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### PHILOPENA.

What sort of u gift will I take?"
Asks my saucy debtor.
Shall she make or buy the thing.
Which do I like better?"

Then to mine a little hand Is yielded up completely.
While the red lips try to pout,
And the eyes smile sweetly.

"Knowest thou—prisoner at the bar (Still I hold her tightly). The meaning of that Grecian word?" "No," she answers, lightly. "Pæna—penalty; philo—love, According to the letter, And if you cannot pay the debt I must keep the debtor. OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

"Would you buy your sentence off,?
Useless the endeavor;
Yet, if you work the whole term out,
It will take forever!"
—Philadelphia Press.

BACK HOME.

WHAT ONE MEETS AFTER AN ABSENCE

The old houses you so well knew when a boy are here—all in their old

OF FORTY YEARS.

you only with memories.

their evanescence.

Lime,

Bock Spring Coal, ..... \$7.00 per fou Carbon (Wyoming) Coal ......

ways on hand at low-

COLUMBUS. NEB.

LAND OFFICE.

HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES. Union Pacific Land Office,

of Interest. world was new to you and me.

of this family tree have dropped off equal-so far as you know.

door, on which still hangs the iron and made hardly a ripple in the world's many times, graciously smaling with a carry a letter?" knocker, and underneath that same turbulent breakers.

helped to wear away.

of his youth. warm and cheering as it was then; the Graphic. hues of the pink and hollyhock while in their prime are not one whit less beautin the decayed flower of forty years ago. In the spring-time the newness of bursting bud and leaf is as new and full of life now as then -and so is

the world to eyes newly opened upon it. THE VILLAGE GRAVE-YARD. It is an October morn in all its beauty and brightness and bracing frostiness. The crickets still chirp in the grass, the katydid is still heard in the trees and the birds are not yet silent. These are the only sounds heard in the streetthe street of the cemetery in the village outskirts-these and your footfall and the stir of the breeze in the tree tops.

But quiet as is the place externally, there is stir and commotion and bustle enough within that mysterious mechanism of yours you call memory, that name for that mystery which so industriously goes on storing up sights and scenes and events and preserving even the tones of voices once familiar to you and not heard by mortal these thirty or forty years. Voices, the dust of whose lips lie in the soil beneath you; voices which once made your heart beat quicker; voices

grave-stones are here sticking out like visiting-cards left at the door, and on each the name and date of their last ap-

Can it be that so many of these people who passed away during your boyhood were no older? Forty, forty-five, than you are-some not so old when they died! Have you, indeed, arrived boyhood? Here is the grave of a man deemed by you, or what was to you many years ago, to be a patriarch. He teen planes. He appeared worried, and do nothing was very funny to see. was a deacon and a General—a Gen- as if in deep thought; so it was some eral of the militia, and a gorgeous spectime before he replied to my question said my friend, on entering the artist's tacle on "general training" days at the head of an army of rusty ununiformed militia, bearing rusty flint-locks. And only forty-eight when he died!

The silent company here assembled represent different eras of your life. Here are the girls-those first girls. Of course there have been many girls since -some possibly as much if not more dangerous to your peace of mind. Of places-but not the people of long these here -some you knew only in the since. Some are lying by the side of In that eternity of youth, say from their husbands and with them their reason. six to sixteen, when the years were so children. Some died long after the long, those families seemed to you as bloom and sparkle of their school-day enduring as the everlasting hills. Then | youth had given place to the careworn | thing. the deacons, the trustees, the doctors, and sallowed face of maturity-but here

prominent men of your native village best it is. were born. You could not then realize their shops and stores in the morning on the platform. after breakfast; they passed up again That was forty years ago. That gen- to dinner and down afterwards, and

cavernous cellars, long ranges of gant was that one. kitchen and wash-house in the rear; a double door and a brass knocker; human. So are you. You love them of Gottschalk's, Thaiberg's or "But if I had been as fly as I am now. I their conversion is quite easy. They houses presenting full, important fronts all now-or rather their memories. Liszt's without difficulty, and for him wouldn't have flown. to the street; no filagree work nor You could wish them all back. True, it would only be fun to take the part "Why not, dear?" mansard roof nor Queen Anne styles, pretty near the same village life goes on that was wanted for the March of Tann- "Why not? Have you done as you but plain, very plain and substantial here to-day. The same eating and and always painted white, and in front drinking and sleeping and waking and an old-fashioned garden with a boxlined straight walk leading up to the
front door, and on either side holly
and getting unmarded and living and getting unmarded and living and dying and earping and faultine required no rehearsal, as he played or did we go to Hoboken and spend two he required no rehearsal, as he played of lesser divinities. But many of the
at sight. My friend began to wear the laborations of this religion are savage hocks, pinks, marigolds and sweet same as that of the long ago.

And then on Sundays and week nights That house when the world was com- they went to church, and some stood mencing for you, when everything in it up and prayed long prayers and awed was quite new, when creation was newly | you very much by their severity of manfurnished for you, and its paint was her and language, and impressed you hardly dry and none of its veneer and with an idea that the Deity they called varnish had been scratched or worn off: upon was a being much more to be that house was full of sturdy sons and | feared than loved. bright-eyed, red-cheeked daughters. One by one have they disappeared

Some were older than you, some young- and come to this place—the husband, er, some of your own age. You went the wife, the maiden sister of many with them to the village school, one of winters, the town wags and the little the boys belonged to your own partic- busy, rusty man who kept the bookular set, you played with him, you store and bought your broken glass at visited his barn to inspect his rabbits a cent a pound and paid you in pens and pigeons, he visited your barn for a and picture books, and who did not similar purpose; those barns which by know a joke in capital letters. Here the aid of a saw, hammer and nails and lies the great man of the village, who a vast amount of clumsy sawing and owned ships and prayed copiously at hammering and banging you kept in a prayer-meetings, and was a being that chronic state of fresh dilapidation and no boy dared to speak to. Here hes the unrepair in a word the village boy's man in bad repute, whom you knew and The barn is still there—an old, rusty, | felt so to be by the manner in which your parents had called his name. Here moss-grown, unpainted barn, whose lies the man whose voice in the street gray shingles hang loosely by the rusty was a bellow, and the man you never nails and are all but rotted to tinder. recollect hearing speak a load word, In one end there are still seen that row and the awful swearer and the hard of most unevenly-cut pigeon holes-cut drinker, and the brisk, dapper man of after the fashion of a boy's first effort | dandified and sporting tendencies, and | with a key-hole saw-cut by guess as to also the last relic of the old school gena uniform level, and therefore cut on a tleman and federal aristocracy whom very irregular basis-but by your you can just recollect, and whose precrony's hand forty years ago-when the ciseness and formal manner in every place was in striking contrast with the The family name no longer exists in carelessness of more modern demeanor. assistance of the first amateur the village. The old folks have gone | Here they lie, once rich, once poor of the ago, elegant and rich, who the way decreed by nature; the girls once by the world called bad, called would protectly a rentate among all his married off and out of the place; the good-all here equally silent, equally friends and all the good society of the love. Since I married you we've talked boys went away, some in this direction, rich, equally poor-equal in dust, city that he designed to give my friend and some in that—one to California; one to though some be pressed down by the war, who never returned; one staid ponderous marble and others marked make a remark. it would have been

at home and died; one by one the limbs only by a carved red sand-stone—ali as much use as to try to make a piano through decay or have been wrenched You must feel amused here as well as The rehearsa was short, and the off by the storm, while the stumps have sad. "Mark," says one epitaph, "the voung aspirant stood beaming over with rotted down to the earth and the turf | end of the perfect man," you know this | joy and pride, and though at my friend "perfect man." A good enough man Strangers inhabit the old homestead as things go-a small man in every re -people from abroad, not of the old spect-who kept a little candy shop, village stock-strangers cold, dead and and feebly voiced the sentiments of his indifferent to all this host of memory richer neighbors, and did nothing very and association now tugging at your good nor very bad, and lived cheaply, heart strings as you look at the old front | and thought cheaply, and died cheaply,

doorstep which the feet of the departed | And the carved widows, weeping on that does very well besides, it is onite still in remembrance so near you have carved tombstones under carved weep-leasy. ing willows! Can you, too, weep as A boy comes out of the old house you remember those widows and call to left us. My ire of thought seriously of front door, whooping and yelling as did mind the peevish, dyspeptic husband your crony of forty years ago. It is the they weep over-the man whose ensame sound in the same place. Only trance into the house was announced by another boy. To that boy the world is a growl-who snapped before grace and as new, the pillars of society about him. snarled after, because his potatoes were the "old men" seem as enduring as did not cooked to his liking-and whose the dead and gone "old men" of your mal advent to the land of shadows youth. As his glance momentarily falls | brought a peace and quiet to that houseupon you he lives over in you what you hold which it had never known before did with the "old men" of your youth, and which lasted until the weeping widand you are but living over in him what ow under the weeping willow chose ansome "old man" of your time may very other marital master and entered into a likely have done as he looked upon that renewal of connubial suffering and envery house tenanted with the memories | durance-to end, perhaps, by the erection of another marble weeping widow Yet the sunshine of to-day is just as under a marble weeping willow?-N. Y.

----

A Miscalculation. "Did you ever have your fortune one of her most intimate friends.

"No, did you?"

as slick as a whistle.

yesterday evening. Did you know there was one in town? "Well, there is, and she just spread out her euchre deck and told my fortune

going to happen to you? "She said I was going to marry a nobleman and become a maid of honor. you must forget yourself. You know you are a married woman.' "That's so," answered the woman, dejectedly. "I forgot all about that,

it all over again. '-- Texas Siftings. once potent in the village town-meeting; voices of turbulent, quarrelsome -Those who have looked into the and never-to-be-satisfied men, and soft- matter say that while farmers who sell er voices which bade you farewell in milk in cities feed distillery grains and the now long ago, which you little glucose meal freely to their cows, and thought you were never to hear again. thus promote a copious flow of milk, This is the "set" with which you are those who produce milk solely for home now most familiar at your birthplace. use or butter-making carefully avoid This is where you are most at home. feeding that kind of fodder. The mor-Every lot holds an old acquaintance. al of this statement is easy to draw. -Materially you do not see them, but the N. Y. Examiner.

long pause, he began: "You know I am advertised to play to-morrow evening, and one of my pianists has fallen sick. What am I to do?"

up dinner is never worth anything in man saluted us on meeting him one day the matter of concerts. You must never in the street .- St. Mary's Bazaar Jourput off. The public is flighty, capri- nal. years ago. They are gone, and their pinafore and school-day stage—yet clous, pitless. Learn to seize the hour there have been none exactly like them when it is favorable to you; if you Mrs. Popperman Regales Her Husband don't, it escapes from you without any "Announce only thirteen pianos," I

to have fourteen pianos, and if you give | were young and sentimental." seemed to you as people to endure for The village main street was once alive it one less it will think itself outraged. "What does it say?" all time. They had existed before you with all these people. They came to It demands fourteen pianos in full view

stories and a half, with big garrets, and close this man, and how extrava- and we went at once to secure the lag slumber. Dost thou accept? Say young man, who was flattered, and yes, and fly, oh! fly, with me.' houser. So my friend accepted his as promised in that letter? When we sistance, and the young fellow started were married, did we fly to sunny Ita-

> "Experience," he said, "had long know very well that every rich and costtaught him to shun amateurs, and he ly painting in this house is a chromo trembled more than ever for the suc- from the tea store. cess of his concert." However, my friend assured the

without rehearing, and that the re- get ten cents out of you to buy milk hearsal was less for the difficulty of ex- for the baby?" eention than for playing together, and that, if he wished, my friend would play with him to point out the move- The only daily visitors I have are the ments. So the young fellow placed book agents and claim peddlers." himself at the piano, and, like all amateurs, after having executed a noisy flourish, attacked with the bold- thee at eventide.' The only chance I my friend whispered to me: "My night and follow a monkey and a handmind is made up: I know what I am organ around the block. Well, I, too, felt unpleasant, for the most com laccot henrer would hardly

have been able to distinguish a shred here and there like waifs in the mid-t of an overn of false notes in a deafening storm of continuous pedal. The storm could not be described, nor the pirit of the author. My friend's posion became borrble-to refuse the city that he designed to give my friend and dreamt of naught but rent. the use of his talents. I did not even Good-night, sir," and Mrs. Popperman out of a jewsharp.

and wiping his for head after the piece, " Ha, ha, what did I tell you?" The young fellow seemed convinced . of his worth, and with the case which satisfied I file bow: 'Oh yes, I flink

postp ming the concert under the preman of resources, said to him: "Sir, if this young man plays, trouble is inevalable with the other planes. It is absolutely need salv to prevent his being heard, and the only way to do it on t and he never got it." is tais, and at the same time he pushed back a prop in the piano designed for the vening asprant -an upright risno-trek out all the interior mechanism and, to king triumphanely letter and didn't answer it?

at my triend midel: "The key-board

remains, but there will be no more false

The plan was excellent. The evening

came; the hall was full: our young confilant, in wair - cover and evening dress, was in the hall; his riends awaited the moment of his ampearance with imtold?" inquired an Austin woman of patience; he requested my friend to g ve him a piano in full view of the au- portant letter. You know Mrs. D--dience. I placed his dumb piano in "Yes, I was down to a clair ovant's | the middle of the sage. My friend impressed upon his thereen that in order o produce the greates, effect it was ndispensible not to make any preludes. that thus the public might be more surprised to hear all at once the fourteen two or three minutes, but as soon as olanos attack the our shot trumpets with which the March of Tambauser be-"What did the clairvoyant say was gins. One, two three; we commence: it goes marvelor-ly. In the midst of the piece I glance at the young fellow. He was smoore. He was sweating great "Become a maid of honor! Why, drops, and, throwing his eyes carelessly on the audience, he performed with miraculous case apparently the most difficult parts. His friends were in rantures. Some enthus asts even cried out: "Hurrah for Blank." Eacore, and got the old harridan to lay the encore. We must repeat the place: cards out for a widow. It is funny how but at the moment of commencing, neck-tie to match my eyes, you know?" such little things will slip out of a perthe young aspirant forgot the son's memory. I shall have to go down and get the clairvoyant woman to do recommendation not to preinde, and furnish ng store. "Don't know as I could not resist the temptation to play can, exactly, replied the salesman. a little che matic scale. I see him now: ... but I can fit you with a soft hat to the stuper which was printed upon his match that head." Then the dude fa e was inexpressible. He recom- withdrew from the store, a crushed menced nothing. The piano was mute. strawberry hue effusing his effeminate For an instant he had the idea that the features. - Texas Siftings. ardor with which he played had been fatal to the strings, but throwing a

Perplexities of a Musician.

that the piano was just out or order, he strove to make my friend understand My friend was a great musician; that he could not begin again the march. is, he was fast becoming one, and his "Bother, bother," said he, with a wild piano recitals, like Mrs. Langtry and air; but my friend had seen the dam-Fred Gebhart, were the principal topics ages, and without any loss of time had of the public. Well, one day I met given the signal and the march was fifty. You had at that time held them him on his way to dinner, and as was commenced. The young man, to save as old men. Why, they were no older my habit, I inquired "when his famous appearances, went through the motion recital was to occur;" for I had seen of playing, but his face, which I could in the paper an announcement to the see from below, was worth painting. It at that period held so venerable in your effect that Her Von Snushingsohiter was a mixture of discouragement and would execute the March from Tann- spite. The fury with which he struck hauser, arranged by himselt for four- the poor dumb instrument which could "That was well done, gentlemen,

concerning the concert; but after this room, "but the effect was less than the first time." "The mischief," said the young fellow: "my piano broke all at once."

Well, the secret was kept a long "Put off the concert," was my sug- time, but it finally leaked out, or at least my friend and I had reason to suppose "Never," he shouted. "A warmed- so from the manner in which the young

with Comparisons.

"My dear," said Mrs. Popperman to said, tainking I had struck the right her husband last evening, "I was looking over a bundle of old letters to-day, "Another error still more danger- and found this one, which you wrote to the lawyers and all the more or less and for you they are young-and so ous," was the reply. "The public want me before we were married, when you part, consist of envelopes containing the

"I'll read it." "Sweet idol of my lonely heart: If The difficulty was becoming insur- thou wilt place thy hand in mine, and mountable. Chicago, with all its won- say, dear love, I'll be thy bride, we'll eration has nearly disappeared. Two or three are left—old stumps—decayed, gossiped at chosen resorts at night, then to tea. They congregated and derful advantages, possessed but thirfly to sunny Italy, and 'neath soft, cellis "firstly" pretty well. Then feeling to differ the first-class piano players. I retulean skies well bask and sing and the subject for a few dream of naught but love. Rich and gregation growing listless, he interand more vigorous growth—the "survival of the fittest"—and a mockery little, and made invidious remarks on little, and made invidious remarks on ment in my voice called his adorn the walls of the castle I'll give is the end of the firstly, and it's so somebody's style of living, and won- at ention to the fact that the proprietor thee. Thy bath shall be of milk. A warm to-day that I think the secondly Not only have the heads of families dered where the money came from, and of the hall in which his entertainments box at the opera shall be at thy com- and thirdly will very well keep for a disappeared, but in many cases the wondered how much the last dead man took place had a son who was spoken mand, and royalty shall be thy daily families themselves. There are certain had left his relatives, and whether and of as a perfect prodigy in music, and visitor. Sweet strains of music shall went its way, and Mr. Spurgeon went old houses you see—large, old-fashioned, other had any property at all, and how we might secure his services. My lull thee at eventide, and warbling his way.—Chicago Inter Ocean. roomy houses; double houses; two another one was "doing," and how meat friend was delighted at the suggestion, birds shall wake thee from thy morn-

same worried expression, and on reach- wharf?" ing the hall he whispered his fears to "Well, ves." "And how about the pictures? You

"Well." ". Thy bath shall be of milk.' Do I oung confident that he doubted bathe in milk? Do I bathe in milk, or his ability to perform is it like pulling teeth every morning to

"Royalty shall be thy daily visitor."

"Kinder."

" Taint my fault." "Sweet strains of music shall lull

"Oh, I am so sleepy."

the warbling birds you promised me? I hear Mrs. Maginis' crowing roosters | House of Commons Tuesday that the of Wagner's therae which was floating next door every morning. Perhaps Government had no intention of prothey are what you meant. "Well, never mind."

box at the opera.' Where is it? The complete wreck of the measure and only time I go to an opera is when you get bill-posters' tickets to a dime muse-"It is really too bad. And then you said we'd talk and dream of naught but

> shins against the bureau in trying to shins against the bureau in trying to grope to bed in the dark. - Boston Her- failed to make the necessary precau-

At the Stamp Window. "Has postage been reduced to two

"Yes'm." "For letters?" "Then a two-cent stamp will actually

"And there's no need of putting on

"It w.ll.

three cents?" "Not a bit." "Do you know Mrs. Blank?" "No m. "She says it's two cents in the city.

"It is two cents anywhere in the

-"-h. says she sent a letter to her husban i in a hieago with a two-cent stamp "I can't help that, ma'am." "Then two cents is enough?"

"And her husband probably got the "Tobably. eccentric parishioner, who often affords "Well, i'll take a two-cent stamp, the congregation much amusement. He but if there is any doubt about the mat-

ter I it as soon pay more. It will go,

"Yes'm." "Go right out to-day?" "Well, I hope so, for it's a very im-

who used to live on -- street?"

"Well, it's for her. She lives in Buffals now. She asked me for the best way to pickle mixed -The woman had to stand aside for

the window was clear she returned to 'I've got the stamp on. "Yes'm." "Two cents."

"I see.

"It will.

"And it'll go?

"If it don't ----

And she probably didn't sleep a wink last night .- Detroit Free Fress. -"Aw, you can seil me, aw, a blue inou red an Austin dude in a gentleman's

-Frances Earl Bryant, of Fulton, N. glance inside he saw them all right. Y, wears a dress-skirt like other and after some shakes impressed women, but the upper part of her on the pedals he began again his costume is a man's coat, vest, collar and little ohromatic scale. Then, persuaded Deroy hat .- Troy Times.

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RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

-Middlebury (Vt.) College is to be opened to women.

A hand-ome college building that will accommodate six hundred students is going up at Decatur, Tex. -The Japanese are teaching about 2,000,000 ch ldren in their public schools

on American and English systems. Of 4,339,729 Prussian children, 2,-723,911 go to Evangelical, and 1,405,989 to Catholic schools, making a total of 4,129,900 in Christian schools.

-Professors for eleven different chairs or departments in colleges, polytechnic schools and other institutions of higher learning in the United States, have recently been chosen from the alumni of the University of Virginia .- N. Y. Examiner.

-Prof. James C. Greenough, Princi-

al of the Rhode Island Normal School, has accepted the Presidency of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, at Amherst. He is a native of Deerfield, Mass., and was graduated from Williams College in the class of 1860. -At Bellows Falls, the Congregational and Methodist churches not only meet harmoniously in one building. but they go so far in Christian fellow-

ship as to pool their collections. Two brethren from each church society take up the collections, which, for the most money offerings. Such offerings as come in the way of bose change are equally d'vided. -Rut aut (Vt.) Hera'd. —Mr. Spurgeon surprised his congregation a few Sundays ago. He began his sermon as usual, and got through

-A study of the religion of the Thinkit Indians, of Ar zona, has been made by Rev. S. Hall Young, who says that it believe in a God who is a trinity in his attributes. He is, first, a universal punisher of evil and rewarder of good; second, a hely spirit of beneficence, to and grotesque.

cooler Sunday." So the congregation

# The Plague in Egypt.

It might have been expected that the

English occupation of Egypt would have got enough sanitary regulation into the land of the Nile to at least prevent the most fearful plague known there for years. But now, between Cairo and Port Said in one direction and Alaxandria in the other, the condition is most distressing. Even the English soldiers are suffering, several having died at Damietta, but the English seem to be making every effort to conceal the facts. Two noted physicians, Dr. Laird, a Scotchman, and a German, Dr. Ernst, have lost their lives there, and the exoness of innocence the March from have to listen to sweet strains of music dus of foreign families amounts almost Tranhauser. At the end of two bars, is when you and I go out walking at to a panie. The few foreign medical men willing to remain to stem the tide are met with opposition from the native doctors, who are driving a good "I don't care if you are. Where are business, as they are the only ones that collect fees. Lord Fitzmaurice told the posing an international conference. The Sanitary Council at Cairo has put "But I will mind. 'I was to have a | the population of Damietta into tents and partly burned and partly disinfected the place. Several small villages have also been burned. The natives are forced by the soldiery to bury their dead, and the hospital camp at Damiettais strongly guarded. In some of the isolated villages along the Mederranean and in the low line districts between Lake Munzaleh and Lake Borlas there are scare-ly natives enough to turned out the gas and jumped into bed, bury the dead. The natives are very leaving Mr. Popperman to bark his bitter against the English, who, though

> "The dying are left alone in the houses, friends and relatives fleeing, and their bodies have remained unburied for days. Dead todies in some cases have rotted in the sunshine in the streets of villages deserted by all except the dying and the convalescent, while many of the latter were helpless and starving. Anything like a grave had been unthought of for a fortnight, and in the low delta ground where water is found at a depth of two or three feet, the trenches have been dug so shallow and filled so full that the first wind blew away the covering of sand or the first rain washed away the earth. Even where the rotting bodies were not uncovered and exposed, they were so near the surface as to rot under a hot sun, and allow the gases to filter to the surface and poison the air."- Springfield (Mass.) Repub-

tions. The condition at Mansoura is thus

described:

lican.

## What Happens in Newport Churches,

One of our churches has a somewhat

has a habit of expressing his thoughts

aloud when very much in earnest, never mind where he may be. His entire unconsciousness of having thought aloud is irresistably funny. Last Sunday a late-comer at church-a young lady with voluminous skirts-sought to pass him to get to a seat. As she did so, she carried the gentleman's hat, which was on the floor, some distance, It happened during a pause in the service, when there came, slowly and distinctly, and with an earnestness worthy of the preacher, this unconscious ejaculation: "Now-where-in-the-name -of-the-Lord-is-that-girl-taking my hat? Funny things happen often in Newport churches. A good sister not long ago put her hand to her back hair, or where her back hair ought to have been, found it forgotten, and without a moment's hesitation got up and fled out of the church, still carrying her hand over the poor little pug peeping beneath her bonnet, and which was never meant to meet the public gaze. A dude took his cane to church and amused himself during service by springing it beneath the seat in front of him until it formed a bow. It suddenly got away from him and went whizzing up into the air, striking against the ceiling and producing a consternation throughout the church, which extended to the pulpit. The dude blushed and would have gone deeper into his collar but that his ears prevented. A brother in the parish meeting complained of the uncomfortable temperature of the church during the winter, and declared that only persons with ironical constitutions could safely come to service .-Cor. Boston Transcript.