The Lancaster Intelligencer.

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.

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THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER

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TERMS.

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AN OLD STORY.

Softly the sun's last rays are glinting
Over the hillside, over the lea,
Flushing the fleecy clouds, and tinting
With gold and crimson the purple sea;
White hand in hand they wander together—
Youth of twenty and child of ten—
Across the sea beach, over the heather,
By sloping hillock and shady glen;
A breeze is stirring each rippling curl
On the sunny head of the little girl,
And her eyes from the shading hat's broad brim,
With innocent love look up to him.

Ten long years and the mellow gloaming
Casts its glamour o'er glen and lea,
And glide the sands where a maid is roaming
With eyes that wander beyond the sea.
Ten long years—and that daily glory
Has dawned and darkened on wood and grove,
Lighting the page of a lasting story,
The old, old story of maiden's love.
But duty severed those clasping hands—
As the pitiless ocean severs the lands—
And the heart grew sad and the eyes grew dim
Wearily waiting and watching for him.

Ten years more—while the restless billows
Fret and foam on the patient shore,
And the red beams slant through the drooping willows,
And write strange words on the greensward floor.
But far from ingle and glen and heather,
From the purple hills of their native land,
Wander those two, as of yore, together,
Heart answering heart, hand clasping hand.
No more watching, through heavy tears,
No more waiting through weary years,
But eyes that in radiant love-light brim,
And life-long devotion look up to him.

WHO, AND WHENCE?

Not from Jerusalem alone,
To Heaven the path ascends;
As near, as sure, as straight the way
That leads to the celestial day,
From farther realms extends;
Frigid or torrid zone.

What matters how or when we start?
One is the crown to all;
One is the hard but glorious race,
Whatever be our starting place;
Rings around the earth the call
That says, Arise, depart!

From the balm-breathing, sun-loved isles
Of the bright Southern sea,
From the dead North's cloud shadowed pole
We gather the one gladsome goal—
One common home in Thee,
City of sun and smiles!

The cold rough billow hinders none;
Nor helps the calm, fair main;
The brown rock of Norwegian gloom,
The verdure of Tahitian bloom,
The sands of Misraim's plain,
Or peaks of Lebanon.

As from the green lands of the vine,
So from the snow wastes pale,
We find the ever open road
To the dear city of our God;
From Russian steppe, or Burman vale,
Or terrace Palestine.

Not from swift Jordan's sacred stream
Alone we mount above;
Indus or Danube, Thames or Rhone,
Rivers unsainted and unknown—
From each the home of love
Beckons with heavenly gleam.

Not from gray Olive alone
We see the gates of life;
From Molven's heath or Jungfrau's snow
We welcome the descending glow
Of pearl and crysolite,
And the unsetting sun.

Not from Jerusalem alone
The church ascends to God;
Strangers of every tongue and clime,
Pilgrims of every land and time,
Throng the well-trodden road
That leads up to the throne.

Roasting a Man Alive!

A TRUE STORY OF IRISH BURGLARS.

BY J. GOLDRICK.

I was visiting at my grandfather's, when a little boy, a long time ago. It was, I think, three or four years after the memorable battle of Waterloo. The armies then stationed in the towns and villages of the interior of Ireland, were not yet disbanded. A great number of the yeomanry were still under arms. The country was much disturbed; farmers burdened with enormous taxation; law, partially administered; Orangeism rampant; while robbery, outrage and vagabondism of the darkest die, were matters of almost every day occurrence.

My grandfather was reputed rich; one of those Irish farmers denominated Middlemen, in good circumstances. His house was comfortable, a goodly-looking mansion of the cottage order of that day, substantially built on the roadside, one mile from Dromhair, in the hospitable county of Leitrim. The old gentleman was, at the time of which I write, about eighty years of age, yet sturdy and active, for a person so far advanced in life. His consort, who was not my grandmother, but his wife by second marriage, was nearly twenty years younger than he. She was in personal appearance anything but a pleasing woman to look on, and was besides, cursed with a sour temper, always unhappy, sulky, and dissatisfied. So very disagreeable was she to the children of his first wife, that seldom any of them could be induced to visit the old family mansion, or endure to call her even by the cold, icy appellation of stepmother. Yet, strange to say, I believe she liked me, in some queer kind of way peculiar to herself, though I must confess to my shame that her cold partiality was never duly reciprocated.

Besides the old couple, the other inmates of the cottage consisted of a middle-aged man of many years servitude, and a young girl, brought up in the family almost from infancy.

It was in the latter end of September, a dark, cold, windy night, about 11 o'clock; the old man and his wife had retired to their chamber, a sleeping room off the parlor; the hired man crept to his bunk on the garret, and in a short time was sound asleep. The girl and I were still up at the kitchen fire, telling stories of fairies, goblins, King's sons and daughters of good old Ireland in happy days gone by. She was a fine, fat, fair, bouncing young blonde of about twenty-two summers, full of good humor, Irish wit, and vivacity; honest and faithful to her old guardian; devoted to her religion; and, I really believe, as virtuous as a vestal of the Golden Age. I was at the time eight or nine years of age,—a little slim, spindle shanked, white-headed, gabby kind of codger, immoderately fond of listening to tales of the marvellous, and as Winny possessed an inexhaustible fund of that kind of lore, and had a most fascinating way of telling her stories, it was only natural to suppose that I loved the girl, and at the time preferred her society to that of any other living being on the face of the earth.

The girl's bed stood in a small closet off the kitchen fire, a kind of convenient sleeping place, called a *pouch*, in farm houses of that day; and as I never had, up to this time, slept alone, and could not endure the idea of lying either with the old couple, or the hired man, it was not thought indecorous in *virtuous old Ireland* that a gaffer of my age should sleep with the servant maid, providing the fair damsel herself should have no objection. Winny hadn't the least, neither had I, and accordingly at about half-past eleven o'clock, we found ourselves in the warm pouch bed, with the fire raked and the lights extinguished.

It might have been half an hour after we retired, when a gentle rap was heard at the front door.

'Who's there?' asked the girl, with a kind of tremulous voice, giving me at the same time a slight nudge with her elbow to arrest my attention.

'A friend, Winny; open the door,' was the reply from rather a genteel voice outside.

I can't till I know who you are, and what's your business,' spoke the girl, sitting up in the bed and commencing to dress herself.

'Make no fuss, Winny,' said the voice; 'don't wake the old man, *a colleen*, I only want to hand in this *story-book* to the little boy. It was sent to him by me, and in troth it'll make him laugh till the buttons fly off his jacket. Here, take it out of my hand, and don't keep me standing in the cold all night.'

The girl still hesitated, but the temptation of a story-book, and one so funny, was more than a little boy fond of the marvellous could resist. I kicked off the blanket, leaped out of bed, and in two springs was at the front door, drew back the bolt, removed the cross-bars, and swung the heavy door full open.

But horror of horrors! instead of the smooth-tongued bearer of a funny story-book, in marched six or eight huge fellows, with guns in their hands and faces blackened!

The foremost of the villains stroked me on the head, called me a good boy, bid me not fear, and taking me up in his left hand as if I had been a young kitten, laid me back in the bed and commanded me to cover up my head, and keep my mouth shut, on pain of being instantly shot, if I gave the least alarm. Poor Winny! she was bound hand and foot, blindfolded, and put to keep me company. The man on the garret was similarly dealt with, after receiving a crack from the butt-end of a musket that nearly fractured the poor fellow's skull.

One scoundrel stood sentinel at the door with fixed bayonet. Another in the centre of the floor, with cocked musket, threatened to shoot the first who attempted to utter a syllable. Two others went into the old gentleman's room, while two more commenced to ransack the house for booty. Everything valuable that could be borne away was collected. Yarn, linen, bacon, butter, bed covering and wearing apparel were stuffed into sacks brought for the purpose, and piled on a cart in waiting at the door. The old gentleman was then rudely lifted out of bed, blindfolded, and placed in an arm chair in front of the kitchen fire. His wife was served in the same manner. He was then commanded to give up his money, on pain of being ROASTED ALIVE!

'I have no money in the house, gentlemen, said my grandfather, 'except ten pounds, which you will find there in the till of my box.'

'That's a lie for you old Dives,' spoke the leader. 'Where's the 100 guineas your wife there, and the mother of the little boy in the bed, took out of the feather pallet day before yesterday, and hid by your order in some safer place,' continued the robber, giving the old man a rude shake that nearly jostled him out of his seat.

'No such thing, sir,' said my grandfather, 'I can safely swear on the Bible, there is not a copper under this roof at the present, except the ten pounds already in your hands.'

'It's some place else out of doors then,' answered the villain, 'give us the whereabouts, or take the value in good sound roasting.'

'You would not be so barbarous as to roast a poor old man of eighty, replied my grandfather, appealing to the humanity of a scoundrel, who had no more of a feeling than a tiger of the jungle.'

'Wouldn't I indeed,' answered the leader, with another shake and rude laugh, which evinced his determination to carry the wicked threat into execution, 'keep us five minutes longer in waiting, and may I be —— if I don't roast your old hide on that fire like a salt herring.'

'I have no gold or silver, either within or without my house,' finally replied the old man, 'whatever treatment you give me.'

'Down with his drawers, off with his flesh bag,' roared the miscreant, and suiting the action to the command, the poor old gentleman was stripped naked to his waist, lifted between four of the scoundrels and laid on the burning embers of the hot turf-fire raked out for the purpose.

His shrieks were terrific; the old woman dropped off into a fit; the girl screamed at the top of her voice; the robbers all gathered round the fire; the sentry left his post at the door and dashed up the ladder, to settle accounts with the man on the garret, whose lusty yells were bidding fair to gather the whole parish around the house.

In the confusion 'worse confounded' that ensued I found a chance to slip out, in bare buff order as I was. Outside the door I stumbled on the sentinel's gun, which, in the hurry of his flight up to the garret, he had forgotten. I ran 'cross lots, with the fire-lock in my hand, and when about twenty rods from the house I cocked and discharged it. The recoil of the piece knocked me down, but after a minute I was able to rise, and heard the whole brigade of cut-throats flying in wild confusion over the hill in the direction of Dromahair. The report of the gun alarmed them, and supposing, I presume, that an armed force was in pursuit, they precipitately fled, leaving the horse and cart at the door, with all their booty and firearms.

When I entered the house I found many of the neighbors before me. The old man was untied and cared for.

Next morning all the gentlemen of the county, with the authorities and doctors, were assembled. The guns were examined and found to be the arms of the yeomanry of the district; the horse belonged to the officer of the company; the robbers were the soldiers of the village, some of them my grandfather's near neighbors. The ten pounds were restored, but for the credit of the service the infamous affair was quashed.

The old man never recoved from the shock of that night; about ten months after he died, leaving one hundred guineas to each of his children, of whom he had seven then living. Winny was bequeathed forty pounds, married an industrious husband, and emigrated to America.

This was the last robbery that came to my knowledge in that peaceful locality, and the last man I heard of roasted alive in the beloved land that gave me birth.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

Fourteen years ago, I drove from Littleton, a distance of forty-two miles, and, as I had to await the arrival of two or three coaches, did not start till after dinner; so I very often had a good distance to drive after dark.

It was in the dead of winter, and the season had been a tough one. A great deal of snow had fallen, and the drifts were ploughed deep. The mail I carried was not due at Littleton, by the contract, until one o'clock, but that winter the postmaster was very often obliged to sit up a little later than that for me.

One day in January, when I drove up for my mail at Danbury, the postmaster called me into his office.

'Pete,' said he, with an important serious look, 'there's some pretty heavy money packages in that bag,' and he pointed to the bag as he spoke. He said the money was from Boston to some land agents up near the Canadian line. Then he asked me if I had got any passengers who were going through to Littleton. I told him I did not know; 'but suppose I haven't?' said I.

'Why,' said he, 'the agent of the lower route came in to day, and he says that there have been two suspicious characters on the stage that came up last night, and he suspects that they have an eye upon the mail, so that it will stand you in hand to be a little careful.'

He said the agent had described one of them as a short, thick-set fellow, about forty years of age, with long hair, and a thick, heavy clump of beard on the chin, but none on the side of his face. He did not know anything about the other. I told the old fellow I guessed there wasn't much danger.

'Oh, no, not if you have got passengers through. But I only told you this so that you might look out for your mail, and look out when you change horses.'

I answered that I should do so, and then took the bag under my arm and left the office. I stowed the mail under my seat a little more carefully than usual, placing it so that I could keep my feet against it;—but beyond this, I did not feel any concern. It was past one when I started, and I had four passengers, two of whom rode to my first stopping place. I reached Gowan's Mills at dark, where we stopped for supper, and where my other two passengers concluded to stop for the night.

About 6 o'clock in the evening, I left Gowan's Mills alone, having two horses and an open pung.

I had seventeen miles to go, and a hard seventeen miles it was, too. The night was quite cold, but the wind was sharp and cold, the loose snow flying in all directions, while the drifts were deep and closely packed. It was slow, tedious work, and my horses soon became leg-weary and restive. At the distance of six miles I came to a little settlement called Bull's Corners, where I took fresh horses. I'd been two hours going that distance. Just as I was going to start, a man came up and asked me if I was going through to Littleton. I told him I should go through if the thing could be possibly done. He said he was very anxious to go, and as he had no baggage, I told him to jump in and make himself as comfortable as possible.—I was gathering up my lines, when the hostler came up and asked me if I knew that one of my horses had cut himself badly. I jumped out and went with him, and found that one of the horses had got a deep cork out on the off fore foot. I gave such direction as I considered necessary, and was about to turn away, when the hostler remarked that he thought I came alone. I told him I did.

'Then where did that passenger come from?' said he.

'He has just got in,' I answered.

'Got in from where?'

'I don't know.'

'Well, now,' said the hostler, 'that's kind o' curious. There ain't no such man been at the house, and I know that there ain't been none at the neighbors'.'

'Let us have a look at his face,' said I; 'we can get that much, at any rate. Do you go back with me, and when I get into the pung, just hold your lantern so that the light will shine into his face.'

He did as I wished, and as I stepped into the pung I got a fair view of such portions of my passenger's face as was not muffled up. I saw a short, thick frame, full, hardy features, and I could see that there was a heavy beard under the chin. I thought of the man, whom the postmaster had described to me, but I didn't think seriously upon it until we had started.—Perhaps I hadn't got half a mile when I noticed that the mail bag wasn't in its old place under my feet.

'Hallo!' says I, holding up my horses a little, where's my mail?'

My passenger sat on the seat behind me, and I turned toward him.

'Here is a bag of some kind, slipped back under my feet,' he said, giving it a kick, as though he'd shove it forward.

Just at this moment my horses lumbered into a deep snow drift, and I was forced to get out and tread down the snow ahead of them and lead them through it.

This took me all of fifteen minutes, and when I got in again I pulled the mail bag forward and got my feet upon it; and as I was doing this, I saw the man take something from his lap beneath the buffalo, and put it in his breast pocket. At this I though it was a pistol. I had caught a gleam of the barrel in the star-light, and when I had time to reflect, I knew I could not be mistaken.

About this time I began to think somewhat seriously. From what I had heard and seen, I soon made up my mind that the individual behind me not only meant to rob the mail but he was prepared to rob me of my life. If I resisted him, he would shoot me, and perhaps he meant to perform that delicate job at any rate. While I was pondering, the horses fell into another deep snow drift, and I was again forced to get out and tread down the snow before them. I asked my passenger if he wouldn't help me, but he said he didn't feel very well—wouldn't try it; so I worked alone, and was all of a quarter of an hour getting out of the drift. When I got into the sleigh again, I began to feel for the mail bag with my feet, and found it where I had left it; but when I attempted to withdraw my foot, I discovered that it had become entangled in something I thought it was the buffalo, and tried to kick it clear; but the more I kicked the more closely was it held. I reached down my hand, and after feeling about a few minutes, I found that my foot was in the mail bag! I felt again and found my hand in among the packages of letters and papers. I ran my finger along the edges of the opening, and became assured that the stout leather had been cut with a knife.

Here was a discovery. I began to wish I had taken a little more forethought before leaving Danbury; but as I knew that making such wishes was only a waste of time, I quickly gave it up, and began to consider what I had best do under the existing circumstances. I wasn't long in making up my mind upon a few essential points.—First, the man behind me was a villain; second, he had cut open the mail bag, and robbed it of some valuable matter. He must have known the money letters by the size and shape; third, he means to leave the stage on the first opportunity; and fourthly, he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest or detain him.

I resolved these things over in my mind, and pretty soon I thought of a course to pursue. I knew that to get my hands safely upon the rascal, I must take him unawares, and this I could not do while he was behind me—for his eyes were upon me all the time—so I must resort to stratagem. Only a little distance ahead was a house; an old farmer named Longee lived there, and directly before it was a huge snow-band stretched across the road, for which a track for wagons had been cleared with shovels.

As we approached the cot, I saw a light in the front room, as I was confident I should, for the old man generally sat up until the stage went by. I drove on, and when nearly opposite the dwelling stood up, as I had frequently done when approaching difficult places. I saw the snow-bank ahead, and could distinguish the deep cut which had been shoveled through it. I urged my horses to a good speed, and when near the bank forced them into it.

One of the runners mounted the edge of the bank, after which the other run into the cut, thus throwing the sleigh over about as quick as though lightning had struck it. My passenger had not calculated on any such movement, and was not prepared for it;—but I had calculated and was prepared. He rolled out into the deep snow, with a heavy buffalo robe about him, while I lighted upon my feet directly on top of him. I punched his head into the snow, and then sang out for old Longee. I did not have to call a second time, for the farmer had come to the window to see me pass, and as soon as he saw my sleigh overturned, he had lighted his lantern and hurried out.

'What's to pay?' asked the old man as he came up.

'Lead the horses into the track, and then come here,' said I.

As I spoke, I partially loosened my hold upon the villain's throat, and he drew a pistol from his bosom; but I saw it in season, and jammed his head into the snow again, and got the weapon away from him. By this time Longee had led the horses out and came back, and I explained the matter to him in as few words as possible. We hauled the rascal out into the road, and upon examination we found about twenty packages of letters which he had stolen from the mail bag and stowed away in his pockets.

He swore, and threatened, and prayed; but we paid no attention to his blarney.—Longee got some stout cord, and when we had securely bound the villain, we tumbled him into the pung. I asked the old man if he would accompany me to Littleton, and he said, 'of course.' So he got his overcoat and muffler, and ere long we started on.

I reached the end of my route with my mail all safe, though not as snug as it might have been, and my mail bag a little the worse for the game that had been played upon it. However, the mail robber was secure, and within a week he was identified by some officers from Concord as an old offender; and I am rather inclined to the opinion that he is in State prison at the present moment. At any rate, he was there the last I heard of him.

That's the only time that I ever had any mail trouble, and I think that under all circumstances I came out of it pretty well.

A NEW MODE OF BEGGING.—The *Courrier de Paris* tells the story of a beggar who presented himself regularly at a certain coffee house with a clarionet under his arm. 'Will you allow me, gentlemen,' he said, in an humble tone of voice, 'to play a tune? *I* am no *virtuoso*, and if you prefer giving me a trifle, *I* will spare you the annoyance of listening to me.' Every one felt at once for a few stray coppers, and the musician departed with a profound reverence. This he repeated several evenings in succession. At last, one evening, a young man, who had never failed to contribute to the wants of the itinerant musician, asked him in a friendly manner to give them a tune let it be good or bad; he wanted to hear him.

'But I am afraid, sir, *I* shall disappoint you.'

'Never mind that, give us a tune anyhow.'

'But *I* am a poor player; and *I* have a poor instrument.'

'No matter for that, *I* want to hear you.'

'Well, sir, since you insist upon it,' said the poor man, '*I* will tell you that *I* don't play at all. *I* carry this clarionet merely for the purpose of *threatening* people with my performance.'

☞ A captain of a steamboat on the Mississippi river, who had fought in the battles of the Texas revolution, offered a free passage in his boat to any soldier who had partlcipated in a certain engagement. One day a man claimed free passage, asserting that he was in the battle. He was referred to the captain.

'In what capacity did you serve?'

'High private.'

'Stranger,' said the captain, 'give me your hand; I have passed two thousand and eighty-two who were in that engagement, and you are the very first private I have seen.'

CURING A WIFE.—Mr. Dimlight, for the past ten years, has prayed every day that his wife would tumble down stairs and break her neck, or else die like a Christian in her bed.

The simple reason for this is, that Mrs. Dimlight was fond of complaining, taking medecine, and having protracted interviews with the doctor, all of which required money, and money Mr. Dimlight hates to part with.

In fact he had much rather part with Mrs. Dimlight; but that lady manifested no intention of leaving this pleasant world and taking up her abode in an uncertain sphere. Neither did she say that she should live, leaving her lord in an uncertain state, and her physician in a perplexed condition. The doctor said she wanted rousing, and Mr. Dimlight thought that he would do something to start her, and get her out of bed.

He hit upon a plan which he thought would operate in a satisfactory manner.

Mrs. Roundwink acted in the capacity of nurse to Mrs. Dimlight. Mrs. Roundwink is a widow, very pretty and very coquetish. For a handsome present she resolved to enact the part that Dimlight marked out for her; so one evening, when Mrs. Dimlight was groaning, and threatening to die, Dimlight called in the widow.

'She is going to kick the bucket at last,' said the husband, 'so you and I may as well fix things so that we can start fair.'

Mrs. Dimlight turned her head and stopped moaning. Her eyes began to assume an unnatural brilliancy. The parties in the room took no notice of her.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Roundwink, she is going at last. Now we can talk over our own affairs.'

Mrs. Dimlight raised her form in bed, and sat bolt upright. She listened attentively, and her eyes grew brighter.

'How soon shall we be married after she is dead?' asked Dimlight passing his arms around the substantial waist of widow Roundwink.

'I suppose you will be willing to wait a week or two?' simpered Mrs. Roundwink, lovingly.

Mrs. Dimlight uttered an exclamation which sounded profane, and giving one spring, landed on the floor.

'You think I'm going to die, do you?' she yelled. 'I'll see you hanged first! I'll live to spite you—yes, I will! Now out of this house! (turning to Mrs. Roundwink,) for you don't stay here another minute! I can act as my own nurse, you good-for-nothing huzzy!'

And from that day there was rapid improvement in Mrs. Dimlight's health. She no longer tolerates nurses, but one can imagine what kind of a life poor Dimlight leads.

His version of the love making scene is not believed by the restored Mrs. Dimlight.

A THOUGHTLESS BOY PUNISHED.—'I shall never forget' writes a correspondent of the Agriculturist, 'an incident of my childhood by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of us school boys were playing by the road side on Saturday afternoon, when the stage coach drove up to a neighboring tavern and the passengers alighted. As usual we gathered around it to observe them. Among the number was an elderly man with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground he walked with the most curious contortion. His feet turned one way his knees another and his whole body looked as though the different members were independent of it and each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself.—I unthinkingly shouted 'look at the old rattle bones!' and the other boys took up the cry with mocking laughter, while the poor man turned his head with an expression of pain which I never can forget.—Just then to my surprise and horror, my father came around the corner and immediately stepping up to the stranger, shook his hands warmly, and assisted him to walk to our house, which was but at a little distance. I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when tea time came I would have gladly hid myself, but I knew that would be in vain, and so tremblingly went into the sitting room. To my great relief, the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked pleasantly to my father as he introduced me, 'such a fine boy was surely worth saving.' How the words cut me to the heart. My father had often told me the story of a friend who had plunged into the river to save me as I was drowning while an infant, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had been crippled by inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man whom I had made a butt of ridicule for my companions. I tell you, boys and girls, I would give many dollars to have the memory of that event taken away. If ever you are tempted as I was, remember that while no good can come of sport whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections that will not leave you for a life time.'

A HARD HIT.—The scene of the following incident is in Western New York, in the town of D——, and the parties who are the heroes of it are two farmers named Jones and Atwood.

Their farms join; and, as is often the case, a quarrel arose about a certain side-hill line-fence. The quarrel resulted in a lawsuit, in which neighbor Jones, having (as Atwood claims) sworn the most tremendous lies on trial, gained the case. A short time after notice was given out that there would be preaching on a certain evening in the school-house. On the appointed evening the neighbors assembled. The preacher, having finished his discourse—from the text' "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—invited any of those present who wished to make a few remarks on the text. Brother Jones arose and commenced his remarks by saying:

'What shall a man give for his soul?—How much is it worth? Can any one here tell me how much a soul is worth!'

Before he could proceed further neighbor Atwood jumped up, and, with finger pointing to Brother Jones, said, in a shrill, piping voice, which penetrated every corner of the room:

'I know what one man's soul is worth. It's worth just *one rod of side-hill!*'

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