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What Is Earth?

What is earth, sexton?
A place to dig graves.
What is earth, rich man?
A place to work slaves.
What is earth, graybeard?
A place to grow old.
What is earth, miser?
A place to dig gold.
What is earth, school-boy?
A place for my play.
What is earth, maiden?
A place to be gay.
What is earth, seamstress?
A place where I weep.
What is earth, sluggard?
A good place to sleep.
What is earth, soldier?
A place for a battle.
What is earth, herdsman?
A place to raise cattle.
What is earth, widow?
A place of true sorrow.
What is earth, tradesman?
I'll tell you to-morrow.
What is earth, sick man?
'Tis nothing to me.
What is earth, sailor?
My home is the sea.
What is earth, statesman?
A place to win fame.
What is earth, author?
I'll write there my name.
What is earth, monarch?
For my realm it is given.
What is earth, Christian?
The passage to Heaven.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, surnamed, on account of his warlike propensities, by his admirers, the "Lion of the North," and by his detractors, with equal justice, perhaps, the "Madman of the North," accidentally encountered, at the Chateau Gortz, a young creature from the banks of the Volgar—a niece of Baron Gortz. So powerful was the impression she at once made upon the hitherto impregnable heart of the hero, so completely was he spell-bound in her charms, that he seemed to lose all recollection of other matters, even of the disastrous battle of Pultowa.

The name of this enchantress was the Princess Ikla—for she was a Princess, her mother, the baron's sister, having married the Hetman of the Tartars. Being left an orphan at an early age, she had taken up her residence with Baron Gortz at Stralsund.

The baron was a bit of historian—or thought he was—and was then engaged in writing the history of the king, who called upon him often to revise and correct the work. Besides, the baron was one of the crown councillors, and was often entrusted with important business of the state.

Charles the Twelfth had the desire which seems inherent in the breast of greatness—he wished to be loved for himself alone, without any regard to his state and grandeur. Consequently he had himself presented to Ikla under the simple title of Count D'Olfen, and in that name he paid his court to the erratic princess; for her Tartar blood made her disregard many of the conventionalities of life, though her uncle often declared that she had the blood of the Gortzes full in her veins, and was no more a Tartar than he was—and there was not much of the Kalmuck about him.

Baron Gortz was highly delighted at the prospect of becoming the uncle of the king; but that delight was tempered by wholesome dread of his prospective nephew-in-law. For, stripping off the dazzling veil of his military glory, he must acknowledge that the "Lion of the North" was an unmitigated tyrant, and ruled his subjects in a very arbitrary manner.

Baron De Gortz had proof of this one day, when he received a letter from the king. It contained these words:

"Baron Gortz, information has reached me that the Captain of Hubans, Gustavus Reinold, who was condemned to death for neglect of orders at the battle of Pultowa, but who escaped before the execution of his sentence, has been seen in Stralsund. Write instantly to the governor; tell him I hold him responsible for the apprehension of this traitor. Within five minutes of his being taken and identified, let htm be shot. And the person in whose house he shall be found shall be fortwith shot. CHARLES."

The letter troubled the good old baron sorely, for his niece had made him promise to intercede for this identical young officer. He broke into a cold perspiration when he reflected that if he did so the probability was that he should get himself shot for his pains. He wished fondly in his heart that the king and Ikla were married, because then he should be his uncle, and he could never think of shooting one of the royal family.

He wrote the order to the governor, and sent it by a servant, who informed him than an officer of the police wished to speak to him. Wondering at this, he hurried to the hall below. On his return he found Ikla, a sylphic, dark-haired, dark-eyed gipsy of a woman, gazing listlessly from the large bay window into the street below. She noticed that he was in a state of perturbation.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"I want to put you on your guard," he exclaimed breathlessly. "The police have sent to say they have reason to believe that a young man is concealed somewhere in my chateau."

"I know," answered Ikla, coolly. "I concealed him."

"You!" exclaimed the astonished baron, "Who is he?"

"Gustavus Reinold."

The baron uttered a dismal groan.

"Ikla, you have murdered me!" he cried, and sank feebly into a chair.

"Not so bad as that, I hope," she replied smilingly.

"I tell you that whoever harbors the traitor is to be shot!" exclaimed the frightened baron, irately.

"You know well that Gustavus is no traitor."

"What signifies that? If the king orders it, he must be shot—and so must I!" And the baron groaned again. "What made you take so fatal an interest in this wretched young man?"

"His misfortunes," replied Ikla. "He is innocent; I know it, and my dear mother, your sister knew it also. Forced by a cruel and unjust sentence to fly his country, he found refuge and safety in ours."

"Then why the deuse did he leave it?"

"To follow me when you sent for me. Finding the pursuit so hot, I thought the best asylum for him was your chateau."

At this moment a servant entered the room, and announced Count D'Olfen."

The baron's visage brightened with a hopeful idea.

"There is but one chance for us all!" he exclaimed; "marry the count, and then—" He checked himself abruptly.

"If it depends on that, our chance is small," she returned, roguishly; "but listen to me—obey me, and all will yet be well. I intend to play a desperate game; but, if I win, I shall save a life of far more value than my own."

She held a rapid conference with the baron; and though he listened to her at first with astonishment and alarm, she finally won him over to her purpose, and he promised to assist her, though it was with fear and trembling. But he had pretty well made up his mind by this time that he should be shot any way, and he thought it did not make much difference for what.

He withdrew, and Charles the Twelfth, as Count D'Olfen, entered the room. He wore the uniform of his favorite regiment; a light blue coat trimmed with gold, and the corners of the skirts turned back; high boots of black leather, to which a formidable pair of spurs was attached; a three-cornered black hat; a black stock; buff gauntlets, and a heavy sword. He looked more like a warrior equipped for the field, than a lover seeking his lady's bower.

He felt like a timid school-boy in the presence of this exquisite beauty, who had stormed the outworks of his heart, and penetrated to the very citadel. Would any one believe that he was Charles the Twelfth?

In her turn, Ikla also had her reflections.

"He seeks a Tartar," she thought; "he shall find one."

"What, Count," she exclaimed, "in regimentals? How devoted you must be to the king!"

"Well, I am," he exclaimed; "but I came here, as well as I can recollect, to tell you how devoted I am to you—only I confess myself awkward in these matters. I never cared for a woman until I saw you."

"Why, Count, you must be the very counterpart of the king," cried Ikla, coquettishly. "They say he hates women."

"He does no such thing," replied Charles, quickly.

"How do you know?" she asked, archly.

"I think I know him."

"You might as well say you think you know yourself."

"How?" he said, supiciously.

"Which no man does."

"O, I know you, at all events. I know what a taking, striking, bewitching little creature you are. Above all I know how I love you. I am a plain, blunt soldier, and like to know the worst that can happen to me. Do you love me?"

"Is that the worst that can happen to you?" she asked demurly.

"Ikla, I generally get the best of it at blows; but I own you beat me on words. I shall simply return to the charge. Do you love me?"

"I must have proof of your love before I answer that."

"What proof?"

"Would you grant any little whim of mine?"

"Certainly I would."

"Don't make any rash promises."

"I swear it."

Ikla laughed gleefully, went into an adjoining room, and brought forward an antique costume, such as had been worn by all the dames of forty years ago.

"I have the greatest desire to see how you would look dressed as my grandmother," she cried.

The king was appalled.

"Death and the dev—" he began.

"O, fie! no swearing in a lady's presence!" she said, checking him. "But I am glad I have discovered what your love amounts to."

He expostulated with her, and ended, as common mortals do, in submitting to a woman's will.

She then dressed him in the heavy brocade dress, and then tied the high, starched cap under his chin.

"Faugh!" he cried, in disgust, "this dress makes me smell likes a muskrat."

"You don't like perfumes, then?"

"No—yes; one—gunpowder! I'm like Charles the Twelfth, and there's no perfume for me but gunpowder."

"O, I wish I were his wife!" exclaimed Ikla, fervently.

He regarded her in pleased surprise.

"What! are you in love with the king?"

"O, dear; no. Only one might be inclined to sacrifice one's self for the good of one's country."

Charles smiled grimly.

"You are vastly condescending," he replied. "And pray, what else would you do for the good of your country?"

"I would soften his character. I would tame this lion; and he should soon be as much beloved as he is already admired and feared."

"And how is this to be accomplished?" inquired Charles.

"Sit down and let me tell you. There, now, you must fancy yourself Charles the Twelfth."

"Well, I do," he answered, with a significant smile.

"Consider me the queen," she continued, and drew her chair beside him.

"Go on," he cried, rather pleased with the conceit.

"I should devote my life to obtaining and securing his entire confidence."

"We will suppose you have it."

"Then I should use it to make him submit, on all fitting occasions, to my sovereign will. I would teach him the true value of his noblest prerogative."

"Which is—"

"Mercy."

"Come, come, Charles the Twelfth is severe, I know, but he is just."

"Not always. Witness the case of Captain Reinold."

Charles started, and glanced at her suspiciously.

"What do you know of that culprit?" he cried.

"His sentence is unjust," she answered, firmly, "and therefore a fit object for the interference of the queen. Now, if I were queen, I would approach the king, as I do you, with this paper in my hand." She walked up to him with dignity. "I would say to him, Sire, your honor and your glory both require that you should put your name to this—sign."

He took the paperfrom her in surprise, and looked at it.

"A pardon for Captain Reinold," he exclaimed, and his brow darkened angrily. "Indeed, then, my dear little friend, if I were Charles the Twelfth, this would be my answer."

He tore up the paper.

Nothing disconcerted, she immedialaty drew another paper from her pocket.

"Then, she said, and knelt at his feet, pleadingly, as she spoke, "King of Sweden, your eyes are blinded, not by justice, but by anger. When Captain Reinold was entrusted with that order he found the battle of Pultowa irretrievably lost; if he had delivered it he would only have caused a massacre of the Swedish prisoners by the remorseless Russians. For this reason alone he did not deliver it, and thus incurred your majesty's displeasure."

"I desire to know the reason of the extraordinary interest you take in this young man?" he asked.

"You shall know, Count," she answered, "when you have promised to obtain his pardon from the king."

"I will make no such promise," cried Charles, sternly.

A timid knocking at the door disturbed them. Ikla would have opened it, but Charles, aware of the ridiculous manner in which he was dressed, restrained her. Then the voice of the baron was heard, in very tremelous accents, declaring that the royal council was assembled, and awaited the presence of the count.

Charles, in dismay, begged Ikla to remove the dress, for he found it impossible to do so; but she only laughed at his predicament.

"Wretched girl!" he exclaimed, angrily, "you have forced me to declare myself. I am the king."

But she only laughed the louder.

"Sire," she answered, with mocking courtesy, "I have known it from the first. Sign the pardon, therefore, or I will at once admit the council."

The king was obliged to acknowledge himself fairly vanquished. He signed the pardon, and Ikla freed him from the obnoxious garments. Then she admitted her uncle, and informed the king that he was all the council there was assembled, and reassured the poor baron, who looked half frightened to death for the share he had taken in the little plot.

"Baron de Gortz," said Charles, "for certain reasons I have pardoned Captain Reinold. Let this pardon be sent to him at once."

Ikla took the pardon.

"There is no occasion to send it, sire," she said, archly. "I can deliver it myself. Gustavos is concealed in this chateau."

"Gustavos again!" cried the king, sharply. "Is this man your lover?"

"He is; and would have been my husband."

"Then you have deceived me every way."

"No, sire; you have deceived yourself. Had I been ambitious, I might have sealed your ruin; as it is, I have saved Sweden from a queen who would not have been worthy of her, and restored to her asking who is."

He was determined she should not beat him every way.

"Ikla," he exclaimed, "I will restore Reinold to favor, and make him a colonel; and, as I still have any doubts about him, you must marry him. No doubt you will teach him to obey orders in future; and may he not find—"

"What?"

"That he has caught a Tartar!"

THE INHABITANTS of Rheims, says a French paper, have, it is well known, been compelled for some time past by the Prussian Government to carry lanterns whenever they go out at night. Every evening, therefore, the cafes are illuminated after a fashion, by the great stable lamps hung on the hat pegs under the hats of their owners. A hatter in the place determined to improve on the system; he exposed Chinese lanterns in his shop window for sale, the lower part of which contained a pasteboard cap, so that the lantern might be worn on the head and the upper part of it lighted. In the window was a placard announcing "Coiffures d'ordonance." The Prussian officials, however, seized the unlucky lantern-hats, and informed the hatter that if he repeated the offence he would instantly be transported to Prussia.

The Duke of Cambridge is about to be succeeded as commander-in-chief of the British army by Lord Napier of Magdala.

A Steam Nimrod.

The following extraordinary narrative is taken from a recent number of the Sioux City *Journal*:

"One of the most laughable as well as one of the most exciting hunts that ever occurred on the Missouri river was witnessed by those on board the steamer Peninah, on her last trip up the river while on her way for Fort Rice, Dakota territory, loaded with United States troops. When within sixty miles of Fort Rice, a herd of antelope was discovered quietly feeding on the bank of the river and within one hundred yards of the boat, as she rounded a bend. Captain Brady was the first to discover them from his position in the pilot house, and called for Mr. Hampton, clerk of the boat, to take a shot. He started forward, carbine in hand, as did three or four soldiers who were on deck at the time, and all fired together."

"The remainder of the men, being down below and not aware of what was going on, were startled when the shots were fired. In an instant all was confusion on board. Some in their alarm believed it to be an Indian attack, thinking, doubtless, that Spotted Tail & Co. were taking that means of showing their appreciation of the honors which were so lavishly bestowed upon them on the occasion of their recent visit to Washington. Others imagined the boat to be sinking, and were making frantic appeals to the pilot to have soundings made, so that they could calculate their chances for a wade. But neither of the surmises were correct, for the innocent cause of all the excitement, as soon as the first shots were fired, started on a run toward the boat, as in the opposite direction the bluffs at this point were so high that they could not climb them.

"Now ensued a scene that baffles description. All hands were armed, and popping away. 'Here they come!' 'Whoop, hurrah!' and confusion reigned supreme. Away went the antelopes, taking a backward direction along the beach. Back went the boat. Bang, Bang! went the musket! Ding, ding, went the engine's bell calling on the engineer to back with all speed, so as to keep within musket shot. 'Hurrah! there goes one,' is the shout, and the cook of the boat, who up to this time had preserved his wonted dignified equilibrium, suddenly, upset a pitcher of hot water on a lame dog, who, unaware of the battle without, was slyly appropriating a piece of his buffalo steak to his heirs and assigns forever. It is needless to say that he lost his appetite by the warm application adminstered him.

"The antelopes commence falling!

"'Man the yawl,' shouts the captain, 'and pick up the dead.' Away goes the yawl; away go the remaining antelopes, and on comes the steamer puffing and blowing as if it were fully conscious of the intense excitement pervading all hands on board.

"No more antelopes, were now seen, preparations were made to go ahead, when the chambermaid (a newly enfranchised citizeness), who had taken up her position on the top of the laundry to watch events, suddenly discovered "one more unfortunate," and the last of his herd, making a bold effort for life by swimming the river.

"'Yer! Yer! Come yer, ye sogers!' is heard, and with majestic wave of the hand and extended eye-balls, she directs attention to the game. Thur he goes!' In an instant a score of rifles crack, and the poor antelope sinks to rise on more.

"In the meantime the yawl has not been idle and several are the reward of their labors. The yawl returns to the boat and the hunt is ended, all congratulating themselves upon its successful termination.

"The most singular part of the fun lies in the fact that there were but seven antelopes killed, and as each man and the chambermaid claims to have killed from three to four each, mathematics were of no use in deciding the figures.

"With a whistle of victory the boat is headed up the stream, and here ended the greatest of all modern achievements—hunting antelopes with a steamboat!"

About Purchasing Tickets.

It is very annoying for one to stand near a place to purchase a ticket for some railroad station, or some entertainment, and have a person stand directly in front of you who neither knows where he wants to go, or, if to a show, what part of the house he desires to sit in. A few general suggestions will not come amiss in regard to the matter. If at a railroad ticket office get your money ready promptly—if in scrip, lay it out so that it can be easily counted; await your turn, and then hand it to the ticket seller, stating where you want to go and how many tickets you want. He will thus be enabled to pass you your ticket at the same time he takes your money, and save time, but if you want to ask him for a ticket, which he gets, and then you are obliged to feel in your pocket to get the money, it causes delay to many others who are waiting to purchase also. Put your ticket in some convenient place, so that when you are called upon to present it to the conductor, you can get it at once, and not make that officer wait for you to fumble over all your pockets before being able to find it necessary to pay your fare on the cars; give the officer who collects the same as near the right sum as possible, as they at the best have not any too much time between stations to make change.

When a penny bank was established in Putney, and the deposits were added up at the end of the year, a brewer who was on the committee remarked: "Well, this represents 30,000 pints of beer not drunk."

A Warning to the Young.

Henry Welcome, the boy murderer, the day before his execution at Windsor, Vt., wrote the following

ADDRESS TO YOUNG MEN:

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—With respect Henry Welcome takes this as a last gift from God that I should give you some incidents of my life, hoping they will instruct you. Allow me to thank all for the kindness manifested towards me, unhappy prisoner; and it is out of respect to you that I think it my duty to write this sketch. I have six sisters and four brothers, and I am the only bad sinner among them. I always attended Sabbath school, and my father and mother are members of a Methodist church at Hinesburg. When I was sixteen years of age I left my happy home and went to visit a sister in Stowe. When I returned I was bound to leave home, but my parents wished me to stay at home and go to school.—I would not mind them, but went to Boston. I got an excellent situation, but fell in with bad company going to a billiard hall, and learning also the use of liquor, which I used to excess. When in liquor I was persuaded to try my hand at "seven up." At first I refused but being unchecked by home influences and exposed to all the desires of my corrupt heart, I gambled and plunged into all kinds of wickedness. The story of my transgressions and sins would fill a large volume. Finally, after one of my times, I went to Hinesburg the last of October, 1868; but my friends if I had listened to my mother's pleading voice, what a happy young man I should have been to-day; and oh! my friends, how many heart-rending, earnest prayers has my kind mother offered to the Throne of Grace for mercy to me. She never upbraided me, but strove to restrain me by kindness, urging me to abstain from the sins I was committing daily. This was Thursday, my mother gave this advice, and I went from her arms with a kiss on my lips, plunging into all sorts of crime and sin, and on Saturday of the same week I committed the crime, so great, that it will leave a stain on the land forever, and when committed broke the heart of my mother and hung mill stones around the necks of my friends, and robbed them of all joy and comfort on earth. And only think, I, Henry Welcome, at the age of 19 years, placed in this horrible situation! Tomorrow, I shall suffer the sentence of death. I think, my friends, this is a hard lot for a young man to be sent into the presence of his Maker on the gallows, but I am to give my life for the life I have taken. Pardon me, my friends, for saying so much to you. My heart is full and my words for you are a warning that you may not come to the same sad end. But tears will avail nothing for me now. May the blocd of Christ wash away my crime! This is my last and only hope. HENRY WELCOME.

A Serious Crime.

The little village of Amboy, in the town of Camilius, about eight miles west of Syracuse, was thrown into an excitement by the blowing up of a blacksmith's forge, resulting in the serious injury of Everett Jacobson, who was at work by it. Jacobson carries on the shop. His fire went out Saturday night, between which time and Monday morning some one had entered the shop, raked deep the forge-bed, and placed therein a quantity of powder, replacing the material so as not to attract notice. Shortly after Jacobson kindled his forge-fire, and proceeded with his work until about 11 o'clock, when an explosion occurred that lifted the forge-bed, and sent tools and fire and iron in every direction. Jacobson happened to be facing the forge at the time and the flyi ng pieces struck him about the breast and head, entirely destroying one eye, seriously damaging the other, and burning his face terribly. Who loaded the forge is a question that comes up, the solution of which will be sought, though probably will not be obtained. Amboy is the home of John Sims, and other distin guished characters; was the rendevous of Eli Vosberg, lately sent to prison as a party to the Red Creek bond robbery. Out of that Red Creek matter came a misunderstanding, the result of which is an effort to return Sims to Auburn; and in this effort Jacobson was a material witness. There are those who will say that herein is a solution to this explosion.

HOW MUCH WORK A HORSE CAN DO.—The Scientific *American* says: "At a former meeting of the British Association in Dublin, Mr. Chas. Bianconi of Cashel, read a paper relative to his extensive car establishment, after which a gentleman stated that at Pickford's, the great English carrier's, they could not work a horse economically more than ten miles a day, and wished to hear Mr. Bianconi's opinion on the subject. Mr. Bianconi stated, he found by experience, he could better work a horse eight miles a day for six days in the week, than six miles a day for seven days in the week. By not working on a Sunday he effected a saving of twelve per cent. Mr. Bianconi's opinion on this point is of the highest authority, for although the extension of railways in the land has thrown thirty-seven of his vehicles out of employ, which daily ran 2,446 miles, still he has over nine hundred horses, working sixty-seven conveyances, which daily travel 4,244 miles. It is also founded on the result of forty-three years' experience.

A party advertises "trunks that you can throw out of a fourth story window without injury." That may be true—but it is not "the coming trunk." What the public want is a trunk that a baggage-master can throw out of a car without injury!

Facts and Fancies.

The value of the yearly fruit crop of California is estimated at $5,000,000.

Ninety-one bears have been slain in Maine the past year, and bounties paid for them.

A NEGRO riot is reported at Brashear, La. A white boy belonging to a circus was killed.

The oysters are being frozen to death along the New England coast, in consequence of low tides.

Young Swell—"I say, boy, what do you do with your clothes when you've worn them out?" Boy—"Wears 'em 'ome agin!"

Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean, it keeps it sweet and renders it endurable.

The Chicago *Republican* says there were six hundred and sixty-eight suits for divorce entered in the courts of that city during the past year.

A Dubuque wife cannot hear any one shout "rats" without fainting. Whenever her husband wants a quiet evening he yells the word in her ear.

The latest expression of approval is ghastly—as follows: "Yaas; had a ghastly time, by Jove!" "Ghastly little creachaw, isn't she?" and the like.

THE Supreme Court of the United States decided that the stamping of a note subsequent to its date is sufficient where no fraud was intended in the mission.

Digger Indians have a passionate desire to sleep on railway tracks in California. Every week eight or ten of them get killed, but it don't put a stop to the practice.

Xenia (Ohio) girls are said to have a pleasing habit of kissing good looking men on the street, and then wildly screaming, "Oh' my! I thought it was cousin Charlie!"

Indiana is emphatically a railroad State. Out of ninety-three counties in the State, seventy-one are crossed by one or more railroads, with stations at the county seats.

A finished coquette at a fashionable ball asked a gentleman near her if he could flirt a fan, which she had in her hand. "No, madam," he replied, "but I can fan a flirt."

The Canadians are having their usual winter snow-shoe races and are getting both health and recreation from them. They prefer this exercise to skating, of which they have also an abundance.

Fish are a drug in Kansas. They are snared trom under the ice in cold weather, and so plentifully are they taken in this manner, that they lie, all kinds and sizes, along the shores without a claimant.

The favorite design for the back of the new issue of gold or coin notes consists of a grouping together in a very artistic manner of all the gold coins of the United States, so as to show both sides of every coin.

An Indiana Sheriff taking a horse thief to the State Prison, fell asleep in the railroad car, and when he woke up the prisoner was gone. He thinks he must have got off at a station to get a drink, and got left.

The Chinese begin another cycle of a thousand years in their calendar early in February, and those of the race in California will devote two weeks to festivity in celebration of the passage from the old cycle to the new.

A Boston paper expresses the deliberate conviction that "a man who will not do anything himself, nor let any one else do anything, by way of public improvement, ought to keep tavern after everybody else is dead."

The Labrador fisheries were nearly entire failures, last season. The catch was not within a third what it was in the previous year, and the result is that several hundred families of fishermen are rendered destitute for the winter.

A family of children in Indiana, whenever a hunter invades their father's farm skirmish the fields in front of him, and when he fires one of the children falls, pretending to be hit by a stary shot. Nimrod flees, and the juveniles pick up the squirrels.

Mayor Hall of New York, economises ink in writing his name. Here is his style: Within the circle of an O, *a key* is placed, uniting horizontally two awls, so as to form the letter H, and thus, by a most ingenious design, spelling the entire name—A. Oakey Hall.

Ripley, Brown county, Illinois, has a double calf, and seven physicians certify that it has eight legs, two tails and four ears and one head, the bodies being joined breast to breast. The head is said to resemble a weasel's and the mouth is on the under side of the jaw.

"I think," says Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, "that every family should have a dog. It is like a perpetual baby; and then it betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions, never gets into debt, never comes down late to breakfast, and is always ready for a bit of fun."

A man in Covington, Ky., made a bet the other day that he could drink a pint and a half of Cincinnati whiskey in twelve hours. He won the bet, says the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and his widow remarked at the funeral next day that it was the first money he had earned by hard work in ten years.

Two seats in a Methodist church in Norwich have been let under this ecclesiastical wager: The lessee pays $10 and agrees to occupy one of the seats during one service every Sunday for a year. If he does so he is to receive his $10 back, but if he violates the contract one jot or tittle, he is to pay the church $50.

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