Peter's Ride to the Wedding.

Peter would ride to the wedding, he would,

So he mounted his ass-and his wife,

She was to ride behind, if she could,

If the wind and the weather allow.

That two at a time was a load never framed

For the back of one ass, and he seemed quite

"Come, Dobbin," says Peter, "I'm thinking

"I'm thinking we won't," says the ass

Says Peter, says he, "I'll whip him a little."

But he might just as well have whipped

The ass was made of such obstinate mettle

I'll prick him, my dear, with a needle,

The ass felt the needle and up went his heels: "I'm thinking," says she, "he's beginning

The ass felt the needle and upward he reared,

ays Peter, says he, "We get on rather slow;

But I'm thinking a method to move him I

Let's prick both head and tail together, and

Give the creature a start all around."

So said, so done; all hands were at work,

For he started away with so sudden a jerk

That in less a than a trice he arrived at the

THE UNFORTUNATE BABY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

want stand side by side. Mirth and misery

jostle each other. The jewels of the mil-

lionaire's wife flash mockingly before the

eyes of the pauper's widow. I leave my

wife and my smiling infant, my little che-

rub, of whom I am remarkably fond, and

I saunter pleasantly down Broadway, smo-

king a fine cigar. I know I shall make a

large sum of money by a business arrange-

ment to-day, and I intend to take Clara to

the opera this evening. This is my pro-

gramme; but what is his who stops me on

the corner, and with skinny hand extend-

ed, begs in a tone that is almost feroci-

ons, for something to buy food with. He,

poor wretch, will shiver in his rags until

the sun goes down, and then slink away to

hide in some wretched hole, unblessed by

hope even in his dreams. Probably he has

no wife or children. It is to be hoped he

has not, for they would only be helpless

I feel as though I were doing wrong to

flaunt my prosperity in his eyes, and

blush as I give him charity and hurry on.

There are so many of them-so many of

them. There goes a thief to prison; two

stout policemen clutch his arms-a crowd

follows them. Guilt and misery together

And here a woman hurries past, with a

child in her arms. What a woeful expres-

sion on her face! What a terrible story

must be hers, and how she could curdle the

blood in our veins if she should stop and

tell it in all its blank, unvarnished horror

now! I feel a thrill of anguish as I look

at her. Ah, how delightful it would be, if

all the world were happy and prosperous.

my morning's walk to my place of busi-

ness. I have rather a tender heart, I be-

lieve, and scenes of sorrow make a great

occasion I remembered the faces of the

beggar, and thief, and the destitute woman

so vividly, that I may say they haunted

"Where was she going?" I asked my-

self. "What was she about to do?" The

street into which she turned led directly to

was going there to drown herself-about

the river. Perhaps, driven to despair, she

to take her life, because the task of sustain-

ing it had become too hard for her; and I

have helped her, had let her pass unques-

sion," I said to myself; "for they are very,

"God forgive us for our sins of omis-

to hover before me in the air.

I was led in this train of reflection by

companions of his misery.

The city is a strange place. Wealth and

And, the ass he did alter his mind,

But he left all his lading behind.

While one end is up t'other sticks to the

"I'm thinking he'll alter his mind"-

Some notion of moving-behind."

And set t'other end, too, agoing."

Than lift up a toe from the grass.

"Try it, my dear," says she-

That never a step moved he.

In language of conduct, and stuck to the spot As if he had shown he would sooner be shot

That two should stick fast upon him.

But the ass adopted the whim

we'll trot."

brass kettle.

ground.

Follow, not lead through life."

## TOLUME VIII.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

"WE And Our NEIGHBORS"

Farriet Beecher Stowe.

Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," abor powerful stories, each the literary non of its period; and this story prom-, like genuine and wholesome sensation. ears directly on social topics of interest eracing the romance of youthful companados the brightness of happy home-life. spler complications of neighborhood asand such follies and profound or miseries as have led to the wide-I Temperance movement of the day, sa Stowe is now in the prime of that which wrote "Uncle Tom," ripened ranf study and observation. Her novimmensely popular, "Uncle Tom's de any edition of any original work ears ago, "My Wife and I," outsold atemporary. Such a pure and ens Mory as "We and Our Neighbors be read in every home. This new is now running exclusively in the Weekly Family Newspaper,

HENRY WARD BEECHER. EDITOR.

migicus matters this paper is Evanand unsectavian; in political affairs ent and outspoken. It contains articles, and both short and serial in the highest standard in Religion, Poetry, Art, Music, Science ties, Household and Family Af-Stories, Rhymes, Puzzles for the &c. Nothing is spared to make PLETE Newspaper for the Family he household, young or old. It is

COMPLETE LIBRARY.

real populatity of this pape such that of its class it has the

irculation in the valers by hundreds of thousands. An Hustrated Number, pening chapters of Mrs cable story, will be

SEXT FREE and renewing Subscriber. are not already a subscriber send iberal Terms.

may be had either with or without the RISTIAN UNION

Year, Only \$3.00. mir French Oleographs, lix13 tinches each,) varnished, ready for am French Oil Chromo, (size, 11% x 16% inches,)

FORD & CO., Publishers, Park Place, New York.

AGENTS Wanted.

gistered Letter. Otherwise i

tion of the Christian Union cengerness for Mrs. Stowe's mediate delivery, light our ual chances to make mon New York, Boston, Ch

CHANCE EASY FORTUNE AND LAST GIFT CONCERT

LIBRARY of KENTUCKY

LY 31st, 1874.

LIST OF CIFTS:

very great." These thoughts troubled me all the morning, and at noon-time I went out to lunch rather in the hope of casting away my dismal reflections than because I had an ap-However, I stayed longer than usual. I met a friend who buttonholed me on the corner. And it was half-past one before I came back to the office.

RICE OF TICKETS:

HO E BRAMLETTE, Agent and Manager, Building, Louisville, Ky., A.O. Esseera Agenta, Wa Broadway, New York.

1,000 00 again. That horrible face, with wild black went with them. eyes, showing the white beneath the pupil, the small, tightly-shut mouth, the hollow cheeks, the pinched chin, and the floating hand it over to the city." tangle of black hair, framing it all in.

As I pushed the door open, I half expected to see it in my office in actual bodi-

ly presence. It was not there, but instead, my eyes met a sight equally surprising. "For," said Peter, "the woman, she should usual. Generally I had found him at some 'He's mighty convenient, the ass, my dear, And proper and safe—and now You hold by the tail, while I hold by the ear, diabolical mischief on my return. To day, as I cast my glance toward the desk, I And we'll ride to the kirk in time, never fear, missed his shock head; but looking about me, I spied it lower down, and saw that he that yet unchiseled face a-" The wind and the weather were not to be was sitting on the floor in a corner with something in his arms, and a very uncom-

"Hallo !" cried I. "What's that?"

'Young 'un," said Shadrac. "Whose? Where did it come from?"

"Most the minute you went out, a woman come along," said Shadrac; and says she, "You Mr. Paddock's boy?" says I, "Yans." Says she, "Catch a hold, and hold the child till I come back." And she ain't never come back.

I dunno what she meant by it. She had cheek anyway, whoever she is.

"What kind of a woman was she?"

"She had on a shawl," said Shadrac. 'Now lend me the needle and I'll prick his "She was a furriner. What right have I got to take care of her young 'un, eh?" I sat down upon a chair, and put my hand But kicking and rearing was all, it appeared, to my forehead. I know now why that He'd any intentien of doing. poor woman's face haunted me so long. She had tracked me to my office. Perhaps I had looked kindly at her. Who knew? I felt pity. I might have exhibited it; and infant upon my charity.

It was romantic, but at the same time it was inconvenient.

I looked at the child. It was very pretty and very clean. I felt attracted toward it. family; whether Mrs. Paddock would be poor little one, who was already attired in enough for her. How often did she pace this was, it was nothing to what I afterthe floor nearly all the night striving in wards endured from Mrs. P-, who, by vain to luil it to repose. As for the baby's the way, never could be brought to be on maid, Nora, it was not likely that she friendly terms with the professor again. would be willing to be additionally burthened. The charitable impulse faded almost before it was fully formed.

What should I do? A thought struck me. I would send for my friend, Professor Grill, who had an office in the same building. He knew my wife well. He was a sage who read the human character thoroughly, and could be looked to for an

opinion on any subject. Shadrac was holding the baby. He ten cent stamp. The result was the hasty arrival of the professor with a lancet, under the impression that I had been taken with a fit of some kind. He was greatly relieved to see that nothing was the matter -at least he said he was ; but he is particularly fond of amateur surgical experiments, and I'm not sure the professor listened to

my account of affairs. "The old story, my dear fellow," he said ; "the old story. Shadrac, my son, never take an infant from the arms of an unknown woman again. This thing is done every day, every day. As for your benevolent dream of adopting the child it is-excuse me-absurd. Your wife would not hear of it. Oh, no, no, no, no! Ha! ha! n-o-o-o! not for a moment. Besides, how do you know what this described child will grow up to be? I saw your noble infant at your happy home yesterday. The intellect of its father and the sweetness of its mother are already stamped upon its away by them. He started in pursuit, and brow. I can see"-here the abandoned infant began to shriek-"I can see the vices of its parents already written on the a jump and screamed right out in church. features of this poor waif. Mark how low its forehead is! How large its under jaw! Look at the rage in its eyes! Lisimpression upon me. On this particular ten to the cruel ring in its cry! Beware of this child! Give it to the proper charities at once. I'll go with you. Shadrac bring the baby. I must save you me. The woman's face, especially, seemed | from the overwhelming yearnings of your own too charitable heart, my benevolent friend. Come with me."

I went with him. We attracted some attention as we walked down the street together. The professor, who is of gigantic stature, whose white hair floats abroad on the breeze, and whose big collar was once alluded to by a Bowery boy as a cape, and a thousand other christians, who could clutching me by the arm as though my long-vanished impulse to adopt that strange baby were a material power which would bear me away bodily, if not resisted; and Shadrae, in his office-coat, with a pen behind his ear, bearing the infant, who still shricked wildly, in our wake.

I was glad to reach the court of justice nearest us-glad to find that the affair was an every-day one there. Shadrac told his tale. I corroborated

The child was registered in a book as number seven thousand eight hundred and more before the medicine will cure it? Or supervision of the newspaper establishforty-four. My statement and address if it has stood twenty years is there no were recorded, and as an invoice of desert- hope of a remedy? We want to know ment of evil was upon me. I felt as the ed infants was just being taken away in a about this. It is going to be very unplea-I were about to see some terrible sight, and sort of wagon by an old woman, seven sant for a man to endure rheumatism for

> "So much for human hearts!" said I. "The babe was cast upon my charity. I

"Ah !"

"You are a tax-payer, my friend," said the professor. "It is well you have com-

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1874.

mon sense, in my person, at your elbow." We had reached the office-building as I had left my boy Shadrae in charge, as he spoke; as we ascended the stairs he

"The offspring of the criminal classes show their hereditary vices in their countenances almost at birth. I could see in

"Ah, there they come," screamed a fortable expression on his face. In a mo-

"Oh, they haven't got him," cried anment more I saw that what he held was a other. "I gave him to the boy there," cried the first. "Ye little devil, where's the baby?"

"Horace, speak! my child?" sobbed the other, clinging to my neck. It was my wife who clung to me : the baby's maid, Nora, who shook Shadrac. "Baby !" said I, gasping, "what baby?

where? when? which?" "Oh," said my wife, "Nora and I were going to Brooklyn, and I sent Nora first to wait in your office for me. I had some shopping to do, and baby shricks so in the stores; and she-oh, I'll give her warning !- she left the baby with the boy while she went out to buy some peanuts. And when she came back the office was locked up, and I found her crying on the stairs.

you done with him ?" I sat down on the stairs then. Professor Grill glared and said nothing. Shadrac told the awful tale.

'Where is the angel? Oh, what have

He revealed to my wife that I had given my own babe to the city authorities, unbefore destroying herself she had cast the der the impression that it was a stranger; and as my wife was of the belief that this was a thing that once done, could not be undone, we had a fine time of it.

I don't like to recur to those moments when I made explanations to the authori-I hegan to wonder whether it would be ties and excited their saspicion thereby .-right for me to abopt a child, with my Nor to the time spent in recovering the willing that I should do so. I felt doubt- a blue check slip and yellow flannel petticoat. But, after all, humiliating as all It is in vain to point out to her that ba-

bies are all exactly alike and that I did not notice what the child wore; she will not

MR. COOLEY'S HAT .- When Mr. Cooley came into church last Sunday, he placed his new high hat just outside the pew in the aisle. Presently Mrs. Pitman entered, and as she proceeded up the aisle, her abounding skirts scooped Cooley's hat and rolled could not take the message. I caught a it up nearly to the pulpit. Cooley pursued small boy on the stairs, and gave him a his hat with feelings of indignation, and when Mrs. Pitman took her seat, he walked back brushing the hat with his sleeve. A few moments later Mrs. Hopkins came into church, and as Cooley had again placed his hat in the aisle, Mrs. Hopkins' skirt struck it and swept it along about twenty-five feet, and left it lying on the carpet in a demoralized condition. Cooley was singing a hymn at the time, and be blo didn't miss it. But a moment later, when he looked over the end of the pew to see if it was safe, he was furious to perceive that it was gone. He skirmished up the aisle after it again, red in the face, and uttering sentences which were horrfbly out of place in the sanctuary. However, he put the bat down again and determined to keep his eye on it, but just as he had turned his head away for a moment, Mrs. Smiley came in, and Cooley looked around only in time to watch the hat being gathered in under Mrs. Smiley's skirts and carried just as he did so the hat must have rolled against Mrs. Smiley's ankles, for she gave When her husband asked her what was the matter, she said there must be a dog under her dress, and she gave her skirts a twist. Out rolled Cooley's hat, and Mr. Smiley, being very near sighted, thought it was a dog, and immediately kicked it so savagely that it flew up into the gallery and lodged upon the top of the organ. Cooley, perfectly frantic with rage, forgot where he was, and holding his clinched fist under Smiley's nose, he shrieked :-"I've half a mind to bust you over the snoot !" Then he flung down his hymnbook and rushed from the church. He went home bare-headed, and the sexon brought his humiliating hat around after dinner. After this, Cooley intends to go to Quaker meeting, where he can say his

prayers with his hat on his head .- Max REMEDY FOR RHEEMATISM .- A patent medicine advertisement says, "This article will cure rheumatism of nineteen years' standing." As far as it goes, this is perfeetly satisfactory ; but we want light upon another view of the matter. Suppose a man's rheumatism is only of three years' standing, must be let it stand sixteen years man. If to this be added the general

the serious final come and get us.

EARTHLY AFFLICTIONS.

A party of Southern ladies were assembled in a lady's parlor, when the conversation chanced to turn on the subject of peculiar trial and bereavement to relate. except one pale, sad-looking woman, whose hollow voice :

"Not one of you know what trouble is." story "tell the ladies what you call trou- feelings, she exclaimed :

"I will, if you desire it," she replied, "for I have seen it. My parents possessed a competence, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. I seldom knew an ungratified wish, and was always gay and light-hearted. I married at nineteen, one I loved more than all the orld besides. Our home was retired, but the sun never shone on a lovelier one or a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom. One night, about sundown, one of those black storms came on which are so common to our Southern climate. For than ever, and said : many hours the rain poured down incessantly. Morning dawned, but still the elements raged. The whole Savannah seemed affoat. The little stream near our dwelling became a raging torrent. Before we were aware of it, our house was surrounded by water. I managed, with my babe, to reach a little elevated spot, on I say.' which a few wide-spreading trees were standing, whose dense foliage afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies, no one ever loved a husband more: but that was not trouble.

agony as only mothers can feel. They were so far off I could not speak to them, but I could see them closing nearer and nearer to each other, as their little island grow smaller and smaller.

"The sallen river raged around the huge trees; dead branches upturned, trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle, masses of rubbish, all went floating past us. My boys waved their hands to me, then pointed upward. I knew it was a farewell signal, and you mothers, can imagine my anguish. I saw them all perish and disappear, and yet-that was not trouble.

"I hugged my babe close to my heart, and when the water rose to my feet I climbed into the low branches of the tree, and so kept retiring before it till an allpowerful hand stayed the waves, that they should come no further. All my worldly possessions were swept away, all my earthly hopes blighted-yet that was not trou-

labored night and day to support him and myself, and sought to train him in the right way; but as he grew older evil companions won him away from his home. He ceased to care for his mother's counsels; he would sneer at her entreaties and agonizing prayers. He left my humble roof that he might be unrestrained in the pursuit of evil; and at last, when heated by wine, one night he took the life of a fellow-being, and ended his own upon the scaffold. My heavenly Father had filled my cup of sorrow before; now it is such as I hope His mercy will save you from experiencing."

There was not a dry eye among the listeners, and the warmest sympathy was expressed for the bereaved mother, whose sad history taught them a useful lesson.

ABOUT A NEWSPAPER. -The Louisville Courier-Journal has the following sensible

Some people estimate the ability of a newspaper and the talent of its editor by the quantity of original matter. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to pour out daily columns of words-words upon any or all subjects. His ideas may flow in one weak, washy, everlasting flood, and the command of his language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions, and yet his paper may be a meager and poor concern. Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper care, the time employed in selecting, is far more important, and the tact of a good editor is better shown by his selections than anything else; and that, we know, is half the battle. But, as we have said, an editor ought to be estimated and his labor understood and appreciated by the general conduct of his paper-its tone, its uniform consistent course, its aims, mauliness, its dignity and propriety. To preserve these as they should be preserved is enough to occupy fully the time and attention of any ment, which most editors have to encounter, the wonder is how they find time to

ANECDOTES OF GREAT MEN. - When Nahe indignantly replied, "Of course Siam." ribbons on a side-dish.

The Fellow that Looks Like Me.

Max Adeler, who writes for a Philadelphia paper, has a friend named Slimmer, who deserves pity. He was going up to Readearthly afflictions. Each had her story of jug the other day, and upon reaching the depot he happened to look into the ladies' room. A lady sat there with a lot of baglustreless eye and dejected air showed she gage and three children, and when she was a prey to the deepest melancholy. saw Slimmer she rushed at him, and be Suddenly arousing herself, she said, in a fore he could defend himself she flung her arms about his neck, nestled her head upon his breast, and burst into cears. "Will you please, Mrs. Gray," said the Slimmer was amazed, indignant, confoundkind voice of a lady who well knew her ed; and ere he could find utterance for his

> "Oh, Henry, dear Henry! We are united at last. Are you well? Is aunt Martha still alive? Haven't you longed to see your own Louisa?"

And she looked into Slimmer's face and smiled through her tears.

"Madame," said he solemnly, "if I am the person alluded to as Henry, permit me to say that you have made a mistake. My name is Lemuel, I have no aunt Martha, and I don't own a solitary Louisa. Oblige me by letting go my coat; it excites re-

Then she buried her bonnet deeper into his waistcoat, and began to cry harder

"Oh, Henry, how, how can you treat me so? How can you pretend you are not my

"Madame," screamed Slimmer, "if you do not cease sopping my shirt bosom, and remove your umbrella from my corn, I shall be obliged to call the police. Let me go, "The children are here," she persisted.

'They recognize their dear fatner. Don't you children ?" "Yes, yes," they exclaimed, "it's pa,

it's our dear pa." And then they grappled Slimmer by the

trawsers' leg and hung to his coat tail. "Woman !" he shrieked, "this is getting erious. Unhand me, I say.

and the struggle for life became the only | And he tried to disengage himself from consideration. They were as brave, loving her embrace-while all the brakemen, and boys as ever blessed a mother's heart, and the baggage master, and the newsboys I watched their efforts to escape with such stood around, and said his conduct was infamous. In the midst of the struggle a stranger entered with a carpet bag. He looked exactly like Slimmer-and when he saw his wife in Slimmer's arms he became excited, and floored Slimmer with that carpet bag, and sat on him, and smote his nose, and caromed on his head, and asked him what he meant. Slimmer was removed on a stretcher, and the enemy went off with his wife and family in a cab. He called next day to apologize. His wife had made the mistake because of Slimmer's likeness to him. And now Slimmer wishes he may soon be kicked in the face by a mule, so that he will resemble no other human being on earth.

> OLD WEASEL'S LAST POKER HAND .-The best poker hand we ever heard of was held by old Weasel the other night .-Weasel didn't know much about poker, but he wanted to learn, and every now and then (the party was playing euchre) he would show his cards and ask if that wasn't a good hand. Once or twice he bet, but somebody always beat him because he knew so little about the game .-After a while, as Weasel was dealing, and three. He looked a good while. Then he

ve learned something about poker in the last two hours, and I'll bet \$25 on of these fiends will have this advertisement these cards. It's just the best hand I

Jones had beaten Weasel on this sort of a banter already, and so he took up his cards. He had three aces-a pretty good and for three cards. Nobody could have a full of fours, and his threes were the biggest in the deck. He bent a pitying smile on old Weasel, and said : "I think I've got something pretty good here, but I couldn't bet less than \$50 on it. We're remarks regarding the management of a not playing poker, you know, and these outside issues are irregular. I bet \$50."

"Done !" said old Weasel; "What have They put up their money, and then

Jones showed his hand. head! You can't beat that with any about two tons' weight into one of her legs,

better than to-"

"Hold on," cried old Weasel, throwing down the king, ten, and seven of hearts, | could put his hands to. "That's a flush, ain't it? When you've got all of suit that's a flush, I believe; and a fiush always beats threes. I don't know much about poker, but it seems to me

I've got the best hand out of jail." Jones had forgotten about flushes. In fact, the whole party rather underrated old Weasel because he was a religious man and not supposed to know anything about cards. But they kept a very watchful eye | marking: on him after that, and when he spoke of poker hands they all insisted on sticking to the game they were playing .- N. O.

A WISCONSIN exchange states that Fond

AGRICULTURE A FRAUD.

NUMBER 21.

The Cincinnati Times thus humorensly goes for Agriculture :

The best fraud of earth is Agriculture. The deadliest ignis fature that ever glittered to beguile arridazzled to betray is Agriculture. I speak with feeling on the subject for I have been glittered and beguilded, and dazzled, and destroyed by

this same arch deceiver. No wonder Cain killed his brother. He was a tiller of the ground. The wonder is that he didn't kill his father, and then wept because he hadn't a grandfather to No doubt his Early Rose potatoes, for which he paid Adam \$7 a barrel, had been cut down by bugs from the headwaters of the Euphrates. His Pennsylvania wheat had been winter killed and wasn't worth cutting. His Norway oats had gone to straw, and would not yield five pecks per acre, and his black Spanish water-melons had been stolen by boys, who had pulled up the vines, broken down his patent picket fence, and written scurrilous doggery all over his back gate. No wonder he felt mad when he saw Abel whistling along with his fine French merinoes worth eight ollars a head, and wool going up every day. No wonder he wanted to kill some-

body, and thought he'd practice on Abel. And Noah's getting drunk was not at all surprising. He had become a husbaudman. He had thrown away magnificent opportunities. He might have had a molopely of any profession or business. Had restudied medicine there would not have been another doctor within a thousand miles to call him "Quack;" and every family would have bought a bottle of 'Noah's Compound Extract of Gopher Wood and Anti-Deluge Syrup." As a politician, he might have carried his own ward solid, and controlled two-thirds of the delegates to every convention. As a lawyer, he would have been retained in every case tried at the Ark High Court of Admiralty. But he threw all these advantages and took to Agriculture. For a long time the ground was so wet he could raise nothing but sweet flag and bullrushes, and these at last became a drug in the market. What wonder that when he did get a half-peck of grapes that were not stong to death by Japhet's honey bees, he should have made wine and drowned his sorrows in a "flowing bowl."

The fact is, Agriculture would demoralwent into it; I'm a demon now. I fight myself out of bed at four o'clock, when all my better nature tells me to lie till seven. I fight myself into the garden to work like a brute, when reason and instinct tell me a man. I fight the pigs, and chickens, the everything in which is the breath of life. I fight the ducks, burdocks, the mulleins, the thistles, the grapes, the weeds, the roots-the whole vegetable kingdom. fight the heat, the frost, the rain, the hail in short, I fight the universe, and get whipped in every battle.

DIABOLICAL DESIGNS ON WOOD .- To show how low and degraded country journalism has become we will cite this feet Thirty years ago all these newspaper iends went into cahoot, and started papers for the simple purpose of laying up enormous amounts of wood. For this purpose every country paper put this notice at

the head of its local column : WOOD WANTED. We will take wood for subscription for this paper. Bring on your wood! Yes, "bring on your wood!" Mark that! Now, what are these rascals doing? Why,

they have been running newspapers for wood until they have got all the wood in the country in their own hands. And now wood is up-they've made a corner in it. "But," the reader will ask, "where is their market? What good will it do them?" Poor, ignorant souls! We'll tell you. After these country editors have got all the wood in the country into their own hands, what when he had thrown three cards around do they do? Why, they go to werk, tooth each one, he stopped and looked at his and toe-nail, and advocate cremation !-They know perfectly well, just as soon as cremation becomes a part of American polities, every man will be trying it on his mother-in-law and wife's relations, and wood will go up to \$100 a cord! Every one on one whole side of his paper:

Ten millions cords of the best hickory, dear ones in the quickest time possible.— Old exchanges, for kindling, thrown in

Then these country editors will be rolling in wealth, instead of glue and molasses, and wouldn't no more think of exchanging with you than running a patent outside. Ah, this is a deep laid plot!- Scdalia Democrat.

A YOUNG MAN Cout in the country," not exactly of the country, tried milking a cow, and as he milked he smoked his cigar. He got on very well, as he believed, until he lowered his bead and touched the cow's flank with the lighted end of his weed .-The next instant himself and cigar were dreadfully "put out." The cow introduced three cards on earth. You ought to know and then passed it under the milker's left jaw. When he ceased whirling around, and myriads of stars had disappeared, he said farming was the hardest work a man

> A FEW days ago a hungry party sat Sound steamer upon which one of the dish es contained a trout of moderate size. A serious looking individual drew this dish toward bim, saying, apologetically:

'This is fast day with me." His next neighbor, an Irish gentleman, amediately inserted his fork into the fish and transferred it to his own plate, re-

"Sir, do you suppose nobody has a sow! to be saved but yourself?"

Paddy! if I was yer daddy; Pd kill yo with kisses entirely. To feel yer swater

AN IRISH VALENTINE .- Oh, Paddy, swater I were about to see some terrible sight, and to be a some terrible sight, and the some terrible sight and the some terrible sight, and the some terrible sight, and the some terrible sight, and the some terrible sight are some terrible sight. I would starve me to death, and the some terrible sight are some terrible sight. ake medicine for it.—Max Adeler.

and he indignantly replied, "Of Corsican."

An old lady of a matter of fact turn of the Chang and Eng was a small boy he

When Chang and Eng was a small boy he

and daughters the intexleating spring bonboth gentle and civil; our life we will mind calls the cerebre spinal meningitis was asked if he was a native of Siam, and net and the ravishing pork-pie hat with spend to an illigent ind, and care may go dance with the divil.