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Advertisements

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D. B. SNOW,
Editor and Publisher.
G. SOMERS CORREY,
Associate and Manager.

Miscellaneous.

Only a Cent.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"It was only a cent, you say?"
"Yes, sir," said the old woman, meekly.
"Only a cent," said the value of the money. "I don't have come for that; but when little Master Harry took it out of my till, you know ma'am, it was a theft all the same as if it had been a dollar."
"Aburd," said Mrs. Rose. "The boy is only six years old. He's a mere baby. There's another cent. Of course I'm willing to give it to you."
"I don't want the cent," said the old woman, half crying. "What I want is to have him properly punished."
"You, revengeful wretch!" said Mrs. Rose.
"Tain't revenge," said the woman. "It's lursy for the child. When my Ann was a nursery-maid here I seen a heap of 'em, and I liked 'em as much as a pretty dear. Please do, ma'am, punish him and learn him not to steal. It's a mother's duty, ma'am. 'Tisn't only poor boy's that turn up bad."
"This is unbearable," said Mrs. Rose. "Punish that little fellow for picking up a cent. How did he know to whom it belonged. And you—a person like you to talk to me of my duty. It is too preposterous."
"O, do hear me, ma'am," said the old woman. "Twasn't picking up a cent. I was in my back room and saw through the curtain. He came in on tip toe, watching and peeping, and he slipped around the counter and took the penny from the drawer. Then he knocks, and says he, when I comes."
"I wan't a cent's worth of lemon drops."
"And I took it away and came to tell you, not for the value."
"Take your cent and go," said Mrs. Rose. "After the presents I have sent you, and kind as I was to Ann—gave her her wedding dress and a set of china, when she married to go on so about a paltry penny. Bridget, open the door. I suppose that Mrs. Jones don't see it; I've requested her to go often. And after this, Bridget, when I send you for trimmings, there is the new shop to go to. Quite a decent sort of person keeps it. I shall patronize her."
"It was just because of your kindness, ma'am, that I want Master Harry to be cured of being a thief," said the old woman. "Can you understand?"
"I understand you are impertinent," said Mrs. Rose. "Bridget, give that woman her precious cent, and lock the door after her. Here, Harry, get come to mamma. When Harry wants a cent, don't ask any one but dear papa and mamma."
And the young mother kissed her darling fondly.
He was a beautiful child, but not a frank looking one, and his mischief always developed itself in secret forays on the cake box and preserve jars. To be shy was natural to him, and the servants knew this, if his mother did not.
Of course, he was not punished. Indeed he seemed to himself rather a hero than a culprit, and the next opportunity which offered to help himself to that which did belong to him, was seized upon with avidity.
He helped himself to duck-knocks in friends' houses, and to toys, belonging to neighbors' children. If his mother forgot her purse upon her dressing table, he rifled it of change.
Generally he contrived to conceal the depredations; and when discovered, friends desired to offend the indulgent parents, and contented themselves with putting portable property out of Master Harry's reach when they had the pleasure of a visit from that small, but troublesome individual.
As for his mother, she thought the child "too cunning to scold," and only shook her head at him when ten cent pieces dropped from his jacket pockets, or his aunt's missing bracelet was found in his boot.
"Such things always was off," she said. "Children outgrow them."
But they grew with Harry's growth and strengthened with his strength.
Had the first small sins been punished; had serious talk and reproof been administered, all might have been well; but the unhappy child, while his person was dutifully cared for and his comfort so fondly con sidered, he was morally as entirely left to himself as any little street beggar.
To be sure, Mrs. Rose taught him to pray; but she never explained to him what that nightly bending of the knee meant. To Harry it was a mere repetition of words.
She went to church, and would have been shocked had any one suggested that she did not know the "Ten Commandments"; but she never taught her boy that "Thou shalt not steal," was a divine command, either theoretically or practically.
She never did. And so Harry Rose grew up a handsome boy, educated and accomplished, but with no knowledge of his own failings. The family verdict was that Harry was perfect, and he agreed in it fully; and with this opinion went with the highest recommendations into the counting-house of X & W.
Harry's father was not a rich man, and the boy's salary was sufficient to supply his wardrobe and furnish him with any proper recreation. But the boy had tastes which were expensive, and a disposition to dissipation. Always shy, he hid these things from his parents; but he could not manage without money. He had stolen from his parents at home, and in a position of

confidence, he was enabled to rob his employers. He began with shillings and ended with a hundred dollars. There, detection overtook him. The firm kindly forgave the boy, because of his youth and his parents' grief. Mr. Rose paid the money back, and Harry pretended penitence; and even now he was not reasoned with as a great sinner, but as one who had been very foolish.
"So young yet," said Mrs. Rose to her husband. "He really must have forgotten he had no right to it, and then he meant to put it back."
And soon Harry was in another situation. The story of his crime had not been made public; and again he was trusted; and now he seemed trustworthy. Years went by; he grew to be a man and married. He was placed in the most confidential position in the house. Vast sums of money passed through his hands. He was respected, admired and beloved, not for a brief space of time, but for ten long years. Then a man of thirty, with the responsibilities of father and husband, Harry Rose was one day missing from his place of business and from his home.
That he had been foully dealt with was the first belief of all who knew of his disappearance and the excitement and sympathy was intense. But in a few days the truth was discovered. Harry Rose was a defaulter to an immense amount. He had committed a robbery, which stood almost alone in the annals of the history of crime. And this was only the climax to a course of deceit and depradation commenced with his first year in the establishment.
He escaped. His plans had been artfully laid, and the money was about his person. Detectives were set upon his track in vain; and in a foreign land he lavished his ill-gotten wealth in riotous living, while his parents and his young wife suffered all the agonies of shame and grief, and his name was a disgrace to the son who had just learned to lip it.
But successful as he had been, Providence did not forget his crime. His riches took to themselves wings. He lost large sums at gambling tables and in bad company. He became poor; and still in terror of the arm of justice, and with a mind enfeebled by dissipation, he found it impossible to retrieve his fortune. From the town where he had dwelt in luxury he wandered away almost a beggar, and in his middle life, for very want of bread, shipped as a common sailor on board a vessel which stood in need of hands.
In that vessel he found a Portuguese sailor—a wild fellow, without common prudence—who, putting a sailor's trust in every one, openly informed his mates that he had in a belt about his waist a large sum of money, which was to be given to his mother on his return home. He had great pride in the gift, and in the good opinion his family would have of him when he made it; and chattered of it frequently. Alas, the wretched man who listened, was one to whom gold is a temptation not to be resisted.
He dreamt that leather belt which held the treasure at night and thought of it all day. At last, as they lay in American port, the fiend's whispers grew too strong for him. He lifted his gray head from his hammock and peeped into that of the Portuguese. There lay the black curls over the bronzed brow, and the great white teeth glittered in the open mouth, and the black lashes veiled the bright eyes.
He was sound asleep, and it would be easy to unbuckle the belt, or to cut it off—that would be more quickly done.
And the old man let himself out of his hammock and crept to the side of the Portuguese. He drew his knife and cut away the portion of the belt where the money jingled, and had thrust it in his breast, when the young man awoke and grappled him.
The Portuguese was young but unarmed and bewildered by the surprise of the man who drew a sharp knife from the hand of Harry Rose. "The money!—my mother's money—give it back!" cried the youth.
But Harry Rose could not give up the money. He lifted his knife and drove it into the poor fellow's breast and soul.
He found a boat and rowed himself to the shore, and set the boat adrift, and struck through the city streets seeking for a place to hide himself. But those on the ship had been alarmed. They found the Portuguese dead in his hammock, with his belt, his precious belt, of which he had talked so much, cut away, and the strange sailor missing. He was pursued and captured with the money about him, and blood stains on his clothes.
And in the city where he was born, and where yet his old mother dwelt, he met the fate of the murderer. And before he died he made full confession of all his crimes.
There are people who go to sea men hung. Those who gratified that horrible curiosity that day, heard the gray haired man upon the gallows, speak those words:
"I am about to die, and I die justly; but if there is a parent here I want to tell that parent that my father and mother who loved me so might have saved me from this awful and shameful end. I had the propensity to crime stronger than the rest; but I might have been cured."
"I began by stealing a cent from an old woman's toy shop till. If I had been punished then I believe I should not have stolen again; but it was made light of, and I went on, and here I am. But with my last breath I want to ask you to watch your children and no matter how slight a crime seems in one of them, to weed it out with all your strength, that it may not bring them to my end at last."
And then the black cap was put on, and Harry Rose looked on the world no more.

The Mysterious Widow.

A SHORT STORY, BUT A GOOD ONE.

During the summer of 1814; the British had not only laid claim to all that portion of the District of Maine lying east of the Penobscot, but Admiral Griffin, and Sir John Sherbrooke, the latter then being Governor of Nova Scotia, had been sent with a large force to take possession, and occupy the town of Castine, which place commands the entrance to the Penobscot river. Shortly before the arrival of the British squadron, Commodore Saml. Tucker had been sent around to Penobscot Bay to protect the American coasters, and while the British sailed up to Castine, he lay at Hammoncton. It was a schooner that the Commodore commanded, but she was a heavy one well armed and manned; and that she carried the true Yankee "grip" upon her decks, the enemy had received from them in too many proofs. On the morning of the 28th of August, a messenger was sent down from Belfast with the intelligence that the British frigate was coming from Castine to take him. Tucker knew that the British feared him, and also that Sir John Sherbrooke had offered a large amount for his capture.
When the Commodore received the intelligence, his vessel was lying at one of the low wharves where he would have to wait two hours for the tide to set off. But he hastened to have everything prepared to get off as soon as possible, for he had no desire to meet the frigate. The schooner's keel was just cleared from the mud, and one of the men had been sent upon the wharf to cast off the bowline, when a wagon drawn by one horse came rattling down to the spot. The driver, a rough looking countryman, got out upon the wharf, and then, assisted a middle-aged woman from the vehicle. The lady's first inquiry was for Commodore Tucker. He was pointed out to her and she stepped upon the schooner's deck and approached him.
"Commodore," she asked, "when do you sail from here?"
"We sail right off, as soon as possible."
"Oh, then I know you will be kind to me," the lady urged, in very persuasive tones.
"My poor husband died yesterday, and I wish to carry his corpse to Wiscasset, where we belong, and where his parents will take care of it."
"But, my good woman, I shan't go to Wiscasset."
"If you will only land me at the Sheep-cot, I will ask no more. I can easily find a boat to take me up."
"Where is the body," said Tucker.
"In the wagon," returned the lady, at the same time raising the corner of her shawl to wipe away the gathering tears. "I have a sum of money with me, and you shall be paid for your trouble."
"Tut, tut, woman, if I can accommodate you there won't be any pay about it."
The kind-hearted old Commodore was not a man to refuse a favor, and though he liked not the bother of taking the woman and her strange accompaniment on board, yet he could not refuse. When he told her he would do as she requested, she thanked him with many tears in her eyes.
Some of the men were sent upon the wharf to bring the body on board. A long buffalo robe was lifted off by the man who drove the wagon, and beneath it appeared a neat black coffin. Some words were passed by the seamen as they were putting the coffin on board, which went to show pretty plainly that the affair did not exactly suit them. It may have been but prejudice on their part, but then seamen should be allowed a prejudice once in a while, when we consider the stern realities they have to encounter.
"Hush my good men," said the Commodore, as he heard their murmured remonstrances. "Suppose you were to die away from home, would you not wish that your last remains might be carried to your poor parents? Come, hurry now."
The men said no more, and ere long the coffin was placed in the hold, and the woman was shown to the cabin. In less than half an hour the schooner was cleared from the wharf, and standing out from the bay. The wind was light from the eastward, but Tucker had no fear of the frigate now that he was one off the land.
In the evening the lady passenger came on deck, and the Commodore assured her that he should be able to land her early the next morning. She expressed her gratitude and satisfaction, and remarked before she retired she would like to look and see if her husband's corpse was safe. This was of course granted, and one of the men lifted off the hatch that she might go down into the hold.
"I declare," muttered Daniel Carter, an old sailor who was standing at the wheel, "she takes on dre'fully!"
"Yes, poor thing," said Tucker, as he heard her sob and groan.
"Do you notice what'n eyes she's got," continued Carter.
"No," said Tucker, "only 't was swollen with tears."
"My eyes, but they shone though; when she stood here looking at the compass."

Who Will Care.

Who will care?

When we lay beneath the daises,
Underneath the churchyard mold,
And the long grass o'er our faces
Lays its fingers, damp and cold;
When we sleep from pain and sorrow,
And the life of earthy toil,
Sleep to know no sad to-morrow,
With its bitterness of strife—
Who will care?
Who will come to weep above us,
Lying on the white and still,
When all nature's pulses thrill,
To a new life, glad and tender?
Full of beauty, rich and sweet,
All the world is clad in splendor,
That the years shall o'er repeat
Who will care?
When Queen Autumn's flowers blossom,
And she stoops in pity down,
With a white flower for our bosom,
Taken from her royal crown,
Who will come and kneel in pity
By our long and narrow bed,
When the wild winds sing their dirge,
In the grasses o'er our head—
Who will care?
Who will care?
When the Springtime's glad smile lingers
On the meadows, fair and wide,
And she drops from rosy fingers,
Bloom and leaf on every side;
Who will think of white hands lying
To the grave, and silent breath,
Never more to know of sighing,
Evermore to know of rest?
Who will care? No one can tell us;
But if rest and peace befall,
Will it matter if they miss us,
Or they miss us not at all?
Not at all!
Another Burning Star.
Father Secchi has added a discovery to the many he has already made in the ever widening world of stars. He has discovered a celestial configuration! He has turned that most wonderful and simple of all instruments, the spectroscope, to the variable star R, in Gemini, and he has found it all ablaze.
We well remember the thrilling sensation which was caused by the sudden outburst of a star in Corona, in 1866, which shone with the lustre of a star of the fourth magnitude, and gradually disappeared in the formless void, though still remaining as an object of telescopic research.
The variable star in Gemini, to which we now refer, attained its maximum brightness in February last, and has been subjected to a careful spectroscopic examination by Father Secchi, one of the unwearied investigators of celestial phenomena. He found its spectrum closely analogous to that of the star in Corona. It shows a brilliant hydrogen ray, and as near as terrestrial observation can determine, presents the awe-inspiring spectacle of a world on fire.
It has taken many years for the light of that burning star to reach our mortal vision; perhaps even now, yonder sparkling sun, flaming up among the stars, has passed into a new form of material existence, and its dependent worlds have been dissolved in vapor. Many years must pass before even the swift wings of light, the tidings will be borne to us; for many years still shining among its peers will the star be seen by mortal eyes, even when the fiat of Almighty Power has blotted it out forever.
R in Gemini is not the only fire whose mighty blaze we have to watch. The physicists have been busy with the two comets of 1868, called Brown's and Winnecke's, and found them to be masses of burning carbon of extreme tenuity; Winnecke's comet still faintly burns in the north-western evening sky. Now, too, we can account for the great star of 1872, which suddenly shone forth in Cassiopeia with a brightness which made it visible at noon-day; now we comprehend the lesser light of Corona; and watch with intensified interest the fire which every night is revealed to our observation.
—*Providence Bulletin.*
Hydrophobia.
An Antidote for the Bite of Rabid Dogs, Serpents, &c.
[From a New York Paper.]
Observing that the dreadful malady hydrophobia has become somewhat prevalent and in many cases fatal in New York and vicinity, and that the public are becoming alarmed, I beg to acquaint you that there is a remedy, which, as far as I know, has never failed.
It has been used successfully as an antidote for hydrophobia, snake bites and the bites of centipedes, scorpions, adders, and other poisonous animals. It is so efficacious that it has been adopted by the Governments of India, New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, Queensland, South Australia, &c., and introduced by a successful man in Egypt. The remedy is under control of the Governments above mentioned, and administered by duly authorized and qualified physicians, and being no secret, and well known to my brethren of the medical profession, I have much pleasure in making it public. Its administration, mainly depending upon the age, constitution, habits, &c., of the victim, must be carefully effected, otherwise, instead of doing good, it would be attended with the most disastrous consequences:
Remedy—Liquor ammoniac fortis.
Dose—For an adult, thirty drops in a wineglassful of water; twelve to fifteen years old, twenty to twenty-five drops in a tablespoonful of water; eight to twelve years old, fifteen to twenty drops in a dessert spoonful of water; four to eight years old, five to ten drops in a desert spoonful of water. JOHN JAMESON, M. D., No. 64 Broadway, N. Y., March 3, '69.

Collegiate Degrees.

The University at Oxford has just conferred the degree of LL.D., or Doctor of Laws, on our distinguished citizen, scholar and poet, Henry W. Longfellow. This is a compliment on the part of this ancient and illustrious University, and bestowed by way of recognition of the eminent services rendered by Professor Longfellow to literature, and it could not have been bestowed on any one more deserving of the honor. But why create him a Doctor of Laws? What has the author of *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha* done that entitles him to the honors due to a jurist? and why, if he had done anything of the kind, should he be styled a "Doctor" or teacher, when he does not teach, and never has taught, law? This suggests the absurdity of the system of conferring degrees which is now in vogue. That a student, after a college course, and successful examination should receive the degree of Bachelor or Master of Arts, as a public testimonial of his having acquired the requisite amount of learning, is intelligible enough, but that such an honor should be conferred upon a man because he has distinguished himself as a soldier or lawyer, is ridiculous. The title "Doctor" is, however, more misused in this way than any other. It means a teacher, but how many of those who rejoice in the possession of it devote themselves to teaching, it would puzzle any body to say. There are Doctors of Divinity, Doctors of Theology, Doctors of Philosophy, Doctors of Medicine, Doctors of Law; Doctors of Civil Law and Doctors of Music. The gentlemen thus distinguished are privileged to be and are usually addressed, as Dr. Smith, Dr. Brown; but unless the bystanders are personally acquainted with them they cannot tell in what category they should be placed, and if one of them affixes the title to his name on his doorplate, he will run the risk of being called upon in the night to attend a sudden case of illness, when perhaps, he is as innocent of the knowledge of medicine as a poet or composer of music. So many divines now rejoice in the title of Doctor of Divinity that it has ceased to be even a distinction. Many of the most eminent preachers prefer contenting themselves with the plain title of "Reverend" and would not be sorry that the D. D. was abolished, unless it were bestowed only for very eminent services to the cause of religion. It is, however, a matter of notoriety, that as preachers, many of these D. D.'s are but common place dealers in platitudes, and unqualified to be Doctors or teachers.
But of all the distinctive honorary appellations with which men are ornamented now-a-days, there is not one so miserably ill-used as that of "Professor." Anybody with a smattering of Greek and Latin sets up as a Professor of the Classics. Any one who has got as far in algebra as simple equations, dubs himself Professor of Mathematics. So it is with the Sciences, and there are any number of Professors of Chemistry, Geology, or Astronomy, who know enough to lecture to a class of very young pupils in some academy or "institute," and no more. Then we have Professors of Dancing and Calisthenics, Professor of Pyrotechny, of Chronology, of Veterinary Surgery, of Dentistry, of Electro-Magnetism, of Spiritual Mediumship, and of heaven knows what beside. It is to be desired, for the real dignity of learning, that none of these titles should be conferred except upon really deserving persons, and by really competent tribunals. There are colleges, it is to be feared, where great laxity prevails in the conferring of degrees; but at all events the absurdity of bestowing titles upon men who have not earned them should be abandoned. The University of Cambridge (Eng.) conferred the degree of Doctor of Civil Law upon Prince Albert, and a similar freak was played with the late Duke of Wellington. It is said that General Jackson and David Crockett had the degree of LL. D. conferred on them, although the former believed that the earth was flat as a pancake. The *New York Sun*, by the way, is responsible for the authenticity of this statement. But when we consider that there are at present upwards of fifty different titles of distinction in use in reference to eminence in art, science and literature, it is the more evident that care should be taken in the bestowing of them; and, indeed, their number might be advantageously reduced. Of titles of honor, in civil and military life, there are about four hundred; whence it may reasonably be inferred that there is an inherent passion in the human heart for social distinction. Some of these are of long established and well-recognized dignity; but others are of very questionable repute, like that conferred by Charles II on a loin of beef. Of these, some make up in length what they want in other things, as in the case of an M. W. G. H. P.; or R. W. J. G. W.; or K. S. M. and S. G. Some of them are of Dr. Pangloss in *The Hair-cut*, that he (Dr. P.) is an LL. D., and an A. S. S., to which Dick replies that there is no doubt he richly deserves both the titles.
A comical sort of a newspaper editor, "down east," rejects an offer of a drug-gist to advertise his drugs and medicines, and take his pay "out of the shop." He says he will take nearly all sorts of produce in payment for papers and advertising, "such as parsnips, wooden clogs, old clothes, cold victuals, &c."—but he won't take physic.
Sawdust pills would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind is afflicted, if every individual would make his own sawdust.

A Ride over the Sierra Nevada.

A correspondent of the *New York Tribune* who has just made a trip over the Pacific Railroad, gives a graphic description of the scenery of Sierra Nevada. He says:
For two hours after leaving Sacramento we were whirled through a country that is charming even in the brown autumn of California—past fields rich in the stack-yields of wheat and barley, and long successions of vineyards almost ready for the vintage, and great herds of cattle, and gas-depicturing with big trees and noctuides and endless flapping windmills that gave a Spanish aspect to the landscape—and then we began to climb the foothills, and presently found ourselves among the Alpine heights of the Sierra Nevada, up whose steep declivities it takes two locomotives, sweating and panting, to drag us. Some of the grades here are 116 feet to the mile, and looking back after a hundred miles travel you find you have climbed seven thousand feet.
The scenery of the Sierra Nevada forms the climax and coronal of all that is seen in the overland journey. I think perhaps it is more impressive as the outward passage, coming upon you as it then does after three days of plain and prairie, and the monotony of endless vistas; but whichever way approached, it is certainly surpassingly fine and serves to feed the sensibility and the imagination all day with ever fresh combinations of mountain grandeur—with rocks which tower overhead vast and threatening, and chasms which stretch so far beneath you as to refuse their depths to the straining eye. As a single example among an endless succession of stupendous views, I may signalize that which is caught at the point known as "Cape Horn"—and which you can ever forget that once looked upon? Here the iron track makes a sharp curve around a precipice of several thousand feet; on the right you grow dizzy in sweeping down the awful gulf where the American river appears but as a silver thread—on the left there frown above you Alpine heights, up which you gaze and yearn, while all around you are the forms of mountains clad in splendid pines, and eastward, as far as the vision reaches, the snow-capped peaks of the Sierras flashing in the sunlight. As we advance into the heart of the mountains, the track pierces their rocky bowels and we pass through miles and miles of tunnels, till a little after noon, when we find ourselves on the summit, with Donner Lake—a gem of purest ray serene—embosomed far beneath our feet. Then down the eastward slope of the Sierra, through rich forests, scenery, along the margin of those picturesque streams, the Truckee and Green rivers, till night falls and leaves a day of perpetual enchantments and ferret of fat things for the eye and heart.
Odds and Ends.
Are those bells ringing for fire? Inquired Simco of Tiberous. "No, indeed answered Tibo; they have got plenty of fire, the bells are ringing for water."
A great many people imagine that printers live on old rollers, wootype, "pi" and "sic." This is a mistake. Printers live as other people do. They must have money to buy the necessities of life, and fatter themselves that they will get it some day from their patrons.
Man is like a snowball—leave him lying in idleness, against the sunny fence of prosperity, and all the good that's in him melts like butter; but kick him around, and he gathers strength with each successive revolution, until he grows into an avalanche. To succeed you must keep moving.
Kingsley says: "If you wish to be miserable, you must think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you; and then to your nothing will be pure. You will make sin and misery for yourself of everything God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose."
As the Rev. Moses Clapp, an eccentric preacher, was holding forth at Santa Clara Valley, a young man rose to go out, when the preacher said: "Young man, if you'd rather go to hell than hear me preach, you may." The sinner stopped and reflected a moment, and then saying respectfully, "Well, I believe I would" went on.
A stammering blacksmith, attending as a witness in court, in a money dispute between two of his men, was asked by the judge why he did not advise them to arrange the matter. His answer was: "I t-old the f-o-o-l to s-t-e-p, for I said the clerk wrote that their o-o-ats, the lawyer sh-k-i-r-ts, and if they got into your honor's clutches you'd sh-k-i-r 'em."
A hard shill Daptist preached in Washington lately, and took for his text, "God made man in his own image." He then commenced, "An honest man is the noblest work of God." He made a long pause, and looked searchingly about the audience, and then exclaimed: "But I opine that God Almighty hasn't had a job in this city for high oats fifteen years."
Henry Ward Beecher says: "It is true that men do not know how to value health till they lose it." It is the same with wealth. One says, "sir, I have not always been as you see me now. I have been in better circumstances." "Fighting so; but I do not consider, madam, that you were in better circumstances. Pray, you once wore silk and now you wear cotton. Pride and vanity dressed in silk, are not half so prosperous as meekness and contentment dressed in the plainest garb, the sackcloth."

