THE BEAVER ARGUS
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in the old ARGUS building, on THIRD STREET, BEAVER, PA., at

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Single copies of the paper will be furnished, wrappers, at five cents each.

Communications on subjects of local or general interest are respectfully solicited. To insure attention, favors of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author, not for publication, but as a guaranty against imposition.

Letters and communications should be addressed to

J. WEYAND, *Editor & Proprietor.*

THE BEAVER ARGUS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements are inserted at the rate of $1.50 per square for first insertion, and for each subsequent insertion 50 cents. A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements.

A space equal to ten lines of this type measures a square.

Business Notices set under a head by themselves immediately after the local news, will be charged twenty ten cents a line for each insertion.

Marriages and deaths announced free of charge.

The publisher reserves the right to change advertisements from one place in the paper to another whenever it is desirable to do so.

Advertisements should be handed in before Monday to insure insertion in that week's paper.

Business Cards.

G. L. EBERHART,
CIVIL ENGINEER & SURVEYOR
NEW BRIGHTON, PA.
SURVEYS, MAPS AND PROFILES MADE ON short notice. [je17'68.

JAS. CAMERON,
Attorney at Law,
BEAVER, PENN'A.
OFFICE IN THE NATIONAL HOTEL BUILDING. Collections, &c., promptly attended to. [sept9'68:1y.

DR. J. R. LOCKHART,
FREEDOM, BEAVER COUNTY, PA.
All calls promptly attended. [sept23'68:3m

Beaver Seminary & Institute.
FALL SESSION OPENS SEPT. 8, 1868.
THIS SCHOOL, SO LONG AND SUCCESSFULLY conducted by Prof. Taylor and able assistants, offers superior courses in the Classics, English and Music. For Catalogues address R. T. TAYLOR, Principal.

DRS. MARQUIS & CUNNINGHAM
PRACTICING PHYSICIANS,
ROCHESTER, PA.
Office two doors east of Ankeny's Hotel. Prompt attention given to all calls. [sept9'68:1y.

JOS. H. GREER
ARCHITECT, MECHANICIAN
AND
Engineer of Arts and Manufactures.
Office and Residence, ROCHESTER, PA.

LAW PARTNERSHIP.
L. H. CUNNINGHAM, ... E. P. KUHN.
CUNNINGHAM & KUHN.
Atty's. at Law.
OFFICE, THIRD ST.,
[sep9'68:1y. *BEAVER, PA.*

P. JEUNET,
Watch Maker and Jeweler,
Third Street, Beaver, Penn'a.,
(in room adjoining J. C. Wilson's office.)
Gold watches and chronometers repaired and warranted. Engraving done to order.
The patronage of the public is solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.
[apr1'68:1y.

DENTISTRY.
THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Beaver and vicinity, that he has opened an office in Beaver, Pa., for the practice of Dentistry. He has had considerable experience in the profession, and flatters himself to be able to give general satisfaction in his business.
Office in the old "Gormly Hotel" building, Main street, Beaver, Pa. All work warranted for one year. J. S. GOSHORN.
[apr8'68:1y.

DR. WM. H. SUTHERLAND,
DENTIST,
THIRD STREET, BEAVER, PENN'A.
(OVER THE LOCAL OFFICE)
Has just returned from Ohio, where he has been engaged in the practice of his profession, with one of the first dentists in the country.
All work executed in style and at prices defying competition. [sept23'68:1y

E. GOLDSMIT,
Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealer in
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
212 Liberty, opposite Wayne St., Pittsburgh.
Persons purchasing Cigars of him can always be sure of getting the same article, as he manufactures them under his own supervision and can guarantee perfect satisfaction.
[ap11d3m

BEAVER LADIES SEMINARY.
WILL OPEN ON 8TH OF SEPTEMBER NEXT.—Pupils received at every stage of advancement. In the Primary Department boys and girls received along with the Principal's own children, but none taken as boarders.
Our purpose is to establish the reputation of the school on thorough scholarship in every branch studied. It is therefore important that pupils should be present at the opening of the school, and continue regular in their attendance.
Having had over one hundred enrolled during the last year, we hope for a large increase during the coming year. D. H. A. M'LEAN, Principal.
[aug11'68:tf.

G. T. PARKER.
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.
TENDERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES TO the citizens of Rochester and surrounding towns. He would say that he pays particular attention to Surgery. He now knows of distinguishing diseases enables him to offer great relief to persons suffering with chronic diseases. He will also aid other physicians in Surgery and the diagnoses of difficult cases by having early notice.
Office on the Diamond, two doors east of Conway's store, and nearly opposite Mr. Johnson's grocery, Rochester, Beaver county, Pa.
[ap2'68.

A. HIGGS, MANAGER. E. ELENT, JR. SEC. & TREAS
INDUSTRY SALT CO.
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
TABLE & COARSE SALT,
Industry, Beaver Co., Pa.
Salt put up in good order and warranted to give satisfaction.
All orders promptly attended to.
[ap16tf.

BEAVER ACADEMY.
THIS INSTITUTION WAS OPENED ON MONDAY, Oct. 12th, 1868.
REV. JOHN W. MARTIN, D. D.
has been chosen Principal. He was formerly Principal of the Ulster Institution for the deaf-dumb and the blind, Belfast; and Headmaster of the National Institution for the deaf and dumb of Ireland, Claremont, Dublin; and recently President of the Lincoln University. We are assured that Dr. Martin is a ripe scholar and a successful instructor. He purposes to revive the school, if God will. The first term will be short, in consequence of the lateness of beginning. The tuition will correspond. A liberal discount will be allowed to the orphans of soldiers and children of clergymen.
D. L. DEMPSEY, } Committee.
D. P. LOWARY, }
[sep9'68.

One of the Largest & Most Successful
WHOLESALE HAT HOUSES
is the old extensive and reliable House of
Wm. Flemming,
No. 139 Wood Street,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
OUR GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT EASTERN PRICES, and will be found to compare in extent and variety with first class houses in New York. The stock consists of Men and Boys Fur and Wool Hats, Silk and Cassimere Hats, Men and Boys Caps, Men, Boys and Childrens Straw goods, Palm-leaf Hats, Shaker Hoods, Sundowns, Ladies' and Misses Hats, trimmed and untrimmed. Country Merchants are invited to call and examine our Stock. [7:ap10:1y

POETRY.

The Perplexed Housekeeper's Soliloquy.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

I wish I had dozen pairs
Of hands this very minute;
I'd soon put all these things to rights—
The very duce is in it.

Here's a big washing to be done,
One pair of hands to do it;
Sheets, shirts and stockings, coats and pants,
How will I e'er get through it?

Dinner to get for six or more,
No loaf left o'er from Sunday,
And baby cross as he can be—
He's always so on Monday.

And there's the cream 'tis getting sour,
And must forthwith be churning,
And here's Bob wants a button on—
Which way shall I be turning.

'Tis time the meat was in the pot,
The bread was worked for baking,
The clothes were taken from the boil—
Oh dear! the baby's waking!

Hush, baby dear! there, hush-sh-sh!
I wish he'd sleep a little,
Till I could run and get some wood,
To hurry up the kettle.

Oh, dear! o'i dear! if P—— comes home,
And finds things in this bother,
He'll just begin and tell me all
About his tidy mother,

How nice her kitchen used to be,
Her dinner always ready
Exactly when the noon-bell rang—
Hush, hush, dear little Freddie.

And then will come some hasty word,
Right out before I'm thinking—
They say that hasty words from wives
Set sober men to drinking.

Now isn't that a great idea,
That men should take to sinning,
Because a weary, half-sick wife
Can't always smile so winning

When I was young I used to earn
My living without much trouble;
Had clothes and pocket money too,
And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate,
When I *a-loan'* was courted—
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper, chambermaid, laundress, dairy-woman and scrub generally, doing the work for six, For the sake of being supported!

OUR STORY-TELLER.

FINK IN A TIGHT PLACE.

Mike Fink, a notorious buckeye hunter, was contemporary with the celebrated Davy Crockett, and his equal in all things appertaining to human prowess. It was even said that the animals in his neghborhood knew the crack of his rifle, and would take to their secret hiding places on the first intimation that Mike was about. Yet strange, though true, he was but little known beyond his immediate "settlement."

When we knew him he was an old man—the blasts of seventy winters had silvered his head and taken the elasticity from his limbs, yet in the whole of his life was Mike never worsted, except upon one occasion.

In his own language, he never 'gin in, was up to anything that traveled on two or four legs, but once.

"That once, we want;" said Bill Slasher, as some dozen of us sat in the bar-room of the only tavern in the settlement.

"Gin it to us now, Mike—you've promised long enough, and you'r old now, and needn't care" continued Bill.

"Right! Right! Bill," said Mike, "but we'll open with a licker all around, fust, it'll kind o' save my niy feelin's, I reckon—"

"Thar that's good. Better than t'other barrel, if anything!"

"Well, boys," commenced Mike, "you may talk o' your scrimmages, tight places and sich like, an abstract 'em altogether in one all mighty big one, and they hain't no more to be compared to the one I war in, than a dead kitten to an old she bar! I've fout all kinds of varments, from an Indian down to a rattlesnake! and never was will'n to quit fust but this once—and 'twas with a bull.

You see, boys, it was an awful hot day in August, and I war near runnin' off into pure *ile*, when I war thinkin' that a dip in the creek mout save me. Well thar was a mighty nice place in old deacon Smith's meddor for that particular business. So I want down amongst the bushes to unharness. I jist hauled the old red shirt over my head, and war thinkin how scrumptious a feller of my size would feel a wallerin' round in that are water, and was jest about goin' in, when I seed the old Deacon's bull a marking a bee-line to whar I stood.

I know'd the old cuss, for he'd skar'd more people than all the parsons of the settlement and cum mighty near kill'n a few. Thinks I, Mike you'r in rather a tight place—get your fixin's on or he'll be a driven them big horns o' his in your bowels afor that time! Well you'll hev to try the old varment naked, I reakon.

The Bull war on one side of the creek and I on the t'other, and the way he made the 'sile' fly for a while, as if he war a diggin' my grave, war distressin.

Come on, ye bellerin old hethin, said I and don't be standin thar; for, as the old Deacon says o' the devil, yer not comely to look on.

This kind o' reached his understandin', and made him more wishous; for he hooted a little like, and made a drive. And as I don't like to stand in any body's way, I gin him plenty of sea-room. So he kind o' passed by me and come out on t'other side, and as the captain o' the Mud Swamp Rangers would say "bout face for 'nother charge.

Though I war ready for 'em this time, he come mighty nigh runnin' foul o' me, so I made up my mind the next time he went out he wouldn't be alone. So when he passed, I caught his tail, and he pulled me to the sile, and as soon as we war both at the top of the bank, old brindle stopped and were about comin' round again when I begin pullin' t'other way.

Well, I reckon this kind o' riled him for he fust stood stock still and looked at me for a spell, and then commenced pawin' and bellerin, and the way he made his hindgorrin' play in the air, war beautiful.

But it warn't no use, he couldn't tech me, so he kind o' stopped to get wind, for suthin devlish, as I judged by the way he started. By this time I had made up my mind to stick to his tail as long as it stuck to his backbone; I didn't like to holler for help, nuther, kase it war agin my principles, and then the deacon had preachin at his house and it wasn't far of-nuther.

I knowed if he hern the noise, the hull congregation would come down; and as I warn't a married man, and had a hankerin arter a gal that were there, I didn't feel as if I would like to be seen in that ur predicament.

So, says I, you old sarpent, do your cussedest! And so he did; for he drug me over every briar and stump in the field, until I war sweatin and bleedin like a fat bear with a pack o' hounds at his heels—and my name aint Mike Fink, if the old critter's tail and I didn't blow sometimes at a dead level with the varmint's back.

"So you may calculate we made good time. Bimeby he slackened a little, and then I had him for a spell, for I jist drapped behind a stump and thar snubbed the critter. Now says I you'll pull up this ere white oak or break yer tail or jist hold on a bit till I get breath.

Well, while I was sittin thar, an idea struck me that I had better be a gotten out of this in some way. But how, adzadkly was the pint! If I let go and run he'd be a foul o' me sure.

So looking at the matter in all its bearings, I cum to the conclusion that I'd better let somebody know whar I was, so I gin a yell louder than a locomotive whistle, and it wasn't long afore I see the Deacon's two dogs a comin down like as if they war seein which could get there first.

I knowed who they were arter—they'd jine the bull agin me, I war sartin, for they war orful wenemous and had a spite agin me.

So, says I, old brindle, as riden is as cheap as walken, on this rout if you have no objections, I'll jist take a deck passage on that ar back o' your'n!" So I wasn't long in gettin astride of him, and then if you'd bin thar you'd ave sworn that warn't nothing human in that ar mix, the sile flew so orfully as the critter and I rolled round the field—one dog on one side and one on the other trying to clinch my feet.

I prayed and cussed and cussed and prayed, until I couldn't tell which I did last—and neither warn't of any use, they wore so orfully mixed up.

Well, I reckon I rid about an hour this way, when old brindle thought it time to stop and take in a supply o' wind and cool of a little. So when we got around to a tree that stood thar, he nat'rally halted.

Now, says I, old boy, you'll lose one passenger sartain; So I jist clum upon a branch kalkelatin to roost till I started, afore I'd round in that ar way any longer.

I war makin tracks for the top of the tree, when I heard sumthin a makin an orful buzzin over my head. I kinler looked up, and if there warn't—well there's no use a swearin now, it war the biggest hornet's nest ever built.

You'll gin in now, I reckon, Mike, kase that's no help for you? But an idea struck me then, that I'd stand a heap better chance a riden the old bull than where I war. Says I, old feller, if you'll hold on I'll ride to the next station, anyhow, let that be where it will.

So I jist drapped aboard agin, and looked aloft to see what I'd gain in changin quarters; and gentlemen, I'm a liar if thar warn't nigh a half bushel of stingin varmints ready to pitch into me when the word 'go' was given.

Well, I reckon they got it; for all hands started for our company. Some on 'em bit the dogs—about a quart struck nie, and the rest charged on old brindle.

This time the dogs led off fust, 'dead' beat for old deacon's; and as soon as old brindle and I could get under the way, we followed. And as I war only a deck passenger, and had nothin to do with steerin the craft, I swow if I had we shouldn't have run the channel, anyhow!

"But, as I said afore, the dogs took the lead—brindle and I next and hornets dre'kly arter. The dogs yellin'—brindle bellerin' and the hornets buzzin' and stingin'! I didn't say nothin for it worn't no use.

Well, we'd got about two hundred yards from the house when the old deacon heard us and come out. I seed him hold up his hand, and turn white. I reckon he was prayin then, for he didn't expect to be called for so soon, and it wasn't long, afore the hull congregation, men, women and children, cum out, and then all hands went to yellin.

None of 'em had the fust notion that brindle and I belonged to this world. I jist turned my head and passed the hull congregation. I seed the run would be up soon, for brindle couldn't turn an inch from a fence that stood dead ahead.

Well, we reached that fence and I went ashore, over the old critter's head, landing on t'other side and lay there stuned. It war not long afore some of 'em as were not so scared, cum round to see what I war, for all hands knikelated that the bull and I belonged together. But when the brindle walked off by himself, they seed how it war, and one of em said 'Mike Fink has got the wust of the scrimmage once in his life.

Gentleman, from that day I drapped the courtin business and never spoke to a gal since. And when my hunt is up on this yearth, thar won't be any more Finks, and its all owin to deacon Smith's Brindle Bull."

Woman's Work.

Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, New York, has this to say:

"I declare that the woman who is able to systematize and carry on smoothly the work of an ordinary family, illustrates higher sagacity than is called for by seven-eights of the tasks done by man. Men take one trade and work at it; a mother's and housekeeper's work requires a touch from all trades. A man has his work-hours and his definite tasks; a woman has work at all hours, and incessant confusion of tasks. Let any man do a woman's work for a single day—wash and dress the children—having provided their clothes the night before; see that breakfast is under way to suit a fault-finding husband; the wash-boiler on with water for the wash, and the clothes assorted ready for the washing; the dish-water heating, and a luncheon thought out for the school-goers; a nice dinner in the good man's dinner pail; the beds made after proper airing, and the bugs fought off and kept down; the father's convenience exactly hit for family prayers; the systematic sweeping of the house at least once a week, and of living rooms once to three times a day, according to the number of men to bring in the mud; the actual washing and out hanging of clothes; and drying, sprinkling, and folding, and tomorrow the ironing of the same; the sorting and mending of them, and provisions of new ere the old give out; the making of bread three times a week, with cake and pies intercalated judiciously; pickles, preserves, and cellar stores to be laid in, and not forgotten in their season; children's manners to be attended to; company to be entertained; her own person to be tidied up to please his eye; the tired him to be welcomed, and waited on by the no less tired her, and the home made cheerful; his trousers to be patched after he goes to bed, so he can put them on in the morning. The children to be helped about their lessons, and reminded not to forget their Sunday-school lesson; the shopping and marketing to be done for the household; house-repairs to be attended to, and matters in general kept straight around home. Meanwhile papa must not be troubled or hindered about his work, because his work brings in the money. Yes, man's work brings the money. But man's work does not so tax the head, and heart, and hand, as woman's work does."

In reference to this concession of Mr. Beecher, that "man's work brings the money," a writer in the *Revolution*, trying to arrive at exact and equal justice toward the to co-rulers of the home kingdom says:

"Suppose now it should be so arranged, as that when the men ceased to labor, whether on Sunday, in winter, in wet weather, in the evening, or at any time, the woman would cease also. Suppose too that whenever or wherever men went abroad, the woman accompanied them. And when men spent a dime or a dollar for liquors, oysters, tobacco, or cigars, the women should spend the same full amount for snuff, confectionery or some other foolish indulgence. And then, for we are not quite done yet, suppose that all the work the women actually do in all this time that men do nothing, had to be done by hired help at fair wages; who cannot see what a vast difference it would make in the family income? A state of things like this would work the ruin of any nation under heaven.—Four-fifths of the families in all the agricultural regions of America, are kept out of the alms-house by the women alone. Not one farmer in twenty could survive such a change in his affairs as the one suggested. Mr. Beecher is too charitable. He is willing to concede that the men acquire the money. When they work it may be to more immediate profit.—But were there not another providence at home, caring, toiling, watching, saving, when they are abroad idle and wasting, how soon, with all their boasted shrewdness, calculation and more profitable labor, would they be brought to a morsel of bread?

"And yet, why should woman labor more hours than man? Why should she toil while he rests? whether on Sunday, in rainy weather, in winter, in the evening, or any other time? Why should he attend at least a hundred gatherings a year, by day or night, spending not only time but money, too, when she is at her post of duty, labor and care? Why may she not go when he goes, spending the same amount of money and time as he, and let her work, and watching, and saving at these times be done by other hired and paid? Let every reflecting working man ask why? and then say where he would be after five years of such administration?"

LIFE UNDER A CLOUD.

Blackwell Island Penitentiary.

The large pile of buildings which forms such a prominent object on Blackwell's Island, known as the Penitentiary, is familiar to most of the residents of New York city, though the every day life of its inmates is practically known only to that class to whom they immediately belong.

The Penitentiary, which is under the wardenship of Mr. Fitch, is capable of accommodating about 750 prisoners, but at present their numbers are slightly under 600—about 390 men, and 99 women. The prisoners are divided into classes, the particular dress of each indicating the nature and degree of their offenses, and though amenable to the same laws as to labor and discipline, work in separate gangs and mess by themselves. They are under the control of 24 officers, each keeper, who is heavily armed, having 13 men in his charge, whose roll he calls for whose absence he is responsible. At 5 o'clock the prisoners are paraded to their cells, and at 6½ they have breakfast, consisting of bread and a bowl of coffee, and those who are skilled workmen are told off to the blacksmith's, carpenters', tailors' and shoemakers' shops, where all necessary repairs to the buildings and its fittings are done, and to the prisoners is made; others are sent to the garden and farm, while the remainder are marched off in two divisions, one to work in the stone-quarries at home, the other to be conveyed by the Commissioners steam vessel Bellevue to the quarries on Ward's Island.—The female prisoners are principally occupied in the sewing-room, in the brush-manufactury, in washing clothes, and scrubbing out the cells.

The majority of the prisoners are committed for assault and battery or larceny, for terms varying from one month to four years and a half; those committed for graver offenses are confined at Sing Sing, all drunkards, vagrants, and disorderly characters at the work house. During the past year 2,315 persons were incarcerated for different periods, 2,139 whites, 176 blacks. Of these about one-third were native Americans, one-third Irish, one-tenth German, and the remainder of various nationalities. The visitor to the Penitentiary cannot but be struck by the youth of the male prisoners compared with that of the females, the bulk of the males being between 14 and 30 years of age, the females between 25 and 50. Few young girls find their way here as in their earlier career they are able to gain enough by a life of prostitution, without committing larceny, and consequently do not resort to it till their charms begin to wear, and the consequent diminution of their means of subsistence from such a sourse compels them to resort to some other. There is another fact which appears in these statistics of crime, one highly suggestive to the housekeeper. Of the 411 female prisoners committed during the past year, no less than 302 were domestic servants, and of these 241 were Irish girls and women.

At 12 o'clock the prison bell rings for dinner. It is a sad sight to stand on the terrace and see the various gangs of men and lads march home from their work, the greater portion of them fine sturdy looking young fellows; it is a sadder sight still to see some of them carrying a heavy iron ball and chain slung over the shoulder and attached to a strong iron band locked round the leg immediately above the ankle. These men have tried to escape. Necessary as it may be to adopt such measures to prevent them from repeating the attempt, surely it is unnecessarily cruel to compel these poor creatures to wear their irons at night. Their dinner consists of a can of soup, a plate of meat, and ten ounces of bread. They are allowed one hour and are then marched back again to their work in the quarries; they have supper, bread and coffee, at 5 o'clock, and at 5½ they are all locked in their cells, which though scrupulously clean, are certainly too small (about the size of an ordinary clothes closet,) considering that the prisoners have to pass 12 hours out of the 24 in them.

On Sunday the sewing room of the female prisoners is used as a Chapel, the men attending services in the morning, the women in the afternoon; once a month there is service for the Roman Catholic prisoners. The convicts have no privileges; a sharp intelligent lad may become a hall boy or get employed in the mess room; or a mechanic may be appointed to one of the workshops and so gain some slight relief from the monotomy of their lives; but they get no reward beyond a little tobacco once a week for chewing; smoking is strictly prohibited; once a month they are allowed to be visited by their friends. On entering the building the visitor is forcibly struck by the following inscription over the doorway:

"The way of the transgressor is hard."

Such is the greeting to the unfortunate criminal as he puts his foot for the first time within the prison walls. If an inscription be necessary surely the Department of Public Charities and Correction might have chosen one less harsh in character: one that breathes a larger amount of Christian charity to a poor fellow creature, one that may offer him some small portion of that encouragement which is so essential to his reformation.—Some such epigram as "It is never too late to mend" would be altogether more suitable and far more encouraging.

HORACE GREELY.

Mark Twain's Humorous Description of Him.

Mr. Greely gets up at 3 o'clock in the morning; for it is one of his favorite maxims that only early rising can keep the health unimpaired and the brain vigorous. He then wakes up all the household and assembles them in the library, by candle light, and, after quoting the beautiful lines:

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise,"

he appoints each individual's task for the day, sets him at it with encouraging words, and goes back to bed again. I mention here, in no fault-finding spirit, but with the deference justly due a man who is older and wiser and worthier than I, that he snores awfully. In a moment of irritation once, I was rash enough to say I never would sleep with him until he broke himself off this unfortunate habit. I have kept my word with bigoted and unwavering determination.

At half past eleven o'clock Mr. Greely rises again. He shaves himself. He considers that there is great virtue and economy in shaving himself. He does it with a dull razor, sometimes humming a part of a tune (he knows part of a tune, and takes an innocent delight in regarding it as the first half of Old Hundred; but parties familiar with that hymn have felt obliged to confess that they could not recognize it, and, therefore, the noise he makes is doubtless an unconscious original composition of Mr. Greely's.)

He then goes out into his model garden, and applies his vast store of agricultural knowledge to the amelioration of his cabages; after which he writes an able agricultural article for the instruction of American farmers, his soul cheered the while with the reflection that if cabages were worth $11 apiece his model farm would pay.

He next goes to breakfast, which is a frugal, abstemious meal with him, and consists of nothing but just such things as the market affords, nothing more. He drinks nothing but water—nothing whatever but water, and coffee, and tea, and Scotch ale, and lager bier and lemonade with a fly in it—sometimes a house fly and sometimes a horse fly, according to the amount of inspiration required to warm him up to his daily duties. During breakfast he reads the *Tribune* all through and enjoys the satisfaction of knowing that all the brilliant things in it, written by Young, and Cooke, and Hazard and myself are attributed to him by a confiding and internal public.

After breakfast he writes a short editorial and puts a large dash at the beginning of it, thus ——, which is the same as if he put H. G., and takes a savage pleasure in reflecting that the world will think he wrote it. He then [illegible] in his pomatum. He tried out once in his young days, as a writing master, but the enterprise failed. The pupils could not translate his remarks with any certainty. His first copy was "Virtue is its own reward," and they got it "Washing with soap is wholly absurd," and so the trustees discharged him for attempting to convey bad morals, through the medium of worse penmanship. But, as I was saying, he writes his morning editorial. Then he tries to read it over, and can't do it, and so he sends it to the printers, and they try to read it, and can't do it; and so they set it up at random, as you may say, putting in what words they can make out, and when they get aground on a long word they put in "reconstruction" or "universal suffrage," and spar off and paddle ahead, and next morning, if the degraded public can tell what it is all about, they say H. G. wrote it, and if they can't they say it is one of those imbecile unders rapers, that is the end of it.

On Sundays Mr. Greely sits in a prominent pew in Mr. Chapin's church, and lets on that he is asleep, and the congregation regard it as an eccentricity of genius.

When he is going to appear in public, Mr. Greely spends two hours on his toilet. He is the most pains-taking and elaborate man about getting up his dress that lives in America. This is his chiefest and his pleasantest foible. He puts on his old white overcoat, and turns up the collar. He puts on a soiled shirt, saved from the wash, and leaves one end of the collar unbuttoned.—He puts on his most dilapidated hat, turns it wrong side before, cants it on to the back of his head, and jams an extra cent in the side of it. He puts on his most atrocious boots, and spends fifteen minutes ducking the left leg of his pants into his boot-top in what shall seem the most careless and unstudied way. But his cravat—it is into the arrangement of his cravat that he throws all his soul, all the powers of his great mind. After fixing at it for forty minutes before the glass is is perfect—it is askew every way—it overflows his coat-collar on one side and sinks into oblivion on the other—it climbs and it delves around about his neck—the knot is conspicuously displayed under his left ear and it stretches one of its long ends straight out horrizontally, and the other goes after his eyes, in the good old Toodles fashion—and then, completely and marvelously apparelled, Mr. Greely strides forth rolling like a sailor, a miracle of astounding confinnery, the awe and the wonder of the nations!

But I havn't time to tell the rest of his private habits. Suffice it that he is an upright and an honest man—a practical, great-brained man—a useful man to his nation and his generation—a famous man, who has justly earned his celebrity—and, withal, the worst-dressed man in this or any other country, even though he does take so thundering much pains, and puts on so many frills about it.

THE LORD ON OUR SIDE.—On one occasion during the attack at Fort Donelson, a Southern hard-shell exhorter was holding forth in exalted strains, declaring repeatedly that the Lord fought on the side of the South, and Jehovah was encamped around about the Confederate army, saying that it was impossible for the invading Yankees to conquer them. Just at the close of one of these sentences a man dashed up to the church door on horseback, and yelled out:

"The Yankees have captured Fort Donelson, and are coming up the river!"

"Then, my brethren, save yourselves, for the Lord has got licked!"

"ARE a man and his wife both one?" asked the wife of a certain gentleman, holding his aching head in both her hands.

"Yes, I suppose so," was the reply.

"Well, then," said she, "I came home drunk last night, and ought to be ashamed of myself."

MY first is what lies at the door; my second is a kind of corn; my third is what no body can do without, and my whole is one of the United States. Mat-ri-mony.

Diamond cut Diamond.

A very singular affair came off in New York about twelve or fifteen years ago. At a hotel in Broadway, famous for the excellence of its liquors, a little boy came in with a very flashy-looking ring, and wanted to dispose of it. Every one present examined the trinket and a few thought much of it. It, however, struck the eye of a gentleman who was known by the somewhat singular appellation of squeaking Jonny.

'How much do you ask for that ring?' asked that individual.

'Five dollars.'

'I'll give you two dollars for it.'

'It's very hard,' said the boy, 'but I suppose I must take it.'

The two dollars were paid, the ring taken and the boy departed.

The purchaser of the ring went home. His brother saw the bauble, admired it, and asked how much he would sell it for.

'Well Charley,' said he, 'I gave five dollars for it; its worth a great deal more; you shall have it for seven.

The bargain was struck, and the ring once more changed masters.

The next day Charles went to Harlem.—There he met with a Mr. A., who also became exceedingly tickled with the ring, which by the way was a taking affair, showy, the setting most capital, and much taste displayed in the formation.

'What will you take for that ring?'

'Well I don't particularly care about it; you shall have it dog cheap.'

'How cheap?'

'Twenty-five dollars.'

The matter was settled, and the ring passed into the hands of Mr. A.

The next day the last proprietor drove to town and going into the store of a fashionable jeweller he asked the value.

'Its worth one dollar and a half,' said the merchant.

Mr. A was thunderstruck. Recovering himself he said, 'Can you take out the stones, which of course are—

'Paste, sir.'

'And insert the diamonds in their place?'

'Yes.'

'How long will it take you, and how much will it cost?'

'I can do it in two or three hours, and it will cost forty dollars.'

'Do it as fast as you can.'

Within the given time the diamonds were substituted, and Mr. A returned to Harlem.

On his arrival he found the two brothers and several New York bloods assembled. He was greeted with a low whistle, and divers gyrations of the fingers were performed by resting the thumb on the nose, which gave the fingers full latitude to perform all sort of circles in the air.

'How about that ring,' asked John.

'A very pretty ring,' said Mr. A., and a great bargain.'

'Against Harlem.'

'Against Harlem.'

'Why, you know perhaps.'

'No, but I don't believe it, and I'll bet a hundred dollars they are not.'

'Done.'

'Done.'

The bet was taken by Mr. A. on one part, and the two brothers on the other.

'In what way shall we decide?' asked the two brothers.

'We'll leave it to any jeweler,' said Mr. A

The party immediately set off for the city. On arriving at a jeweler's the stones were pronounced diamonds. The brothers were not satisfied. They wished to go to another jeweler.

'Are these diamonds?' asked John at the next store.

'I think they are, but I can't tell without filing them.'

'O, you must ask that gettleman, he is the proprietor.'

Mr. A. gave consent.

'Smash it to pieces,' said John.

The ring was filed.

'First rate diamonds, said the jeweler.

The mortification of the brothers was great. Not so much at the loss of the wager, but at the fact of their parting with a diamond ring upon such easy terms.

A Specimen of a Yankee Peddler.

"I reckon I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day, squire," said a "ginooine" specimen of a Yankee peddler, as he stood at the door of a merchant in St. Louis.

"I reckon you calculate about right, for you can't," was the sneering reply.

"Well, I guess you needn't git huffy 'bcout it. Now here's a dozen ginooine razor-strops—worth two dollars and a half, you may have 'em for two dollars."

"I tell you I don't want any of your traps, so you may as be going along."

"Wall, now, look here, squire, I'll bet you five dollars that if you make me an offer for them 'ere stops, we'll have a trade yet."

"Done!" replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander. The Yankee deposited a like sum.

"Now" said the merchant, "I'll give you a picayune [sixpence] for the strops."

"They're your'n!" said the Yankee, as he quietly pocketed the stakes.

"But" said he after a little reflection, and with great apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke; and if you don't want them strops, I'll trade back."

The merchant's countenance brightened.

"You are not so bad a chap, after all" said he. "Here are your strops—give me the money."

There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops and passed over the sixpence.

"A trade is a trade; and now you are wide awake, the next time you trade with that 'ere sixpence you'll do a little better than to buy razor-strops."

And away walked the peddler with his strops and his wager, amid the shouts of the laughing crowd.

A BRITISHER ON BUNKER HILL.—A Yankee, conveying an English gentleman around Boston, took him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid shaft, when the Yankee said:

"This is the spot where Warren fell."

"Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted up in historical matters, 'did it 'urt 'im much?'

The native looked at him with the expression of fourteen 4th of July's in his countenance.

'Hurt him!' he exclaimed; he was killed, sir.'

'Ah,!' o was, eh?' said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and computing its hight in his own mind, layer by layer. 'Well, I should think 'e would' ave been 'urt to fall so far.'

An Irishman, angling in the rein, was observed to keep his line under the arch of a bridge. Upon being asked the reason he gave the following answer: 'To be sure, the fish will be after crowding there, in order to keep out of the wet.'

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

A Lover Twice Jilted by Sisters to Whom He is Successfully and Respectively Betrothed.

[From the Peoria Transcript, Nov. 7.]

Several years ago, a young lady in Tazewell county was wooed by a young man. He obtained her consent, and the consent of the folks, but three days before the wedding she took a freak into her head, and went off and married another. The young man was heart-broken, and packed up his effects and went to New York city. There he hid his grief, buried himself in business, and engaged in speculation, was successful, and became wealthy. A younger sister of the girl that had jilted him, moved by sympathy, commenced a correspondence with him to endeavor to mitigate his sorrow. The correspondence become interesting. The young girl grew up, and, as years rolled on, ripened into great beauty. The sight of her photograph awakened in the young man's bosom the love that he had supposed crushed forever, he proposed to her and was accepted. Her father was a widower and was anxious to get married himself as soon as his daughter was out of the way, so he urged the matter forward. The means of the lover now admitted a brilliant wedding and preparations were made for it. They were to be married last Wednesday, and depart immediately for New York city. A few days ago the bride received a letter from her betrothed stating that he had entered into speculations that would keep him in the city so that he could not possibly be with her at the time appointed, and asking her to delay the ceremony for a day or two. He also referred to the time when he had expected to be united to her sister. Provoked to think that he still remembered his former love, the young lady wrote him in a passion, and sitting down at the same time wrote to a cousin of hers, a farmer in Iowa, one who had long loved her, telling him that she had broken her engagement, relating the circumstances to him, and ending by saying that she was all ready to be married, and if he would come there at the time set for the wedding, she would marry him. He complied. Her betrothed in New York, astonished to receive her letter, closed up his business as best he could, and came to Tazewell county by the next train. He reached the little village where she lived, and was hastening up to the house to fulfill his engagement, when he was met by some of his friends and told that his bride had just been married to another man. He fainted away on the spot and was taken up to the hotel. When the bride was told of it, she was overwhelmed with remorse, but it was then too late. She was legally married to her cousin. The New Yorker, twice heart-broken left for his home without seeing her, and she passed through this city yesterday, on her way to an Iowa farm, looking very dejected and anything like a bride.

How to Succeed.

[illegible] manufacturer of Lynn worked seven years upon his cost to get a capital of one thousand one hundred and thirty-five dollars with which he commenced business. His earnings during these years were just five dollars a week—two hundred and fifty dollars a year. He paid two dollars a week for board and made one dollar pay all other expenses, thus saving one hundred and four dollars each year, which, with the interest added and small amounts gained in trade, amounted in seven years to the sum above named. The first year in business he cleared five hundred dollars, the second a thousand, and the third two thousand—all the time cutting his own shoes, and keeping his personal expenses down to the old sum—three dollars per week. As his means increased his operations enlarged, and for several years past he has done a very large and successful business and is known as one of the best and most liberal of the citizens of Lynn, giving large sums to charitable purposes. During the year 1867 he did a business of $300,000, the profits of which were $40,000; and the total loss by bad debts, one case of boots worth $150.

SOLVING A DIFFICULTY.—A grandson of the Governor of Virginia, a child of some four or five summers, was on a visit to his maternal grandfather, who was a wealthy land-holder in Ohio. One day after making his first visit to a Sabbath School, and being duly impressed with the religion taught him there, he took his grandfather down on the farm to show and gather the fruit of a large walnut tree, which was ripe and ready for the harvest. On the way, the little fellow, with the philosophy which reads sermons in stones, said:

"Grandpa, who do all these woods and fields belong to?"

"Why," said the matter-of-fact gentleman, to me."

"No, sir," emphatically responded the child, "they belong to God."

The grandfather said nothing till they reached the richly-laden tree, when he said:

"Well, my boy, whom does this tree belong to?"

This was a poser, and for a moment the boy hesitated, but, casting a look upon the nuts, he replied:

"Well, grandfather, the *tree* belongs to God, but the walnuts are *ours*."

WORDS FOR BOYS TO REMEMBER.—Liberty is the right to do whatever you wish, without interfering with the rights of others.

Save your money, and you will find it one of the most useful friends.

Never give trouble to your mother or father.

Take care of your pennies and they will grow to dollars.

Intemperance is the curse of nearly all the trouble in this world; beware of strong drink.

The poorest boy, if he be industrious, honest and saving, may reach the highest honor in the land.

Never be cruel to a dumb animal, remember it has no power to tell how much it suffers.

Honesty is always the best policy.

ARTEMUS WARD once had an adventure in Boston which resulted as follows:

I returned in the hoss cart