

Tombstone Epitaphs.

"Tell me, gray-headed old sexton," I said,
 "Where in this field are the wicked folks laid?
 I have wandered the quiet old churchyard through,
 And pondered on epitaphs old and new;
 But on monument, obelisk, pillar or stone,
 I read of no evil that men have done."

The sexton stood by a grave newly made,
 With his chin on his hand and his hand on the spade;
 And I knew by the gleam of his eloquent eye
 That his heart was instructing his lips to reply.

"Who is to judge when the soul takes flight,
 Who is to judge twixt the wrong and the right?
 Which of us mortals shall dare to say
 That our neighbor was wicked who died to-day?"

"The longer we live and the farther we speed,
 The better we learn that humanity's need
 Is charity's spirit that prompts us to find
 Rather virtue than vice in the hearts of our kind."

"Therefore, good deeds we inscribe on these stones;
 The evil men do let it lie with their bones;
 I have labored as sexton for many a year
 But I never have buried a bad man here."

Daniel Lambert's Fatness.

It is generally considered, when speaking of people remarkable for flesh, that Daniel Lambert leads the list. He was an Englishman by birth, born in 1770. Up to the age of nineteen he was merely a muscular fellow able to lift great weights and carry 500 pounds with ease. He succeeded his father as keeper of a prison, led an easy, sedentary life, which soon told upon his bulk. In 1793 he walked from Woolwich to London to reduce himself. He weighed at the time 418 pounds. He grew so fat that he could no longer attend to the duties of his office, and the magistrate retired him on a pension of £200 a year. Fat as he was he was an excellent swimmer, and opened a swimming school where he gave lessons with great success. So great was his bulk that he could swim with two men on his back. Retiring, he determined to exhibit himself, and, being unable to travel in an ordinary vehicle, had one made for him. In London he was quite the centre of attraction, from the king down. In June 1809 he weighed and tipped the beam at 737 pounds. His measure round the waist was three yards four inches, and he was one yard four inches round the leg. Each suit of clothes cost him \$100, and were, of course, made to order. Seven ordinary men could be buttoned under his coat at a time. He died June 20, 1809 and his coffin was six feet four inches long, four feet four inches wide, two feet four inches deep, and required 112 superficial feet of plank to make it. It was built on two axletrees and four wheels. Twenty men worked half an hour to get this monster into the grave, and at last slid the coffin down an inclined plane.

Different Kinds of Lying.

In a recent sermon, Dr. Talmage spoke as follows:—

"There are thousands of ways of telling a lie by look and manner, without falsifying with the lips. There are persons guilty of dishonesty of this nature who think they are excusable when they call it a white lie. There is no lie of that color. The whitest lie ever told is as black as perdition. There are people so given to dishonesty that they don't know when they lie. With some it is a natural infirmity. Some are born liars. Their whole lives from the cradle to the grave are filled with vice of speech. Misrepresentation and prevarication are as natural to them as the infantile diseases—a sort of moral croup or spiritual measles."

"I pass on to speak of social lies, and how insincere society is. It is difficult to tell what connection there is between the expression of civility and the expression of the heart. People ask you to come to their house, but you hardly know whether they want you to go or not. Not at home often means too lazy to dress."

A Pointed Tale.

Jack Pringle is a man who never wastes an opportunity or puts off for to-morrow the joke that can be done to-day.

Going down street last Wednesday, he was accosted by a little nervous man who had an impediment in his speech.

Said the stranger: "C-can you t-tell me w-where I can g-get s-s-some t-t-tin t-tacks?"

"With much pleasure, sir," replied Jack, who realized the position at once; and, having directed his interlocutor to the shop of a neighboring ironmonger, by a somewhat circuitous route, hurried off to the shop by a short cut.

Now, the ironmonger was having his dinner in a little back parlor, but when Jack entered the premises he came forward briskly, bowing and rubbing his hands together in that peculiarly servile manner that is characteristic of the British shopkeeper.

"Do y-you s-sell t-tin t-tacks?" asked Jack, assuming a stammer.

"Oh, yes, sir; certainly, sir."

"G-g-good long ones?"

"Yes, sir; all sizes, sir."

"W-with s-s-sharp points?"

"Yes, sir, very sharp points."

"W-w-well then, s-s-sit down on 'em, and w-w-wait till I c-call again."

Having "given his order," Jack thought it prudent to retire at once, as there were several heavy articles within easy access of the proprietor's hand.

The old man had hardly cooled down and returned to his meal, which had also cooled down unpleasantly, when the "real Simon pure" entered the shop, and again the ironmonger came forth, "washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water."

"Do y-you s-sell t-tin t-tacks?" said the little man.

Luckily the door was open, so the customer successfully avoided the seven-pound weight and the two flat-irons hurled at him.

As to the remark made by the dealer in ferruginous goods, the printer says that they "run too much on sorts" and "he is not going to cut up a lot of rule to make dashes."

A Great Disappointment.

One Sunday afternoon, at a hotel in Alabama, says M. Quad, we were talking about how great disappointments sometimes soured a man, when a chap who had been chewing plug tobacco all by himself over by the window turned around and said:

"Gentlemen, you've hit it plumb centre! Up to four years ago I was a man who allus wore a grin on his face, and I'd divide my last chaw with a stranger. Folks now call me mean and ugly, and I kin hardly git a man to drink with me."

"Then you have suffered a great disappointment?" I queried.

"I have, stranger—I have. Ten years ago a man in this very town cleaned me out on a mortgage, sold me out on an execution, and chucked when I took the dirt road for Tennessee. I orter have shot him, but somehow I didn't do it, and arter I got to Tennessee things began preying on my mind. Day and night I could hear a voice saying, 'Go back and plunk old Brown,' and I lost flesh and come powerful near going into a decline. Well, that voice kept talking and I kept waiting, but in about three years I shouldered my rifle and turned my steps this way, my mind fully made up to shoot old Brown on sight. He had a patch o' land out west o' here, and used to ride out every day. I made for that spot, calkerlating to biff him as he drove up to the gate. N body had seen me, and nobody would know who did the shooting."

Here he made a long pause.

"Well, I got fixed and waited, and I was feeling real good for the first time in three years when I heard hoots and looked out for the old man. It wasn't him. True as you sot there the old skinkint had gone and died only a week before, giving me a tramp of two hundred miles to say 'howdy?' to his executor! Gentlemen, I can't describe my feelings! Just think of one white man playing such a trick on another! It was wuss than Arkansas swamp mud warmed over for next season. I was took with shakes and chills and a cough, and here I am, sour, cross, mulish, ugly, and realizing that I don't stand no more show of going to heaven when I die than that 'thar' dog does of swallowing a postoffice without any preliminary chawin'!"