

Official Paper of the Village.

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To whom all communications should be addressed

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Miscellaneous Heading.

HARD TIMES.

BY RANDY DOUGLASS.
Stricken low; the fire burns low;
It gives no warmth, it has no glow.
Ahi how I longed for light!
Foreseen so dark a time as this!

My bread is bitter with the thorns;
I have no power to earn or care;
And when my eyes have caught
A glimmer of light, it is but a ray.

Sad gloom, though want and care
Are all I now with these can share!

Yet while the clouds are black above,
They never dream how bright below.
Who have not taste to love,
Whose fortune lies when comfort poor.

The best is trust the poor man knows;
Our bread is bitter, when great wearis;
A glad new coming—now a ray!

Twill be his sweetest joy that—
Harper's Bazaar.

ISN'T IT SO?

When the sky has set his blue,
What do the stars sing in the dark?

We sing quibbles, sparkles through—
What do the leaves say in the storm?

Tossed in whispering boughs together,
We can keep the winter warm.

Thou wak'st in frosty weather.

What do the happy birds say,
Flitting through the gloomy wood?

We can't sing from a gay

Or gloomy, such good—
Nichols.

MY FREIGHTS.

THERE are some people who aver that they have never been frightened. As I am far from being a strong-minded woman, I cannot say as much. Perhaps I am too easily alarmed. I am, for instance, afraid of a cow. It may be very silly, but I cannot help it. All the pleasure of a country walk through a fine landscape has often been spoilt for me because of cattle in the field. If I pass through them without being scared or gored, the recollection that I have got to come back again remains with me for the rest of the day. As for a bull, I would rather never see the country than run the chance of meeting one.

My widowed sister-in-law (the fat one, and my self) once lived in such a place a whole summer, during which time I lost more flesh than I had been all the time in a Turkish bath. From sunset to sunrise I was in a perfect fright from fear of cattle, and when the days grew longer, and the nights longer, the place became insupportable, and I fled from it. The usual night programme was as follows: My sister-in-law, who occupied the same apartment as myself, would fall asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow, and leave me as it were, alone, a prey to my terrors. She always reminded me of the irritating bird described in ghost stories, who will not wake while the apparition is peeping through the bed curtains at you, and who, when all the dreadful things are over, cannot be persuaded that they actually occurred. Next to ghosts themselves I dislike people of this cast, and would almost as soon have no companion at all. If the wind was up I at once began to picture to myself a band of ruffians, dragging a forcible entry into all the rooms below stairs, and giving shouts of triumph at the ease with which they accomplished their purpose. We could not afford to keep man servant, and even if we had done so I should have always imagined him the accomplice of the burglar, or something worse.

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However, one very wet and dark night she got a pretty fright herself. It was a little past midnight. The drip, drip, drip, of the rain was ceaseless, but for all that, as I lay awake, I could hear men's steps without splashing in the pools it made, as the wrecks walked round the house looking for the most convenient point of entry. Then I heard the back door—"it burst open with a sort of muffled violence, like the sudden outbreak of a war-pipe—and then that "pata-pat" I knew so well, of feet coming up the stairs. Then a pause of frightened silence.

"Charlotte," cried I, in an agony, "They are really here. They really are this time. Wake, wake!"

"Rubbish," cried she. "I am wide awake, and I hear nothing."

"They are just outside the door," whispered I; "they are listening at the key-hole. Hark!"

"I certainly hear eaves dropping," was her hearty answer. "The woman who enjoyed a joke, and her fat sides wobbled with mirth at this one"; but it's only the rain from the roof."

"I tell you," said, solemnly, "there're robbers in the"

Here something fell in the drawing room beneath us with a hideous crash,

Northville Record.

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[Always in Advance]

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In an instant, and before I could recover

sure it was as I had supposed. Doubtless some woman had come to weep in secret over the grave of her beloved husband; and there was no need to be frightened in such a case. It might be that I should be able to give her comfort. I rose and moving toward the wreck-corner, (as it was called), could dimly make out a woman's figure kneeling at the head of a grave. In the presence of so great a sorrow, I seemed to lose all selfish fear, and ventured softly to address her. She did not reply, nor ever so much as turn her head, though I felt certain the must have heard me; and since she was a woman, and did not speak, I felt there must be something very wrong with her. As I drew nearer, I beheld a spectacle that overwhelmed me with pity. The unhappy creature before me was naked to the waist, and with her arms straight down by her side, was gazing on the grave beneath her with a look of indescribable despair. She shed no tear, but her eyes wore a look of hopeless woe and yearning beyond all ordinary sorrow.

"You are killing yourself, my poor woman," I said, "to stand there in such a plight. The dead you mourn can take no such sacrifice as this that you should join them."

But again she answered nothing; and then, to my horror, I observed that she had dug another grave at the head of that she was watching, and was already buried in it up to her waist. Was she, then, bent upon committing suicide, or was she but an inhabitant of the tomb? I gazed around her, and were the graves indeed giving up their dead at that witching hour of night, as I had read of, but had not believed?

In an agony of terror, such as even I had never before experienced, I rang down my sketch-book, and rushed from the churchyard and down the hill.

"What's the matter, Mary Anne?" cried my amazed hostess, who was sitting up for me with her husband in the parlor, as I tore into the room shrieking for help.

"Matter!" cried I. "There is a poor young woman, with nothing upon her, buried alive in the wreck corner of San Francisco ten days before the election."

The Conscientious hen who laid that egg containing another egg and two chicks is prepared to enter into a contract to supply families at the most reasonable pittance.

A FERVENT road-home recently accom-

plished 102 miles in fifteen hours. Four passengers on the route reduced the actual driving time to twelve hours and twenty minutes.

A soon brother in Deckerville, N. J. advertises in the local papers that he didn't set out his trees for hatching posts for those who attend the Methodist meeting-house.

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An unhappy Wisconsin maiden is plaintiff in a breach of promise case, and 1200 of the letters produced on the trial she declared that "she had shed tears enough to run a grist mill."

The New York Post expresses the opinion that Tweed will be found among the missing some day, marching and some body will be the richer by a handsome sum. It adds, "Such is our prediction."

The hard times in Flinche, Nevada, have had a deprecating effect upon the business of the place. It is said that one pawnbroker there holds over 2,000 revolvers, and Bowie knives deposited with him by impudent fighters as collateral security.

A Little Caudid Criticism.

Not long ago the youthful Mr. C.—

was engaged to manipulate the ivory on a church organ not far from the Hall. At the same church and upon the same occasion a Unitarian clergyman was engaged to officiate in the pulpit. Both of these gentlemen left on the following morning by the same train, and both occupied the same seat, the young organist recognizing the clergyman, but himself unknown to the cloth. Passing the compliments of the morning, the clergymen queried whether the young man attended the Unitarian church the preceding day. Organist he had that pleasure, and asked Pulpit how he liked the music. Pulpit said he liked the music well, but had been excellent in the music world, have been excellent in the music world, but thinks the bones were those of Stephanus, Minerva, or other vicious animals.

Elephant bones may be shown for those of giants, but they can never impose on connoisseurs.

Whales, which by their immense bulk are more proper to be substituted for the largest giants, have neither arms nor legs, and the head of that animal has not the least resemblance to that of a man. If it be true, therefore, that a great number of the gigantic bones which we have mentioned have been seen by anatomists, and have by them been reported real human bones, the existence of giants is proved.

Harper's Weekly.

Comparative Longevity of Jews and Christians.

From an examination of the census statistics of Austria, Russia, Turkey, Germany, England, France, and the United States, a writer in the Medical Record has ascertained that the mean average duration of life among Jews exceeds that of Christians by about five years. The statement made also by

Mr. W. D. Brewster, of Tuxedo, Me., some time since left in the Union Bank of Brunswick certain United States bonds, as security for a note he had discounted there. After Mr. D. had paid the note, he was informed that his bonds were not to be found. On the bank's refusal to make them good to him, he sued the bank to recover their value, and the jury brought in a verdict in Mr. D.'s favor. The bank then carried the case to the full bench of the seventeenth century, who have recently affirmed the verdict in Mr. D.'s favor.

While rowing on the river near Savannah, Ga., two men saw the body of a negro at the bottom. They drew it up, put it in their boat, and started for the shore. They had gone but a short distance when they found another body, and still others, until the boat was loaded. They took the bodies, and when they reached the shore, returned for another load. Altogether thirteen corpses were recovered. It was afterward learned that a boat full of negroes had overturned further up the river, and all the occupants drowned.

She watches and waits somewhere about Knoxville, Tenn. Sunday week she was in church at the appointed time to be married. He was late and rushed in almost speechless with emotion. Deeply affected, he asked her to pray for him, as he was in my trouble. While he was kneeling, he walked softly to the aisle and out of the side door and disappeared, and no one saw him come. The local paper says "of course the wedding didn't take place." But as stated, she watches and waits. Her brothers are on his trial, and a funeral is expected thereabout shortly.

Official figures in relation to the trade and commerce of Canada, show them to be in a most prosperous condition. Total returns for the year ending June 30, 1873, exhibit an increase in the total commerce of colonies than \$34,56,618 over the previous year.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A CHIOMAN has lived nine years on a Detroit street—ear the other day by asking a quart of milk per day.

A MAN in Palmyra, Mo., was recently fined seven dollars for swearing at his grandmother.

MUSICAL instruments, think nothing of walking seven miles with their lovers to attend a candy-pull.

The testimony of a St. Louis alderman should be preserved: "Horses is frailer than diamonds than street cars."

PEAS are selling in Montana at from 65 to 75 cents a dozen, and the beans up there are walking on stilts with pride.

A WIFE in Chillicothe, Ohio, demands a divorce because her brutal husband "put her to soakin' in rain-water barrels."

A HER stopped a train on a Pennsylvania railroad, her body striking the trigger that part of the air brakes; but the will stop another.

Miss Polly BICKFORD, of North Wakefield, N. H., goes all the old folks one or two better, being 105 years old this month. She is still hale and hearty.

AS EAST Sideaway beer-seller claims that between January 1 and December 23 he has sold 1,311,490 glasses of beer, for which he has received about \$35,000.

UNDER the new code of Iowa, all paper maturing on Sunday and national holidays must be presented on the day previous instead of on the day after such holidays.

The last move which tends to obliterate the distinction between the Jews and the remainder of mankind, is to hold their Sabbath services on the Christian Sunday.

THE latest divorce is claimed on the ground that the lady is infatuated for a pedestrian match, which is not at all the sort of a match the husband bargained for.

"BOOTH will have a majority, but can't say how much," was the prophecy of Horace Greeley at a spiritual seance in San Francisco ten days before the election.

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The celebrated Sir Hans Sloane, who treated this matter very learnedly, does not doubt these facts, but thinks the bones were those of Stephanus, Minerva, or other vicious animals.

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Dr. Robert Chambers tells the following story, which he had from the Rev. W. McGregor, Sterling: "Mr. Finlayson, Town Clerk of Sterling, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, was noted for the marvellous in conversation. He was on a visit to the last Earl of Monteith and Airth, in his castle of Tully, on the Loch of Monteith, and was about taking leave, when he was asked by the Earl whether he had seen the sailing cherry tree." "No," said Finlayson. "What sort of a thing is it?" "It is," replied the Earl, "a tree which has grown out of a goose's mouth from a mere nest in a hedge-bush, and which she bears about

