

The following is an address delivered before the Dutch Reform Club, of this town, by Dr. Bingay, of Annapolis, on the 15th inst.

It is with much pleasure that I meet you to-night, and see so many familiar faces, mingling with the strangers.

In my former addresses from this platform my aim was to make more clear to your minds the power and goodness of the Creator, by descriptions and explanations of his finite handiwork.

When I was notified that I had been elected President of the Reform Club of Annapolis, I was taken by surprise, and I must say I accepted it with some reluctance, for I had grave doubts as to my fitness for the task; but feeling that I was not a stranger, and that many had known me from infancy, I trusted that my short-comings would be viewed by lenient eyes, and my mistakes not harshly judged.

Remembering this, I thought it but right, by assuming the public position unto which I had been called, to strive to undo whatever of evil I might have done, and throw all the influence I could exert in the community on the side of abstinence, morality, and godliness.

The evils of Intemperance, the destruction of health, the ruin of the mind, the obliteration of family ties, the self-abandonment and degradation of soul, and the other countless curses that follow the steps of him who so indulges, have been so vividly portrayed and eloquently discussed by other speakers, from this platform, that I shall leave that subject to be untroubled; indeed, if any one of you will look about him and consider, he will need no appeal from a Gough or a Dutcher to open his eyes to the magnitude and serious nature of the evil.

Whoever, when taking his first glass of liquor, believed that it would, one day, become his master, binding him in chains harder to be broken than those of the convict or galley-slave? What young man, standing at the bar-counter for the first time, dreams that he will ever become like the drivelling, besotted wreck of a man he sees without the door vainly begging for a dram—his brains in a muddle, his hand palsied—as helpless almost as an infant, but, ah! God help him, not so innocents? If told that such would be the case, would he not be answer in the words of Nahamim, "Am I a dog?" Yet such a fate he will draw down upon himself, unless a hand stronger than his own restrains him—a mightier power vouchsafed to save.

This self-condemnation is the happy privilege of youth, it is only as we advance in years that we grow distrustful of ourselves and others. It is experience and the absolute necessity there is that strength, greater than belongs to frail mortality, should be ours. Fortunately, then, is he who has not, by sinful indulgence, weakened his powers of self-control. Who can meet temptation face to face as in life's journey we all must meet it with a mind unclouded by an indulgence in this particular vice, nor unbalanced by the deceitful promptings of strong drink. If, also, he has yielded, if the poison of intemperance has judgment, and confounded his ideas of right and wrong, the lesson is likely to be a bitter one, and the words of the wise man verified in him, "At the last it stings like a scorpion."

It is the fashion now-a-days to lay the blame of almost all the crimes brought to the light of day at the door of whiskey, but in this I cannot join. Scarcely a notorious criminal is found at the bar of justice who does not cry, "I did it when tipsy." I am guilty, but it was rum that made me do it. The inflammable materials are there, and in order. The rum applies the match. Let us then face the truth boldly, confess our wickedness and blame our own stupidity, wilfulness, or depravity that urges or allows us to make use of that which, for the time, destroys what the Almighty has given us, for a Governor, can it be as your reason or conscience. This view of the case makes the sin none the less, but our responsibility the greater. We must admit that man is "prone to evil as the sparks are to fly upward," and we must admit that God has given us the power and the capability to curb and check this propensity. If then we voluntarily deprive ourselves of this power, if by our own free will we bring ourselves down to a level with the unreasoning brute, we are cursing in fact and our own souls. Until a man is convinced of this, he is not merely willing to admit it, but feel and know it to be an undisputable fact, a solemn truth, his reformation is still in the future, his structure of well-formed good intentions is built upon the sand, liable to be overthrown, and swept away by the first dash of temptation.

This conviction comes to be part and parcel of a being in as many diverse ways as there are men of diverse character; with some it is the gradual growth of years, only attained after many a good resolution has been broken, many a lapse made, but the sender plant watered by the tears of repentance, nourished by the prayer of humble faith will live, and at last flourish till, like the mustard tree of the parable, the branches of gladness will find refuge in its branches, and a home for their young. Let none then despair if they fall in at once overcoming a habit that may have been the growth of years of indulgence, but try, try again, until you have vanquished it, but, if necessary, unto seventy times seven. To other men there comes a sudden awakening. With as hook their eyes are opened, and they see the vice in all its hideousness, themselves in all their abasement; but it must be a terrible shock, indeed, to have a permanent effect, and such men must, I think, need to use special watchfulness over themselves, a special carefulness, over sudden strong emotions are proverbially evanescent, and, in some cases, we recognize a merciful providence in so constituting men's minds. Time is the great soother of grief, and carries in its hand the draught of forgetfulness. If it were not so, this world of death would be, indeed, a world of tears, and man a moping driveller, instead of the earnest worker the Almighty intended him to be.

If any such as I refer to now hear me, I trust they will take my words kindly, for does not the Great Teacher Himself say, "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." Neither should you lose heart if promises made at a time of excitement are broken, renew them in your cooler moments, listen not to the tempter who would whisper, "It is of no use, you cannot keep them." It may need an effort—keep them, but if you will you can, and, if need be, try again, and again once more; each victory over the enemy, even if of short duration, weakens his hold, and increases your powers of resistance; so despair not, but try again, it may be that you will wear the victor's crown, but ever remember that coming, even then, a full day's wages shall be yours.

Why the Almighty has planted in man such vicious tastes, or allowed them to be planted by the evil one, I do not know, but I should be allowed to flourish in one who, according to the revealed word, was created in God's image by an Almighty, all-good Creator, is one of the mysteries of life, only to be revealed to us after we have left our earthly home, only when our souls have left their earthly tenements, it has been a puzzle to all thinking men, of all ages, and will continue so to be till the end of time. If we believe the Author of our being to be not only all-powerful, but, also, all-wise, this will be our comfort in our perplexity, that it is for some good purpose, though to us so utterly incomprehensible.

If, with thoughtful eyes, we look about us and see how literally true it is that "not even a sparrow falleth to the ground without His will." If we will notice how wonderfully He has provided that every tiny insect has power and capability to enjoy its little span of life, that to bird and beast He has given the most curious and complex arrangement of limb and wing, of beak and talon to supply its physical wants, with instinct and a lower kind of reason to guide its way, that, with the sole exception of physical pain, they have no pain, no grief, no sorrow, no care. Can we believe that His last and best creation has been so overlooked, so neglected in the great plan that he alone, without some good and sufficient reason, has to suffer not only pain to a degree unknown to the lower animals, but tribulation of mind and anguish of soul to which the most acute bodily suffering is as nothing? We cannot.

If what I have now advanced is true, and I think no one of you doubts it, this is the natural inference that so long as man remains on earth, men will be found who need help to save them from the particular vice, that it is the special aim of this organization to suppress. Man is, and ever will be, born having the same appetites, the same passions as ourselves. History is ever repeating itself, and so long as man constituted as he now is, the actor, so long will he run in the same circle, and over again will he witness the farce or the tragedy that fills the stage, the players ever changing, the scenes the same. Let us then strive to act our part well, and take a worthy part, while by precept and example we encourage others in the walk allotted them, nor faint nor falter in well-doing; if we cannot make others as we would, have patience and love. No words of Scripture, I think should be oftener called to mind than those of the Apostle, of whom it is recorded Jesus loved—"Judge not that ye be not judged." Think, if your brother sins that his temptation was stronger than he could resist, remember that what it costs you nothing to turn from may, for him, be clothed with many a charm, and also remember that if you do not end as he ends, yet in your hearts lurks many an evil passion, many a darling sin as offensive to God as that worthy of condemnation as that you so sharply criticize in him. It is our bounden duty, none the less, that we acknowledge this inherent human frailty, to strive to banish it from ourselves in like manner, or share in the same temptation, so that we may be able to help him, and when our hand findeth a good thing to do, to do it. As intemperance is one of the crying evils of the day, as it is a reproach to any community where it exists, as it is a blot on our name, and as it is a curse and a desolation, let us cripple it if we cannot destroy it, let us mutilate it if we cannot annihilate it. If it is hydra-headed—we can remove some of them, if its foundations are broad we can sap them.

The old fable of the bundle of rods which separately were easily broken, but united were strong will teach us the good lesson, to accomplish any great work requires united as well as energetic action. One man may accomplish much, but many moved by the same impulse are almost irresistible. I now speak to you as Templars, Sons of Temperance or Reformers. Union is strength, be united then in thought, be united in purpose, be united in action. Union is the fulcrum on which should rest the lever of effort. Much energy and zeal has, for want of this united action, been seemingly fruitless. In the physical world nothing is lost or wasted, the power that drives the locomotive or engine is not lost when the work is done, it has only changed its form and is equally as potent in its new shape. No truth in nature is so universally acknowledged at the present day as this, and, I believe, that the same thing is true of mental effort; it is never without fruit, it is never lost, either for good or evil. In a way of lives, it may not accomplish all we wish, or we may not live to see

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HUGH FRASER. Bridgetown, July 19th, 1876. 6m n15

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NOTICE. THE Subscribers wish to call the attention of the Public to their PRING IMPORTATIONS, consisting of Boots and Shoes, Tweeds and Cloths of all kinds, Crockery, Groceries, Timothy, Clover and Garden Seeds.

Also, they would call the attention of BUILDERS to their Stock of Nails of all kinds, Putty, Zinc, Tars, and Sheathing Paper, Locks, Knobs, Hinges, &c.

Also, CARRIAGE STOCK consisting of Spokes, Rims, Bent S. Backs and Rails, Enamelled Cloth, Enamelled Leather and Dasher Leather, with a varied stock of SHELF HARDWARE of all kinds.

FLOUR AND MEAL always on hand. The above will be sold low for Cash.

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Notice. I. MATHESON & CO., ENGINEERS AND BOILER MAKERS, NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Manufacturers of PORTABLE & STATIONARY Engines and Boilers.

Every description of FITTINGS for above kept in Stock, viz: Steam Pumps, Steam Pipe, Steam and Water Gauges, Brass Cocks and Valves, Oil and Tallow Cans.

FEROUS AND PHYSICAL DEBILITY. A gentleman, having tried in vain every adapted remedy, has discovered a simple means of self cure. He will be happy to forward the particulars to any sufferer on receipt of a stamp and directed envelope. Address J. T. SWELL, Esq., Lieburn House, Fulman, London, England.

1878. } STOCK for } 1878. Spring Trade

CONNOLLY'S CENTRAL BOOK STORE.

Extra Fine Stationery! Bank, Post, Parchment, Cream Laid, Ruled, Plain and Water Lined.

ENVELOPES in Great Variety. FASHIONABLE STATIONERY, in handsome boxes—64 varieties to select from.

BLANK BOOKS, in Every Binding, NEW NOVA SCOTIA SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS.

Cheapest and best Series now in use, and every article used in the School Room, for sale low. Wrapping Paper, Paper Bags—all sizes and qualities, Taylor's, Caplin's and Stephens' Celebrated Inks, Lead Pencils of every stamp, Book paper, Green paper and Paper shades.

Wholesale and Retail. THOMAS P. CONNOLLY, Cor. Granville and George Sts., Halifax, N. S. may 23 '77 1y n19.

FLOUR. FLOUR.

200 BARRELS CHOICE AMERICAN FLOUR, now landing at Middleton.

Fresh Ground Parks' Cotton Yarns.

Awarded the Only Medal Given at the Centennial Exhibition For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manufacture. Nos. 5's to 10's.

WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE AND GREEN. Made of Good American Cotton with great care. Correctly numbered and Warranted Full Length and Weight.

WE would ask the purchasers of Cotton Yarn to remember that our Yarn is spun on Thruframe Frames, which make a stronger yarn than the King Frames, used in making American Yarn.

It is also better twisted and more carefully reeled; each hank being tied up in 7' less of 120 yards each. This makes it much more easy to wind than when it is put up without lead—as the American is—and also saves a great deal of waste.

Those acquainted with weaving will understand the great advantage it is to them to use yarn put up in this manner.

WE would ask the purchasers of Cotton Carpet to remember that our Carpet is made of No. 10 Yarn, 4-Ply Twisted. WHITE, RED, BROWN, SLATE, &c. All fast colors.

Each 5 lb. bundle containing 10,000 yards in length and will make a length of Carpet in proportion to the number of ends in width.

We have put more twist into this yarn than is formerly used, and it will now make a more durable Carpet than can be made with any other material. Since its introduction by us, a few years ago, it has come into very general use throughout the country.

All our goods have our name and address upon them. None other are genuine.

Wm. Parks & Son, New Brunswick Cotton Mills, ST. JOHN, N. B.

BETTER STILL

THE Subscribers have lately received per "Atwood"—100 bbls. Choice Flour, 100 do. K. D. Corn Meal, "Gold Drop," 100 Bags Fresh Graham Meal, 50 "Cracked Corn."

Arrived to-day "P. B. Harris," direct from Mills—200 bbls. Flour, "Mistletoe," "White Eagle," and "Avalanche." Also in stock—50 Boxes Layer Raisins, do. 1 boxes, "Porto Rico" Sugars, Tea, Biscuits, Spices, &c. Salt, coarse and fine, Pickled, Dry and Smoked Fish. A few casks of Koroseno, by the case, 25 cents. Agent for Higgins, Crow & Co's. Confectionery.

RANDALL, HIGGINS & CO., Opposite Railway Station. Annapolis, Jan. 16th, 1877.

At Alta, Utah Territory, one Judge Varnes lay down on a lounge, in a hotel with a cigar in his mouth, and falling asleep, set the house on fire; the town, containing 200 wooden buildings, was destroyed, and the inhabitants fled to the mountains. Judge Varnes charred remains were found in the ruins.

The hot days in Paris played some funny tricks with the statues in wax steatins and soap which are found in various quarters of the Camp de Mars place. One of them very much surprised the visitors the other day by suddenly lowering its left arm. The statue has now the attitude of a goddess scratching her knee; formerly she had a commanding air.

It is stated that since June 2nd, the date of attempted assassination of Emperor William by Dr. Nobling, there have been 563 arrests of persons in Germany for insulting the Emperor. Of this number 521 have been convicted, including 31 women. The aggregate of sentences of imprisonment implied is 811 years. Five of the accused committed suicide before their trial.

—Thus the amount of hard cash yearly paid to the Queen's children reaches an appalling total of \$750,000. Since the royal family came of age it has cost Britain over \$5,500,000, which is certainly a large sum of money for a purely ornamental purpose.—[Detroit Free Press, Feb. 1st, 1877.]

The royal family of England are real aristocracy, and we know of a certain republic that paid the same amount for mere ood fish.—[Toronto Grip.]

—Melissa Smith, the pretty daughter of the light-house keeper at Hatteras Island, on the cruel Carolina coast, met a sad, strange death recently. About to retire, she had thrown open her door to get the sea breeze. Her pillow slipped from her hand, and in trying to catch it she fell, striking the iron steps, down which she plunged, screaming, into the sea, and was carried out by the surf as her father came to the door.

—Jones and his friend, of Godalming, England, dived for half a gallon of beer, the man remaining under water longer than he declared, when Jones' hands remained under water as long as he could, then came up, and after waiting five minutes or so for Jones concluded that Jones was drowned. This conclusion was correct, but the latest English dials do not say who got the beer.

—Recent investigations show that more money is paid for beer in almost every large city in the States than for any other article. Competent authorities set down the amount as not far from \$30,000,000 per annum. As at present carried on the manufacture of beer is very profitable to the brewers and there are many instances given of their sudden acquisition of immense wealth. Frank Jones, now a member of Congress from New Hampshire, made an immense fortune in the brewing business in a few years. George Ebert of New York began with \$4,000 ten years ago, and is now worth \$1,500,000. Jacob Hoffman, who began with \$7,000 at the same time, is now worth \$400,000. John Kres's who began brewing in his wife's wash kettle, without a cent, died about a year ago worth over half a million.

—The Russian language has not the power to describe the feelings of the man with a mosquito bite between his shoulder blades.

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When a rider is thrown over a horse's head the horse becomes the power behind the throne.

Biting with false teeth makes a false impression.

The wreck of courtship—An old hulk of a husband.

It accomplish anything, but many an idea is busily at work when he whose brain gave birth to it. He is not in the grave, and his thoughts still speak after the tongue is silent. No man can shirk this great responsibility, he cannot be so humble or obscure that his words have no effect upon any one, his example no influence, if he is to be good and true, and he should take heed that that one is not hid in a napkin, but join it to others, pile them together. Stone by stone is the monument raised that shall endure for ages, man by man is the army enrolled that marches triumphantly to victory.

In the Masonic Fraternity the first lesson taught the novice is in the words of the monitor, "to be good and true," in the last when he is about to be recognized as one of the brethren, he is presented with a prominent emblem of the order, and instructed to use it, spreading "the cement of brotherly love and kindness, thereby uniting the several stones, he being one of the building into a complete whole."

Can I do better in closing than try to teach the same lesson, and impress upon all that this cement properly tempered, faithfully worked and freely applied, is that which is needed amongst us to build a strong and lasting home? Any man, whether as a helper or a door post, a foundation or a cornerstone, a pillar of strength or a cornice of beauty. Every man whatever his capabilities may, if he pleases, find a fitting place, no one so humble that he cannot use, fully work, no one so highly endowed that his talents cannot find ample and honorable scope.

Some of you may think that I have, to-night, spoken too seriously—too like a preacher—have never tried to smile, the faintest smile. Ah, my friends, who can touch upon this theme and not be serious? Who can approach this subject with levity and mirth? Not one who has himself been in fearful jeopardy, in a frightful peril, and who sees his redemption—if he is redeemed—to the blessing of God on the efforts of kind, thoughtful, and considerate friends—not him—not him.

The Tulare, Cal., Times tells about peaches measuring 9 1/2 inches in circumference raised at Granville from two year old seedlings. A cornstalk 19 feet in height, raised in Tulare county, is also reported.

—Advices from Costa Rica report that Capt. Coyle, of the American schooner Lightning, was murdered on Musquito coast and his vessel robbed of \$1,500 in silver. Subsequently the murderers were captured and killed. The money was recovered.

—An improved lathe for turning masts and spars has been patented by Henry Kean, of East Boston, Mass. This is a ponderous machine which is capable of taking a log and converting it, in a comparatively short space of time, into a smooth, well-rounded mast or spar.

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Joker's Corner.

SATISFIED AT LAST.

A man who can probably never be induced to join any reform movement, even if paid a liberal salary, yesterday entered a saloon on Michigan street and asked the price of a pint bottle of whiskey which stood in the window. Being answered that it was seventy-five cents, he growled:

"I'll never pay it. Boots and shoes, shingles, poultry, square timber, horse shoes, and everything else have come down in price, but you keep whiskey at the same old figure."

He went away, but after a few minutes returned and said:

"Throw in two big drinks and I'll take the bottle."

The saloon-keeper refused; but, after the stranger returned the second time he said:

"I can't reduce the price nor throw in any extras; but I'll pour that pint into a bottle, fill it up with water, and put in pepper enough to make the whole burn the skin off your mouth."

"Begin to pour!" briefly replied the man, as he produced his money, and when he had drank the mixture and got his breath, he said:

"I am so-satisfied at last—or would if you could p—put a few carpet-tacks into the bottle!"

AN INTERMISSION SIMPLY.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Yesterday noon a commotion was observed in a farmer's wagon on Woodrow avenue, near Davenport street, and a citizen advanced to discover that the farmer and his wife were having a regular old-fashioned domestic fight in the bottom of the wagon, while the horses were eating grass over the curb stones.

"Here—what's to pay?" shouted the citizen, as he climbed upon the wheel.

"Fightin'!" gasped the woman, whose head was half buried in the straw.

The farmer made no reply. His head was under one seat, one leg over the wagon-box, and he was clawing the air like a man whose lungs wanted more air.

"I should think you'd wait till you got outside the city to engage in such disgraceful conduct," continued the citizen.

"I know we ought," replied the woman as she sat up. "but when I found six plugs of tobacco, and a pack of keds in his hind pocket, and remembered how I had waited six months for a kalker dress, I riz right up and tackled him on the spot. I couldn't wait a minute then, mister, but now if you'll check up that night horse, I'll drive along and renew the combat beyond the toll-gate!"

The citizen complied, and she was seated across her husband's knees as she shook the lines and shouted: "Git up!"

Behind its enamel covering the seductive cucumber concealed a row of double teeth, and woe to the man who enters the combat with it single-handed. This cucumber never shows fight until after it is down. Men have been known to wrestle all night with a cucumber and come out second best in the morning.

How doth the busy fly Improve each day that passes; Without, however, bettering The better and molasses.

How clinging are his feet At morn when we're reposing; How well his mission he fulfils By keeping us from dozing!

LEFT ALONE AS WE.—An old darkey was endeavoring to explain his unfortunate condition. "You see," remarked Sambo, "it was in this way as far as I can remember: Fust my fadder died, then my mudder married agin; and den my mudder died, and den my fadder married agin; and somehow I don't remember to have no parents at all, nor no home, nor nuffin."

Painful question by the Sultan: "Is this Turkey, or is it mere portions of England, Russia, and Austria?"

A newly-married man, who evidently needs discipline, thus discourses:—

A woman is a handy thing to have about the house. She does not cuss any more to keep than you'll give her, and she'll take a great interest in you. If you go out at night she'll be awake when you get home, and she'll tell you about yourself, and more too.

—I know where you've been and what you've done, and will tell you. Yet right after she gets through telling you where you have been and what you've done, she'll tell you that her mind that, and if, after going to bed, she says she hasn't closed her eyes the whole night, and then keeps up the matinee two hours longer and won't go to sleep when she has the chance, you mustn't mind that, either; it's her nature.

"Never marry for wealth," says a contemporary, "but remember that it is just as easy to love a gal who has a brick house with a mansard roof and silver-plated door-bell, as one who has anything but an aburn head and an amiable disposition."

The boarder at the country hotel comes to the conclusion that fly time begins at about six in the morning—especially if it has been a warm night, and he had not "wrapped the drapery of his couch about him."

A chap dreamed for twenty consecutive nights that he was out carriage riding, and he couldn't imagine any reason for the fact until he discovered that his bed was a little buggy.

The first duty of a man who founds a town, according to the Detroit Free Press, is to name one of the principal streets after Washington and the other after himself.

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie," shouted a little boy.

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