# BY GEO. SANDERSON.

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#### WASTED TIME. Alone in the dark and silent night, With the heavy thought of a vanished year, When evil deeds come back to sight, And good deeds rise with welcom Alone with the spectres of the past, me cheer:

That come with the old year's dying chime, There glooms one shadow, dark and vast, The shadow of Wasted Time. The chances of happiness cast away,
The opportunities never sought,
The good resolves that every day
Have died in the impotence of thought;
The slow advance and the backward step
In the rugged path we have striven to climb;
How they furrow the brow and rule the lin How they furrow the brow and pale the lip, When we talk of Wasted Time.

What are we now? what had we been What are we now? what had we been
Had we hoarded time as the miser's gold,
Striving our meed to win.
Through the summer's heat and the winter's cold;
Shrinking from mought that the world could do;
Fearing nought but the touch of crime;
Laboring, struggling, all seasons through,
And knowing no Wasted Time?

Who shall recall the vanished years? Who shall hold back this ebbing tide
That leaves us remorse, and shame, and tears,
And washes away all things beside?
Who shall give us the strength, e'en now,
To leave forever this holiday rime,
To shake off this sloth from heart and brow,
And battle with Wasted Time? ho shall hold back this ebbing tide

The years that pass come not again,
The things that die no life renew;
But e'en from the rust of his cankering chain
A golden truth is glimmering through:
That to him who learns from errors past,
And turns away with strength sublime,
And makes each year outdo the last,
There is no Wasted Time.

### DEATH-SONG OF A GOVERNMENT HORSE.

(Vide Speech of Hon. Mr. Dewcs, of Massachu-setts, on Contract Frauds.) Y'm one among a thousand—a skeleton herd
Of quadrupeds ring-boned, glandered and blind,
Bought up by rogues; and to rogues transferred,
Whose mutual pockets the fraud has lined.
Yes, spavined, wind-gailed, and lame at the knee,
Twelve golden eagles were paid for me.

A fourth of the sum, where good faith is law, Would purchase a likelier beast than I: A Government draft-horse that cannot draw, Transfixed by the shaft of death 1 lie. But though crows' meat soon my carcass will be. Twelve golden eagles were paid for me.

They drag me miles from the town away,
Here to starve in the grim "old fields;"
Horse-flesh dinners for Blanch and Tray,
Daily this horse Gebonna yields.
Surely, Satan's own must the agents be,
Who take twelve eagles for such as me.

The Empire State and the Keystone too, The thieves have ransacked for "screws" alone; High blood was nought to the plundering crew—They all went in for the high in bone. Ten golden eagles they smouthed, you see, Of the twelve that the nation paid for me.

Equine brethren, around me tied, I see ahead, through death's gathering gloom, A day of vengeance, when, far and wide, The horse marauders shall meet their doom: Say in eighteen hundred and sixty-three. Vanity Fair

## FOOT-PRINTS IN THE SNOW.

## A NEW-YEAR'S STORY.

[CONCLUDED.] Saunders sat there looking into the fire which roared up the huge chimney, and brushed away a tear. His position was novel and painful; and he rose and went to the window and looked out. Far and late as the death it typified, glistening mourner over the pall, surrounded by the sympathizing stars, their eyes glimmering under her, as it were, through tears. And as he stood there regarding the scene, and listening to the moaning mother, he caught sight of those small foot-prints leading from the fields; and he thought, 'Oh what misery had come with them: a broken heart, broken hopes, shame, sorrow, and despair.' Then he saw in the distance a white figure bending beneath a burden, struggling slowly and wearily through the snow. As it drew near, the features of a woman of death-like beauty were revealed,

and he knew by the manner she pressed the burden to her heart that it was a child she bore. She approached so near that her blue lips were visible, and stood looking longingly toward the house. Suddenly her dark eyes fell upon him glaring in- rashness on all hands.' tensely—intensely but imploringly. The ghastliness of the vision, and the vividness of the appiration, riveted him to the spot. She beckoned to him with a wild gesture. He thought she spoke. 'Twas the voice of Browning dispelling the illusion. He called to Saunders to be seated, who, glad to find it a matter of fancy, complied. Browning then continued: 'The rest you may have gathered. She refused to name the author of her disgrace, nor could threats or entreaties force or in-

duce her. She claimed she was a wife; but said she had promised not to declare her husband. Oh! she was the true woman in her suffering; my own sweet and strained to the utmost. I told her of it: she saw it and knew it. But to all my prayers she turned a deaf ear. So when her strength had been perfectly restored, and 'twas but this afternoon, I led her to the door and showed her the wide, wide rowly or judged more correctly of those world. HEAVEN has dealt sorely with me and my wife, Harry; but I will not fall to

Here a knock at the door startled the inmates. 'Tis she!' said Browning, in a saying nothing; for a dreadful suspense whisper; and Saunders shuddered as he began to harrow up and chill their spirits. thought of the figure he had beheld beckoning to him. There was no answer to the summons. In a moment a hand tried the door. It opened. None of them looked around, as a man closely muffled up entered. The new comer, in his over-shoes, made no noise as he entered; and they all thought it was the poor forsaken girl.

'Good evening!' said a deep-toned.

musical voice. Had a serpent stung him, Browning would not have started more spasmodicalthe joists, and before any one was aware of is it Saunders sees? There is a broad more than half-accomplished the his purpose pulled the trigger. Its harmless click, however, announced his intention, and as he advanced upon the stranger

ing, fas you value your eternal peace; for one hand upon Carson's shoulder, gazing 'Fred, you have come at last!' Carson, dare to stand between me and my revenge!' Saunders replied, without

'You are rash, George. Would you add murder to your misery?

not comprehend all this. Of whom, or the rising of the white face twice to the 'Fred,' said Susan, 'I am so glad you what do you speak? I have come here after surface, the final disappearance and the have come. I dreamed as I grew warm Is she here ?'

a royal bird of prey, stooping to such scene, as they stood gazing upon the van- wild, strange dream for me, for one so des- all the affections may be garnered up, this

Susan is my wife --- '

her husband. Year, and you tell me she has gone in with its full-orbed splendor? Alas! alas! shame and dishonor. Has she become a mother, and concealed our marriage? or for Saunders, and he walked down the

without suffering innocently!'

the certificate and witnesses.'

have done her!' said the father, with a choked utterance; but she persisted in naming no one, and turned away from all | She is not drowned! The track! this entreaties. 'Twas my fault,' said Carson, 'twas

We promised never to name each other as mand her of the winds.'

through the the keen moon-beams.

Where did she go from here ? Mrs. Browning replied: 'She has been had sunk, her fate was already sealed. here to-night. So cold, and pale, and, pitiful, with her sweet baby! But she the western hills, and they would lose the Susan received it from his hands, looked

'can you not guess whither she has gone?' reached the shore, and tracked her along sank rapidly. Restoratives were applied, 'No,' said the mother; 'she went out under the shelving banks; and there, as and in an hour she was sleeping calmly

and bring her back, and ask her forgivewide lay the white snow, dreary and deso ness. Though she has not been filial, she not penetrated, they discovered her. A to HEAVEN for the sovereign mercies beshas been loyal; and I have done her a cry of joy issued from the lips of the three: towed upon him and his family; and, in a under the descending moon, pale as a grievous wrong. Let us go about it this but she heard it not, for that fearful stupor few moments after, the whole house was houses till we find her.'

said Carson; 'little requite her faithful- Oh! deep, enchanting, and abiding mother- ness! How it clasped the old weatherness, if I waited till morning. Come on, love! What was the keen air to her, but stained walls in its great arms of light

They were about departing through the front-door, when Saunders again saw in his mind that weird phantom beckening to him undergone, the dishonor that had fallen warmth and exultation! The light in the mind that weird phantom beckoning to him He checked them, saying :

shall find her in no house to-night. She went forth, to my idea, in desperation; and smile of her little one should gladden her; snow, and it melted; so that when the if we do not follow hard upon her, some- nothing, while in its eyes she could behold sleepers arose to the music of a caged rob-

'Sir,' said Carson, 'it is too late to blame now. Had we dared to correspond, those cherub-hands would pour oil upon for ever. So, beneath the sunshine of or had not sickness detained me, this had been averted. She has been too faithful to there would be times when her vexed of the inmates of that house, were all our secret. But how shall we follow her, heart would fret, when reproach would lift wrongs, all rashness, all blame, all bitter-'By her foot-prints in the snow. We

can trace them by the moon-light.' 'You are right, Saunders, you are right. Through the fields, then. Come on! said Browning.

So saying, he turned to the back-door,

they saw it had borne a weary frame. vals, she must, with a breaking heart, have turned and stood looking at the home she was leaving. No red-man of the forest could have watched more nartracks than the father and husband; and the evidences of the wanderer's agony were revealed to them. They kept on, smote their cheeks, the snow chirruped the descending moon. Let them make, river yonder, and through the centre of when Carson, who narrowly watched her the enshrouding ice he can see the glitter countenance, saw returning consciousness; of the dashing waters; and those steps, he and in another moment, and ere they were with the clubbed gun, Saunders rushed up can see them faltering down the slope, aware of it, she broke from her father's straight onward to the stream. And hold, and shricking, 'Fred!' threw her "Unhand me, Saunders,' cried Brown- Browning saw it, and stopped, and laid arms about him. with a maniac-glare, and pointing to the with a flood of tears, strained her to his y revenge!' foot-prints and the gleaming waters be-relaxing: yond. Carson comprehended the significance of the father's manner in an instant, alive! and breaking away, he ran down the de-

Explain yourself, Mr. Browning, while I soon overtook him. In a few moments you as I ought!' keep this weapon as a pledge of my safety.' they reached the river. The tracks led 'You have loved me better than I dethe ruin you have wrought? The snake rent had been to great for congealment. wronged, deeply wronged you! that stung me in my heart of heart, comes Along the edges of the ice for the width he back to coil and hiss around his victim? of from four to six feet, the water had Go! the world is wide enough for us both, frozen again, leaving a long border of along slowly and carefully, fearing lest he 'Mr. Browning,' said the young man, fell upon their minds as an avalanche: the baby safely. Go on, and keep the whose name was Frederick Carson, 'I do shriek, the splash of the closing stream, blood stirring.' So they proceeded.

Good Goo! what does all this signify? as they stood there on the ice by the glittering waters, in that winter night, under Fred; but my brain was a little turned! Thank HEAVEN!' shricked Mrs. the descending moon. This was the New-HEAVEN for that, Fred Carson. I knew Day be more cheerful to those two men? have been home two months since; but I she could not lie. I knew we wronged Would their hopes and joys kindle with its have been sick, very sick, even to the point trust and despair that he came not; how And here I am come to make her publities plume their soiled and wearied wings, It has wrought a change. I shall lead a

The scene was too solemn and affecting ty with all-will we not ? has she told you, and you have not be- river, leaving the two standing there. He, it matters not. It was a happy, happy lieved? Alas! we must all suffer enough however, kept a look-out upon them, as walk. How Saunders, sensible of the 'You say she is your wife,' said Brown- traces of the suicide's death-struggle, ried in his journey; stepping along so ing; 'what evidence is there save her off- which might be visible. He had proceed- carefully that he did not once awaken the ed but a short distance, when he again dis-My own avowal. If you need more, covered that same small foot-step leading from the water, with the current, and ap-May HHAVEN forgive me for the wrong parently to the shore. Like an arrow he have done her? said the father, with a sped to his companions, shouting: The treating figures. When they had disaptrack! the track! I have found it again!

way, this way : come !' mine. A few days before I left for the flashed over their pallid countenances like awaited the return. She had, however lit-South, we were privately married; for I lightning. They joined him, crying: feared my parents, and she feared you. 'Thank Gon! we shall find, we shall save her yet!' They arrived at the place where | thoughts went out into the night seeking husband and wife, till we met again; until the foot-prints came out from the glare of for her girl; how many prayers she sent I might claim her without fear, and she me ice, and knew them, and followed them. up for her safety! What length of time without reproach. And here I am now, For a short distance the tracks diverged she sat there she knew not. She was and she, noble girl-tell me where she is, to the shore, and then they turned and led roused by the opening of the door. Her old man. I demand her at your hands.' to the water again. What! had she re- daughter stood before her. Their clasp-I am a bruised reed now, Fred. De- pented of her last resolve, and indeed ing of one another, their weeping upon one sought refuge from her woes in the cold another, the ineffable rapture and over-There was a pause, and Saunders, who and glittering element? No, she had but flowing of the fullness of joy—who shall had let go of the subdued Browning, saw hesitated there for a short while. In a tell? Not they who beheld it, for their again in his mind that same wild phantom little ways the direction of her path eyes were blinded with tears; not they beckoning to him over the glittering snow, changed to the shore. But what, if in that who saw it not, for language, with all the bitter night, instead of drowning she had Can you not tell me where I may find frozen! How the terrible alternative obtruded itself upon their minds; for if she house that night, or rather that morning,

dare not stay, for her father's return. Oh! foot-prints ere long. They hurried on, at it, saw that it was well, kissed it, and if she has died this cold night, we are her shouting her name. She had taken her handed it to Fred, who gazed upon it, way to a long line of chestnut and oak that kissed it, and gave it to her again. The 'Heaven and earth!' exclaimed Carson; skirted the high bank of the river. They excitement beginning to die away, Susan the back-door, through the fields. Her the rim of the moon trembled a moment on and quietly with her baby by her side. the horizon ere it disappeared, beneath the The old Dutch clock in the corner struck Let us search for her,' said Browning, tangled roots of a huge oak, and superin- four, when Browning, gathering the other cumbent thorn-bushes, where the snow had three about the fire-side, rendered thanks moment. We shall doubtless find her at and warmth consequent upon intense cold hushed in slumber. some of the neighbors. Let us disperse at was creeping over her. A little later, and the forks of the road, and inquire at the they had found her a stiffened corse! ouses till we find her.'
Yes, there she sat on that cold winter of Browning its golden shower and gladmy friends, we shall celebrate the happy that she might keep it from her babe?— how it crept into every nook and cranny, what all the world to her, in comparison and fell in glory through the windows, on with that little life ?—what were all the the floor, filling the silent room, even up upon her, and the scorn that would point window of the old blacksmith was relumed, its slowly-moving finger at her as she and the fire on his hearth rekindled. Yea, should weep through the garish world?— and the all-bounteous and life-giving orb Nothing, nay, less than nothing, while the smote with his swift beams that thin, light thing terrible will befal. There has been the coming glory of the spirit she had lit in hanging in the window, those small and for eternity; nothing, nothing; for despite delicate foot-prints, coming, going, and all the pitiless peltings of the mortal storm, returning, had vanished, were obliterated the troubled waters of her soul. True, love, charity, forgiveness, from the memo-

be still! ' Poor, poor girl!' said Saunders, for he was the first to discover her. Carson saw and sprang to her, calling when she awoke she would be fresh, and her name. She heeded him not. He fair, and hale as ever; save in respect of followed by the other two. They could distinguish with case her foot-prints in the imprinted a kiss upon her pallid lips.—

The children, who had seen her depart the light snow. It was a small, delicate foot Still she heeded him not. A deep sleep night before, glad to learn that she had that had gone that unusual way, and, by was falling upon her, and they must rouse returned, would just open the door and daughter Susy, spoiled and dishonored as the unequal distances between the prints, her from that lethargy, or a deeper slum-peep through to see sister Susy as she ber, one in which there are no dreams, slept, and then come away on tip-toe clap-And they saw, too, where at short inter. would fall upon her. They carefully un- ping their hands, but so softly that they wound her arms, which were convulsively made no noise. Mrs. Browning bustled yet cautiously hugged about her babe, and about with the greatest importance, for took it from her. The little one was warm, there was to be a New Year's dinner in and as the cold air struck its cheek, it the house ere night-fall; and there was opened its eyes and commenced orying.— the best room to be swept, and set in order Saunders covered it and stilled its com- for company. There were chickens and a groan escaped them as, one after another, plaining; for he held it. The father and turkeys to roast. Then Mr. and Mrs. Carhusband then drew the girl from her hiding-place, and shook her very roughly .- for various articles, and purchased pres-Finally she opened her eyes, and their wild and wondrous light met the gaze of Saun- in the afternoon-and they were the richest They kept on in silence. The keen air ders. Then he knew who it was that had beckoned to him through the moon-light, under their feet, and over them rolled on over the snow. True, she was clothed in black; but the same pallid face, the same haste, for the pale orb will not much lurid lips confronted him; that same dark longer pour her light for them; and if and soul-thrilling eye was upon him; he Susy, poor, sweet, and faithful Susy, has shuddered, spoke to her, but she undersunk in her journeying, the terrible Frost- stood him not. She was, however alive and King will lay his icy hand upon her heart awakened; and supporting her on each and still its beatings for ever; or if des- side they compelled her to walk. The inperation has seized upon her, a single fluence of the exercise was magnetic; moment, nay a second, may lose her to slowly her muscles relaxed, and her wapthem, and home, and HEAVEN! Ay, let dering senses returned. Faster and faster ly. He sprang from his chair, and with them speed, and be wary lest they miss they urged her on toward the house, Saunone bound reached the rifle hanging from those foot-prints in the snow. But what ders following with the babe. They had

bosom.

Thank Heaven Susy, you are yet murder to your misery and breaking away, ne ran down the de-in The stranger, a young man, then eame clivity, pursued by his companions. It became necessary, however, immediately controlled to became necessary, however, immediately Suddenly recollecting, she disengaged herself, and inquired for her child. times. Then, in the great kitchen, where patient examined before the Medical Socic'Tis safe, dear Susy,' said her father. great logs were piled and blazing in the ety!'

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. gun from Browning, saying, 'What does to slacken his pace, from the occasional 'Father, is it you speaking? O father! all this mean, and what this reception? indistinctness of the prints, and the two I am a poor, sinfal girl, and have not loved 'Father, is it you speaking? O father! | great chimney, the table was spread with

threshold? Have you come to gloat upon the opening, where the rapidity of the cur- about her neck, and kissing her. 'I have grand and formal people, Fred, and Susan ed:

at fault.'

long absence to see your daughter Susan. death-gurgle, the subsidence of the waves: and sleepy, under the tree by the river, all these passed before them. Oh! the that you had come back, that our parents Here! Ask the winds where she is. agony of that husband. Oh! the depth had sanctioned our union, and that we felt, as he pressed her to his bosom, that Ask the ravens that feed her. What! you of that father's despair. Oh! what a were living happily together. 'Twas a without a fond and faithful heart, wherein quished foot-steps, with clasped hands; pairing. Father had cast me off, and I world is nothing worth; and that pure and had begun to mistrust you. Forgive me,

rising beam? Would their faith and char- of death. I dared not inform you of it. she had liely my wife, and to keep the happy New- and soar away to newer and nobler flights, better life, hereafter; and we will live together joyful and contented, and in chari-

> What more they said on their way home well as upon the stream, to notice any great responsibility resting upon him, glo-

sleeping infant. Mrs. Browning, when the men left for the search, laid her babe upon the bed, peared, she, scarcely aware of it, heaped the wood upon the fire till it roared and crackled like a huge furnace. She then The twain started up, and rays of hope | sat down at a distance from the blaze, and tle hope of seeing her daughter again that night, and she feared the worst. How her for now the New-Year had begun. In a And now the moon was dipping behind moment Saunders entered with the babe.

Clear, cloudless and beautiful came the up the waves of hate, but mother-love, like ness, all harshness, and all hardship blotthe MASTER awakened, would say, 'Peace, ted out for ever. They thanked HEAVEN

for it. Susan still slept; but her sleep was free from all care and pain, and they knew son (so Fred, who had been to the village ents for the children, said) were to be there

people in town. Susan awoke about noon, quite well, and dressed herself. There were traces of her sorrow that with her utmost care she could not efface. She wished, noble girl, that not a single trait or lineament should remind her loved-ones of what had passed; and so things, and asked her questions about the she felt stronger than she was, and went bible. On being pressed to state what they about the house singing snatches of her old songs, and filling the children with merriment by her pleasant and funny ways. he crowed. But strong as she thought and said she was, by two o'clock it was necessary for her to keep her chair. At about three o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Carson made their appearance. They were very grand and be active, and even over economical, but formal people, and the children were very he must possess good judgment, or his shy; but Fred was with them, and a right industry and economy will be of no avail. royal fellow they said he was, and so they were not afraid. He had told his parents of his marriage to Susan, of her faithfulness, and her patient suffering, and of his admission to the faculty, on a very warm own love and reformation; and they em- day, was nearly overcome by the numerous braced her, and kindly kissed her, and questions put to him, when the following called her daughter. And old bachelor query was added: 'What course would Saunders was there, laughing and talking, you adopt to produce a copious perspirarubbing his hands with glee, and blessing tion?

in the large rocking-chair-all sat down 'Say not so, say not so, father. I was together. Did Browning always say grace Ha! ha! ha! but you have missed it. overflowed in a very thin sheet, so as to Here Saunders, who, unaccustomed to and crackled, the knives and forks clicked Look in the highways and hedges for her. melt the little snow of the evening, and the transportation of children, had trudged and rattled; and talked, and

laughed, and wept together; blacksmiths, and beware hereafter how you cross my pearl-like glare. They had beheld the should fall, approached, shouting: 'Go children. those grand and formal people, path!'

path!'

con, go on as fast as you can. I'll bring mother, Fred, and Susan—all together. So when they rose from the table, old things had passed away; all was forgiven, forgotten, and confirmed. Thus they kept the Happy New-Year's Day.

And Fred, as he laid his head upon his

pillow by the side of his wife that night, fervent love, the one thing Gop-like which our first parents brought out of Paradise. is far more, and exceeding all its pomp, 'HEAVEN be praised, dear Susan, the Browning, staggering forward. 'Thank Year's Eve. Would the New Year's dream shall soon prove true. I should power, and magnificence. And as she told him of her hopes and fears, the alternating

#### 'Strained her inner eyes till dim. To see the coming glory swim Through the rich mist of happy tears;

of her pangs; of the entreaties and threatenings, the shame and sorrow of her parents; of her short but terrible wanderings in the winter's night; of her woes and sufferings, her desperation and suicidal resolutions; her walk upon the ice; her lingering by the glittering water; the final triumph of her faith in him, her husband, and in HEAVEN; her shelter beneath the roots of the tree; her drowsiness, and the fearful comfort of the benumbing cold, and her dream, so timely broken and so happily fulfilled; he thanked GoD who had made her his—so good, so beautiful, and so true, and wept like a child. Mingling their tears they fell asleep.

So closed the Happy New-Year's Day. ILLUSIONS FROM DELIRIUM TREMENS.—

That disorder called delirium tremens, or

vulgarly blue devils, is commonly induced by continued excess in the use of intoxica- his venomous little teeth. disorder intimately connected with a derangement of the digestive functions. So long as a person can take food, he is comparatively secure against the disease, but when his stomach rejects common nourishment, and he persists in taking stimulants, the effects are for the most part speedily visible. The first symptom is commonly a slight derangement of the healthy powers of the senses of seeing and hearing. A ringing in the ears takes place, then any mon noise, such as carriage on the street, assumes to the hearing, a particular sound, and arranges itself into a particular tune perhaps, or certain words, which haunt the sufferer, and are by-and-by rung into his ears on the occurrence of every noise. The proverb, 'As the fool thinks so the bell tinks,' becomes applicable in his case. His sense of seeing, in the meantime, begins to show equal disorder, and figures float before him perpetually when his eyes are closed at night. By day, also, objects seem to move before him that are really stationary. The sense of touch, taste and smell, are also involved in confusion. In this way the disturbance of the senses goes on increasing always with the disorder of the alimentary functions, until the unhappy victim is at last visited, most probably the twilight, by visionary figures as distinct in outline as living beings, and which seems to speak to him with a voice of life. At first he mistakes them for realities : but soon discovers his error and is thrown into the deepest alarm. If he has the courage to approach and examine any one of the illusory figures, he probably finds that some fold of drapery, or some shadow, has been the object converted by his diseased sense into the apparition, and he may also find that the voice was only some simple household sound, converted into the strange speech by his disordered ear: for the senses, at least in the early stages of this disease, rather convert than create, though the imaginary may differ widely from the real substance. If remedies are not applied, the patient will grow worse, till at length the spectral figures and voices will become entirely the creation of his own fancy, and seem to do or say anything that may be uppermost in the fancy at the moment, encouraging him to self-murder on every passible motive. The whole consists merely of his own fancies, bodied forth to him visibly and audibly in seeing and hearing organs. His own poor head is the seat of all; there is nothing apart from him-nothing but vacancy.

IF 'I say, Pete Johnsing, is swords bolished in de army?' 'Ov course dev isn't, Snowball, what makes you ax sich a stupid question, you ignorant niggah ?'-Oh, nuffin, only I heered de oder day dat tree tousand sogers was a going to take de field wid Sickles!

M. Oliver, Bishop of Evreux, was conversing, one day, with Monseigneur Affre, Archbishop of Paris, upon the inconsistency and imperfection of the law in the matter of dueling: 'But,' said the Bishop to Monseigneur Affre, 'if any one was to slap your face, what would you do? Monsieur, replied the Archbishop, I know what I ought to do, but I do not know what I should do.'

A little girl went to camp meeting, and when she got home she said the sisters in the various tents told her a good many about Peter ' who swore three times before

Success.-Industry and economy are indispensable requisites to success; but they are not the only ones. A man may

A voung medical student, who had been screwed very hard at his examination for After a long breath, he observed, his stars that he had fallen on such happy wiping his forehead: 'I would have the

A certain witness in an assault and COMETHING FOR THE TIMES! all things good of rural cheer. At five battery suit we once heard, mixed things o'clock they lit the candles and sat down up considerably, in giving his account of to the New-Year's dinner. Yes, all—the the affair. After relating how Dennis How dare you cross my on to the ice. They followed them toward served,' said Browning, winding his arm blacksmith, the children, mother, those came to him and struck him, he proceed-

'So, yer honor, I just hauled off and wiped his jaw. Just then his dog cum along, and I hit him again. 'Hit the dog?' 'No, yer honor, hit Dennis. And then

up wid a stun and throwed it at him, and rolled him over and over. 'Threw a stone at Dennis?' 'At the dog, yer honor. And he got

up and hit me again.' 'The dog?' 'No, Dennis. And with that he stuck his tail betwixt his legs and run off.'

' Dennis ? 'No, the dog. And when he came back at me he got me down and pounded

me, yer honor. 'The dog came back at you?' 'No, Dennis, yer honor, and he isn't hurt any at all.' Who isn Thurt ?

'The dog, yer honor.' If 'I have always been astonished. said Mrs. Smith, 'at the anxiety of young ladies for beaux, but I never pitied a female more than when Miss Nountflathers left my school. Seeing her 'rapt' and IT WILL MEND BONE, CORAL, LAVA, AND IN FACT gazing toward the sky, I asked her what

he was looking for ? 'That beau,' said she, 'which is told of in Genesis. as being 'set in the cloud,' I wish he'd come down.'

A distinguished divine, on a certain occasion, while preaching with his usual eloquence and power, said, 'Brethren, I sometimes illustrate my subject in this manner; and putting his handkerchief to his nose, blew a blast loud enough to wake the seven sleepers. That was not the intended illustration, but some of his hearers thought it was.

An enraged parent had jerked his provoking son across his knee, and was operating on the exposed portion of the urchin's person with great vehemence, when the young one dug into the parental legs with 'Hell's blazes! ting liquors, or poisonous drugs. It is a what're ye biten' me for ?' 'Well, dad, who beginned this 'ere war ?'

13 Lady Yarmouth asked Garrick one day why Love was always represented as a child ? He replied : 'Because Love never reaches the age of wisdom and experience. Tell your mistress that I've torn

the curtain,' said a lodger to the servant. 'Very well, sir, mistress will put it down as extra rent.

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