beecher, whereas directly the contrary was the case.

17. Recounts the love of Mrs. Tilton for her husband until he was supplanted in her affections by Mr. Beecher, and gives several of her letters written at this period to show that she found that his wife's confidence and reliance upon my judgment had greatly increased, while his influence had diminished, in consequence of a marked change in his religious and social views which was taking place during those years.

18. That the story purporting to explain Beecher's apology as having been written because he had offended Mr. Tilton by engaging his wife in the project of separation from her husband was false, as appeared by a letter written by Mrs. Tilton only three days after the date of the apology and published with the statement.

19. That Beecher offered in substance to send Tilton and family to Europe and share with him his fame, fortune and everything he possessed. That the charge that Tilton ever attempted to levy blackmail on Beecher was false; on the contrary, Tilton has always resented every attempt by Beecher to put him under pecuniary obligations.

20. That not long after the scandal became public, Mrs. Tilton wrote on a slip of paper and left on her husband's writing desk the following words: "Now that exposure has come, my whole nature revolts to join with you or standing with you." Through the influence of Beecher's friends the opinion has long been diligently propagated; that the scandal was due to Tilton, and that Mrs. Tilton and Mr. Beecher had falsely endeavored to make him appear to the world as a slanderer, and that Tilton would not have communicated to the committee the facts contained in this statement except for the perverse course of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton to degrade and destroy him in public estimation.

21. That Mrs. Tilton had appeared before the Investigating Committee and given a true testimony, and that on the next day she spent many hours of agonizing suffering from pangs of conscience at having testified falsely. She expressed to her husband the hope that God would forgive her perjury, but that the motive was to save Beecher and her husband, and also to remove all reproach from the cause of religion. She had also expressed similar contrition to one of her intimate friends.

22. The last specification is in the nature of a recapitulation, and is given in full: Finally, that in addition to the foregoing facts and evidences other confirmations should be adduced, if needed, to prove the following recapitulated statement, namely: That the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, pastor and friend of Mr. Tilton, and his family, trespassed upon the sanctity of friendship and hospitality in a long endeavor to seduce Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton; that by the artful use of his priestly authority with her, he being his wife in religion, he accomplished this seduction; that for a period of a year and a half, or thereabouts, he maintained original intercourse with her, overcoming her previous modest scruples against such conduct by investing it with false justification as sanctioned by love and religion; that he participated in a conspiracy to degrade Theodore Tilton before the public by loss of place, business and repute; that he abused Mrs. Tilton's forgiveness and pledge of protection by thereafter authorizing a series of measures by Plymouth Church having for their object the putting of a stigma upon Tilton before the church, and also before an ecclesiastical Council, inasmuch that the Moderator of that Council, interpreting these acts by Beecher to be that

looked up in his own breast, and that then he divulged it to me, only that there might be a reconciliation with me. Mr. Tilton has since in every form of language, and to a multitude of witnesses, orally, in written statements, and in printed documents, declared his faith in his wife's purity. After the reconciliation of Mr. Tilton with me every consideration of propriety and honor demanded that the family trouble should be kept in that seclusion which domestic affairs have a right to claim as a sanctuary, and to that seclusion it was determined that it should be confined. Every line and word of my private and confidential letters which have been published in harmony with the statement which I now make.

I do not propose to analyze and contest at this time the extraordinary paper of Mr. Tilton; but there are two allegations which I cannot permit to pass without special notice. They refer to the only two incidents which Mr. Tilton pretends to have witnessed personally, the one an alleged scene in my house while looking over engravings, and the other a chamber scene in his own house. His statements concerning these are absolutely false. Nothing of the kind ever occurred, nor any semblance of any such thing. They are now brought to my notice for the first time.

Every statement which connects me dishonorably with Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, or which in anywise would impugn the honor and purity of this beloved Christian woman, I give the most explicit, comprehensive and solemn denial.

A Showman's Gratitude. How a Yankee Remembered His Benefactor. It must have been in or about the year 1820 that a "peripatetic circus company pitched their tent in the village of Staunton, in the valley of Virginia, for the profit to be reaped from the patronage of country gentry, yokel and plantation hands, and gave such entertainment of light fantastic equestrianism, athletic contortion, and ground and lofty tumbling as has not yet lost its periodical zest for rural neighborhoods. The small village inn and every other receptacle for transient guests in the place were taxed to give temporary domicile to the small army of show people; but there was one of the cavaliers who, instead of billeting with his comrades, took this first opportunity to slip away from both tent and village, and follow a road winding afar out among retired plantations.

This was a mere boy, haggard and precociously useful of glance and figure, escaping from a bondage in which frequent stripes had not been wanting to make him something lower than a horse in mightly feats of the arena. Things had come to such a pitch in his wretched young life that he preferred a future of beggary on foot to the last contorted tinsel of the beggar on horseback, and upon reaching the stately Brittingham plantation he began his new career by asking at the door for a glass of water. The sight of a white boy on the tramp was novelty for that part of the country in those patriarchal days, and hence the whole household, with the planter at their head, were attracted to the scene. Upon being kindly questioned by old Mr. Brittingham, the fugitive Smike, of the circus frankly revealed his piteous earnestness of speech and manner which might have extorted sympathy from the roughest phase of human nature. His response was an offer of immediate refuge and protection in the good, old, hearty, hospitable style, and the whimper with which he accepted did him no harm in the estimation of his new friends.

Henceforth the runaway of the ring was a privileged inmate of the fine house for a year, enjoying every kindness that benevolence could devise; but at the end of that period, the planter had come to such a pitch in his wretched young life that he preferred a future of beggary on foot to the last contorted tinsel of the beggar on horseback, and upon reaching the stately Brittingham plantation he began his new career by asking at the door for a glass of water. The sight of a white boy on the tramp was novelty for that part of the country in those patriarchal days, and hence the whole household, with the planter at their head, were attracted to the scene. Upon being kindly questioned by old Mr. Brittingham, the fugitive Smike, of the circus frankly revealed his piteous earnestness of speech and manner which might have extorted sympathy from the roughest phase of human nature. His response was an offer of immediate refuge and protection in the good, old, hearty, hospitable style, and the whimper with which he accepted did him no harm in the estimation of his new friends.

By skill as a performer, sobriety of private character, and a shrewdness not less essential for his honesty, his progress through the remaining years of his minority was a continual ascent, and in his 21st year he had attained the dignity of manager and proprietor. Many times in those prosperous days he brought his thriving caravan to Staunton, and always improved the opportunity to present himself at the hospitable door; where a simple glass of water had been the less through which his friendly boyhood had caught its first view of the world's clearer face. The same well-remembered still; the same disposition in his own heart to whimper; and "God bless you!" sounded in it all. The degradation of war supplanted the tent of the showman, with that of the soldier in the desolate valley of last, and Sheridan rode to slaughter, where the peaceful vaulter through hoops had urged his spangled steed in the merry round of the ring.

While the circus still gathered gold in gain in distant unwarlike States, fire and sword raged in tempests around the home of the Britthams, and the smoke-blackened chimneys marked the place where that home had been. The circus still gathered gold in gain in distant unwarlike States, fire and sword raged in tempests around the home of the Britthams, and the smoke-blackened chimneys marked the place where that home had been.

Philadelphia youth was recently married to a girl who had refused him eighteen times, while he was in the army. The girl was a young woman, and she had refused him because she thought he was a poor man, and she had refused him because she thought he was a poor man.

Love's Labor Lost.

A Bride Dressed in Toy's Clothing. It appears the swain does business in a Fourth street store, and to many minor accomplishments adds the possession of soft dark eyes, and chestnut locks that part in the middle. When it is said that he wears a blue necktie, dresses in elaborate style, and rejoices in a mustache whose careful cultivation has awakened his most prayerful solicitude, the list of his fascinations is complete. The young lady is all your imagination can paint her—lovely, bewitching, and divine. Such a being indeed, as the interesting Adonis we have described could alone make his dulcinea. But it appears that her father did not possess the same confidence in her lover as did the fare Amanda. Learning of the engagement he looked her up, and forbade the youth his ways. Least she should evade his vigilance her apparel was removed, and the gentle Amanda was left in the meagerest dishabille to brood in maiden meditation over the trite but apposite conclusion "that the course of true love never did run smooth."

But it is equally apposite and true that "love laughs at locks and bolts." The lover found out his mistress and concocted an elopement. About nine o'clock last night two young men, one of whom was a known minister on Fine street claimed a private audience of the divine. In the dim light of the parlor the good man only discovered the figures of a boy and a man, and enquired how he could serve them.

"We want to get married, sir," replied the oldest stranger. "Indeed, one of you appears rather young; but where are the ladies?" asked the preacher. "What ladies?" "Why, your bride?" "But it is us two, sir, that wants to get married; this chap, sir, is a girl!" Now anybody else would have cried, "The devil he is!" but the good man only said: "Bliss my soul! You don't tell me," and adjusted his spectacles with an energy that showed how deeply the incident had disturbed his clerical equanimity.

And the youth thereupon related to him the romantic history of his love, the cruel parent, the disguise and flight, and again implored him to marry them at once. Delay might be fatal. Even now the cruel father might have discovered the flight and pursue them. "But you are sure it is a girl?" again demanded the serious minister. "Sir, I am sure of it." "Because the marriage wouldn't be legal if she wasn't?" "Oh! chance it anyway," cried the youth, impatient and uneasy at a delay that might cost him dear. "So the ceremony was said, and the couple, strode away, satisfied and contented with the pleasing visions of the future that hung so rosily around them.—St. Louis Times.

A Romance of the Road.

A letter from Hollister, Cal., dated July 12, gives the following account of a curious adventure encountered by a stage-driver: "On Saturday, July 10, as the New-Idria stage was on its way to the mines from Hollister, two masked persons stepped out of the bushes in a narrow place in the road, and presented shot-gun at Mr. Burnett, the driver, demanded that he should halt and hand over the express bag. On being informed that he did not carry the express, they demanded of him what money there was on the stage. Mr. Burnett told them that there was none, except what they did not want his money, and ordered him to throw off the bag. He refused to do this, but got down from the seat, walked up to one of them, and opened the bag to show that there was no money in it, while doing this, telling the fellow to point his pistol in another direction. All this time the other one was covering Mr. Burnett with a shot-gun. After being satisfied that there was nothing in the bag, the one with the pistol held up the seat to examine for himself, but was ordered down by Burnett, and strange to say, he obeyed the order. There were five passengers on the stage, but they were not molested, and did not make a move, although some of them were armed. The masks of the robbers consisted of a piece of cloth hanging loosely over the face, with two holes cut for eyes. Mr. Burnett, while on the stage, recognized, both of them, as he was close enough to see through the holes in the masks. Burnett was not prepared to go on, but he was urged by the other one to go on, and he thought he might have a chance to use it; and near the same place he met a man and woman, both riding horseback. He stopped the stage, handed his lines to a passenger, and got down, and ordered both man and woman to throw up their hands. The order was promptly obeyed, as Mr. Burnett held in his hand a six-shooter. He then called on a passenger to search the man's pocket, which was done, and proved to be the same one that had been held up to the stage the day before. Mr. Burnett then called on the other passenger to search the woman's pocket, which was done, and proved to be the same one that had been held up to the stage the day before. Mr. Burnett then called on a passenger to search the man's pocket, which was done, and proved to be the same one that had been held up to the stage the day before.

A Rope Walker's Doom!

Shortly the performer who was to meet such a horrible death appeared on the top of one of the houses, dressed in his fancy attire, and looked for a moment at the assembled thousands, and then began to facilitate, as it proved, his own destruction. He had the appearance of a slightly-built man, and did not show a great amount of bodily strength, in fact, as the sequel through the arduous feat which he attempted: "The rope having been secured, he seized his balance pole and started, but only walked a few steps, then he hastily retreated, and gave directions to a couple of men who held the ends of the guy ropes nearest the house. His orders having been obeyed he again started off, and with apparent ease walked to the center of the rope. He then began to walk, but at a couple of feet apart, hung three feet or thereabouts from the rope. The rings were just over the middle of the road, which was thickly covered with gravel, and as hard as rock. When the performer reached these rings he halted, stopped down and fastened his balance pole to the rope. He then proceeded to let himself down to the rings, which he once or twice performed an easy feat. He then let himself down to the full extent of his arms, and after pausing a moment, raised himself slightly and put his feet through the rings, and went back as far as he could go; pausing slightly, and then bringing himself back again to his original position. This was a feat requiring immense strength of arm, and should never be performed at a dangerous distance from the ground, as the slightest failure would result in a fatal fall. The rope was held by two men, one on each side of the rope, and they were both dressed in fancy attire, and they were both dressed in fancy attire, and they were both dressed in fancy attire.

Signing With a Cross.

Persons who cannot write, sign their name, as is well known, with the mark of a cross. Such mark, however, can be easily imitated, and not in ordinary circumstances, are forgeries to be detected. The following is a specimen of a mark from an American newspaper (1848) there is perhaps a solution of the difficulty: A wealthy merchant in Chili could not write, and he signed his name with a cross. A bill upon him with a forged cross, on being presented for payment, was refused. A lawsuit ensued. The judge before whom the case was brought asked the merchant how he could prove that the mark was a forgery. In reply, he said the proof was a secret which he would reveal to him privately. He then explained, that in signing with a cross he drew the pen along the side of his thumb, so that each limb of the cross was the proof of his thumb in profile. The proof was deemed satisfactory. The holder of the bill was nonsuited.

Nervine Works Haven't—A Correspondent writes to the Scientific American that the worst toothache or neuralgia, coming from the teeth, may be speedily and delightfully ended by the application of a small bit of clean cotton saturated in a strong solution of ammonia to the defective tooth. Sometimes the late sufferer is prompted to momentary nervous laughter by the application, but the pain has disappeared.

The Proposition to introduce

had as railroad cars, and is frowned upon in a way of the fact that their trains are always behind.

Tipping aroused his wife from

a sound sleep the other night, saying he had seen a ghost in shape of an ass. "O! let me sleep," was the reply of the irate dame, "and don't be frightened at your own shadow."

Miss Lillian Wagner,

Teacher of Music.

Instruction on Piano Organ, and also in the French Horn, Trombone, Saxophone, and Clarinet, at Buchanan, Mich., at the residence of Miss Lillian Wagner, 101 North Main Street, Buchanan, Mich., at the residence of Miss Lillian Wagner, 101 North Main Street, Buchanan, Mich.

For further particulars, apply to Miss Lillian Wagner, 101 North Main Street, Buchanan, Mich.

SWITCHES! CURLS!

Sunday Reading

Why are we so impatient of delay, longing forever for the time to be? For this we live to-morrow in to-day, yet, and to-morrow we may never see.

We are too hasty; we not recollect that the kind nature do her work alone. We plant our seeds, and like a foolish child we dig it up to see if it has grown.

The good that is to be we covet now. We cannot wait for the appointed hour; before the fruit is ripe, we shake the bough, and seize the fruit that falls away the flower.

When midnight darkness reigns we do not see. The end night is our own sharp agony. We cannot think of our own sharp agony. May be the birth-pang of a joy unborn.

Into the dust we see our idols cast, and cry that death has triumphed, life is void! We do not trust the promise, that the last of all our enemies shall be destroyed!

With rest almost in sleep the spirit flutters. And hearts and flesh grow weary at the last; Our feet would walk the city of the saints, Even before the silent gates be passed.

Teach us to wait until Thou shalt appear— To know that all Thy ways and times are new; That we may believe, and fear, Lord, make us able to believe and trust;

The Hidden Grief. Every man has his own grief and sorrow. Where will you find a heart that has no secret sadness lying heavily upon it? It may not press with equal weight upon the soul—it is well that it does not. But it is there, ready to stir the depths of our sorrow in moments of loneliness, when far from the noise and busy haunts of men.

How many and how various are the causes of sorrow! How soon the earthly dreams fade away! How rapidly perish the cherished visions of our life; that we must have sorrow mingled with our joys. Few indeed are without them. Look at the crowd that passes along the gay thoroughfares. Follow them to their solitary chambers. Question them alone in the still hour of the evening. How many of all that crowd, apparently so thoughtless, have a burden and a sorrow lying upon their hearts! Friends have died. The loved ones of home are far away. Many, many are the tears that fall in secret over the bitterness of the heart, of which the world knows nothing.

Who Are the Great Preachers? The great preachers of the world have been those who were in direct sympathy with human life, and who had an end to gain with the men before them. But with culture and scholastic habits, men have interpreted the word of God. "Follow me, and I will make you a preacher of sermons." The end of preaching is not a good sermon, but a holy heart. Fine sermons have nearly ruined good preachers. If ministers cared more for their people and less for their own sermons, they would be more useful. Preaching has almost ceased to be a living business between a man's heart and the wants of his congregation. Learning, rhetoric, eloquence, are good as lateral influences, but no man will win souls who does not feel the throbbing pulse of his congregation; who does not know their wants; who does not understand how to make the primary truths of Christianity, and apply them to the conscience of men in their daily business life. Such will be certainly efficacious; and such preaching is necessary to the filling of the churches. Were such preaching universal in our time, not only would our churches be filled to overflowing, but thousands would have to be built. For you may depend upon it, there is never a man who preaches intelligent truth, and preaches it with a living sympathy for men, that people will not flock to hear him.

Tobacco. What an evil what a nuisance! what a plague—what a leprosy it is to have a smoking man or woman about the house. It's smoke in the morning, smoke at noon, smoke at night—smoke rising up, lying down, coming in, going out—it's smoke, smoke, all the time! Everything is smoked up. The kitchen is smoked up, the parlors, the bedrooms, the cellars, the garrets, the out-houses, the wardrobe—every particle of costume or furniture is more or less impregnated by this abominable Indian weed. God's pure air is poisoned and stenchified. Every family and every member in the family is compelled to inhale the poisonous effluvia to gratify this accursed lust of the flesh. Tobacco penetrates every nook and corner. It's one of the most powerful, baneful, penetrating narcotics that ever visited God's earth. Then look at the most dinky, dumpy, stupid sottishness of a smoker—with his rotten, gummed up pipe or cigar in his mouth, night and day—puffing his very soul out, regardless of consequences, to gratify an unnatural, depraved appetite—of fending the whole community. Behold the man, his mouth, his lips, his teeth, his whole contour—his sallow, dumpy, boozed appearance! And oh! what a breath—what a breath! Tell it not; write it not. Run! run for your life! Friend, smoking friends, have mercy, do—if you have no mercy on yourself, if you are determined to smoke your own life out, bear your conscience harder than the nether millstone, and go down to the grave as—do have pity on your neighbors. Paul said he would not eat meat while the world stood, if it caused his brother to offend. Not so with tobacco smokers.

It is not hasty reading, but serious meditating upon holy and heavenly truths, that makes them prove sweet and profitable to the soul. It is not the bee's honey, but her abiding for a time upon them and drawing out the sweet. It is not he that reads most, but that meditates most on divine truths, that will prove the choicest wisest, strongest christian.—Bishop Hall.

The Panacea of the Sick. A diseased imagination is the usual complaint of a torpid stomach. There is no complaint to which humanity is subject which the sympetic does not at different times suppose, that he has, or is about to have. The only way to disabuse the sufferer's mind of these fancies, which are realities to him, is to infuse life and vigor into his digestive organs, and the most potent preparation for this purpose is the Vegetable Stomach Bitters. There is no affection of the stomach, no irregularity of the liver or disorder of the bowels consequent upon indigestion, for which it is not an absolute specific. During the twenty-five years that it has been the standard tonic and alterative of America, millions of dyspepsics have recovered their health and the capacity to enjoy life by the sole aid of this wholesome and searching vegetable preparation. As an assimilant and an antibilious agent, a remedy for lassitude, debility, nervousness and morbid fancies, there has never been anything comparable to it in any age or country. 25c.

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PHUNGRAMS. TRIUMPH OVER ORTHOGRAPHY. Among the guests of one of our well known summer resorts is a wealthy bachelor; whose bank account is much better than his orthography.

In a Southwestern town recently a man fell into a ditch on the outskirts. A pedestrian helped him to his feet, and after the thing had been accomplished, our hero said: "All right, hic—I'll vote for you."

A boy was seen in the streets of St. Paul a few days ago with his cap full of green apples. He was followed half a mile by three doctors, before the first grip seized him, and then they all had plenty of business for the next hour trying to keep him undoubled.

A grave-digger, walking in the streets of a country town the other day, chanced to turn and notice a few doctors walking beside him. He stopped till they passed, and then followed on behind them. "And why is this?" said they. "I know my place in this procession," said he.

Little Billy was very cross and tired the other night and he wanted his father to take him on his knee, but his father was tired, or pretended to be, and he said: "I want you to hold me on your knee," he whined. "I tell you I cannot, I am tired," replied the father impatiently. "Tired! You want to carry me to bed, don't you?" said Billy.

The Seneca tribe of Indians now consist of an old horse, a chief and three gallons of whisky. A few more setting suns—a few more moons—a brief season, and that chief, and that three-gallon jug will join its comrades in the happy hunting grounds.—Detroit Free Press.

An Italian jury recently acquitted a prisoner on a most ingenious plea. A tax collector of Naples absconded with public money amounting to two hundred thousand dollars. He was caught, brought back and tried, but the jury acquitted him because the money he had stolen was the people's money, and as he was one of the people, he was part owner of that money, and of course it would be monstrous to convict a man of stealing what was his own.

A woman who was baptized recently lost her back hair in the briny water. Her husband believing that "Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less," fished out the appendage with a hoop pole and dried it on a rook.—Belfast Journal.

The reason an urchin gave for being late at school on Monday was that the boy in the next house was going to have a dressing-down with a bed-cord, and he wanted to hear him howl.

We hear of men confessing on their death-bed to the crime of murder, abduction, incendiarism, but who ever heard of a dying man confessing to stealing papers? Nobody! Death cannot scare that man.

A Danburyan, who was in New York Saturday, came up with the wild statement that he had seen a school clerk with side whiskers. That is more of a lie than one man should undertake to tell. "Hair-growing on the cheeks of a hotel clerk?" Scat!

The printers again. An ardent lover pouring out his passionate devotion in verse, spoke of that "right lion" when walking with his sweetheart, "kissed her under the silent stars." "In a word," he was made to say, "that he kicked her under the cellar stairs."

In New Hampshire they value skimmed milk at two cents a quart for feeding pigs. The Courier Journal says that in Louisville "ten cents a quart is paid for the same thing to feed babies with."

A gentleman of Louisville has a dog pointer. The dog ran up the steps of a house and refused to come down. His master followed and found "A Partridge" on the doorplate. This illustrates the force of instinct.

Will you take some strawberries? "Yes, madam, yes! I eat strawberries with enthusiasm." "Do tell, Well, we haven't anything but cream and sugar for 'em this evening," said the mother-of-fact hostess.