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# Poetical.

### AFTER ALL

The apples are ripe in the orchard, The work of the reaper is done, And the golden woodlands redden, In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage door the grandsire Sits pale in his easy chair, While the gentle wind of twilight Plays with his silver hair

A woman is kneeling beside him, A fair young hand is pressed, In the first wild passion of serrow, Against his aged breast

And far from over the distance The faltering echoes come,
Of the dying blast of trumpet,
And the rattling roll of drum.

And the grandsire speaks in a whisper-"The end no man can see; But we give him to his country, And we give our prayers to Thee."

The violets star the meadows, The rose-buds fringe the door, And over the grassy orchard The pink white blossoms pour

But the grandsire's chair is empty, The cottage is dark and still— There's a nameless grave on the battle field And a new one under the hill

And a pallid, tearless woman,

## Migrellaneous.

## THE MYSTERIOUS WATCH.

You have no faith in the supernatural? I sist to the last upon its being a burglav in disguise. Yet mark me, in spite of yourself. your hair would rise, and your blood curdle, and you would feel what you would not acknowledge for the world. Bah! If such things have no existence; what do our strange shiverings and shudderings mean? and why do we look about us with awe-stricken eyes when we pass grave yards after dark? You do not, you say. Are you sure of it? I have never seen a ghost and I cannot say I desire doubt if many could retain both life and reason through such an ordeal.

of Indiana. It was then one great forest now, and the dying man looked at me with a with clearings here and there for fields of gnastly smile.
corn and rude log houses. Any one led a Take the watch, he said, 'Watch it and hard life there, and a doctor's, it seemed to me; you will find me right." me the worst of all. Miles and miles of hard riding, through rain and mud, to visit patients who could pay nothing; miles back again, to steal a few moments of repose before another announcement of some one being 'very bad.' I was skin and bones in a iwelvementh, but that was nothing uncom-mon in that part of the world. The only wonder is that I did not have what they , called 'fever'n ager.' I was the only person free from it for fifty square miles. However I prospered after a certain fashion, and in a might fer one of her own kindred. year or two made a considerable local reputation. The place was growing and my spir-

It was about this time when I first saw my cold night in November had set in. I was at supper in my little home, and enjoying it as only a hungry and weary man can enjoy, food. Don't isk what I had; it was out west remember. Of course there was a prepara-tion of corn, and a preparation of whisky; corn meal, pork and whisky are the staple articles offered out West. my supper, as I have said, and a loud knock nt my door was not the most delightful sound a troubled expression. I saw at once that of those days of toil and struggle in the far

something serious had occurred. 'It's a bad night to trouble you to come so

"what do you mean?"

a purpose, stranger. We think heaps of him. I'd sooner hev shot myself.' I know that the man spoke the truth, and was that it seemed to appeal to me—to retaking my box of surgical instruments under proach me with forgetting it. my arm, followed him to the spot where his I sat up and looked about me. In an

if the injured man was young or old, and he answered,—'Rising forty;' and then, after a few words upon the badness of the road, wo relamed interpretations of the road, wo

owed him. The room was feebly lit with flickering candles. About a bed in the centre were grouped four or five men and a woman, large and broad shouldered as any of her musculine companions. A child, too, lay crying in its cradle, but no one seemed to it. They make way for my approach, and I saw a figure stretched upon the bed .-It was that of a man with sinewy limbs and weather beaten face. His shirt was unbut-toned, and the breast and sleeves were seaked alive the fancy that I have loved to cherish. with blood.
''Taint of no use, doctor,' he said as I bent

over him; I'm agone good. Doctor's stuff loved her from the first moment, and she loved me in return. We had neither of us I did not believe him. His face was not any friends to interfere, for she was un orthat of a dying man and the wounds scarcely phan, brotherless and sisterless; and so, after seemed dangerous. 'These bullets are bad a brief courtship, we wore married.

things to have in one's side,' I said, 'but | men have lived through more than that .-'I ain't down-hearted, doctor,' answered the man. I shan't leave no children nor no in its atterance, when I was weary, she wife to fret after me and suffer for want of my rifle. I never hey been much afeared of

death. But I cell you all you can do's no use. There's a sign that ean't be mistook.'
The group about the bed glanced at each other, and the woman shook her head at me as though she would have said. 'Never mind I did what I could for him. The bullets

were extracted and the wounds bound up.— He was weak, but not desperately so. I look-"Taint no use—the watch is stopping feet,"

Then for the first time, I noticed that beside him on the bed lay a greated fashioned silver watch, the case battered, the face discolored, and that it ticked with a strange dull ment. Never before had the voice of that cach one had gone, John would come and sit sound, as though it were very old and feeble. watch been so loud or rapid. All day long, beside her, and read to her a magazine which 'The watch has been injured by the bullets, suppose, said I; besides all watches stop

' Not this one, stranger,' said the wounded . They've laughed about that watch'a hundred times; now they'll find my story's I replaced it. Were we threatened with illtrue, I reckon. That watch and I will stop at the same ininute.

The woman at the bedside shook her head again. 'It's an old fancy o' yourn, Mike Barlow,' she said; 'you'll live to see the ful-

money value aru't much, but it'll do you ming. I scated myself at my desk and com-service. It was give to me by an old French-moneed to read, but after a few moments I s what you'll find to be true. That watch will tick slow and steady, reg'lar as the sun, You have no faith in the supernatural? I as long as whoever it belongs to is well, safe, and the room was full of the power attrology, or in the power of the evil eye?—

I do. The reason for this is you are Amerians, descended from English ancestors, while there is descended from English ancestors, while there is descended from English ancestors, while there is a reverence for what you need at.—

Were a disembodied spirit to rise at my bed
Were a disembodied spirit to rise at my bed
Slower. It solve grows hollow, and when failed me. I clutched the table for support, and the room was full or support, and the room was full or power—

It begins to go fast, faster, and faster and faster and faster, until it is post and so loud that you can be staggered to the door put my hand, upon the lock, when horror of horrors! it remained in move block—something had begins to stop. It goes shower and shower. It store to call about but my voice the catch. I strove to call about the table for support, and the room was full of the room was full or to support and the room was full or the power—

I staggered to the door put my hand, upon the lock, when horror of horrors! it remained in move block—something had begins to stop. It goes shower and shower and the room was full or the power—

Staggered to the door put my hand, upon the lock, when horror of horrors! it remained in move block and the room was full of the power—

Staggered to the room was full of the power—

Staggered to the door put my hand upon the lock, when horror of horrors! it remained in my brother to support to the staggered to the door put my hand upon the lock. The power—

Staggered to the room was full or the power—

Staggered to the room was full of the power—

Staggered to the room was full of the power—

Staggered to the room was full of the power—

Staggered to the room was full of the power—

Staggered to the room was full of the power—

Staggered to the room was full of the power—

Staggered to the room was full of the power—

Staggered to the room was side to night, I should question it, and own the breath leaves the body, there's no more but last my hold, and fell heavily to the floor, to being frightened, while you would throw sound to be heard, and all you can do won't I could see nothing—all grew dark about me. make it go for a year. At the end of that Machanically I placed my hand upon the time it will start all of a sudden, and after that time you can read your fate by it and a remembered nothing more. that time you can read your fate by it and know your death hour. It was so after old Pierre died. It will be so now. Keep the

watch when I am gone, doctor.' L could not help looking with some interest at the battered time piece. A strange story had been woven about it, and the marvelous movements were constrained; but it did not always had a charm for me. I sat beside my patient until he sunk to sleep. He seemed to be doing well still, and I had no doubt but the spectacle. There must be an uncomfort, able beating of the heart at such a sight. I permit of my departure at that late hour, and on through such an ordeal.

I was lodged in an upper chamber upon a bed and something was on my breast which emitted a sickly fragrance—a bunch of flowers oung. I came from my own country with slept soundly. At midnight, however, I was seeming half withered. I knew this by the young. I came from my own country with slept soundly. At midnight, however, I was my diploma and nothing else. I found that awakened by the news that my patient was he great cities of the new world were full of worse. He had awakened in mortal agony. doctors young and poor as I was. I left them Some inward injury, impossible to discover, and went westward. I settled in the State had done its work. I said nothing of hope

> These were the last words he uttered. He muttered incoherently after this, tossed his arms about and struggled for his breatli,-At last he seemed to sink into a slumber .-My hand was on his heart. I felt its beating grow faint, fainter, fainter still. At last there was no motion. He was dead. I lifted the watch to my ear-that had stopped

> There were tears in the eyes of the rough men about me, and the woman wept as she might fer one of her own kindred. I could do no good now, and I turned away, leaving the watch upon the coverlid, but one of the

watch, to which all I have now relates. A your'n. He had nobody belongin' to him so awakened by a sound as strange as it was underives fast horses in this beautiful, shining you needn't be afeered to take it. He must hev taken a likin' to you, for he thought a heap of it. Take it, doctor.' And so the

watch was mine.
It was dumb and motionless, and remained so. I took it to a watchmaker and he laughed at the idea of its ever going again. I was enjoying This was after I had left the West and dwelt in a large and populous city in the Eastern States, some eight or nine months after poor which could have broken the silence. How- Mike Barlow's death. The watchmaker onever, I said 'come in !' with as good a grace as possible, and a stranger entered. He was a strange coincidence that it should last exact tall, broad shouldered man, in the dress of ly its master's lifetime, but that was all. So a backwoodsman, and his large features wore I hung it upon my chamber wall, a memento

West. One morning I awoke early. The blushes far, doctor, he said, looking at me from under his fur care that there's a had accident. It was the month of November, but still the happened over at our clearin'; and if you day was levely. There was an unwonted kin do anything for the poor chap, I'll be sound in my room. At first could not guess glad to see it done, more particularly as I from whence it came. Had the sky been cloudy I should have imagined it to be the that this sound I heard was too delicate for We took him for some kind of a critter; the patter of rain. Is might have been the that's how it was,' answered my visitor; 'not clarg of fairy hammer, or the tapping of the it was when it first came into my possession; a purpose, stranger. We think heaps of him. beak of some minute bird save that it was and you may laugh alike at the watch and

rse was tied. Mine was already saddled; stant I understood the sound. It was the my little darkey knew well enough what the tick of the old watch on the wall. Silent for arrival portended, and had made him ready. a twelvementh it has suddenly found voice, We wore off in a few moments,

"Few words were spoken as we rode along through the darkness. I asked whether the wounds were serious, and my companion repolled—"I'm affaved they be doctor." I asked that, the had said that, the had said that, the had said that, and the serious it would be as happened as he had foretold; why should not this come to pass? I were upon my guard there is a glimmoring lightfold that we had chain a dainty little Gonova watch. I un-

approached a dwelling, and with a short fastened it, and put the battered silver mon-We're that, doctor, my company sprang ster in its place. The budding development from his saddle and entered the door. I fol of the mystery made it more precious to me than if it had been set with jewels.

It did not stop again. I heard the soft clear 'tick, tick, tick,' all day, and when I awakened in the night. Once or twice it beat more rapidly than usual, and always before peril—the first time when a fever threatened me; the second as I stood upon a broken bridge, which was swept away one hour afterwards; and at other moments which I Never was its voice so clear and soft as on that evening when I first met Rosa Grey. I

I had no secrets from my wife, and in a lit tle while she learned the story of the watch She had faith in it, and thought or fancied she could detect the very shades of difference said the watch was weary too; when I was glad, it had a joyous echo. I know that on that night when a feeble breath fluttered in

dence in the voice of that old watch I hope never to hear again. So we lived on together. It was God's will that we should be childless, but we loved He was weak, but not desperately so. I look- each other all the more. I grew rich and ed at him and smiled. 'How now, said I?' prosperous, and our only grief was the missing of those haby eyes and voices which we

whom our love had given existence struggled

vainly for its life, there was a pitcous ca-

had hoped to have about our hearth.
It was my fortieth birthday—I shall never forget the day-when the watch beat its warning. My wife and I heard it at one mo-ment. Nover before had the voice of that all the next, and all the next, that warning continued. The strong pulse within the watch shook the table on which it rested when I drew it from my pocket, and made the garments on my bosom rise and fall when ness? No! her check was blooming and my pulse was regular. What could it mean! After four days I began to laugh at my own credulity, and even Rosa began to loose her faith in the monitor. About noon I left her, and went alone in a little room where I So they talk, said the man. Now lis- kept my medical works and some race drugs ton, doctor. You've come to see me and done and curiosities. It was my purpose to study all you could. I'll give you that watch. Its for a lecture which I was to deliver that evenan, out o' Canady, when he was layin' just | began, to experience a singular faintness and as I am layin'. It had been his father's, and to inhale a disagreeable oder. I recognized his grandfather's, and his great grandfath. the smell in a moment. In one of the jars er's, and his great grandfather's before that; upon my shelves was a rare essence of great and this is what he told meabout it, and this use in cases where a suspension of consciousness was necessary, but excessively dangerous save in skilful hands. Some one a seras long as whoever it belongs to is well, safe and thriving. When there stanger coming, stopper, and the room was full of the power-

Consciousness came back to me, as it may come back to a new born babe, for aught I know. I felt without understanding; was conscious of facts for which I cared nothing; seem as though that were any affair of mine. Hunger at last awoke me; the animal aroused the mental, and I began to wonder where I had been and where I was. I put my hand up as well as I could. There was a low roof over my head, folds of muslin lay about me, touch. What was the matter with me ?-Why could I not breathe freely? Was I blind nd deaf, that I could neither see or hear?-

been buried alive!-I lay in my coffin ! And all this time you ask where was my wife, how had she born the blow which had fullen so suddenly upon her? She it was were caused by you. But I forgive you all who found me senseless upon my study floor, this. I have not a hard thought toward you. and she it was who hoped for returning con-sciousness after all others despaired. At last sciousness after all others despaired. they told her I was dead, and shrouded me for burial. Learned men decided that the strange preservation of my frame was caused by the manner of my death, and at length my body was committed to the tomb.

Suddenly the truth flashed acress me: I had

I had often made my wite promise me that if I died first she would take the watch into her own possession, and wear it while she lived; and so, now that all was over, she took it, voiceless as it was, and laid it next her bosom. For three days and nights she never ier-loud enough to make her spring from

her pillow in agony of hope and fear.
Those about her thought she was a mad voman; but, nevertheless, the strength of her purpose bore all before her. Through the streets of the deserted town she passed in her white nightgown, like a ghost, and they dared not hold her back. She reached the church door at last, and beat wildly at the old sexton's door. 'I am come to tell you to open my hus

band's vault,' she said, 'he's come to life again.'

He also thought her mad, and yet dared not disobey her, and all the while the furious ticking of the watch was heard by each one there. It softened, it stilled, when the doors were opened and the black coffin stood upon the turf. It grew musical when my wife bent over me and caught me to her heart—no corpse, but a living man, and it has had no Helped to shoot him!' I said, with a start; rain upon the roof. Then I began to feel change in its regular beat since that me-

> It is before me flow, battered and worn as too regula: But the mystery of the sound the superstition with which it is connected. But my wife believes it firmly, and loves it as though it were a living thing; and, for the matter of that, so do I.

[ Julius, did you attend de last meetin' b de debating society?'

'Well, what was do fust thing dat cum before de house ?' Why, it was a charcoal cart?

According to the Black Republican

# A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

## The Little Railroad Station.

In a beautiful valley, close beside the rail-road which ran along the whole length of it, there stood a neat little station-house. Nobody lived in it, and the young man who had charge of it lived in the village which was situated about a haif mile distance. was built in the Gothic style. A great oak shaded it, and a large ivy-vine climbed up its sides and all along the roof, so that in the distance the house looked as green as an elm tree. This was the home of the station-keepthrough the day, but late at night, after all the trains had passed, he would go to his home in the village, where his aged mother

lived. Early in the morning he would be off again to his beautiful station house. It was a bright morning in the latter part of July, and not very warm, because of the fresh breeze from the mountains. ' Now, Mother,' said John, the station-keep

er, 'I want you to get ready to go with me to day to the station. Your foot is very lame, but I will take you in my hand wagon. I think the change, and the excitement of seca feebler frame, and the sittle creature to will do you a great deal of good. Hurry, mother, for you know if I miss the train I lose my place.

my place."
The proposition was a eccepted, and it was a luxury to the old lady to see the ears pass along. She was almost frightened out of her wits at first, as the trains came up, making such a crashing noise. She declared, as she sat on the long bench in front of the station. and looked up from the stocking which she was knitting, that the cars would surely run over safe there as in their little home in the village. Train after train came and went : and after each one had gone, John would come and sit he had bought on the day before in a bookstore. All at once he noticed that she stopped knitting, and was leaving her head on her hands. She was thinking about something, and looking down upon the ground. John observed her eyes, and saw tears roll down her pale, wrinkled cheeks. At last she could restrain her feelings no longer, and said

these words to him. John, I have something on my mind, which have for a long time been intending to tell you. I think, as you are now a man, that I ought not to keep it from you any longer. Your father died when you were a little child, only two years old, and you have never learned anything of his history. When he first went into business he was wealthy, and owned a very large mansion in the great city which is five miles distant from our village. He went into business with the great book seller, Mr. Nugent, and for a time his profits were very extensive. But by and by he noticed that things were not looking so favorannual business tour and returned home that he had saved the life of Mr. Nugent's date. They must be prial. Mr. Nugent took oath before the officer that he had no money except what was in the private property and the fad to let fel his private property and this related in many he soll to ray the life of the station-house, but could debts which were caused by Mr. Nugent's imprudence. When it was all over, your fath-

hen made oath that he was worth nothing. We struggled hard with poverty, but in two. years' time trouble and anxiety brought your futher down upon a bed of sickness. One physician told him that he must soon dis, he could not live more than a week longer. He did not want to die, and feel that any one had hard thoughts toward him. So he sent for Mr. Nucent, and asked his pardon for all that he had said and thought about him. I heard every word that passed between them, and it was a strange conversation. Your father said this to him, among other things :-Mr. Nugent, I am suro that you defraud-

ed me out of my wealth; for immediately after I gave up all my property for the debts of the concern, and we had dissolved part of ship, you engaged very extensively in businoss again, and bought large houses. Even now, the house you live in was the magnificent mansion that was my own house, and which I gave up to be sold for debts which I love you, though you have wronged me. And now I want you to forgive me. I hope you have no hard feeling against me. I have only spoken the truth, and you cannot blame me for that.

'Mr. Nugent was silent. He was greatly roubled, and tears came in his eyes. If c had not wept, before, since he was a boy. He took your father's hand, and whispered to your father, that if he had wronged him, he would restore everything to his son. You are that son, John, and not one word have I heard from Mr. Nugent about his promise; men came after me.

slept but at last exhaustion did its work, and from that day to this. He is a very old man now, but lives in the same house, and still into a heavy slumber. She was expected. The watch, silent since that fatal conch. But every time I see him, I think of the last words your dear father spoke; and he said them concerning you, John:—'I have not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'

The station-keeper was greatly affected by these strange words of his mother. But just then the train whistled around the curve, and he had to jump up and attend to his duty. afterwards, while he was alone in his little station-house at night, a man came running down from the village, in the direction where he was. As soon as he reached him, he said: 'Your mother is very sick, she may die any moment. She has the heart disease. Come right home and see

What could John do? In a half-hour the express train would be due; and if he was express train would be due; the cars would favorite theme. He said:
run off the track, lives would be lost, and he would be turned out of his situation. But he knew that if he ran all the way home and all the way back, he could return in time. Even all these fine houses, farms and eattle, do you have the world here over the hear of the houses. then he would have only about five minutes in which to see his mother. He concluded that he would do it, sooner than not see her at all. So off he ran, as fast as he could. Sho seemed to be dying. He kissed her, and left again. It was a hard thing to go away then but he must get back and attend to the switch, or the cars would run off the track, and many persons might be killed.

He got back in time, but no sooner had the

train passed than he started off again to see his mother. The night was very, very dark, If he had not known the road so well, he would certainly have lost his way. All at once he heard a noise like horses running away with a carriage. It lightened -a great flash, as bright as day. Ho saw a carriago drawn by two horses, which were running a fearful speed. They were very near the

of the reins, for the driver had already fallen from his seat. He turned the horses' heads; they wheeled around against a large hay stack which happened to be standing there The carriage was already broken, but the horses were still holding to it by the harness There was a young lady inside, who had fainted away from fright, and her face was

bleeding a little from a cut under her right eye. After John had tied the horses to a tree, he took the young lady to a house near by. By this time he recognized her as Mr. Nugent's beautiful daughter, Gertrude. She revived in about a half hour, and John told her that he would send her father word of the accident, but she must not inform him who had saved her from being thrown into the lake and drowned. She promised that she would not tell him and then he left her He united the horses and took them to the village, placing them in care of the hotel-keep-

er. Immediately he sat down and wrote note to Mr. Nugent, which read thus:— 'Mr. Nugent, Dear Fir :- An accident has appened to your daughter. The horses eemed to have lost their driver, and were running at full speed, until they had run almost in the deep lake. If Providence had not interfered, your Gertrude would have been drowned. As it is, you will find her at Mr. \_\_\_\_ and your horses at the Blue Star Hotel. The carriage can be found near the lake shore.

'Very truly, An Unknown Friend.' John sent the note to Mr. Nugent by a young man, who rode a horseback, as fast as he could. Now, who could believe that the young station-keeper could do such an act of kindness while his mother was so ill, and might even then be dead? But he had a good heart, and was ready to give a helping hand to anybody who need his assistance. Fortunately, when he got home, he found his mother better, and it turned out that the Lord spared her for several years afterwards. The next morning he could go to his station house again, and altend to his duties as usual. A week after this he received the following note from the President of the rail-

\*Sin :- I have been informed by a gentle man of wealth and respectability, I mean Mr. lugent, that some evenings ago you went home at the time that the express train was expected, and that it had to wait about fifteen minutes for you to return. We cannot allow such neglect an our road. The matter is too clearly proved to allow any excuse. You need not answer this note, but will vacate your station to-morrow, as another, and, I trust, a prompter young man has been em-

ployed to take your place.'

John could hardly believe his dwn eyes He knew that he got back in time from his sick mother. 'Why should Mr Nugent try to injure him? True, he had met Mr. Nugent on horseback the night he was running home to see his mother, But the train was not yet dues and he get back in time too. Besides, it able, and when he was off to Berlin, on his was on that very same night, but afterwards,

saved from sudden death. John left his little station-house, but could and his splendid mansion be sold to pay the get no situation, until last he was hired for a coachman in a rich man's family. When very sure that he had secretly taken the profits of their business for his own use, and then made oath that he was worth wathing. her promise. Once, about two months after she had completely recovered, they were riding in the cars, when the train came up to the station which John had formerly kept week rolled on after another, until finally the | Some one came out whom Gertrude had nev-

or seen before. Why, father, what has become of John? Wasn't he a good station-keeper?'
'No, my child, he neglected his train one night, and came very near destroying a train of ears and many lives. I met him running home at night just as fast as he could, when he ought to have been at his station. It was the same night the horses fan away with you, and I suppose it could not have been more than an hour before that accident happened. I informed the railroad president of the affair. and he was very promptly dismissed.

"Oh my dear father! you don't know what you have done. You are wrong about his neglecting his train. He didn't do it. His poor old mother was almost dead with the heart disease. He ran home to see her, and then got back again five minutes before the serived And what do von think ho did, after the train went away, and he started home again to see his mother? It was he who

cause it was your father's. I never owned it justly. Here is a check for fifty thousand dollars. I give it to you, as a present for "Good morning, Billy. Yes than do that same thing.'

than do that same thing.'

than do that same thing.'

What ticket did you vote, Billy?'

halt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the

'And sure I voted the ticket with yer be thirsty, give him water to drink; for thou Lord shall reward the.'—N. Y. Methodist.

Talking to boys in public meeting is getting to be an art and science. Billy Ross s a great temperance lecturer, and at Rushville, Ill., was preaching to the young on his

ever think who owns them now? Your fathers own them now?
'Yes sir!' shouted a hundred voices.

Well, where will your fathers be twenty years from now?'
' Dead!' shouted the boys. · That's right. And who will own all this

property then? 'Us boys!'
'Right. Now, tall me did you ever, in going along the streets, notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon doors waiting for omobody to treat them!

Well, where will they be twenty years from now?' ' Dead!' shouted the urchins. 'And who will be drunkards then?'

### " Der Small Pox."

The writer sat alongside the driver one morning, just at the break of day, as the stage drove out of Blackberry; he was a rough passenger to Squash Point. It was very cold morning. In order to break the ce for a conversation, the fine points of the off horse was discussed. The driver thawed.
'Yaas, she's a good hoss, and I know how

It was evidently a case of mixed breed. Where is Wood, who used to drive this stage?'
· He bes laid up mit ter rumatiz, since

ester week, and I trive for him.' I went on reading a newspaper. A fellow assenger on a back seat, not having the fear f murdered English on his hands, coaxed the Dutch driver into a long conversation, much to the delight of a very pretty Jersey blue belle, who laughed so merrily that it was contagious; and in a few minutes, from being like a conventicle, we were as wide awake as one of Christy's audiences. By sunrise we were in excellent spirits, up to all sorts of fur., and when, a little later, our stage stopped at the first watering place, the driver found himself in the centre of a group of treaters to the distilled juice of apples.

'Here's a package to leave at Mrs. Scudder's—the third house on the left hand side after you get into Jericho. What do you charge?' asked a man who seemed to know ' Pout a leffy,' answered he.

Receiving the silver, he gathered up the ate, and, we hope, will have the effect of reins, and put the square package in the stage-box. Just as he started the horses, he caned his head out of the stage, and looking back to the man who gave him the bundle, shouted out the question-"Ter fired haus on ter left hand out of Yeriko ??

The man didn't hear him, but the driver ras satisfied. On he went at a very good rate considering how heavy the roads were. An other tavern, more watering, more applejack. Another long stretch of sand, and we were nearing Jericho. Any potty know der Miss Scutter haus?

asked the driver, bracing his feet on the mail bag, which lay in front of him, and screwing is bead round so as to face in. There seemed to be a consultation going or inside the stage. .'I don't know nobody o' that name in

Jericho, do you Lish?' asked a weather-beaten man who apparently went the same way.
There was old Squire Grow's da'ter she's married a scudder, and moved here some two years back. Come to think on't, guess she ives nigher to Glossbonse, answered Lisher out of the passengers, seeing a tall, raw boned woman washing some clothes in front of a house, and who flew out of sight as the

from his seat, and chased the fugitive hallooing 'I'fe got der small pox; I'fe got der -Here his voice was lost as he dashed into the open door of the house. But in a minute he reappeared, followed by a broom, with ar enraged woman annexed, and a loud voice

stage flew in hand me the reins as he jumped

shouting out-'You git out o' this! Clear yourself quick-er. I ain't going to have you diseasing honest

he shouted it out in capital letters.
Clear out! I'll call the men folks if you don't clear!' and at once shouted in a tip-top voice, 'Ike-you Ike! Where are you?'

Ike made his appearance on the full run. 'I dell you onst more, for der last dime-I'fe got de small pox, and Mister Ellis he gifs me a leffy to give der small pox to Miss. Scutter, and if dat widow is Miss Scutter, I promised to gif her der small pox. It was Miss Scutter; and I explained to er that it was a box he had for her. The iffair was soon settled as regarded delivery;

but not as regarded the laughter and shouts of the occupants of the old stage-coach as we olled away from Jericho. The driver joined n, although he had no earthly idea as to its cause; and added not a little to it, by saying a triumphant tone of voicein triumpanne tone of voice—
'I vas pound to gif ter old vomans ter

VOTED IT UPSIDE DOWN .- We have heard of a good story, told by a son of Erin's Isle, which is worth repeating:

Some two years ago there was quite a saved my life. He turned the horses aside struggle between two certain prominent Demfrom running into the lake, and he didn't ocrats of Weaverville, as to which should go as delegate to the state Convention. The want me to tell you.' as delegate to the state Convention. The 'Can it be possible that I have done that evening prior to holding the County Convenyoung man so much injury? replied Mr. tion, Judge M —— and Squire J ——, Mugent. He began to weep bitterly. —— each had ballots printed, with the names of Nuggit. He began to weep bitterly. each had ballots printed, with the names of 'I will make it right with him,' replied their triends upon them. The Judge's dele-Gertrude's father. And he did. His heart gates were beaten, and before retiring he was touched for the first time since he had been a child. I will tell you what he said to bricks. Next morning, in good season; actJohn three days afterwards, and it will form ing upon the principle that 'a hair of the a good conclusion to my little history:—

'I have wronged you, John, as I did your for the decoction, Billy McBlarney stepped father. Here is the deed for the house in into the saloon and saluted the Judge, when which I live. It is yours, and your mother the following dialogue ensued: shall live with you. The house is yours bethe moutherin' thaves bate us intirely-the

dollars. I give it to you, as a present for your kindness in risking your life to save my daughter. You shall have my thanks as long stand you voted against me. How is that? as you live. John, your kindnes has made me a better man. You have taught me the truth of Solomon's words:—'If thine enemy rather have my whiskey stopped for a year

honor's name on the top uv it.'
'But, Billy, my name was last on the list at the bottom.' This was rather a puzzler to Billy, he

scratched his head, for an instant, then suddealy exclaimed: Bad luck what a fool I am! I roted my ticket upside down!'
The Judge iramediately ordered an eyeopener for Billy; he had fairly heat him on

the examination .- Trinity (Cal.) Journal. Samby, I's got a conumbus to pro mulgate to you. digate to you. ! Propel, darkey.' ! Well, then, why am you like a tree?'

'Why am I like a tree? I gib that up.' 'The reason you am like a tree is because you am eber given! Yah !. yah ! Julius, I'se got a conumbus to propound to vou.'

'Expatiate, den, Sambo.' 'Well, don, why am you like a tree?'
'I gib that up darkey.' 'Den, darkey, I can demonstrate de fact. The reason is, you am a low cuss?"
'Good-bye, darkey, I exchange no more

salutations wid you. How we cling to every soft October day that dies, knowing that afterward nothing can come, nothing will come, nothing ought to come, but winter and snows.

#### Drops of Wisdom. Too much company is worse than none To set up for a critic is bullying mankind.

The modest man is seldom the object of Don't judge by one view of person or thing. Truth endures man's purpose with some what of immutability.

Thought is the wind, knowledge the sail,

and mankind is the vessel. Fortune may favor fools; but that's a poor eason why you should make a fool of your-

Some women are born to scheme and some o love, and I wish some respected bachelor that reads this may take the sort that best

Women never truly command until they have given their promise to obey. Death, to a good man, is the coming of the year of its blossoming time. Do we call it dying when the buds burst into flowers? There are some points on which no man can be contented to follow the advice of an-

other, some points on which he can consult

his own conscience only.

To have tarts for tea—let your wife see you kiss the waiting maid. A sure thing. To prevent a headache when getting sober To tell if you love a girl-have some tallow

headed chap go to see her. Below will be found an interesting letter, picked up on the street and handed us for publication. It is full of the affection-

winning Mary: Carlisle, October 28, 1862,

I have been long in love with you, but was afraid to tell you. When I go with you to the —, I am almost like a fool, altogether unfit for company. I think of you all day, and all night I dream of my dear Mary. I am well settled in work, and my wages are eight dollars every week. You and I can-live on that, and I shall bring it home un-touched every Saturday evening. I will not go to any tavorn, but as soon as my work is done, return home to my dearly beloved Mary. I hope my dear you will not be angry for I am really in love. I cannot be happy unless you are mine. I was afraid to mention this to you, but if you will leave an answer at my lodgings, I will meet you next Sunday after dinner, at the , when we will take a walk to , and drink tea. How happy shall I be to hear from my charmer; but a thousand times more to think she will

I am, my dear, your real lover-CORPORAL. P. S.—Please let me knew by the next

VERY MORAL - A few days ago a missionry visited the camp of the 16th regiment, in Hartford, Conn., for the purpose of giving the soldiers some spiritual advice. He went to one tent where stood a private, and said

'My friend, do you love the Lord?'

' Don't love the Lord?'

folks, if you have the small pox? man some excellent and appropriate advice.
I dells you I'fe got der small pox. Ton't and left with him a tract. Passing on to man some excellent and appropriate advice, another tent, he came upon another member of the regiment.

Do you love the Lord?'

'I have some tracts; would you have some to distribute?'. 'Yes, I should be very glad to receive them and pass them around among my compan-

'I am happy to find so true a christian gentleman as yourself. At a tent just below young man, and asked him if he loved the Lord, and he said No. 'Said what?'
'He said No.'

'He did, did he! why I thought the d-d Cool knew better P The missionary was understood to say that Hartford county furnished some very doubt-

ADVINTAGES OF WOMEN.-A WOMAN what she thinks without being knocked down

She can take a snooze after dinner while her husband goes to work.

She can go into the street without being asked to 'stand treat' at every saloon.

She can paint her face if it be too pale and owder it if too red.

She can stay at home in time of war, and

get married again if her husband be killed. She can wear corsets if too thick—other ixins' if too thin. She can get divorced from her husband vhenever she sees one she likes better. She can get her husband in debt all over, ntil he warns the public not to trust her on

is account. VALUABLE RECEIPTS .-- To make a nice jam -lay your head under a descending pite dri-

To see if a man is your friend-make love to his wife! To get the frost out of your fingers put them in hot water.
To see if a girl is amiable tear her dress n a ball room.

To keep yourself warm in bed—set it on

To see how hard a man strikes-tell him To keep noor relatives from troubling you -commit suicide.

To keep from being dry-stand out in the

GOOD GROUNDS FOR EXEMPTION .- A scene in Surgeon Haller's office, - Doctor, if the foot won't answer, I have another all sufficient reason—one that you cannot refuse me ex-

To do away with spectacles—put your eyes

unntion for. What is it? asked the doctor. 'Why, the fact is, doctor, I have not got good sense—I am an idiot,' soberly replied

the applicant.
'Ah!' said the doctor, 'what proof have you of that? What evidence can you bring? 'Proof conclusive,' said the applicant.
'Why, sir, I voted for Abe Lincoln; and if that isn't proof of a man's being a didiot, 1 don't know how idioey could be proven.'—Vandalia Democrat.

Man proposes, and God disposes, said a pious aunt to her over confident niece. Let a man propose to me if he dare, was the response, 'and I'll dispose of him ac-

A young lady was thrown from a carringe, and on being asked where she was injured, most innocently replied: 'Down at the surprise party, when "om Skillman went home with another girl,'