

BE OFF WITH YOU NOW.

BY CHAS. SWAIN.
"But if you do, don't (know) I
will only chide you,
With cheeks like the rose's soft glow,
And glances more bright than the star.
It is true that my whilst is but small,
And my singlets may curl like the vine;
But I'm not an angel at all!
Nay, nay! I the least bit divine!"

"So off with you now—don't I see
You're douting from eve until dawn!
My step may be bounding and lewd,
But I'm not in the least like a fawn!

But, 'tis ever the method we know,

Sister Aden in Eden began—

That looks were sure to be known,
I off much worse, of course like the sun!

With you till you'll learn
To wear a plain hearted youth;

My mind; if you love me, discern!

To win you more worth with truth!

I would rather instead of those flowers,
In which you are ever so ripe!

That you promised to love me all hours,

As for us each other had life!

THE HAPPY WIFE.

A little brother of eye and mind of mein,
With his merriment under gentle guise;
With quietude, where she speaks,
What glad content sits smiling on her cheeks!

What plans of goodness in that bosom glow!
What prudent care is shown upon her brow;

What tender truth in all she does or says!

What piety and peace in all her ways!

What's best affection grows divine in grace;

And eyes are ray'd with love, sorrow and bright

Charity wreathes her lips with smiles of light;

Her kindly voice hath music in its notes;

And hereto own atmosphere around her float.

A NEW WAY TO OLD DADS.—The Mobile correspondent tells the following "old" story of how a bill was collected from a "hard customer."

Ned, the creditor, is a clever, shrewd trader—mirthful, facetious and industrious, withal, for he never lived by his wits, though possessed of a considerable stock.

All of these, John Hays was not. He was dimwitted, tricky, and evidently dishonest, yet held an acceptance of his long past due—when some neighbor told him that John had gathered every cent he could save, fairly or unfairly—would pay no heed, and was off next day for California.

This was a bad shot for Ned's "money lot." Force would be worse than use, and a ruse was the forlorn hope.

"Well, I hear you are off for the diggings!"

"Yes, I go to-morrow."

"Well, I'd like you to return mo that money."

"I am sorry I can't, for I haven't a cent!"

Now, Ned knew his pocket-book was downright phobic—over-crowded.

"Well, if you can't be bad; but no reason for our parting in ugliness. So, let's take a drink."

Ned is capital company—can drink his share—and joke a great deal more. So, in pursuance of his humor and more of the plan, he laughed and quaffed, smoked and joked, and seemed not to have a bad debt in the world. John relished his fun much, but his liquor more; and as his head and his honesty were equally weak and unreliable, he soon began to close his eyes, as though, by lessening the number of Ned's he began to find before him, he could better observe the one in particular. Whether he did so or not, Ned observed him—carefully, too.

"For God, that's a more exquisite sight than father," said Cassio, when the maulde was a full force.

"Let's have another champagne!" cried John, in a similar one.

This gave him a quietus, and John was escorted to their mutual room by the suds, but wary Ned.

Fast sleeping and snoring lay John, dreaming of California or Champagne, or perhaps, a mixture of the two, when Ned took up his suspicious looking and attenuated slip of paper, which seemed remarkably like a long-sleeping and much-huddled "promise to pay." Carefully calculating interest from date to day—writing down the same upon the note—and then endorsing the document with—"Received the contents, 3d October, '52, E. H." he turned to gaze upon his pot-companion.

"Good!" muttered the sleeper; "let's have another."

Ned then carefully counted out from the sleeper's ill-gotten wealth, the exact sum of debt and interest; and in it, instead deposited the address—cancelled acceptance, and retired to rest.

Early in the morning, John rose up, not like a giant refreshed with wine, but like a medium-sized rascal, who had taken too much of it over night.

On opening his depository for stolen goods—the pocket-book—John suddenly exclaimed—

"I have been robbed of over three hundred dollars!"

"Robbed?" asked Ned. "Oh, no! that won't be so I locked the door myself."

"Robbed? Of three hundred and odd?"

"Why, that's exactly the amount you paid me. And now I think of it, did you pay me that?"

No! told you I could not."

"Yes," said Ned; "I remember that; but somehow it strikes me—three hundred?—we both got very drunk, I know—but let me see—just as we were going to bed? Three hundred? Yes! I think that finally, you paid me that note."

"No! I tell you," shouted John, "I have been robbed!"

"Well, now," said Ned, "as innocently as if he was among the Indians, I began to feel strongly that you did. Just search your pocket-book for that note."

John ran over his papers, like one who looks for what he does not wish to find, when suddenly the cancelled note met his eyes!

Ned, too, was looking over his portmanteau with the expression of an innocent, who unexpectedly finds he has more

money at the end of a spree than he began with. John gazed at his busy friend quite Chapman, vainly wondering how he got accidentally seduced into an honest act.

At a late trial in Texas, the defendant, who was not familiar with the multitude of words which the law employs to make a very trifling charge, after listening a while to the reading of the indictment, jumped up and said, "Them 're allegations is false, and that 'er alligator knows it."

An old lady once said, that her idea of a great man was, "a man who was careful of his clothes, don't drink spirits, kin read the Bible without spelling the words and kin eat a cold dinner on wash day, to save the wimmen folks the trouble of cooking."

A young dandy about starting on a sea voyage, went to a store to purchase his life preserver.

"O, you will not want it," suggested the clerk, "bags of wind won't sink!"

Dobbs says that a man boating time should be fed on ketch-up.

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