

that promised death and forgetfulness, and rest. But it was useless—he walked forth out of the carnage without a wound. And it is said that five hundred years afterwards, he followed Mahomet when he carried destruction to the cities of Arabia, and then turned against him. His calculations were wrong. A quarter was given to every living creature—one, and that was the only one of all the kind he did not want it. He sought death five hundred years later, in the wars of the Crusades, and offered himself, with them, to famine and pestilence at Ascalon. He escaped again—he could not die. These repeated annoyances could have at last put one effect—they shook his confidence. Since then the Wan-

But as was about to remark concerning the small portion of the genuine King Solomon's Temple that still remained to chain the eye of the visitor and provoke in him curious trains of thought—

MARK TWAIN.

—“I resort to wine to stimulate my wits,” said a young spendthrift to an old one.

“Ah,” replied the veteran, “that is the way I began, but now I have to resort to my wits to get my wine.”

—A courtship of seventeen years' duration, in the town of York, Maine, has recently terminated happily by a marriage. It reminds us of the good old days of Jacob and Rachel.

F. J. P. PASCOE.

best wood stoves to Buck & Wright, of St. Louis, honorable mention being made of the Peerless Campman & Co.—New Orleans. *Times*, Jan. 15.

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