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Selected Story.

WERE THEY GHOSTS?

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

When I was in France, a young fellow of one and twenty not easily frightened and by no means superstitious, the adventure which I am about to relate occurred to me. What mystery really at the bottom of it I do not pretend to explain. I tell only what occurred and leave the reader to judge for himself. I, for my part, do not believe in ghosts.

On Christmas eve I was going to dine with Madam N.—not with madam alone, but with monsieur and the mademoiselles N. also. I was delighted with the invitation and in the very best spirits. I lodged in Paris, they lived three miles distant at a pretty chateau which had been a part of madam's dowry. It was a charming place and they were charming people.

They dined at six. In the short winter days it would be dark by this time, but I knew the road well and enjoyed walking, consequently I started in time to take the road leisurely, and sauntered on admiring the picturesque scenery.

The outskirts of Paris; a pretty little church, lighted already, with kneeling worshippers adown the vista of its aisles, a farm house or two, a bridge, then a long level road with distant mountain peaks, beyond waving grain fields—and then, as I thought, four small chateaus with terraced gardens, the third that of the N's. But reaching this point I discovered that I had made some mistake. The road ending suddenly in the oddest manner possible by running into a building—a heavy stone edifice which might be a prison, so gloomy and so dark was it, yet which seemed after all to be only a private dwelling, for I could see through a window into a kitchen where a cook was preparing a meal and a woman servant washing dishes. Stepping up to this window I tapped on the panes, and the woman servant turned. She was dressed in an old-fashioned cap with a high crown, and wore modern sabots. Her eyes were immense and her face deadly pale, never in my life had I seen any one out of a sick bed so pallid—she waited for me to speak, and I addressed her in the best French that I could muster.

"Excuse me, I have lost my way. Can you direct me to Monsieur N's?"

"Monsieur is there already," said the woman, in a strange voice.

"Pardon again," I answered, "some other family of the name I search for. M. Charles N.—'s residence?"

"You are there," said the maid. "You have come to the back entrance; but I will admit you will excuse my asking you to walk through the kitchen. Monsieur and madam await the dinner for monsieur."

Was it possible that the rear aspect of the chateau was like this? It must be so, after all. I knew the house must be just here, and I had seen it but once—yet I was bewildered.

I followed the woman across the kitchen, through some passage, and up the staircase. There, she flung open the door, and I found myself bowing to two strangers. An old lady, with powdered hair and a brocade dress of wonderful richness, and an old gentleman, in a costume such as I have not seen of the stage before.

His fingers glittered with rings, his hair was powdered and tied in a green helmet; he had lace ruffles, a velvet coat, white silk stockings, and diamond buckles. Yet his face was like that of Monsieur N.—peculiar face, which was not likely to forget—like it, though plainly not the same.

"Pardon," I said—"I have made a mistake, I am a stranger here, and am looking for M. Charles N.—"

"You are right. We have been waiting for you," said the old gentleman. "We are charmed to see you. Take a seat, I pray."

I stammered and faltered, and seated myself. Could my friends be playing a trick on me? Were they masquerading for my benefit?

I glanced around the room. I had certainly never had been there before; but two portraits on the wall were familiar to me—portraits Monsieur N.—had told me were those members of his family, which on the mother's side she had been noble. Also an antique clock, with which they had told me a strange story was connected.

Yes it was a sort of masquerade. I bowed and smiled to signify my appreciation of its excellence. Monsieur N.—bowed also, but gravely.

"May I be permitted to say that the costume is exceedingly becoming?" I said.

The old lady and gentleman bowed together this time, but gravely still, and then I noticed that both of them were pallid in the extreme—as pale as the servant who ushered me in, indeed. The longer I looked the more this impressed me. I feared that I was staring impudently, although certainly such a masquerade was intended to attract attention. I strove to speak merrily, but felt too dreamy and dull to maintain a conversation. Beside, my host and hostess seemed to expect nothing of me but silence. We were silent as the grave when the clock

upon the mantle struck six, and on the instant several servants entered with material for a repast; at the same moment another door was also opened and two young ladies entered.

The Mademoiselles N., doubtless. Their delicate features were the same, but their attire also transformed them strangely, and they were also as pallid as the dead.

We sat around the table after our first recognition (more formal bows and courtesies motionless and speechless).

Such rigid faces I had never seen. Certainly this was some trick to terrify me.

I tried to laugh, but no smile answered me. Servants poured wine and passed dishes. I could not see that any one ate. I didn't.

If this was a joke we were scarcely merry over it. I felt my hair slowly rising upon my head. I stared at the rigid faces in terror; they looked like those of corpses.

I could have shrieked in terror. Suddenly, as the clock struck seven, the old gentleman, he lifted a glass on high, a glass full of wine; the others also stood; I followed their example.

"Long life to King Louis," said the old gentleman, and each pressed a glass to lips blue, and cold, and rigid as lips never were. I could not touch mine; I had looked into its depths; it was filled with blood.

"For Heaven's sake bring this just to an end," I cried. "I can bear no more."

And as I uttered the words I saw before me four headless bodies, each holding a glass in its hand, and heard again the words: "Long live King Louis."

The horror of that moment can never be adequately rendered into words. I have never attempted it. I shut my eyes and clasped my hands over my eyes.

Suddenly a voice cried: "Ah, Mr. Smeeth, you are lost yourself. I did so believe and arrive to conduct you." I looked up and saw M. N. Before us was a terrace garden; not far away a neat little chateau.

"Am I dreaming," I asked. "What a trick has been played upon me?"

M. N. looked alarmed. "Are you ill?" he asked.

But I could tell him nothing until he had conducted me into the pleasant drawing-room and seated me in a large arm-chair before the fire.

Then, after I had swallowed a glass of wine, I narrated all that I have laid before my readers. Those to whom I spoke clustered around me, Monsieur N.—growing pallid as I proceeded. As I finished, he clasped his hand to his head and rushed from the room. Madam N.—caught my arm.

"Never speak of this thing again," she said. Before Monsieur—returns I will explain all to you. These chateaus stand on ground once belonging to his mother's family, which was noble, though she married a plain monsieur. It was grim and gray, as you have described. Monsieur N.—resembles his father. His sisters were like our daughters' who were named after them. They were all guillotined during the Revolution. The mob seized them at dinner as old Monsieur N.—lifted a glass to his lips to drink the health of his King—My husband was saved by a nurse, who dressed him in poor clothes and called him her own child. You understand. You understand. You have seen the sight which is always seen on the anniversary by some one. The ghosts of a home, its belongings and its inhabitants. Hush! Monsieur N.—returns."

I bowed. In France one must not contradict a lady; but I do not believe in ghosts. Could any trick have been played upon me? Had I taken too much wine? Did I lose my senses? These are questions which I have asked myself unavailingly ever since, and which I leave the reader to determine.

Wonderful Escape.

Thursday evening while our young friend, Mr. Elisha E. Meredith, of this county, was out bird-hunting, and he made a most wonderful escape.

It seems that the gun used by him was a very short one, and wishing to fix something about the breech, he bending over rested the stock upon the ground and the muzzle against his body, while with a small stone he struck the breech, causing it to go off. The whole load passing through his clothes struck a can of powder in one of his pockets and glancing, passed up between his arm and side burning both. The flask, containing about a pound of powder, was upon one side penetrated and torn that the fire from the gun caused it to explode, literally burning up one side of his coat, hurling him furiously around, and painfully but not seriously hurting his left arm. Some gentlemen standing near and witnessing the accident, say that they cannot conceive how it was possible he escaped being killed as it reminded them more of the explosion of a cannon than anything else. Meredith, however took the accident very coolly; being interrogated by his companions as to whether he was hurt, replied, "that he often heard it said that a miss was as good as a mile, but no longer believed it, for he had been missed but had lost both coat and powder."—Manassas (Va.) Gazette.

Masonic.

Offices and Labor Wanted.

We clip the following from the New York Dispatch, and we thank Bro. Holmes for having put the case in a manner so acceptable to ourselves.—Ed. Freeman.

There are two things in connection with labor that, to us, are very unpleasant. One is to have one brother Mason send another brother Mason to see for the purpose of having us procure office or employment for the latter; and the other is, to be frequently solicited, as we have been and are, by letter and orally, to get situations for those who declare that they are unable to get them for themselves. The first is a very convenient way on the part of the brother who may be the sender, of getting rid of a persistent applicant, and is a species of practical benevolence similar to that of A asking B to do something for the benefit of C, while A does nothing himself to help C. This kind of left-handed charity has been practiced upon us to an unbearable extent, and in many cases the idea has been shadowed forth by the sender that we were to advertise gratis for him—when we can not control a line in the advertising columns of the Dispatch—or we have been expected to neglect our own business and run around the city for a purpose of obtaining employment for the sender, while he and the sender are to quietly and coolly await the result of our negotiations, and if we do not succeed in our efforts, treat us as if we had done them a personal injury; and this, too, when both were entire strangers to us. During the past week we have been solicited—innumerable a better word—in the name of Masonry, by those whom we had never seen before, to write letters to the postmaster, whom we do not know, asking for places for them in the post-office; to personally solicit the Police Commissioners to appoint three different people on the force; and to see the Collector of the Port, to whom we have never spoken, with reference to obtaining appointments as night watchmen for two, and as inspectors for three people—all of whom, with one exception, we know about as well as we know Brigham Young, the arch Polygamist, whom and his little family circle, we know about as well as we know that the other Brigham the Grand Turk. At our private office, at the office of this paper, and even at our private house, we have been assailed by these persistent applicants for employment, and we have also been button-holed frequently in the streets by the same kind of people for the same purposes. It is, no doubt, very flattering to be supposed to be possessed of great influence with public men; but this kind of flattery is dearly bought when paid for by this species of perpetual annoyance and vexation—more vexations than the tooth ache or the manner in which bill collectors follow up their prey. You may do—the latter, but the former class you must treat with some appearance of courtesy, no matter how little you may feel that feature as one of the elements of respect.

We know that other members of the craft who have held, and now hold, high positions have been equally with us troubled and annoyed by matters similar to those of which we complain. Present or Past Grand Masters and Grand Secretaries are generally preferred by those who want office or employment, by their special solicitors, though less exalted officials in the fraternity have not been exempted from annoyances, as many of them can testify with entire sincerity, and probably a little soreness. Perhaps the practice of our brethren who have sent applicants to us so frequently could be generally adopted beneficially, if all acted in concert, and kept the posts traveling from one to the other, until they became exhausted, and the persons, some years ago who were scouring the town looking for a mythical Frank McLaughlan, to get imaginary letters from a friend to California. An old bachelor, who got detested children, once his upon what he thought was a happy plan to amuse babies and keep them from crying, which was to put a little molasses upon the balls of the fingers and thumbs of both hands, and then give them a feather. As fast as the baby pulls the feathers from one hand, to which it had adhered, it would stick to the other, and so the little darling is kept amused during the whole day. Let the bore be considered as the feather, and the fingers as the bore, and the applicants to our subject of this anti-baby-crying invention becomes at once sweetly and painfully apparent.

Seriously, this thing has gone far enough; for we have submitted to it without a murmur for five years, and now we think we have a right to a growl, and we are having it. It is hard to say to a man's teeth the things we have written, but self-preservation is the first law of our common nature, and, as we are getting advanced in life, we must try and prevent our being bored by a species of office seeking taxation, which will send us prematurely to a taxed physician, who will prescribe taxed medicines from a taxed apothecary, which will place us in a taxed shroud, to be taken in hand by a taxed undertaker, who will put us in a taxed coffin, the lid of which will be screwed down with taxed

screws, by a taxed screw-driver, and then our remains be placed in a taxed hearse with taxed horses, driven by a taxed driver to a taxed grave. To spare us from the first taxation may save us for a while from the rest.

In conclusion, let us say that while we are willing to assist and aid the needy and distressed brethren who are worthy, we still have a duty to perform to our family, our profession and to journalism, and hope that those for whom this article has been especially written will take heed and govern themselves accordingly. At least let them be merciful while the thermometer ranges between eighty and ninety degrees.

Legend of a Musket.

Mark Twain tells the following story, related by a fellow passenger, who, being bantered about his timidity' said he had never been scared since he landed an old Queen Anne's musket for his father once, whereupon he gives the following:

"You see, the old man was trying to learn me to shoot blackbirds and beasts that tore up the young corn and such such things, because I could be of some use about the farm, because I wasn't big enough to do much. My gun was a single-barreled shotgun and the old man carried an old Queen Anne musket that weighed a ton, made a report like a thunder-clap, and kicked like a mule. The old man wanted me to shoot the musket sometimes, but I was afraid. One day, though, I got her down and so I took her to the hired man and asked him how to load her, because it was out in the field. 'Hiram,' said he, 'do you see these marks on the stock and X and a V on each side of the Queen's crown? Well, that means ten balls and five slugs—that's her load.'"

"But how much powder?"

"Oh," he says, "it don't matter; put in three or four handfulls."

So I loaded her up that way, and it was an awful charge—I had sense enough to see that, and started out. I leveled her on a good many black birds; but every time I went to pull the trigger I shut my eyes and winked; I was afraid of her kick. Towards sundown I fetched up at the house, and there was the old man resting on the porch.

"Been hunting, have you?"

"Yes, sir," says I.

"What did you kill?"

"Didn't kill anything sir—I didn't shoot her off—was afraid she would kick. (I know blame well she would.)"

"Gimme that gun?" the old man said, as mad as a rat.

And he took aim at a sparrow on the other side of the road, and I began to drop back out of danger. And the next moment I heard the earthquake, and heard the Queen Anne whirling over end over in the air, and feathered around one heel with one leg up and both hands on his jaw, and the bark flying from that old sapling like there was a hail storm. The old man's shoulder was set back three inches and his jaw turned black and blue, and he had to lay up three days. Cholera nor nothing else can ever scare me the way I was scared that time."

Brownlow—The Dying Parson.

There is a spectacle in the Senate which ought, perhaps, to receive, but which often repels, the commendation of those who look upon it. This is the pained, perishing figure of Parson Brownlow. As regular as the noon, the almost helpless old man is assisted to his seat—a hair-cloth easy chair on the left of the Speaker—in which he reclines, trembling all over, and constantly, like a shaken jelly. Seen from the gallery, his swarthy face looks like that of a malignant Indian. His lips contort themselves unpleasantly, and his hands twitching in every finger, remind one of a couple of enormous spiders crawling over his legs and along the arms of his chair. Once in a while the right hand makes a tremendous expedition to the desk in front, and returns with a handkerchief dangling between thumb and fingers. Sometimes, with great effort, it carries a glass of water from the ridge of the desk to the old man's mouth. Part of the time he sits with a leg hoisted on a corner of the desk, or crossed over the opposite knee. He is never motionless. His eyes see and his ears attend to all that transpires. Whenever the debate is earnest, or an interesting question is uppermost—particularly if it concerns the South, or his own State of Tennessee—he listens to it as if it went through every pore; the big dark veins on his temples grow bigger and darker; the desk shakes with the shaking of his leg; his hands clutch venomously at his trousers, and the peculiar writhing of his limbs makes it appear as if he would give up all his life after that one moment, for the moment he had strength to get on his feet, and pour forth as old a flood of vituperation upon his enemies. But he has no strength left to speak, and was compelled the other day to have the personal explanation of his course in regard to recent political events in Tennessee, which he had prepared in manuscript, read by the clerk. Some expressions in it were abusive of Butler and other members of the House, and the Vice-President stopped the reading. The emotion of the dying man in the easy chair, so racked him, requested that solely on account of his feeble condition, the reading should be suffered to proceed. This was done, and he has been out since, perhaps never to see the world again.

Among the transactions of the evening was a prize of a gold ring, offered to the lady who should out-waltz all competitors. At 12 o'clock the band struck up "Il Bacio," and a full dozen competitors took their places on the floor, entering for the contest. At the expiration of twenty minutes four of the couples gave way and took their seats, leaving the rest twirled and whirling in the giddy and intoxicating dances. One hour more there was but three couples on the floor, and the dance went on till another hour had passed, when, from sheer exhaustion, another couple gave way, leaving the floor to the remaining two pairs of terpsichorean devotees.

The band of music played, and danced, and the four fast-falling dancers danced, and danced, till even those who looked upon them grew sick and dizzy. At the end of the fourth hour the musicians grew feeble, and from the finger ends of the violinists the blood trickled to the floor, but still they supplied the moving power to keep the dance going. The excitement grew intense as the fifth hour of the dance came on, and there were those who insisted on putting an end to the merry, though reckless quartette permitted. However, no interference was allowed, and the prize dance, over the jaws of death, went on.

After five hours and three minutes had elapsed, one of the ladies fainted, and her partner quickly followed her example, and amidst cheers that the prize was awarded to the other couple who kept the floor. Then came a summing up of damages. The two contending girls were higher death than life, and had to be conveyed to their homes—together with their partners, who were as badly used up, in carriages, and all have since been in a precarious condition and under medical treatment. The girls had to have their shoes cut from their feet, and their limbs were swollen next day to an enormous size. The young men will hardly recover, and will never again play at a terpsichorean contest so much for foolishness.—Titbitary Post.

George W. Harris extensively known throughout the south as "Sut Lovengood," died near Knoxville Tennessee, yesterday, of apoplexy. He published, since the war, a book of his humorous sketches, the most popular of which "Sut Lovengood's Daddy Acting Horse" and "Sut Lovengood's Shirt," have been "going the rounds of the papers" for more than ten years past.

"Ma, somebody is going to die," said a knowing little fellow who was looking out of the window into the street. "Why?" "Cause the doctor's just gone by," was the reply.

Why is a pen-maker a bad moralist? Because he makes men [pen] stand pens, and says they do [pen] write.

Josh Billings' Female Remarks.

Dear girls, are you in search of a husband? This is a bumper, and you are not required to say "Yes" out loud, but are expected to throw your eyes down onto the earth, as tho you was looking for a pin, and reply to the interrogatory with a kind of droning sigh, as tho you was eating an oyster, juice and all off from the half shell.

Not to press so tender a theme until it becomes a thorn in the flesh, we will presume (to avoid argument) that you are on the lookout for something in the male line to boost you in the up-hill or life, and to keep his eyes on the bricking when you begin to get down the other side of mountain. Let me give you some small chunks of advice how to spot your fatter husband.

1. The man who is jealous or every little attention which you give him from some other fellow, you will find after you are married to him, himself more than he does you, and what you mistook for sollicitudo, you will discover has changed into indifference. Jealousy isn't heart disease, it is a liver complaint.

2. A mustash is not indispensible; it is only a little more hair, and is a good deal like moss and other excrescences—often dangle the best one side tho won't rise anything else. Don't forget that those things which you admire in a pellow before marriage you will probably have few admire in a husband after a long time.

3. If husbands could be taken on trail, as Irish cooks are, two-thirds or more would probably be returned; but there don't seem to be any law for this. Therefore, girls, you will see that that after you get a man, you have got to keep him, even if you loo on him. Consequently, if you have got any kold villos in the house, try him on them, such in a while, during scouring season, and if he swallows them well, and sez he will take some more, he is a man who, wen blue Monday came, will wash well.

4. Don't marry a pheller who iz alwaz a telling how his mother daz things. It iz hard hard taw taw theza men as it iz taw we a young one.

5. If a young man can beat you playing on a pianer and kant hear a fish-horn playing in the streets without turning a back summerzet on account of the music that is in him; he might answer tew tew babe, but if you set him hoeing out the garden, will find that you hav got tew do yourself.

6. A man whose whole heft lies in music (and set you hefy at that) ain't no better for a than scedlitz powder; but if he luvz you, you will find him nellow and so soft. But don't marry anybody for jist one virtue, any quicker than you would flop a man for jist one fault.

7. It iz one of the most tuffest things for a female tew be an old maid successfully. A grate monny he ax tried it and made a bad job of it. Everybody seems to look upon old maids jist ez they do upon dried herbs—in the garret, they do upon sickness—and therefore, girls, it ain't a mistake that you should be willin to swop yourself oph with some tew phellow for a husband. The swop is a good one, but don't swop for enny man who iz respected jist because his father iz. You had better be an old maid for 4 thousand years, and then join the Shakers, tew buy repentance at this price. No woman ever made this trade who didn't git either a phool or a mean case, or a clown, for a husband.

8. In digging down into this subject I find the digging grows harder the further I git. It iz much easier tew inform you who not tew marry than who tew, for the reason there iz more of them.

I don't think you will follow my advice, if I give it; and, therefore, I will keep it, for I look upon castor ile—a mean dose to give and a mean dose to take.

But I must say one thing, girls or spile. If you can find a bright-eyed, healthy, and well-balled boy, who looks upon poverty as sassy as a child looks upon wealth—who had rather sit down on the curb-stun, in front of the 5th avenue hotel, and eat a ham sandwich than tew go inside and run in debt for armed with that kind oph pluck that mistakes a defeat for a victory, advise iz tew take him, body and soul—sure him at unst, for he is a stray trout, of a breed very skase in our watar. Take him I say, and bidd onto him, as horns bidd onto a tree.—New York Weekly.

A YOUNG lady contemplating matrimony was one morning handed a Testament by her father, with the leaf turned down at the following passage: He who giveth in marriage doeth well, but he who giveth not in marriage doeth better." She immediately returned it with the following reply written underneath: "Dear father, I am content to do well; let those do better who can."

Anegro boy stole addlin in Petersburg, Va. the other day, and while protesting his innocence, unwittingly pressed it he endeavored to hide it more completely under his shirt. The doll gave a loud squeak, and the little negro, who had never heard of crying dolls before, turned almost white and thought a miracle had been done in his case.

A fond wife threw a bottle of hair restorer at her husband's head, at which he said: "We must part—the dye is cast."

A priest asked a tippy fellow leaning against the fence, who he expected to go when he died. "If I can't get along any better than now," said the fellow, "I shan't go nowhere."

Never marry a man who treats his mother or sister unkindly or indifferently. Such treatment is a sure indication of a wicked man.

Another little girl, delighted at the singing of the bob-link, naively and beautifully asked, "What makes he sing so sweet mother?—do he eat flowers?"

A cross without Christ never made any man better, but with Christ saints are much better for the cross.

A baptism was to be solemnized in our blockading fleet off North Carolina in 1865, and notice was to be given to the fleet by signal. The book contained no symbols for "baptism," and the order was signalized thus: "There will be religious diving on shore at 2 p. m."

An ill-matched couple were always quarreling. One day the wife pointed to a cat and said and dog that lay together near the stove and said: "Look at them; they don't quarrel." "Ah," growled the husband, "they together, and then see."

The hog may not be thoroughly posted in arithmetic, but when you come to a "square root" he's there.

The following sentiment is attributed to Napoleon Bonaparte: "A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel—the other a treasure."

"How came such a greasy mess in the oven?" said a fidgity old spinster to her maid-of-all-work. "Why," replied the girl, "the candles fell into the water, and I put them the oven to dry."

A lady asked a pupil, at a public examination of a Sunday School. What was the sin of the Pharisees?

"Eating camel, marm," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees strained at gnats and swallowed camels.

A green horn sat a long time very attentively musing upon a cane seated chair. At length he said:

"I wonder what fellow took the trouble to find all them are holes; and put straws 'round 'em!"

"Bub, is your sister at home?" "Yes, but she won't see you to-night." "Why?" "Cause she said she was going to have one good mess of onion, if she never did get another bean."

As a lawyer and a doctor were walking arm and arm, a wag said to a friend, "These two are just equal to one highwayman." "Why?" was the response. "Because it is a lawyer and a doctor—your money or your life."

A Knotty Text.

There was once an itinerant preacher in West Tennessee, who, possessing considerable natural eloquence, had gradually become possessed of the idea that he was also an extraordinary Biblical scholar. Under this delusion, he would very frequently, at the close of his sermons, ask any member of his congregation who might have a "knotty text" to unravel, to speak it, and he would explain it at once, however much it might have troubled "less distinguished divines."

On one occasion, in a large audience, he was particularly pressing for some one to propound a text; but no one presuming to do so, he was about to sit down without an opportunity to show his learning, when a chap back by the door announced he had a Bible matter of great "concern" which he desired to be enlightened upon. The preacher, quite animatedly, professed his willingness and ability and the congregation was in great excitement.

"What I want to know," said the outsider, "is whether Job's turkey was a hen or a gobbler."

The "expounder, looked confused, and the congregation tittered as the questioner capped the climax by exclaiming, in a loud voice—"I fetched him down on the fust question!"

From that time forward the practice of asking for difficult passages was discontinued.

Untenable.

A writer in Georgia has been seeking for proverbs, which do not lie, that it does not pay, or in other words, that it is not profitable to the farmer to raise cotton.

We apprehend in his zeal in behalf of the production of corn, he said more than he meant. Such mistakes, however, destroy all the influence which communications of this character might otherwise possess; for all men know from experience that the cotton is more profitable than any other crop. But it does not follow that it will pay the agriculturalist better to cultivate cotton alone, than both cotton and corn. If the table of the South was devoted exclusively to the production of cotton, the staple would be in market and the price of bread would advance. Hence the only sane way to take of the subject is to encourage the variety of crops. A surplus of cotton and security of corn would turn an over, loose hand and foot to the manufacturer of the East and grain growers of the West. Let us seek and obtain a happy medium of a supply of corn and no surplus of cotton.