

Bedford Gazette.

VOLUME 57.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

WHOLE NUMBER, 2992.

NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 9, 1860.

VOL. 5. NO. 14.

BROAD TOP RAIL ROAD!

Arrangements have been effected between the PENNSYLVANIA R. CO. and the HUNTINGDON & BROAD TOP R. CO., by which Freight cars are transported at the following low rates: From Hopewell to Philadelphia, Flour, 62 cents per barrel. Grain, 31 cents per 100 lbs. Merchandise Westward, from Philadelphia to Hopewell, per 100 lbs., 1st Class, 75 cents. 2d class, 50 cents. 3d class, 50 cents. 4th class, 35 cents. Salt and Plaster, 30 cents.

Freights Westward are received at the Pennsylvania Railroad Station, 13th and Market Streets, Philadelphia, and forwarded daily.

Freights Eastward are received at the Hopewell station of Broad Top R. Co., and forwarded daily.

S. B. KINGSTON, JR.,
Freight agent, Penna. R. Co., Phila.
S. S. FLOCK.

Freight Agent, H. & B. T. R. Co., Hopewell Station, Riddleburg, Pa., Fine and Lump, always on hand and for sale.

S. S. FLOCK.

CONFECTORY AND GROCERY.

The undersigned has just received and keeps constantly on hand the following articles:—

Coffee, sugar, molasses, cheese, crackers, currants, prunes, raisins, figs, almonds, filberts, cocoa nuts, groundnuts, pecans, Eng. walnuts, cream nuts, candied oranges, lemons, tobacco and cigars, allspice and pepper, spices of all kinds, baking soda, cream of tartar, sulphur, brimstone, caustic and keg powder, shot, caps and lead, grain and grass seed, whetting stones, wash tubs and boards, indigo, extract logwood, copperas, alum and snuff, oil, polish and Mason's cement, sweeping, dusting, stove, shoe and scrubbing, brushes, clothes, hair, tooth and flesh brushes, bat and infant brushes, hair oils and pomades, purses and port monies, pocket and memorandum books, bonnet and round gombas, "riding" and fine combs, bracelets and beads, pens, pen-holders, penknives, scissors, knite-sharpener, umbrellas, suspenders, spot cotton and floss, clocks, small looking glasses, violins, violin strings, toy watches, watch chains, curly combs, cards, horse brushes, shoe-brushes, pegs and spawls, Johnson's Arabian Liniment, Rock and Little's White Oil, Merchant's celebrated Gargling Oil, for throat or hoarse, and many other articles of a similar nature. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

A. L. DEFIBAUGH.

BLOODY RUN FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP.

The subscribers are now prepared at their Foundry in Bloody Run, to fill all orders for Castings of every description for

GRIST AND SAW-MILLS, THRESHING MACHINES, APPLE MILLS, PLOUGHS and all things else in our line that may be needed in this or adjoining counties.

We manufacture Threshing Machines of 2, 4 or Horse Power, WARRANTED equal if not superior to any made in the State. We keep constantly on hand a full assortment of Wood Cask, Plug and Hillside Ploughs, WARRANTED to give satisfaction, or no sale. Points, shares and land sides to fit all Woodcock, or Saylor ploughs in the country.

Farmers' Bells, Ploughs and Castings of our make may be had at the Bedford.

Wm. Hartley, in Bedford,
Somersetburg & Pee, East Providence Tp.,
John Nyeum & Son, "

Times being hard, we offer great inducements to Farmers and Mechanics to buy of us.

All kinds of repairing done in a neat and substantial manner and at low prices. Call and examine our castings and work and judge for yourselves. Our agents sell at foundry prices.

JOSIAH BAUGHMAN & BRO.
March 26, 1858.

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP.

The subscribers having formed a partnership under the style of "Block & Aschom" for the purpose of conducting a general

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE

business in the establishment recently erected by Gillard Dock, in Hopewell, Bedford county, are now prepared to execute orders for **CASTINGS AND MACHINERY** of every description. They will build or order steam-engines, coal and dirt-trucks, horse power and threshing machines—also, casting of every kind for furnaces, forges, saws, grist and rolling mills, ploughs, water-pipes, columns, house fronts, brackets, &c., &c.

They are also, now making a fine assortment of **STOVES** of various kinds of the latest patterns and most approved styles, including several sizes of **COOK STOVES** of the best make, heating stoves for churches, offices, bar-rooms, &c.

A full assortment of Stoves will be kept constantly on hand, and sold at wholesale and retail, at prices to suit the times, and quality, warranted equal to the best Eastern make. Machinery of all kinds repaired promptly. Patterns made to order.

GILLIARD DOCK,
C. W. ASCHOM.

BEDFORD COUNTY MAP.

I will make a directory map of Bedford County from actual surveys, if a sufficient number of subscribers can be raised to justify me in the enterprise.

The map will be large and well finished and will show the location of all the public roads, streams, boundary lines, towns, villages, Hotels, Churches, School Houses, Post Offices, stores, grist mills, saw mills, &c., &c., and will contain the names of all the property holders, and show the business that almost each one is engaged in. I will put on the same sheet maps of all the towns and large villages, also tables and statistics of the County and (if taken in time) the census of 1860. Plans will be taken to make it as reliable as any Map in the State.

July 1, 1859. EDWARD L. WALKER.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, BEDFORD, PA.

MRS. S. FILLER would respectfully announce to her friends in Bedford County, and to the public generally, that she has leased, for a term of years, the large and convenient brick hotel, at the corner of Pitt and Juliana streets, Bedford, Pa., known as the "WASHINGTON HOUSE," and lately kept by Mrs. COOK. This house is being thoroughly refitted and refurnished, and is now open for the reception of guests. Visitors to the "BEDFORD SPRINGS" and persons attending Court, will find this house a pleasant and comfortable temporary home.—Every attention will be paid to the comfort and accommodation of guests. The table will at all times be supplied with the best markets afford. Charges moderate.

Extensive stabling is attached to this hotel, and a careful and competent hostler will be in attendance. Special attention will be paid to the accommodation of the traveling community.

March 30th, 1860.

LOT OF PURE MAPLE SUGAR, FOR SALE

July 20, 60. A. L. DEFIBAUGH.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
BY B. F. MEYERS.

At the following terms, to wit:
\$1.50 per annum, cash, in advance.
\$2.00 " " if paid within the year.
\$2.50 " " if not paid within the year.
No subscription taken for less than six months.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. It has been decided by the United States Courts that the stopping of a newspaper without the payment of arrearages, is *prima facie* evidence of fraud and is a criminal offence.

The courts have decided that persons are accountable for the subscription price of newspapers, if they take them from the post office, whether they subscribe for them, or not.

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

"Elizabeth—Miss Harwood—will you be my wife?"

These were the words of my dignified suitor, Philip Hueston, as he stood before me one dull, drizzly April morning. I was not surprised to hear him speak in this manner. Before he moved his lips I knew the words he would utter, and yet a block of granite that never felt a springing pulse within it, could not have been deader or more silent at his words than my heart. I looked out of the window and saw the wide fields with the first faint flush of green upon them—saw the mast afar off lying still and white upon the hills like great ghostly shadows—saw the leaden sky dip down to meet the weird old pines. I saw all this, and yet nothing taught me how to answer the question that had been asked of me. My life ran on dull and sunless through all the year, I thought. In its spring it was forgotten, and its bursting buds had withered and died waiting for the blessed summer that would never come to it. I raised my brows pitifully, asking for the touch of a few flowers, should I be crowned only with thorns? I leaned my head upon my hand as I thought of it. Mr. Hueston was still standing before me.

"Miss Harwood!" he said, as if to remind me of his presence.

I looked up into his face. It was a handsome, grave countenance, and not unpleasant to look upon. The mouth was full, firm and proud; the nose straight, with slightly dilating nostrils; and the eyes—those strangely peculiar eyes that are blue and black alternately, had a touch of fire and passion in their depths, as though they were strong enough to translate at times the soul that looked from them. But look as keenly as I might I could not read the secret of his preference for me. He was a rich man; I a poor girl with a dead heart.—My cousins (I was an inmate of my uncle's house) were gay, fashionable and beautiful—why did he turn from them to me?

He did not say that he loved me. I liked that. He had been a married man once, to a butterfly of wealth and fashion; perhaps her grave held, or her life had killed out every sweet thought of passion and tenderness. I did not care to know which it was.

So cold a wooing I thought would not lead out to a sunshine of love and romance. But the flowers for which I asked, what of them? Ah, one spot of my heart had been left unsealed when the blast came that made its surface hard and impenetrable. I knew and felt this through the narrow portal would God's blessing ever thrill! For the sake of his little child I thought I would marry Philip Hueston. My soul moved toward the weaver, motherless darling. I was womanly in that. For the sake of a divided crown of motherhood I was willing to give myself away. I did not remember the ties that most came between that and me, but like a traveler who sees afar the height for which he is longing, I forgot the roughened valleys that lay before it. So I said, coolly and calmly to my suitor:

"I will be your wife, Mr. Hueston."

This done, I turned to my sewing again.

"But, excuse me, Miss Harwood, I shall be obliged to return home at the expiration of a week's time. Will you be able to accompany me?"

So soon as that? I thought, but I said:

"Oh, yes; my preparations will be slight, and I can go at one time as well as another."

He bowed and was about turning away. I detained him by asking for the child. He gave a quick, keen look into my face, a thought striving to learn whether or not the thought of her troubled me. Instead of disquiet, he saw a smile. My eyes felt large with kindly light.

"I shall send the nurse with her in a day or two."

I was a little disappointed in the answer.—I was laboring for a prize, and I could not bear to have it removed so far from me, even for the short space of a few days, but I assented quietly, and commenced folding my work. There was a sober bridal outfit to be arranged, and I must not lose time on anything else.

"A bridal outfit?"

I repeated the words to myself, they were so strange. Pausing before a mirror, I thought how poorly orange flowers would twine with my hair. If I could but have yew! Away back in the past, some one had said to me that nothing poorer than pearls ought ever to shine from the deep brown of my brows. I remembered the words then, and caught them up as we sometimes catch a sound that is dead in its echo. I was a little weak for a moment, and felt like putting down the burden that had taken so bravely a few moments before. But it was only for a moment. The cross that is not heavy enough to break may strengthen and wear; my shoulders would be fitted to it sometime, I said.

I never looked back after that, and in the week's time I had become the wife of Philip Hueston, and heard from the lips of his two year old babe the blessed word—"Mother!"

What a strange life I had after that—half shadow, half sunshine. For the love of the child I was blessed, and to it I gave every thought, forgetting the sweet, tender claim of wifehood that was upon me. Craven creature that I was! because death had entered my soul,

I barred and locked its chambers, leaving but one little place for the sunshine and the free air to riot in. I had known only the wants of childhood; I had no mother to supply them; so it was that I grew into the gentleness of the mother, and the little soul, grafted into the strong tree of mine, lived upon it, and the child became doubly my own.

People said that I was cold and dead, on that first summer of my marriage; and, in a sarcastic way, that I had made the beautiful house of my husband as much of a tomb, as his first wife had a playground, and others, still, that I was working my way to the heart of the father through the love of the child. The gossip came to me in fragments, some from the old housekeeper who had a familiar footing every where, others from the careless-tongued few who visited me from time to time. But they did not move me.

Sometimes as I trokked with the child, May, I would be conscious that my husband was watching me closely. But I had no time, and less inclination, to interrupt his glances.—I had become his wife as he had asked me.—"Wife! what a dead, hollow word it was to me! But one sultry August night, as we sat on the piazza together, the little one with her shining golden head resting on my bosom, he said to me letting his voice slide down to the low deep tone, to which it always descended when he was unusually earnest:

"What if the child should be taken from you, Elizabeth?"

I opened my eyes widely upon him, and held the golden head more closely to my breast.

"Taken, Mr. Hueston?" I said. "What if God should take the sunshine from us?"

He smiled quickly, and turned his head away so that I could not see his features plainly.—Did he feel that his question was destined to be the subject of a prophecy? I was not easy or happy after it. Day nor night did I allow my child from my sight. Dear God! how I stifled with my mad love.

The next week and she sickened—and still another week and she died! Her life was strongly bound in mine, and I prayed the Father to take us together. But no! mine was torn—she was freed!

Ah, I was a mother then! The beautiful crown which I had fitted to my brow was every bit that of motherhood. In my desolation I knew and felt it.

"Oh, my God!" I cried, in the agony of heart, "she is all that I love upon earth; spare her!"

I felt the strong clasp of my husband's arms about me as I spoke, I turned about and looked him full in the face. His eyes had a strange light in them, but his features were calm and still. What did he know of apparent's love? I said in my heart. What was the white-faced babe, with its pitiful dying cry of mamma! mamma! to him?

"Don't hold me," I said, writhing myself from his arms; "my heart is breaking."

"And mine, Elizabeth."

He paused and buried his face in his hands, while I raised the little wasted darling in my arms. I was clasping death; with her it was stronger than I; it took my light and I was left in darkness.

The days were long that followed that night. The terrible shock crossed me from the lethargy in which I had been. The clear light of death had showed me the spot where I was standing; showed me how deeply I had wronged the man whose name I bore. But what could I do? He had not asked me for my love, only to be his wife; as though that word did not imply all that was true, pure and holy of the heart. What could I do? The question haunted me for weeks, and I moved about silent and spiritless.

"The loss of little May will kill her," people said, as they looked upon my blanched face. I wished that I could be-lieve them.

The week went away and October, the month of golden mist and haze, came down silently upon us. On one of its brightest mornings I went into the library and seated myself by the window which overlooked the garden. I did not know at first—until I was drawn by the strong magnetism of his gaze—that Mr. Hueston was but a few rods from the house, busy with his plants. Of late I had learned to avoid him, but on seeing him there I did not move, only watched him from the low window seat, wondering what it was that drew his deep eye to my face so often. At last he threw down his gardening hoe and came toward me. My heart leaped to my throat. I thought that no common words were at his lips waiting for utterance.

"Elizabeth, he began, coming close to the open window, so near that his eye looked directly into mine, "tell me, please, do you love me?" Something in his manner moved me exceedingly. I tried to speak, but the words tangled upon my lips. "Tell me truly," he urged, still keeping his eyes fastened on mine.

Was I to blame if he forced the answer from me? I could not, would not, tell him a falsehood, and so I said, as firmly as I could:

"I am afraid not, Mr. Hueston. You never asked me to, and—"

"And what?" he asked, almost fiercely, clasping my hand until I tho't he would crush it.

"I thought you did not care for love, Sir," I added.

"You will ever be able to tell whether or not you are right in your conjecture?" he said, dropping my hand and walking swiftly away. Looking after him, I could but each the word "Who?"

After that, Mr. Hueston and I were almost as strangers to each other. Sometimes days would pass that I did not see or hear from him. When at home he treated me with cold, studied politeness that chilled me through. I did not think that he treated me justly, and yet I had not the heart to complain. The punishment inflicted upon me was small in compari-

son to the sin I had committed. I did not love him, I said repeatedly to myself, but what the future might bring about I did not know. The lost was but an inward breath; I never allowed it to resolve itself into words. I was too proud and unyielding for that. In the meantime, with this additional sorrow ranking and stinging at my heart, I grew thinner and paler than ever. I know that I moved like a shadow, about the old place—that there was no sunlight in my face—not even a quiet, secret happiness shining from my eyes, and yet could not help it.

"Are you ill, Mrs. Hueston?"

My husband asked the question one morning as I took my seat at the breakfast table. He spoke in a half starting way, as though at that moment he saw and comprehended the change that had had come over me.

"I am quite well," I answered, dropping my eyes before him.

I think he was about to speak but some sudden thought checked him. I knew that he was regarding me attentively, but I did not look up.

"You remain within doors too much, I'm afraid," he said, after a few moments pause.

"I think not, Sir," I replied; "I do not care to go out very often."

"If you are unable to walk, there is the carriage," he went on, as though the matter troubled him.

"Oh yes, thank you. Some day I will drive home in it."

I might have spoken in a pitiful way. I do not know. The home to which I alluded was a ruined, crumbling cottage twelve miles distant, where I had lived with my father and mother when I was a little child. It was all the home I could call my own.

"Home!" repeated Hueston, his voice going down to that low even melody peculiar to—"God pity you!"

I looked up a little startled. I had not heard him speak so fervently for many months. The words touched me. In my heart I said, involuntarily, as I met the deep glance of his eyes—

"If he would not only love me!"

My soul was feeling about in darkness for its way. Was it touching the sunning track so soon?

After breakfast was over Mr. Hueston went into the garden and gathered a bouquet of autumn flowers for my room. As he placed them in my hand he asked for a few moments' conversation with me. I sank back into a chair, clutching my fingers together among the delicate petals of the flowers.

"I have something to tell you," he began, drawing his chair near mine. "Be patient with me; I will not task your forbearance long. Of the past I am not going to speak, Elizabeth—it is better dead, and you know its ways by heart as well as I—but of the painful present, and I trust, to you, a happier future. You do not love me, and because of that your face whitens day by day. If I remain here you will die; so I am going away, leaving you as I can, that, apart from a presence that is distasteful to you, you may gather up life's roses again. I thought that I knew you when I was a stranger to your whole nature. Too late, by far too late, I learned this. We are all so weak in our own conceits! All my wealth is at your bidding—a poor price, indeed, I know, for the sacrifice which you have made. That is all, and may God bless you, Elizabeth!"

He held out his hand to me and mechanically I placed mine within it. He raised to his lips for a moment, then turned and walked rapidly from the room while I bowed my head lower and lower till my face crushed the blossoms upon my lap. Hours drifted away and I did not move or speak. Through the open windows the sounds of October were floating in—the chirping of the cricket in the grate—the little rough song of the locust and the twittering of the swallows. It was Autumn without, but within my heart there was a beautiful resurrection of life's Spring. Among the flowers my tears fell—the first that my eyes had known for months. The strong, sweet waters of my soul were unloosed at last, and the sweet, wisely love glimmered through them like sunshine.

I did not obey the summons of the dinner bell, not even when the good housekeeper gravely hinted that it was the last time that Mr. Hueston would dine at home before he went away—he was to leave by the first train the next morning—nor in spite of her solicitous urging did I go down to tea. I knew that Mr. Hueston would wonder at my absence, and I was willing that he should. When the twilight had gathered dark and purple through the house, I went into the parlor and opened the piano—it had been dumb for months—and rang out a merry tune. My husband walking on the piazza, out upon which the low, deep windows led. He paused a moment in his walk as the sound of the music fell upon his ear, then hurried on faster, as if to escape from it. I went to the window. His garments brushed mine as he passed up and down, but he did not heed me. I knew that my light robe fluttered in the soft breeze, and I thought he turned away his head that he might not see it. I stepped lightly on the piazza and stepped in his way, holding out my hand to him. He did not take it; instead, he retreated a few paces. I followed him.

"The night air is chilly and you are without a mantle," he said. "Allow me to lead you in."

I stood immovable before him, with my very heart breaking upon my lips, and yet I could not speak.

"Have you something to say to me before I go?" he asked, bending his head towards me.

"Yes," I gasped, "a great deal." He came nearer to me, and bent his head a little lower.

"Do not go without me, Philip—my husband!" I cried trying to get within shelter of his arms.

"Elizabeth!"

The word came in a low, measured way

from his lips. Was I deceived then after all? Was he serving himself more than me in giving me up? In the frenzy of the thought I clasped both my hands about his arm, and said:

"You do not love me! Merciful God, have pity!"

He understood me at last, and as tho' I had been a babe held me in his arms and held me passionately to his breast. How strong and tender he was! What a blessed sense of peace and security came to my heart as I rested there!

"I am so happy," I said, amid tears and sobs. He only held me closer murmuring,

"My wife! my wife!"

COUNTRY MEETIN' TALK.

An Illinois editor, who sometimes has an "attack of phonography," recently attended a country "meetin'," where he took down the different topics of conversation.

"Vote for Lovejoy!" exclaimed a political aspirant indignantly, "I'd as soon vote for Wm. Lloyd Garrison himself, loaded down as he is with—"

"Two of the fattest beef critters you ever set your eyes on," interrupted a dealer in cattle, "that I sold for—"

"That horrid yellow dress again," exclaimed Miss Spruce in what might have sounded like a whisper if she had been on the other side of the room, "painted too, half an inch thick, and wears—"

"Teeth and toe-nails to get the office," broke in another politician, "but people will not trust him again; besides he is—"

"Spawmed in both hind legs, wind broken and fendered to boot, as I told Jarvis at the time, and it will take—"

"One tea-cup full of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, four eggs, and a sprinkle of nutmeg makes—"

"Both ends meet, when the year comes round poor woman, for she has got six children, the oldest one blind, and—"

"No saddle or bridle to ride him with; some body stole it, while I was gone to Chicago after—"

"The long promised millennial day, which we have no doubt is to be brought out through the ministrations of—"

"Two Dutchmen, a monkey, and a hand organ to grind it; and oh! it made the funniest music, and the little figures danced about like—"

"Nine thousand miles railroad track, and this at an estimated cost of—"

"Five cents a dozen I sold four hens to Mrs. Wilson, and the hawks carried off three, besides any number of chickens, and—"

"Such a handsome young man; and he dances so beautiful. Did you ever see a handsome pair of whiskers, or a more insinuating—"

"Handle to my tea-pot, and Tom declared that he had not touched it at all, and I knew Emily hadn't for she had been all the time—"

"Running at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour with no head lights on; and around a curve at that, when the locomotive broke the bridge over—"

"That young Miss Browne that had the small-pox last spring. They do say that she is going to marry—"

"The scarlet fever and the whooping cough, and I don't know what he hasn't had, poor little darling! This is the first time I have taken him out since—"

"The Mexican war which I consider perfectly unjustifiable, unless it is on the ground that—"

"The preacher has come," exclaimed a boy, and depositing my report in my pocket, I proceeded into the school-house to muse upon the utility of phonography.

REUBEN TODD'S BAD SPELL.

The importance of spelling correctly is seen by the following, especially the necessity of spelling Lager Beer as at should be. A country rum-seller wishing a supply of that beverage wrote as follows:

Bungville, Juli, the 1 1860.

Messrs Blotch & Drinker sen me up as soon as possible a cask of Brandy and one Large Bear for forth of Juli sen the Bear by expres in Haist Reuben Todd.

The answer came as follows:

Mr. Todd—Dear Sir:—We send you to-day one cask of brandy and the Bear by express as requested. You must feed him on raw meat, and be very careful that he does not escape as he is very savage. He cost \$400 and we let you have him for the same. Pleas forward Payment. Yours respectfully,

Blotch & Drinker.

The consternation of Reuben Todd was complete when the furious animal was landed at his shop door with a half scared curious crowd around it, and it was only by a sacrifice of the cask of brandy for a keeper, and a couple of trips to New York, that he got rid of his ugly property and learned how to spell Lager Beer.

Some one tells a good story of a broad-backed Kentuckian who went down to Orleans for the first time. Whisky, brandy and plain drinks he knew, but as to compound and flavored liquors he was a know-nothing.

Repsing on the seats of the court of the St. Charles, he observed a score of the fashionables drinking mint juleps.

"Boy," said he, "bring me a glass of that beverage."

When he had consumed the cooling draught, he called the boy.

"Boy, what was my last remark?"

"Why, you ordered a julep."

"That's right, don't forget it—keep bringing 'em."

"A writer asks if any one can inform a poor man the best way to start a nursery?—Certainly. Get married.

A TOUCHING APPEAL.

Morgan spare that dog,
Touch not a single hair;
He worries many a hog
From out his muddy lair.
Oh, when he was a pup,
So frisky and so plump,
He lapped his milk from a cup,
When hungry—at a jump,
And then his funny tricks,
So funny in their place,
So full of canine hicks,
Upon your hands and face.
You will surely let him live!
Oh, do not kill him—dead;
He wags his narrative
And prays for life—not lead.
Go get the muzzle now,
And put it upon his mouth,
And stop that low, wow, wow!
And tendency to drought.
He is your children's pet,
Companion of their joy;
You will not kill him yet,
And thus their hopes destroy.
No, Morgan, spare that pup,
And go away from there!

Nor Bad.

"First class in oriental philosophy stand up. Tibets, what is life?"

"Life consists of money, a horse, and a fast wife."

"Next. What is death?"

"A paymaster who settles everybody's debts, and gives the tombstone as receipt in full of all demands."

"What is poverty?"

"The reward of merit genius generally receives from a discriminating public."

"What is religion?"

"Doing unto others as you please, without allowing a return of the compliment."

"What is fame?"

"A six line puff in a newspaper while living, and your fortune to your enemies when you are dead."

"A young bachelor, who had been appointed deputy sheriff, was called to serve an attachment against a beautiful widow.—He accordingly called upon her, and said:—

"Madam I have an attachment for you."

The widow blushed and said she was happy to inform him that his attachment was reciprocated.

"You do not understand me; you must proceed to court."

"I know it is leap year, sir, but I prefer you would do the courting."

"Mrs. P., this is no time for trifling, the justice is waiting."

"The justice. Why, I should prefer a parson!"

"Richards was an inveterate chewer of tobacco. To break himself of the habit, he took up another, which was that of making a pledge about once a month that he would never chew another piece. He broke his pledge just as often as he made it. The last time I had seen him he told me he had broken off for good, but now as I met him he was taking another chew."

"Why Richards," says I, "you told me you had given up that habit, but I see you are at it again."

"Yes he replied, I have gone to chewing, and left off lying."

"A farmer once hired a Vermontor to assist in drawing logs. The Yankee, when there was a log to lift, generally tried to secure the smallest end, for which the farmer reproved him, and told him always to take the butt end. Dinner came, and with it a sugar loaf Indian pudding. Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, giving the farmer the wick, and exclaimed: "Always take the butt end."

"A Yarmouth malster hired an Irishman, "a green hand," to assist in loading his sloop with malt. Just as the vessel was about to set sail, the Irishman, who was jingling the price of his days work in his pocket, cried out from the quay:

"Captain! I lost your shovel overboard; but I cut a big notch on the rail fence around the starn, right over the spot where it went down so you can find it when you come back."

"Before the days of totallers, a neighbor of Mr. Bisee saw the gentleman, at an early hour of the day, crawling slowly homeward on his hands and knees over the frozen ground.

"Why don't you get up, Mr. Bisee? Why don't you get up and walk?" said his neighbor.

"I w-w-would, o-b-but it's so mighty thin here, that I'm afraid I sh-sh-shall b-b-break through."

"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in white cravat, whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock.

"I am going to heaven, my son; I have been on my way for more than eighteen years."

"Well, good by, old hoss, if you have been traveling towards heaven for eighteen years and got no nearer than Arkansas, I'll take another route."

"Have you anything else old?" said an English lady at Rome, to a boy, of whom she had bought some antiques.

"Yes," said the urchin, thrusting forward his hat, which had seen some dozen summers, "my hat is old."

The lady rewarded his wit.

"Is this your only suit, Jerry? it's rather shabby."

"O, no, I've got another."

"Where?"

"In Court."

"I'm getting fat," as the boater said when he was stealing hard.