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CLEARFIELD JULY 3, 1854.

Why Don't the Girls Propose f

The men are shy, the ladies cry,
Their minds they won't disclose;
If it be so, I'd like to know
Why don't the girls propose? At splendid balls, in dazzling halls.

Amid a host of beaux,
With speaking eyes, and timid sighs,
The ladies might propose.

Ye maidens fair, now laughing there, So coyly with your beaux, Take my advice, don't be o'er nice. They'll wed—do you propose.

When storn papas and cross mamas All marriage schemes oppose,
And beaux are shy, there's no cause why
The belies should not propose.

Poor Martha Mears, for forty years
To wedlock was opposed;
But now sho sighs, and whimpring cries
"I wish I had proposed."

Then pity take, for hyman's sake, On these unhappy beaux, Who are, poor elves, too shy themselves. A marriage to propose.

A LEGEND OF KENTUCKY. UNCLE ZACK'S STORY.

BY AUGUSTUS HARCOURT.

ece, leizurely glancing over a lately rerived magazine, I was suddenly startled by a rough knock at the door.

i.var . ' muttered I, rather ill-naturedly, I an afraid.

"Come in."

vy "stogy" boots-real brick-pulverizers right, old feller." —a hard, shaggy, black, wool-hat, and—
and let me see, well I don't believe he had hoss,' alias old brandy; well I'm sorry I anything else on that is worthy of particu- havn't a drop about the office." lar mention-at least I did not notice it.

He stopped at the entrance to how .-Don't laugh, O, wasp-waisted dandies |- you, exceedingly." and a smile of beneficent self-satisfaction lighted up his rubicund visage.

happy to see you."
"Wait till I shake a little o' this country why ye look as sharp as a new pin. Aint; hitch. goin' out to see the gals or nothin' are ye? I humbly promised in futute to use noth-Give us a shake of yer paw: By jully ing but monosyllables if possible.

toppers of you aint a hose and no mistake." ment most highly, and, having duly satis- this place ?" fied the other numerous queries, at length

"What's the news about the burg, any proudemotion. how ?" said he, extending his legs at full

"No. I believe not, none that I remember of. How do your crops look, wheat, corn, etc.?"

"Wheat!" echoed Uncle Zack, staring der middlin'-nothin' to brag on." "They tell some hard stories about your

me." corn, around here, Uncle Zack." . "O, they are always lyin' on us anyhow -what's out now?"

"Why they say that you have to put a big rock at the lower side of every hill of, of mine, at a distance." corn, to keep the rain from washing the soil away; and that when you plough it odation to you, I'll do it, of course," said you have to go at it cork-screw fashion, the old fellow. and wind around the hill. I never believ-

deat or nard tying about this, with on its axes like a grind stone—all humbug I tell ye it was like taking a ride on the big funnel. the tales they tell about our knob farms. though, I allers though the tain in the natur tail of a comet, it was." for our purposes." A profound silence that "I had not thought much upon the sub- the top of the fork." ensued of several minutes duration. Our ject lately." conversational powers seemed exhausted.

as though he entertained serious doubts of way o' callin' his old rifle, from off the He seemed to be enjoying something huge- didn't walk very fur, now, till he come to I ventured a question:

"What's the matter, Uncle Zack?" be split up in spare ribs and briled on a have too, colonel?" griddle if that aint a good un," and the old | I had never seen it.

plain yourself," said I, somewhat offended ler, jest looked to him like "a stack o' at his rudeness.

the cause of it, or the laughter, like gas, novel comparison, and again the old narhad all escaped, at any rate, Uncle Zuck rator proceeded: at length became sober, and settled his "Well, as I was sayin,' Old Buck he countenance into an explanetory expres- came up to this tree, and as he sneaked

hoss' was-eh?"

String alone in my room a few evenings these mysteries, but as it is, I am still in better be done. Arter while he come to blissful ignorance of your meaning."

onished visuals the well-known figure of object, and that object is a spiritual one."

it necessary to fill up the blank, as this is imous,' case I haint no book-larned feller, "I don't know what ye mean by 'sinon. all the name our jolly old hunter ever gets) and never went to school but two weeks.

He was dressed in a rough suit of brown in all my born days—but if you mean jeans-pretty well worn, by-the-by-hea. they're both the same, why ver about

"Pity," ejaculated he sententiously

"Yes, it is indeed. I regret it, I assure

"I'll tell ye what I wish ye would do," "Come in, Uncle Zack, come in : I am abruptly. "What is it?"

"Why as you int got no brandy about dirt off my stogies," (shakes his feet and to wet a paor feller's whistle, I wish ye walks in.) "Well, how do you do, any. wouldn't throw quite so many big words how, boss? I'm monstrous glad to see you; at me, as I don't want to get choked this siderable difference."

"Bylthe by. Uncle Zack, I had almost As it is a very high compliment to be compared to one of these useful quadruped all creatures by a man of Uncle Zack's the decrease of the control of the co class, I of course appreciated the compli-

"What about old Surmit and the Infied the other numerous queries, at length [3] answered my old friend, his eyes apyhow.' So he lets all holds go, and into one myself. Mere absent-minded-

"Yes; couldn't you tell me all about it length and crossing them over each other now! There's no one to disturb us: Pete" like a knife and fork at a dinner-table.— called I to the Ethiopian office-boy, "shut so they jest rolled over a little and flapped Zack, "it's when the thinking machine "Anybody dead, married, or gone to Cali- that front door, and if any one inquires for out their tongues, and turned up the whites gets on a spree and turns a somerset or hatch up."

"Yes sah, certingly sah."

suasively, "begin, for I want to put it all, wanted to examing their pints. sheet of paper.)

"Nothing to fear Uncle Zack, you will look as well in writing as anybody, and then I want to send it off to some friends "Well, well, ef it will be of any accom-

disinterested patrism, and all that ar soil ne was an old buck, and no inistance—in once, and so as soon as the old our site by dorned of he wer'nt. Well, one day down within reach of my hands I made a slip into the cave afore the injins could see him. So at last when he'd run himself—when the sun had just riz up out o' bed grab with one claw and cotched the old see him. So at last when he'd run himself—when the sun had just riz up out o' bed grab with one claw and cotched the old see him. So at last when he'd run himself—kinder 'lillyqui-and opened his big eyes on this yearth o' un by the tail, and then I gin a dart with self pretty nigh down, he comes up to the and opened his big eyes on this yearth o' un by the tail, and then I gin a dart with and opened his big eyes on this yearth o' un by the tail, and then I gin a dart with self pretty nigh down, he comes up to the zen, I bleeve the larned folks call it."

"Romance be darned," replied Uncle ourn, that the school-bosses tell the little my old hunter knife with tother hand, and bushes—gave a quick dodge—jumped to zen, I bleeve the larned folks call it." Zack with emphasis, "There's a good shavers at school is as round as an onion, lord Moses! ye just ought to seen how the one side—and jest before him was the deal of hard lying about 'em, and that's and swings around in the sky and turns old an scrabbled out o' that holler. Whoop mouth of the cave, staring out like a great

Isheld the magazine in my hand, and as a "Howsomever, that aint got nothin to me, when the forks o' the tree, I jest old scalp 'em, and sot her down leanin' "Lookin' cautiously round, to see if ment to business, no debts, no notes in do with what I was agoin' to say, no how, o' the holier at the forks o' the tree, I jest old scalp 'em, and sot her down leanin' "Lookin' cautiously round, to see if ment to business, no debts, no notes in do with what I was agoin' about, and thinks he, I'm safe that was any Injins doggin' about, and banks, no credit system, no competition, now sartin' Old Buck told me afterward knowing the direction of his cabin competition, eye became auracted and I continued to cept that the sun had just riz, and the sun had off tumbled the old un down now, sartin.' Old Buck told me afterward knowin' the direction of his cabin, soon no beggers to distress them. Their reliwe're twitterin' and hoterm is to bust mer my amo, and on the ground like a rotten pumpkin,—that he panted like a scared deer—so near lands at home safe and sound. His cabin gion is every way more conducive to their bustoms; and the trees were a lookin' as to the ground like a rotten pumpkin,—that he panted like a scared deer—so near lands at home safe and sound. His cabin gion is every way more conducive to their of its and the trees were a lookin' as of the panted like a scared deer—so near londs at home safe and sound. His cabin dout of breath you know, ginral.

After waitin' a few minits he heard the large that he other bushes and doins' that the large the other bushes and doins' the large the large the other bushes and doins' the large the other bushes and doins' the large the "Rearzihorse?" repeated I, puzzled to sweetheart. Jest about his time old Buck the leaves and grass, and roarin' like the about, but as he didn't know nothin' about could carry 'em, for there was Ingins always at the leaves and grass, and roarin' like the leaves and grass, and roarin' like the like the leaves and grass, and roarin' like the like the leaves and grass, and roarin' like the like the leaves and grass, and roarin' like the like the like the leaves and grass, and roarin' like the like the leaves and grass, and roarin' like the like the leaves and grass, and roarin' like the like the leaves and grass, and roarin' like the like the leaves and grass, and roarin' like the like the leaves and grass, and roarin' like the like the leaves and grass, and roarin' like the like the like the leaves and grass, and roarin' like the like the leaves and grass, and roarin' like the like the leaves and grass, and roarin' like the like the leaves and grass, and roarin' like the like the leaves and grass, and roarin' like the like the leaves and grass, and roarin' like the like the like the leaves and grass, and roarin' like the leaves and

my sanity, and then burst forth a most ear- rack in his cabin, and after stirrin' her up splitting ha! ha! continued and re- and swabbin her out, slung her on his peated at intervals for several moments.— shoulder and started for the woods. He

ly, but what it was I could not understand, a great big holler sycamer tree, standin' on the banks o' Coon creek, jest up on a little rise from the water. I've seen it than "The roan horse in the stable! well I'll many a time arterward, and maybe you

fellow laughed again tumultuously.

"Perhaps you'll be good enough to ex- seen it, as it was such a great big fine felwhite cuts with green tails sticken' out."

"The tone of my voice might have been I laughed an approving laugh at this

along the grass he tho't he heered some-"And ye didn't know what the 'roan thin' a growlin' and gruntin' inside o' the tree. This kinder astonished the old hoss. "No, how should I? If I lived away So he jest reined himself back to hold a down among your wild, barbarous hills consultation, like the doctors do now-nand knobs I might initiate myself into all days over a dead man, and see what had the conclusion that he'd better climb up You'd better believe the old feller didn't "Well," said he, in a grave, dignified the tree apiece, as ther was a big hole at stay to count them that time, not he. manner, studying meanwhile the convul- the forks, and jest stick his knowledge-box Grabbin' up his young bar, he wouldn't follow head? the of this at all. Here he night of the price of th Who the deuce can that be at such an sive patterns upon the carpet attentively, into the hole, and take a kinder spy glass let 'em have that ef he could help it, and view of the premises. So up he clumb, slingin' old scale 'em over his shoulder was, cooped up in a hole like a mink, and I'll be bound." view of the premises. So up he clumb, slingin' old scalp 'em over his shoulder, "O, yes," answered I, greatly relieved [1 tell ye Col. he could climb like a young he broke off into a run, and the way he did these darned coverfily hell-cats goin to [4 And is that the conclusion? said 1 tell ye Col. he could climb like a young he broke off into a run, and the way he did these darned coverfily hell-cats goin to [4 And is that the conclusion? said 1 tell ye Col. he could climb like a young he broke off into a run, and the way he did these darned coverfily hell-cats goin to [4 And is that the conclusion?] "and so the 'roan hose' and the 'striped bar, he could,) and when he got up to the make the dirt fly, and the leaves, and the In a so the four make the dirt fly, and the leaves, and the door opened, exhibiting to my pig' are synonomous terms for the same forks he jest dodged his head down into grass fly, was a little astonishin, to the Inthe tree, and what upon airth do you suppose he saw?"

of black cats,' perhaps.'

nigger babies. Now Old Buck like a darned old gander, as he was, took a hankerin' arter one o' these little varmints. and thinks he, 'I'll jest let myself down and ed nothing.

grab up one o' the young rascals by the I recalled his wandering faculties by a tail, whisk him out and have him safe before he can open his blinkers,' Well, this said Uncle Zack, starting and looking up might all do very well to think about, but there's a considerable difference between thinkin' about a thing and doin' it, aint there Col.?"

I agreed with Uncle Zack upon this point. I thought there was "a very con- himself.

and he found his arms wern't 'thar,' and by the holies, what have I been doin' for outside yellin', whoopin' and dancin' like to multiply great and gorgeous buildings, that ef he 'spected to git one o' these young the last ten minutes? This old knowledge young doubt and the clubber Fine houses were never so popular. brightening and his form swelling with down he lit among the young bars. The ness-nothing more." young uns now didn't think quite so hard . "And what in the dickens is that?" of it as might naterally be supposed, kase they wern't humans ye know, Col. And to know how I could explain it to Uncle me, tell them I am not in-gone out to o' their eyes, and grunted a little, and two, while we are not watching it," The the country, or anything that you can then rolled back agin. Well, Old Buck explanation was satisfactory. hatch up." - "I understand you," said U sorter considerin' which he'd take, like a "Now, Uncle Zack," commenced I, per- feller when he buys a horse ye know, he seed Old Buck grab up that little varmint

scratch is the fuss now?"

"What on arth to do the old fellow didn't pole," "And I'll 'sland treat' when you are know. He didn't have much time to make Now Old Buck-I forgot to tell yedone," added I, consolingly, and the old up his mind about it neither; so he sex to knowed whar a cave was, near about whar ed all this though—is it true!"

up his mind about it neither; so he sex to knowed whar a cave was, near about whar recommended:

"Is every thing true that them big pattered by the was runnin, and so he was a trying the was runnin, and so he was runnin, and so he was a trying the was runnin, and so he was a trying the was runnin, and so he was a trying the was runnin, and so he was a trying the was runnin, and so he was a trying the was runnin, and so he was a trying the was runnin, and so he was a trying the was runnin, and so he was a trying the was runnin, and the was runnin, and the was runnin, and the was r

low Dutch, ye know."

might jest as well skin the old bar, and

knife to do this. "He'd hardly stuck his knife into the carcass when-whoo! whoo! whoop!yelled a half a dozen or more wild Injins.

painted like heathen. "Crack! went a rifle-shot tearin all the leaves of the trees around old Buck, and sputtering in the creek tother side of him.

gins, I tell ve." Uncle Zuck stopped abruptly here, and "I could not possibly imagine—'a pile appeared to relapso into a sort of spiritubars, all a layin' crossways over one anoth- ved like the billows of the ocean. He laughed at the old they had got him. er, and tumblin' about jest like so many clutched his fingers and leaned engerly

> question: "Did the Indians pursue him I"

He started as though just awakened into my eyes, in seemingly bewildered as-

"At any rate Old Buck retched down, low with emphatical animation. "Why, kept follerin' up, and the Ingins on the ry, and gratification. Men are determined bars he'd either have to git his arms spli- box of mine (tapping his head familliarly) young devils on a splurge, and the old hoss

'em barking a feller's shins. But how- lessly. "O you were in a kind of mental somever thicks old Buck, 'I'll risk them trance—nothing alarming—very often fall

"Well about the Ingins, as soon as they at me in astonishment. "By the down in writing," (here I drew up the wripocus we don't raise any down in our neck down in writing," (here I drew up the wriAt last he picked one out, and was jest they takes after him, yellin' and screechin' jest when he opened his eyes agin, he saw pocus we don't raise any down in our need ting desk, and spread out a fresh, white goin' to grab him up, when—the lord like half-dead wild cats. 'Twas enough o' woods, and as to corn, it's just so—kin-lord like half-dead wild cats. 'Twas enough o' woods, and as to corn, it's just so—kin-lord like half-dead wild cats. 'Twas enough of raises and as to corn, it's just so—kin-lord like half-dead wild cats. 'Twas enough of raises and as to corn, it's just so—kin-lord like half-dead wild cats. 'Twas enough of raises and as to corn, it's just so—kin-lord like half-dead wild cats. 'Twas enough of raises and as to corn, it's just so—kin-lord like half-dead wild cats. 'Twas enough of raises and as to corn, it's just so—kin-lord like half-dead wild cats.' crackee! he heard an awful scramblin' to shake the leaves of the trees-sich how-"Put it down in writin'! why you skeer among the dry leaves, and a cracklin of lin'. Made the young squirrels jump off the limbs, and thinks he, "what in the old the top branches and nearly break their necks, so Old Buck said to me afterward, Up jumps old Buck, thankin' the Lord for "He soon seed what was the fuss, for it It pushed the old hoss mightily to keep was the old bar comin' home to her young ahead of them, for they was fresh, ye see, about the cave-floor, and down gullies, and uns, and a comin' down the tree tail fore- and he was rather fagged at fust. Howmost! I guess old Bucky war atween the somever he done his best, and run like the through the drippin' and past the lizards

the tales they tell about our knob farms.
True as gospel; they sint as rich and productible as they might be be but howson!
As I did not wish to give Uncle Zack a displaying the sentence was finished with a feeling and no more.

As I did not wish to give Uncle Zack a displaying the sentence was finished with a feeling and no more.

So, as soon as old here. But when he come to think about time and no more. So, as soon as old here. But when he come to think about time and no more making caves in this airth of the back door out of this when he found the Lord for making caves in this airth of the back door out of this when he found the Lord for making caves in this airth of the back door out of this when he found the Lord for making caves in this airth of the back door out of this when he found the Lord for making caves in this airth of the back door out of this when he found the Lord for making caves in this airth of the back door out of this when he found the Lord for making caves in this airth of the back door out of this when he found the Lord for making caves in this airth of the back door out of this when he found the Lord for making caves in this airth of the back door out of this were cave. Ses the lack air was intimate; I've borrowed the old ourn. Now the mouth of this yer cave he, 'Now, Old Buck, you had better wait if it gis dark afore you venture out of this tress ourselves about "The Poor Indian," tress ourselves about "The Poor Indian," they out of the back door out of this been door out of this been cave. Ses he, 'Now, Old Buck, you had better wait was jest big enough to let one man in at a till it gis dark afore you venture out of the back door out of this been cave. Ses he, 'Now, Old Buck, you had better wait they out of the back door out of this been cave. Ses he, 'Now, Old Buck, you had better wait they out of the back door out of this been cave. Ses he, 'Now, Old Buck, you had better wait they out of the back door out of this been cave. Ses he, 'Now, Old Buck, you had better wait they out of the a pecunar noa of the near und a stylenger snook my near not mays, soon as old need, but when he come to think about less which might mean, they do very well and noncommittal, and merely remarked got ride of the bar, when they both got to Buck got in safe, he turned a hig rock up it, this wouldn't do. Case the Ingins might against the mouth, big enough to keep a get tired waitin', and break in at the other greenhorn, (a familliar way of talking to the ar from gittin in at the same time.— seein anything stirrin, he crauls out com-My visitor continued:

"Howsomever, that aint got nothin' to me,) when the bar and me got to the top The old feller arter doin' this loaded up plete.

"Well she did jest before she died," re- last they happened to see the hole; one o' How many is that? said they. 'Quick plied Uncle Zack. "Its all the same in 'em let out a tremendous whoop! ugh! and tell us quick, old hoss.' ow Dutch, ye know." jumped down toward the mouth of the 'Old hoss did tell 'em quick, and they "Well, and what happened after that?" cave, but Old Buck he was watchin', and all loaded up and started for the cave.— "Well, let me see," and the old hunter when red-skin got in the right range of When they come pretty nigh they all dodg-

"O, yes, yes, what the dence was I thinking about? Why after he shot the old bar he jumped down agin to get his the care and the content of lerin' like they was all drunk. young un, strapped him up so he could the cave, and all commenced jabbering to give the word, sez Old Buck. Bill and the outside of the tree to the ground. An a talken' among 'emselves Old Buck seed Pete both tuk his advice and laid low. the outside of the tree to the ground. An idea happened to strike Old Buck arter he got down on solid ground agin, that he drippin' down slowly, and sez he, 'I won-you take that one with the blue cheeks, take the varmint's hide home with him, and teched his hand in it, and he told me on his nose. ghost right away."

"And what was it?" I inquired eagerly over tumbled all three of the Ingins, dead as hammers.

"The dead Ingins blood! drippin' and fallin' down on Old Buck like spirit water!

"But they didn't give him much time to did streak it through them Kaintuckee.

they could find, they commenced buildin' them than ye could ketch a deer. make bacon out of him. Human nature Uncle Zack. couldn't stand it. The old feller was bi- 'Yes, Ginral, that's all, and It's additions len hot, and so he jest loaded up his old as gospel. Yew jest ax anybody et a nucle rifle and sticking it out blazed away. - I know nobody wont doubt my voracity But as he couldn't see the red-skins, of they wont that, if they know what's what al ecstasy. His eyes sparkled with ex-"No sir-ee, but a pile of little young citement. His great expanded chest hea- got no game. Ingins all hollered and obsequiously. "Bring in the brandy and laughed at the old chap, thinkin' how nice ico-water, Peter. You feel dry no doubt,

forward, as though watching some invisible pursuit, seeing with the eyes of the of the cave, and then piled leaves and eving how strangely the brandy, and a very crything they could git on to raise a smoke. Little of the water evaporated. Pretty soon the smoke begin to coze down down into the cave, and Old Buck he begun to feel a little sort o' oncomfurtable.— genius in some things than in others, as a from a mesmeric trance, looked vacantly ed as if it run considerable way under ously honored. Architecturing, civil entonishment, and by an effort of the will hard on him, he kinder retreats back, fust into the first rank of professions. The and a gasp of the lungs, he returned to stoppin' up the mouth as well as he could, thrifty would need the help of such talents, to keep the Ingins from follerin him. and it is glad to pay for them, because, "O, yes, yes, sir!" replied the old fel- well, he kept retreatin' and the smoke thereby it ministers to its own pride, luxus ter kept drippin' from the roof, and the sonry is the uppermost charm, and magkept jumpin' and skippen about like young spring squirrels; sometimes creepin' up Old Buck's leggins and craulin on his to take your place as sun, moon and suits, "Why," answered I musingly, pozzled and then runnin' off agin. O, I tell ye, convert granite and marble into the prace was over in this world, and he begun to empty pocket.-N. Y. Times. think about bein' good afore he 'moved out

o' his lodgin' house.' "I understand you," said Uncle Zack. this, and he follows the somethin' that forks of a dilemny that time—he was that, devil had been arter him with a long then agin comin up to it bigger and brighter than ever.

'At last he come clar up to it, and saw that it was another way of gitten into the as if blossoming for the grave. Ounfees cave-kind o' back door entrance, and jest the opposite side of the hill from whar the tingir love for the such peoples, and so as soon as the old bar slid by dodgin' behind those he that ar soft he was an old Buck, and no mistake—I'll once, and so as soon as the old bar slid by dodgin' behind those he that ar soft he was an old Buck, and no mistake—I'll once, and so as soon as the old bar slid by dodgin' behind those he that ar soft he was an old Buck, and no mistake—I'll once, and so as soon as the old bar slid by dodgin' behind those he that ar soft he was an old Buck, and no mistake—I'll once, and so as soon as the old bar slid by dodgin' behind those he that ar soft he was an old Buck, and no mistake—I'll once, and so as soon as the old bar slid by dodgin' behind those he that ar soft he was an old Buck, and no mistake—I'll once, and so as soon as the old bar slid by dodgin' behind those he that ar soft he was an old Buck, and no mistake—I'll once, and so as soon as the old bar slid by dodgin' behind those he that ar soft he was an old Buck, and no mistake—I'll once, and so as soon as the old bar slid by dodgin' behind those he that ar soft he was an old Buck, and no mistake—I'll once, and so as soon as the old bar slid by dodgin' behind those he that ar soft he was an old Buck, and no mistake—I'll once, and so as soon as the old bar slid by dodgin' behind those he that ar soft he was an old Buck, and no mistake—I'll once, and so as soon as the old bar slid by dodgin' behind those he that ar soft he was an old Buck, and no mistake—I'll once, and so as soon as the old bar slid by dodgin' behind those he that ar soft he was an old Buck, and no mistake—I'll once, and so as soon as the old bar slid by dodgin' behind those he that ar soft he was an old Buck, and no mistake—I'll once, and so as soon as the old bar slid by dodgin' behind those he that are soft he was an old Buck, and so as soon as the old bar slid by dodgin' behind those he was an old Buck, and so as soon as the old bar slid by dodgin' behind those he was an old Buck, and so as soon as the old bar slid by dodgin's behind the was an 'Guess I'll fuyle 'em this time,' ses Old

'That's um, ginral, but my tongue's so thick I can't git around it. Well, Old

old scalp 'em, he blazed away, and the ed down among the paw-paw bushes, scratched his head in a puzzled manner, old scalp em, no biazed away, and the ed down among the property scratched his head in a puzzled manner, lingin staggered once or twice like a drun- and crawlin up like wild cats, soon comeken feller, and then pitched headforemost in sight of the smoke. Crawlin' a little -dead! nigher, they saw five great big strappin' "Well the other ingins was cautious afcut throats, kickin up their heels and hole

der what it is?' So he jest stooped down and I'll take the one with the white ring

arterward he that he would give up the "Well they all done this—pulled their ghost right away." triggers, and after the smoke cleared away

think about gettin skeered at dead blood woods was really alarmin'. Old Buck, for they soon raised a smoke, and collect- and Pete, and Bill took arter them, but in' all the dry brush and rotten limbs that 'twas all nonsense, couldn't no more ketch

'Y-c-s, a little sorter." I come to the same conclusion after see-

To Young Men.—It is easier to be a So he commerced lookin' round and see. general rule, at is much more practicable in' the cave was monstrous big, and look- where men are liberally paid and generbegan to feel kinder low sperited. Settin Bridges, viaducts, churches, are liftlie as lizards, (ther' was lots of 'cm in there) nificent poems are spanning rivers. Meshoulders, stickin' their noses in his care go to work at once, and bravely too, and 'twas dreadful to hear him talk about it, tical English language of the year 3444-Make yer flesh creep all over, guvner .- and thus do your own printing and pull The old hose that his last bar-hunt lishing, for the benefit of society and your

Passing Away.—We read these canto "Then he shet his eyes and tried to say emn words upon our very nature. The overto himself the Lord's prayer. Well, he ruthless hand of time is constantly heaph done that all right and nice enough, and ing upon our heads the weight of years, jest when he opened his eves agin, he saw that, like an incubus will continue to press looked like a star in a dark rainy night indeed, but a "step between the cradle and when the wind blows the clouds away. the grave." Scarcely have we passed from the tender mother, where we were nursed and protected, until we again must lean upon the arms of a dutiful child. aid trust to his kindness to support our feeble limbs. How soon do we find our eyes -sometimes losin sight o' the star, and growing dim, and the world gradually receding, as it were, into a mist! Our cheeks become furrowed; our limbs grow weak and palsied; and our heads are silvered, ble frames are wrecked by pain, and "nature's sweet restorer" comes not to our eyes, as if kindly warning us to watch; for we know not what hour in the night the messenger may summon us hence Like the pearly dew drop before the sun's ray-like the rose of summer before the autumn blast-like moonbeams on the dark blue sea, we "are passing away," aging a

Lo! THE POOR INDIAN .- How we dis-

we are superior. They enjoy life vastly ry. They have no inequality, no confine-

OJ-Why is a man with a bed anening covetous? Because he is for getting.